

This story has undertones of suicide, and if you are uncomfortable with that then there is no issue with you skipping this story. Suicide is definitely not a joke.

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I love Halloween.

Not because of the costumes, and certainly not because of the scary movies. No, I love Halloween for the parties! More specifically the girls.

There's nothing more that I liked than laying down a hot zombie cheerleader, or a sexy witch. Yeah, most parties have beautiful women by the dozen, but Halloween parties? Oooo! Halloween parties always give me the most pickings for very feisty girls.

You can disagree with my mentality, but it's a life that I choose to live, and it get results. I never settle down, and I most certainly never fuck the same gal twice. You can say my charm is all in my glorious mane, or my galloping pecs. Don't even get me started about my smile.

I'm a hot lion and I know it.

Part 1: Anticipation

It was coming around that time of year again, Halloween, and this Halloween I was particularly excited for. See, this is the first string of parties to happen after the “neo rabies” pandemic lockdown. Not to mention my last escapade with Halloween parties didn't end so well. So, you can say I was especially excited for these.

I could spend hours daydreaming about all the pent up chicks just waiting to let their hair down after a stressful year. Threesomes! Foursomes! The

possibilities were endless, and I knew that. I even planned out the perfect costume, a vampire! Nobody could resist the charms of a vampire, and the hot roleplay of biting necks just already sets me off.

"Hey, E! You paying attention?" A voice from under me grabbed my attention.

It was Barney, my best friend. Barney, well... Barney seemed to be a lost cause. He was short, portly and for a kangaroo he sure didn't sport the package other roos had. Trust me, I've seen it. Barney and I have been friends ever since we were freshmen. He always somehow had a way of making things barrable. There would be times he would be there for me when no one else was. Even though I know I can be quite insufferable at times, Barney stuck by me.

This might sound mean, but I sometimes wondered if it wasn't the company I enjoyed about Barney, but the fact that Barney, compared to me, was in every way a loser. I often found myself questioning my relationship with him. Was I really only friends with him to just feel better about myself?

I looked down at him and crooked a small smile. "Oops, sorry Barns!" I then resumed counting his bench press reps "10, 11-"

Though, when I really thought about it, I actually really liked Barney. He recently asked me to help him with getting into shape, because not only was I on the wrestling team, I was also into competitive weight lifting. I jumped at the opportunity to help him better himself. I enjoyed the idea of seeing him succeed and be the chick magnet I knew he was inside. Because, if I liked him, I knew any girl would... At least with a little polish.

Barney finished his last set of reps and put the bar on its holster. "Thanks, E. You- you think I'm really improving?" He said out of breath, as he sat on the bench. Beads of sweat poured down his face.

"Of course, bro! You already increased your set size. You'll be as ripped as me in no time, bro." I smiled, and handed him a towel. "Already looking better. How much have you lost? What, 20 pounds?"

Barney nodded with the towel draped over his head. He rubbed the sweat off his forehead, and I could tell he was exhausted.

"So, what do you got planned today, Barns?" I said as I started packing some of my things.

"Well... I was thinking of looking for a Halloween costume." He replied as he dragged the cloth down his face. "I was wondering if you could come help me pick something out. You know I value your input, dude."

I pondered his question for a bit as I put away the rest of my towels and shake bottle. I tried to think on if I actually had any plans besides finding out if any parties were going on. "Umm, Sure Barns. I don't mind tagging along. I already got my costume ready."

As soon as I said that, I could see that he had another question just burning to come out. "Y-You going to any parties this week, E? You think I can, like... tag along with you?" Barney said to me timidly as he set his sweat drenched towel down.

There it was. I knew he was gonna ask me that. I probably shouldn't have said anything at all. He does this every time, and this time was no different. Don't get me wrong, Barney is a good friend, but Barney isn't too great at parties. He's like a puppy that won't leave you alone, or when you do leave him alone, it's like leaving a feral dog in a hot car. He doesn't know what to do alone and I know he has social anxiety. I didn't want him to ruin any chances I had of making this week the best week ever.

"Well... Errr..." An audible sigh escaped me and I rubbed my head. "I guess I know I am going to one for sure." I can see him already beaming with delight. Instantly I forgot about him being a downer, and entertained

the idea of giving my best friend the best night ever.

So, I hyped up this party to him that I was going to go to this Wednesday while we went out costume shopping. Told him about the girls that I knew were going, all the sports players going, and most importantly where it was gonna be. It's been a year since we went to a party, and it was unfair for me to assume that Barney didn't change at all. And who would it hurt to try and elevate my friend. Isn't like one party out of the many will hurt me too bad.

Eventually, Barney and I went our separate ways for the night. I can tell he was extremely excited about Wednesday. And deep down, I was too. It was Sunday, and I had a few days to go to a few parties before Wednesday. I just needed to figure out who was hosting some. So, I decided to B line it for my dorm room across campus, so I can call up a few friends.

Part 2: Regret

As I crossed the middle of MVU's campus I saw something that caught my attention. It was a booth, and there was someone I knew standing behind it, handing out fliers. The table had a cloth on it that read "Suicide awareness" with a bunch of suicide prevention numbers to call. And right under that, in big bold letters "In remembrance of Jenny." With a picture of her on the side. My stomach started to twist up. Although, before I could continue on, the person behind the booth saw me.

"Well, well. If it isn't Ernesto." they shouted in my direction, causing me to roll my eyes. "Why don't you come over here, it's the least you could do."

I sighed and dragged myself over to the booth. The person behind the booth was Jenelle. The reason I knew Jenelle, was the same reason I knew who Jenny was. Jenny and Jenelle used to be best friends, and I just so happened to have slept with both of them. But that isn't the whole story. I wish it was, but it gets worse.

See, Jenny liked me. She liked me a lot. As I have told you before, I don't like to settle down. After Jenny and I made love, I wanted to move on, but she didn't. She was insistent on trying to go out with me. Wasn't like she wasn't a drop dead gorgeous tiger, because she really was, but I just wasn't ready to settle down. I told her many times I wasn't interested in dating. If you remember, I said that the Halloween before last wasn't too great of a time. Well, Jenny's untimely death was the reason.

