
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
EXPERIMENTAL
PART FOUR
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Four

Chapter Eleven

Nadia slipped into bed next to the sleeping form of her roommate. Sarah started to wake up when Nadia snuggled up to her.

“Sorry,” she apologized as Sarah opened her eyes. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“It’s okay. Where were you last night? I waited up for you but…” Nadia could hear the hurt in her voice. Even though Sarah claimed she still loved Cassidie and was only having a fling with Nadia, that wasn’t the complete truth.

“I spent the night at Prof. Pitor’s house,” Nadia told her truthfully. There was no reason to lie. You only lied to the ones you loved to protect them, or the ones you hated to hurt them. Sarah fell between those two groups.

“With him? You know that’s not a smart thing to do.”

“No, not with the professor. Someone else.” That’s all that Nadia wanted to admit to.

“Someone else?” Sarah wouldn’t let it go.

“They were having a party and planned ahead for some guests to spend the night.” It wasn’t a lie.

“Should I ask what went on?”

“No.”

“Did you do…things you shouldn’t have.”

Nadia smiled and pulled Sarah’s warm body to her. “I only did what I wanted to do.”

Slowly Sarah shook her head. “You scare me, Nadia. I don’t know what you’re doing and it makes me worry.”

Taking her roommate's face between her hands Nadia said, "Don't worry about me. I know what I'm doing. I'm a big girl." She kissed Sarah, slipping her tongue into Sarah's mouth to silence her. When Sarah kissed back she knew that all was forgiven—for the moment. Their bodies moved together and they undressed each other. In short order Nadia found her mouth traveling down Sarah's body to her pussy. It was so different from June's but perfect in its own right. Nadia wasn't the least bit tired and she was proud of the fact of how quickly she made Sarah cum. Even Sarah was impressed with her newfound skill.

"Wow. That was…that was great." The endorphins from good sex made her forget about her concerns for Nadia. "For a straight girl you've acquired some very lesbian talents."

"I'm not exactly straight…" Nadia had to prevent herself from giggling like a little girl. "Would you mind?" she asked indicating exactly what she wanted from Sarah.

"My pleasure." The two reversed positions with Sarah taking a minute to play with Nadia's pink and perky nipples before going all the way down between her legs. She had barely given Nadia a few kisses and licks before she pulled up. "Your cunt looks sore." She spoke the words with growing concern in her voice.

"I had sex last night," Nadia admitted. "But it was just sex. It was fun. I'm not sore." She paused and tried her winning smile. "And I'd really love your tongue on me. Please."

Sarah nodded and went back to work. None of the men last night nor Prof. Pitor's cock this morning felt nearly as good as Sarah's tongue in, on, and around her pussy. (She purposely pretended to forget about June's magic touch that gave her that incredible orgasm). In just a few minutes she was bucking her hips on Sarah's face as she came, spraying a little of her girl cum on her partner's face. Sarah didn't seem to mind that at all.

"Thank you, oh thank you," Nadia sighed, drawing the other woman up close to her where they could share kisses.

After a bit of a rest Nadia felt herself slipping off the sleep but Sarah woke her back up. "Dining hall's going to be open in a few minutes. Want to get some breakfast?"

She stood up and stretched showing off all of her athletic body. Nadia couldn't help but look and admire. Maybe her roommate didn't have the face of a classic beauty, but she certainly had the body of one. "Um, no. I'm sorry. I've got a breakfast date with someone else."

"Someone else?" Sarah frowned as she started dressing. She pulled on comfortable sweatpants and an oversized t-shirt. Typical attire for Sunday morning brunch at the DH.

"My…uh…date from last night."

Sarah shook her head. "Okay. Fine. I know we're casual, but just be careful. Promise me."

Slipping out of the warm bed Nadia said, "I'm always careful." She tried to imitate Sarah's short stretching routine as a way of showing off and keeping her interested in sex perhaps later in the day, but had barely gone up on her toes while reaching for the ceiling when a sharp pain ripped across her back. "Ouch! Fucking hell!" She half-crumpled to the floor and tried to reach her back which was impossible.

"What's the matter?" Sarah sounded genuinely concerned.

"I think I broke my back."

Working quickly and efficiently Sarah turned her roommate around and laid her on the bed. "I doubt you broke your back from getting out of bed. Maybe from last night's antics," she teased.

"Stop."

Sarah straddled Nadia's legs and ran her hands down the blonde's back. "It's more likely you just pulled a muscle after stretching too hard. Did you sleep on a couch or the floor last night?" She started lightly massaging Nadia's back muscles looking for some flaw or true problem. "You might just be a bit sore."

"I was in a proper bed."

"Mm-hmm," Sarah said absently as she rubbed and inspected. "Some of the girls on the volleyball team get painful back spasms after working out too long. More

than likely you have the same problem. Let me give you a little massage."

"Is this how you lesbians seduce innocent young girls?" Nadia asked, her wiseass attitude coming through despite the situation.

Sarah clucked her tongue. "You've discovered our secret. At the start of the year only a quarter of the girls on the team were gay. We're now up to half." She gently ran her fingers over Nadia's soft skin and muscles. It was a pleasure to touch the blonde woman's body and Sarah had trouble keeping focus. "Of course you've already come over to the distaff side of sex…"

"Maybe," Nadia admitted, "but I think I like cock too much to go full-on lesbian."

"That's why strap-ons were invented, weren't—" She stopped her comment. "Your back looks swollen right here," she tapped two places over Nadia's shoulder blades. "Does that hurt?"

"Not really." It was only half a lie. "Just a little sore," she added.

"You should probably have it looked at. I'd suggest going to the health center." Once more Sarah paused. "Isn't this where you asked about those pinpricks before?"

"Yeah. I think so." She struggled to roll out from underneath Sarah. "I'm going to take a hot shower and then I'll go to the health center, okay?"

Sarah regarded her evenly for a moment. "Do you want me to go with you?"

"No," Nadia said emphatically. "How will that look, me walking into the center with my lesbian roommate and saying I hurt my back?"

Sarah stood stock still a moment too long before agreeing. "Fine. I'm going to go eat. I'll see you back here later, okay. I want to know what's wrong with your back."

"I'll give you a full report."

The shower felt wonderful on her skin. One of the nicer amenities at the dorm was the recently remodeled bathrooms. The showerheads were low-flow but

incredibly powerful on the right settings, plus there was unlimited hot water. Since it was still early and most of the dorm was still asleep recovering from Saturday night Sarah had a large amount of privacy. The hot water didn't sting on her back; it felt just right.

After too long in the shower she dressed warmly and headed back up the hill to Prof. Pitor's house. She wasn't going to meet with the professor. She was keeping her date with June.

By the time she returned the driveway and street in front of the house were largely clear. Not having enough courage to just walk boldly inside Nadia rang the bell and was relieved that June answered. "What took you so long?"

"It's Sunday morning," Nadia said breezily. "It's a college student's prerogative to be lazy on Sunday morning." Dressing on Sunday meant for Nadia sweatpants, camisole and t-shirt, soft boots, and her warm winter jacket. She looked every inch like a college student. June apparently had higher standards to maintain. Her skirt and blouse looked almost professional, as if she was ready to head to the office. "Is everyone gone?" she asked nervously as June admitted her. The remains of the party were still in evidence but there was no one still sleeping on the floor or couches.

"Everyone that I wanted to get rid of." She paused in the middle of the living room. "Thirsty?" she asked while subtly arching her back and showing off the moderate amount of cleavage where her blouse buttoned shut. In Nadia's estimation June could have been a bit more modest and closed one more button on the shirt.

"Very," Nadia admitted. "Starving, actually." She knew she should have gone with Sarah and gotten a proper breakfast before returning to the house, but the siren call of June's breasts was impossible to ignore for long.

"I want to hear you say the words," June said in a familiar voice. It took Nadia a moment to realize that June was using the demanding tone of a disappointed professor asking for more of a student.

"I would love to nurse from your breasts," Nadia said boldly. It was the truth so the words came easily, but Nadia at once flushed bright red, embarrassed at her admission. She briefly looked at the floor, noted the complex pattern on the rug, then looked back at June. "Is that what you wanted to hear?"

