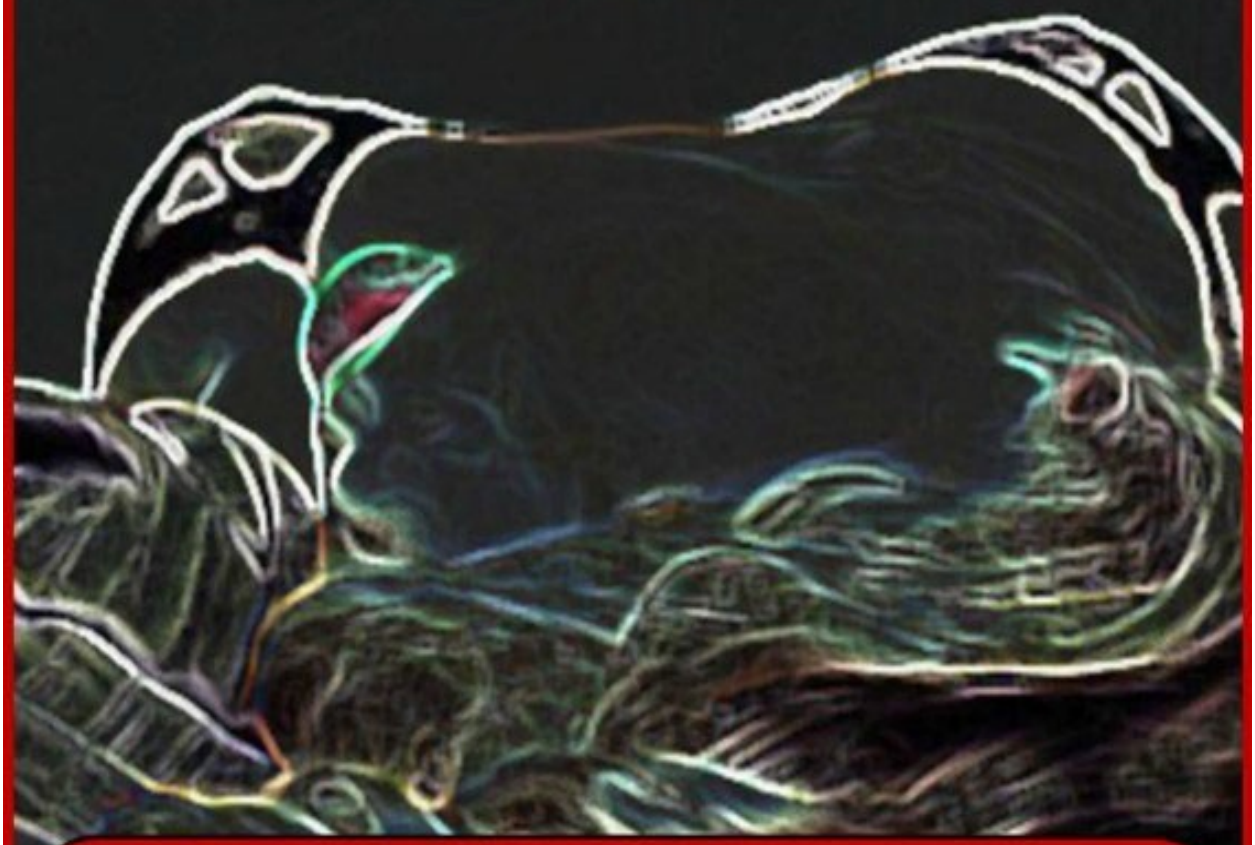
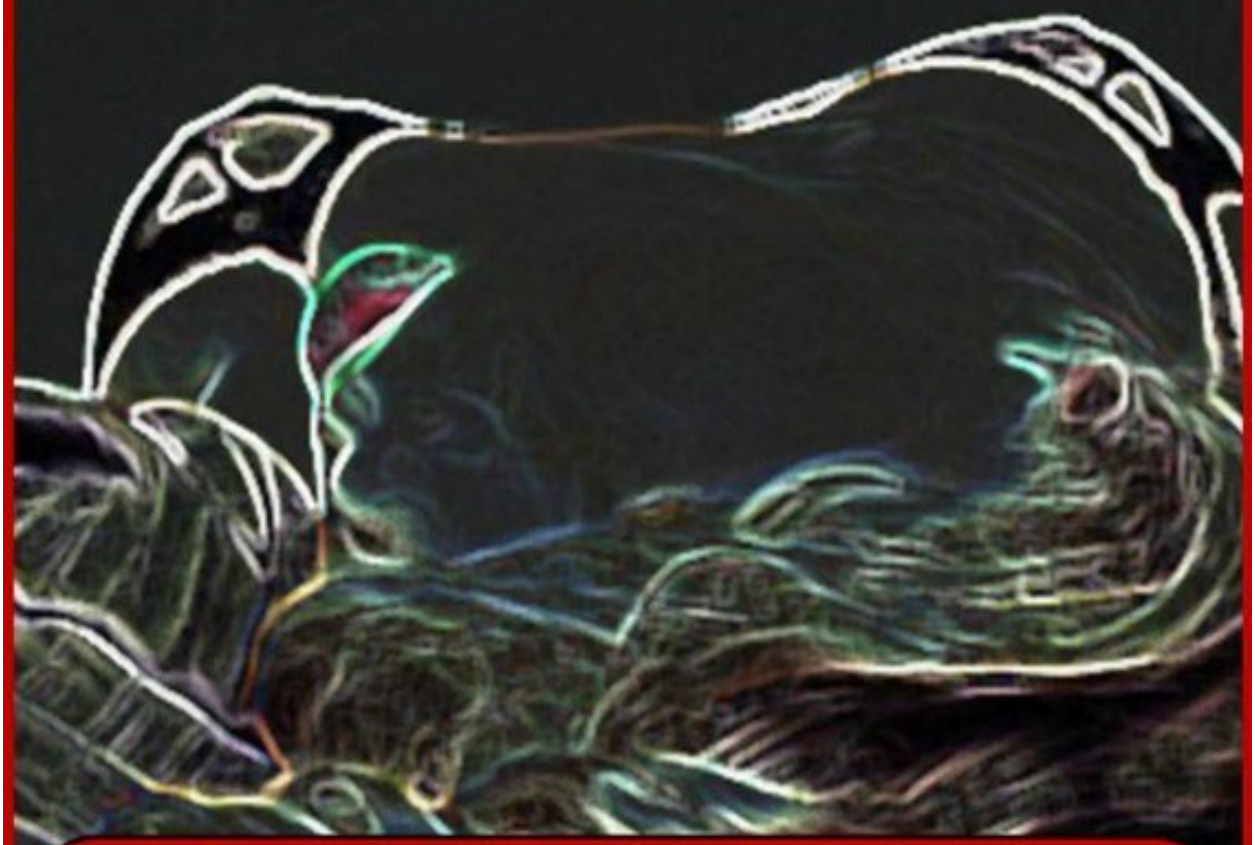
ELLIOT SILVESTRI



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Fully Experimental

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Chapter One

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thanks," Nadia said sarcastically.

"If you're looking for a freak show, go see Professor Pitor."

"Who's that?"

"He's bio prof who teaches ancient history as well. You've never heard of him?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nadia nodded.

“Are you a first year student?”

“Yes.”

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

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

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

“Still or effervescent?” he asked.

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

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

She laughed along with him. “No bubbles.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t know what I can offer you.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You are willing young lady,” he said.

“Willing to please,” she giggled this time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

pressed against the cushion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I just used my youthful exuberance on him.”

Sarah doubtfully said, “Uh-huh.”

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

This time Sarah grinned. “Uh-huh.”

Chapter Two

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

male students. Nervous laughter erupted once again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why? Are you having such feelings?”

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

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

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

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

“A cat.”

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

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

“Does that excite you?”

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

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

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

“And does that excite you?” he pressed.

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

“Would you do it?” he asked.

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

“Nothing is impossible given sufficient will.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

she was and let it happen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

proper decorum to the side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Three

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You can't just know that!"

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

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

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

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

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

“There are no limits,” he told her.