That week's string of Halloween parties started, and like normal I was ready to hook up with people. It was a few days after me and Jenny had done stuff, so her enthusiasm for dating me hadn't really died down. I ended up meeting Jenelle through Jenny, and Jenelle had no idea Jenny was that into me. One party that week Jenelle and I hit it off, and I took her to one of the bedrooms to pound it out. In the middle of that, Jenny found us, and to say that she was devastated would pretty much be a huge understatement. After that, I tried to find Jenny, but nobody saw Jenny for two days, even Jenelle.

Then, came the last Halloween party, the one on Halloween night. It was the biggest party that year, everyone including some of the professors were there. I wish I had had a chance to stop her, I wish I had a chance to talk to her in those two days. Maybe I would have been able to convince her otherwise. But on that Halloween night, Jenny showed up. She for the most part seemed normal. I tried to talk to her, but she avoided me. Then, soon after she showed up, she climbed to the top of one of the buildings and leapt into the party crowd below, ending her life.

I honestly just wanted to forget it even happened... I wanted to forget that I was part of the reason that drove her to it, even if it was just a very small part. I had no idea Jenny had been going through so much, and if I had known, I probably would have handled the situation more delicately.

Jenelle handed me a pamphlet "How's it going, E?" she asked me, her voice now down to a normal octave. Her black panther tail swaying behind her as she rested her elbows on the table. Her green eyes were fixated on

me, waiting for an answer.

“Mnn, could always be worse. How are the classes treating you?” I said opening the pamphlet and reading a few lines.

“Good, good. Stuff is kinda crazy this year, with all we have to catch up on.” she replied as she let out a small laugh. I smiled in kind and closed the pamphlet.

“The booth is pretty nice, you make it yourself?” I asked as I browsed more of the different fliers she had laid out on the booth table.

“Yup! I thought it was something positive I could do a bit this week. Turn the energy into something constructive you know?” The panther answered as she looked down at her nails.

“Well it’s a good thing.” I nodded as I replied. I caught myself looking at the picture of Jenny on the tablecloth. “Uhh... Would you like some help sometime with this? Maybe I can, like take over a shift or something for you.”

Jenelle shook her head. “Nah, it’s okay. This is kinda something I wanna do on my own. Thank you for offering tho, Ernesto.”

I had no response, so I just nodded. It was still a very hard topic to talk about. Jenelle and I have talked a bit about it after it happened, but we never really had closure.

“You know, E. I don’t blame you for what happened. It wasn’t your fault. You were just being your normal horn dog self.” She took a pause and looked up at me. “Jenny was going through some tough shit, and she thought she could use you as a form of escapism. ” She paused again, “My mistake... Well, my mistake was not trusting my better judgement about a guy like you. I should have never slept with you.”

Her words hurt pretty bad, but deep down inside I knew she was right. Hell, I was about to go and do the same thing I did the year before last. I never changed, and at this time, I had no intention to.

We finished talking, and I made a donation to one of the non profit funds for the cause. I then continued making my way to my dorm.

Part 3: Guilt

I finally reached my dorm room and plopped myself right on my bed. The fleeting thoughts of Jenelle and that booth swam through my mind. The night was already getting late, so I figured I should make the calls I planned now.

I picked up my Wizephone and scrolled through my contacts, and dialed one of them.

When the person picked up I happily greeted them. "Devonte!!! My boy!"

I can hear the burly akita on the other end shuffle through something. "Hello, E. What's up?"

"Nothing really, I was just wondering if you happened to know what's going on this week." I excitedly asked him. Hoping he would tell me a plethora of parties.

"Nothing I can think of. In fact, I think Marcus' party on Wednesday is the only one going down. I think they ended up canceling the annual MVU Halloween smash that was going to happen at the DOG frat." he replied.

"No shit!? Really!?" I threw my hands up in the air in frustration. "Is there seriously nothing else going on?"

"Yeah. Sorry dude." the akita on the other end of the line took a long pause

and grunted. "Sorry, I was lifting when you called. I do know we are having a get together at the club, but I know how you don't really like that kind of stuff."

I took a good think about it and figured if everything else was not happening, might as well check some new stuff out. "I mean, sure. When and where y'all having it. Just know if anything gay happens there I'm outski bro."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. We are having it at the aux gym's locker room Thursday at 10 PM." he responded.

I then thanked him for the info and told him I'd see him there. I was still in shock that almost everything was canceled. Just as I plopped my head back down onto my pillow to lament about all the missed opportunities, I heard a noise coming outside in the dorm hallways. I didn't think much of it at first and dismissed the sound. It wasn't until the sound started happening at my door followed by some frantic knocking that I got up and answered.

"Who the fu-" I shouted as I swung my door wide open, but when I opened my door, there was no one there. Which would be very hard to do, because I lived in the most middle dorm of the hallway. I immediately got creeped out. There was nobody outside to make all that noise, and in fact, there was no noise anymore. No thumping, banging, and stomping like I heard inside my dorm. Whoever knocked on my door was either super quick and was making all that noise to bother me... Or something else was up. Nothing I could think of could have explained it to me. So, I shut my door again.

As soon as I shut my door, the pounding, stomping and banging started up again. I turned around and opened my door as fast as I could, and like magic, the noises dissipated. "What the-" I whispered under my breath. I shouted into the hallway "If you think this is funny, it isn't bro. I'll kick your fucking ass If I figure out who's fucking with me." Then my neighbor across the way, opened his door.

“Dude, I’m trying to fucking study!” The stocky horse angrily shouted at me.

“It’s not me dude, someone has been stomping and banging shit out here.”
I replied

He squinted at me and tilted his head. “My guy, the only thing that is making noise around here is your stupid ass yelling and opening your door.” He then began to close his door “Please keep it down, dude.” The horse then finished closing his door, leaving me in the hallway, in dead silence.

“That’s impossible... How could he have not heard it?” I thought to myself. I then stayed there with the door open to see if I could catch the person by chance, but no. Nobody showed up, and the hallways were quiet as ever. I shook my head and then closed my door, and again, as soon as I heard the click from my door closing, the banging started again. This time louder.

