

## Freshman Orientation

By Tallyhawk

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“Well,” thought the German shepherd as she waited in line. “This will be that last time I have to do this.” Being a senior had its good points. All the silly classes were over with and she was taking only those she actually needed to graduate. On the other paw, the past three years in college had been a lot of fun.

“Hi, Sherry.”

The deep voice jerked her back to the present. Before her stood the very handsome tiger from her FOG (Freshman Orientation Group). Six feet tall and well muscled, he was definitely not your typical freshman for this school. Well, maybe a management major with a full football scholarship but he was neither, according to the information she had been provided. He was an engineering major. Aerospace engineering, no less. So, there must be some brains to go with all that brawn.

“Oh, hi Tallyhawk.” She glanced at the mini-fridge he so effortlessly balanced on his shoulder. “Picking up your fridge, I see.”

“Yep. Some furs think this is the worst orientation period to have, right before the quarter starts. But, I think it’s great. You have the whole summer without interruption. And, when you do get here, you get to go ahead and settle into the dorm room that you’ll be in for the year. I can’t wait for my roommate to get here. You picking one up, too?”

“That’s the plan.”

“Um. Are you going to be able to handle it yourself?”

“I hope so. Usually my roommate is here to help but her parents are driving her down and they had some car trouble. Nothing major but she won’t be here until tomorrow.”

“Would you like some help? The line is moving pretty well but I should still be able to drop this off in my room and be back in time to help you with yours.”

“Sure. That would be great.”

“Okay. I’ll be back in a couple of minutes,” he said as he headed off in the direction of one of the freshman dorms.

“Damn, he’s got a cute ass” Sherry thought as she watched him walk off, the shorts he was wearing only serving to accentuate the fact that all of him was well built. And the way his tailed waved back and forth...

“Next!” called the wolf unloading the fridges from the truck. “Your contract, please” he said as he leered at her, doing his best to see down her top.

She gave him a sour look as she handed him the paperwork. Nothing turned her off faster than a male that looked at her like a toy.

“Here you go” he said as he picked out a fridge and set it down next to her. “Need some help? I’m ready, willing, and able,” he said with a smirk.

“I’ll bet you are” Sherry replied coldly. “Fortunately, I have a friend who is coming to help me. So, just set it down over here to the side, please.”

“Okay. But if you change your mind, I’ll be around, sweet thing.” With that, he set the fridge down and went on to help the next fur in line.

A few minutes later, the tiger came hurrying up to her. “Sorry it took me so long but there were a couple of guys trying to wrestle a fridge up to their room on the top floor and I was afraid they were going to hurt themselves so I stopped to help them.”

“That’s okay, Tallyhawk. No rush.”

“This it?” he asked as he hefted the fridge she was standing next to up onto his shoulder with ease.

“Yep. Follow me” she said as she headed across the street to the upperclassman dorms.

He followed her across the street, through the courtyard the other dorms surrounded and over to the female dorm. She unlocked the door and held it open for him. “I’m afraid it’s on the third floor” she said as she lead the way to the stairs and held that door open, too.

“Why do they call it the third floor when it’s really the fourth?” asked Tallyhawk. “My dorm is the same way.”

“Well, in this state, you have to have an elevator for any building with four or more floors. Basements don’t count so a basement and three floors means they don’t have to add elevators. Even if the basement is above ground.”

“Ah,” was all the chuckling tiger said.

When they reached the top floor, Sherry once again held the door and then led Tallyhawk down the hall to her room. She unlocked the door and led him inside.

“Where would you like it?”

“If you could set it down against the wall between the beds, that would be great.”

He sat it down, plugged it in, and then maneuvered it into the designated spot.

“Whew. It’s warm today,” said Tallyhawk as he pulled up his tank top and used the tail end to wipe the sweat from his brow.

“Well, enjoy it while it lasts. It will be cold all too soon.”

The tiger chuckled and said “that’s true enough. Well, I better be going.”

Sherry reached up and gave the startled tiger a quick kiss. “Thanks for the help.”

“Any time.”

“What have you got planned for this afternoon?” asked the canine.

“I was just going to wander around campus a little. You’ve done a great job showing us where all the buildings are. But, to figure out the quickest routes between any given two of them, you really just have to try them out. I’d rather not be doing that while I’m trying to get from one class to another. Then, I was going to go to the bar-b-que. Why?”

“Well,” she said as she put her arms around the tiger’s neck, “if you’ve got a few minutes, I thought I would say ‘thank you’ properly.” With that, she planted a kiss on his muzzle while pressing her breasts against his chest.

After a couple of moments, she stepped back, a little surprised that the tiger hadn’t really made a move on her yet. She pulled her shirt off over her head, reached over and did the same to the tiger, and resumed the kiss, this time more passionately. This time, the tiger responded by hugging her closely and opening his muzzle so that their tongues could meet. While the kiss continued, she slid her arms down his back, enjoying the feel of his rippling muscles as she went, and inside his shorts so that she could get a good feel of his well-muscled ass. Then, she slid his shorts and underpants down over his butt and tail so they slid to the floor. At that point, she broke the kiss and stepped back again.

