
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
EXPERIMENTAL
PART ONE
Green Rush Publishing


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Experimental

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Chapter One

“Isn’t it amazing that every man’s cock is so different?” Nadia asked her roommate.

Sarah looked over at the easily-amazed blonde woman and commented, drily, “Yes. Amazing. And, you know, they’re not all supposed to be the same.”

“You know what I mean,” Nadia continued on, her eyes unfocused and dreamy. “Every guy is different and yet they all fit in me so perfectly.”

Still unimpressed Sarah commented, “Well, you haven’t fucked every guy in the world, or even on campus, yet, so I don’t know if you sample size is large enough yet…even for a slut like you.”

“Slut?!” Nadia pretended to be shocked and offended. “Do I have that reputation?”

“You’re working on it,” Sarah said. “I’m not judging, I’m just repeating what I’ve heard. If you’re enjoying yourself, don’t let it bother you.”

“I just can’t believe that God made everyone so perfectly that any guy’s cock will fit into any woman’s pussy,” she marveled. She was still riding high from her date with William. The sex with him was great, even if it was a one-time thing because he claimed he had a girlfriend back in his hometown. Actually, Nadia reflected, that was probably why the sex was so good. Because she had no obligations to him.

Sarah snorted. “If you believe in God and if you can manage to ignore the many people who aren’t born perfect. There are lots of people out there with fucked-up junk.”

Nadia blinked. “Yeah. You’re right. And you’re brining down my euphoria.”

“That’s what I’m here for,” she commented as she studied her calculus text. Sarah had barely looked up from the tome during her exchange with her

roommate. The two couldn’t have been more different in demeanor and appearance. Nadia was willowy-thin, blonde, and small busted; extremely outgoing, she had a well-earned reputation as being sexually adventurous even on their open-minded and socially liberal campus. Sarah was a few inches taller than Nadia, had long dark hair she customarily kept back in a ponytail. She was strong and athletic, because she played on the college's volleyball team, but for some reason had large breasts for a woman who was muscular. More reserved than her roommate, the only bit of decoration she ever wore was a fabric bracelet on her left wrist.

“Maybe I should look for the exotic,” Nadia pondered aloud. “I mean, there are plenty of guys out there with perfect or near-perfect cocks. What about the guys with the really unusual cocks.”

“I’m sure they’d love to get laid as well,” Sarah agreed. “And you’re just the woman to do that.”

“Thanks,” Nadia said sarcastically.

“If you’re looking for a freak show, go see Professor Pitor.”

“Who’s that?”

“He’s bio prof who teaches ancient history as well. You’ve never heard of him?”

Nadia shook her head. Even though both women were first-year students at the college, Sarah seemed to be better plugged into the social side of the academic life.

Sarah continued, “Rumor has it he’s a sexual freak, but that’s probably because every spring he teaches a class called The History of Abnormal Sexuality. Apparently he’s a trip to have as a teacher. And, if you believe rumors, he’s more than willing to fuck his students, male and female.” She tilted her head to the side and only now looked up at her roommate. An odd lopsided grin filled the left side of her face. “You should go see him and ask to get into that class.”

“You’re dirty,” Nadia laughed. She was sprawled on her bed and took the opportunity to throw a small pillow—oddly, a throw pillow—across the room at Sarah.

The dark-haired woman easily batted it aside. “Maybe, but I bet you’re going to go do it.”

The next day found Nadia standing in front of Prof. Pitor’s office door with her hand raised about to knock on it, when the door opened and a handsome young man with a flushed, sweaty face stepped out. Nadia didn’t recognize him but was struck by his almost boyish good looks. He paused and blinked at her. “You looking for Prof. P?” he asked with the door half closed behind him.

“Er…yes, is he in?” Nadia was confused as to what was happening.

He stuck his head into the open space between door and jamb. “Some girl here to see you, Prof.”

Nadia couldn’t hear what was said, but the boy pushed the door the rest of the way open, admitting her. Inside was the man who was presumably Prof. Pitor. He wore a tweed jacket he was in the midst of adjusting, plain white shirt and black pants, practically the unofficial uniform of most male teachers at the college. He wasn’t particularly handsome but Nadia was temporarily mesmerized by his ice blue eyes paired with a short, trim beard. “Come in, young lady,” he said in a voice deeper than seemed appropriate for his unremarkable frame. “How can I help you?”

The boy who let her in had disappeared and Nadia was momentarily confused by what she was doing. “Um…my name’s Nadia and I was wondering how I go about getting into your Abnormal Sexuality class for the spring.”

His eyes roved up and down her body so quickly that Nadia barely caught the quick evaluation. “Ah, it is that time again for class selection, is it not?”

Nadia nodded.

“Are you a first year student?”

“Yes.”

Prof. Pitor frowned. “I don’t normally admit many first years to the class,” he muttered as he tugged at his beard. He cast his eyes down and then quickly

brought them back up. “I’m forgetting my manners. Please,” he gestured at the wooden chair in front of his desk, “have a seat. Would you like something to drink?” He gestured to a small collection of bottles on the bookshelf behind him. For just a moment Nadia thought the bottles were liquor, but when she focused she realized they were just water and soda.

“Oh, just water, thank you.” He was an extraordinarily polite professor who had more than enough time for students who were only considering taking a class with him, Nadia thought. She had never before been offered a drink when she went to see a professor.

“Still or effervescent?” he asked.

“Um…pardon?” Now Nadia was truly confused.

He chuckled gently. “Bubbles or no bubbles? I fear I spend too much time in Europe.”

She laughed along with him. “No bubbles.”

The professor selected a cobalt blue bottle, twisted off the cap and poured the contents into a pair of glasses he produced from his desk. Nadia quickly realized he had done this before with other students. That was okay. She was willing to play along if it got her into the class.

“Why do you want to get into my Abnormal Sexuality class?” he asked her upon sitting down behind his desk.

To gather her thoughts Nadia sipped at the water. The flavor was slightly off before she realized it was mineral water, something she was accustomed to. “I’m undeclared right now and I want to explore as many possible majors and fields as possible before I settle down.”