My eyes opened wide in shock, and I started to try to find the source of the noise. Nowhere, the source of the noise was everywhere in my dorm. I then wondered if it was outside my window, and the same situation happened with the window. As soon as I slid open my window, the banging and stomping ceased. My jaw was completely forced open in shock. This is either the most elaborate prank ever... or I am being haunted. I closed my mouth and chuckled to myself at the thought of being haunted. I simply must have been going stir crazy, and just needed to get out of my dorm.

I slowly closed my window and the sound began to start up. I quickly put on my clothes and grabbed my stuff. I decided I was gonna go to get something to eat and clear my head. Louder and louder the noise became. By the end of me getting ready, the noise was almost deafening. I opened my door cautiously, and the banging stopped. Leaving me in silence one again, but when I finally stepped outside, there was someone standing down the hall.

The figure stood at the right end of the hallway, staring at me. I could barely make out the figure as the light on that end of the hallway was out, and the only lightsource was the green illumination of the “exit” sign in the ceiling. This was strange to me, because not more than 10 minutes ago was the light at that end of the hallway on at full brightness. I sat and studied the figure from outside my dorm. From what I could make out, it was a woman. About average height and weight, in a shirt way too big for her. Her long hair covered her face. I couldn’t make out any other features, not even the species of the person. There was no tail or ears, from what I could see.

A tingling sensation in my gut told me something was immediately up. I looked around, looking in the other direction in the hallway, and nobody was there. As soon as I looked back in the direction of the figure, the light had turned back on and the figure was gone. I shrugged and figured that, again, I must just be stir crazy. Just to prove it to myself I decided to walk the way I saw the figure.

As soon as I made it to that end of the hallway, and turned the corner. There she was, no more than an inch away from me. I let out a sharp gasp and leapt back a bit in fear. The figure didn’t say anything, just stood there and watched me. I still couldn’t make out other features, because the light around her was out. In fact, even more lights had started to flicker off. “V-very funny lil lady. Got me real good.” I tried to play off my fear, and maybe get her to drop the act, but she stood there silent as ever.

“Hey! I said ‘very funny’. OKAY! You got me!” I said louder and more aggressive. I then got closer to the figure, leaning my face down to the person. The girl didn’t budge, only her breathing motion caused her to move. “Hey, look, are you like lost or something?” I said, still trying to get some kind of response. Still nothing, and at this point I gave up and decided to walk past her. As I made my way past her, stepping a few steps away from her, she finally said something.

“Ernesto.” she whispered. As I spun around in shock, ready to reply, she was gone with all the lights back on.

“What in the fuck?” I muttered to myself, chills shooting up my spine. The scariest part of it was that I could have sworn I’ve heard that voice before.

I shook it off, and decided to continue going my own way. I figured all of this was still just in my head. I made my way to the stairs and started to climb down where I met a familiar face. It was Barney.

“Oh, E! What’s up?” he smiled as he climbed up a few steps to meet me. “I was gonna come by and talk to you about something.”

“This late bro? I thought you would have been in bed by now.” I replied, leaning on the railing of the stairway.

“Same can be said for you, dude. You seem to be in a hurry. Something up?” he asked and placed his hand on my shoulder.

“Huh? Oh, no reason. I just didn't really eat anything and I was gonna head out for some late night grub.” I chuckled nervously. I didn't want to talk about what happened and seem crazy to Barney or anything.

“Oh!” He lit up a bit. “You know, I can go for some food myself, why don't I treat you to something for all the help you've done.” He smiled, patting my shoulder. “The least I can do, bro.”

I nodded “thanks dude. That's kind of you.”

Part 4: secret

We both headed down the stairs and out to the campus. I kept seeing things out of the corner of my eye and jump scaring myself. Luckily we were getting close to our destination by now. We were headed to a hole in the wall called Taco Shack. It was a pretty great place for cheap tacos for

when college students were on a budget. It became one of my guilty pleasures whenever I was stressed.

"So, Barns, what did you want to talk about? It must have been important for you to come see me in person." I looked down at him as we approached the Taco Shack a few blocks from the University, the white fluorescent lights illuminating its red exterior.

As I asked the question Barney immediately became nervous. "Oh... ummm..." he waved his hand and rubbed the back of his head, gliding his palm over his ears. "Nothing... I just was gonna ask if you needed anything in return for helping me get in shape. Yeah."

I raised my eyebrow in suspicion "Nah dude... what kind of silly question is that? Of course not."

Barney then became bashful replying to me "r-really dude?"

I chuckled and leaned on the counter of the Taco Shack window. "Man, If you don't order." I said smiling.

We ordered our food while cracking a few jokes, then took our seats. I think both of us could tell something was off about each other. I could tell something was on Barney's mind but I got the suspicion that he knew something was on my mind too.

"Thanks for the food Barney. It's just what I needed to clear my head." I said, taking a bite of my taco.

"Don't mention it E. I'm glad I can be here at the right time then, bro. So, what was on your mind?" He responded.

I took a second to think if I should tell him what happened in the hallway and inside my dorm. I figured out of anyone, Barney would understand.

"So, Barney I know I'll sound crazy, but some strange stuff happened in my dorm today."

"L-like what?" The roo replied as he cleaned his fingers of burrito.

I explained the noises and the strange figure "and then she said-" then almost as soon as I almost finished explaining it to Barney, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the figure. It was standing under an unlit street lamp. The figure was looking in my direction. Seeing the figure out here took the words right out of my mouth.

Barney must have noticed something was up, because he looked behind him to try and see what stopped me in my tracks. Although, when Barney turned to look, the figure disappeared leaving behind just a flickering street lamp.

"Dude?" Barney responded looking back at me. "That sounds pretty fucked. Hey, I have an idea dude. I don't think what you saw was real, but how about you crash at my dorm tonight? Might be good for you." He finished his burrito and wiped his muzzle off. "My roomie is gone for the month, you can crash with me for a while..." he started to get bashful again "A-at least till you feel better, that is. I- I don't wanna impose on you dude... it would be cool tho to have you around. You just got me worried, is all, and I wanna be here for you."