“Yes. Come back to my lair,” she said leading the way. Without realizing it Nadia’s eyes went to June’s curvy hips as she walked through the house back to the same bedroom they had slept in the night before. Nadia didn’t know if something wrong with her or was she changing; never before had she been so interested in women. She told herself that it was just something temporary, that this would pass after she was done with Prof. Pitor’s precursor and whatever experiment he was putting her through.

June opened up her blouse, swiftly undoing all the buttons to display her bra and more than generous cleavage. “Let’s lay down on the bed. It’s easier that way.”

In her absence the bed had been made making it look like a brand new room. Nodding assent, Nadia got down on the mattress with June who pulled back the covers revealing new sheets. They rearranged the pillows to make their poses easier to maintain. Instead of removing her bra June just dropped open the flaps that formed the front of the cups. Nadia blinked at this.

“Oh. It’s a nursing bra.” She knew what they were, of course, but had never had the occasion to see one worn or used before.

June nodded. “I find it easier to wear one when I’m lactating.”

Now Nadia was puzzled. “I thought that you were always that way. I’m confused.”

A little laugh from June did little to resolve Nadia’s confusion. June kissed Nadia and then pushed her mouth down to her full breast. “I’m always able to lactate, but my volume goes up and down with need. Right now the need is high, especially after all the sex last night along with your nursing. You want my milk, don’t you?”

“Yes. Of course.” She could smell the milk, different from June’s own scent. The conversation was only making her more confused and nervous so Nadia just latched on to the closes breast and started nursing.

A little moan of pleasure and relief issued from June’s mouth as her milk started flowing. “Not so fast, dear,” June reprimanded her. “There’s plenty for you. Take your time. There’s no hurry.”

Although Nadia knew there wasn’t any particular time frame for her to finish

feeding by, she was eager to taste all of June as quickly as possible. Just the act of her, a grown woman, nursing from a woman who was her elder in age and maturity, felt so transgressive that she wanted to hide her activities from everyone, even herself.

It only took a few sucks and swallows for Nadia to calm down and drink steadily. Her hunger steadily abated which only made sense, she realized, because mother's milk was the most nutritious substance in the world. She didn't need to go out to a proper breakfast; it was all right here.

It took less than half an hour for Nadia to drain both of June's breasts which filled her stomach and sated her hunger. When she was done June asked, "Do you need me to take care of your other physical requirement?"

Nadia asked innocently, "What other requirement?"

"Sex, dear. Do you need to cum?"

"Oh, that. Umm…not really. You already helped me with that this morning and I had sex back at my place after that."

Her offhanded comment made June freeze. "You had sex in your dorm?" she asked, alarmed.

"Yes," Nadia confirmed.

"With a man?" Her concern was obvious. Did June think she was an uncontrolled slut?

"Well, no. It was with my roommate. She's female." Nadia laughed nervously. "Oh you thought that I had violated the Professor's rule about no sex with men. Sorry. I wasn't thinking."

"Hmm. Maybe I'd better take care of you just in case," June told her. "You seem to have an extraordinarily high sex drive and I wouldn't want you making a mistake at this critical point in your development."

Sometimes Nadia was flat-out completely confused by what June and Prof. Pitor said. "Well, I do have a high libido," she admitted, "but what will having sex with you do to solve that?"

“Never mind. Just take down your pants and let my magic finger take care of the problem.” She waved her hand in front of Nadia’s face. “It’s a simple enough request, dear.”

Slowly Nadia nodded. “Okay.” Arching up her hips, Nadia slipped her thumbs into the waistband of her sweatpants pushed them down her hips a bit, caught the elastic of her panties with her thumbs, and pushed the two garments down as one unit, exposing her pussy in the process. June did a quick visual inspection of Nadia’s sex and then reached out and touched her half-hidden clitoris, rubbing it gently once in a circle.

The world exploded behind Nadia’s eyes. Her body shook and she lost control of her senses for how long she couldn’t tell. The orgasm was truly mind-blowing, but because she knew what to expect now, it wasn’t as powerful as the first one June had given her, true to the older woman’s word. “How do you do that?” Nadia gasped when she came back to her senses. Awkwardly she pulled her pants back up and tried to figure out how much time she had lost.

“Years of practice,” June said. “Now be off with you. I’ll see you tonight, here, around eight.”

Nadia blinked. “What for?”

“For your evening feeding,” June said, shimming her torso a bit to show off her tits. “You won’t need any more precursor. The change is well underway.”

All Nadia could do was agree and wonder. She didn’t want to ask the question and appear stupid.

Chapter Twelve

It was late in the afternoon when Nadia found herself wandering around campus. She had finished her studies for the day and Sarah was off at the gym claiming she had practice with the team. Nadia didn't know if that was true or not, but she didn't care to investigate to find out. Her feet automatically brought her to Gerry's dorm. She was inside before she gave it any thought and was headed to his room. It was hard to admit to herself but she knew she was there just for sex. Whatever June had done and what she had done with Sarah hadn't been enough. She needed to be fucked by a man and she didn't care if it completely destroyed Prof. Pitor's plans. Her needs took precedence.

Knocking on the door Nadia realized she didn't care who actually answered. She was going to have a man's cock inside her body in a few minutes and it didn't matter to her who that cock was attached to.

Gerry opened the door.

"Hi!" she said brightly when she noticed that the room behind him was empty. Her timing was apparently perfect. Not a sign of Hailey and even Mike was absent. "Guess what I need."

A quick glance up and down the hallway apparently assuaged Gerry's fear that he was being watched. "What the fuck are you doing?" he asked her, the anger in his voice barely contained as he dragged Nadia into the room. "You can't keep coming over whenever you get horny and can't find someone else to fuck you."

Nadia put her arms around his neck and went up on her toes for a kiss. He didn't resist but neither did he really kiss her back. "Why not?" she asked. "Why can't I come over here for a quick fuck? Every guy on campus would love to get his cock in me."

"Not the gay ones," he countered. "You have to leave."

"Why?" she asked and playfully pulled up her t-shirt to expose her belly. "Don't you want to see what I have on underneath this?"

He sighed. “I’d love to, but I’m pretty sure it’s a thong and cami. And besides, I’ve got a girlfriend.”

“Oh, and is she the jealous type?” Nadia winked. She felt half-drunk on lust and was willing to take stupid chances just to get laid.

“Yes she’s fucking jealous. Not everyone has sex like you because they think it’s fun and nothing else. She’ll fucking kill you and then me if she finds us together.”

“She’s got problems,” Nadia declared and pulled her shirt over her head dragging her cami with it. “Oops, looks like you were half right. I was wearing camisole, but not now.”

Gerry stared at her naked nipples and groaned. “You need to leave, Nadia.” He attempted something that had always gotten him in trouble before and was more than willing to destroy his relationship with Nadia in using it now. “I’d love to fuck you, Nad, but you’re the kind of girl a guy likes for sex, not for a relationship. You’re a fuck-only girl, not a relationship girl.”

She grinned at him. “I know. I’m here for a fuck, not a relationship. Take off your pants.”

Before he could reply they both heard the scrape of the key in the door. Nadia didn’t even bother trying to cover her breasts as the door opened.

When Mike walked through the door Nadia was thrilled while Gerry was relieved. “Hey,” Nadia greeted him. Mike stood stock still in the doorway. Gerry’s hands were on Nadia’s upper arms holding her in place but it was painfully obvious that she was topless and they had been up to something. What they were up to exactly he couldn’t say.

“We’re not doing anything,” Gerry stupidly said and dropped his hands from her arms. Nadia rolled her eyes at him.

“Really, that’s the best you can do?” she asked. Turning her gaze back to Mike she said, “He was showing me a magic trick: how to remove a girl’s top without using his hands.”

“And how’s that done?” Mike asked curiously knowing he shouldn’t.

“You ask her to take it off.” She winked at him. “Either come in and close the door or back out and don’t come back for fifteen minutes. I don’t like giving a free show to the entire dorm.”

Mike stepped inside. “Now what?”