“A good plan. Tell me how you’re going to earn your way into my class.”

Nadia blinked. “I don’t know,” she said hesitantly. “I was hoping space would be available.”

He hid his smile behind his glass as he sipped from it. “I expect a little more from my students.”

“I don’t know what I can offer you.”

Pitor easily slipped into professorial mode. “The class is challenging because it attacks many commonly held beliefs about sexuality we in American have. I can’t have a student in class constantly challenging my methods of teaching nor my content.”

“I won’t do that, Professor.” She nervously took another sip of water.

“Prove it,” he said. “Bend over the couch so I can fuck you.”

“What?” Nadia asked and immediately realized she was surprised he had asked. He was handsome enough and having sex with Prof. Pitor was perfectly in line with something she could imagine herself doing, she just wasn’t sure if doing it in his office was the wisest choice. Instead, she half-dodged the question. “I thought it was against school rules for students and professors to have, um, a sexual relationship.”

“It is, but you are not my student. Yet.”

“Okay,” Nadia heard herself saying. She drank the last of the water in the glass before putting it down on his desk. She stood up and walked over to the old couch that occupied one wall of the office. It had seen better days. The brown leather was faded and cracked, but it looked incredibly comfortable. As she stepped to it, she wondered how many other young students had been in her exact same position. Still, she didn’t hesitate as she started to bend over the arm of the couch.

“Pull up your skirt first,” the professor instructed her.

“Oh, right,” Nadia agreed and hiked up her skirt to expose her very practical and comfortable white cotton panties. She bent over the arm, putting her ass in the air and her head down on the cushions. The blood rushing to her head made her dizzy which was a pleasant sensation.

“The nice thing about young ladies who attend school here,” Prof. Pitor said as he stood up from his desk. “Is not only how willing they are to please their professors, but also their very shapely bodies. Do you mind if I remove your panties?” he asked politely.

“Please do.” Nadia nearly giggled at his formal question. She wondered if there was something in her glass besides the mineral water.

Pitor knelt behind her and carefully tugged the cotton panties down her legs, exposing her ass and quim, before pausing and maneuvering them over Nadia’s functional sneakers. She opened up her stance to give him easy access to her sex.

“You are willing young lady,” he said.

“Willing to please,” she giggled this time.

The professor was still kneeling behind her and instead of standing up he leaned in to the apex of her legs and licked her from her clitoris to her back opening. Nadia shivered. Cunnilingus was largely unnecessary at this point; she was already soaking wet. His tongue felt good on her sex, and it delved incredibly deeply between her labia.

“Oohh,” she moaned. “I don’t normally do this,” she warned him.

“Have sex?” he asked, pulling back after having determined he needed no additional work to get her ready.

“Have sex with a professor I don’t know just to get into his class,” she explained.

“As I already implied, I have unusual teaching techniques.” Professor Pitor stood up and unbuckled his pants. A moment later he was nudging his cock head into her cunt.

“Ooohhh,” Nadia moaned deeper and lower this time. She wanted to reach around and feel his cock going into her, but she couldn’t, her hands were gripping the sides of the couch cushion. His cock was huge. Nadia had had many cocks in high school and now college and Prof. Pitor’s was easily the biggest. She knew she could accommodate him; it was just a matter of effort. “Go slow,” she whined.

“You can take it,” he encouraged her. “I know you can.”

“Uh-huh. Go slow,” she repeated as he pulled back a bit and pushed in further. After a few more attempts he finally slid all the way home and Nadia sighed in contentment. “Do you fuck all your students?” she asked him, her face still

pressed against the cushion.

“I try to,” he told her as he gripped her hips and started fucking her harder and faster.

Their coupling didn’t last terribly long. Nadia wrote that off as the thrill of a first and nearly anonymous fuck. When he came it was with a long, strained grunt of power and his cum heated up her pussy to the point where she came herself. It was a pleasant and enjoyable little fuck.

“So, am I in?” Nadia asked, sitting up and turning over. She could feel his cum starting to trickle out of her pussy. While her eyes cast about the floor, looking for her panties, she glimpsed Pitor’s cock as he was tucking it back into his pants. He wasn’t huge—he had lost most of his erection after cumming—but even flaccid he was an impressive size. But he was also oddly shaped, at least to Nadia’s eyes. She wasn’t an expert and maybe it was twisted or half-concealed in the shadows as he zipped up, but the professor’s cock was different from every other one she had seen in her life.

“I was in, actually,” Prof. Pitor said, making a small joke. She looked at him nervously before he finally relented and proclaimed, “I’ll allow you in my class. I’ll put the approval in tomorrow.”

She breathed a heavy sigh of relief. “Thank you. Do you know where my panties are?”

They were in his hand and he displayed them to her. “I was hoping to keep them as a memento,” he told her.

She looked askance at him. “Or a trophy?” she suggested.

He smiled, “Oh, you’ll do well in my Abnormal Sexuality class.” But he didn’t relinquish her garment.

The pause hung between them for a long moment until Nadia said, “I need something to clean up with. I can’t walk back to my dorm with cum dripping down my legs.”

Prof. Pitor tucked her panties into his jacket pocket and opened a desk drawer to hand her a small box of pre-moistened wipes. “I like to be prepared,” he told her

while she washed away the remains of his orgasm. “And don’t worry, I’m clean and you won’t get pregnant.”

A wry grin from Nadia told him his concern was misplaced. “I wasn’t worried about that at all.” Her parents had sent Nadia away to school well-prepared for all eventualities.

Her professor-to-be frowned. “I’ve always thought it was a bad idea for young women to take drugs to prevent conception.”

“I’m not,” she told him brightly as she smoothed her skirt into place. “Maybe I’ll tell you more when we’re in class.” She smiled at him sweetly, grabbed her backpack, and strolled out his office door.

Sarah found her roommate taking a nap in the late afternoon when she returned home from class. “Get up sleepyhead or you’ll be up half the night.”