I lifted my eyebrow still trying to process the figure. I then looked at Barney and nodded. "You know what? That sounds like a good idea. Not like I got much going on this week anyway..."

Barney looked shocked "what you mean E, I thought you had tons of parties to go to?"

"Nah, all of em got cancelled. The only ones still going on are Marcus' on Wednesday and the Sports Club at the aux gym Thursday." I looked at my last taco with defeat and sadness. "Shit sucks dude. I was really looking

forward to that. Been a good while since I was laid and you know a lion like me has got to get it in, bro"

Barney looked at me for a bit and rubbed his head. "Yeah, I hear you." I saw a slight smile from him as he continued "but we can make the week awesome, just me and you. I got tons of games and ummm maybe we can have our own little party, get a girl or two over."

I ate my last taco and pondered his suggestion. "You know man... you're right! Might as well do our own thing, right? Just me and you, bro." As I said this his kangaroo features lit up into the brightest grin I think I've ever seen from him.

"Bro! This is gonna be awesome as hell! I'll text my roomie to double check if it's cool." He said pulling out his Wizephone.

When we finished talking and stuffing our faces with street grub. We returned to my dorm to grab my stuff and made our way over to Barney's dorm. The chubby roo the entire time had some joy and swagger to his step I haven't seen from him before. Honestly, I got the vibe that maybe he was getting more out of this than I was. Deep down though, I was cool with him enjoying this.

The next few days I didn't see the figure again, and me and Barney hung out in his dorm. We ate pizza, played games, and watched some cheesy pornos together. Safe to say, it was cool hanging out with him. I got to learn a lot about him. He wasn't as much of a dweeb as I thought he was. He was just different, and the more time we spent together, the more I respected him for it. He liked what he liked and even though he was quiet, he didn't let what others thought about him ruin his life. I guess we all could learn something from him. Maybe that's why I'm really his friend, I admire him a bit.

Part 5: confidence

Soon enough Wednesday rolled around, and we were getting ready for the party. I was a vampire, like I said, and Barney was a wereroo. I had to say, he looked pretty good in a ripped plaid shirt. Fit his stocky frame.

"How do I look E?" He asked as he spun around.

"Killer, bro! Killer." I smiled, adjusting my fake vampire fangs. "The party is about to start soon, so we better head out now if we wanna get the drop on the pickings tonight."

As I said that Barney paused and nodded.

"Yo, wassup bro? Cold feet?" I asked him, placing my palm on his shoulder.

"Y-yeah.. a little bro. Been a bit since I've like, you know. Got it in and stuff." Barney said, looking down

"Why, you'll do fine dude! Trust me, ain't nobody can resist the werewolf getup." I shook him and I could see that bashful grin on his face return.

"You really think so?" He looked up at me.

"I know so, Barns, I know so." I smiled warmly back at him.

We then left for the party. Marcus' parties were always crazy. He had this crazy lakeside modern mansion that was just built for parties. The dock he had on the lake was huge, and he used it mainly for a dancefloor. The inside of his massive place was just as impressive as the outside. Marble floor, statues and art that had to be worth thousands. And everything was Halloween themed. Biggest plus about Marcus' party pad was that there were so many rooms inside that it was easy to find a private room to bang

in. Marcus didn't really care on the account of the fact he had cleaning crews clean up the place.

When Barney and I arrived at the mansion, the place was already hopping. "Damn, and I thought we were early." I said to Barney as we walked up to the gate.

"Then let's hurry up inside dude! Can't miss anything." Barney said, pulling me into the crowd of dancing people on the dock.

The party was wild, and everyone was there. Marcus, Tay-tay, Germ, Devonte and his boyfriend, all the sports team, and even some of the rival college team came by to crash stuff. I saw Jenelle too and a few of her friends. I spent most of the time with Barney tho, I kinda forgot most of why I came there to begin with.

All the time I spent with Barney made me appreciate his company even more, and honestly I didn't see any new girls there, and I wasn't about to start up any old flings again. So, I tried to scope out a girl for Barney instead.

"Hey dude, how about her?" I pointed someone out in the crowd of dancing people.

"Her? I dunno man, she seems kinda out of my league." He said nervously.

"Pshhh, not even bro. Hold on, I got this." I shouted over the music. I then maneuvered myself around the dancing people, towards the girl. I kindly tapped on her shoulder and said "Sorry to bother you miss on such a ghoulish night, but my were friend over there is mighty famished, and thought you might like to get a bit wolfish with hi-" before I could finish my sentence she turned around, and I saw her face more clearly. It was jenny. No mistaking it, Jenny in the flesh right before me. Her face was mangled and bloody as if it was smashed in with a cinder block. "I-I" I couldn't even

find the words to say anything, and before I could even finish processing what I saw, she turned around and walked away in the crowd.

I moved to chase her but as soon as I took a step, Barney grabbed me. "Hey, E. Can I like, talk to you for a minute, I need to tell you something... it's important. T-this time for real." He shouted to me over the sounds of laughing people and loud 90's techno.

I couldn't say anything still, I just nodded and followed him, looking behind me to see if I saw Jenny again, but she was gone. Barney then led me inside the mansion, and past a few doors, a few you can hear some moaning and banging happening inside. We passed some statues and art on the way too. We stopped in a vacant room. It was immaculate, the bed was one of the fanciest I've ever seen, sitting next to two nice nightstands, and the ceiling had to have been at least 9 ft. There was a desk and office chair in the right hand corner, and a few pieces of art on the walls. Barney then closed the door behind him.

I looked at him stoopified, he brought me to a room all alone, just to tell me something?

"You might wanna sit down for this one, E." He nervously rubbed his hands together.

"Nah, I'm good bro. What is it dude? Not gonna lie, this is kinda weirding me out." I said folding my arms.

He took a long pause and rubbed his forehead, right underneath where some of his costume sat. "I- I don't know how to tell you this smoothly dude... but, but... these past few days having you over have been the best thing ever."

