

Loud music filled the room. It wasn't anything she personally enjoyed, but she didn't care about that. It was serving its purpose as noise pollution for a room already filthy with it.

The rabbit had decided to wear a tank top and some leggings today. The leggings were new, still nice and tight around her butt and legs. They were black with a pink racing stripe running down the side of both legs. It was that kind of fancy material that shimmers a little when the light hits it just right. The tank top was nothing special, but she'd chosen a pink one to go with the stripe on the leggings. Combine that with the pink hair scrunchy she used to hold her hair and ears back while she went out for a jog, and she was looking pretty cute today.

Ashley didn't usually dress to impress other people, since she had good taste in clothing and dressing for herself was good enough for anyone that was looking, but lately she was making sure to pay extra care to what she wore and to where. She had someone she wanted to look good for now, not that she was doing a great job of getting what she wanted for her effort.

She sure was getting plenty of the attention she needed, just not from the person she wanted it from. Well, maybe it was the other way around. She was getting plenty of what she wanted, but what she needed was so very far away and she just didn't know if she would ever get it, let alone deserve it.

What business did she have trying to chase after Ryan after what she did?

The rabbit had only fucked his best friend maybe a month ago, humiliating herself in the process. Like, what an incredible way to tell a guy you like him, right? Hang out with him and his best friend and then get so wasted you fuck his roommate while he watched? Just thinking about that night gave Ashley reason to cringe and shiver.

She shivered again, her leggings bunched up tight around her knees and her tank top pulled up and over her breasts. A big, heavy body was draped over her back, pressing her face down into the bed while his hands wrapped around each tit to massage them. His shorts and underwear were on the floor and she could feel his sheath rubbing up and down the crack of her ass.

She buried her face into the pillow, feeling as his large hands left her breasts to move to her back. Strong fingers touching her body, rubbing at her back through her fur. Squeezing her, pushing, kneading her, and all the while that plump sheath sat heavily in the valley of her ass.

As his cock began to slip free from his sheath she lifted her butt, pressing herself up against his swelling tool as the Akita dipped his head into the crook of her neck to give her a nibble. One hand left her back and reached down to find her thong, hooking his fingers under the strap that was riding just under her tail. She felt him tug her thong down, prying the black silk down from her ass and away from her cleft until her entrance was exposed.

With her thong tugged to the side, the Akita shifted his hips, his cock lowering down through her crack. He grabbed himself, lining his tip up with her sopping entrance, and then pushed.

"Caleb..." She groaned, her toes curling as she felt him stretch her lips apart as his cock slipped into her tight bunny tunnel.

He groaned into the crook of her neck, and when he was done his hips were flush with hers, his fat cock buried deep with the drumbeat of his heart slowly waking his knot inside her. His heavy nuts were pressed to the back of her ass, and then his other hand left her back. As he planted his hands to her either side on the bed, she drew her own arms under her chest to brace herself for what she knew was coming.

She'd long since learned what Caleb was like in bed.

And then the big dog started fucking her, Ashley grunting and groaning in sync with his thrusts. Somewhere out there on campus was Ryan, the guy she needed, but the hung dog she wanted was right here with her in his bedroom. What had started as one accidental fling, a humiliating fling, had turned into an ongoing friends with benefits situation she both loved and hated.

It wasn't on purpose!

She was so ashamed of her behavior that night she went to the only person she knew who might could help, which was Caleb. The two guys were roommates and friends, she didn't know another person that could give her advice about how to deal with Ryan! Ashley couldn't have known her body wanted something like the Akita hilted in her every night. He was the biggest guy she'd ever been with, and she'd not been with many men. Both of them were at a loss as to how to 'fix' the situation, and then two or three parties later they were both drunk again with Ashley's lips wrapped around his dick in his truck, giving him road head until he had to park in the middle of an empty lot.

She'd never fucked in public before, but that was now one less item on her bucket list. Empty parking lots count as public, don't they? Even with how disgusted she felt with herself afterwards, it didn't take away from the fact she'd nearly gotten off just giving a guy a blow job. Not even two weeks had gone by since that terrible fuck up and she was already...

Then they fucked again at a house party, having found an empty room to use. He'd knotted himself up in her, holding her tight against a wall until the picture frames were falling to the floor from his thrusts. Ashley learned that night that she was a howler, a noise maker. Caleb had to hold her mouth shut so that she couldn't scream any louder than the music. She wanted to feel him cum in her again, draining his huge nuts in her until she felt like she was going to pop from all the pressure.