“Um. If you really want to say thank you like this, it will take more than ‘a few minutes’ to do it properly” Tallyhawk said with a grin.

Sherry took her first look at his naked body and decided he really was an excellent male specimen. He was well muscled with good definition but not to the point where he was grotesque. They looked like muscles that were meant to be used, not just for show. His fur was shiny and well kept. And he didn't have any of those disgusting nipple or cock rings that so many males seemed to think made them more appealing. Although, there was a rather oddly shaped scar on his left breast. Yes, he was definitely not your typical engineering freshman.

She dropped her shorts to the floor, reached out a paw, led him over to her bed, lay down on her back, and patted the bed next to her as a sign that he should join her. He lay down on his side next to her, his chest pressed against the side of her chest and his swelling sheath and balls pressed against her thigh. He rolled over onto her enough to resume the kiss but he supported most of his weight on his left elbow. With his right paw, he began to rub her neck and shoulder while she put her arms around his neck and rubbed his shoulders and upper back. While they continued to kiss and play with each other's tongues, his right paw worked its way down to her left breast where he gently rubbed and massaged it for awhile. Then, it continued slowly down her body until it came to her groin. But, rather than grabbing her as so many males did, his paw detoured to her inner thigh where it rubbed and massaged the muscles there. All this time, she could feel his sheath swelling against her thigh until the tip of his cock popped out. The feeling of it moving up her leg as it grew harder and longer turned her on more than the kissing and the fondling.

When his cock had reached its full size and she could feel it throbbing against her thigh, he worked his paw back up her thigh and to her groin. He rubbed her gently and even slipped a finger or two into her causing her to moan and thrust up against his paw. He broke the kiss and then knelt up over her. He slipped his knees in between her thighs and leaned over her until his cock and balls were touching her belly. She could feel his chest rubbing her breasts and his balls and cock rubbing her belly, his cock leaving a trail of precum, as he slid himself down her until he was positioned with the tip of his cock against her opening. She was surprised by the fact that she could feel his body on hers but he was supporting enough of his weight on his elbows that she didn't feel trapped. Then, he leaned his head down and resumed the kiss as he buried himself

all the way into her with one powerful yet slow and gentle thrust. The feeling of the base of his cock and his balls against her almost pushed her over the edge but, rather than start thrusting madly, he held still until she backed away from her climax a bit. Then, he started to thrust in and out of her with firm thrusts, withdrawing almost all the way out on the backstroke and burying himself all the way to the hilt with his inward thrusts. Several minutes of this were all she could stand before she began to thrust her hips up to meet his inward thrusts. This only served to excite the tiger whose thrusts became faster and harder. Only a few of these and she was howling out her climax and clutching his upper body with all her strength. With one final thrust, the tiger buried himself deep into her and exploded, filling her with several powerful spurts of his seed.

At this point, she expected him to collapse on her or simply roll off as most males did. But, another surprise as he simply flipped them both over so that he was on his back and she was laying on him, his slowly shrinking cock still in her. They lay like this for several minutes, their sweaty bodies pressed together and her head resting on his upper chest as their breathing returned to normal.

“Well,” said Sherry as she ran a claw through the tiger’s sweaty chest fur. “You weren’t kidding when you said it would take more than a few minutes to say thank you properly. Most males would have been on me and even done in less time than it took you to just get me to the bed.”

“I’ve found that nothing puts a female off quite like being jumped and treated like a sex toy. Besides, I’ve found that it is more fun when I take my time.”

“Hmm. Very true. But, now I feel like I owe you another thank you since I enjoyed this at least as much as you did.”

“Well, I must say I have not been thanked in quite this way, or this well, before. So, I’ll just say ‘you are welcome.’”

Sherry snickered. “Hey, can you see the clock from where you are? It’s on the desk.”

“Ahh, yea,” said Tallyhawk as he craned his neck to see the clock. “It’s quarter past four.”

“Shit!” exclaimed Sherry as she jumped up.

“What’s wrong?” asked the puzzled tiger. “The bar-b-que isn’t until 6:00 or did you have something else you needed to do?”

“It’s not until 6:00 for you but the FOG leaders are supposed to be there at 5:00 to get the food going and things all set up. And, I’ve got to have a shower now. I can’t go looking and smelling like I spent the afternoon under a certain handsome tiger.”

“You’re not going to get in trouble because of this, are you?” asked Tallyhawk, sounding worried.

“No. No. We’re both consenting adults and I seriously doubt this was your first time. But, I’m supposed to be showing freshman around the campus. Not my bed.”

“Well, I guess that’s my cue to leave so you can get cleaned up,” said Tallyhawk as he started pulling on his clothes. “Any time you need a fridge moved, just let me know,” he said with a mischievous grin.

“You bet I will. Thanks again,” she said and gave him a quick peck on the cheek as she ushered him out the door.

The End