It was Nadia who spoke before Gerry could think. “Flip a coin. Winners gets to fuck me first. Loser gets to fuck me second.”

Gerry protested. “Absolutely not!”

She looked back at him. “But my game makes everyone a winner, just like in Kindergarten.”

“This isn’t fucking Kindergarten and you’re going to get me in trouble with Hailey! Put your fucking shirt back on!”

“If she’s the type of girl who gets upset because you had sex with someone else, is she really the type of girl you want to be with the rest of your life?” Nadia asked.

While they were talking Mike had dug a quarter out of his pocket. “Call it in the air, bud,” he said to Gerry.

“Fuck no!”

Mike shrugged and flipped the coin. “Heads,” he called, when the coin landed in his hand. He showed it to the two of them. “I win.”

“This is stupid,” Gerry burst out. “You can’t do this.” He wasn’t sure exactly what he was protesting, but he knew he should protest something.

“No, it’s not,” Nadia said as she knelt down in front of Mike and started unbuckling his belt. Somehow it didn’t feel natural to kiss him, but opening their sexual encounter with a blowjob seemed to be the right first move.

Mike first grinned down at the busy, topless Nadia as she worked at fishing his cock out of his underwear and then up at Gerry who was watching in disbelief.

“You’re really going to let her do that?” Gerry asked, partly unsettled at seeing

his roommate's cock and partly unsettled that the blowjob Nadia was giving in the middle of his dorm room was being received by Mike and not him.

"Let her?" Mike half laughed at seeing his cock nearly fully swallowed by Nadia's eager mouth. "I couldn't stop her if I wanted to!" He pulled off his shirt. For some reason it seemed rude to him to wear it while Nadia was already topless.

"This is a bad idea," Gerry said while shaking his head.

"Um, Ger," said Mike as he half-closed his eyes. Nadia was distracting him to the point where he couldn't talk coherently. "Remember the room rule we made on our first day of college?"

"You can't be serious."

Mike gently put his hand on Nadia's forehead and pushed her off his cock. He didn't want the blowjob to stop, he just needed a minute to concentrate on his conversation with Gerry. Nadia waited patiently using her hand on his cock while he talked. "I am serious. So leave the room because I have a girl here who wants to have sex with me." Unable to believe his luck he grinned down at Nadia who was about to resume the blowjob but she had something to say first.

"Or you can join in," Nadia graciously offered, waggling her ass at him and pushing down her sweatpants to show off the top edge of her panties.

"I can't believe this shit," Gerry complained. "Neither of you is worth losing Hailey over." He tossed on his jacket and exited the room, slamming the door harder than was strictly necessary.

"His loss," Nadia said with a shrug and went back to sucking Mike's cock. He groaned and backed up to the desk. The blonde had honed her head-giving skills to the point of being able to open up her throat and take all of his perfectly average length into her mouth and down her throat. This continued for a number of minutes with Nadia kneeling on the floor and wiggling out of the rest of her clothes except for her panties. Those she left on for Mike as a treat to finish unwrapping her.

It didn't take much encouragement for Mike to get her to move the few steps over to his bed where they fell amidst a tangle of limbs and bedsheets. "Do you

have a condom?" Nadia abruptly asked as she stroked his cock, keeping him hard, not that he needed much encouragement to stay hard. The real trick was going to be keeping him from cumming too soon.

"Condom?" he asked uncertainly. "We didn't need one last time. Or so you said."

"That was last time," she informed him while giving his shaft a little kiss on the side. "This is today. If you want my pussy today the cost is going to be one condom."

In his time rooming with Gerry, Mike had never been as successful with the woman as his roommate. During his entire college career he had exactly one long-term relationship (that lasted a grand total of one month) and two encounters with women that were probably too drunk to give informed consent, but then again so was he. He considered it a coup that he was bagging one of Gerry's cast offs a second time. Gerry could pay the toll. "Hold on." Mike struggled out of bed and pawed through Gerry's drawer until he found a box of condoms. The moment he started struggling to roll it on correctly Nadia took it from his and expertly encased his still-rigid cock in protective latex.

"Ready?" she asked as she went back down to the floor on her knees, resting her elbows on Mike's bed. He got behind her and with some faltering and then an assist from Nadia he found her entrance and started fucking her. "Oh that feels good," she moaned as he found his rhythm. "I love having cock inside me."

"I bet," Mike grunted as he slowed his pace. He wanted the moment to last as long as possible since he knew it was impossible for Nadia to ever offer to have sex with him ever again. This was a twice in a lifetime opportunity. "And you're so beautiful," he said, the words slipping out before he realized it.

"Slut," she said.

"What?"

"When a guy tells a girl she's beautiful while he's fucking her what he actually means is that she's a slut." She looked at him over her shoulder. Mike had stopped thrusting his hips; he was in shock at what she had said. "Don't stop."

Mike resumed moving his body but he was in shock. "No, I mean it. You're

really beautiful."

"And I'm a slut," she laughed as he hit that secret spot inside her pussy. "I know I'm a slut. It's okay. I'm proud of it."

"Okay," Mike agreed. He wasn't going to have an argument with her over semantics during sex. He ran his hands down her back, feeling her smooth skin under his fingertips. Her skin was so pale, so delicate, so sensual, but it felt slightly odd at the same time. Moving his hands back up to her shoulder blades he asked, "What's wrong with your back. You've got a weird bump here." It was stupid, he knew. There was no reason to criticize a woman who was willingly having sex with him, but she was the one who had insulted herself by calling herself a slut.

"Just some sore muscles," she sighed. "Oh, that feels good. Keep rubbing my back." He did so while at the same time stopping his thrusts. "But don't stop fucking me," she ordered right away.

"Sorry. My mistake."

They fucked in relative silence for another few minutes interrupted only by their grunts and groans while Mike priding himself on his staying ability buried deep in her hot, wet pussy. Eventually he got to the point where he knew he was going to cum and there was no way to stop it and called out a warning to Nadia. "I'm gonna cum. Is that okay?"

She laughed. "Of course it is. That's why we're doing this isn't it?"

He nodded knowing she couldn't see him and grabbed her hips in preparation to thrust harder when he was rudely interrupted mid-stroke by Gerry slamming the door open.

"What the fuck, dude!" Mike protested. He stayed buried cock-deep in Nadia and felt ridiculous at being caught even though undoubtedly Gerry knew exactly what he was doing when he slammed the door open.

"Close the fucking door!" Nadia didn't scream but her tone didn't brook any argument. Gerry had come in with a full head of steam but someone she managed to instantly disarm him. He closed the door while stepping in.

“I’m not going to let you fuck her,” he stated as he started tearing off his clothes.

Mike laughed. “I’m already fucking her.” In truth he didn’t mind the interruption. It made his boner shrink a bit and delayed his orgasm.

“I’m not going to let you fuck her alone,” he corrected himself. His shirt was already off and when he dropped his jeans Gerry revealed a cock that was already hard and ready to be used.

Not knowing exactly what Gerry meant by not fucking Nadia alone, Mike said nothing. Nadia wasn’t so silenced. “Get your cock over here,” she encouraged him, turning halfway to him. At once Gerry plunged his cock into her mouth and she sucked a few moments before backing off. Looking back at Mike again she instructed, “Keep plowing me.” To Mike she said, “Don’t cum in my mouth. You need to put on a condom and fuck my pussy.”

“Why?” he demanded. Gerry wasn’t used to taking orders from anyone during sex…except for Hailey which is why he so desperately wanted to fuck Nadia once more.

“Because I fucking said so,” she told him. “Do you want to fuck me or not?”

Gerry nodded and the blowjob resumed and in less than a minute Mike finished, cumming with a triumphant grunt of pleasure. That actually disappointed Nadia. She wanted to have two men in her for longer than that short period. Still, she knew how to control herself. “Get a rubber on and get in my pussy,” she said to Gerry and Mike felt back to his heels. Gerry didn’t waste any time doing as she instructed; Mike scrambled out of the way, not wanting to get in the way of a naked and horny roommate. While Gerry suited up, Nadia rolled onto his bed and opened up her legs. Gerry was on her in a flash, his cock going right to her pussy. No help was needed getting him properly aligned. Mike watched in amusement as Gerry fucked fast and sloppy. He didn’t last nearly as long as Mike had, cumming after what must have been a greatly disappointing amount of time to Nadia. She was polite about it, wrapping her legs around his waist and kissing the side of his face while he huffed and puffed from the labor of the intense physical exercise.