That sensation of him popping his dick out of her, all that hot jizz oozing out of her like a cork coming unplugged from a bottle. She could hear the noise of it glugging and sloshing out of her, feeling the pressure drain from her womb as his seed vacated her little body as fast as it could.

Every time they fucked, she used the excuse of alcohol to justify why it kept happening. She and Caleb were both drinkers, getting drunk here or there and then her underwear is suddenly on the floor or hanging around one of her ankles and Caleb is knot deep in her pussy, or her lips were leaving rings around his shaft as she bobbed up and down him.

A month ago, she'd royally fucked up, she'd humiliated herself in front of Ryan, made herself look like a completely slut. Now she was spreading her knees on Caleb's bed, taking his dick for the seventh or eighth time while Ryan was in class.

"Stay just like that." He grunted at her and started jackhammering the way he liked to do.

She liked it too, the bed creaking and rocking like crazy as she clung tight to his bedsheets while he slammed himself home into her again and again. She howled for him, toes still curling, her ass upturned and inviting, she wanted him to knot her again!

“Caay-lub!” She shouted and whined into the pillow as her hungry ass rocked up and down for him.

His fat knot was already swelling, slapping against her pussy as he rawdogged her hard and fast. Caleb was a brute, some kind of sexual beast that put his hands on you and squeezed. She melted under his grip like butter, loving how powerful his grip was. She loved how afterwards, the next day, sometimes even the day after that she could still feel a slight bruising everywhere he grabbed her. Those quiet bruises were reminders of how good he fucked her, of how thick his knot was, of how deep his dick reached inside her.

The Akita then bit down on her shoulder, snarling, jabbing his hips up against her ass until she felt her pussy split open. His knot popped inside, and she grunted so loudly it didn’t even sound like her own voice.

He kept gnawing at her shoulder playfully as he quickly rocked his hips against hers, quick sharp motions of the ocean that rubbed his knot back and forth inside her pussy while his tapered tip poked and prodded at her cervix, teasing her with its dark intentions.

The longer he went, the harder he fucked her, until even though he was knotted in her he was back to jackhammering away at her. He was lifting his hips with each hard stroke, tugging her along with him by the knot, only to slam her back down to the bed, actually lifting her body up off the mattress before slapping her right back down. The bed was creaking so loudly the metal frame was clacking and threatening to bust!

She hit her climax, legs shuddering violently behind her as she clawed at Caleb’s bed, holding her face down into the pillow as she howled. Ashley felt like her body was vibrating, her cunt pulsing around his huge cock, clamping down around him with an eager rhythm.

The Akita snarled through his teeth, still clamping down on her shoulder with a love bite that she’d been feeling for the next few days. Then he nutted in her, pounding her flat to the bed and snarling long and hard into her shoulder as she felt his cock finally pop.

“Caleb!” She screamed his name, feeling his knot swell inside her, growing even larger as his climax hit him like a brick, and her too.

His cock started jumping and spitting inside her, Ashley still howling his name on loop, her toes curling, her arms and legs thrashing in the throes of a powerful climax she couldn’t put to words. All she could do was howl herself hoarse, etching Caleb’s name into the sheetrock from how loud she screamed it.

And the rabbit began to feel her belly grow, his cum penetrating well past her cervix and seeping deep into her womb, loading her up more and more seed until the pressure left her speechless and still. He was so productive, so powerful, his hands locked tight on her hips so hard she knew she’d be feeling his handprints for days.

After a minute of him snarling and growling, cum finally began to noisily squirt out of her cunt, the sound of it no longer something that made her face go red with shame. She fucking loved it!

Ashley loved being used like a sex toy, just a bank account for some stud to deposit his load in. She fucking loved it!

They waited patiently for each other to catch their breaths, and after thirty minutes of him dumping nut in her, he pulled out once his knot was soft enough to try. The mess he made of her was incredible, his cum was everywhere, spilling and oozing out of her cunt. She was a gaped mess, a big open tunnel that did nothing but ooze out sticky canine seed.

And then she twisted herself around and put her head in his lap, and her mouth found his cock. Ashley never thought she'd enjoy licking and sucking a freshly popped cock, especially one that had the taste of her own cunt on it. Caleb didn't complain, he held her held in his lap and kept her there.

She sucked his dick from tip to base and down past his sheath to his fat heavy balls. By the time she was done with him he was spotless, polished, with the Akita holding her by the back of the head as he crammed every inch that would fit down into her short little bunny muzzle. She held onto his nuts as he came a second time, Ashley swallowing noisily to catch every drop until at last he was finished with her.

"Christ, you're a slut." He panted down at her as she hiccupped once before wiping a layer of cum from her lips.