I smiled and shook my head "Dude, I've been having a hell of a time too. But, you don't have to take me to some room to tell me a-"

"No, bro. It's more than that." He interjected "I... I'm not interested in girls dude." He was trembling now, his words coming out shaky and near incomplete.

I perked up my eyebrow, listening to him. "Wh- what do you mean dude?" I smiled and nervously chuckled. "You mean like-"

"Yes bro, I'm gay. Have been since you've known me." He was almost at the brink of breaking down looking at me. I must have given him a pretty confused look because I could tell he was getting more and more anxious with what he was about to say next. "And, and, I'm not only gay, dude.... But I think I...like, like you. Have liked you like that for a long time." Barney finished.

My jaw almost hit the floor and I then sat on the nearby bed. A whole slew of scenarios where I took him places and he never got with a girl made sense now, and what I thought was just social anxiety was... it was him just being into me instead.

"Look, I- I love your face bro, the way you do things, your confidence and you- your body. I love it all dude. You're hot and I just like you okay! I can't help it."

I couldn't help but start getting upset at the things he started to say. I knew I wasn't gay. I knew I've never wanted to be gay, and having someone that was into me like that made me not comfortable at all. And I think Barney could see that in my face.

"Ernesto, please, just... just hear me out. I want to still be your friend, but I couldn't just not tell you anymore. I wanted you to know. I just hope-" Barney continued frantically.

"You hoped what? What dude?! Go ahead, spill it out!" I stood up and started to shout "Is that why you invited me over for the week? To creep on me, hopping I'd do some gross ass gay shit with you?"

Barney's ears folded back and he almost looked like he was going to start crying "n-"

"No?! No! Then what, what!? Spill it the fuck out!" I yelled, grabbing the collars of his plaid shirt.

In that moment, I dunno what came over Barney. It must have taken some hell of a lotta guts, because in that moment he grabbed my arms with some surprise force and kissed me. I couldn't believe it, and I sat in the kiss, shocked. I stopped gripping his shirt, and I could feel my face get warm with a blush. He smelled really good, and he was surprisingly really good at kissing. I was so stunned that I couldn't help but let him take the kiss further. He slid his tongue in my mouth and... and... it was probably the best kiss I've ever had, ever. The scruff from his stubble pressing into my face, the force that he held me. All of it felt amazing, and I popped the strangest boner I've ever had.

After a few moments I built up the energy to push him away from me. We both sat there looking at each other. I didn't know what to think anymore, my mind was racing with a million questions about myself, but the only emotion I could process at the time was anger. Anger because I didn't want this, I never wanted this. N- not with Barney. Not with a loser like him. What would others think of us, what would my parents say. Would I ever be able to date girls again? Am I broken now?

No matter what I thought, my boner wouldn't go away. I looked down to confirm it, and when I looked back up at Barney he was looking away in shame.

"E... E-" he looked back at me "Just hear me out and give us a try. Just try some stuff out with me. You always tell me to be confident in myself, and I've never been so sure about something in my life, dude. I lo-"

"Stop fucking saying shit, dude. Just shut the fuck up! I'm leaving. I'm going back to my fucking dorm. Don't follow me. Don't call me. Don't text me. I never wanna see you again unless it's to drop off my shit." I yelled in frustration, anger, and confusion. "I'm gone, party over." I then stormed out of the room and past the dock full of dancing people. I called a cab and left for my dorm.

Part 6: Denial

I flung open my dorm room door in frustration, slamming it closed and locking it. Then surprisingly I started to cry. Tears welled up in my eyes and more anger filled my chest. Have you ever gotten that feeling where you feel like a sunken hole has formed in your chest? That is what I felt, pure unbridled rage and confusion.

On one hand, my mind just kept going back to the smell of Barney, his lips against mine, his firm grip on my arms, and his face. The one he gave me when I said yes to staying at his dorm for a week. I still, still had the weird gushy feeling of the boner I had, in fact it was still there.

"No,no,no! No!" I murmured to myself. "No, dude, no this can't be..."

I contemplated everything I've thought about Barney. What I thought of him, why I hung out with him, the good times we shared, how he made me feel... and deep down, things started to make sense. But, I didn't want to hear it. I didn't want to admit to myself that I was actually into my doofy, lame friend. The very one that I wanted to do everything for and make happy. The one I would drop everything for, because he would do the same for me. And the reason I jumped from girl to girl, always unsatisfied was secretly because I was gay.

The feelings just kept getting more complex in my head, and I just doubled down on my anger. I resigned myself to the conclusion that I never wanted to see his stupid kangaroo face ever again, or I'd punch all his teeth in. I

dried up my frustration tears and layed in bed. The night was filled with me imagining the kiss, thinking of if I had stayed. I hated the thought, but why did it make me feel so- so good. Eventually, I tired myself out to where I fell asleep in my bed.

I was awoken to some creaking in my dorm. I slowly opened my eyes, half expecting to see Barney standing there, but instead it was the figure. I screamed, but nothing came out. I tried to move, but nothing in my body responded. I must have had a spell of sleep paralysis, and I haven't had one since I was a kid. This was a horrible time to have one too. The figure leaned over, as close as it could get, it smelled of rotting flesh and shit rolled over more shit. I tried to scrunch my face up, anything to control what I could in my body. Then that's when the figure spoke.

"Denial." It whispered in a raspy cracky voice. Then it started to lift it's hair, and when it did, it's face was missing, nothing was there but a bloody mangled mess, like it was smashed in with a sledgehammer. It's mandible hanging only from sinew. I wanted to swing on it so bad, but I couldn't budge, and with that thought she flung me out of my bed and onto the floor with a loud thud. Shit hurt a surprising amount, because my back hit the corner of my dresser.

I started to panic, trying to wiggle myself up. I was surprised my heavyweight ass was thrown across my room like a doll. Eventually, after a few minutes of me mentally struggling with myself, I was able to slowly stand on my two feet. I looked around for the intruder, but nobody was there. What was there tho, was my entire dorm destroyed as if a tornado flew around and fucked everything up. I was again standing in shock of what to do. I was afraid to be in my own damn room now.

