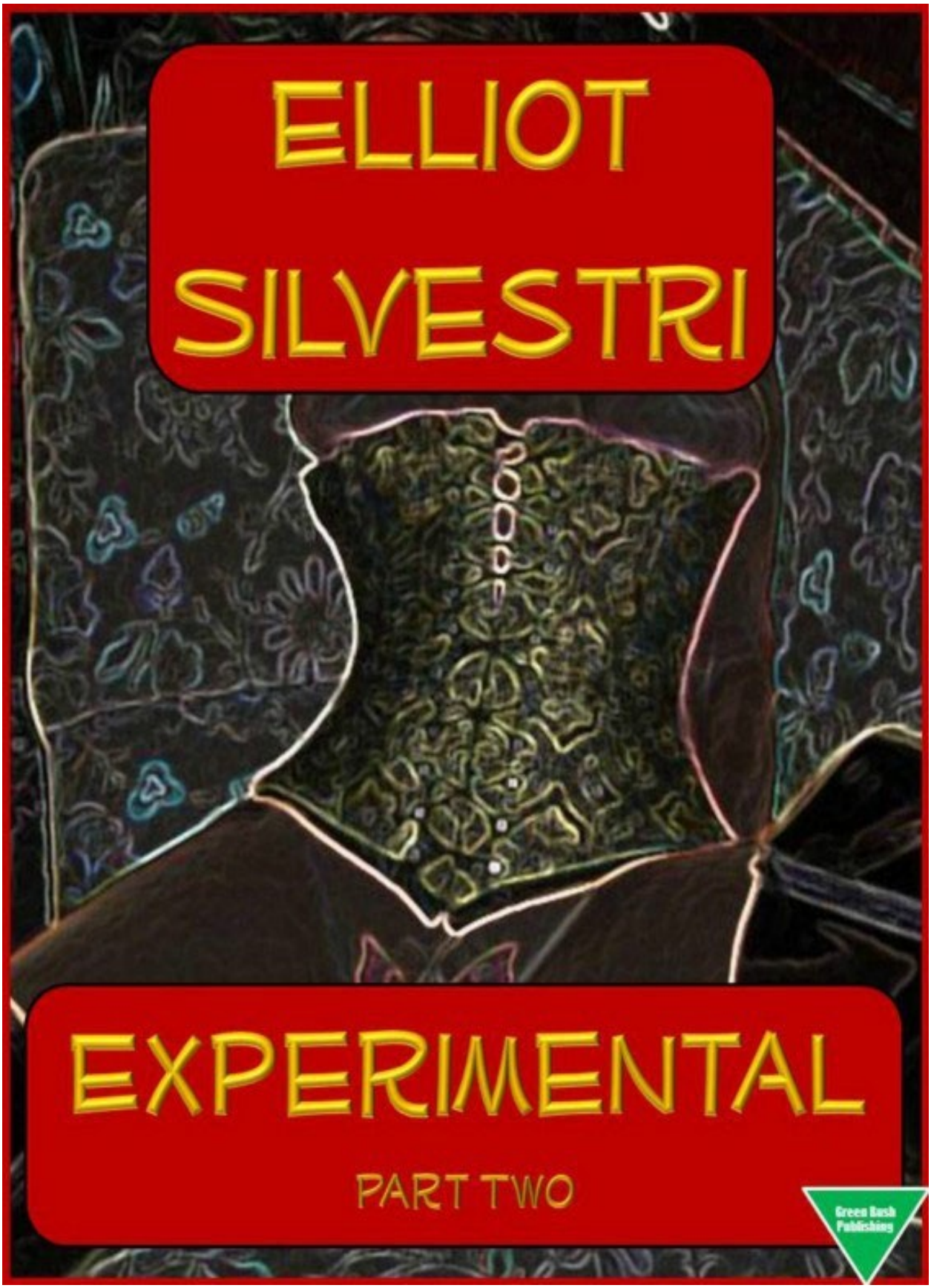
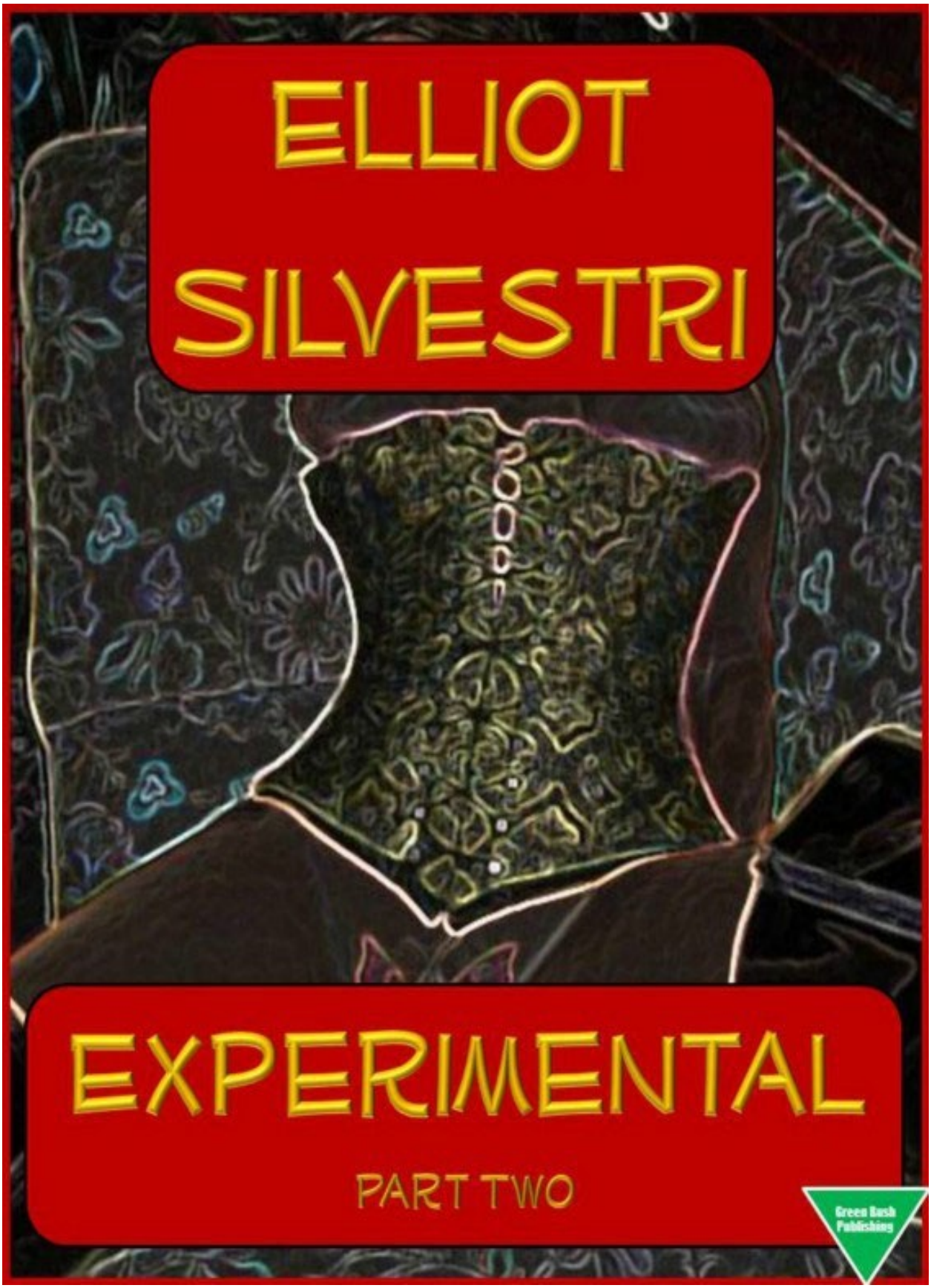

ELLIOT
SILVESTRI
EXPERIMENTAL
PART TWO
Green Bush
Publishing


ELLIOT
SILVESTRI
EXPERIMENTAL
PART TWO
Green Bush
Publishing

Experimental

Part Two

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright ©2015 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you’re the type of person to read copyright notices, why don’t you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing’s eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Part Two

Chapter Five

“You’ll need a few doses of this,” Prof. Pitor told her. They were in the basement lab and he had carefully poured her a clear liquid into a beaker measuring out exactly 500 milliliters.

“How many doses, exactly?” Nadia asked as she carefully sniffed at the fluid. She couldn’t detect any odor at all. It obviously wasn’t alcohol and Pitor didn’t need any chemical assistance in order to persuade Nadia to have sex with him or someone else. All he had to do was ask.

Pitor answered her, “About a dozen. You’ll drink them twice a day for the next week. Down the hatch, as the kids say. Or used to say. I can’t keep up with youth slang nowadays.”

Still Nadia hesitated, not drinking. “What does this do, exactly?” she asked.

“It will help you…change.”

“What if I don’t want to change?”

That elicited an explosive scoff from Prof. Pitor. “If you didn’t want to change who you are, you wouldn’t be here, would you?”

Nadia gave his words some thought. It took her some time to realize that Prof. Pitor didn’t mean a change in the way she thought or acted, but an actual physical change in herself that couldn’t be accomplished by easy physical means. “I’m not sure I want to change the way you want me to.”

“Don’t worry. You have some choice in your destiny. Drink.”

With one nod of her head Nadia agree and raised the beaker to her lips. With the first sip she tasted nothing, but then the liquid turned bitter on her tongue. She winced and had to resist spitting it out.

“Swallow,” Pitor demanded of her. “Don’t spit it out. Don’t waste a drop. It’s very difficult to create and I won’t have you wasting it.”

The sip sat on Nadia's tongue and she gagged a few times, unable to swallow and unwilling to spit it out; she wanted to please the professor. He clamped a hand over her mouth, using his forefinger and thumb to pinch close her nose, while holding her in place with the other hand behind her head. The sudden lack of air to her lungs stiffened her resolve and Nadia managed to force the liquor down her throat.