“I think you’re delusional.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m safe,” she assured him.

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

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

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

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

“Which means without the barbs.”

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

He raised his eyebrows. “You liked that?”

“I didn’t mind,” she hedged.

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

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

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

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

"What do I do with this?"

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

"Why do you want my pee?"

"Why do you think?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well?” Nadia prompted him.

“Negative. You’re not pregnant.”

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Four

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

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

"Do you do everything he tells you?"

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

"You're scared of him."

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

"Want to have sex?" she offered him.

Her proposal took Derke off guard. "What?"

"Want to have sex?" she repeated.

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

"Well? Do you?"

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

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

“He’ll find out.”

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

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

“I don’t know.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Quit teasing," he told her.

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

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

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

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

"Huh?"

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

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

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

“No.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Derke froze. “Why would you ask that?”

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

She paused and Derke said nothing.

“Well?” she prompted him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No, no you don’t!”

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

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

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

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

End Part One

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 a 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 an 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 romatic 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 made 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 who 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 hygene. 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 neeting 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 cnetaurs 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. Tthat 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

Part Three

Chapter Eight

Somehow during the night Nadia had managed to lose all her clothes except for her camisole. She remembered getting into bed with Sarah, but that was with her shirt and pants still on. Either she had stripped herself while sleeping, or Sarah had helped her out. When she had come home, Sara was in bed wearing a t-shirt and yoga pants; those she still wore. Sarah was awake and watching her.

“Did you know you snore when you sleep?” Sarah asked.

“What? No! I don’t snore.”

Sarah shook her head. “Oh yes you do. It’s very soft and kind of cute, but you snore.”

Nadia decided to change the subject. “Why am I naked?”

“You’re not naked. You have your cami on.”

“But when did the rest of my clothes come off?”

Sarah just shook her head. “I don’t know. You must have taken them off. Or I did,” she added with a grin and reached between Nadia’s legs to run two fingers along Nadia’s exposed labia.

Unwittingly Nadia shied away. “Don’t do that. It’s not appropriate.”

“What, me touching your pussy or me wanting to have sex with you?”

“I’m not supposed to have sex with anyone until I get permission from Prof. Pitor,” Nadia blurted out.

“What?”

She rethought her words. “I’m not supposed to have sex in general. With men, that is. We can have sex.” She reached out and grabbed Sarah’s hand, putting it back on her pussy.

Sarah shook her head. “Everything you say just sounds crazier and crazier.”

Nadia held up her left wrist to display the cloth charm bracelet. “Don’t worry. I’m perfectly safe. I’ve got your mother’s witch charm on me.”

That didn’t reassure Sarah at all. “I didn’t say I believed in Mom’s witchcraft. I just wear the bracelets because it makes her happy.”

Nadia blinked. “You don’t believe in your own mother’s magic?”

“I don’t know,” she answered with a shrug.

Nadia groaned. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.” She rolled over to stare out the window but saw the clock. “Shit! I’m going to be fucking late!” Jumping out of bed Nadia threw on her clothes while Sarah watched. Never before had she seen someone put clothes on so quickly.

“Come back when you’re done,” Sarah called when the door slammed shut.

Nadia didn’t know when “done” would be. It only occurred to her when she was halfway across campus that she forgot to put on any panties. She groaned but didn’t stop running. It was her intent to drink her dose of precursor and head right back to bed with Sarah. On Saturday morning there was nothing happening on campus. A few students were slowly making their way back to their dorms doing a half-drunken walk fo shame. A few others were headed to early morning jobs or down to the athletic center to practice with their teams or take advantage of the nearly empty facilities.

Discovering the side entrance to the lab was unlocked at their early and quiet hour didn’t really surprise Nadia. She went in and found, once again, Prof. Pitor waiting for her. Would she ever beat him to the lab?

He made an elaborate show of looking at his watch before speaking. “You’re only a few minutes late. I’m very disappointed. Not surprised, but disappointed.”

“This is a ridiculous schedule for any college student,” Nadia complained as she walked up to the beaker of precursor on the table. “This must be for me,” she said in a faux-bright voice that she really didn’t feel.

“Yes. Drink. Did you have sex with anyone after Hank and I last night?”

“Right to the point,” Nadia said. “I like that. And…eww, gross. Of course not. What kind of slut do you think I am? I limit myself to having sex with a maximum of one centaur and one human per day.” But she paused with the beaker halfway to her lips.

“You’re hesitating,” Pitor pointed out unnecessarily.

“Yeah…I had sex with a boy yesterday morning, but that was way before you and Hank, so I’m good. Just thought I’d put that out there.” She downed the precursor. Even the mild burning she had grown used to as part of the drink had seemed to fade away. “You sure this is your magic juice and not just water?” she asked, unable to help being a smartass.

“Of course I’m sure. And I know you, Nadia. You’re hiding something from me. What is it?” Pitor reached out and took her chin between fingers and thumb, lifting her jaw up so her eyes met his. It was at that moment she realized that he had incredibly bright and piercing eyes and she couldn’t look away if she wanted to.

“What could I possibly be hiding from you?”

“You aren’t lying…” It felt like he was looking into her soul. “But there is something there…”

“All right. You and the seven fucking hells. I’m not sure what happened last night after the stables. I went back to my dorm and got in bed with my roommate and I don’t remember anything after that.”

Pitor’s eyes narrowed. “Nothing…but you say your roommate, correct?”

“Yes.”

“Also female like you?”

“For the moment. Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick, you really live in your own reality, don’t you, Professor?”

His eyes frowned at her curse and the broke the lock of their eyebeams. “You can have sex with other women. It won’t affect the experiment.”

“Thanks for you kind permission. I don’t think I had sex with her anyway. We just literally slept together in the same bed.”

“Doesn’t matter. I have other good news for you.”

She was glad he was changing the subject and was no longer looking into her soul because she fully intended to go back to her room and have sex with Sarah. Already the precursor was exciting her nethers and she was going to need some type of relief to make it through the day.

“What news?”

“I’ve decided what I will make you into,” he announced.

“Huh. Okay. What?” After seeing—and fucking—a human-cat and a centaur nothing could surprise Nadia at this point in her life.

“I will be turning you into an angel,” he announced as if it were the gravest and most auspicious bit of information in the world. “You will be a beautiful hybrid beyond comparison.”

Nadia kept her gaze dolefully level. “Really? I’ve heard better lines of seduction at freshman mixers.”

“Take off your shirt; I want to start the process.”

“I think I’ve heard that line too.”

“Just remove your clothing,” he said, exasperated.

Nadia did as he asked. It wasn’t anything she wasn’t willing to do, just another twist that she should have been prepared for. After pulling sweatshirt and camisole off in one smooth movement, Nadia stood topless and expectant.

“Give me your arm first,” he said, another hypodermic needle in his hand. “I want to do another blood draw to monitor your levels.”

“You really love this science stuff, don’t you,” she said flippantly.

“You should as well; you’re a part of this.”

“Uh-huh.” Nadia didn’t look as he plunged the small needle into her arm and drew out a bit of her life essence.

“Put your hands on the table,” he instructed her when he was done with the first part. “This probably won’t hurt, but it‘ll be helpful if you don’t fall over.”

“Yup.”

Prof. Pitor walked behind her with another small needle kit. She felt two quick pinpricks on her back, right over her shoulder blades. “There. Done.”

“Okay, I’m going back to my room and sleeping the morning away. That okay with you?” she asked. For some reason his attitude and need to control Nadia annoyed her more than usual this morning.

“By all means,” he said graciously. “I’ll see you here tonight.”

Nadia took a much more leisurely walk back to her dorm. The campus was starting to show some signs of coming to life now. Her back itches where Prof. Pitor had scratched or poked her or whatever the hell he did. She was just annoyed and wanted to get back in bed with Sarah. It had been easy to fall under Pitor’s spell, and it was just as easy to go along with whatever it was Pitor planned on doing to her. In her heart Nadia knew that she wanted to go along with his strange and semi-secret plan, but it still unsettled her. She brooded on these thoughts from the center of campus to her dorm.