“Was it good for you?” Nadia asked him.

“Great,” Gerry huffed.

“And you?” Nadia directed to Mike.

“It was perfect,” he told her and pointed down to his cock. “I’m ready to go again.”

She grinned. “Then wipe up, put on a new suit of armor and see if you can make my pussy sing again.”

“Maybe a little help?” he asked.

“Sure.” Nadia slipped off the bed and took his cock in her mouth. She tasted a combination of his skin, his spunk, and the lingering latex that clung to him. Overall the flavor wasn’t terrible, but it wasn’t perfect either. His flesh was soft, but not weak; in just a few moments she could feel him stiffening, the blood rushing to his cock and staying there, making it hard and hot and slowly forcing it to a larger and larger size inside her mouth. In almost no time at all he was fully erect and Nadia was reaching for the box of condoms. While rolling the condom onto him she pondered the rules Pitor had given her. She was certain that getting any man’s cum in her pussy was certainly against the rules, but wasn’t so sure about swallowing cum. She hadn’t been at all careful about sucking them off and more than a few drops of precum—and some actual cum as well—must have slipped down her throat. Was that a problem? She’d find out soon enough.

Once the condom was in place Nadia fell back onto Mike’s bed and spread her legs wide open for him. “Make me cum,” she told him. “I need a good orgasm right now.”

“As you wish,” Mike said upon inserting his cock into her waiting cunt.

This time they fucked at a lest frenetic pace, taking their time, enjoying each other. Nadia liked recreational sex and couldn’t remember the last time she had had sex just for the fun of it. It seemed for the last few weeks her every sexual encounter she had some significant undercurrent or was done under a hidden agenda. The sex right now with Mike was just for fun, just to relax a bit and have an orgasm. And then she spied Gerry watching them, half excited and half repulsed at what she was doing. Nadia shifted her eyes to the ceiling as Mike told her, “I’m almost there.”

She wasn’t so she just grunted an acknowledgement and let it happen for him.

She could feel each pulse of his orgasm as he filled the condom with semen. It wasn't nearly as good as when a man actually filled her pussy with his hot spunk. The most disappointing thing was that he hadn't made her cum. Nadia wasn't the sort of woman to let that go without some sort of response. It wasn't hard to wiggle her fingers between their bodies and find her clit hidden at the apex of her little crevice. Mike didn't object to what she was doing, even as his cock was shrinking within her, and just a little bit of rubbing brought her little pleasure nub up to attention and then she was finally cumming, her pussy clamping down on Mike's cock even as he tried to escape.

"So good," she whispered to herself, "so good."

"Thank you," Mike told her. She didn't bother to correct him.

"I can't believe you, Nadia," Gerry said from across the room. He was pulling his pants back on.

Nadia rolled Mike, separating their bodies. "What can't you believe?" she snapped at him.

"You fucked me and my roommate. Geez you're a slut."

"Fuck you, Gerry," she told him as she stood up and searched for her clothes on the floor. "I came here for some fun and if you don't want to have sex, fine. But fuck you for trying to shame me because I like sex. Yeah, I'm a slut because I like sex. And you're a hypocritical lying asshole because you like sex too, but your girlfriend doesn't put out the way you like, and you think it's okay to lie to her about it. You'd better hope she never speaks to me about you because I'll tell her the truth. I don't care." She finished dressing. "It was great to fuck you again, Mike. Give me a call or stop by my room if you're horny again." She flicked her eyes back to Gerry. "I know you have to whack it the rest of your life because whatever woman you wind up with will be so frigid and repressed you'll hate yourself for not thanking me today for a lovely lay. Goodbye." She stomped out of their room.

"Very smooth," Mike said.

"Fuck you too, Gerry. She's crazy."

"But also a crazy good lay."

Chapter Thirteen

After leaving Mike and Gerry's room Nadia continued to walk around campus, not wanting to go back to her room and face whatever guilt Sarah was going to toss her way, but eventually she ran out of places to walk to as exhaustion took its toll. It seemed that her feet took her toward the Pitor's house and without realizing it, she found herself ringing the bell to their front door. Something had compelled her to come back to the house, some irresistible pull.

It was June who opened the door, much to Nadia's relief. She was certain that Prof. Pitor would have known right away what she had been up to all afternoon and Nadia couldn't face that at the moment. "What took you so long?" June asked as she invited Nadia inside the house.

"What do you mean" Nadia replied as she stepped inside and slipped off her jacket. The house was warm and the jacket had protected her far too much against the merely cool air outside.

"You should have been here an hour ago for your feeding." June ran her hand meaningfully down the line of buttons on her shirt. "I'm full and I've been waiting for you. I love lactating, but only because of the wonderful feeling I get from having my milk released…and I need you for that."

Not wanting to admit that she desired to feed on June's milk, Nadia just said, "Sorry. I got distracted." She looked down at June's covered tits. "I'm really thirsty right now, though."

"Come on back," June invited her. "I want you to feed."

Nadia didn't need to be told twice. They went back to the familiar bedroom, with June opening up her shirt along with way. The older woman was bold, at least within the confines of her home, and didn't bother wearing a bra or any other undergarment. When they arrived in the bedroom she just swept open her shirt and exposed her large, full breasts, swollen with milk. Nadia was certain she could smell the sweet, rich milk even inside June's body.

They curled up together and Nadia nuzzled up to June's fat breast. She was right; she could smell the milk and its need to escape from June's body. The milk in

her breasts had swollen them to the point of making the faint blue veins bulge slightly through the skin. Nadia could have rubbed her face all over June's breasts all day, but there was no reason to tease the woman and deny herself the thirst and hunger she felt. Popping the red nipple into her mouth, Nadia drew once on it and was immediately rewarded with a little burst of sweet flavor on her tongue. She swallowed audibly.

"So good," she murmured, her voice muffled by the nipple. This wasn't the time to talk. Nadia latched on firmly and began her feeding. As good as the sweet milk tasted to her, the pleasure she received in feeding was nothing compared to the pleasure it gave June. The older woman moaned a little each time Nadia sucked. Knowing that she liked her nipples sucked and played with during sex, Nadia realized how sexual and arousing this act had to be for June. While she was focused primarily on feeding and slaking her thirst, in the back of her mind Nadia was hoping she could arouse June enough to give her an orgasm from suckling alone. If necessary, she'd use her hand on June's pussy, or her mouth if need be, but she wanted to make her cum from her nipples alone.

It happened quicker than Nadia could have realized or guessed. She was happily sucking on June's nipples, swallowing the thin, rich milk that warmed her tummy, and then June let out a wailing call of passion that sounded halfway because ecstasy and pain. "You know how to drink," June complimented her when she came down from her climax.

Nadia just half-grinned up at June, her mouth still full of breast, but let her know exactly what she was thinking from her bright eyes.

"And I can smell the scent of a man on you," June continued. "What have you been up to? Have you been a bad girl?"

Letting her mostly empty breast slip from her mouth, Nadia said. "Yes. Very bad." She switched sides, taking up June's one still full breast.

After letting her feed a minute June pulled her breast away from an offended and shocked Nadia. "Take off your clothes; let me see your cunt."

The request wasn't so odd, but the vehemence in June's voice made Nadia shiver. She did as she was told, anticipating that the older woman wanted to have sex which she was happy to go along with. Never before in her life had her libido been so powerful. She just wished that June would let her finish feeding

first before insisting on sex. Figuring to get it over quickly she stripped down naked so June could inspect her body.

The moment she was naked June practically threw her to the mattress and peered between her legs. Nadia briefly tried to resist, but June was far too strong. The inspection of Nadia's pussy only took a few seconds. June opened up her labia, judged the amount her tissues were swollen, how pink they were, and how wet she was. She inserted a pair of fingers and quickly evaluated the inside of her body as well. Finally she inhaled Nadia's musky scent as well.