"Good," he told her and picked up the beaker where she had set it down on the lab table. A glance told her she had only swallowed, at most, a hundred milliliters. "Don't taste it," he helped her out. "Just bolt it down."

"Now you tell me."

"Experience is the best teacher."

Though the drink was awful, Nadia managed the rest in one terrible gulp, letting it bypass her tongue entirely and just pour down her throat. It didn't burn but it wasn't pleasant either. She looked at Pitor expectantly. "Well?"

"Well what?" he asked innocently.

"Where's the change?" she demanded.

"Oh, this is just the precursor for the change I'm developing in you. It'll be a while still."

She made a face. "Great. Thanks. Now what?"

Prof. Pitor started packing up the few bits of equipment he had gotten out to treat Nadia. "And now you wait. I'll see you tomorrow morning at eight sharp before you have to go to class, and then again at eight in the evening to keep the dose level in your system."

"Can I at least have some water?" she asked. He gestured to the lab sink and some of the glassware that was drying on the rack next to faucets. "So chivalrous," she commented sarcastically.

"I'm your teacher, not your boyfriend."

She ran the water and swallowed down several glassfuls. "Do you want a

blowjob before you leave," she offered.

He smiled but shook his head. "Sadly, I already have plans for tonight. But I'm not surprised at your offer. The precursor often instills lustful feelings. You might find yourself going to bed with someone you might normally not over the next few days."

Nadia laughed at him. "How would I know. I like variety."

On the walk home to her dorm Nadia found herself looking at everyone around her and evaluating them on one scale only: would she sleep with them. She wished she had kept count during her short journey because she was certain of the roughly hundred people she saw, she would have said yes to ninety of them…men and women, it made no difference to Nadia at the moment.

She briefly considered ducking into a bathroom of the union to jill off just for a little relief, but that seemed a shame. There was an urgent lust burning in her pussy and she needed to share it with someone. It was Wednesday night, so there were only a few parties going on off campus, not many but enough to give her ample opportunity to find someone to hook up with. All she needed to do was get to her room, make a quick change to clothing that was a little more party appropriate (that is, slutty), charm her way into the closest party, and pick a guy who was willing to fuck an available woman. It was simplicity itself.

So great was her need she practically ran the last bit of distance to her dorm, raced up the stairs and down the hallway to burst into her room. When the door slammed open, bouncing off the bumper set into the wall, Sarah nearly shrieked with fear. "What the fuck! What's the matter with you, Nadia?"

It took Nadia a minute to understand that Sarah was asking that Nadia was out of her mind for slamming the door open, not for being crazy with lust. "Matter? Me? Nothing? I'm fine. Well, not really fine. But I'll get over it." Her eyes were wide with lust and mental disturbance. She tossed aside her jacket and glanced at the clothing hanging in her closet. What to wear…?

"You look like you're having a psychotic break," Sarah commented. She was wearing one of her customary tank tops, her arms and shoulders bare. Nadia wished her roommate was wearing shorts to show off her legs, but the form-fitting yoga pants were almost as good. Apparently Sarah had been sitting in front of her computer working on a paper for one of her classes; Nadia had

interrupted her. The screen was covered not only with a word processing program but windows with web browsers open to various research sites and the college library website as well. Two small chat windows filled the bottom corner, hinting that Sarah was either distracted by friends or working remotely with classmates.

“No, no. I know what I’m doing,” Nadia assured her. She pulled off her sweatshirt which stripped her down to a camisole and jeans. Her fingers trailed over her clothes but paused on nothing. Though she had seen or heard nothing that should have focused her lust, Nadia felt the unmistakable sensation of wet panties. Her pussy needed attention, or so her body was telling her and she was more than willing to go along with what her body was demanding.

Without warning she whirled around to look at her roommate who had already turned back to her computer. Sarah tucked a few stray strands of hair behind her ear as she tapped away at the keyboard. “Sarah?”

“Mmm?”

“When did you know you were a lesbian?”

“What?” Sarah turned and looked at her, her face flushed, a lie ready at her lips, but then she controlled her anger and answered.

“I don’t know. That’s an awfully strange and forward question.” She meant the last comment to deflect Nadia’s interest in her personal sex life.

Abruptly Sarah switched tactics. “Who is it that you’re always constantly chatting online with? She has to have a name.”

“Cassidie.”

“Is she from your high school?”

“Yes.”

Nadia smiled. “That’s nice. So, when did you know?” she asked, going back to her original question.

Sarah shrugged self-consciously. “I don’t know. I always sort of knew, I just

didn’t tell anyone about it.”

When it sounded to Nadia that her roommate was about to go off on the difficulties of growing up queer in a straight world, she cut her short. “How many people have you had sex with?” she bluntly asked.

Anyone else might have tried to wiggle out of the question but Sarah answered boldly. “Just Cassidie.”

“So one. Huh. Want to double your number right now?”

“What?”

It then seemed like too much effort to go out hunting for some guy to sleep with when she had a willing—probably—participant already in her room. Nadia bent down and kissed the stunned Sarah on the lips. She didn’t kiss back but she didn’t pull away either. When the kiss ended she told her roommate, “I’m really horny and I need to do something about it right now. Give a girl a helping hand?” she asked, tugging on Sarah’s muscular arm to encourage her to get out of the chair and into bed.

“Umm…I don’t think that’s a good idea, Nad.” Sarah was resisting but not as hard as she could have. Nadia knew her roommate was stronger than her and easily could have stayed in her chair if she wanted, yet she was able to tug her up to her feet.

“Why not?”

“I think you’re drunk. Never a good idea to have sex if only one person is drunk.”

Nadia shook her head. “I’m not drunk. See?” She breathed heavily in Sarah’s face and then followed that with another kiss, this time slipping her tongue between Sarah’s lips. Once more Sarah didn’t resist but she put little effort into kissing back. “No alcohol.”

“What drugs did you take?” Sarah asked as Nadia manipulated her over toward the bed.

That question seemed perfectly designed to give Nadia pause. She didn’t want to

lie but she couldn't fully and truthfully answer either. Not wanting to lie, however, was different from actually lying. Actually lying Nadia could do. "Nothing dangerous," she promised. "Just a little something to get my motor running." She grinned. "Why? Don't you want to? I've seen those long, lingering looks you've given me when you think I haven't been watching. You like looking at my body." She ran her hands down her sides and immediately felt stupid for the effort; she wasn't a dancer and trying to act sexy was just pathetic and she knew it.

"A little ecstasy? MDMA? Molly? What is it called now? I never would have guessed you for the type to use that sort of drug."

Nadia emphatically shook her head. "I'm not. Professor Pitor gave me… something. He said it might make me horny."

"I went beyond might." They were at the edge of Sarah's bed now both standing incredibly close. Nadia imagined she could feel the heat of Sarah's body while Sarah was wondering what Nadia's body felt like in comparison to Cassidie. "He's been known to give students experimental substances."

"Really?" This interested Nadia. She wondered if Pitor made recreational drugs in addition to what she had seen used on Derke.

"That's what I hear."

"Wanna have sex?" Nadia asked bluntly. "I'm horny and I need to work off the energy."

"Have you ever had sex with a woman?" asked Sarah.

"Have you ever had sex with a man?" Nadia countered.

"It's rude to answer a question with a question."

"No," Nadia answered. "But I want to try it at least once."

"I've never had sex with a man," Sarah admitted.

"So I won't be breaking your perfect record," Nadia pointed out.

“This is a bad idea. There’s going to be terrible consequences.”

“We’ll just say it was a bad idea and chalk it up to the drugs,” Nadia decided as she pushed her roommate down to the bed.

When Nadia laid down on top of her more muscular friend and kissed her, this time Sarah kissed back. Nadia found that undressing a woman was a lot easier than getting a guy out of his clothes, not that the men weren’t willing to get naked, but she always felt a bit confused when trying to get her latest partner’s clothes off. For her part, Sarah was surprised at how eager and unashamed Nadia was in exploring her body. There was no hesitation or game playing; she was there for one purpose only: getting Sarah naked and enjoying her body. Once her bra was off, Nadia happily sucked and nipped at her roommate’s breasts. She didn’t stop there; Nadia kept moving down Sarah’s body and eagerly, nearly too fervently, pulled off her practical athletic-style panties. She was delighted to see Sarah trimmed her pubic hair back to a short plush and shaved the edges back to a neat triangle. This she immediately determined was because Sarah was athletic and on the volleyball team.

Moving to adapt to her partner, Sarah opened up her legs, exposing her pussy. A simple kiss right above Sarah’s pubic hairline was how Nadia started her first attempt at cunnilingus. She looked up to see that Sarah was staring at the ceiling but the dark-haired woman glanced down when she sensed Nadia’s pause. “What?” she asked. It was then she realized that Nadia was still wearing a pair of bright yellow panties that pulled fetchingly across the curve of her buttocks.

“Don’t laugh or be disappointed if I’m not very good,” Nadia said, more or less apologetically. Now that the initial rush of getting naked was over, she was having a round of second thoughts. That made her wonder if whatever the drug that Prof. Pitor gave her was wearing off. Even if it was, Nadia wasn’t going to stop now. It would be too awkward…and besides, she wanted to see what sex with a woman was like.

“I won’t know if you don’t do it,” Sarah said. She reached out and caressed the side of Nadia’s face while at the same time resisted placing her hand on top of the blonde woman’s head and pushing her face down to wear it belonged. “And I’ve only got experience with one other woman.” She made an odd face as she thought about her girlfriend whom she was cheating on because she hadn’t been home in months and wanted desperately to have sex with something besides her

own hand. “Just…” she let the order die on her lips because Nadia lowered her head and gently kissed Sarah’s swollen labia. Sarah exhaled in relief.

For her technique, Nadia just did to Sarah was she liked being done to her. This was her only point of reference, but she had had sex with a lot of men, some who were good at eating pussy and many who were not. She knew what to avoid and what was just right. For Nadia it was all about the clit and she quickly discovered that it was much the same for Sarah as well.