Opening the door to her room Nadia didn’t know what to expect. She wasn’t surprised to find Sarah still in bed, but this time her book was facedown on her lap while she talked on the phone.

“Yeah, I know.” Pause. “Just my roommate coming in. And it’ll be in two weeks, we already agreed to that.” Pause.

Nadia frowned at her roommate and started taking off her clothes. She needed a shower. She needed sex. She needed to know what Sarah was talking about.

Sarah made a face a pointed in frustration at the phone. “Of course. I don’t know why you have to call so early in the morning. I was up late last night.” Pause. “Studying and reading, what else? That’s all I do.” Long pause. “I know you are better with time management than me, Cassidie. We’ve had that discussion

before too. Look, I'll call you later today at our regular time so you aren't calling and waking me up at the crack of dawn." Pause. "Okay, fine, eight thirty isn't the crack of dawn, but if nothing else I have to go to practice, do you mind if I do that?"

During this part of the conversation Nadia had removed all her clothes and slipped as silently as possible into Sarah's bed, pressing her cool skin against Sarah's body, soaking up the warmth held in by the blankets. Sarah was just as quiet as the moved over to make room for Nadia. "Okay, I love you. Bye."

Sarah ended the call and dropped the phone on the stand next to her bed. "Argh," she said dispassionately.

"That was Cassidie?" Nadia asked unnecessarily. She couldn't even look at Sarah, she just rested her head on her friend's shoulder.

"Yeah. We've agreed to a set schedule of calls and skype and chats when we can, but I hate it when she calls early on the weekends and wakes me up and gets mad when I don't want to talk."

"I'd better get up," Nadia said as she started to slide out of the bed. Sarah grabbed her arm, stopping her.

"No, don't."

"I'm making you cheat on your girlfriend," Nadia protested.

"No, we're having sex because my girlfriend is six hours away and you're extra horny because you're you and you're doing….whatever…with Prof. Pitor." She then kissed Nadia with an unexpected ferocity. "I don't have a romantic relationship with you. I've in love with Cassidie. You're just sex."

"Thanks, you know how to make a girl feel wanted."

"We're you expecting something more?

Her question cut to the essence of the matter. She needed Sarah for the next few days for sexual relief if nothing else. "No. I just didn't think you'd put it so bluntly."

Sarah shook her head at her roommate. “I’m a realist, Nadia. You like having sex with me because having sex with a girl is new and exciting, just like having sex with Prof. Pitor and random boys is exciting. The moment it starts getting boring or serious, you’re going to move on, aren’t you?”

The question was to the point which was what Nadia needed. “Yeah. You’re right. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. Just be honest with me. I’d like to remain friends when all of this,” and she ran her hand down Nadia’s body, briefly cupping her breast and stopping at her pussy, “ends.”

“I can do that.”

Sarah didn’t remove her hand from between Nadia’s legs and started with a gentle massage. “And I’d like to have sex with you right now.”

“I thought you had to go to practice…”

“That was a lie to my girlfriend because I wanted to have sex right now and she’s six hours away.”

They kissed but before Nadia would let her go any further she asked Sarah, “Will you look at my back first?”

“Your back?” Sarah was confused.

Nadia flipped over and pointed awkwardly with her finger over her should to roughly the place on her left shoulder blade that Pitor had pricked that morning. “Pitor did something to my back. Poked or scratched it. Right over the shoulder blades. Do you see anything?”

It took Sarah only a few minutes to inspect Nadia’s pale skin, but she ran her fingers lightly up and down her spine a few times just to make her shiver. “I see two tiny pinpricks, like my brother used to get when he went through allergy testing. It’s nothing.” She ran her hands all the way down Nadia’s back and gently massaged her buttocks.

“They burn. Pitor did something to me.”

“You shouldn’t let him experiment on your body,” Sarah told her, pushing apart her thighs and reaching between her legs. Nadia only had to lift up her hips a tiny bit to allow Sarah’s fingers to slip inside her pussy. “You should let me experiment with your body.”

“Go ahead and experiment,” Nadia groaned to her. “I’m all yours.”

When the two women were done making love Nadia drifted off to sleep and Sarah left the bed. It was hours later when Nadia woke up to an empty bed and room. Sarah hadn’t left a note or given her any indication where she was. That didn’t matter, Nadia told herself. She wasn’t living her life around Sarah. They weren’t in love. They were just roommates. Roommates who had sex with each other.

It would have been nice to have a buddy in the shower, Nadia reflected as she wandered down the dorm hallway and into the bathroom. That’s what she was told in every romantic movie she had ever watched. In college that largely had to be bullshit because of the semi-private facilities. Everyone would know what the two roommates were up to and Nadia’s reputation would only grow. Not that she really cared, or so she told herself.

In the bathroom Nadia slipped her robe off her shoulder and turned around, peering backwards into the mirror to see if she could see the damage Pitor had done to her. All she could see was one tiny red mark, hardly noticeable. It could have been a pimple or a scratch or the mark of an injection in the stupidest place on her body. One of the showers was already running when Nadia did this and another girl walked in during Nadia’s inspection. She tried to make what she was doing appear casual. “Hi!” She said brightly to the girl who she was vaguely sure went by Debbie. “Would you mind taking a look at my back, Debbie? I think I scratched myself and it really hurts and I can’t see or get to it.”

“It’s Dani,” she said, but did step closer and look at Nadia’s skin. She shrugged. “Looks like maybe an insect bite? I dunno. Hope we don’t have bedbugs. That happened at my friend’s college and it was a shit show. You’d better get it looked at by the health center if you’re really worried about it.”

She smiled at Dani. “Thanks. I will.” That was a lie. Nadia didn’t have any intention of being seen at the health center.

Chapter Nine

It turned out that Sarah had disappeared to, first, team practice and then to the library to actually do work. When she returned to the room in the late afternoon the two had sex even though Nadia had brought herself to orgasm several times during the day, both with her hand and with Sarah's vibrator.

When it neared eight o'clock neither woman said anything when Nadia pulled on her jacket as if she were sneaking off to some secret liaison that they both knew about. For the first time Nadia arrived at the lab before Prof. Pitor. Checking the time she saw she was actually ten minutes early which made her wonder where the professor was. Always before he had been in the lab creating the precursor, or at least that was what Nadia thought. Maybe the precursor was kept in a giant vat back in the storerooms. She didn't know. All she could do was wait.

Almost precisely at eight o'clock an older woman walked into the lab. Nadia recognized her having seen her on campus, but couldn't put a name to the face. Her smile was sincere when she greeted Nadia with an outstretched hand. "Hello, I'm June, Prof. Pitor's wife."

Immediately Nadia froze while she was politely shaking June's hand. "Hello," she managed to squeak out.

"Relax," June told her. "I know what my husband has been up to with you…and everyone else on campus it seems. It's part of the package of being married to him." She brandished a familiar steel flask. "I believe you know what this is."

"Yes," Nadia said, all but grabbing it away from June. She popped open the top and immediately downed the contents. "Do you need to do a blood test as well?" she asked proffering her arm that was starting to get bruised from repeated blood draws.

"No. I'm here for an entirely different reason."

"What's that?"

“I’m to escort you to a party at my house.”

“Oh…I’ve never been to a professor’s house before.

June smiled. “You’ll find our homes are largely the same as everyone else’s… but what goes on in them…”

It might have been that Nadia was reading too much into June’s smile, but she felt that familiar slow build of anticipation in her loins. “I’d be happy to go to your home,” she said.

They walked out of the lab and across campus together. Many of the college’s professors lived in town on the north side of campus where the nice houses were. On the opposite side of campus were the south side student slums. It was simply customary for many professors to walk to and from work. June started a conversation when they were sufficiently far away from possible eavesdroppers.

“Have you had sex with many men?” was her blunt question.

“Yeah,” Nadia answered. “Probably more than I should. Do you need a number?”

“No.”

“It’s thirty two, including Prof. Pitor, Derke, and Hank.”

June smiled. “It sounds like you’re bragging.”

“Maybe I am.”

“And how many women?”