Had he called her a slut before he started going to town on her, she would have been upset about it, but now that she had his cum sloshing around inside of her womb and stomach, she felt fuzzy and warm over being reminded that she was in fact a slut.

Her makeup was a slutty mess, running down her matted cheeks. Her lipstick was smeared across her lips and face. Caleb then gave her a big wet kiss, and then together they went to the bathroom and washed up in the shower. By the time they were done, she'd managed to squeeze most of the cum out of her belly, though she could still feel the warmth of more floating in her womb still. She had to stuff a fresh tampon in her pussy with some toilet paper to make sure nothing leaked out of her the rest of the day.

Her roommates sometimes smelled Caleb's cum, and that was embarrassing. She just didn't know how else to get rid of it all with how much he dumped into her, the stupid messy dog.

"So, there's another big party over at the Rooster House this weekend. Me and Ryan were going, you gonna be there?" Caleb asked her as she was finishing putting on her clothes.

She tugged her sports bra down over her tits, then picked up her tank top.

"Yeah! I can show up, just tell me when to be there." She told him. Caleb was naked still, walking around the small kitchen with his well emptied balls hanging loose between his legs, a pink tip poking out of his sheath.

He was so attractive it hurt, made her want him again even though she just had him. His nuts couldn't be that empty, a little voice would whisper in her ears every time she saw his nuts sag after he'd finished fucking her. Surely, the voice told her, she could milk at least one more load out of him. Ashley never used to think like this, but the Akita had done something to her.

Sex was a drug, they sometimes said on TV. You could get hooked on it if you weren't careful.

"Can show up whenever but officially it starts at 7 and runs to midnight before Jonas starts kicking people out." He replied.

"Awesome, I'll be there." She smiled, then grabbed her purse off the kitchen counter, popping it open to search through its contents.

"You gonna try to hang out with him for once, or just hang out with me some more?" Caleb asked, and she grew cold, like ice water hitting her over the head.

She sighed, finding the small glass bottle she was looking for.

"I don't know." She told him, then started spritzing herself with perfume to help cover the scent of Caleb's cum. It was about the only thing she could do considering how potent the Akita was. Hose herself down and hope for the best!

"Well, he still doesn't know I'm fucking you on the reg, so you probably should figure out what you're on about before he does." The Akita replied, then pulled a can of soda from the fridge and opened it with a loud pop.

"Yeah. I know. You aren't going to tell him?" She asked him.

"I probably should, but I'm going to let you make that call." He told her, then stared her down while taking a big swig from the can.

Ashley felt cold again, then told him goodbye and bailed out. The discomfort was too much for her, she needed to flee. It was fight or flight, and the Akita had done his damndest to fuck the fight out of her, so all that was left was...

As she made her flight from their apartment towards her dormitory, she no longer felt warm and fuzzy from having sex again with Caleb. That got washed away real fast with Caleb asking her about Ryan. Now the shame was back in full force. She was so fucked up.

She liked Ryan a lot, and yet... She was just a fucked up person, wasn't she?

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The Rooster House was a place she knew pretty well. It was a rental house with six bedrooms, like a mansion. It was being rented out to a guy named Jonas and his crew of buddies, and all of them were SanFur Uni students. It was called the Rooster House because it had been a house tradition to

do monthly fried chicken contests and everyone that moved into one of the bedrooms had to be inducted into the “Cult of Cluck”. If you lived in the house, you fried by the house.

Tonight’s party wasn’t a chicken fry, but just a binge drinking session for most of the people that showed up.

Ashley arrived fashionably late, making sure to wear something modest. She didn’t want to do anything to remind Ryan of that night, not that that was probably possible. She just needed to grin and bear it, and hope for the best. Just chat with him, say hi, all of that. She NEEDED to actually have a real talk with him, but she was checking out of that idea real fast now that she was actually at the Rooster House. The pressure of confronting that dark evening, and her own humiliation, was smothering.

She needed to talk about it with Ryan, and would have no choice but to, if she wanted to actually have a relationship with him. Ashley wore a smile on her face even though she dreaded seeing Ryan at the party. Do and don’t, yes and no, forward and backward. She didn’t want to do it, but she knew she needed to. Like a mantra she’d repeat that to herself, then go back on her own word in a flash.

The party was hopping, and everyone was buzzed, drunk, or planning to become one of the two before the night was done. The crowd was a mixed bag but were all probably students. She did find Caleb, but only gave him a smile and a wave, unwilling to approach him. He did give her a look with his eyes that told her Ryan was at the party.

She did not go hunting for him, couldn’t work up the courage.

“He’s here, by the way.” Caleb confronted her not even five minutes after she’d been given that look.