I eventually started cleaning my room up, the floor was coated in blood stains and scratch marks. It honestly looked like a murder scene took place. I put a towel in my mini fridge to make a makeshift cold press for my back. When I finished cleaning my dorm, my Wizephone started to buzz with a call, causing me to almost jump out of my skin. It was Devonte.

I picked up the phone to a cheerful akita's bark "Hey man! I didn't see you leave Marcus' party. You doing okay?"

"Yeah, some stuff happened and I had to go early." I replied

"Early? That's not like you dude. Something going on?" He asked with suspicion in his voice.

"Nah, nothing's going on. Like I said some stuff came up and I had to leave. Point blank." My tone immediately became pointed. Between the fucking creepy ghost and Barney coming out to me I didn't know where to start. I didn't even want to start to begin with.

"Well, okay man. So, the club meeting is happening still, if you're still interested that is. Might be a better time." He said in response. I could tell he was still suspicious and even more so now that I got cross with him.

"I'll make it. I could use the fresh atmosphere." I huffed letting out a sigh.

We finished up talking and said our goodbyes. I sat in my dorm in silence, just in grim awe at the week I've had. I had thought this week would be full of me getting lots of chicks, dancing, drinking, and enjoying some time with my best friend. Instead... this. My frustration started to build up inside my head as I thought of Barney again, I hadn't had the mental room to think about it till now. My heart began to flutter with anger and oddly... butterflies. I wanted to tear up my entire dorm again, but I refrained and just gripped the fur on my leg.

Eventually, through my frustration, I finished cleaning around my dorm, and got all the bloodstains out of the floor. At least what I could manage. "Dude, how am I gonna explain this?" I muttered to myself looking at all the stains I couldn't get out of the carpet. "They are gonna think I'm some psycho or murderer." I sighed and ran my fingers through my mane, twirling the hair together. I haven't done that since I was a kid. I used to do it out of

frustration or when I was in deep thought. I eventually taught myself not to do it, so I could keep my mane nice, but I guess all the stress was bringing up bad habits. I figured I'd just pay the fee for the damages when I moved out from my dorm. There was no need to tell anyone about this.

When I finally got done having a mental moment, I saw that half the day had gone by. There was a lot to clean, but I guess it was more than I thought. Whatever had come into my dorm to fuck it up and scare me, sure did a good job. I figured I should just leave my dorm for now, maybe take a trip back home to my parents place and claim it was an emergency. I nodded to myself and figured I'd call them after the club meeting. I then took a shower, removed all the makeup from my costume, gathered my things and I left my dorm room to wander around campus.

When I got outside the dorm building, the fresh afternoon air was relieving. I didn't notice when I was in my dorm, but the smell of rotten flesh had been in my room the entire time. I had only noticed when I stepped outside that there was no more smell. I immediately felt my mind clear from disarray and chaos. I then spent the rest of my time at the University library. The library was pretty big, and was actually the newest thing the University had built. So, the shelves, carpet and building were all in great condition. They even had brand new computers that actually had DSL instead of Dial-up.

I wanted to get to the bottom of what was happening. Maybe there was some kind of scientific explanation to what I was experiencing. I started to browse the web, and pull up psychological books on seeing things. Then a message board on the 15th page of my web search caught my eye. It was from Europe. The forum was called "The Unexplained". It looked like some kind of weird horror movie website where people posted blogs, journals, and pictures of "evidence" of the supernatural. The specific message board that caught my attention, read like this.

Dergon886 9:45 am: "I'm pretty sure I'm being haunted."

Trod 9:49 am: "I doubt. What makes you so sure?"

Nimron 9:50 am: "Proof?"

Dergon886 10:50 am: Picture with a figure in a living room. The picture was blurry, and hard to make entirely out, but you can certainly see someone reaching for whoever took the picture.

Nimron 10:55 am: "That's a nice picture, but why should we believe you? What makes you think it is a ghost?"

Claxia 11:30 am: "I think I've seen something like this before, Dergon886. Don't listen to the other plebs. Describe what happens when you see this specter."

A day in the thread had passed and a few of the people started to believe the guy would never write back. Eventually, very early in the morning he responded.

Dergon886 1:22 am: "I nearly escaped with my life yesterday. The specter pushed me into oncoming traffic and I got hit by a car. Lucky for me I only got grazed."

Claxia 1:23 am: "What usually happens when you see the entity? Smell anything, any noises, have you seen it's face, does it talk to you?"

Dergon886 then explained all the same things I experienced. He went on to say it started out small, with noises and just seeing the figure, but the longer he went seeing it, the worse things became. He described that after a few days, his home smelled of rotten flesh. He also said that the specter did talk, but very little. It only said his name or a single word. His entity would usually say things like "repent" and "liar". He said he's been dealing with it for a month at that point, and it's only gotten more violent as time went on.

Claxia 1:45 am: "Sounds to me like you're dealing with a vengeful spirit. One that knew you, and one that blames you for something. These are very tricky because they aren't tied to the person that died, but tied to you. If you want the ghost to stop haunting you. You must make a change."

The person in the thread named Claxia went on to explain that it's hard to say what kind of change needed to be made, and that it's possible the change was the person needed to get harmed or worse, killed. Claxia then went on to say that the longer the spirit haunted the stronger and stronger it would become. The only way for Dergon886 to get rid of the ghost was to find out what it wanted, and to do it. Then stated that the grief attached to the ghost is what made the connection so strong, and the fact that Dergon886 held onto the grief of whoever it was, was keeping the person from passing, and that is why the spirit was lashing out. Claxia also linked a few sources.

The thread ended there. There were no responses from Dergon886 anymore. A few fleeting responses of worry sparked from a few users, but from what I could tell Dergon886 never posted after that. It sent chills up my spine. I then started looking into the sources that Claxia linked. All of the sources were from obscure websites and wiki pages. Most of them were about folk tales of people who were unable to let go of grief and eventually perished to their own hands. Others read about a cleansing ritual where the affected person would sit near people they were close to and come clean with things in their life. Once they did, the spirit stopped.