"How many?" she asked. "You carry more than the stink of just one man on your body."

"Two, but I used condoms with them both!"

"Stupid cow!" This comment wasn't from June but from Prof. Pitor who had appeared as if from nowhere and slapped her across the face. "Didn't I order you not to have sex with any man unless I gave permission?" HE slapped her on the other cheek as well. Nadia gasped from the pain and tried to think clearly but the slaps had literally stunned her and she was also sailing high on the intoxicating effects of June's milk.

"The fuck?" Nadia managed to say as she recovered from the slap. June was restraining her husband who looked like he was about to attack Nadia again.

"Don't," June warned Pitor. "We've come so far with her and there is no damage, no corruption."

"She risks everything for some simple pleasure that can be provided safely," he raged. "But she'd rather take a risk than to do things correctly."

"What the fuck are you two talking about?" Nadia asked but they ignored her.

"If you're worried about her, just have her fucked," June reasoned. "Last partner theory. Make sure whoever you use is potent."

"Oh, I'll make sure of that," he grumbled as he pulled at his clothes. "I'm going to fill her up."

"Is that wise?" June doubted.

“Don’t question me, woman!”

She sighed, making it an elaborate show. “Fine then. Just let her feed while you fuck her because I’m full to bursting.”

“Get back on her tit,” Prof. Pitor ordered Nadia as he stepped out of his pants and started pulling on his cock to make it more fully erect. “I’ll fuck you while you suckle. Stupid cow.”

Nadia didn’t like being insulted, being called a cow, but despite of the person she considered herself, getting fucked by Pitor right that moment sounded wonderful, almost as good as get sucking June’s milk.

Even though he was adequately sized, Nadia was so focused on drinking from June that she barely felt Pitor entering her. Maybe it was because she was lying on her side which opened up her pussy. Still getting fucked while she sucked was nice enough, but it wasn’t the same as it was with Mike and Gerry. She didn’t cum from Pitor’s treatment; she barely noticed his orgasm because she was to intent on sucking every drop of milk from June.

“She’s too obsessed with your milk already,” Pitor complained as he pulled out and wiped his cock on Nadia’s thigh.

“You knew that would happen.”

“That doesn’t mean I wanted it to happen.”

“It’s all for the great goal, isn’t it?” June asked him.

He just grunted and left the bedroom, leaving the two women alone.

“You’re playing a dangerous game,” June informed Nadia.

“It doesn’t seem like a game at all.”

By the time Nadia got back to her room, the campus was quiet; most of the students were in their rooms getting ready for Monday morning, writing papers and studying for tests. She wasn’t the least bit surprised that Sarah was already

asleep in her bed. Deciding that she had more than enough sex for the day—and possibly her lifetime—Nadia just stripped off her clothes and slipped in between the sheets of her bed as quietly as possible. She didn't even turn on the light when she entered the room.

It must have been the middle of the night when Sarah joined her. Nadia barely opened her eyes but welcomed the warmth of another body next to hers. They didn't have sex, they simply held each other.

Sarah's alarm went off incredibly early. Nadia rolled over in the narrow space on the bed between the wall and Sarah's body. By squinting she was able to see the alarm clock. "Six fucking a.m. Who the fuck sets their alarm for six fucking a.m?"

"I do," Sarah mumbled as she half stumbled out of bed and slapped the alarm off. "I'm supposed to go to practice this morning."

"So get going," Nadia grouched at her, rolling over.

"I'd rather spend half an hour in bed with you," Sarah said as she slipped back into bed.

Nadia groaned in frustration. Her pussy was already quivering with anticipation and she knew she wasn't going to say no. In the frustrating war of wanting to have sex with not wanting to wake up for the day, her desire to have sex won out. "Me on top," Nadia said because she didn't want her roommate's firm, heavy body on top of hers.

She straddled Sarah's leg and started humping her thigh, grinding her pussy down on the other woman's firm muscles. "Oh that feels good," she told Sarah who reached up and gently squeezed Nadia's nipples.

"I was the one who wanted sex," Sarah complained. "All I'm getting right now is a wet leg."

"I'll go down on you once I cum. Apparently my sex drive is out of control."

"I can see that." She continued to play with Nadia's small, pert breasts. "Some of the girls on the team are saying there's a blonde tramp fucking any guy with a hard dick. It had to be you."

“Uh-huh,” Nadia admitted, barely able to concentrate on her words. “That’s me. God I need a cock right now.”

“Thigh, fingers, or tongue, that’s all I can give you.”

“Uh-huh,” she agreed absently still rubbing and grinding her pussy. “This is good enough. I’m going to cum.”

“Cum on me,” Sarah whispered. “Cum for me.”

Nadia took her hands off the bed and arched her back showing off her body to Sarah. Her hips didn’t stop moving. Her entire body was working for an orgasm. She spread her arms and continued to ride Sarah’s leg, her entire soul focused on her pussy. When it happened, it was glorious. She felt like the sun was shining out of her body and she was the center of the universe for all to see.

“That was beautiful,” Sarah gasped.

“Thank you,” said Nadia all full of false modesty.

“No, no, I mean it. You were shining like a goddess or an angel. Beautiful.” Sarah pulled Nadia down to her and kissed her fiercely. “I’m afraid of what you’re doing to yourself but it makes me want you all the more.”

Nadia had to force herself not to roll her eyes. “Stop it. Gross exaggeration is not attractive on you.”

Sarah blinked several times, as if coming out of a reverie, and then shook her head. “No, I’m being serious. Just now, when I was watching you cum, it was so incredible. I want to make you cum again.” She reached between Nadia’s legs but the blonde slapped her hands aside.

“Let’s not,” she said firmly. “I told you I’d go down on you and make you cum. That’s exactly what I’m going to do.” Sarah didn’t put up a fight at all when Nadia pushed open her legs and feasted upon her pussy. It wasn’t long before she made the dark-haired woman cum.

Afterwards the two of them struggled out of bed and started to get ready for the day.

“It was like you were surrounded by an aura, like you were the sun or something, like you could fly because of these wonderful wings that were lifting you away from me.”

“I wasn’t aware that being on the volleyball team meant you had to indulge in hallucinogenic substances on a regular basis,” Nadia said, already tired of her roommate’s near-constant prattling on about how wonderful her orgasm had been.

Sarah stuck out her tongue. “You couldn’t see yourself so you don’t know how beautiful you were.”

“Okay, sure. I’ll see you later, okay?” Nadia headed out to her class, but she already knew she was going to skip it. June Pitor taught at the math lab in the mornings and that is where Nadia’s feet took her.

The math lab was nothing more than a small classroom with tables instead of student desks where students could receive assistance on math projects and homework. Appointments were suggested but walk-ins were the norm. Except for June the lab was empty when Nadia walked in.

“Where have you been?” June asked with a mixture of annoyance and relief. “I’m full to bursting and you need to feed.”

That was it. There was no further discussion. June stepped around Nadia to close and lock the lab door as she unbuttoned her shirt.

“Let me,” Nadia said as June briefly struggled with the closure on her bra flap. The older woman’s breasts were so engorged it was nearly impossible for her to get them open on her own. Nadia ably assisted, releasing only one breast, but she immediately pushed June up against a desk to latch on. Nadia had to half-kneel on a chair to get at the right height to nurse. She only had to suck once before June released a near-fountain of milk.

“Oh, that feels so good,” June murmured as Nadia drank greedily. “You waited too long. You need to feed at least twice a day, you know that.”

Nadia just nodded into her breast. After just a few swallows she was starting to feel better, more like herself, better than herself. Two minutes later she was starting to feel a mild euphoria along with a rising level of lust. In the back of

her mind she was certain this encounter could only end one way.

She was wrong.

Neither of them heard the key in the door or the door open until a voice exclaimed, “Holy shit!”

Nadia had retained enough of presence of mind to be embarrassed and she started to pull away from June. The older woman stopped her, held her to her breast, and encouraged her to keep feeding. “It’s fine,” June said. “It’s just Robert. He’s one of mine.”

