

Can you imagine a world where things always work out? Where everyone is treated fairly and society didn't fuck people over? Everyone was good and worked together as a team to grow and build and improve. Things never went wrong and people loved their lives. Depression, sickness, disease, mental illnesses, none of that exists. Everyone wakes up with a smile on their face, happy with their lives just the way they are. They have things they're working towards- goals- they can afford to live, afford to go to college (if they so choose). Everyone has health care, access to medical facilities and doctors when necessary. What would a world like that look like? Is it something that's achievable? Is it something that can only be found in fairy tales and dreams? I don't know, but it sure as hell isn't here.

"LUMINA SINCLAIR!!" Luther stepped into the office calling out for his new temp.

"Yes sir?" The young raccoon had just graduated from college as a meteorologist and could only land a job working in data entry at a news station office.

"I need to see you in my office. Immediately." Luther turned around, the back of his shirt heavily dampened with sweat.

Lumina straightened her mini skirt as she stood up, her thick, tan and brown fur swayed with her body as she walked down the hall towards the office. Approaching, the smell of must and smoke in the air filled her lungs and a short cough escaped her.

"Sir Luther?" She cringed as the words came out of her mouth. He asked them to call him that so 'it's still formal, so you know who's boss, but we're on a first name basis.'

"Back here, Lumina." His loud voice carried down the narrow hall, echoing off of the ugly beige walls.

Lumina finally pushed open the door to his office slowly, "What can I do for you sir?"

"Shut the door."

Lumina gulped suddenly completely aware that no one else was nearby. The heavy door slowly closed and the handle made a satisfying 'click' as it latched into place.

"Now, take a seat. We have much to discuss." Luther cleared his throat and loosened his tie, "I've noticed that you've been having a hard time keeping up with your work, and I wanted to give you the opportunity to ask me any questions you might have."

Lumina's eyes brightened, surprised, "Really? You're not going to yell at me?"

Luther chuckled, "Of course not! Good looking girls like yourself don't get yelled at. You're too much of an asset to the team," he winked.

This caused the 22 year old to blush, "Well I appreciate the offer, but I'd much rather figure things out on my own. Don't want anyone to think you're playing favorites."

"Oh, I completely understand! That's why I also wanted to give you my phone number. That way you can text me and we can meet for drinks after work." The wolf smiled slyly, "And then no one has to know."

"Oh I don't know..."

"Well why not?"

"I just really want to do this the right way. I'd really like to move up in this team and I don't know if telling my boss what I'm struggling with is really in my best interest." Lumina looked to the floor and pushed her exposed paws into the carpet, her claws digging into it.

"Well. I guess I can respect that, but take my number anyways. Just in case you change your mind."

She nodded, her hair flopping over on her head, she brushed it back into place as Luther slid a card across his desk with his cell phone number on it. Grabbing it, she stood up and turned towards the door.

Her tail flourished wildly as she walked out of the room, intrigued by his proposition, *he is pretty cute...*

"Lumina." The small-framed man stood from his desk, buttoning and unbuttoning his suit jacket, "I'm just telling you what you need to do if you want to move up in this field. It's how things have worked here for generations. Ask anyone."

She smiled back at him, her hand on the doorknob, "I'll think about it." The door pushed open with ease as Lumina made her way back towards her desk, a few beads of sweat dripped from her brow and she breathed a sigh of relief. *That could've been so bad.*

"Oh...Luth..."

"Shh... call me Sir."

"Sir." *She whispered lustfully, "How can I assist you today?"*

“I need you to..” He threw papers onto the floor, “Pick that up for me.”

She licked her lips, and smiled, “Yes...Sir.” She hadn’t even bent all the way over before she felt his hands on her hips, pulling them towards his waist. His bulge was prominent through his tight pants. She looked back towards him, up her long spine and smiled, “And now?”

“Now.... I need you to take off your clothes...”

Lumina sat up in bed, sweating from head to toe, and practically dripping wet. Specifically in that one place. “What. The. FUCK!” she shouted into the empty apartment, completely disturbed by her own unconscious thoughts. Standing up, she felt the shame grow inside her and decided it was time to shower.

As the warm steam rose around her she felt a sense of urgency grow within her. She tried to ignore it, not wanting to get off on the thought of that dirty man, but just as hate sex is effective, so is hate... well you know. She closed her eyes and leaned back against the cold wall of the shower. She took her fingers and grazed them across her entryway, quivering a little at the touch. As she took in a deep breath she inserted a finger into herself, moving it slowly up and down. She imagined Luther standing in front of her, pushing himself against her. She pushed a second finger in, this time, further...deeper. Her right hand reached up to grip the showerhead, needing something to steady herself. She kept stroking away, gaining speed and fingers as she went along. She began humming, almost moaning, a tune to keep rhythm too. She bit her lip in pleasure as her eyes rolled back into her head. Another deep breath came out and she felt herself begin to climax. A bead of sweat slid down her face and she moaned loudly, unable to keep it in. A few more seconds of pushing and she felt a wave of release coat her entire body. One last sigh and her eyes fluttered open, the feeling of shame starting to creep back in.

Why am I like this?

Not long had passed before Lumina was out of the shower and walking around her conservative apartment. Just a small bedroom, an even smaller kitchen and bathroom, all connected by a mediocrelly sized living room. It didn’t bother Lumina living in such a small space, I mean, she had lived in a dorm room for 4 years at college, so this was an upgrade.

Lumina’s ears perked up as an aggressive knock cut through the otherwise quiet apartment. Her tail swished low to the ground as she walked to the door with her towel still firmly wrapped around her body. She glanced at the clock hanging on the wall and read ‘3:30 a.m.’ *Who could be knocking at this hour?* She peeked through the peep-hole to be met with a sea of pale blue fur.