

Casey was kinda frustrated, but the free beer was helping her with that, as well as the music pumping out of the living room loudspeakers. One of the frats was hosting a big house party for one of this season's football games, but she wasn't interested in any of that. She mostly wanted to relax on a Friday night and unwind, have some beers, mingle, and socialize. She had a few friends drop by the party with some staying and some leaving to go crash another party with free booze.

It was sort of a chaotic night for everyone it seemed, but mostly for the sheer amount of energy in the air. The excitement coming from the boys watching the game was infectious even if she had no interest at all in pro sports.

This party also helped keep her mind busy and away from her troubles. She literally had nothing to worry about in life except romance. Casey had excellent grades, great friends, a part time job she actually liked, and if you asked for her opinion, she'd tell you she was the cutest little pony you ever did see.

Short and petite just like her mother, she seldom heard anyone refer to her as 'hot'. The words of choice were always 'cute' or 'adorable'. Eh, she got used to it. At least men tended to warm up to her whenever she started chatting, and to be frank that was one source of her frustration.

Casey had been flirting almost nonstop with a good guy friend of hers, and it was driving her nuts that he wasn't taking the bait. All of her friends knew he had a crush on her, and she was totally willing to let dip his toes in her pond, if you caught her drift. She was just waiting for him to finally wise up and realize she wanted him to do more than say hi!

Her friends were all vouching for him, so there was no question of where his romantic loyalties were! They were even starting to tell her to just ask him out instead, since he was clearly too much of a chicken to do it himself, but that's not what she wanted! Casey wanted the guy to do the work of asking her out, that's his job!

So, here she was at this party hoping to relax and enjoy the company of randos from her college. Other than the few of her friends that she'd seen tonight most of the people at the party were strangers to her, but all more than likely students at SanFur U. She finished her second beer and was feeling pretty good with a nice buzz that kept a smile on her face. Casey was a pleasant-to-be-around type of drunk who got along with just about everyone.

Entering the kitchen, she passed by a group of guys watching one dude perform a keg stand, which was impressive, but not her type of entertainment. She grabbed a third beer and wandered back out, catching the eye of one of the guys, a tall and scruffy looking wolfhound. She didn't pay him any mind since guys always liked to pass her a glance whenever she was leaving, the beer helping to remind her that her ass was cute as a button, especially in her tight little jeans she was wearing.

She went looking for a bathroom to freshen up, but found it occupied so wandered herself upstairs. It was a huge house that reminded her of Home Alone but having a bunch of college frat boys living in it over the years had clearly taken its toll. The wooden handrail of the stairs was scuffed and worn; the carpet was mashed flat as a pancake revealing that no one in this house understood nonconformity. Everywhere you looked you could see no one ever deviated from the quite literal beaten path in the carpet.

She found a bathroom upstairs, offloaded a few ounces of her first beer then touched up her makeup out of habit before washing up and dipping out. Casey knew at least one friend was still at the party, but they were downstairs actually watching the game. The noise of the tv and music was so loud that she could hardly hear herself think even on the second floor.

They had a game room up here, which was cool. A foosball table, ski ball, a pool table. They were livin' it up here with guys and gals alike having fun at the tables, placing friendly bets and the like. She mingled around the strangers to enjoy their shared company, watching the skilled and unskilled players drunkenly play.

"You lost?" Someone asked her from behind while she'd been watching the current game of pool.

She turned and saw the vaguely familiar face of the wolfhound from downstairs. He was tall alright, a whole head and half over her petite frame.

"No, who wants to know?" She said but softened her remark by sticking her tongue out playfully. Casey really was a friendly drunk, and with close to three beers in her she was as friendly as she could get with her lightweight grasp of alcohol.

"Well, pardon me, I just noticed that it seemed like you were wandering aimlessly. No one here you know?" He asked her.

"I've got a bud downstairs watching the game, but I'm honestly kinda tired of football. I'm just people watchin'." She explained.

"Nothin' wrong with that. Mind if I keep you company? You're too cute to be lookin' lonely like this." He said, the dog clearly trying to be more than just friendly. Well, she wasn't no virgin and she knew a thing or two about guys at parties!

"I don't mind company, but it ain't you I'm interested in if you know what I mean?"

"Oh, well pardon me again, honey. I was under the impression you were straight." He said with a smile, making her narrow her eyes.