Half turning her head she saw Robert closing the door and locking it after he stepped into the room. If he was shocked at seeing the two women in such an intimate position he hid it well. If anything, he was excited by the scene he had interrupted. Deciding that if June wasn’t upset at the young man’s appearance, then she wasn’t going to be upset either. Besides, she had something more important on her mind: June’s milk which was flowing steadily now. She barely needed to suck, it was like a fountain spraying out a steady jet of liquid.

“You can go ahead and take her, Robert,” June said. “She needs a little cock right now.”

If she had wanted to, Nadia could have objected, but she had no reason to say no. This was just another encounter that somehow she needed. Robert didn’t say a word but got behind her and flipped up her skirt exposing her panties. She held still so it was easier for him to pull them down her legs. He actually went through the complicated procedure of taking them all the way off, having her step out of the tiny garment, but he did it smoothly, not getting them tangled in her shoes. Obviously he had done this before and for a young man who couldn’t have had that many partners in his life, he was showing a remarkable amount of restraint in getting Nadia naked. One her nethers were bared, Robert opened up his pants and stepped in close behind her as she knelt on the chair.

A few months ago Nadia would have been appalled at her behavior, allowing herself to be fucked by a man whose only qualifications as someone worthy was knowing June and walking into the math lab. Today, however, she bent her knees and reached down between her legs to guide him into her pussy. A few months before she would have been shocked to feel boney ridges on his erect cock, but today she was excited to see what it would feel like inside her body.

It turned out to feel wonderful. Nadia continued to suck on June's tits while Robert fucked her from behind, his hips and abdomen slapping into her upturned ass with the familiar sound of flesh on flesh. Robert held out for a remarkably long time and didn't finish until Nadia pulled away from both of June's empty tits. He only came when June said to him, "She's finished nursing. Cum in her. She needs it."

Without further prompting Robert firmly grabbed Nadia's hips and all but slammed his cock back and forth in her. She gasped at the sudden rough treatment. Before his cock's boney ridges were rubbing her in all the right ways, keeping her right on the edge, but now the way they scraped against her tender flesh was almost painful, but apparently that's exactly what was needed. She moaned and gasped, tried to keep as silent as possible to keep from alerting passing students what exactly was going on in the math lab, but then she climaxed with a flash of light behind her eyes.

Only the light wasn't just behind her eyes, it illuminated the entire room.

June was holding Nadia's face against her breasts as Robert finished and she was startled by the light flash. Robert's eyes were closed and he still saw the burst of brightness. "What the fuck was that?!" he exclaimed.

"Hades pits!" June cursed. "She's going to come to fruition too soon. Her quickening is upon us. We need to call my husband." She pulled her bra and shirt back into place, covering up her tits.

Jason stepped back from Nadia and tucked his cock back into his pants. "Whoa. I've never done that to a girl before." He laughed nervously.

"What's the matter?" Nadia asked. "Was I too loud? Are we going to get in trouble?"

"Don't worry about that, dear," June said. "You just need to remain calm. This is nothing to worry about, perfectly natural, just a little premature."

Nadia furrowed her brow. "Why would I be worried? I feel great. That was a wonderful orgasm." She got down from kneeling on the chair and rolled her shoulders, in the process she accidentally flapped her fledgling wings. "Fucking hell!" she burst out when she caught sight of the small set of wings sprouting from her back. They had sliced through her shirt when they had emerged. It now

hung loosely off her shoulders and she could feel the bra she had opted to wear that morning now supporting nothing; the back strap had been severed.

Grabbing her purse June dug out her cell phone and dialed her husband's office number. "Remain calm, honey," she said as the phone rang. Up until that point Nadia didn't know she was supposed to be nervous or worried. Holding the cell phone in one hand and Nadia's hand in her other, she made soothing noises as she waited impatiently for Prof. Pitor to answer. The moment he picked up and started his usual greeting she immediately interrupted him.

"It's June. I'm in the math lab. Nadia's here with me and she started her change prematurely." This was all said in one rushed breath.

"Well, she is precocious, isn't she?"

"Focus, Joseph. Fucking focus for a minute. She's partially changed and we need to get her out of here without attracting attention." She paused and tried to calm herself. "And to make sure this isn't happening too soon. Remember your fucking experiment?"

"Right," he said coolly over the slightly static-filled connection. "You caught me at an inopportune moment."

"Then have whatever boy you've seduced take his mouth off your cock and get over to your lab now! We'll meet you there."

"What makes you think I'm with a boy?" Pitor couldn't help but taunt his wife even in moments of stress.

"Boy. Girl. Man. Monster. I don't give a fuck. Just get over here now!" She disconnected the call and directed her attention to Nadia who had peered over her shoulder at what had happened and was truly starting to panic. Feathers that were white and silver and gold covered the small wings and it seemed to her that the wings were slowly growing.

"I can't believe I did that to her," Robert laughed jubilantly.

"You didn't," June hissed at him. "You just happened to have your cock in her when the change arrived." Her eyes narrowed on his body. "Take off your sweatshirt. What size do you wear? Extra-large? That should be big enough to

cover her wings if you pull it over her."

"Why my sweatshirt?" he protested.

"Because you're here and you're the one who was fucking her while she changed," June hissed.

Nadia started to cry. It started as soft sobs with tears starting to roll down her cheeks and quickly escalated to body-shaking blubbering. "What's going on?" she bawled.

"It'll be fine, dear," June said calmly to her protégé. "The change just happened before the time we were expecting. We haven't fully prepared you and that's our fault, but we'll have things straightened around in no time." She turned her gaze back to Robert who had been trying to sneak out of the lab. "Give me your fucking sweatshirt or the moment you walk out of this room I'll make your dick fall off.

He paused and did what she ordered. Underneath the sweatshirt he wore a thin long-sleeved white undershirt tight enough to show off his bulging biceps and pectorals. Unfortunately it didn't provide him with much in the way of warmth. "I'm going to fucking freeze to death," he complained.

"Put on your damned jacket and get out of the way," June spat at him as she carefully pulled the sweatshirt down over Nadia's head. She softened her tone to the blonde woman. "You'll have to focus for a minute, honey. We need to hide your wings and we can't do that if you're flapping them about. You need to fold them. Can you concentrate and do that for me?"

"What's going to happen to me?" Nadia sobbed.

"Nothing. You're going to be perfectly fine. This is what everyone wanted for you. This is what you want for yourself, believe it or not, you just don't know it yet. But you need to calm down, relax, and fold your wings. Can you do that for me?" She brushed back a few stray hairs that had fallen in Nadia's eyes and gave her a kiss on the forehead like she was a little girl.

June's soothing tone and calm, gathered manner in the moment of crisis was enough to bring Nadia somewhat back to her senses. She took a series of deep breaths and as she started to relax and stop crying the wings on her back settled

down from the anxious waving they had been doing. Taking the opportunity to help, June hugged Nadia to her body and pulled the sweatshirt down over the wings and Nadia's torso effectively hiding them, except for the unsightly bulge under the sweatshirt.

"Good enough," she said with a nod.

Robert frowned as he zipped his jacket into place under his chin. "It looks like she's wearing a backpack under the shirt."

June sneered at him. "Do you have a better suggestion?" she snapped. He shook his head and stepped away. "Just walk with me, honey," June whispered soothingly. "We're going to Joseph's lab. We'll set everything straight there."

"Okay," Nadia whispered.

Wrapping an arm around Nadia, June flung open the door and walked the few steps down the hallway to where the math department secretary sat. "Had our first breakdown of the semester, Millie. I'm just going to take her to the counseling center. I'll be back shortly."

Millie the secretary just nodded in the world-weary way of every department secretary who had seen too many students fall to pieces. It wasn't that she didn't care; it was that she knew it was all part of the college experience.

The way that June ushered her across the campus made Nadia feel like she was flying; her feet barely touched the ground as she was half-carried by the older, stronger woman along the footpaths while Robert followed behind. Once she realized that she was basically being carried and not flying made Nadia giggle nervously because she knew that she had wings that were trapped beneath Robert's sweatshirt and she could fly if she wanted to. That gave Nadia pause. Could she actually fly with the tiny wings on her back? Unconsciously she tried to flutter the new growths but they were well-contained by the sweatshirt and her jacket that June had tossed over her shoulders.