Though she kept her blond hair cut short, no longer than chin length, it still managed to get in her face while she slept. After only a few minutes in bed it was a mess and she had to push it away so she could see properly. Nadia sat up and realized she was still sans panties. Before falling asleep she had only wrapped her comforter around her body. Luckily nothing was showing. Sarah had no way of knowing what she had done and that made Nadia smile. “I’m awake!” she insisted though it was half a lie. As she moved she felt her pussy still energized by the dose of cum Prof. Pitor had dumped inside her. The last few drips had worked their way out and now clung wetly to her thighs and labia. It felt good.

“How did it go?” Sarah asked as she started emptying her backpack. Sarah played on the college volleyball team and had the shoulders and arms to prove it. She looked good in a tank top especially with her long, dark hair pulled back into a ponytail. If Nadia was jealous of one thing from her roommate, it was her hair. Blond might have been more desirable, but Nadia hated that hers was thin and sparse.

“Well. It went well,” Nadia declared. “I’m in his class.”

“Huh,” Sarah said absently. “What did you have to do to persuade him to get in?” She looked up with a knowing expression.

“I just used my youthful exuberance on him.”

Sarah doubtfully said, “Uh-huh.”

“…and there was one last place left available. It’s like it was meant to be.”

This time Sarah grinned. “Uh-huh.”

Chapter Two

“The problem with Zeus—and half the other male gods—is that he couldn’t keep it in his toga,” Prof. Pitor said from his position at the lectern. The class tittered at his slightly off-color joke. “He would have sex with anyone that caught his fancy at the moment, male or female.” There was some uncomfortable shifting in the desks. “Depending on which version of the myth you want to believe, Zeus would change himself into any manner of animal to disguise himself from his wife, Hera, or to fool the target of his affections. Why the Greek youth were so eager to fuck a duck is beyond the understanding of the average American.” His vulgar comment brought a true laugh from the class.

“When did Zeus change himself into a duck?” asked a puzzled student in the front row.

“It was a swan, actually,” the professor told her. “Leda and the swan.”

“Oh.” The student paused. “You’re right, why would a woman want to have sex with a swan.”

“Ever meet a swan in real life?” Prof. Pitor asked. The girl shook her head. “Mean, nasty beasts. Maybe Leda was so surprised at encountering a well-behaved swan it was easy for Zeus to actual copulate with her,” he suggested. The class tittered again. “But that seems unlikely because Zeus was hardly well-behaved. More than likely this spills over into the biology portion of the class. Perhaps the ancient Greeks were trying to explain away some bizarre birth defect that looked vaguely avian. Maybe an unfortunate woman had a miscarriage and an explanation was needed.”

The class studiously entered that in their notebooks. No one was quite ready for that information.

“But…a swan couldn’t actually have sex with a human woman,” the female student went on. “It has the…wrong equipment.”

“Just glue a cock onto that swan and you’re good to go,” called out one of the

male students. Nervous laughter erupted once again.

“Which cuts to the second part of these theories,” Pitor said when the class quieted. “Maybe some of these myths are actually just desires of people to have sex with animals.”

“Gross,” called out someone from the back of the class. No one commented. There was a palpable discomfort in the room. Nadia was starting to realize that Prof. Pitor liked making other people, or maybe just students, uncomfortable where they were supposed to feel safe.

Pitor shrugged. “Maybe, but it’s common enough, isn’t it? What do the kids call it nowadays? Interspecies erotica?” Some members of the class laughed lightly. “It isn’t something new; it goes back to ancient Greece at least, probably further back. I suppose once a person has explored every avenue of sexual congress with members of both genders, then the only logical thing to do is start making eyes at other species?” He looked expectantly out at the crowd. “Thoughts?”

Nadia had many thoughts, but none she wished to share with the class.

“Professor?” she asked after knocking on his half open office door and stepping inside. Pitor looked up from his computer and waved her inside.

“Close the door if you wish,” he said.

She quickly shut the door behind her. “Is it abnormal to have lustful feelings for animals?” she asked.

“Why? Are you having such feelings?”

“No…well, I’ve thought about it, but it’s not like I want to go fuck a horse or anything like that.”

He smiled gently. “My class often stirs up emotions that students don’t understand. And it’s very common, especially for young women brought up in rural areas, for them to have such a strong emotional attachment to their horses that they contemplate intercourse with them.”

“I’m from the burbs,” Nadia said blankly not wanting to give anything away to him.

“And did you have an animal you had an emotional attachment to as you were growing up?”

“A cat.”

“That’s not unusual either. But the size difference between humans and cat…” he trailed off.

“I know. And male cats have penises with barbs. That just seems…dangerous.”

“Does that excite you?”

Nadia nodded, her eyes bright and shining. “It’s crazy, I know.”

“Perhaps with a big cat,” Prof. Pitor suggested. “A cougar, a puma, a tiger.”

“That seems dangerous…not just the idea but the claws and teeth. It could get you killed.”

“And does that excite you?” he pressed.

It didn’t deter Nadia. “It doesn’t scare me away.”

“Would you do it?” he asked.

“Yes,” she admitted. “But that’s just a fantasy. There’s no way I’d actually get in a cage with some dangerous animal to have sex. It’s impossible anyway.”

“Nothing is impossible given sufficient will.”

“But you’re talking about pure fantasy,” she said.

He nodded, but it wasn’t acknowledgement of her statement. “Why don’t you come to my bio lab later this afternoon?” Pitor suggested to her.

The lab was a standard issue college science lab, as far as Nadia could tell. It

was all steel and stone benches with lots of ceramics to make it easy to clean. She didn't see any animals in the lab which struck her as odd because she knew why Prof. Pitor had invited her here. They had met at his office and he had escorted her to the lab and told her wait. It was only a few minutes in the cold lab before he returned with what Nadia assumed was another student. He was slightly shorter than her and athletically built. He had the perfect body type to join the college's gymnastics team…if the college had a gymnastics team.

Prof. Pitor spoke. "I believe it was the late, great Isaac Asimov who said that science, when sufficiently advanced, appears as magic to the common man's eye."

In response to that Nadia sarcastically asked, "Are you going to show us a magic trick?"

He shook his head. "I just want you to be prepared for what is going to happen next."

"I brought a change of clothes like you asked," she told him, holding up her small backpack. "But if I'm going to get so dirty that my clothes are going to be ruined, why not just change into scrubs?"

The professor didn't answer. Instead he just gestured to the young man he had brought along. "This is Derke. He's a fellow student of yours. He went through History of Abnormal Sexuality last year." The short man just nodded at her and sat down on the edge a steel table. As Pitor busied himself in one of the locked cabinets, Derke rolled up a sleeve. "He's going to help you out tonight." The professor approached him with a hypodermic needle and Nadia shrank back.

"What are you doing?" She was alarmed at what his intentions might be.

Prof. Pitor looked at her with a smirk. He knew he was making her uncomfortable and he relished that fact. He liked pushing people past the boundaries of what made them safe. "Nothing I haven't done with Derke before. He's used to it, right Derke?"

The young man nodded firmly and looked at Nadia with an almost feral grin. It immediately unsettled her and she wanted to back away, but at the same time she could feel her panties start to moisten. She was scared and excited at the same time; her body told her to run from the danger but her lust told her to stay where

she was and let it happen.

Derke didn't even wince when the needle penetrated his skin. "The transformation is often unsettling the first time you witness it," Pitor said as he disposed of the needle into a sharps box. "Don't worry; it's perfectly natural. Well, as natural as this could possibly be."

As he was speaking Derke rolled to his side on the table. His muscles bulged and a change occurred throughout his flesh. Underneath his skin bulges and hollows formed, his body stretched and writhed. Quickly, as if it were an afterthought, Derke started pulling off his clothes, destroying them in the process, but this exposed his skin which was quickly replaced with short tawny fur. Nadia gasped and stepped back, getting a table between her and the young man…or whatever he was. It happened so quickly she didn't know what to think. As he was facing away, Nadia couldn't see his face until the conversion was nearly over. When he swung his face back to her she had to stifle a scream of sudden terror. It was still human…sort of, but it had taken on a distinctly catlike aspect. His jaw had elongated into a muzzle with protruding canine teeth. The eyes had angled and enlarged giving him a feline aspect. He wasn't a tiger or puma or any easily identifiable animal, but Derke was definitely no longer human.

He slid off the table and Prof. Pitor faded into the background. Derke's cat aspect sniffed the air and focused his eyes on Nadia. "Where are you in your cycle?" Pitor called out to Nadia.

"What?" she asked, distracted by the frightening monster in front of her. "What cycle?"

While Pitor might have held two doctorates and taught at a prestigious school, but he wasn't above rolling his eyes when it was appropriate. "Your menstrual cycle."

"I had my period two weeks ago," she reported.

"You're probably ovulating then," he said. "Don't resist him. He's much stronger than you. I'm sure you'll enjoy it, Nadia. You seem the type."

It only took Nadia a second to realize exactly what Prof. Pitor meant. Her gaze went down to Derke's crotch. While the rest of his body was covered with the light, tawny fur, his penis was bare and rampant. There was no way for Nadia to

know for certain how well-endowed Derke was before his transformation, but after becoming whatever cat-creature he was now, he was sporting a cock that was impressive for any creature, human or not. It was red and looked almost human, but Nadia knew that not every cock was the same and she was more than willing to try out what he was offering.

Before she could give voice to her desires Derke pounced on her, actually pounced. He cleared the table she had been sheltering behind and knocked her—carefully—to the floor. Her clothes weren't stripped off her body, they were torn off, shredded by Derke's sharp claws and strong muscles. He was exact and careful in his motions and before she knew it, Nadia was naked but for her panties.

It was his scent that did it for her. At first she was going to resist. It seemed the right thing to do, but then she could smell something in the air, something coming from him. Logically she knew it had to be pheromones, but instinctively she knew it was the smell of lust and it was what she needed. Once his musky smell was on her, she wanted him all the more. She struggled to turn over, to present her rump to him and Derke tried to stop her at first. Only when Nadia started tugging down her panties did he understand. They were ripped off without further ceremony.

It was all happening so fast that Nadia didn't really have time to think about what exactly she was doing. For some reason the moment Derke put his thick, massive paw down next to her hand on the floor she realized she was going to fuck a cat and there was no way to stop it.

She tried, of course, but it was useless. Prof. Pitor had told her not to fight, not to resist and as she struggled to get away Derke just took her actions as an attempt to align their sexes. In short order he had her pinned down into place and she could feel his cock nudging open her pussy. At that point she resigned herself to her fate and stopped fighting allowing him to enter her.

He was large, of course, but not huge. She briefly reflected that she might have had men with bigger cocks but at the moment she couldn't think of any. Since she was wet it was easy for Derke's cat cock to slide steadily deeper without resistance. He felt odd and she realized that she was enjoying the sensation. There was no reason to fight; she actually wanted this, to be taken by whatever cat-creature he was and to fully give herself over to the moment and throw

proper decorum to the side.

“Fuck!” she cried out when he was all the way inside. His taut, muscular stomach pressed against the smooth skin of her ass, providing a bit of velvety stimulation that was unique in her sexual experience. He paused briefly with his cock buried all the way into her quim and she realizes she was already panting from what he had done to her. And she loved it.

The pause stretched into a long moment and Nadia turned to see Derke casting his head around looking for Prof. Pitor. “Go ahead,” the professor called from the opposite side of the room. Nadia saw that he was carefully observing them, a notebook on the table in front him. “Use her as you will.”

Derke pulled back and then thrust forward with a force that made Nadia nearly collapse to the floor from off her knees. Unconsciously she yowled in pain. It wasn’t pain from her knees or elbows that hit the hard cement floor nor was it the impact of his body on hers. She experienced a much deeper pain. He made her pussy hurt like never before. It wasn’t his size, she knew she had the capacity for even a cock as large as his; it was something else, a piercing, scraping sensation. And at the same time the pain was leavened with an undeniably pleasurable feeling that radiated out from her sex. She wondered if this was what those kinky people who liked to be spanked and hit during sex experienced. It made her wonder further if she was one of those masochists who liked pain during sex. She was glad to wonder because it kept her mind off the pain.

Each of Derke’s strokes caused a little jolt of pain and a little jolt of pleasure. It wasn’t’ terrible but Nadia was embarrassed that she was enjoying the act along with the fact that Prof. Pitor was intently watching the coupling. It felt dirty… and she realized she like dirty. They quickly settled into a steady rhythm that Nadia could tolerate. Derke brought his body closely in line with hers, covering her hands with his massive paws, pressing his furry belly on her back, and even going so far as to gently bite the muscles on her shoulders. She couldn’t believe how much she liked that.

All too soon because she wasn’t ready to climax yet, she felt Derke cumming. His cock shook inside her body and there was an abrupt gush of hot liquid that filled her up. He thrusted a few more times, but he was largely spent; she could feel his cock softening. And then he pulled out.

Nadia screamed. She didn't realize she was screaming until her throat was raw from the effort. The pain was tremendous. She tried to whirl around to hit or slap Derke to stop him from what he was doing, but he was strong, much too strong for her. He held her in place while he let her anger slowly ebb away. Her cunt hurt incredibly but at the same time her body shook with the relief of orgasm. When he had hurt her he had also given her an incredible orgasm. The pain and pleasure mixing in her body made her burst out in tears and still Derke held her in place.

When he judged she was calm enough Derke abruptly jumped away from Nadia. "Pick her up and put her on the exam table," Prof. Pitor ordered. "Spread her legs and put them in the stirrups." Nadia had missed it upon her entrance to the lab but one of the tables was a modified gynecologists' exam table without padding but with the too-familiar stirrups. She didn't have strength enough to do anything but go along with their plan. Soon Prof. Pitor was shining a light between her legs, examining her sex.

"Very minor scrapes," he commented. "Some blood, of course, mixed with semen. You stimulated her correctly, Derke. Thank you. We don't know where she is in her cycle precisely, but if she ovulates there is a good chance she will conceive."

"What?" Nadia exclaimed as she realized what her teacher was saying. "That's not going to happen!"

Prof. Pitor looked up from between her legs. "With the correct science anything is possible."

"I have an IUD. It's not going to happen." Nadia was confident in what modern science had done to allow a woman to control her reproductive destiny.

Now the man with the trim beard frowned slightly. "You might be surprised."

"I'd better fucking not be," she muttered in complaint.

"There is more at work here than you realize," he told her. "We'll keep a close eye on you."

Nadia shook her head from side to side. "This is fucked up. Let me up," she insisted, pushing both Pitor and Derke away. They stepped back and allowed

Nadia to sit up. She looked over at Derke and realized that while he was still largely cat-like, some of his features were softer, less sharply defined. “How the fuck did you do that to him?” She crossed her arms in front of her breasts. She wasn’t embarrassed at being naked but some clothing in the cool lab air would have been appreciated. Derke was still naked as well, but his fur kept him warm. The only nice thing about the cool temperature was the steel table under her felt nice on her ravaged pussy.

“You saw the injection,” Prof. Pitor said as if that answered everything.

Hopping down from the table Nadia spotted her bag behind where the silent Derke stood. She noted that not only had he become feline and fur-covered, he had also grown a few inches, making him taller than her now while before he was, at best, two inches shorter than her. She stepped around him and opened up the bag to pull out her spare clothing. “That’s not possible,” she told her teacher. A little injection just can’t change a person into…this,” she waved at Derke’s changed body while she pulled up her panties.

“Perhaps there’s more going on here than you realize.”

“You let him attack me!” she nearly shouted, but moderated her voice so they wouldn’t be discovered. It was a stupid action she realized because her scream when Derke was fucking her had to have been incredibly loud. Maybe the lab was soundproofed. She angrily untangled the white bra she had brought along.

“You enjoyed it.” It was Derke who spoke. His words were strange because of his oddly shaped mouth and pointed teeth.

“So fucking what?” she snapped at him as she pulled on thin sweatpants. “I didn’t give you permission to have sex with me.”

“And yet you never said no either.” This was from Prof. Pitor. “But let’s not make this an argument about legal semantics.”

“Am I an experiment?” she asked Pitor. “Is that why I’m here?”

“Partly,” the professor acknowledged. “But did you enjoy it? Would you do it again?”

Before Nadia could answer, her heart started thumping in her chest. She couldn’t

lie, but she didn’t want to tell the truth either. She wet her lips and looked at Derke once more. As a human he had been handsome enough; as a cat she couldn’t rightly judge the measure of his attractiveness, but he certainly was striking. “Yes,” she finally admitted and pulled her shirt over her head. It felt good to be dressed again. Derke didn’t look the least bit uncomfortable being the only naked person in the room. Then again, based on the size of the cock he was swinging between his legs, he had no reason to be embarrassed.

“Good,” Prof. Pitor exclaimed. “I think we can work out something where you can be a star pupil.”

Chapter Three

The next day Nadia received an email from the administration informing her that she had been enrolled for a three credit private lab study with Prof. Pitor. She stared blankly at her laptop's screen for a minute before bolting out of the room and running to his office. The run hurt; her pussy was still sore from the fucking that Derke had given her. She burst into Pitor's office without knocking.

She knew she shouldn't have been surprised, but the sight of an underclassman crouching down on the floor sucking Pitor's cock was unexpected. The fact the underclassman was male and not female didn't faze her at all. Pitor's eyes had been shut in concentration as he received the blowjob, but flew open with the door. The boy stumbled back from the professor's cock.

"Shut the damned door," he snapped at Nadia. "Get back over here," he said to his lover, grabbing the boy by his shaggy hair and putting his mouth back on his cock. The boy didn't even resist. If Nadia was any judge of this sort of thing, the boy actually enjoyed the way Pitor treated him. If she had paused for even half a moment's reflection Nadia would have realized that maybe she liked the way Pitor treated her as well. At the very least, she didn't resist when he treated her like nothing more than an object to be used at his whim.

Not wanting the professor to get in trouble with the administration she shut the door after a half moment's internal debate as to what side of the door she wanted to be on. She opted to stand inside.

"What do you want?" Prof. Pitor asked her as he settled back in to enjoy the bout of fellatio he was receiving. Obviously he could do two things at once.

"You…you put me in a private study with you," Nadia said.

Pitor barely acknowledge her. "Business," he moaned, complaining. "You'll have to wait until Chad is done if you want to talk business."

Watching the two was like getting her own private sex show which was different, not necessary better, than watching porn. Chad didn't cheat to the side to give

Nadia a good view, he was just eagerly sucking on Pitor's cock, bobbing his head up and down. While she didn't have any particular hang-ups with watching people have sex, two men having sex didn't especially appeal to her. Maybe if Chad was naked and ready it would be more exciting to her, but the only exposed bit of skin was Pitor's cock which was mostly hidden by Chad's mother.

After a few minutes the professor arched his back and grunted. A moment later Chad mad the unmistakable sound of thick swallowing. Nadia wondered what the Pitor's cum tasted like and if Chad enjoyed swallowing. She did. When the young man stood up she realized that Chad was the student who she had seen coming out of Pitor's office when she met her teacher for the first time. He was handsome and had no shame, which made her wonder if he was only attracted to men or if he swung both ways.

"Very good, Chad," Pitor said, pulling his pants back into place. "Please leave us while I talk with Nadia."

Chad just nodded and left after grabbing a bottle of water from the shelf. His casual actions made Nadia wonder how often this sort of thing happened.

"Yes, I put you in private study with me," Prof. Pitor said when Chad was out the door and his pants were properly buckled into place. The abruptness of his words caught her short. "Is that a problem?"

"I'm not here for you to experiment on," she told him. "I'm not here to provide you with weird sex shows."

He dismissed her accusations with a wave of his hand. "You're receiving credit for the class and you enjoyed the first trial. I'm sure you'll learn more than you think you will."

"You can't just know that!"

"I know people. I've been doing this for years. If I've judged you wrongly… well, there will be many repercussions that you can't even begin to imagine."

She could easily imagine herself being expelled and him being fired for what they had done in the lab and in his office. What other penalties they faced she wasn't aware of and didn't want to think about. Nadia just nodded and then she collapsed to the couch landing exactly where Pitor had been sitting just moments

earlier. “Holy shit. You turned a guy into a cat. You’re a magician or something.” Why the impact of the transformation struck her at that moment she couldn’t fathom.

He scoffed. “I’m hardly something as lowly or deceitful as a magician. I’m a scientist. What you saw was just the power of certain chemicals on the human body. Cutting edge science. The limits of what you think are possible don’t truly exist. You’ll see that soon enough.”

Nadia shivered. What he was saying sounded insane…but she had seen what he had done to Derke with a single injection of some chemical. What else was possible for him? Were there any true limits to what he could do…or was she just deceiving herself? “What else can you do to people?” she asked.

“There are no limits,” he told her.

“I think you’re delusional.”

“You’ll see the truth of the world soon enough.”

On her way out of his office Nadia ran into Derke. He was back to his normal self, human enough at least, but she couldn’t shake the idea that he didn’t look truly and completely human any longer. He grinned at her as they walked down the hallway towards each other. “Hello,” he said politely, “how are you today?”

“Fine,” she said evenly. There were other students passing through the hallway and Nadia didn’t want to reveal to any casual passerby what the status of her relationship—such as it was—with complete strangers.

“You aren’t still in any pain, are you?” He sounded genuinely concerned for her well-being but Nadia was convinced it was an act.

“A little,” she admitted. “But I’m tough. I can handle it.”

He glanced around the hallway. Most of the students had cleared out but he discretely lowered his voice anyway. “I doubt you’ll conceive,” he whispered conspiratorially. “Prof. Pitor has been working on his formulas for a long time now and still hasn’t perfected it.” He grinned showing strong, white teeth that seemed abnormally sharp. “Besides, you are using something, right?” Just a tiny wave of nervousness passed over his face. For the first time Nadia realized that

perhaps Derke was a pawn in whatever game the professor was playing.

“I’m safe,” she assured him.

“Good,” he sighed in relief. “I wouldn’t mind having to…perform with you again,” he added.

Nadia realized she wouldn’t mind that either. “Maybe it will happen,” she artfully dodged the suggestion.

“With or without the professor’s help,” he went on.

“Okay,” she said, but didn’t agree to anything.

“Which means without the barbs.”

“I’m not sure that would be better,” Nadia admitted to him.

He raised his eyebrows. “You liked that?”

“I didn’t mind,” she hedged.

“Maybe we will want the professor’s help,” he said, nodded to her, and continued on down the hall, walking away from her. Nadia told herself not to turn around to check out his ass even though she was certain she felt his eyes on her body as she walked away. If nothing else, she knew she wasn’t going to have sex with Derke again unless he was a cat because she couldn’t have sex with a man who was shorter than her. Nadia had her standards.

The following evening Prof. Pitor summoned her to the basement lab. Nadia didn’t even consider saying no. Her pussy started pulsing slightly when she received the summons, but she wasn’t sure if that was anticipation or because of the healing process. It didn’t matter; everything was feeling good to her. The damage to the pussy had been largely superficial. The bit of pain for the thrill had been more than worth it. She knew she would do it again given half an opportunity.

Pitor was waiting for Nadia when she walked into the private lab. Even though she hadn’t been told to, Nadia brought along a change of clothes. She wasn’t going to be caught unprepared. The moment she walked through the doors Pitor

handed her a specimen cup, it was the sort that she had used before at the doctor's office, which confused her.

"What do I do with this?"

"Go to the bathroom and fill it," he told her bluntly. "I thought that was obvious."

"Why do you want my pee?"

"Why do you think?"

"Because you're a freak?" she suggested.

"Pregnancy test. I want to see if Derke completed his duties."

His honesty caught her off guard. Derke had all but told her every time Prof. Pitor had him have sex with a woman, the woman never got pregnant. And she knew she was nearly a hundred percent safe from conception because of her IUD, and yet still he wanted to be sure. Either Pitor was delusional or knew something that no one else did. The thought frightened her.

"Are you making sure I don't have to have sex with Derke again?" she asked. "Because I wouldn't mind that at all. It was good with him."

"Don't get attached to him," Pitor said. "And I don't want you having sex with anyone unless I give you permission first."

Nadia froze. She didn't like how he was trying to control her life, but now didn't seem the right time to bring that up. She considered arguing with him over the issue of who she could have sex with, but opted to let it go. It was strange the control he had over her. It was as if any suggestion he made he knew she would follow, even if she protested a bit first. It was like her words were ineffective. Oddly, she was certain she wanted to go along with his suggestions, at least she thought she did, but now she wasn't so positive about her thoughts.

"Oh. Okay then. Fine. I'll be back in a minute." There was a bathroom in the hallway opposite the lab entrance. She used it and quickly returned carrying the covered specimen cup filled with her still warm urine. Once Pitor had it in his hands, he opened it up and dipped in a test strip. It only took a few seconds for

the test to complete and the professor frowned and threw the test strip into the wastebasket.

“Well?” Nadia prompted him.

“Negative. You’re not pregnant.”

“I know what negative means. And I could have told you I wasn’t pregnant. And besides, you’re supposed to do the urine test first thing in the morning.”

“Don’t tell me how to do my job.” There was enough vehemence in his voice to scare her. Still, Nadia didn’t back down easily.

“Is there anything else you need from me?” she asked acidly. “Anyone you need me to fuck today?”

“No. I’ll see you in class tomorrow.” He was deflated perhaps at her failure to conceive. She didn’t feel like telling him that it might be too soon for a test to show positive. Nadia just left.

Prof. Pitor sat glumly at the lab table for a few minutes, brooding. He would test her again tomorrow and the next day, after that if the test still came up negative, only then would he be assured this attempt had failed. There was one way for him to truly be sure at this point. Without hesitation he dipped his finger into the slightly yellowish liquid. It had dropped below body temperature, but not by much. Sticking his finger in his mouth Pitor tasted Nadia’s essence. It was salty and sour, but he didn’t detect what he was looking for. Unhappy, he dumped the remains of her pee down the drain.

Chapter Four

It wasn't hard for Nadia to find Derke on campus. She figured he had to be a student and from there it was just a matter of making the right connections until she hunted him down. She actually found him in the front lounge of his dorm as he was returning from class. Derke was startled to find her waiting for him; it was completely unexpected.

"The professor doesn't like us…fraternizing outside his supervision," he said to her after indicating it was okay for her to follow him up to his room.

"Do you do everything he tells you?"

"I do, because I know what's smart."

"You're scared of him."

Derke didn't answer. "What are you doing here?"

"Want to have sex?" she offered him.

Her proposal took Derke off guard. "What?"

"Want to have sex?" she repeated.

"Um…I've never had a girl just ask me that straight out."

"Well? Do you?"

He nervously fixed his gaze at her and stopped walking through the hallway. There were flecks of gold in his green eyes and Nadia couldn't remember if they were there before he had changed into a cat in front of her. There was a definite angularity to his eyes, but that could easily be explained away by some Asian heritage in his blood. Or maybe not. "Yes," he admitted softly.

"Let's do it then," she said as she grabbed his hand. She wanted to lead him to his room, but she didn't know where that was which forced her to wait for him.

“He’ll find out.”

Nadia shook her head. “No. He won’t. Let’s go.” She pulled him along as if she knew exactly where she was going. She didn’t, but she knew that a good look at her ass covered by tights and nothing else, would be encouragement enough for him.

Derke screwed his courage on and took the lead. She pretended not to notice his trembling fingers as he tried to slot the key into the lock of his room’s door. Her eyes swept across the room when she walked in. He had a double; it wasn’t any messier than most college dorm rooms. “Is your roommate going to be home soon?” she asked.

“I don’t know.”

“Is that why you’re nervous?” she asked pressing up close to him, letting him feel the heat of her body.

He shook his head. “No. I’m not nervous.”

“Liar.” Nadia leaned in and kissed him. Never before had she kissed a boy who was just about her exact height. It was odd but pleasant. A moment later they were stripping each other’s clothes off. Nadia had a plan the moment she started looking for Derke and it didn’t involve wearing undergarments. Having some sense of modesty on campus she did wear a thin camisole under her shirt, but no bra. Underwear was completely unnecessary as Derke discovered when he pulled down her tights to reveal her lightly furred pussy.

“Wow,” he breathed as he knelt in front of her. She pulled his face to her groin, letting him take in her scent. The air was absent of any true pheromones—at least any Nadia could detect, but she knew most men were easily entranced by a ripe pussy.

They fell on the bed together when she was naked and he was down to his underwear. Nadia made sure she wound up on top and pushed her hand down to his groin. He was already hard, which wasn’t a surprise. Other than the expected pubic hair, he was completely normal. Derke didn’t resist when she removed his last remaining garment and then kissed his thigh. “Fancy a blowjob?”

“Sure.” His brain was already soaked in sex hormones so it was easy to shift his

mind to lust and have him not worry about anything in the outside world. Nadia didn't mind giving blowjobs, but she had an ulterior motive in Derke's case.

She kissed the side of his perfectly plain—and hard—cock. He moaned a bit as she took her time kissing and licking her way up and down and around the firm shaft of flesh. Other than being a shade darker and a hair bigger than what she considered average in her experience, his cock was totally ordinary—there was no evidence that he had any cat-like attributes at all now.

"Quit teasing," he told her.