What had made her nervous—even through her drug-induced haze of perception—was that she would possibly be turned off by the scent, texture, or sight of Sarah’s pussy. It was one thing to admire another woman’s beauty from afar or even academically, it was another step entirely to completely immerse oneself in another woman’s sex. After her first taste of Sarah and then experiencing how the dark-haired woman responded to her mouth and tongue, Nadia was not only hooked on providing oral pleasure for her roommate, she realized that doing it was a satisfying act in and of itself.

Yes, Sarah was wet. She got very wet very quickly. Going down on another woman made Nadia wet as well and she could feel her panties soaking up her excess moisture. She wanted to slip a hand down into her panties and play with herself while at the same time putting a finger into Sarah’s pussy. For a few seconds while she licked and sucked at Sarah, Nadia resisted this temptation and she didn’t know why, but then she realized that in her past she had more than one boyfriend who didn’t like her touching herself while she went down on them. Apparently they thought that all of her attention she be focused on them while she was sucking cock, which seemed a crime because she liked touching herself.

Resolving to make a change in her life, Nadia plunged one hand into her panties while slipping a finger of the other up inside Sarah. Her lover let out and extra grunt as she was penetrated and Nadia took that as a good sign; she started playing with her clit just enough to keep her on edge.

Or actually more than that. Nadia let out a little moan while she continued to lick Sarah’s pussy.

“You like eating me out?” Sarah asked as she looked down between her legs.

Nadia kept her mouth on Sarah’s cunt while she looked up and met the other woman’s eyes. She paused in her oral ministrations. “I’m playing with myself,”

she confessed. “I’m really turned on and I want to cum.”

“Make me cum first and I’ll make sure you cum too, okay?”

With a nod she agreed and pulled her hand out of her panties to more easily focus on Sarah’s clit. She found the right speed of plunging her finger in and out of Sarah’s opening while flicking her clit with her tongue. The athletic woman writhed about and seemed to want to escape from Nadia’s fingers and tongue, but Nadia knew that wasn’t the case. It was just an example of just the right amount of stimulation up to the moment of crisis.

It happened too abruptly for Nadia to truly enjoy. Sarah called out and then grabbed the back of Nadia’s head, tangling her fingers in the blond hair, holding Nadia’s mouth and tongue where it was perfect. When she came she trembled a bit and then clamped her thighs tightly to Nadia’s head, squishing her ears. It wasn’t exactly painful, but it was a surprise.

“Sorry,” Sarah apologized when it was over. She was panting heavily as if she had just run a mile in a minute, and tried to get her voice back. “I do that when I cum. Cassidie learned to tell when I was about to cum and pulled back before I crushed her head.”

The both smiled wanly at each other, both uncomfortable with the mention of Sarah’s girlfriend.

“It’s okay,” said Nadia. “It didn’t really hurt and it was…interesting.” She sat up, knees together and arched her back a bit to show off her tits—Did lesbians like looking at each other’s tits?—and smiled at her roommate. “Is it my turn now?”

Instead of being exhausted and sated by Nadia’s attentions, Sarah was energized and possibly hornier than before Nadia had touched her. “Of course it is.” She grabbed Nadia, pulled her down to her face for a quick kiss, tasted her own pussy on Nadia’s lips, and rolled the two of them over so she was now on top of the blonde. She continued kissing Nadia’s lips, but then traveled down her neck to her shoulders and eventually down to the smaller woman’s breasts. Nadia shivered and inhaled sharply when Sarah latched onto her already puckered nipple. It was like an electric shock ran down from her breast to her pussy, along with a little gush of girlcum that Nadia couldn’t hold back. It wasn’t an orgasm, or at least a full one, but Nadia was enjoying every bit of Sarah’s attention.

She arched her hips upward when Sarah's fingers stroked lightly over her panty-covered pussy. That caused Sarah to pull back a bit with a laugh on her lips. "Eager, are you?"

"Uh-huh," Nadia replied, bringing her hips up again, trying to put friction on her sex with Sarah's fingers which were just out of reach. She knew she must look obscene with her pelvis in the air, but she didn't care. She just wanted some sexual stimulation.

"I can help you with that," she said as she lowered her mouth to Nadia's eager nipple while slipping her hand into the blonde's panties. Nadia groaned in the back of her throat as Sarah slipped her fingers over her clit and down into her pussy. Sarah wasn't the least bit hesitant or shy and Nadia appreciated that. She also knew exactly what she was doing. Her time with Cassidie had apparently been well-spent. But Nadia found Sarah's restricted movements due to the yellow panties a distraction. She wiggled her hips and hooked her thumbs into the elastic waistband. It was worth the moment's interruption to kick up her legs and remove her last garment. "Oh, that's better," she said as Sarah sank her fingers back into her cunt. Nadia spread her legs wide and bent her knees to the ceiling just the way she liked so she was wide open. In the matter of a few seconds she found herself quickly ascending to orgasm.

"Faster," she urged Sarah on. When the men she had been with had touched her, she needed a firm, fast touch and it was proving much the same with Sarah. Her lesbian roommate had shifted her technique slightly as Nadia became more aroused. Sarah was now using her middle and ring finger to plunge into her pussy, hard and fast, while her index and pinky impacted on Nadia's lips, practically slapping them, making her leak girlcum even though she hadn't actually peaked yet.

When it happened just a few seconds later, it happened even though Nadia was resisting such a quick and sudden orgasm. It took control of her body: her legs shook uncontrollably, she gasped for air, actual girlcum soaked Sarah's hand and bed sheets, she twisted her hips around in an effort to do something, anything, to increase the intensity of the moment.

"Oh fuck that was good, oh fuck that was good," Nadia found herself repeating over and over. When she opened her eyes to look at Sarah, the dark-haired woman was licking her fingers, drinking what Nadia had expelled from her

pussy. “Thank you.” She kissed her roommate and tasted herself on Sarah’s lips. “But you didn’t go down on me.”

Sarah smiled sadly. “No, I didn’t. Would you like me to?”

“Hell yes.” She eagerly encouraged Sarah to move her face down between her legs.

While she didn’t resist, Sarah didn’t go down on Nadia eagerly. Nadia didn’t notice her reluctance. She closed her eyes and groaned when Sarah’s tongue rasped across her clit and then delved lower, briefly penetrating up her pussy, before pulling back and focusing all her attention on the little pleasure nub. Because Nadia had barely come down from her climax, it was extremely easy for Sarah to push the blonde back up to her peak, giving her another small orgasm. Sarah actually laughed at her partner. “You’re so easy to make cum. Watch this.”

Settling down between her legs, Sarah used the fingers of one hand to spread open Nadia’s lips and used her other hand to squeeze the blonde’s clit between index and middle finger. She then didn’t so much rub Nadia’s clit, but merely manipulated it in circles, making her writhe and moan, aching for release. After just a minute that release came as Nadia climaxed once more. “I was right,” Sarah said, a semi-triumphant grin on her face. “You are easy to make cum. I bet I could do this to you all night and you’d never get tired of it. Am I right?”

Nadia vigorously shook her head up and down confirming her roommate was correct. “Don’t stop,” she begged. “Make me cum again.”

“Maybe I will…”

Chapter Six

Nadia was better prepared for her second dose from Prof. Pitor. She had planned ahead, knowing the effect of the precursor would have on her body. He was waiting in the lab when she walked in. “Just give me the dose, I’ve got plans and I’ve got to get to class on time as well.”

Pitor was standing at the heavy stone topped table with the beaker at the ready. “Really? I was going to warn you to take the day off. You might find it difficult to concentrate in class due to the physical effects.”

“I know what I’m doing,” Nadia insisted and took the beaker from in front of him. She downed the contents in one long pull, looked at him and smiled, before putting the glassware back on the table. “Delicious,” she told him.

“You didn’t experience any elevated libido levels last night?”

“Oh, I got horny, all right. But I took care of it. I’ll see you in class later.” She walked out of the lab, ascended from the basement and pulled out her cell phone, desperately waiting for a signal, and called Gerry the instant the indicator lit up. “You ready for me?” she asked without bothering to make small talk.

From the way he sounded, apparently her call had awoken Gerry. “I thought you were kidding last night when you called.” His words were mumbled but she could understand him well enough.

“I’ve got an hour before class. I want you naked and hard when I knock on the door.” She disconnected the call and marched toward Gerry’s dorm. Already the precursor was starting to heat her pussy, making it wet and ready. Of all the guys she had slept with at college Gerry was probably the best in bed. Choosing him was easy, as easy as getting back in bed with him.

When she knocked on his door, Gerry wasn’t naked, he was wearing a robe. Frowning, she reached out for him and opened up the bathrobe to reveal a chest and abdomen that was hairy for someone in college, but that didn’t bother Nadia. What did disappoint her was the flaccid state of his penis. “I said you had to be

hard when I got here," she told him.

Her harsh words alone started to make him rise. "I wasn't sure if you were kidding or not about this."

"Of course I was serious." After closing the door she went down on her knees in front of him and took his rising cock into her hand. A little kiss brought him up to almost a full erection. "Maybe I won't need to blow you."

"I wouldn't mind a blowjob," said Gerry.

"I'm not here for what you'd like. I only have a little time and you need to take the edge off," she informed him as she stood up and started stripping off her clothes without fanfare. It was nearly like she was undressing to take a shower or just to change her clothes. It wasn't a performance for him at all.

"Take the edge off?" he asked. "Is that something new and kinky? Because if it is, it's something I haven't heard of before and I'm always willing to try something new." He grinned at her and glanced down at his cock, now at full staff. Not wanting to risk a problem he took the hard piece of flesh in hand and slowly stroked it.