Nadia stumbled over an imaginary crack in the sidewalk. “Um…just one.”

“I didn’t mean to startle you with my question.”

“It’s okay.” She knew she shouldn’t have been embarrassed, and in the dim light from the houses and streetlamps it was unlikely June saw her flushed face.

“I remember my first time with a woman. I was so scared, but once you realize it’s just sex and it just as enjoyable, it’s nothing really, right?”

Nadia bobbed her head in deferential agreement.

“In some ways sex between women is better than with a man, at least I think that’s the case. It’s less about his cock and more about your orgasm, but you’ll learn that soon enough.” June gave her a winning smile. “If nothing else, I’ll help you learn it.”

The conversation couldn’t go any further because they had arrived at the Pitors’ house. It was unremarkable and blended in with the others on the street. Nadia wasn’t sure what she should have expected, but ordinariness wasn’t it. There were a few cars parked on the street and in the driveway. Presumably the ones in the driveway belonged to the Pitors and the older ones slightly in disrepair, undoubtedly belonged to students at the party. June led her inside where everything changed.

The front room had much the appearance of any party that had a bar in the corner with people standing around drinking and talking while music played. June and Nadia shed their jackets and the older woman led Nadia toward the back of the house. She recognized some of the faces she passed, including Derke and Chad , along with a few other from Prof. Pitor’s history of abnormal sexuality class. In the back of the house a small crowd had gathered in the large room. There was a pair of raised platforms, just over four feet off the floor, which Nadia recognized as mattresses covered with decorative drapes of green, gold, and white. She wasn’t at all surprised to see a woman naked on one of the platforms, naked and her legs spread while a naked man knelt on the floor with his face buried in her pussy.

“I see they’ve already started for the night,” June commented as if she were observing that the drinking was in full swing and they had somehow missed nothing of consequence. The crowd wasn’t out of control; they were reserved and observant, commenting on the beauty of the woman and man as he performed cunnilingus. They were polite, as if at an art exhibition. Most of those in attendance were well-dressed, making Nadia feel a bit ashamed at her jeans and sweatshirt, but a second glance told her that more than a few of the people watching were just as naked as the performers.

“Oh my,” Nadia said. She wasn’t shocked at the display of nudity or raw sexuality, but it was the first time she had seen people having sex in front of her.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” June commented. “Ready for this?”

“I’m already watching it,” Nadia said. The man stood up and mounted the platform. From where she was standing Nadia couldn’t see exactly what was going on, but she was certain he was now fucking the woman. His hips thrusted back and forth which made his taut buttocks shift with his every movement.

“You’ll be doing it in a minute,” June told her. “Take off your clothes; it’s going to be your turn shortly.”

They were at the back of the small group and some of them were already naked, plus Nadia’s veins were burning with lust. It wasn’t much of a persuasive argument, but the moment that Nadia was given the opportunity to get naked and be presented with the opportunity of sex, she just went along with the moment. She didn’t want to spoil the party.

No one noticed as Nadia stripped. Their eyes were on the couple already rutting. Nadia felt comfortable when she was fully nude and kicked her pile of clothes over to the side where they were lost in the shadows.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” June announced when Nadia was naked. She took Nadia’s hand and started leading her through the press of bodies and toward the empty platform. “We have a guest of honor here who will amuse and delight you all. We hope.” A slight titter of amusement rippled through the crowd as Nadia was presented to them.

June assisted Nadia’s ascension to the platform with the younger woman feeling completely out of place as she was displayed for everyone to see. She took some attention away from the dark-haired woman on the platform next to her; everyone was eager to see the new girl perform for their amusement. It was June who told Nadia how to position herself and before she knew it, a man was licking her between her legs.

“Oh my,” she gasped. There was no introduction, he just knelt down and got to business. And he knew his business perfectly. It was the best round of cunnilingus she had ever received. Nadia glanced down at him and he locked eyes with her, backing up from her pussy just enough for her to see his tongue. It was unnaturally large. Not just wide and thick, but long, Incredibly long. It was no exaggeration to say it easily protruded six inches from his mouth. She had had cocks smaller than his tongue. Not only was it thick and long, but it was

forked at the end.

It might have been odd, but Nadia realized she loved what her nameless lover was doing to her so there was no reason to protest. A forked tongue in her pussy was hardly the strangest thing that had been there recently. “Don’t stop,” she told him when he extracted his tongue. One fork had been reaching upward toward her spot that was so difficult and so perfect to touch when she was getting fucked, while the other fork was circling and playing with her clit.

“She’s already wet,” he reported to Jane who was standing next to the bed carefully observing.

“You may fuck her,” June said.

“What?” Nadia was more than happy to have a cock in her, but his tongue had been so nice.

Forked-Tongue slipped out of his clothes and sank his hard cock into Nadia’s pussy. She gasped at the sudden invasion, but welcomed it.

“How many men have you been with at one time?” June asked as she swept a few loose strands of hair out of Nadia’s face.

“Just one,” Nadia grunted, but thought maybe that wasn’t the right answer. “Wait, Hank and Prof. Pitor on the same night, does that count?”

June didn’t seem overly concerned. “I just wanted to see what your endurance is like. You’re going to have more men inside you tonight than ever before.”

Nadia closed her eyes and concentrated on Forked-Tongue’s cock busy in her pussy. She hadn’t gotten a good look at his manhood before he slipped it inside her, and it didn’t feel like it, but maybe his cock was split in half as well? That would be lovely…

“How many?” Nadia asked.

“Enough to fill you up.”

Nadia nodded her head and kept her eyes closed. “That sounds lovely.”

There was quiet other than the murmur of the crowd. Nadia found that she didn't mind having sex in front of other people. It was actually very freeing to perform such an intimate act for an audience. Nadia would hear others moving around and talking, but she was too wrapped up in getting fucked to care what everyone else was doing.

"Are you ready?" June asked.

"Not yet," Nadia answered.

"Not you, silly girl," June rebuked her. "Your lover."

"Almost there," Forked-Tongue reported.

"Pull out," June ordered.

Nadia gasped as the sudden emptiness of her pussy. In the time she had been fucking by Forked-Tongue June had also stripped and bent over the edge of the platform, her buttocks raised up and legs spread just enough for Forked-Tongue to easily enter her. The man made a few quick, hard thrusts into June and then he came. There was a look of ecstasy on the older woman's face while he came which only angered Nadia. She felt she had done all the work and the professor's wife got the reward.

The man faded away into the crowd after cumming in June and Nadia started to sit up to see where he went but June held her down with one hand as she crawled up on the platform. "Stay still, stay down. I know you haven't done this before, but there's a first time for everything and you need to learn to do it."

The older woman knew exactly what she was doing, repositioning Nadia and moving her body exactly as was needed. Before she knew it, Nadia was looking up at the apex of June's legs with her hairless pussy starting to drip out Forked-Tongue's cum. "Eat," June encouraged her. "You'll need the sustenance." She lowered her pussy to Nadia's face.

Nadia had swallowed plenty of cum in her time between the many, many blowjobs she had given in high school and college. That didn't bother her. She had also learned to enjoy the fine flavor of a ripe pussy when making love with Sarah. Never before had she had the two combined but she was game to try anything. It wasn't at all bad, if a bit on the outlier of normal sexual activity, but

it had been a long time since Nadia had been within the bounds of what could be considered normal.

She began running her tongue and lips around June's vulva, trying to find her clit, but June kept repositioning herself until Nadia understood the hint that was being given. Just licking Forked-Tongue's cum was actually easier than performing cunnilingus. It seemed a little bit circuitous having to swallow the a double-tongued man's cum from June's cunt, but it was apparently what she and the crowd wanted so Nadia just went along with it.

As she ate from June's pussy she felt another man stick his cock into her. That was completely expected, especially considering June's line of questions earlier. Not being able to see the man was a little thrill that Nadia was happy to keep to herself. She had never before had a zipless fuck and being used by an anonymous stranger made sex in front of an audience all the more exciting.

When June judged the moment was right she stood up, pulling her pussy away from Nadia's eager tongue. "You did that well," she complimented.