I sipped some coffee as I read. Then I pondered the implications of my situation. I couldn't even believe I was believing in some ghost stories from some far corner of the internet. I tried to think about the things I saw about the figure. Then fireworks started to go off in my head as pieces started to fall into place. Was... was I being haunted by my grief about Jenny? I thought about what Jenny tried to tell me, and what I came up with was that I felt guilty that I had played with Jenny's heart, and the change was I needed to stop fooling around with girls and honestly date one. That must be it, there was no other explanation.

I almost leapt out of my seat as I stood, clutching my fist and saying "Yeah!" Under my breath. Which made the other students at the other computers give me the side eye, causing me to slink back down in my chair. I figured it out and I was on my way to living a normal life in no time. I just needed to tell Jenny I understood.

Part 7: Clean

It was going on 8 PM and the library was going to close. I put back all the books I took out and I headed out for the club meeting. The pure pep in my step was clear, even if I saw Jenny again, I knew I could just tell her that I understood what she wanted to tell me, and that she could move on. I didn't even think about Barney anymore, he wasn't even a fleeting thought on my mind.

I crossed the middle of the campus, and made it all the way to the auxiliary gym locker rooms. I opened the door to the locker room and a few dudes were already there early. Devonte and his boyfriend Kevin, Germ the football player, a few hockey players, and a dude from my wrestling team. I waved at the guys and they waved back in joy, except for Germ, who stood there with his arms crossed.

"Hey! What's up Ernesto!" The happy familiar bark from the akita bounced off the empty locker room. Devonte came up to me and placed his hand on my shoulder. His big firm paw gripping my shoulder, shaking me a bit."

"Good, actually, better even." I smiled as he shook me.

His curled tail wagged about, and he started to lead me into the locker room near the other guys. "Good to hear you're doing better bro, like when I called you earlier you sounded like you saw a ghost or something."

My neck fur stood on end hearing that and I laughed nervously "Hehe! Nahhh, no ghost. Just you know, school stress, tests and the like." I said trying to downplay my situation.

"Test? That certainly doesn't sound like you at all." The big tanuki raccoon known as Germ chimed in. His gruff monotone voice dragged along my ears. "Being early isn't your strong suit either."

"And smiling isn't yours either, but you don't see me complaining?" I retorted and snickered.

"Funny." Germ replied, rolling his eyes.

"So, what's really going on, E?" Kevin said, leaning on Devonte.

I half contemplated talking about the ghost of Jenny, but instead I thought it would be much more digestible talking about Marcus' party.

"Well, if you must know, Barney pissed me off." I sighed, sitting on one of the benches.

"Barney?" Devonte said inquisitively "That shy little kangaroo guy you hang around, like all the time? What he do?"

I could feel the eyes of all the guys waiting for my response. "Well yeah... He just said some stupid shit to me."

Kevin's eyebrow started to raise and the other guys started to laugh "Stupid shit? When are you not saying stupid shit yourself, Ernesto?" One of the hockey players chimed in.

I furrowed my brow "No, he- he told me he loved me, or some shit like that." I threw my hands up, letting the truth come out.

The entire room started to bust out in laughter. "He said he loved you?" Kevin replied. "That's super sweet dude. Did he put a ring on it too?"

I got angry again, the emotions swelling up into my chest. "No, I fucking told him off. I'm not gay. Not like you guys." I could immediately tell that I said the wrong thing, because the laughter in the room faded away, but I didn't care. "He fucking said he was gay the entire time I've known him, and that he's seriously liked me for a long time." I then stood up "He had the audacity to kiss me, to actually fucking kiss me. He placed his nasty ass, ugly ass lips on mine. Why the fuck would I like him, even if I was gay? He's a fucking loser, he has nothing going for him. He's fat, ugly, stupid, he's got a fucking chode and honestly out of anyone that could have said that to me, I would have rather it been anyone else! I'm only his friend because I feel sorry for him!"

The whole room looked shocked, but they weren't looking at me, they were looking past me. It prompted me to turn around, and standing there behind me was Barney. He had my bag in his hand, and tears were welling up in his eyes.

"I- I came to- to... to gi- give you your stuff. An- and say sorry." Tears streamed down his face and he was shaking. He dropped my bag with a heavy thud, and started to sprint away. He headed to the locker's bathroom. Leaving me to stand there in awkward silence.

I turned around to look at the guys, and each one of them looked extremely angry with me. "I- I" I stuttered. "I'll go get him. Umm." I said as I turned to the bathroom.

As I entered the plain blue and white bathroom that smelled like a year old sweaty t-shirt, I could hear quiet sobbing coming from one of the bathroom stalls. I walked up slowly to the stall he was in and placed my hand on the door. My ears folded back as I listened to my best friend cry for the first time, and it was my fault.

"Barns?" I said through the opening in the bathroom stall.

"Fucking leave me alone. That's what you want right?" He responded through his tears, almost shouting at me.

"Please, Barney. I- I didn't mean it." I replied

"Yeah, sure. You only don't mean it w-when I'm around." His sniffing got louder.

"Dude I-" before I could even finish he shouted at me.

"Leave me the fuck alone! Go!" He shouted at the top of his lungs.

I then lifted my hand off the stall and headed for the bathroom door. I looked behind me, wanted to say something, but I couldn't find the words and I just finished opening the door. When I stepped back out into the locker room, all the lights were off. Every piece of fur on my body stood on end. The guys were just in here, and the lights being off made no sense.

"Guys!? Germ? Devonte? Kevin?" I shouted down the very short hall, into the locker rooms. No answer. I called out again and it was met with a bang off one of the lockers.

That bang was soon followed by another bang, but this one closer. Each light flicked on then off, the furthest to the closest. Each bang, a new light. Bang! Bang! Bang! Eventually the sound was right in front of me, I saw nothing, it was pitch dark. The only thing that was on was the emergency exit sign. And then out of the side of the room I saw an inhumanly long leg step into the entrance of the hallway, and from the top ceiling came sprawling in a tall elongated being, it's limbs filling up the entire entrance to the hallway, crawling it's way towards me. I stood frozen in complete fear as the figure got closer, and out of pure adrenaline I flung open the bathroom door and slipped inside.