Nadia just rolled her eyes at the guy she had picked out to fuck her. Gerry was a wonderful cocksman and a nice enough guy, but he thought a little too much of himself. But even so, Nadia was willing to put up with a conceited egomaniac for a few minutes if he could make her cum and get her through the day. "No. I'm just horny and I need to concentrate on my classes today. Make me cum a couple of times and I'll make it worth your while." And just like that she was naked with her hands on his shoulders, gently pressing down. Gerry didn't need to be told verbally what she was looking for. He went down to his knees and pressed his face to her cunt. Cunnilingus, Gerry had often said, was an art form every man should not only appreciate but fully embrace with the goal of becoming a master craftsman. Because he was so conceited, Gerry already considered himself to be an expert in this particular field, having created more orgasms for too many women for him to count. At least that's what he told friends and lovers…and everyone who would listen to him.

Truth be told, Gerry was quite good at eating pussy, but Nadia would never tell him that. She sighed in appreciation as his tongue sought out her clit hidden in her moist folds. This only lasted a minute at most before he pulled back with her

juices all over his lower face. “You’re already soaking wet. You came here horny.”

“I already told you that, dipshit,” she said with another roll of her eyes. “Get on the bed. I want to ride you and I don’t want to mess up my hair and make it look like I’ve been fucking you.”

“You know how to make a guy feel wanted,” he jokingly complained as he practically jumped across the room to the bed and got on his back.

“Lose the fucking attitude or you’ll just get to see me jill off and leave.” Nadia only half meant her threat because she followed him to the bed just as eagerly as he went to it. It only took them a second to align their bodies and she was sliding down his length. That was something else that infuriated and excited Nadia about Gerry. He was good in bed and he had a perfect cock, not too big not too small, just the right size, just the right angle to hit her good spots, and just the right firmness when she needed to be fucked hard. She rode him hard the moment she mounted his cock and allowed him to slam his cock up into her. To both their surprise she came easily and quickly, crying out with a passion that inflamed Gerry’s desire.

“You look fucking beautiful when you cum,” he told her sitting up and kissing her breasts. She pushed him back down to the bed.

“I’m not here for fucking you!” she insisted as she slammed her hips up and down on him. Their flesh smacked together in a virtually violent fashion. “I’m here for fucking me!”

Being an English major made Gerry a bit of an asshole when it came to precision of language, yet he was smart enough to know not to ask if she was using fucking in these instances as a verb or an adjective. He decided it was an adjective. He wasn’t stupid, just arrogant.

When she came a second time, Gerry gave in to the moment, grabbed Nadia’s hips and thrusted upward a few times before he was able to cum himself. His orgasm had barely passed when Nadia decided they were done and climbed off him.

“Do you have a towel or something I can clean up with?” she asked him, looking around the room. Gerry indicated a towel hanging over his desk chair still

slightly damp from a shower earlier in the morning. She grabbed it and wiped between her legs, cleaning herself the best she could, removing as much of Gerry's cum so it wouldn't pool in her panties and distract her in class. "You might want to wash this before using it," she said tossing it aside.

"Or not," he said grabbing it from the bottom of the bed and sniffing at it. Notes of her scent clung to the fabric.

"Don't be disgusting," Nadia told him. "My clothes," she said to herself and spied her panties on top of the rest of her clothes that she had simply dropped to the floor while undressing five minutes earlier.

"Nadia," he said as she started to get dressed. "Don't take this the wrong way, but you've got a reputation on campus. A slutty one. Not that I mind, I just want you to know what's being said about you."

"I don't care what other people say about me."

"Maybe you should, just a little," he suggested.

"You have the male slut reputation already."

"I know. And there are times when I don't really like it," he sighed.

"Bullshit." She pulled on her shirt and started to put on her sneakers, tying them as quickly as possible.

"You literally called me for a quick fuck. There's something going on with you that's not good," Gerry insisted. "I like a quick NSA fuck as much as the next guy, but I haven't heard from you since fall semester and now this?"

"Don't worry about me. I know what I'm doing." She adjusted her jacket and put her hand to the doorknob. "Thanks for the fuck." With that she was out the door and gone.

Gerry groaned and rolled back to his side. He hoped his girlfriend wouldn't find out about this encounter.

The day actually went well for Nadia. She was certain her libido level was higher than normal, but it turned out not to be much of a distraction. Flirting

with other students was a good way to pass the time between classes and it did nothing to alter her mental state. Oddly, the precursor seemed to have helped her focus on the work immediately before her. No one in her dorm said a word as she headed to Prof. Pitor's lab when it was already past seven o'clock and most academic activity had ceased for the night.

"I'll have to do this for the next week?" she asked as she walked in where he was waiting.

"Or so," Pitor corrected. "It depends on how well you process the precursor."

"Process it?" she asked with the beaker already halfway to her lips. The professor produced a hypodermic needle and gestured to the kit he had laid out on the table in front of him. In her eagerness to get another little burst of lust she hadn't even noticed the new addition to the work area. "You don't expect me to let you inject me with some drug, do you?" she asked her courage suddenly failing her.

"Of course not. I'm just going to take a blood sample. It's been twenty four hours. I need to check your levels."

"Okay," she said hesitantly and quickly down the elixir. It might have been her imagination but it was starting to taste better. Maybe it was like alcohol, you needed to get used to the flavor before fully appreciating what it did for you.

"Roll up your sleeve."

She did as she was told and, after swabbing her skin with an alcohol wipe, he carefully inserted the needle into a vein. The amount of blood he drew was small, but Nadia still had to look away during the process. It was enlightening learning the many talents her professor had. "You might want to keep a short account of what you are feeling over the next few days. It'll help me determine when you are ready."

"Ready for what?"

He smiled. "You'll know when it's the right time.

A minute later she was wearing a sparkling Band-Aid and marching back to her dorm. The feeling of lust returned during her walk across campus but she found

that she was more than capable of controlling herself. There was no need to curtly grab a passerby and kiss them passionately…well, she admitted to herself, there was a need, but she was able to control that need. She had a plan and was ready to put it into place in just a few minutes.

Much to Nadia's disappointment Sarah was nowhere to be found when she burst into their shared room. "Fucking hell," she cursed. There was little she could do about it. Where was Sarah? She hadn't mentioned anything about late-night study groups or anything else. It was unlikely she was out at a party; Sarah wasn't that sort of girl. She was the sort of girl that Nadia needed in there room when she was horny and needed to fuck.

Violating one of the cardinal rules of roommate respect, Nadia went into the bottom drawer of Sarah's dresser and rooted around for a minute until she found the vibrator. It was small and slim and silver. This was the first time that Nadia had actually laid eyes on the object but she knew that it existed because Sarah had insinuated more than once she had it and where it was hidden ("I'm sure if you gave it some thought you'd get to the bottom of the issue."). She had also said she only used it when she was missing Cassidie. Maybe in the fall semester Nadia would have been creeped out knowing that when she was at class Sarah might have been in their room, alone, and using the toy. Now she didn't care.

Kicking off her shoes, socks, leggings, and finally ripping down her panties, Nadia collapsed into her bed, twisted the base of the vibrator to start it. She had no hesitation applying it to her pussy. The thought that the last thing it had touched was Sarah's pussy was only a turn-on, not a deterrent. Never having used a vibe before, she was unsure of what to do. It took only a few seconds to figure out how she liked it against her clit and then when she pushed it inside her pussy she couldn't decide which way was better.

As much as she played with herself Nadia couldn't seem to find the right way to use her hand or the vibrator to push her over the edge and into the nirvana of orgasm. In the back of her mind she realized that maybe she was holding herself back or perhaps she felt guilt over stealing the vibe from her roommate, but instead of giving her relief, the vibe was only giving her frustration.

It was this scene of lust and frustration that Sarah walked in on and Nadia didn't panic or react hardly at all when her roommate saw Nadia playing with her vibrator, possibly the most personal possession she own. Sarah frowned, stepped

inside, and closed the door behind her.

Instead of asking if Sarah was upset, Nadia only thought of herself. “Thank the gods you’re back. I’m on the edge and can’t get over. Lend me a hand?” Nadia smiled winningly, extracted the vibe from her pussy, twisted it off, tossed it aside, and held out her hands to her roommate and one-time lover.

“Are you actually asking me that?” Sarah said as she put down her book bag and sat down on her bed.

“Yes. I’m really horny and I need help.”

“After stealing my vibrator.” Sarah was half-angry at the theft and half-embarrassed for herself, but couldn’t say why.

“Yes.”

“I don’t know what to say.” Sarah’s expression was all but blank.

“Say yes. I need someone else’s touch right now.”

Her first instinct was the rage at Nadia and say no, but Sarah collected herself. “Do you realize what an incredible violation of my privacy this is?” She indicated the vibrator with her eyes.

“Well, yes, but I think we can work through that.” Nadia still wasn’t thinking clearly.

Sarah inhaled deeply and prepared herself to tell Nadia everything was going to change, but then she didn’t. There was something heavy, almost electric but more substantial, in the air. Instead she said, “I’m going to regret this.” Then she stood up and started to undress.

Nadia warmly greeted her roommate into her bed. Any minor infraction over the use of her vibrator was forgotten as the two women kissed and pressed their skin together. A shiver ran over Nadia’s body as she realized how wonderful it felt to have another woman’s body touching hers. Sarah had left on her bra and panties which prevented Nadia from having easy access to her, but that was fine because Nadia still had on her shirt, not having bothered to remove it while she was masturbating with Sarah’s vibe. Somewhat to Nadia’s surprise, Sarah was the

aggressor tonight, pulling off Nadia's shirt and camisole, kissing her fiercely and controlling the situation. Sarah eagerly kissed her way down Nadia's body, opened up her legs and delved into her pussy. All Nadia had to do was lie back and take it. If Sarah had any reluctance about sleeping with another woman while still having Cassidie as her long-distance girlfriend, it didn't show. Sarah became an enthusiastic lover quickly bringing Nadia to orgasm several times in a row without giving Nadia a moment's respite.