"Stop that," June admonished her, somehow knowing what Nadia was up to. "We're almost there. You don't need to attract any more attention to yourself."

Prof. Pitor's basement lab wasn't that far a walk but when they arrived there he was already waiting for them. "She looks fine," were his first words, but he was

focused on the beatific expression on her face. Nadia was practically glowing. After a second look, he realized that there was a vague light emanating from her skin. “Oh. That’s unexpected. But where are the wings you promised me?” He sounded disappointed and angry that her wings weren’t on prominent display from the moment she walked in.

“They’re underneath the sweatshirt,” June informed him as she took off Nadia’s jacket. “Don’t be an idiot.”

Seeing the bulge under Robert’s sweatshirt, Pitor’s interest perked up. “Yes. I see. Take off her top.” His order was clinical, not sexual, which was odd for the professor.

June helped Nadia out of the sweatshirt which left her only in her skirt and the tattered shirt underneath. Pitor was there with a pair of safety scissors and cut away the remains of the damaged shirt and dropping the ruined bra to the ground leaving Nadia topless. Her small pink nipples puckered in the cool lab air and she stood nervously in front of the trio who watched as her new wings slowly spread open. Nadia focused on Robert, the boy who had recently fucked her, and wondered what his relationship to the Pitors was. Like most of the men—and women—she had seen in the strange circle she had been indoctrinated into he was handsome and possessed some strange attribute which attracted the Pitors to him. Or was it the other way around? Was he so handsome that June and Joseph needed to seduce and corrupt him in some way?

“They’ve grown,” June commented after a long moment of silence. At first Nadia thought she meant her small breasts, but the realized the other woman was referring to her new wings. In the lab Nadia felt a little safer. This was where strangeness was supposed to happen and now her sporting white and silver and gold wings suddenly wasn’t so terrible. She looked over her shoulder and concentrated a minute before she understood how to move the wings slowly, fanning the air around her body. She grinned maniacally. This wasn’t how she imagined her life going, but she was happy to let it happen.

“They’re beautiful,” she whispered to herself.

“How much have they grown?” Pitor asked his wife.

“When I first saw them the span was barely enough to spread across her back, now they are twice that size.”

“Growing very quickly,” Pitor murmured to himself while stroking his beard. “The question now is whether we allow them to keep going or if we arrest the process. I was anticipating another three days before her body would have been ready.”

“Stop the process,” Robert quickly declared. “It’s unnatural.”

Pitor barely glanced his way. “You’re just upset your transformation didn’t go as you wished. You’d think a man with a cock that can please any woman would be thrilled with his change.”

“It wasn’t what you promised,” Robert complained.

To stop the bickering that was about to erupt between teacher and student June offered her opinion. “This isn’t entirely new territory for us,” she said. “Every times we’ve tried to slow or arrest the transformation process in previous subjects, it’s gone poorly. We obviously aren’t experts yet. We need to let nature take its course.”

“Nature?” Pitor scoffed. “There’s nothing natural about this.”

“We could accelerate the process,” Pitor said, still talking mostly to himself.

“Why?” asked a shocked June.

“We’ve never tried it before. Perhaps it is something we can exploit to positive results.”

“Or maybe you’ll just make more monsters we’ll have to hide or destroy!”

A smile tugged at the corner of Pitor’s mouth. “That’s a chance I’m willing to take.”

“Planning on filling Hades’ pits all by yourself?” she snapped at him.

“Perhaps.” He had already focused his attention on Nadia who had been distracted by her wings. She was now able to reach over her shoulder and stroke the long, soft feathers she had grown. They felt wonderfully sensuous under her fingers and she realized she didn’t mind being topless in front of the others as long as she could move her wings freely. “My dear,” he began politely. “Would

you be so kind as to imbibe a few liquids for us?”

It was probably the nicest way that anyone had ever asked Nadia to get drunk, at least that was what she was thinking. “Sure,” she readily agreed.

Before anything else could occur the door to the lab slammed open and in walked a woman that Nadia only vaguely recognized. She instantly hated the interloper not because of the sudden appearance but because she was sporting wings on her back that were nearly the mirror image of Nadia’s: black and gray and white. When the two rivals spied their opposite, unconsciously they started hissing at each other.

“Keep them away from each other!” Pitor called and immediately focused on the dark-winged woman. “What’s the matter with you, Regina, coming here like that!”

“These!” Regina responded vehemently indicating the wings on her back. “You knew this was going to happen! You let it happen.”

“Discretion, my dear,” he replied. “You walked across campus like that?”

“She’s a drama major,” June called over her shoulder as she ushered Nadia to an interior office on the far side of the lab. “Doubtless those who saw her thought it was some stunt or impromptu performance of some sort.” And with that Nadia found herself closed into the small office with June.

Nadia snapped her fingers, her memory suddenly clicking into place. “She was the one at your party. She was the one on the other dais getting fucked by those you didn’t choose for me.”

“Or you were getting fucked by those who weren’t good enough for her,” June corrected her. “Don’t assume you’re the center of the universe, dear.”

Nadia’s lips curled back. “I hate her.”

“That’s to be expected.” She locked the door behind her. “Ready for your treatment?” She opened up a cabinet and took out several airtight bottles. Nadia tried to listen to what was going on in the main lab, but the door had a tight acoustic seal. She watched and tried to listen while June concentrated on mixing up the contents of the bottles in an exact recipe.

“What is that?” she asked, curious.

“Better than precursor,” June promised as she put down the beaker and started unbuttoning her shirt.

“What are you doing?”

“Fresh milk is best for this recipe,” she said as she started hand expressing her milk into an open beaker. As Nadia watched the milk steadily filled the bottom of the beaker. When it had reached the correct level June dumped the milk and combined it with the contents of the strange cocktail she had been mixing. After tucking her breasts back into place she poured half the contents into a large test tube and held it out the beaker. “Give it a try.”

It couldn’t be any more dangerous than other things she had drunk at the urging of the Pitors. She upended the tube into her mouth. The liquid was rather bland, much to Nadia’s disappointment. She frowned. “It’s okay.”

June’s frown quickly mirrored Nadia’s. “You aren’t feeling anything?”

Nadia shrugged which made her wings ruffle. “Not really. I still feel happy about my wings though.” She fluttered them again. “They scared me at first, but now I like them.” She beamed at June.

“You should feel a strong sexual attraction to everyone right now,” June said.

“Nope! I mean, I’d have sex if you want to, but I’m still in control off myself.”

“Wait here.” June unlocked the door and headed out to the main lab. Nadia could see Prof. Pitor talking to the dark-haired Regina; he was holding onto her upper arms while her gloomy wings flapped angrily back and forth but she couldn’t hear what they were saying. Perhaps foolishly June left the door open as she approached the pair and indicated that the elixir was ready for Regina’s consumption. Nadia waited patiently, her wings quivering back and forth as she waited to see what Regina would do.

It took a minute, but eventually Regina acquiesced and quickly downed the large test tube that June gave her. Robert was standing warily to the side, keeping a close eye on the proceedings. Before quaffing the drink Regina cast her eyes to the back of the lab where Nadia was safely watching inside the office. After a

brief hiss of anger Regina upended the tube and swallowed it all like a frat boy proving he could chug even the most potent alcohol.

For a long moment nothing happened. Then Regina screamed. It felt like the shriek was piercing Nadia's eardrums. Shaking Prof. Pitor off, Regina started across the floor directly toward Nadia who didn't have the good sense to even close the office door. As she moved across the lab Regina's wings started growing at an alarming rate, the complete opposite of what Pitor wanted. What only Nadia could see since Regina had already passed by the other three in the lab was the dark-haired woman's fingers elongating into claws and her mouth extending forward into a strange beak-like snout that started to grow teeth of unnatural size.