Inside I was greeted by the sight of Barney cleaning his face. He was looking down at the sink, watching the water drain away. He then looked at me with pure hatred. His hand balled into a fist. I stood by the bathroom door, hoping I could hold it closed from whatever was on the other side. Barney then started to walk up to me. He looked like he was about to deck me in the jaw, but he stopped right in front of me and started to speak.

"You're a fucking asshole, always were. You never care about anyone but yourself. You're self centered, you play with girls hearts, you fuck with people because your big fiberglass ego is the only thing holding you up, because without it you would crumble. You are the loser, Ernesto, you have no real friends. You burn everyone around you to get your way. And what is your way? What is your goal? You fucked almost every girl on campus, and you still can't be satisfied." His yelling reached a crescendo. His rapid laying into me caused me to almost flatten against the door.

"You're a glutton and a slob. You claim I meant something to you as a friend, and when I tell you my darkest secret, you drop me like hot rock. You never were my friend you only used me to make yourself feel better about never fucking being satisfied with anyone. So, you tried to make yourself feel better by helping someone you deemed helpless to help bolster your inflated five head ego. I don't know what the fuck I saw in you, maybe I thought you needed someone. Maybe I thought you needed love, someone that actually cared about you, flaws and all. But you know what, what would I know? I'm a fucking loser right? Ugly right? I should just fucking k-" I stopped his yelling by reaching down and kissing him. It stopped him dead in his tracks, and I could hardly believe I did it myself.

I felt Barney slightly try to pull away but eventually his tears started to land on me and his arms wrapped around me. I pulled him closer and kissed him deeper, and deeper. I gave in to it, the feeling I had back at the party. I couldn't deny my feelings anymore, I wasn't frustrated because I was straight, I was frustrated because I loved my best friend. I loved him more than a best friend. The things I said about him weren't true. I loved his dopey smile, his cute tummy, his cute roo ears, the defined chin of his

covered in stubble, his handsome nose, cute eyes, and I found when he got hard his dick was hot as fuck. I've been the one in denial, I've been the one in the closet. I've been the one chasing girls just to try and lie to myself. I've hurt the people around me denying the most important part of myself.

All the thoughts that raced in my head faded away as I melted into Barney's arms. "You're a fucking moron, E." Barney whispered to me in between one of our kisses.

"I'm sorry." I rubbed his tear covered cheek, giving him another deep kiss.

"I forgive you, man." He responded, tears still running down his cheeks.

"I lied about all of it, I was lying to myself. I- I always had feelings for you Barney. I just... didn't know how t-"

"I love you too, E." He stopped me from talking as he kissed me, I felt his stubble press against me and my heart skipped a beat. I've never felt this way before, but I loved it, I loved him.

I half wanted to rip his clothes off and fuck him right there, but I figured that if someone came in and saw us it would ruin it. So, I told him let's go back to his dorm, and finish up there. He agreed and opened the restroom door. With all the emotion, I had totally forgotten about the long figure and everyone being gone. Although, when me and Barney emerged from the bathroom, all the guys were there. In fact it was packed with people.

I ended up ironing it out with the guys, and apologizing for coming off like a homophobic prick. They accepted it and cracked a few jokes at my expense. They deserved that much. I then held Barney's hand and kissed him in front of all the guys. Everyone started to cheer and get hyped up. I thought Barney was gonna melt into a blushing mess. The guys had offered for us to stay for some of the fun, but I wanted Barney all to myself for the night.

Part 8: End

We returned to Barney's dorm room, and I could hardly keep myself from ripping his clothes off. I took each and every article off his body with care, kissing his chest, pressing my snout into his coarse dark chest fur. I took in his manly scent and started to take off all my clothes. He groaned in pleasure as I rubbed his package, feeling up his length. I pushed him onto the bed and started to rub our dicks together, his nice thick dick rubbing along the bottom of mine, as both our excitement caused pre to make them glide effortlessly against each other. Barney pulled me in for a few kisses, sliding his tongue into my mouth. I pulled up his legs around me as I started to line myself up with his tailhole, gliding my tip to prod it. He gripped onto me, groaning and begging me to fill his roo hole. And man did my mind go crazy.

I slipped on a condom and lubed up. I gave it to him nice and slow, letting my large fat dick spread his tight hole. His nails dug into my shoulders as I could feel him flex around my member. He was trying to catch his breath between his moans as I started to thrust into him. I never realized how cute his voice was until that moment I heard him moan. He was moaning and groaning, begging me to go harder. He wanted all of me, and he didn't want me to stop. I answered his request with the hardest thrust I could give. At first I was afraid of hurting him cuz usually when I went rough, cuz of my size, I usually hurt girls. He seemed to take it well though. Each rough thrust shifting his bed, rocking it around.

His moaning was getting even louder now. I then leaned over and kissed him, still going full speed into his ass. Thrust after thrust. Plap! Plap! He groaned out into the kiss as he couldn't hold it anymore and he came all over both of us. His hefty orbs pumping out a surprising amount of cum coating the sheet under us. I continued to thrust, trying to hold back my excitement as much as I could. Eventually, despite my efforts, I orgasmed shortly after my handsome kangaroo friend. I pressed myself as deep as I

could go, filling up the condom inside him. It was the best orgasm I've ever had.

The rest of the night we spent all our time having sex, we would take naps, and wake up to each other rock hard. We must have came 5 times or more that night. And I definitely wasn't complaining.

Barney and I decided to become boyfriends. I told him I didn't think I would ever not be interested in girls, but he understood. Barney said that if I ever wanted to have a girl over, she was welcome to rock my world. Things went back to normal, no, better than normal. I was finally happy, really happy. I didn't need parties to be sexually fulfilled anymore, and I loved being close to Barney. The ghost never showed up again, and honestly I never questioned it after that. Deep down I knew what Jenny was trying to tell me, and I'm happy I finally listened.