"Stop stop stop!" Nadia insisted at some point. Her head was swimming and her sex had become too sensitive even for Sarah's soft tongue.

"What's the matter?" Sarah kissed the inside of her blonde lover's thigh which was wet with sweat. She laughed lightly when Nadia trembled at the light touch.

"I need a break. You made me cum too much."

"Too much? There's no such thing."

"You're going to burn me out," Nadia pretended to complain.

"That's something you do that Cassidie doesn't," Sarah said pensively.

"What's that?" Nadia was uncomfortable discussing Sarah's girlfriend. While she had a physical need to have sex with someone, anyone, while under Prof. Pitor's precursor, she didn't like to feel that she was coming between two women who were in love.

"She has a hard time cumming. You don't. I like that."

"Glad I have something you appreciate." Orgasms were something that had always come, literally, easy to Nadia. She learned to masturbate when she was young and was delighted when she happened across that little burst of cosmic power that so many women found elusive. In private moments she felt bad for those women who had trouble orgasming, but then reminded herself that wasn't her problem. She had other problems to worry about.

"Let me help you out now," she said and pushed Sarah up so it was easier to remove her bra. As always it was one of an athletic design, something to keep the busty lesbian's breasts under control. For someone who was so athletic, she was extraordinarily well-endowed. For the first few days that Nadia knew her

roommate, she wondered why Sarah didn't wear something a little more feminine, a little sexier, but then when Sarah came out to her, everything made sense. Nadia wondered what it would be like having sex with a woman who was much more feminine. While Sarah certainly wasn't butch or ambiguous, she certainly wasn't a soft flower either and that made it easier for Nadia to reconcile her sexuality with what she was doing. In the end it didn't matter; Nadia had physical, sexual needs and would use anyone available to meet those needs.

Once her tits were free, Nadia gave them so kisses and nibbles before forcing Sarah onto her back where it was easier to pull off her practical—and yet oddly attractive—panties. "I love the way your pussy looks," Nadia said aloud before moving in to kiss and lick it. If she had looked up at that particular moment she would have seen Sarah flush red not with excitement or lust, but embarrassment. Sarah had never received a lot of compliments in her life over her body or face. Cassidie professed to find her body the most beautiful in the world, but to her those words sounded like those of a woman blinded by love. They were certainly sincere, but hardly accurate. It was Nadia's words that sounded true and unforced because their time together was just a fling and Nadia wouldn't lie to her roommate just to get sex—Nadia was beautiful and sexy enough to bed anyone she wanted—which made Sarah feel terrible because Cassidie loved her while her time with Nadia was just lust.

It was easy enough to push those thoughts aside as Nadia went down on her at ate her pussy with enthusiasm. It might have been her imagination, but she was certain that she felt a strong tingling sensation right as she started to crest the mountain to orgasm. She didn't exactly explode all over Nadia's face, but it was the best orgasm she had had since last sleeping with Cassidie, another thought that made her feel terrible until Nadia crawled up her body and softly kissed her on the lips to say, "Thank you. You're the best roommate ever."

That made Sarah giggle. "I think we're more than just roommates."

"I know, but I'm not stealing you away from Cassidie, I'm just using you for sex."

Sarah frowned. "You know how to make a girl feel loved."

"I'm sorry, but I have to be truthful with you. I like having sex with you, though, to be honest, I like having sex with most people. I don't think I'd actually have a

long-term romantic relationship with a woman. I prefer men. I think."

That made Sarah actually burst out with laughter. "Long term relationship?" she questioned. "The longest relationship I think I've ever seen you have is maybe a week, and that was with a guy you knew was fucking another woman, and you were fucking another guy during that time as well!"

"True." To hear the words made Nadia a little bit embarrassed. "But that depends on how you define relationship. And long term. And I fucked Gerry this morning so that's got to count for something, right?"

Sarah just shook her head. "You're amazing sometimes."

"Thank you."

Chapter Seven

Rarely did Nadia wake up with someone in her bed. Usually she just fucked and left, or kicked the other person out. Her life was easier that way. She was momentarily confused when she woke up next to Sarah. The bigger woman was lying on her back and lightly snoring. Nadia had thrown her leg and arm over Sarah's body as she cuddled up to her dark-haired roommate for warmth…and possible affection as well. Even though it was strange to have someone in her bed, it was still nice to have Sarah's warm, naked skin under her fingertips as she shook off sleep. Briefly Nadia considered waking Sarah with sex but then her gaze fell on the clock.

"Shit!" She sat bolt upright and nearly fell out of bed. It took her a moment to get untangled from the sheets and blanket before she found her feet and started tossing on clothing at what seemed like random.

"What's the matter?" Sarah asked. Her words were mumbled and her hair hung in a jumble across her face. She was not a morning person and hated it when Nadia woke her before she was done with her natural sleep cycle.

"I've got fifteen minutes to get to Pitor's lab for my daily treatment."

"Treatment?" Sarah didn't understand, mostly because her brain wasn't working yet.

"Never mind. I've got to go." She sat down on the floor to put her sneakers on. She'd run across campus if she had to. A pair of feet his the floor next to her and she looked up to see Sarah stumbling across the room to her dresser. Several thought ran through her head when Sarah bent down to open up a dresser drawer. First she thought that Sarah was hiding away her vibe. Second, a woman's body was beautiful from just about every angle and Sarah's fit, athletic body especially so. Third, from behind and at this angle, Sarah's pussy pouted out between her legs. Her fourth thought was to keep her eyes carefully focused so she didn't get a close look at Sarah's anus; there was nothing sexy about that. Fifth and finally, she had never seen Sarah move so quickly and with such determination so early in the morning.

“Wait a second,” Sarah mumbled. “You can’t go yet.”

A glance at the clock told her time was steadily moving forward. “Why not?”

“I need to give you this.” She held up a scrap of woven fabric. It took Nadia a moment to recognize it as one of the cloth bracelets her roommate customarily wore. They were all about a half inch wide, made of some type of thread that was woven together like a summer camp project, and tied around the wrist with the long strings on either end. Sarah changed hers every week or so. They were multi-colored with random patterns in the weave and apparently she either bought them in bulk or had them given to her because she never saw Sarah actually making them.

“A bracelet? Now?” She looked at the clock again.

“Let me just tie it on your wrist,” Sarah insisted. She was still naked and firmly grasped Nadia’s wrist, tucking it between her ribs and upper arm while she steadied Nadia’s arm to tie the bracelet in place.

“What’s this for?” Nadia asked nervously. “It’s not some lesbian gift giving ritual because I haven’t gotten anything for you.” She grinned at her wiseass comment.

“No, it’s a protective charm bracelet. My mother makes them.”

“Where are the charms?” Nadia asked. There was nothing hanging from the bracelet.

“The bracelet is the charm,” Sarah patiently explained. “My mother makes them for me. She made me promise to wear one all the time while I’m at school because she wants to keep me safe.”

“Keep you safe?”

Sarah looked up nervously and rolled her eyes. “Mom’s a witch.”

Nadia furrowed her eyebrows. “If she’s such a terrible person, why do you wear them?”

“No! Not that type of witch, not a bitch. A witch. She’s a witch, worships nature

and does craftwork and stuff like that."

"Oh." This was a side of Sarah she could never have imagined. "An actual witch. And she charms the bracelets?"

"You've got it now." Sarah finished tying the elaborate knot to keep the cloth bracelet in place. "And apparently they work because I haven't gotten in trouble yet since I've been at college." She smiled and gave Nadia a quick kiss on the lips.

"So why are you giving it to me? Aren't they for you?"

"They work for anyone. And I want to keep you safe." She looked away, unable to meet Nadia's eyes. "I might not be in love with you, but I care for you and I don't want you to get hurt especially since you're doing things I think are incredibly dangerous."

Nadia couldn't bring herself to make a wiseass comment after hearing Sarah's sincerity. "Thank you," she said, and got off the floor, grabbed her jacket and left. She only hoped that Sarah wasn't in bed crying.

She made it to the lab just on time, though Prof. Pitor was impatiently awaiting her arrival. "You're blood work came back fine," he told her as he decanted another five hundred milliliters into a beaker from a much larger flask. "All the hormone and enzyme levels that I'm monitoring are rising in exactly the way I wanted."

"Good to know professor." She downed the precursor in one long gulp. It was, essentially, her morning coffee and breakfast. "A question, though. You know this stuff makes me horny and yet you've never asked me to have sex with you. Why not, professor?"

He smiled gently at her. "It's unprofessional for a teacher to have sex with a student."

She glared at him. "That's hardly an answer. You've stuck a needle in me. I'd like you to stick your cock in me. Again. Or did you forget about that time you already fucked me.?

Pitor shook his head. "I haven't forgotten. But I have no time for that right now.

Clear your schedule for tonight after your dose. I'll have extra time then."

She winked at him. "I'll make sure to get all my homework done early," she promised.

Nadia had a lighter schedule this morning which gave her extra time to get to her first class. She headed directly to Gerry's room. When she knocked on the door she found she was eager and happy to get fucked by him again, it was something fun to do with her spare time. Even if she hadn't called ahead of time she knew that Gerry was always up for a quick fuck. The moment after the door opened her heart fell. It wasn't Gerry. It was his roommate whose name escaped her at the moment.

"Oh. Where's Gerry?" she asked.

"Morning, Nadia," the roommate said. He hadn't just rolled out of bed, but it was obvious he wasn't ready for the day yet because he hadn't shaved and had barely combed his auburn hair. His jeans and college logo t-shirt were clean, however. "He has an early morning class on Fridays."

"You're fucking kidding me."

He shook his head. "Obviously not."

"Fuck. Fucking hell. Fuck fuck fuck."

Now he leaned against the doorjamb. "Something the matter?"

"He and I had a…uh, a date." Nadia realized how stupid the words sounded the moment she spoke them.

Roomie raised his eyebrows. "Really?" He glanced at his watch. "It's not even eight thirty. In the morning. Ante meridian. When most of the college is still asleep?"