"Thank you." Looking down to see her lover, Nadia was pleased to see that it was Prof. Pitor who had pulled out his cock to fuck her. Apparently him fucking his students wasn't a problem at all for June, especially since his wife got to watch. "Oh! Hello, Professor."

The man around whom her world currently revolved just acknowledge her with a grunt.

"He won't say much to your right now. He's concentrating."

"I can see that." Nadia was enjoying being used, but apparently she was just a vessel and not much else was expected of her beyond simply being there. "But why?"

"He's not supposed to cum in you," June explained. "That's what I'm here for. And that's what Astrid is here for as well." The professor's wife pointed at the other platform where the dark-haired coed was getting fucked by another student while another woman stood in the position next to the platform much like June was.

Nadia shook her head back and forth. Something was missing. "But why?" she

insisted.

June laughed and kissed Nadia lightly on the lips. “You sound like a petulant and obnoxious child. And in many ways you are. So young, so innocent. But only someone like me can convert your lovers’ leavings to something more powerful than mere semen. You should have been able to taste the difference. Didn’t you?”

Not wanting to admit the semen she had just consumed tasted exactly like every other man’s spunk she had ever swallowed, Nadia said, “It was different.” But that might have been the combination of spunk with June’s juices, who was to say for certain? “But I didn’t know why.”

June nodded and looked at her husband. “So close, so soon?” she asked as she bent over the platform. “Don’t waste it in her cunt. Use mine.”

Pitor nodded and pulled out of Nadia, quickly walked around the platform’s corner with his wet, erect cock bobbing, and sank it deeply into his wife’s available sex. June grunted once from the abrupt penetration and then waited for her husband to thrust hard and fast, waiting for the end where she could feed Nadia once more.

Even though she was watching them, Nadia could barely tell when Pitor came in his wife. The expressions on their faces barely changed; the only way that Nadia could tell that he was done was he pulled out of June and his wife crawled back on the platform to present her pussy to Nadia.

For the lack of passion between the two, Pitor had left a large dollop of cum inside his wife. Nadia hungrily went after it, sucking the thick semen from June’s pussy. It seemed less like an act of perversion than a formal ritual. June had mentioned something about converting the semen into something more appropriate for Nadia to consume.

Before she could finish feeding from June’s pussy, another man was between her legs, inserting his cock and using her. Lubrication had never been a problem for Nadia, but getting fucked by three different men on the same night all in short order seemed more than what her body had the capacity for. In fact she did have the ability to do exactly what Pitor wanted of her.

The third man to fuck her had a cock that felt like a steel bar inside her hot and

wet pussy. The man fucking her couldn't have been fully human because Nadia could tell the difference between a regular cock in her pussy and the artificial hardness of a vibrator like Sarah had. She liked the firmness of Sarah's vibrator because it told her she was getting off to something completely different than the flesh of a man, but getting fucked on the platform was another thing entirely; this man had a cock that wasn't just human flesh. Sucking the last of Pitor's rich cum out of June's pussy, the other woman climbed off and waited for Nadia's current lover to finish.

Looking down at the newest stranger, Nadia was confronted by a man with a stony face, and not just by expression. His skin was very nearly a gray and scaly color and texture. It wasn't frightening to have such a man fucking her, it was just another man she had fucked who had the right parts, but wasn't human. At the rate she was going her non-human lovers would soon outpace her human ones. "You're wonderfully hard," she complimented him. The cock inside her was hard, but it was also smooth, no ridges or bumps were anywhere along his length. There was the undeniable sensation of a crest that differentiated the head from the shaft; that she could feel inside her pussy, but that was all.

"It's been a while, Roderick," June said to the man with the blank expression. He just grunted at her. "Hurry up," she encouraged him. "I can't wait to have you again. Plus our poor neophyte here needs to be fed."

Roderick responded with a slow nod of his head.

Just like the first two lovers Roderick pulled out of Nadia before he finished and pumped June a few times before he deposited his load within Pitor's wife. And once more June climbed atop Nadia's face to feed her Roderick's cum.

"How many more times?" Nadia asked when she was done sucking out Roderick's cum.

"Until you're done and your hunger is gone."

Only with those words did Nadia realize she did have a hunger gnawing at her stomach that was only partly sated by the cum she had consumed. She wanted—needed—more, much more.

Her next lover had wild sandy hair, a tattoo of a coiled snake on his left pectoral muscle, and the most unusual cock she had yet encountered. Truthfully, he had

two cocks, one atop the other, both of a common size, but together they would have been one huge monster. The double phallus looked very odd jutting up from his crotch and Nadia didn't know what to do or how to assist him in mounting her. The first instinctive move was for her to try to fit both of the phalluses in her pussy, but he had other ideas, or at least knew how other women adapted to his unusual genitals.

"Take her slowly, Jem," June instructed him. "It's her first time with you." She turned her head to the younger woman. "Have you ever done anal before, dear Nadia?"

Nadia shook her head. It wasn't that she was opposed to such a kink, but all of her previous lovers had been happy enough to use her mouth and pussy, having little interest in her ass.

June nodded to Jem. "Take it slowly with her. But I'm certain she'll adapt easily enough."

Jem reached into Nadia's pussy, got a good amount of her still copious juices on his fingers, and spread them on the blonde woman's anus. Nadia shuddered at this overly intimate touch but didn't shy away. She was sophisticated enough to know that any real penetration of her ass needed more than that small amount of lubrication. That problem was easily solved by Jem plunging his lower cock into her pussy a few times, and made sure it was sufficiently wet before pulling out and realigning both of his cocks, the lower against her spasming anus and the upper at her vag. This strange man must have done this many times before with other women because he pushed easily into both her openings at the same time.

Nadia's legs were held up in the air by June who was kneeling on the platform next to her. Jem was standing on the floor with Nadia's pelvis on the edge of the platform making access to both her openings easy. She let out a little cry of fear as she was explored in this novel fashion. At first it felt like she was being violated, but as he steadily filled her up, Nadia started to experience the pleasure that so many women talked about when used in this way. Most of them, Nadia reflected, needed two men to be double penetrated, or at least a man and a toy. She had to be one of the special few that were blessed with the talents of a dual-cocked man.

Like all her other lovers this night, Jem pulled out before he came and went to

the ever-willing June who knelt on the platform with her ass in the air. Nadia wanted to watch, but it was impossible to see exactly what Jem was doing with his cock. And as before, June was pumped just a few times before Jem came. When he parted from her, he kissed her lightly on the spine, a small act of affection that struck Nadia as unapologetically sweet.

“This time will be more difficult than last,” June told her as she squatted above Nadia’s face. “But I’m clean and every drop is good for you.”

At first Nadia was confused by comment from the woman guiding her through the night, but when June tilted her hips just right she saw exactly what June meant. Jem had penetrated her pussy and ass just like he had with Nadia. When he came, he left his cum in both locations. The first step, Nadia realized, was to lick away the cum on the outside of June’s smooth, hairless lips. That was easy. What was more difficult was getting her tongue to travel down further to the brown pucker of June’s anus. The smell and taste was richer more musky and earthy than her cunt, but not at all offensive. Sucking out Jem’s cum from June’s ass was a different experience for her entirely, once she learned the skill it wasn’t that bad to perform. What Nadia couldn’t tell was if June was enjoying the performance, the game they were playing. When June was once again clean, Nadia asked the question.

June replied, “Have you cum yet tonight?”

“No,” Nadia realized. Getting fucked by the various men had been nice, pleasurable, but she hadn’t orgasmed.

“And you won’t, not until it’s time. Neither will I. Just enjoy performing for the group and take your pleasure when the moment is right.”

Nadia agreed and June called another man out of the crowd. Steve was a short man covered his hair, especially his legs which were twisted and bent at an odd angle. Steve was shirtless and had nipple rings in addition to a neatly trimmed goatee. At first glance Nadia thought he was wearing a pair of unusual pants that were covered in hair or fur, but then she realized it was just how hairy he was. Looking down at his feet she confirmed he had cloven hooves for feet and smiled at him. “I’ve never been fucked by a satyr before,” she told him.

His grin was crooked and eager. “Tonight is your lucky night,” he informed her as he repositioned he body while June watched. Nadia reached for his cock,

pressing her hand to his crotch but was confused when she felt nothing but smooth flesh under fur.

“Where’s your cock?” she asked.

“Safely hidden away, my lady,” he said, overly politely. “I keep him safe so as not to frighten off potential lovers.” With those words he closed his eyes and concentrated a moment. “Watch,” he whispered to her.

Her eyes were riveted to his crotch as his flesh seemed to part and an impressive organ descended from within his body. Unlike a regular human cock that was flesh colored, his was an intense pink and topped with a pointed head that was moistened with him precum. It wasn’t straight or gently curved like a human cock, it was bent like his legs. Nadia wasn’t sure if he would be able to get it inside her, but she was willing to make the effort. Since it was thinner than a man’s cock, it went in easily enough and he enthusiastically pounded away at her.

“You’re in for a treat now,” June informed her while the satyr fucked her almost too fast to be enjoyable.

“I am?”

“Satyrs are insatiable.” June smiled. “At least that’s what common wisdom says. I’ve never found that to be the truth, but they have a capacity beyond that of normal men.”

Before Nadia would ask exactly what she meant by that, Steve pulled out of her and grabbed June, pumping her just a few times before he came with a whine of triumph.

“Insatiable?” Nadia asked doubtfully as June climbed back into her customary place over her face.

“Mostly insatiable,” June said as she lowered her cunt to Nadia’s mouth. A moment later Nadia felt Steve’s cock back in her pussy. He was still hard even after cumming in June. “See what I mean? Clean me up quick. Steve has more for you.”

While Nadia lapped at June’s cunt, Steve fucked her again. His cock was just as

hard the first time as it was the second. On the few times when Nadia had been fucked twice in a row by the same guy he had never been as hard as the first and hadn't done it as quickly as Steve could. It was a nice way to be taken.

Just as she finished cleaning Steve's first load from June, he pulled out again and didn't even give June the chance to climb off Nadia's face. He scrambled up Nadia's body, his furry legs tickling her sides as his pink prick sought out June's welcoming cunt. Nadia was treated to a direct view of him penetrating her, something she had only seen up close before in porn.

Steven was just as enthusiastic with her the second time as he was the first. The only thing that seemed even a little bit different was how his balls descended from the protective pouch inside his body. His balls were huge, easily three or four times what she had seen on her lovers. They shook back and forth in such a manner that seemed painful to her but didn't bother Steve. A moment later they tightened up to his body and he squeezed another load of cum into June.

"Watch yourself," June warned as Steven pulled out. Because of her froglike squatting pose over Nadia's face, Steven's cum immediately started to slip out of June's pussy. Still, she lowered herself down so Nadia could lick and suck at her leisure. Meanwhile, Steven slipped down Nadia's body and inserted his cock one more time into her pussy.

Nadia was starting to realize what June meant by satyrs being insatiable. Steven had cum twice already and was still as hard as the first time he had fucked her. Based upon his eagerness his libido hadn't faded at all even with two orgasms. Or was he actually just ejaculating and not actually cumming? Because she didn't know anything at all about satyr physiology Nadia wasn't in the position to know or judge.

As much as he fucked her, Nadia never got any closer to climaxing. Everything Steven did felt great, but he couldn't push her over the edge. Only after his seventh ejaculation into June did he stop fucking her. "Someone else should have a go," he said as he climbed off the platform.

"Tired so soon?" June taunted him.

Steven showed his teeth. "Watch it, Pitor's wife," he warned. "Or I'll show you exactly what my mighty cock can do."

The seventh ejaculation from Steven's cock held just as much volume as the first, all of which Nadia eagerly ate out of June's pussy. By now her face was covered in June's juices along with bits of cum from Steven and her other lovers, but that was nothing to complain about.

A series of lovers followed and Nadia could hardly keep track of one after the other. They were all different in some way. One man had little bumps that spiraled around and down his cock, giving her great pleasure, pushing her right up to the edge, but not over it. Another one had a cock that stayed hard the entire time he fucked her, but kept growing in size from below average to so huge it was stretching her out to almost painful dimensions. It was her first time being fucked by a man with a ring through the head of his cock. She was fucked by a man who sported a pair of tits, not fake tits, but real ones—Nadia reached up and played with them a bit just to make sure—and had wide hips like a woman but sported a very real cock. One man looked and felt completely normal to her for a minute of sex and then her cunt started tingling like she was receiving electric shocks; the cum from him she ate out of June left her tongue and lips tingling like she had just used mouthwash.

Through it all Nadia found she couldn't cum. As much as she wanted to and the many lovers she had, nothing made her, or June, climax. She wondered if that was how many women felt during sex, the unfortunate ones who never orgasmed. That was completely foreign to Nadia. She had learned to cum by her own hand when she was thirteen and with someone else when she was fifteen. It opened a whole new world to her just like this was opening another world, a much larger world than she possibly could have imagined.

The whole process took place in front of the constantly changing crowd. June would pluck a willing participant out of the group seemingly at random, but each one of them was always eager to fuck Nadia. The other platform was only a few feet away, but Nadia was barely aware of what was going on with the dark-haired woman. Occasionally she'd glance across the way and see three or four figures in much the same arrangement as her platform, but it seemed unimportant and didn't concern her so she all but ignored the other half of the party, which on a certain level made no sense because the men who were called to the platform were all from the same group. There wasn't one section designated for Nadia and one for her rival, they were all intermingled. Women were in attendance but weren't asked to help out with Nadia's treatment but none of them seemed to mind. It was a peculiar world but Nadia easily fell into it and

was thrilled to be the center of attention.

It ended abruptly. Nadia licked the last few drops of cum from June's pussy and realized no one else was getting between her legs to fuck her. All told that was fine with her because her thighs were sore from being splayed wide for so long.

"All done?" June asked as she threw her leg over Nadia's body and lay down next to her.

Nadia looked around and saw the crowd had largely dispersed, as if the sight of two naked women performing sexual acts was no longer of interest to them. "I guess so."

"You missed some." June wiped her finger along Nadia's cheek, wiping up a few stray drops of cum and offered her finger to the blonde woman. Nadia eagerly sucked June's finger, removing the last of her lovers' cum. "How do you feel?"

"Good. I suppose. Tired. Sore. Worn out."

"Are you ready to cum. I can promise you the orgasm of a lifetime."

"Yes! Please!"

"But first, you need to do one more thing." June took Nadia's hand, helped her down from the platform where the two naked women wound their way through the thin crowd to a private bedroom in the back of the house.

By the time they reached the bedroom Nadia was staggering, leaning against June for support, barely able to walk a straight line by herself. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "I'm so worn out."

June chuckled lightly. "There's nothing to apologize for. You've been through a difficult process. Most women who go through the treatment don't do nearly as well as you did."

"There are other women?" Nadia asked, confused.

Now June broke out into a full throated laugh. "Of course there are. Did you think you were the first? And who did you think that was on the dais next to you? A private show for your enjoyment that you couldn't watch?"

“Oh…no, that makes sense.”

June led her to the bed and together they slowly lay down on it. As soon as she was horizontal and had the opportunity to relax, Nadia’s eyes started to close, but June wasn’t going to let that happen.

“You can’t sleep yet, honey,” she said softly, chucking Nadia under the chin with her forefinger. “You need to feed and climax still.”

“I can do that later,” Nadia mumbled.

“No. Now.”

“I’m not hungry. Had lots of cum to eat.” She smiled to herself and half giggled.

“And you need something to completely that meal.” June moved her body up so she was resting against the pillows at the bed’s head and brought Nadia’s face down her to her chest. “You know how to suckle, don’t you, dear? Some people think it tastes just like the sweetest honey on Earth. It is sweet, that I promise you, but it’s so much better than honey, and it’s better than anything on Earth.”