"Just doing what I'm best at." With those words she popped the end of this cock into her mouth and sucked. To her relief it was a completely ordinary cock in her mouth. No barbs, no spikes, nothing unusual. Derke groaned in satisfaction and settled down to enjoy this treat that had unexpectedly fallen into his lap, literally. The blowjob, Nadia knew, was largely superfluous. He was already hard and she had no intention of letting him cum in her mouth. It was merely part of a mummer's show for Derke's benefit—and hers. For whatever reason, a firm cock in her mouth got Nadia wet. After only a few short minutes of cocksucking, Nadia changed tactics and abruptly straddled Derke's thighs, her own legs open wide, aiming his cock at her pussy with one hand while steadying herself by holding onto his shoulder with the other hand.

"What happened to my blowjob?" he asked, a bit disappointed she had stopped so soon.

"Fucking is better," Nadia declared as she lowered her body onto his cock. After a second he had to agree. They said nothing for a minute while Nadia pumped her hips up and down; Derke rested his hands on her thighs, admiring the way her breasts oscillated up and down.

"It's almost like we're fucking for the first time," she told him, staring down into his green eyes.

"Huh?"

"When you fucked me before, you were a cat. Now we're just two ordinary humans. Your cock is different." She ground her hips down on hip, pressing her clit against his pubic bone. She moaned in delight.

“I’m not a cat,” Derke insisted. “That’s what Pitor made me into.”

“Getting fucked by a cat was hot,” she exclaimed. Her eyes were closed now and she leaned back, displaying her body to him. “Can you make the change by yourself?” she asked him.

“No.”

“That’s too bad. I want to fuck you as a cat again.” She couldn’t believe what she was saying, yet it was the truth. Getting fucked by something that was more than human was more exciting than she wanted to consider.

“You do?” Apparently this was something new to Derke. It made her wonder if the professor just used him to fuck a girl once and was done with the both of them afterwards.

“Of course I do.” She paused in her motions. “This is just an experiment.” She gestured to his nude, human body. “I wanted to see what you were like in bed as a normal human.”

“And?” he asked, grabbing her hips and started to thrust upward into her.

“It’s good. But it’s not as good as when you were a cat.”

“I’m not a fucking cat!” he insisted and fucked her harder.

That was the reaction she was looking for. “Then you’d better enjoy fucking me now because the next time we do it you’re going to be a cat. I get what I want.”

Derke exploded inside of her. She could feel his hot cum splashing around inside her pussy and that made her cum. She didn’t scream; she kept at least some of her wits about her as they both rode their orgasms to their natural conclusions.

Nadia collapsed on top of Derke and wiggled her ass a bit to force his cock out of her. Once he slipped free she could feel his cum draining from between her lips. She didn’t mind getting it all over his sheets; that would be his problem.

“Next time you’re going to take me from behind and fuck me like a proper cat lover,” she informed him. It wasn’t a request; it was a demand.

“You expect a lot,” he complained as she rolled off his body. The complaint was weak. He already knew he’d do whatever she demanded. He was that sort of submissive, easily giving in to whoever showed a dominant personality, especially when it came to sex.

“That I do,” she agreed. “Have you fucked Professor Pitor?” she asked abruptly.

Derke froze. “Why would you ask that?”

She half shrugged. “He fucked me. I’d like to fuck him again, but he seems more interested in boys. I know he messes around with Chad. It doesn’t bother me. And because of what he’s done with me and Chad, I figured he must have had you once, at the very least. He seems to be that sort of man.”

She paused and Derke said nothing.

“Well?” she prompted him.

Only by looking away was he able to answer. “A few times. He’s the only man I’ve ever had sex with. I’m not really attracted to men,” he hastened to add, “but I feel that I can’t say no.”

“Right!” Nadia quickly agreed. “I feel the same way. I mean, I didn’t mind him fucking me, but he’s not my type. Too old, too demanding. But he only fucked me once. How many times with you?”

“Um…probably five, I think. But only because he asked. Like I said, I don’t normally do that.”

She was amused at how he was trying to show he wasn’t gay or bisexual. Frankly Nadia didn’t care but she wasn’t going to let him squirm out from under his discomfort. She hauled herself off the bed and looked around for her clothes. “I need to go meet with Prof. Pitor,” She told him as she spotted her camisole and pulled it on over her head.

“Don’t,” Derke warned her. “Don’t tell us about him.”

She gave him a gentle smile. “I might be a slut, but I’m not stupid. I know when to stay silent.”

“He’s using you,” Derke warned her. “He just likes to see how women react when they get fucked by…us. People like me.”

“People like you,” she repeated as she continued dressing. “What are people like you? Were you born this way or did Pitor do it to you?”

“What do you think,” he shot back at her. “It’s like I’m his slave and he knows it. I’m not a student to him, I’m an experiment. Worse, I’m just a lab rat, part of the experiment.”

She grinned at him, not at all put off by his distress. “I like experimental sex. I started when I was way too young, but I think I know what I’m doing now.”

“No, no you don’t!”

Nadia stepped into her shoes and leaned down to kiss Derke where he was sitting on the bed. “I appreciate your concern, but I know how to take care of myself. I have plans for my future and if I need to help out Prof. Pitor to reach those goals, then so be it.”

Derke made one last attempt, even though he knew it was futile. He shook his head and covered his eyes. “This program, get out of it. Get out of it now. Drop out of this college and go somewhere else. Anywhere else.” He half-scoffed, half-laughed, but at himself. “Save yourself because it’s far too late for me. It hasn’t changed you. Not yet, but it’s almost too late.”

She rolled her eyes and shook her head at him. “After working so hard to get into a decent college? Are you crazy? Well, obviously, yes, yes you are. I’m not dropping out of here to go home and non-matriculate at McCollege. I’m staying right where I am. And if that means I have to fuck a few freaks, I don’t mind at all.” She smiled, it was a smile of triumph, but she didn’t know that triumph was a Pyrrhic victory. “I rather enjoyed it if you want to know the truth.”

Nadia walked out of Derke’s room with great confidence. She wasn’t scared. She was looking forward to the future and everything that lay between her legs.

End Part One

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Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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