"I get it, Mark," she snapped at him.

"Mike," he corrected her.

"Mike. Whatever." She angrily kicked the wall next to the door, but not too hard

because Nadia didn't feel like breaking her foot in such a stupid gesture. She was horny, not angry. "I should have called him."

"Well, that is why they call it a booty call. At least the cool kids do. I don't."

"Okay, yeah, so it was. Was."

Mike shrugged. "Sorry about that."

With a resigned bob of her head, Nadia was about to dismiss the moment, but her body was still in physical need for attention. "No reason to be sorry. Want to make it a booty call anyway?"

Mike blinked. "What?"

She glared at him like he was an idiot. "I'm horny. Want to fuck?"

A barking laugh emitted from Mike's mouth. "Yeah. Right. Thanks."

She leveled her gaze. "I'm serious."

Still laughing, Mike gestured magnanimously inside his room. "Well then, come on inside and take off your clothes. I like my dick sucked a little as foreplay. I'm not big into eating pussy."

"That's fine," Nadia agreed as she strolled in, dropped her jacket and pulled her shirt and camisole over her head in one smooth movement.

"Holy shit, you're serious," Mike goggled at her.

"Uh-huh," said Nadia absently as she stepped on her sneakers to get them off, then unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them off leaving her in only a pair of small flowered panties. She looked expectantly at him. "It's easier if you take off your clothes. Or do you just want to bend me over the desk and fuck me that way?"

"Hell no," Mike said as he scrambled out of his clothes. Nadia lay down on his bed, glanced across the room at Gerry's bed where she had fucked him the day before, and was joined a second later by an eager and erect Mike.

"You don't look like you need your dick sucked."

“I wouldn’t mind it either,” Mike suggested to her.

Happy to accommodate her temporary partner, Nadia sat up and twisted her body around just enough to put his cock in her mouth. She willingly sucked him for a minute, tasting his precum while making sure he was hard and well-lubricated, before falling back to the bed. “Just fuck me,” she begged, a little ashamed of her need and her willingness to fuck a near-stranger. “I need it.”

“Can do,” Mike replied as he reached for the box of condoms Gerry kept in the storage bin between their beds.

“You won’t need that. I’m safe.”

Mike was skeptical. “You sure?”

“I’m a slut,” she informed him. “Of course I’m sure.” She grabbed his cock and pulled him toward her. There were a few moments while they awkwardly aligned their bodies, but the more experienced Nadia quickly got them settled and Mike pushed into her body. “Oh, that’s nice,” she murmured. “It’s been too long.”

“It has?” Mike grunted. Every time he had sex with a new partner for the first time he always came too quickly to please either himself or her. “How long?”

Nadia paused a second before she answered. Mike thought it was because he started pumping his cock in and out, but in actuality she was a bit embarrassed at the truthful answer. She could have lied, but she didn’t see the need. “Umm… yesterday morning with a guy and last night with a girl.”

Mike stopped moving. “What? You fucked a girl last night?” He couldn’t move one inch inside her otherwise he knew he would cum.

“Uh-huh. Don’t worry though, it was just sex, I’m not a lesbian or in a relationship with her.”

“Okay.” Mike’s head was spinning. He was well-aware of Nadia’s reputation from what Gerry had told him, but he wasn’t aware of how much of a slut she was. A second thought occurred to him. “And it was Gerry who fucked you yesterday morning?” He wasn’t sure how he felt about sharing a woman with his roommate, but there wasn’t much to do about it at the moment unless he wanted

to pull out and whack off on his own.

“Well, actually, I was the one who fucked him. I took him by surprise. Now shut up and fuck me or roll over so I can do the work.”

As much as Mike would have enjoyed watching Nadia move atop him, he knew he wasn’t going to last long enough for that to happen. Instead he just started fucking her with hard as he could, slamming his cock and body against her until he came a minute later. Nadia enjoyed the treatment and the splash of hot cum inside her quim, but she didn’t orgasm, that was a great disappointment.

“Too soon,” she complained and pushed Mike off.

“I’m sorry,” he panted. “I just wasn’t expecting to have sex this morning with a beautiful woman.”

“Flattery won’t get you anywhere,” she informed him. “But thanks for the compliment.”

“Give me a minute,” he begged. “I’ll get hard again and I promise I’ll make you cum. Do you want me to go down on you?” He was willing to do anything she needed for a second chance at her pussy.

Nadia shook her head. She rather liked the feeling of a man’s cum inside her. “No. That’s not necessary. But how will you get hard?” she asked as she reached out and played with his soft cock, still sticky from his cum and her juices.

“Just give me a minute!”

“If I suck you, will you get harder faster than a minute?” She didn’t wait for an answer and just lowered her mouth to his cock. He tasted of cum, both his and hers. Somewhat to her amazement he started getting hard again right away. That surprised her, but it delighted her as well. Giving second chances seemed to be the right way to deal with other people. In a minute he was hard again and ready to go. “I’m on top this time,” she told him.

“Okay,” Mike quickly agreed. He would have said or done anything for a second fuck with Nadia.

The blonde woman straddled his narrow hips and inserted his hard cock into her

wet and slick pussy. On top of his body she felt much more in charge. Mike's hands went right to her tits and started rolling her nipples. Between his cock in her pussy and the additional stimulation to her small, pink nipples, Nadia found herself cumming only a minute later. Her body shook and she squeezed her thighs tightly to Mike's body. He didn't mind at all; the more she squeezed with her thighs the more he squeezed her nipples with his fingers. It was an intense feedback they both appreciated.

"Keep that up," she told him as her orgasm passed and she started rolling her hips back and forth again.

"My dick's still hard."

"Not that!" She wanted to roll her eyes. "Keep playing with my tits. It feels really good."

"Okay." He didn't want to pinch her too hard and cause pain, but she seemed to shudder and moan the most when he applied what he thought was too much pressure. It was a difficult balancing act and was just enough to distract him from cumming too quickly a second time. On the other hand, apparently what he was doing was just right enough to give Nadia a second orgasm without much effort on his part. "Don't stop," she ordered him as she started bucking her hips faster and faster. Judging that he had done a good job on the second round, Mike decided to let himself go. A minute later he came a second time, thrusting his hips up into her and shooting his load as deeply into her pussy as possible. Nadia crumpled onto his body, her limbs trembling with the exertion of their love making.

"I can't stay," she told him as she separated their bodies, half sliding and half falling off the bed. "I've got things to do today."

"Huh? Okay, if that's what you have to do." Mike wasn't deceiving himself. He knew at best this was a one-time event. There was no chance of him ever getting inside Nadia's pussy ever again.

"No towel," she muttered as she looked around. With a shrug she grabbed what she thought was a dirty t-shirt off the floor and wiped away the remains of Mike's cum from her cunt.

"Um, that was the shirt I was wearing," Mike half-complained as Nadia started

throwing on her clothes.

“Sorry,” she apologized but the words were hardly sincere. “You can wash it.”

“Yeah, yeah, I have other shirts.” He watched her finish dressing, a disappointment rising in him with each inch of skin that was covered up.

“Thanks for the fuck,” she told him as she stepped into her sneakers. “I won’t say anything to Gerry, not that I have a relationship with him or anything. I’ll let you deal with that mess.” She grinned at him.

“He’s got a girlfriend.”

“I know.”

“He shouldn’t fuck you if he’s got a girlfriend.”

“Isn’t that his choice to make?” she asked as she opened up the door and left. Mike heaved himself out of bed, exhausted. He was sweaty from their exertions and knew he needed a second shower but first he picked up his t-shirt Nadia had used to wipe herself with. It took him a minute but he found a plastic shopping back and carefully placed the shirt inside the bag. He didn’t wad it up, he flattened the shirt and bag and slipped it on top of a box under his bed while resolving never to wash it until he could fuck Nadia again.

Nadia didn’t get more than fifty yards from Gerry and Mike’s dorm when she rounded the corner and practically walked right into William. “Oh! Hey! How are you?”

William’s eyes practically bugged out of his head. He literally hadn’t seen Nadia since their one date where she wound up in his bed giving him a blowjob and a quick fuck before leaving as if he wasn’t worth her time.

“Nadia,” he said flatly, upset at her unexpected appearance. “I’m fine. How are you?”

His cold demeanor disappointed her. “Good.” She made a quick decision to throw him for a loop. “Are you free this weekend? Because I’d like to go out with you again. I really enjoyed our time together.” She had to restrain herself and not give him a broad and obvious wink.

“Um. No. I’m not.”

“Oh. That’s too bad.”

He frowned and glared at her. “Going out with you was a bad idea,” he informed her. “I have a girlfriend, you knew that!”

“So why’d you agree to a date then?” she snapped at him.

“I don’t know,” he almost whined. “If Doreen ever finds out…it’ll be all over with her.” He shook his head not believing he had slept with someone other than the woman he professed to love.

Nadia shrugged. “Your loss,” she dismissed him and went to step around him but he put out his and stopped her

“You’ve got a terrible reputation, Nadia. You wouldn’t believe the stories I hear about you being a slut.”

“Don’t believe everything you hear,” she told him shrugging off his hand and walking away.

She couldn’t wait for the end of the day and a second dose of precursor from Prof. Pitor. Encountering William was a giant disappointment. She would have been more than willing to go back to his room for a quick fuck, she had enough time before her first class of the day.

And she didn’t care if she did have a reputation as a slut. She had needs.

Since it was Friday night, parties were already in full swing both on and off campus as Nadia made her way to Pitor’s basement lab. She didn’t mind missing out on excessive drinking, she had other goals for the weekend. When she walked into the lab Pitor was there, as always, but he only had out his blood sampling kit, no beaker of precursor was in evidence.

“Another sample, of course,” he said. “I need to track your levels.”

“Right,” she agreed as she rolled up her sleeve. “Where’s my dose?” she asked

as he stuck the needle in her arm.