She played dumb, thanking him. If only the dog knew how mixed up she was right now. Ashley hated that she’d shown up, should have given an excuse, but no she had just been freshly fucked by Caleb and was in an agreeable mood. Was that the only way to get her sorry ass to do something? Just fuck her real good?

Ashley was sick with herself, and started meandering through the house, waving to the few people she saw and recognized. Again, a mixed bag of people from all across campus. She didn’t know most of them, but a few faces she thought she’d seen before while walking from class A to class B.

She saw Ryan for the first time when he was leaving the Rooster House’s game room, Ashley lifting a hand and waving at him, trying to smile her best. He saw her, too. There was an awkwardness between the two of them, and he didn’t even smile. He turned and kept walking down the hallway towards the back door, making an exit to the backyard where more people were probably hanging out.

That made her feel sick, she knew he’d seen him, and he just ignored her.

All of a sudden, she felt more hurt than she ever had before, and quickly rushed to the bathroom. Thank God it wasn’t occupied because she quickly shut the door and locked it and had to hold her hands on the counter as she breathed in deep and slow to calm herself down while her eyes burned. That wave of emotion had hit her so fast it almost took her by surprise, and it was minutes

before she felt she had herself back under control again, at least enough to leave the bathroom and look normal to a passerby.

She hated this!

When she left the bathroom, she steeled herself and began to approach the back door, following in Ryan's footsteps. That wave of emotion had stung, hard, but there was a reason it hurt like it did. She was walking with more purpose now, catching the doorknob in her hand and making her own way outside. There were people here, too, though it wasn't as crowded in the back as it was in the house itself.

Ryan was hanging out by himself on a rusty bench the Rooster House boys had dragged in for extra seating. The backyard was a big collection of whatever would work for seats so that they could host bonfires and cookouts in the yard.

He was staring down at his phone, so Ryan didn't notice at first when she approached him.

"Hey Ryan!" She said, snapping his attention up and at her.

He quickly put his phone away.

"Uh, hi." He replied, kind of in a deadpan that stung to hear.

"Been a while since we saw each other, glad to see you made it to the party." She replied, keeping herself friendly and cheerful as he continued to sit.

She sat down next to him, but not too close, trying to keep an appropriate distance from him.

"Yeah, Caleb told me about it, thought I'd have fun." He told her.

It didn't look like he was having fun, but she was here now, doing what she should have done a while ago. She was actually talking to him, even though she was absolutely terrified of what she'd say or how she'd say it.

"Yeah, the Rooster House is always fun! Would have been cooler if they were doing a chicken fry today. I don't know when they're going to do their next one." She replied.

He nodded, but didn't really have anything more to say, which put her on the spot to keep talking to fill the air.

"So, what's up? How have you been?" She asked, the weight on responsibility so heavy on her shoulders that she felt stupid for just asking the basics.

"Been alright. Just same old stuff every day, I guess." He replied.

She gnawed a little on the side of her tongue, not knowing what to say to break the ice into something more important. Like, what was she supposed to do? Blurt out an apology for fucking his roommate? Just ask him out for a date on the spot? Ashley was slowly wringing her hands in her lap.

Maybe.

Audibly, she drew in a breath to harden herself up a little, gathering up the strength.

“Well, I guess if you’d like to, we could find some time to hang out when you’re not busy?” She asked, skipping the apology and cutting straight to the date.

He turned and looked at her, with a look on his face that wasn’t pretty to her eyes. Ryan looked almost like he was glaring at her.

“Why would I want to do that?” He asked her, his voice hard.

She was taken aback, fumbled for a bit with her words as her jaw muscles worked to life.

“Well, we never got a chance to, and I thought we could try again.” She stumbled through her reply.

“Look, if you want to hang out with Caleb, you don’t need to use me as your stupid middleman.” He shot back, making Ashley eyes widen with how sharp Ryan’s word had cut.

She stumbled again, struggling for words.

“What?” She blurted out, cold all over and reeling from what was probably her first taste of rejection.

“I know you’re with Caleb all the time, I can smell your perfume every time you sneak over to fuck him. If you want to hang out with someone just do it with him, since you already are.” He told her, and it struck her across the face like a bucket of ice.

Ryan then stood up and walked away back towards the house, entering through the backdoor. Ashley remained on the bench, cold and frozen in place as she struggled to hold herself together. After a few moments of sitting quietly on the bench she finally melted, tears beading up at the corners of her eyes. Ashley then stood up and walked away, cutting through the yard to walk around to the front of the house. She didn’t say goodbye to anybody, she just walked home while she cried.