With a scream of terror Nadia slammed the office door closed. She slammed it too hard. It immediately bounced back open. Regina's eyes were glowing red at Nadia's incompetence. The blonde woman was certain she was going to become the victim of a laboratory horror show when the bird-woman was abruptly tackled from behind by Robert. Regina immediately attacked him with her claws but except for the shredding of his clothes Robert seemed unfazed by the attack.

"Do something, Professor!" he called to Pitor who seemed utterly calm in the middle of the chaos.

The professor twisted his lips into a knot of annoyance before deliberately walking across the lab, carefully going around the table in the middle, and casually pointing to the pair struggling on the floor before saying, "Brace yourselves."

"What?" cried Robert as he looked up, confused. Regina merely continued her shrieking which was cut short by a thunderclap that filled the room with a deafening roar. Nadia was partly protected by still being inside the smaller office but was still knocked to the floor; she couldn't imagine what effects the others were suffering. The noise and flash of light were so powerful that her ears were ringing, she could barely see, and when she stood up she was so dizzy she had to hold onto the desk to stay upright.

Prof. Pitor and June were still on their feet. They were peering at the now motionless mass of limbs that marked Robert and Regina's struggle. After a few seconds a weak voice said, "Gods fucking damnit, Professor. That hurt."

“You’re fine,” Pitor said, barely interested in Robert’s complaint. “I barely released any power at all.”

“But you’re not the one who got hit,” Robert groaned.

“Doesn’t matter. Is she dead?” That was his only concern, if Regina was still alive.

As Robert staggered to his feet Nadia saw that his clothes were in tatters and, strangely, his skin was covered in the bony ridges much like his cock. She imagined that must have helped protect him because the bird-like Regina looked dead to her.

“No. She’s breathing.”

“Shit,” Pitor cursed. “If she was dead it would just be a body disposal issue. Now we’ve got to figure out what to do with her.”

“She’s corrupted?” asked June.

“Obviously so.” Pitor looked up from Regina’s body, barely breathing, and focused on Nadia. “How did your young protégé manage to process the elixir and not change as well? What is going on with you, dear girl?”

Nadia shrugged and crossed her arms in front of her chest. She wasn’t cold but it suddenly felt wrong to be the only one who was partially naked in the lab. After her nipples were covered she felt better. The stance also allowed her to casually hide the brightly colored fabric bracelet on her left wrist behind her right biceps. “I’m not her,” she said boldly trying to explain away the problem.

“Leave it,” June said and indicated Regina who was starting to stir. “We need to get her down to the stables where Hank can guard her.”

“It would be easier just to kill her,” said Pitor. “Then we just have to dispose of the body.”

“We’re not committing murder. We’re done with that.”

June’s words chilled Nadia. Who were these people?

“Fine. Apparently poor Regina will be just another monster living out her life in secret.” He sighed and looked at Robert. “Grab a lab coat and get the dolly from the supply room. I’ll put her in a storage tote for the trip down to the stables. Hopefully no one will think you moving a box in the middle of the day is strange.”

“What about me?” Nadia asked and then realized that maybe it wasn’t a good idea to call attention to herself.

“Go back to your dorm,” June told her. “Pretend this was a normal day.”

“I’ve got fucking wings on my back!” Nadia screamed at her.

“That are easily hidden,” said June. “Just fold them down.”

“What?”

“Just think about it,” June told her calmly. She walked up to Nadia and reached over her shoulders, placing her hands lightly on the brightly hued wings. “Fold them down and hide them. You can do it.”

They locked eyes and Nadia felt the warmth of June’s hands on her wings. It was easy to fold her new limbs down along her back, and she was surprised to realize that she could effectively shrink them down to nearly nothing. She couldn’t go topless, but wearing a shirt she might be fine. Except she had no shirt to wear under her jacket. Before she could voice this concern to June, the older woman pulled a short lab coat from a drawer against the wall and handed it to Nadia. “This will serve until you get home.”

Robert then reappeared with the dolly and a large storage tote. The three of them dumped Regina’s still unconscious body into the tote and sent him out the door. “Go home, Nadia,” June told her as she exited the lab with her husband. “Go home.”

Chapter Fourteen

Nadia walked back to her dorm room without incident. Her mind was still reeling from what she had just been through and witnessed. Sarah wasn't in so Nadia just pulled off her jacket and the lab coat. She peered at herself in the mirror a minute, admiring the unexpected change in her body, waving her wings up and down, practicing how to use them. It seemed she could change the size and shape just enough to conceal them. The day had been exhausting. She kicked off her shoes and climbed into bed.

It was dark when Sarah came in and woke her up. "Have you slept the day away?" she asked.

Slowly Nadia came awake. "Yeah. Sort of. I've had a tough day."

"Haven't we all?" Sarah immediately went to her laptop on the desk and turned it on. "I don't want to be rude, but I'm supposed to have a Skype call with Cassidie in a few minutes. Could I ask for a little privacy?"

Huddled under the covers Nadia agreed. "Sure. But can I show you something first."

"Yeah, sure, whatever." Sarah was clearly focused elsewhere.

"Promise you won't be surprised."

Sarah had pulled up a document on her laptop and was tapping away, doing some homework before her call with Cassidie. "Nothing you do can surprise me," she said to her screen. "What's the big news? Did you fuck the entire hockey team?"

The brusqueness of her roommate gave Nadia the impetus she needed to find her boldness again. "Not at all. Just turn around and look at me." She sat up and spread her wings. The fact that she was topless made that easy and her bare breasts were the least of her concerns at the moment.

The reflection of Nadia's strange movement on Sarah's laptop screen was enough to get her to turn around. She did a double take but didn't freak out. Apparently Sarah was made of stronger stuff than Nadia had assumed.

"Holy shit. What happened to you?" Before Nadia could answer Sarah continued on. "Had to be Professor Pitor, right? Those bumps on your back all those drugs he was making you take. And…you get this. Huh. Wow."

Nadia didn't know what to say so she just slowly moved her wings back and forth. "He did this to me."

"I know. How do you feel about that?"

"You're acting like this is normal."

"It isn't? You should see some of the shit I had to deal with when my mother was running her magic business. Do you like them?"

Nadia flapped her wings a bit more and then folded them behind her back. "I do," she admitted. "It's scary, but I do."

"You'll figure out a way to deal with them. And there are plenty of freaky guys out there who will consider those wings to be an asset. You're going to have more dick thrown your way than if you were a naked Brad Pitt walking into a gay bathhouse."

"There was another girl," Nadia said. "Regina. She was going through the same change as me. Wings. I saw her getting fucked at a party in the Pitors' house, just like me. Her change didn't go so well. She turned into a monster."

Sarah nodded. "I've heard he makes those sorts of mistakes."

"From who?"

"The magic rumor mill is always running. Mostly stories from my mother and her friend. That's why I gave you the bracelet." She pointed to the gift still around Nadia's wrist. "It protected you, didn't it?"

Nadia bobbed her head up and down. Tears started streaming down her cheeks but she didn't want to let herself cry, not yet. "Thank you," she snuffled.

“I couldn’t let a friend suffer because of some stupid mistakes.” She got out of her chair and crossed over to Nadia’s bed to give her a tight hug. “You’re beautiful.”

“I’m strange now.”

“Strange is better than boring or common. And you love dick. You love the variety of cock the world has to offer.” Sarah ran her hand along Nadia’s folded wings. “And with these you’ll be able to attract more and unusual guys than you can possibly imagine.”

“You sure?” Nadia was crying now.

“I’m positive. I’ll introduce you to my mother. Just keep your head about you when dealing with Prof. Pitor. The old gods are the most dangerous ones.”

“Thank you,” Nadia said again. “You’re a true friend.”

Sarah gave her a chaste kiss. Nadia wanted it to go further and started to press the issue, but Sarah’s laptop chimed indicated an incoming call.

“Okay,” Sarah said. “I made a promise to Cassidie. You can stay in the room if you want, but you need to put a shirt on.” She tweaked one of Nadia’s nipples.

With a laugh Nadia dug a t-shirt out of her dresser and pulled it over her head. Sarah angled the laptop to Cassidie couldn’t see her altered roommate. Just before she accepted the call Sarah gave Nadia a wink. “Our little secret?”

“Yes.”

End

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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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