Pitor slightly inclined his head toward a sealed stainless steel flash at the end of the table. “In there. We need to take a little walk first before you drink it.”

“Why?”

“All in due time.” He slapped another childish Band-Aid on her arm, this one covered with cartoon characters. “Come along.”

Pitor led the way out the lab and away from the main campus. Nadia wasn’t worried for herself; if Pitor wanted to rape her he could easily have done it in the lab or anywhere else, he didn’t need privacy for that. And it wouldn’t have been rape, either. After her first fucking from Pitor she would have happily had sex with him again, anytime and anywhere.

“Where are we going?”

“To the animal labs.”

“I thought they were in the Greene science building.”

“Not all of them.”

After a brisk ten minute walk they arrived at a building on the edge of campus that Nadia had never visited but she could read the sign bolted to the wall. “Morris Stables?” she asked.

“Where else would you find horses?”

“Horses?”

Pitor had a passkey to the door’s electronic control and just waved it at the sensor, admitting both of them. “The school used to have an equestrian team,” he told her. “But that’s gone away. Sad really. But the pre-vet students get a lot of practical experience here.” A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. “Better drink the precursor now,” he said as he handed over the steel flask.

Nadia flipped open the lid and chugged down the contents. The familiar burning flavor reminded her that other students drinking alcohol which also burned down

their throats, but with different results. As Pitor led her down the hallway, Nadia felt the now customary sensation in her loins as her pussy moistened. “Maybe you should market that precursor as an aphrodisiac,” she suggested.

“Too dangerous,” he said opening a heavy door that admitted them into a part of the structure that was more barn-like and had the heavy scent of animals and straw in the air. On the far wall was a line of stalls containing a half dozen horses that looked sleepily at the pair. The lights were already on and Pitor called out. “Hank?”

“Over here, Professor.” A tall young man in a work jacket was inside one of the stalls. Nadia figured him for a grad student or lab assistant; he had the shaggy hair and sparse beard of someone with academic pursuits on their mind over simple hygiene. Even if this was one of Pitor’s grad students, she couldn’t understand why she was in the horse barn on a Friday night meeting him.

“As promised, Hank,” Pitor said with pride. “She’s full of precursor and she’ll be ready for you shortly, if not already.”

Nadia didn’t understand but continued to follow Pitor toward the stall in which Hank stood. The grad student pushed open the stall door and half-stepped out.

Upon viewing the part of his body that had been hidden by the door, Nadia nearly stumbled over her own feet and just about fell to the floor. Hank wasn’t any ordinary grad student. His upper half was normal enough, but below the waist his body was attached to that of a horse. He was a centaur. That was obvious but Nadia didn’t understand how such a creature existed.

“He’s a fucking horse,” she blustered.

“He’s a centaur,” Pitor corrected her.

“He’s a fucking centaur,” she agreed. “That’s…that’s not supposed to be.”

“Says the woman who recently fucked Derke the human feline,” Hank said.

Nadia turned her head to the professor. “You told him about that?”

Pitor shrugged his shoulders. “Why not? You are my experiment right now and you’re going to fuck Hank, so does it really matter?”

For just a minute Nadia felt offended. Her slutty life and her decision to have sex with Derke—even if it was a decision made with outside influence—were her choices. She was now being told to fuck a centaur a minute after meeting him, and a minute after realizing that centaurs actually existed. And then she remembered the precursor was running through her veins and Hank stepped further out of his stall. His hindquarters were brown and muscular and under his horse body he carried a cock that put to shame every other cock that had ever been in her body. She knew she had to at least try to have sex with him.

The pause was ended when Prof. Pitor said, “Take off your clothes, Nadia.”

“Okay,” she agreed and started disrobing, starting with her warm jacket. “I’ve never fucked a horse before.”

“Centaur,” Hank quickly corrected her. “That’s the socially correct term.”

When Nadia pulled off her clothes she suddenly realized she was at a disadvantage compared to both men. Pitor was warm in his clothing and Hank could keep his jacket on because his cock was attached to his horse half which wasn’t affected by the cold barn air. When she was fully naked the first thing that happened was her nipples hardened and perked up, making her small breasts look even perkier than normal. The floor was some stone aggregate that was cold under her bare soles, but it was clean so that wasn’t a problem.

“I’d forgotten what fetching tits you have, Nadia,” Prof. Pitor said as she reached out to pinch one. She didn’t mind the attention. She was focused on Hank’s big cock. “I’m afraid it doesn’t get much warmer in here,” he told her. “But once you start with Hank I’m sure you’ll be fine.”

“How do I fuck him?” she asked. All the normal human positions of sex didn’t seem right to be done with a centaur especially considering the size differential of their bodies.

“We have a solution for that,” Pitor said. He and Hank walked down the wide center of the barn; Nadia followed. They stopped when the group reached a slightly inclined bench that looked like a piece of gymnastics equipment with heavy padding and several obvious hand grips.

“What’s that?” Nadia asked. She was shivering, but she wasn’t sure if the shivers were caused by fear or cold.

“Mounting bench,” Pitor said as he pulled it away from the wall with Hank’s assistance. He made some adjustments to it and then indicated that Nadia should lay face down on the incline with her rump higher than her head. “We’ve used it to great success in the past. He’ll fuck you doggy style.”

“You mean horsie style?” she grinned, making a joke despite the situation.

Pitor frowned at her while Hank sniggered. “Just get on the block,” the professor ordered.

Nadia had lost all sense of shame and embarrassment about her body and sex over the past few weeks of her life. Getting on the block with her pussy exposed and her ass in the air hardly bothered her. “I’m wet,” she announced to them. “Though I wouldn’t mind a little foreplay, if you know what I mean.” She gave a broad wink to show she was happy to play along with their game even though she was starting to get nervous about getting fucked by a horse cock.

“Want to taste her anyway?” Pitor asked Hank.

The big centaur shook his head. “Not necessary. I’m already hard for her. Her scent carries.” He breathed in deeply and exhaled with a guffaw. Hank reached between Nadia’s legs, testing her pussy, pushing a thick finger between her labia, burying his thumb in her anus at the same time. Arching her back to encourage him to go deeper, Nadia moaned to show them she was ready for Hank’s big cock.

“What do you think?”

Hank took his hand from Nadia, who let out a light gasp when her sex was freed from his attention, and pinched his lower lip, thinking and tasting her scent now. “She’ll be able to take me?”

“Without damage?”

A knowing grin crept across Hank’s face. “Derke already fucked her, didn’t he? He must have left scratches or worse on her cunt. She’s tough, I’m sure. She’ll love every inch of me.”

Nadia heard their words and knew exactly what they were talking about. A good pussy, one that men enjoyed, wasn’t necessarily just tight and wet. In fact,

tightness could often be a problem. A good pussy was one that opened up and lubricated easily when the woman was sexually aroused. Her pussy would stretch and alter shape and elasticity to accommodate the man she was with. It would tighten up around a small, thin cock while also retaining the ability to stretch and relax around a much larger girth for the well-endowed lover. Being tight alone was meaningless, especially if the tightness caused her pain and did little more than hold a polite partner in place where no one was enjoying their encounter. For her part, Nadia was blessed with an easily adaptable pussy, one that was endlessly elastic to tighten when needed and loosen when she was taking on a large cock or using an unusual angle of approach. Before starting her little adventure in investigational sexuality with Prof. Pitor, Nadia hadn't given all that much thought to the adaptability of her pussy. Now it was the most important part of her life.

"I will," she said aloud, eager for Hank to fuck her. The anticipation was terrible and she just wanted him inside her now.

With a shrug Pitor said, "You heard the woman. Go ahead and fuck her."

The difficult thing Nadia quickly discovered was that getting fucked by a centaur was much, much different than getting fucked by a human. It was also incredibly different from being fucked by Derke, whatever cat-like creature he actually was. She was small enough and had been with enough big men to be comfortable with practically being smothered by a huge body. It was another thing entirely to have an entire horse's body above her and pressing her down into the bench. She wasn't crushed or stifled, but she started to feel claustrophobic until his cock nudge at her opening. Once she knew for certain she was going to get fucked she was able to relax.

At first, as he entered her, it was no big deal. He was big, of course, she was expecting that. Her lips stretched to accept his head and his shaft; that was easy. What she didn't expect was how he kept entering him and going deeper and deeper. Each inch he went in he seemed to stretch her out wider and before long she was certain he was too deep and too thick and just too much and he was damaging her. She cried out in pain. There was no pleasure in getting fucked like this.

"Endure it, Nadia," Pitor told her calmly and dispassionately. "You can do it."

Her fingers clenched around the soft foam of the handgrips. She tried to move away from his body, his cock, but Hank had reached down with his long arms and grabbed her shoulders, keeping her in place. She couldn't escape. She wasn't sure if she wanted to.

And then he pulled back and slammed his whole cock deep into her body and she cried out in pain. It wasn't good.

"Stop! Please stop!" she begged.

"Keep going," Prof. Pitor told Hank.

"I know," Hank grunted. "She's going to do it."

Nadia wailed for relief. Now it occurred to her why she was being fucked in Morris Stables at the edge of campus, deep in a building no one would visit on a Friday night. She could make as much noise as she wanted and no one would come to investigate, to save her.

And with each thrust of Hank's meaty cock she wasn't sure she wanted—or needed—to be rescued.

Pitor watched them in silence for another minute as Nadia mewled in complaint at being fucked while Hank just rocked his hips and grunted in pleasure at using her body.

"You need to make her cum," Pitor informed the centaur.

"I know. Don't tell me things I already know!" Hank was concentrating, Nadia sensed that. She couldn't turn her head and twist her body to see his face, but she knew that he was struggling with something. She was naïve enough not to realize that Hank was enjoying fucking her and was actually holding back from cumming. It was his duty to make her cum first, otherwise he was a failure. He was as beholden to Pitor as Nadia was, just in a different way.

"What do you want?" he grunted at her. "What do you need to cum?"