"No, you were right the first time. I just don't think you're my type." She corrected him, feeling playful with this new guy. And sure, she'd just said he wasn't her type but not because he wasn't attractive. He was tall, the scruffy fur was cute, too. He was a looker alright, especially in that tight pearl snap green shirt. With the alcohol flowing in her veins, she didn't even bothering hiding her eyes as she checked him out in that moment, admiring his physique without shame, lingering a bit over his skinny jeans, which clung so snug to him that she almost had the thought to compliment him on the way his crotch rode in his britches.

"Well, that's a shame. My name's Jason, by the way. I'm a freshman, started chemical engineering this year." He introduced himself with another pleasantly attractive smile with a gentle hand extended in polite greeting.

She responded in kind, taking his hand, noting that he did not attempt to bear grip her hand like many men mistakenly did with a lady.

"Casey. Photography major! I won't make as money as you, but I will be able to make anything look pretty in front of a lens."

"Including yourself?" he replied, which left her grinning.

"Mhm, including myself." She replied. Perhaps it was the beer, and it most certainly was the beer, but she was warming up to this Jason. He was a nice friendly canine but didn't look anything at all like a freshman with how tall he was. Some boys just had that perfect growth spurt that added five years to their looks.

"Mind if I ask what kind of guy is your type?" He asked her, and she was feeling warm enough to answer him. She wandered past him and found an empty lazy boy in the corner of the game room. She plopped herself down as the hound followed her with his eyes, wearing a pleased look on himself before turning and following her over. There was nowhere for him to sit so he leaned a shoulder against the wall and looked down at her.

"I like guys that don't flirt with drunk party girls, to start." She smiled up at him and tipped the last of her third beer into her mouth. When she was done, she squeezed it in the middle with a crunch before reaching it up and offering the spent can to the big canine, like she was making a point.

"Are you telling me you want another beer, hun?" He asked.

"Three might be too many, but if you're offering to walk down and grab me a fresh one I think I'd be willing to drink it."

"Well, I don't know if I should. I'd just hate myself if I had you convinced I'm just here to flirt."

"Then what are you here for, mister?"

"How about... memories worth remembering?" He told her, and she cocked an eyebrow at him.

'Memories', huh? That was a pickup line she hadn't heard yet.

"How about you remember to grab me a beer." She smiled up at him, and he rolled his eyes and leaned himself off the wall and straightened his.

"As you command, m'lady." He replied and strolled his way out of the game room and towards the stairs. With him gone she returned to people watching, pulling out her cellphone and checking her messages. She had a few, and when she scrolled the five or six messages she saw one of them was from Tommy. The dummy that couldn't figure out she wanted him to ask her out was instead asking her if 'the gang' was at the very same house party she was at now.

The gang he was referring to was the group of eight or nine people she considered her friend circle. Only people that were here was her sweet self and Marcus downstairs.

"Me and Marcus, I think everyone else dipped. Not sure how long I'll be stayin." She replied to him, then tucked her phone away. Tommy wasn't a partier if most of the circle wasn't at the party. It was hard getting him to show up to a party if everyone he knew wasn't there.

She saw the wolfhound walking back down the hallway towards her with a beer in each hand. When he approached her, he offered her a fresh can, sweat beading up on the tin surface. She looked skeptical at the can, then up at him.

He rolled his eyes, then tilted the can towards her to reveal the top had not been popped.

"It aint open, hun. But if you still don't trust me I can just drink both of them and leave you feeling silly." He told her.

She answered him by snatching the beer from his hand and popping the top, the satisfying hiss signaling that a harder buzz that was soon to come.

"Thank you for the beer." She said, to which he nodded politely and told her she was welcome.

"Do you always play coy like this?" He asked her after she returned to people watching, letting the first swig of beer drain down into her belly.

"Do you always play persistent?" She asked him back.

"You've caught my interest." He replied.

"You're handsome, but I still don't think you're my type."

"So, what is your type?"

"Well, I do like tall men." She admitted.

"Mhm."

"Canine's aren't too shabby either, known a few of those I've liked. None have ever tied me down though."

"Canines are pretty nice, I agree." He replied, smiling.

She was having fun playing this little back and forth game. The beer in her belly was making her feel all kinds of troublesome and this big hunk was tripping signals in her brain that made her itchy for something she hadn't had in a while. If only Tommy would wise up and make a move on her then maybe this itch of hers would get scratched for once.

"And you know how we equine ladies are, dude. If you can fill up a mare's trough you aren't good for much more than a free meal... or a free beer." She verbally jabbed him, sipping from the beer he'd given her at the same time.

His expression shifted, revealing a wry smile, an amused look.

"You're just a little bag of mixed signals now, aren't you?" he asked playfully.

"I'm lots of things."

"In games like these I think it's supposed to be the guy that puts out all the moves, and yet here you are subverting my expectations."

"That's sexist. Women can be all sorts of things. Even Rian Johnson."

He laughed.

"Let's not bring Star Wars into this, it's suffered enough."

She crossed her legs and took another big sip of her beer, and he did the same, with the two of them eyeing each other. There was a suspicious and curious energy growing between them that was leaving her feeling far warmer than what a few beers could be responsible for. The strength of his physique, the capture of his gaze, all of it was very very nice. It was giving her all of what she'd like to have, and the alcohol was helping to keep her honest with herself.

"I don't think you've got what it takes to woo me."

"We're still talking, aren't we?"

"Talks cheap. All you've done is bring me a cheap beer, dude." She counters, playing up the coy with her voice and attitude almost like a challenge. She had no idea what she was fishing for right now, the alcohol was making her honest, but beer didn't make her any more clever.

Whatever wit she may have had in her daily sober life wasn't coming to her now. All she had bundled up and ready to go was sass and coy language.

"I'm tired of standing. How about you sit in my lap so you can tell me all about what it takes to woo you." He said, gesturing his beer towards her lazy boy.

There was a brief flash of common sense, a little voice telling her she was edging close to a line in the sand, but her attitude wanted to reciprocate. She stood with a swish of her tail and let the tall canine step past her so he could take a seat. He easily filled the chair with his bigger frame, then patted himself on his jean covered thigh.

She sat down, her ass coming to rest on his thigh while throwing her legs over him and the arm of the chair. Casey felt his arm wrap behind her back to hold her upright.

"Happy?" She asked.

"Very, now how about you tell me more about those weaknesses of yours."

He was so forward, but that made it fun. The verbal match they were having was exciting to her, and she found it so easy to look him in the eyes and ponder what her weaknesses actually were. It wasn't often anything made her stop to even think about the specific details about what made her heart tick.

"We, you're tall and pretty handsome. Got a nice messy mix of brown in your fur that I like, matches your eyes." She pointed out, thinking about his question a bit more.

"That so?"

"Yeah, and you're in good shape, too, dude. I like that in a man."

"That's all good news to me, but I was actually asking you to tell me what your weaknesses were, not to tell me why you found me attractive." He pointed out.

Casey was puzzled for only a moment before realizing the full extent of her Freudian slip. She was angry at first, but quickly sighed and doused the anger with another gulp of her beer.

"I must have misheard your question." She saved face.

"A common mistake. Now, since I've got you in my lap, do you think you'd mind a kiss?" He asked her, and she wanted to tell him yes. He had these pretty auburn eyes and a very pleasant face. It'd be so easy to lean in and touch lips, but...

He leaned himself in toward her, and she didn't stop him when he found her. Their lips touched, and it was a light kiss, nothing more. The dog had held back, but she licked her lips anyway, her tongue curious to discover the taste of him.

"I didn't say you could." She said.

"I didn't hear you tell me no."

"Would you like another?" He asked.

Against her better judgement... she very much did.

He must have known it, too, because he leaned in again and kissed her. This time it was a deeper kiss, and she felt herself melt. His strong body pressed against hers suddenly felt so hot with feral magnetism. She could feel his scruffy fur through their clothing, imagining the two of them bare assed and fur to fur. The lump in his jeans was shouting up at her, letting itself be known with her mind falling headfirst into the gutter.

Lines were quickly being crossed as he sat down his now empty beer can before reaching over to touch at her thigh. The arm behind her back was getting handsy with her, too. Her heart was pounding. When he broke the kiss, he took the beer from her and sat it down next to his own.

"It's noisy around her, wanna find somewhere quieter?" He asked.

"Sure." She whispered, feeling mesmerized.

When he stood, he picked her up and sat her down on her feet before putting his arm around her shoulders to walk her down the hall. He led her to a door that was cracked open, the big canine peeking inside to see it was an empty bedroom.

"I doubt they'll mind if we sneak in for a bit." He told her, then guided her in. He didn't shut the door all the way, but it was still enough to cut out a lot of the background noise of the party. In this new quieter locale, the wolfhound kissed her again, the two of them standing alone in an unlit bedroom that belonged to some frat boy.

His tongue dug into her mouth, and she finally got to taste him. Cutting past the flavor of cheap beer she could catch the natural essence of him, or what she thought it should be. Her instincts were activated, her desire turned on, and whatever concept of boundary or borders was long cast aside.

He wrapped her into a hug, pulling her tight, the pony's petite frame pressed against his. He was so much taller than her!

"Can I kiss you down there?"

She nodded to him, fully committed and willing to do whatever the hunk wanted, inhibitions long gone. His hands found her waistband, fingers at her buttons. Unsnapped it, she felt and heard the zipper pull.

When he tugged, she gasped, his hands already moving to her underwear as he knelt in front of her. He was so tall he had to lean down, burying his cold nose against her crotch, forcing another gasp from her. With his hands moving to her hips, he pushed her, the little mare falling back against the edge of the bed where instinct told her it was safe to spread her legs.

As soon as she had she felt his tongue, lapping at her through the fabric of her underwear in long broad strokes that were meant to tease. That soft velvet tongue felt incredible even through the thin fabric barrier. When he yanked them down her thighs, he shoved her further up onto the bed, her legs lifting high and her undies slipping up towards her knees.

He held her with his hands behind her knees, locking them together while his head dipped over her cunt to slurp and kiss over her slit. His tongue penetrated through her petals to taste her insides, then doing donuts over her clit. Casey moaned, reaching up to take her legs from him and hugging them down to her chest to let him work.

He was leaving her a panting mess as he ate her out, doing everything a man ought to do to a woman's pussy before he made love to her. It wasn't until he had her thoroughly soaked with his spit and her own juice that he stood back up with little Casey still left hugging her legs.

She could hear him undoing his jeans, the snap of a button that felt so much louder than it really was. Every noise he made was loud, like her instincts were driving up the sensitivity of her ears to catch every single important note of this moment. When he had his jeans undone with a hand pushing them down his thighs, his other hand was fondling his sheath, and it was a huge plump sheath at that. The wolfhound was going to be big!

She could see his drippy tip was peeking out from his sheath, quickly swelling as his arousal pumped hot canine blood down to his dick. She was flexing and curling her toes in her shoes as she watched him reach full size. It didn't long at all for him to get ready, and she was left looking at an absolute pillar of meat, the biggest dick she'd seen in person!

"Equine girls like you ought to be used to something like this." He whispered, aiming his dick at her entrance, and letting his tip press at her slit. He didn't enter, he only teased.

"Uh huh." She lied; she'd never been fucked by another equine before. All her partners had been smaller.

When he entered her, it was with one long smooth stroke. He went easy on her, but his size still knocked the wind out of her! He was so big! So hot, his cock was throbbing with his heartbeat, it was like she held his heart in the palm of her hand as it thumped and pumped away. He leaned over her, pressing his cock all the way in while her mouth fell open. His hot breath washed over her face before he kissed her neck, nibbled at her flesh through her thin coat of fur.

Those first few minutes were slow and gentle, the big hound rocking his hips in and out of her with an easy pace that gave her cunt enough time to warm up to the incredible stretch he was putting her through. Little by little he had her loosening up for him, and before she knew it the mare was left panting and grunting under him as he slapped his cock deep inside her socket.

His swelling knot was battering the lips of her pussy, teasing her terribly with what it would feel like if he actually tried to knot her. She knew it'd be incredible if he did, she'd never been tied by a canine before! He adjusted his legs, and hilted himself in her again, testing her limits and his grip before yanking himself free. She pouted as soon as he left her feeling empty, but he was taking his jeans off the rest of the way.

As soon as he was done, he pushed her further onto the bed, crawling after her and helping press her legs tight against her chest while he straddled himself over her body. His cock slipped back in, filling up the empty void he'd left in her, and she moaned out for him.

Shifting himself into a squat he started fucking her again, piling driving his cock into her like a living machine press, the poor mare under him helpless but happy as she was stuffed to the gills with everything he had, save for that enormous knot.

The bed was creaking under them, his nuts slapping her ass with every drop of his hips as he growled quietly, announcing his ownership of her body. She was in heaven, hands outstretched to find his knees, clinging to them as he fucked her bareback in some dude's room. The party was still rockin' outside, the dull noise of people and the television speakers making for great white noise.

She could occasionally hear a big cheer from downstairs, or even a loud shout of anger or booing. No one knew they were here in this room, screwing like champs as the big dog taught her just how good he was at burying his bone. He leaned down, dropped his hips hard, then kissed her. While their tongues circled and sparred with each other in the arena of their mouths he ground his hips into her ass, making sure his veiny knot was bribing her pussy with promises of every earthly pleasure.

Casey didn't know if he could fit it, but she had equine blood flowing through her veins, which meant she would try. In the thrill of the moment, she was desperate to feel every inch of him, to have him twitch and pulse inside her, showering her insides with every drop his heavy balls had to offer. She couldn't remember the last time she felt this alive, this energetic!

He broke the kiss, a string of spit connecting them together for a brief moment before it snapped, pelting her in the face.

"You feel incredible." He growled, then licked her across the cheek, catching the spit with his tongue and leaving her face clean.

She lacked the words to reply, and he made sure she'd never find them when he resumed their lovemaking, jackhammering away at her now, harder than before, leaving the mare to grunt and yelp beneath him. Her small hands remained glued to his knees as she held on for dear life, the big dog fucking the daylight out of her.

Still leaned over her, he kissed her briefly before backing away. Casey felt herself getting close, her body reaching its limit as her cunt left the bed beneath her soaked with a puddle of the runoff from her pussy.

"Gonna cum for me, baby?" He panted, kissing her briefly again. She moaned an affirmative, signaling she was close. He removed one hand from behind her knees, using the other to hold both of them together against her chest.

With his free hand he grabbed her by one ear and turned her head to the side. The sudden roughness left her putty in his hands, his mouth coming down close to her ear, his lips brushing against her fur.

"Cum for me baby, let me feel it." He told her, never letting his hips stop, the piston ever present in her cunt, plowing away at her fields with abandon. She whined, almost whinnied, agreeing with him, feeling her peak getting closer and closer until she was almost there.

"Cum, do it!" He growled, harsh into her ear.

Her eyes began to flutter, her head growing light, stars in her eyes as the crest of her climax revealed itself. The wave of pleasure quickly washed over her, Casey shouting with the big dog locking his mouth over hers to silence her as her body began to writhe and tremble beneath him as her orgasm took her.

Behind them the door opened, the ray of light entered from the hallway growing wider until the rutting pair was left illuminated on the bed, Casey still caught in the throes of her climax. She was lost in the delirium of bliss while the wolfhound broke the kiss and snapped his head around to the intruder behind him.

"Fuck off!" He snarled, and the door was quickly slammed shut, closing completely, and leaving the pair together in darkness.

"Sorry." He growled back to her and kissed her again, then locked his hips still against hers.

"Uh huh." She mumbled, lightheaded and dizzy. When he slipped his dick free of her, she didn't complain, and when he rolled her over onto her belly she didn't complain when he slipped himself back in. He fucked her into the mattress, full force, his growling and snarling in her ear signaling to any girl with half a brain cell that it was now his turn to pop his cork.

He bit down on the back of her neck, snarling through his teeth that she was tight, that she was snug, about how good she felt. All this primal feral praise was music to her ears as she let him have every inch of her insides, panting and moaning, her voice rising higher and higher as his knot struggled to work her cunt open.

With every new thrust it felt like he was succeeding, those fat squishy veins on his knot pressing against her nether lips until they finally started slipping in and out of her. He was going to pulverize her pussy, leave it tenderized like meat, ruining her. Her instincts were screaming at her with joy as she got the dicking of her life from a guy she'd only just met. The pure unadulterated thrill of this night was singing to her.

"Almost there!" He snarled, hitching his hips up against hers. The pressure was tremendous, but she loved it!

When he started shoving his knot against her cunt, he clapped a hand over her mouth just in time to muffle her squeal. His knob squelching into her pussy suddenly became the loudest thing in the room with her muffled cries a close second.

With every single inch of his incredible dick locked inside her, his knot swollen and bloated against the vice tight grip of her tunnel, Casey exploded again. She was left a quivering mess, her body shuddering from a rolling cascade of ecstasy that was only heightened by the big dog's insistent thrusting. Tiny short strokes were all he could manage, but he did it as hard as he could, dragging her orgasm out as long as he could while also pushing himself over the edge for his own pleasure.

With one last snarl of finality he came, the first big pulse coming from the root of his cock and echoing down to his tip just as the first rope made its exit. He halted his thrusts, and started growling over her, hand still covering her mouth as his balls jerked and throbbed against her ass, his inner muscles working overtime to pump a steady flow of copious canine seed into the little petite pony.

By the time he'd finished cumming it felt like they'd been fucking for an eternity, and her stomach couldn't have felt tighter had it been Thanksgiving Day! He took his hand away from her mouth and collapsed on top of her, his full weight mashing her into the bed as they both panted and recovered the strength.

"Holy shit, I'm glad I decided to say hi." He laughed.

"Uh huh..." she panted in reply, her trembling hands reaching behind her head to find him, rubbing her fingers through the fur of his neck.

Whoever owned this bedroom was going to be pissed when they came back to it, since by the time the drunken pair had finished up and left there was a big puddle of dog cum on their bed and trails of spunk slung across the floor from where Casey had let herself drip. A stolen pair of boxers cleaned up her sopping cunt, then her mouth on his cock did such a good job of polishing him clean that he came a second time right down her throat.

What had been an almost uneventful evening had turned into the best sex of her life!

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And what the fuck was she thinking!

Casey spent all of the next day wanting to yank her hair out she was so angry with herself. She didn't even drink that much and there she was acting like an easy lay, a stupid whore! She has a crush on Tommy, not some... guy whose name she can't even remember! Jackson? Jayden? That even made her feel worse, she'd had sex with the guy only yesterday and she'd already forgotten his name!

So much frustration like that hurt her concentration in her classes. Her first class was a mess with her too scatterbrained to focus on the professor, but at least she pulled herself together enough to get through the rest of the day's courses without that much issue.

Later, by the time she sunk her two hours in at the campus coffee shop she felt a little bit better. She'd stopped wanting to rip her hair out, at least. She'd been spending so much time lately having this internal monologue about how cute a couple she and Tommy would be, that... Back to wanting to yank her hair out!

Casey hadn't breathed a word to anyone about yesterday. Her friends knew she went to that party, and Marcus had still been downstairs watching the game when she'd left, and she DID leave. After parting ways with that guy, she sort of stumbled out with the guy offering to help her home, but she turned him down. She should have let him, considering she was drunk, but she'd been stupid and wanted to bail out before 'getting caught'. Even drunk she knew she was in trouble if the rumor mill caught wind of what she'd done in that bedroom.

She wanted to confess to someone, but all her closest girlfriends were mutuals with Tommy and she was paranoid. What could she do?

She still liked him! Nothing she did last night changed that, but her guilty conscience was gnawing at her bones so bad it hurt! At least he didn't know, and neither did anyone else.... And they weren't even dating so it wasn't cheating. She cheated on him in her heart though, but that was a skeleton she could hide in her closet.

If only he'd just take the bait with her! Was he just dense, really? Surely not! Would she have to confess her love for him herself? Then it hit her... She could!

Fuck traditional gender roles when it came to dating! She could just ask him out herself and put yesterday behind her. Lesson learned, act on your heart's desire or your idle hands get tied up like a hound dog's knot... She really was going to lose her hair today, wasn't she?

She could save her hair and her future boyfriend if she just went and said hi to him and let her feelings for him out. Would she do it today? Tomorrow?

He had texted her yesterday about the party, probably wanting to hang out. She could instigate a meeting between them this evening, since his dormitory had a game room downstairs that was free to enter so long as you were with someone that lived there.

Casey texted him, asking if he wanted to hang out 'downstairs' at his dorm and waited for a reply, which didn't come. She thought he'd be free around this time, but maybe he got tied up with something. Well, she didn't have anything better to do, and with no word from Tommy she wandered back to her dorm.

Her dorm room was conspicuously quiet when she got back despite the other girls being there. They were minding their own business, and sort of greeted her when she got back.

"So, what's up? Any plans tonight?" She asked them, both of the other girls being in her little clique of people as well as being in sororities.

"No, nothing for us tonight." One said, almost offended.

"What's up?" Casey asked, picking up on the mood in the room.

“You’re just going to pretend that Tommy didn’t walk in on your two yesterday?” The other girl asked, leaving Casey feeling cold and speechless. “He WAS gonna ask you out, but not anymore.”