It took a bit of encouragement, but eventually June got Nadia’s mouth down to her full, ripe breast. As soon as her lips dragged over the older woman’s nipple, instinct took over for Nadia. She latched on to the fat, juice nipple and automatically started to suck. She didn’t even realize she was doing it until she was rewarded by a little burst of flavor on her tongue; it was the sweetest milk in existence.

The taste of June’s milk alone was enough to revive Nadia. The blonde sucked eagerly at June’s breast, pulling more and more milk from her. “Easy, easy,” June soothed her. “There’s plenty for you. Don’t get too full too quickly.”

Silently Nadia moved her head up and down without breaking her latch on the nipple. Nursing from June was different than playing with Sarah’s breasts during sex. The act of feeding from the curvy woman was barely sexual, it was more an essential element of life, like breathing.

“Do you like it?”

“Mm-hmm,” Nadia answered. Drinking from June’s breast was better than an

actual meal. It was much better than all the cum she had eaten from June's cunt. The amazing part was that Nadia never would have guessed that June was lactating, let alone a mother. Sure, she was a bit curvier than what Nadia considered attractive in a woman, but there were no stretch marks on her body or any other indication that she had ever given birth. There were many definitions of beautiful and June certain fit at least one of them.

"Mother's milk is the best. Pure ambrosia. You could live on this alone, couldn't you, little girl?"

Once more Nadia silently agreed. She had settled into a rhythm of sucking and swallowing June's milk. It warmed her stomach and calmed her, but didn't put her to sleep. The odd thing was that it kept her libido level up without her needing to have sex or an orgasm right that very moment. Nursing from June was something Nadia could very happily done the rest of her life.

Their bodies curled together, perfectly mated consumer and producer. Nadia had never felt more comfortable being naked and intimate with another person, not all her male lovers, not the bizarre assortment of men Pitor had given to her this night, not Sarah, no one. She lost herself in June's body.

It was June who, unfortunately, broke the magical moment. "Switch sides, honey. I don't want to get lop-sided."

The process of switching from one breast to the other was simple and straightforward, but for those few seconds when Nadia wasn't feeding she felt like the universe had ended. Rooting about a bit in the dim room she felt June's fat nipple against her cheek and quickly latched on to the still-full breast. As before, June's milk let down immediately and the sweetness flooded Nadia's mouth. She swallowed and found herself in heaven again, her tummy warmed by the nutritious milk. Her had automatically sought out June's empty breast and lightly pinched the nipple between thumb and forefinger. When June didn't object she kept her hand where it was.

It was easy not to think about what she was doing. She knew that some college students actually went out and bought baby food to eat on their own, some reasoning that it was highly nutritious and a comfort food. Nadia couldn't see that.

It was much easier just to go with the moment and not think, just enjoy the

sensations of her body and June's body against hers. It was impossible for Nadia to say if this was the most perverted thing she had yet done in her short life. Tallying it up wasn't something she wanted to think about. Sex with too many men to count, sex with Sarah, sex with Sarah even when she knew she had a girlfriend, sex with Derke and Hank, sex with all those curious men on the platform, seeking out sex from Gerry when she was horny even though she knew he had a girlfriend, having sex with Mike when Gerry wasn't available, having sex with her professor because he demanded it of her, eating cum out of June's cunt; those were her many activities, any one of which could get her labeled a pervert. Nadia preferred not to give it much thought.

Was nursing from a woman's breast, drinking her milk, any more perverted? June offered herself up willingly, happily. It was something June wanted Nadia to do. Nadia hadn't even been aware that June's breasts were full of milk. This wasn't something that had gnawed at her soul that she needed to try before she died. It just happened.

And then it occurred to her that maybe Nadia was an easy mark for others who needed sexual fulfillment. Was that it? Was Nadia the type of woman destined to be used by others, others taking their pleasure in her, using her as they wanted, and then casting her aside. It might be, but Nadia knew that she enjoyed every part of her journey.

All too soon June's second breast was empty. "That's good, honey," June told her as the milk ran out.

But Nadia didn't stop sucking. She maintained her latch and kept drawing the nipple into her mouth and releasing it, desperate for some more milk. "Stop, honey, you're going to hurt me." June's voice was firm and insistent but not yet angry. Somehow Nadia managed to let June's nipple slip from her mouth and she felt a great emptiness that made her wonder if that's what zombies felt like when they were denied access to fresh human brains. "Good girl," June complimented and bent her head down to kiss Nadia. She tasted her own milk on the young woman's lips and recognized the confused expression on her face.

"The first time is the hardest," said June.

"It wasn't hard, it was wonderful," Nadia breathed in awe.

"Stopping for the first time is the hardest," June corrected herself. "You did

well.”

Nadia looked at June’s naked breasts in the room’s dim light. She was certain the nipples and areola had been a lovely pink when they were having sex on the platform, and even in the dim light of the bedroom she was certain they were now a darker shade, tan or almost purple. The nipples themselves were enlarged, both longer and fatter. Looking at them Nadia wanted to nurse again, but she managed to control herself and just stared longingly. “Thank you. I’d like more please when you can.” She couldn’t belive what she was saying.

June let out a polite laugh. “Soon enough,” she half-promised. “But for now, would you like a bit of physical release?”

“Physical release?” Nadia was puzzled by the phrase. She was too focused on June’s tits.

“Would you like me to make you cum?” June said bluntly.

“Oh. I’d forgotten about that.” Nadia reflected for just a minute and then realized there was a burning in her pussy that could only be extinguished by application of perfect stimulation to her clit.

That made June laugh more. “How could a woman forget she needs to cum?”

“I don’t know,” Nadia answered honestly. The moment that June mentioned it, Nadia wanted to cum but didn’t want to just start masturbating in front of her. In fact, she was a bit frightened to touch herself because of how sore and raw her pussy must be after getting fucked by so many men.

“Let me help you. Open up your legs.”

Nadia did as she was told and June reached down to her pussy. Expecting a long and lavish masturbation session, Nadia settled back against June’s soft body. What happened was the complete opposite of what Nadia expected. June slid her hand over Nadia’s belly and thin pubic curls. Right away her index finger found Nadia’s clit and just pressed on it firmly once. Nadia’s body exploded with sensation.

She cried out, rejoicing. Her entire body trembled, limbs shaking uncontrollably. At first she couldn’t breathe and then she started hyperventilating. Sweat broke

out all over her body and she was immediately exhausted as if she had just run a marathon and broken every record in the books. She was certain she passed out because when she came back to her senses June was lightly cupping her pussy and their positions had shifted. “What happened?” she sniffled.

“You came,” June told her.

“I did?”

“It should have been mind-blowing and magical. Was it?”

After blinking a few times Nadia said, “Yes. It was. I’ve never cum like that before.”

“And you probably never will again. I can make you cum again, of course, but each time the impact is less.”

“Well, thank you anyway,” said Nadia, a bit confused by June’s words. She kissed the older woman on the shoulder. “I’d love to go down on you and make you cum, or whatever you want.” She smiled in that winning way that had convinced more than one man to do something crazy he had never contemplated before.

June shook her head. “You’ve already spent a lot of time between my legs tonight. You don’t need to do that anymore. Besides, no matter what you did, you’d never make me cum.”

Nadia grinned. “I take that as a challenge,” she said reaching for June’s pussy. The other woman let her touch her sex, but didn’t change her mind.

“It has nothing to do with you, my dear, and everything with me. I’m anorgasmic…except under very specific circumstances that cannot be reproduced here with only you.”

“Are you sure?” Nadia tried again, gently massaging June’s hairless pussy. She couldn’t detect even the slightest hint of stubble which made Nadia decide her bed partner must get waxed.

“I’m positive,” June told her with a kiss. “Why don’t we just settle down for the night and have a little rest.”

With her tummy full of cum and milk, her body sated with an indescribable orgasm, and curled up next to a beautiful woman, Nadia found it extremely easy to fall to sleep immediately.

Chapter Ten

Nadia was woken up in the morning by Pitor joining the two women in bed.

“Is she ripe?” he asked his wife as he rolled Nadia away from the older woman and onto her back. She was barely awake and didn’t resist as Pitor settled between her legs with an already erect cock.

“Of course she is,” June replied, “as if that would make any difference to you. You’re going to fuck her whether she’s ready or not.”

“True,” Pitor admitted as he was entering Nadia’s pussy. Automatically she lifted up her legs as he got on top of her allowing him easy access. She was barely awake was found it remarkable how wet she already was and how easily he slid into her after being so well-used the previous night. What she immediately thought was how pleasant it was getting fucked by Prof. Pitor, even if he was doing it in the bed right next to his wife.

That thought caused her to startle and nearly sit upright, all but knocking Pitor of her body and out of her cunt. “Your wife!” she gasped looking over at June who was watching them with casual disinterest.

“What about me?” June asked.

“He’s fucking me right next to you!” Nadia blurted out and then realized how silly it was to say the words when June could obviously see what was going on and didn’t have the least bit of interest in it. It was only then did Nadia realize she was just waking up, coming out of a deep sleep, and if June had the least bit of inclination to be upset over her husband’s sexual antics, she probably would have mentioned something the night before during the orgy of perverse activities she had taken part in with Nadia.

“I know,” June said coolly. She wasn’t the least bit upset or aroused. “I’ll get your precursor to drink when he’s done with you.” The older woman slid out from under the covers and walked calmly to the door. Nadia watched as June’s shapely hips and buttocks rolled in an eye-catching motion. She paused at the

door. “Do you really think this is necessary?” June asked her husband.

“Necessary? No? Pleasant? Yes. My prerogative? Certainly.” He grinned down at Nadia who suddenly looked and felt so much smaller and weaker than him.

June snorted. “Men,” was her one comment of disgust before she walked through the door.

Pitor continued fucking Nadia for another few minutes with her making all the right noises until he came. As much as she wanted to, Nadia found that she was unable to cum with Pitor and, strangely, the level of her lust was very low, as if what he was doing to her body didn’t matter at all.

“Your cunt is perfect as always,” Pitor commented as he rolled off her. This struck Nadia as a strange comment considering they had only had sex a grand total of four times, including this romp. The previous times were in his office, in the stables (and that barely qualified), and the previous night on the platform. He had little evidence of the quality of her body’s aptitude for sex based on the small sample size he had taken.

“Thank you,” she said sitting up. Already she could feel his cum leaking out of her. There was nothing that she wanted to do more than bolt for the bathroom and clean up, but that seemed rude and a bit silly. The need to be ashamed about the functioning of her body wasn’t an idea that Nadia clung to.

“You never could resist a pretty face, and having to fuck the body attached to that pretty face,” said June as she returned carrying a precisely measured beaker of precursor. Nadia all but snatched it out of the older woman’s hands and quickly downed the drink. She barely tasted it but waited in anticipation of its customary effects.

“I am who I am,” Pitor declared a bit too smugly. “You knew who I was before we married.”

“Huh,” was June’s reply. A stiff silence fell between the trio until June spoke again. “Where did you disappear to last night? I expected you to join us at first opportunity.”

Pitor’s smile was one of a cat that had just caught the canary. “I slipped away with a charming young lad by the name of Daniel. Beautiful face, strong arms, a

cock his mother could be proud of. And his mouth!" For just a moment Pitor sounded just like a love-struck schoolboy. "His mouth, he knew how to suck and when to suck and when to lick and when to kiss. His tongue was like a snake trained in the fine and erotic art of lovemaking." He paused. "I'm sure I taught him a thing or two last night. A bet the poor boy is having a hard time walking home this morning."

June rolled her eyes. "I don't need to know every detail of your conquests, Joseph." She reprimanded him lick a misbehaving youth.

Pitor was taken aback, or at least pretended to be. "You used to love hearing me wax lyrical about my other lovers."

"When I was with you and them," June said. "When we fuck them together, it's a fun adventure and we share the memories. When you go off on your own and fuck them, you're just bragging and trying to annoy me." June looked away from her husband and fixed her eyes on Nadia. "Don't ever get married, darling girl. Even if you think you know what you're getting into, you don't. Trust me on this."

Nadia had been listening to the exchange between the married couple with equal parts amusement, horror, and confusion. Obviously the two were open about their sex lives outside the marriage bedroom and apparently they had shared other lovers before. There was a distinct note in the air that made Nadia assume they had shared many, many lovers previously and their marriage was fully open to them having partners, male or female (or perhaps because of Prof. Pitor's experiments both and neither), outside the marriage.

There was also an undercurrent of mild resentment on June's part. Perhaps she felt she had made a bad choice in her marriage, but then why didn't she leave. Obviously sex wasn't the issue because she was free to sleep with whomever she wanted. But then Nadia rethought that idea; maybe Prof. Pitor somehow induced his wife to do the many perverted things like what Nadia had been a part of the previous night. Was there a real hold on June from leaving her husband? Perhaps she actually was in love with him but simply tired of his antics after too long a time together. Whatever the case was Nadia was certain she wasn't going to solve their marital problems any time soon.

"Thank you for the advice, June," Nadia politely replied. She wasn't sure what

she was supposed to do now. Before when she had slept over at her lovers' rooms she had always made a quick getaway before he had woken up, usually, and certainly right after the sloppy morning sex when he was in the shower and she dashed away before things could get awkward.

"My pleasure. Would you like me to make you cum again before you leave because a man's cock certainly isn't going to do it for you in the immediate future?"

"Oh! Is that why I couldn't cum with Prof. Pitor this morning?"

"Call him Joseph, or Joe, when we're alone, dear. Keep calling him by his title and it'll go right to his head if it hasn't already. And yes, that's why. Everything that he's done to you over the past few weeks has put your body off its need for the male sex organ—at least for the time being. The need will come back soon enough."

"You've done this before?" Nadia asked.

June laughed. "More than once."

"I'd like you to make her cum," Pitor interrupted. "There's nothing quite like the sight of two women making love. Especially two women who have shared my bed." He leered at them both. Once more June rolled her eyes.

"You know the visual spectacle you're expecting isn't going to happen," she told him sharply and turned back to Nadia. "Lay back and open up your legs."

Apparently Nadia had no choice in the matter and did as June instructed. The curvy woman just reached between her thighs, immediately found her clit half hidden inside its hood and by her blonde-bronze public hair. One touch was all that was needed and Nadia's body was bucking on the bed as she nearly had a seizure from the powerful orgasm June imparted on her.

"How do you do that?" Nadia panted when the moment of crisis had passed.

"Magic," June unhelpfully explained and presented her with a pile of neatly folded clothing. At some point June must have picked up Nadia's discarded garments. "You might want to get dressed for your walk back to your dorm."

Nadia got the distinct impression that she was being summarily dismissed.

“Such a shame to cover up such loveliness with clothing,” remarked Pitor as he watched Nadia dress.

“It’s cold out,” Nadia told him. The moment was creeping her out, especially when Pitor took his wife’s hand and drew her into the bed. June didn’t object or resist. In fact she seemed almost eager to receive her husband’s attention which made Nadia positive she knew nothing about marriage at all.

“Don’t forget, Nadia,” Prof. Pitor called to her as she started to leave. “No sex with any men unless I give my approval. It’s for the best, trust me.”

Nadia silently nodded and left. Already June was working her way down her husband’s body and had his cock in her hand ready to suck on him. There were various men, women, and other things sleeping throughout the Pitor’s house. Nadia made her way almost to the front door before she was stopped by rapid footsteps behind her. She turned to see June trotting, naked, through the house. The older woman grabbed Nadia’s hand just as she was about to open the front door. “I need you to feed from me this morning.”

“What?” At first Nadia thought she meant breakfast. She couldn’t remember the last time she had a proper meal. Last night’s cum and milk feast hardly counted, did it?

June lifted up and squeezed her full breasts. A few drops leaked out of both nipples. “You’ll want some of this, won’t you?”

Nadia trembled. She could smell the milk and already taste it on her tongue. “Yes.”

“Good. I’ll expect you back here before noon.” June pivoted on her toes and headed back to her husband.

Once more Nadia realized she had no idea what she had gotten into.

End Part Three

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 befofe 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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