At first Nadia wanted to tell him to reach down and touch her body, but except for her shoulders and head, his arms couldn't reach her. "Let me help," she said. "Hold still a second."

Hank paused in his thrusts and Nadia adjusted her body. She let go of the right handgrip and snaked her hand down to her pussy. She had to lift up her hips to fit her hand underneath her body, which made Hank's cock go deeper into her pussy, but she could deal with that. Finding her engorged clit was easy and she started rubbing. Hank could see what she was doing.

"Is that okay?" he asked Pitor.

"It's fine."

Turning her head to look at her teacher, Nadia busied her fingers at the apex of her pussy, manipulating her clit as she stared at Pitor. Normally when she masturbated Nadia needed to whip up some fantasy in order to cum. As her fingers kept going, rubbing her clit the way she liked, she didn't need to come up with some random fantasy that could never be true. This was the way she wanted to be fucked in her fantasies. All she had to do was make herself cum with the world's biggest cock buried in her pussy.

Cumming was easier than she thought.

"Very good," complimented Pitor. "You can use her at your leisure now."

Hank started pumping her again. Nadia grunted as she received each thrust. It hurt. A lot. It felt good. More than she had envisioned.

When he came Hank let out an anguished cry that was full of triumph. His cock seemed to get bigger inside her pussy and then it flooded her insides. It was hot and caught her off guard, both of which were enough to give her another little orgasm.

There was no warning when Hank pulled out. He had completed his duty and was done. Sentimentality wasn't something that was part of his makeup. "What are you going to make her into?" Hank asked Prof. Pitor as he backed away. Nadia remained on the inclined bench, her sex completely drenched by Hank's cum. The volume was incredible, easily three times more than any human had dumped into her, probably more.

"I haven't decided yet," Pitor said. He stepped up to Nadia who could barely lift her head off the bench. For a fucking than lasted less than ten minutes and only resulted in one small and one large orgasm, she was exhausted, her limbs

shaking, her mind unable to tell her body to move. Running his index finger down Nadia's spine, over the slope of her buttocks, and down to her pussy, where he first cupped her sex and then sank his fingers into her. She was loose, but not unduly so. Nadia's body was amazing, easily flexible and adaptable. She would do well, incredibly well. "Whatever she is transformed into will be extraordinary, won't it, Nadia?"

"Yes, professor," she said automatically. It was the right answer. It was the only answer.

His fingers went a little deeper into her pussy and scooped up some of Hank's cum. He wasn't shy or squeamish about what another man had left behind in a woman. Pitor was a realist if nothing else. When he extracted his fingers they were covered in semen. Presenting his cum-covered fingers to Nadia's mouth, she opened up immediately and cleaned them off with her tongue. She didn't need instruction or commands; Nadia instinctively knew what to do, what was expected of her. "Don't move," he told her.

From his jacket pocket Pitor pulled out a sample tube and went back to Nadia's open pussy, scraping the remains of Hank's cum into the tube.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Taking a sample, of course. I am a scientist."

"This is the strangest science I've ever seen."

"Science takes many different forms. The best is the unexpected. You never know what will happen in strange science. If we knew what to expect, what's the point?"

"Where do these creatures come from?" Nadia asked. Judging she had the strength now, she rose up from the bench and staggered to the pile of clothes she had stripped off. She barely managed two steps before more of Hanks' cum gushed out of her pussy. There was a pile of rags near the wall. She changed her route with the intention of cleaning herself.

"I've made them," he told her.

Nadia had to laugh. She pressed one hand against the wall to hold herself up.

“You made them. Right.” Picking up a rag she wiped between her legs. It was a chore she had become second nature to her.

“After all you’ve seen and gone through, you doubt me?” Pitor wasn’t angry; he was amused.

“Um. Yeah. It just seems crazy.”

“Cutting edge science often does to the blind, the ignorant, the easily confused…”

“What did Hank mean when he asked what you were going to make me into?” Nadia dropped the dirty rag onto the floor and headed back to her clothes. Since Pitor didn’t stop her she assumed she had permission to get dressed.

“You actually have to ask?”

Nadia picked up her panties and contemplated them. She was getting dressed after sex, like it was normal to get fucked by a centaur in the college stables and then go back to her dorm room to possibly sleep with her lesbian roommate.

When had her life started to spiral out of control?

“Yeah, I actually have to ask.”

“Derke and Hank, I made them. They were just plain humans before they volunteered to assist in my experiments.”

“I don’t remember volunteering.”

“You came to my office and begged to get into my class. You might not have said the words, but your actions…” He shrugged. “You can always quit. You can go back to…what is that word? Ah yes, normal and boring. You like normal and boring, don’t you Nadia?”

“No.” The word came out with such vehemence she couldn’t believe it.

“Then you’ll like the change I make in you.”

“You’re going to change me to be like…them? Like Hank and Derke?”

“There are others,” he informed her. “And you are already like them, at least on the inside. The exterior change is all that I’m going to help you with.”

“Help me with?” She had her panties on now and her energy was back, but she stood in the middle of the stables, shivering, her camisole in hand, not knowing what to do. “What does that mean?” Tears started forming in her eyes, but she refused to cry. She was brave, Nadia told herself. “What are you going to do to me?”

“Whatever you want,” Pitor said magnanimously. “The change has already started in you. It will happen. You have no choice. Your only option is to choose how the change will affect you.”

“You’ll give me that one tiny choice, the illusion of choice?” She scoffed at him. “You are a master manipulator, Prof. Pitor.”

He smiled. “Thank you.”

“It wasn’t a compliment.”

His smile didn’t waver. “I still took it that way.”

“Fuck you.”

Her angry words only now seemed to affect him. Pitor stalked across the wide hallway and grabbed Nadia’s thin body. She didn’t resist at all while he whirled her around and pressed her back up against the wall. The kiss surprised her; she expected to be hit or abused. Owing to her nature, Nadia kissed Prof. Pitor back.

His hands scrabbled at the panties she had just put on, yanking them down over her hips. She helped him; she couldn’t resist. She knew what they were doing was wrong but she couldn’t stop herself.

Somehow he got his cock out of his pants and he lifted her up, keeping her pressed against the wall, and started fucking her. She like that. She liked being used. There was no way for her to resist the lust he had stirred up within her. It wasn’t his wit, or beauty, or power that stirred up her lust; it was the precursor. The elixir was affecting her in ways she couldn’t fathom.

It was good to have his cock in her body. She was still wet with Hank’s cum—

where was he?—but she didn’t mind. She loved to be fucked. Nadia kissed the mad doctor and didn’t shy away at all. “What are you doing to me?”

“Fucking you.” He grunted. It wasn’t going to take Pitor long to finish and he wasn’t going to bother to make her cum first.

“I mean to my body. How are you going to change me?”

She wanted to have a discussing in the middle of being fucked. Pitor wasn’t going to fall for that. “In the way that I want.” He thrusted into her three more times before she felt the gush of his semen and she shivered in delight. It was wonderful to have no control and still want and desire everything that was being done to her.

Despite the situation, she came again, and laughed at the thrill.

“You have to stop having sex,” he told her. “We can’t risk exposing you to semen that is not right for you now.”

“Not right for me?” she questioned.

Pitor backed away, tucking his not unsubstantial cock back into his pants. She slid down the wall and wound up sitting with her knees raised and sex exposed. The floor was cold, but Hank and Pitor’s combine loads of semen could easily leak out of her in that position.

“Every man’s semen contains elements that have a strong effect on you, on any woman’s body. Right now I have primed you for a huge change to your body. You cannot be exposed to semen that has the incorrect serum elements. There are…huge risks.”

“You’re telling me I can’t have sex, right after fucking me, and right after giving me a drug that makes me want to have sex more.” She laughed at him. “You’re more hypocritical than a Catholic pedophile priest.”

“I can have sex with you. My semen is neutral to you. And you can have supervised sex with the men that I bring to you.”

“Men like Derke and Hank?” she asked. “They’re monsters, not men.”

“You’ve made your choice,” he reminded her. “Semen is going to be a poison to you now. It’s not worth the risk.”

“We have this brand new technology in the twenty first century,” she told him. “It’s called a condom. I’m not a fan, but I’ll use them if I want to be laid.”

He shook his head. “Very dangerous.”

“So, you’re telling me I can only have sex with you, your monsters…or women?” she asked, teasing him, wondering how much he could perceive about her.

The question didn’t faze Prof. Pitor at all. “Yes, those are all fine.”

“You’re s a sick ticket, you know that, Professor?” Nadia asked ask she started dressing yet again. Climbing in and out of her clothes was starting to take up an enormous amount of her time, making her reconsider her whole wardrobe.

“I’m sure you’ll change your mind tomorrow,” he said. “Do you need to be escorted back to the main campus?” he asked her politely.

“No.” Her answer was short and harsh.

“Then I will take my leave. Hank will make sure the stable is closed up when you leave.” He exited the long hallway leaving her to dressing. A minute later Nadia nodded to Hank as she followed the professor’s exit.

“Thanks for the fuck, Nadia,” Hank called to her from his stall. She ignored him.

The walk back to her dorm room gave her time to think. She did a lot of thinking. Upon opening the door she wasn’t sure what to expect, mostly because her life had been turned upside down by Prof. Pitor. What she found was a perfectly normal situation for a college dorm room. Sarah was in bed reading a book.

“Hi,” she greeted her dark-haired roommate.

“Hey.”

“Can I join you?” Nadia asked politely.

“For…?” She didn’t speak the question that hung between them.

Nadia shook her head. “No sex. I just want to lie next to you. Is that okay?”

“That’s fine,” Sarah said sliding over and patting the bed. With a relieved sigh, Nadia slid in next to her roommate.

End Part Two

Did you enjoy this story? Rate it where you bought it. Thanks!

About the Author

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.

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 3

The Erotic Novels of Elliot Silvestri

The Green Bush Farm Collection

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 7

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 8

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 9

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity