Thera's hand moved quickly along the bottom edge of the wall, following the outline of the bricks where they met the close-cropped grass, her finger darting into the crevices where the mortar had chipped away. She was quick - a natural athlete - but not as quick as the lizard that scurried just ahead of her grasping fingers. The little creature ran with such speed, looking back over its shoulder to dodge her next grab, that it did not realize it had run into Thera's other, waiting hand until her fingers closed around him and gave him a little squeeze.

"Unh-uh!" she chided as the lizard's teeth clamped down into on the thick nail at the end of her finger. "Unless you want to trade bites!" She curled back her lips and clapped her teeth shut an inch from his face. Each of her teeth was almost as big as his head. The lizard's jaw went slack, and he didn't struggle as she tugged him out of his janitorial duns. At his size, the uniform was barely more than a stiff canvas frock with a wide neck and his employee number stamped on the back.

The girls crowding around Thera giggled.

"What are you going to do with him?" Callie had the long neck and nervously-flicking ears typical of an impala. She turned her dark eyes on Thera.

"Eat him!" said Zooey, as she made a show of licking her fangs. Even though all of the students at the university were licensed citizens (or at least had a student's visa), most of the grazing species stayed clear of meat-eaters, and doubly so if they were large-game hunters like lions - like Zooey. Not Thera. Thera *liked* the shiver that went through her when Zooey pinched her ass and she could tell the other girl felt not just a butt, but meat. She never complained if Zooey got extra nibbly when she ate her out. The other girls might have been afraid of Zooey, but they had to put up with her if they wanted to hang out with Thera, and they did. Everybody did. It was good to be Thera.

The lizard's eyes had gone wide at Zooey's suggestion, and he shook his head fervently. "No..." Thera agreed, to the creature's obvious relief. "Not yet." *That* didn't help his fright. His heart beat like a raver's bass drum beneath her thumb.

"You couldn't eat him anyway. This is a capital city. He's probably licensed." Callie seemed as relieved as the lizard had.

"Don't be an idiot, Callie." Dora saved Thera from having to say it. The other zebra had been Thera's friend since they were both foals; she was just a few months older, a little shorter, an inch or two narrower through the hips, and always in Thera's shadow. There was nothing Thera could do about it - she couldn't *make* Dora more popular - but she always left a place for her in her clique, and Dora always filled it. Dora jostled the impala back among the other girls. "You have to be three years old before your parents can even submit your papers. His species probably don't live that long."

Not around Dora and Thera, anyway. This wasn't the first lizard they'd caught. Thera shared a secret smirk with her.

Callie frowned over Dora's shoulder. "Well, what are you going to do with him, then?"

Thera straightened and kept the lizard cupped in her hands, where he was hidden from the eyes of the hundreds of other students on the quad. Not that the other students were watching anyway; they studied, or sunbathed, or just hurried by on one of the walkways that crisscrossed between buildings. Normally that would bother Thera - it didn't feel right if she didn't have at least *some*one staring at her in a group this large - but at the moment she preferred the privacy of mass anonymity. She scanned the faces of the half-dozen girls clustered around her, then thrust the creature at Callie. "Put him in your panties."

"What? No!" The impala was more embarrassed than scandalized, which was just what Thera had expected.

"Do it," Thera insisted, and again she pushed the lizard at Callie, pressing him into the creamy fur where her small breasts had produced a hint of cleavage. "Nestle him right down into your crotch, so his head is half in your cooch and his tail is tickling your asshole." She took him back just long enough to run her tongue around the crown of his scaled head. "His scales are slick, not rough. Trust me - you'll like it."

Dora raised a hand. "I'll do it."

Thera didn't even acknowledge her; Dora would have done it without prompting. Dora would have done it if she was alone and bored. It wasn’t a dare for Dora; Callie was more fun. "Do it, and if he's still in your panties when we get back to the sorority house tonight, I'll go down on you, one-way, no strings attached."

Three other hands went up, along with a chorus of, "I'll do it."

Still Callie dithered. The offer tempted her, clearly - as free as Thera was with her sexuality, she also had wide field of interesting people to choose from, and that left very little time for fooling around with friends... unless they were willing to do all the work, which they usually were. Her ears flicked as she considered the quivering lizard. "You do it, Thera. Put your pussy where your mouth is, and I'll put mine on yours."

Thera's lips curled with disappointment. "That's not the same - there's nothing interesting about that." She was like Dora that way. She fixed Callie with a judging gaze that took in her whole body. "I'll do it, but when we get back to the house tonight, I'm going to tie you down to the bed and sit on your face until I cum. *And* anyone else who wants a turn gets one."

That interested the rest of the girls, too; they turned eager eyes on the impala for her answer.

"Go ahead then," Callie said, nodding toward the lizard. She'd barely taken a second to consider that offer before agreeing; she'd even sounded a little eager. Thera wondered if she'd stumbled on the girl's secret kink, and if maybe she could have pushed her farther and still got her to agree. But she'd have opportunity to see just how much further she could push later tonight, when Callie was naked and tied down and muffled between someone else's thighs.

For now, Thera brought the lizard back to her face and stared down her black-striped muzzle at him. "Trust me, little fellow," she whispered, low enough that the other girls craned their necks to listen in. "I'm putting you in the safest place you can be today. Don't you even *think* about trying to escape, or it's-" *CHOMP*! She clamped her teeth together again. "Got it?"

The lizard nodded wordlessly. She hadn't expected him to speak Capital, but it was convenient that he understood it.

"Squirming, on the other hand," she added in more of a murmur, "wriggling, vibrating, nuzzling - all of *these* activities are encouraged and appreciated." She waited until he nodded again, then, without further ceremony, she pulled open the elastic front of her cheer skirt and slipped the creature behind the lacy frill of her panties. Her knees wobbled at the first brush of his glassy scales against the downy fur where she was extra sensitive, but she locked her legs and used a pair of fingers to position him as she'd described to Callie. The girls huddled tight around her, both to watch and as a privacy screen, as she slipped her fingers back out of her panties and rubbed them along the outside of her underwear, framing the ridge the lizard's spine created and pushing him deeper into her cleft. When Zooey reached out a tentative hand to feel, Thera took a half-step toward her and lifted her skirt-

"MISS SHANINGWA!"

The loud voice calling Thera's name echoed through the entire quad, startling them. By the time her friends parted Thera had her skirt down around her thighs again and her hands casually at her side, which was convenient as now *everyone* was looking straight at her - three hundred pairs of eyes, at least. She lifted her chin, arched her back, and improved her pose. She had to make the most of the attention.

Even if she hadn't recognized the voice - and she had - she wouldn't have had trouble finding the source. Students bent away from the tall, brawny bull like trees from the center of a meteor impact. Professor Jacob Kerr. Thera had never been in any of his classes - he didn't teach the 100-level survey classes she preferred - but she knew who he was. He had a reputation. If he didn't invite you to a spot in his class, he made sure you proved that you deserved the one you took. Thera's parents hadn't bought her the passing grades on her AP tests just so she'd have to take hard classes at the university. But he was also the Liberal Arts liaison to Athletics, and Thera had a small stipend from Track and Field, so she'd seen him at the banquets, and, well... It was enough to say that she would have signed up for one of his classes anyway if she thought she'd have a chance at occupying his office hours. She wasn't quite as practiced with faculty as she was with other students, but Thera had her ways and her wiles when a teacher showed even a hint of interest. Usually that just meant giving her pretty ass a shake where they could see. She paid close attention to rumors to know where it was safe to shake her ass and where it might get her in trouble. The problem with Professor Kerr wasn't that he would turn her in (she didn't think), but that the rumors said that the all the pretty asses he was interested in belonged to members of the boy's football team. Well, and that the boys he did show in an interest in had a habit of transferring out of state "on scholarship" afterward, and nobody ever heard from them again. So he was dangerous. Thera liked that. Still, all she ever did was watch him from across the table at the sports banquets and fantasize. And drool a little. She had this one fantasy where she sat in his lap and he unzipped the pants on the tailored suits he always seemed to wear, and she grabbed hold of his long braid while she bounced on-

"MISS SHANINGWA!"

She realized she was fantasizing now (and probably drooling, too) when he called her name a second time. Snapping to attention and ignoring Zooey's snickers, Thera answered Professor Kerr's beckoning finger by striding confidently across the grass to where he stood. The rest of the quad sprung back to life, with some students hurrying again to whatever class they were late for and others burying their noses in their books. Her friends behind her had dissolved into the background. She didn't blame them - she would have done the same.

"Yes, Sir?" Professor Kerr had turned away even before she reached him, so she had to double-step to join him and keep up with his brisk pace. “What is it?”

He replied, "Follow me, Miss Shaningwa."

"Why, Professor?"

"I saw *every*thing."

Thera had been in trouble often enough in her life to recognize a fishing expedition, so she didn't respond with the obvious denials. Besides, now that she was walking, she could really feel the lizard trapped against her, squished and squeezed by the tops of her thick thighs at every step. She was a naturally moist girl anyway, and imagining Professor Kerr's penis hard inside her had increased the flow; now she was soaked, and the lizard was as slick and slippery as a just-licked finger. Or a tongue. She nibbled her lips and glanced sideways at the professor. He was solidly built, like any steer - a foot and a half taller than her at least (and she was no short zebra), and thick through the shoulders - but a lot of his heft jostled around his belly. Thera didn't mind that one bit. There was something to be said for muscle, for being with a man so strong he could toss you around like a doll, but she only had one word for the kind of guy who usually came attached to those muscles: *booooor*-ing. It was like there were only enough calories in a body for weight-lifting or for a personality. A bit of fat meant the guy was interesting – he had appetites of the flesh and didn't mind satisfying them. It meant a voluptuary, and she was the kind of voluptuous they savored. She could cum - she *had* cum - just by enduring the hungry gaze of a pair of lascivious eyes groping her body. And no matter how stern, how stolid Professor Kerr's face, she could see that particular look half-hidden in the corner of his eyes. She could see that look in his eyes right at that moment, in fact.

They both seemed to realize at the same time that they were looking at each other, and their eyes snapped back to the walkway ahead of them. The Professor cleared his throat. Thera couldn't contain her smile. It was a smile of victory. She *knew* that no matter what the rumors were about the Professor's interests, right then he was interested in *her*. She clenched her thighs around the well-lubricated lizard; she couldn't care less any more if he made it to the end of the day for Callie to find in her panties. She really didn't even expect to be wearing panties when she got back to the house.

Thera knew exactly where Professor Kerr's office was, which gave her the opportunity to remain a step ahead of him once they got to the stairs and into the corridors of the SS1 building. A step ahead was right where she wanted to be - it put her unavoidably under the Professor's gaze. Someone had told her once that zebra stripes were camouflage in the wild, but all she knew was they caught everyone's eyes. The powder pink cheer skirt she wore was so short that it barely covered her rump, and when she shook her ample hips, it didn't even do that. The subtle curves in the alternating black and white stripes on her thick thighs led an unwary gaze inward, under her hem, like water following through the rain grooves in car tires. She wore knee-high socks like she usually did - somehow they pushed the gaze back up, where she wanted it, instead of letting a pair of eyes wander all the way down to her hooves. Not that it mattered - her hooves were shapely enough, and she had the cutest pair of virgin-white, chunky-heeled tennis shoes that tipped her forward at just the right angle. If that wasn't enough, the swishing of her tail was like a constant "look at me" flag, especially when she tied a bright bow at the end.

Below the waist she was thick, marbled with the muscles of a runner and the supple fat of youth, but above the waist she was girlishly slender, except for her best gift from her mother - a pair of ample, bubbly breasts that mercilessly stretched out her tight school sweater. They were a pain during track, of course, but she wouldn't have traded them away for what Callie had to work with - she just taped and strapped and swore like crazy, and considered the few hours a week she trained an acceptable tradeoff. Above her neck... Well, her face got less notice than the rest of her, even though she thought she was reasonably cute, for a zebra - no buck teeth or anything. Her mane was distinctive - all-black like a horse’s - and she kept it gleaming and healthy. Her ears were clean and feminine and studded with gold.

She didn't even bother turning around to make sure the Professor was looking. As wet as she was, as bothered by the constant wriggling of the lizard, if she saw the bull so much as wet his lips or adjust his pants she was likely to explode. She collapsed against the wall outside his office and closed her eyes while he unlocked the door. "Inside, Miss Shaningwa."

She pulled the door shut behind her while he settled into an old wooden desk chair, which creaked beneath his weight. It had arms, which was a pain. It would be hard to straddle his lap and nibble his ears with those in the way. Every professor's office looked the same in a completely different sort of way: they were filled with more books and doo-dads than such a small space was meant to hold, they had some pittance of a window that looked out over an air-conditioning unit or was half-hidden by a bookcase, and all the furniture was old, mismatched, and not particularly comfortable. And there were papers everywhere. *Every*where. There were even papers covering the computer, like nobody knew that a computer was supposed to help you get rid of paper. Professor Kerr was the orderly type, apparently - all his papers were in neat stacks, and his books were shelved with big stripes of the same color and size together, like he needed ten different encyclopedia sets. The two chairs against the wall purportedly meant for students had paper-stacks of their own (essays with almost as much red pencil as printer ink), so she simply stood and faced him as he crossed his legs.

"What are you going to do, Professor?" Choosing the proper wording was of particular importance, if she wasn’t going to admit guilt until she absolutely had to. Even more important than feigning innocence, she knew she had to leave those kinds of questions open-ended because life worked Just like a cheesy porn movie, as long as she started the script going in the right direction.

"That depends." His voice was so deep and sonorous it seemed to vibrate in her belly.

"On?" She bit the knuckle on her thumb in what could almost pass as an innocence gesture, if she wasn't clenching and squirming around the lizard's slippery body.

"How honest you are."

"Oh," she answered, smiling around her thumb. "I can be very forthcoming." In her mind, she spelled it differently. Nobody else seemed to enjoy dirty puns, though.

"I hope so." The professor had produced a silver pen from somewhere and tapped it against his open palm. "Authenticity interests me. Silly little girls do not. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"Where is the reptile?"

She tilted her head to the side as she considered showing him. "In my panties."

"Is it still alive?"

She couldn't remember feeling it move since she stopped walking, so she ran her hand down and back up over the outside of her skirt-pleats, fingers kneading to stimulate the creature. It squirmed, so she nodded again. "Are you going to tell me to take him out?"

"No, I'm not." The pen clacked against his open palm, and he rocked slowly in the office chair.

She lifted a brow and smirked. "Because it would be too embarrassing." Her hand lingered at the front of her skirt, and she slipped one finger beneath her waistline.

"I'm not going to tell you not to, either. You are a free agent, Miss Shaningwa. You are an adult, not a child. So you may do as you wish, but you must also accept the consequences for your choices."

Thera blinked. She'd heard things like that said a hundred times. She had *said* them to other people a hundred times. But something about the way he said it made her realize for the first time the freedom that concept gave her - what it really meant to be a "free agent". The thing that kept her from stripping naked that very minute and walking back out onto the quad for three hundred eyes to fondle her body wasn't that some rule said she couldn't, or that some sense of propriety told her she shouldn't, but the weight of the probable consequences balanced against the benefits. And really, she didn't think the University would go as far as expulsion for a little streaking. Not the first time, anyway. The fingers resting on her skirt drifted downward, and idly traced the bulge of the lizard's head where he was half-submerged in the fatty bulge of her mons. She pushed him back downward, maneuvering him again into her cleft. He wriggled, but did not make a concerted effort to escape.

"So, you have a member of the school staff in your underpants, and you are using him as a masturbation toy." The Professor raised a brow.

If he expected her to shy away from the situation when stated so baldly, he would be disappointed. She nodded. She didn't even take her fingers from between her legs. She was so wet she could smell her rut on the air. The trickle of moisture seeping through the soft fur down the inside of her thigh felt cool.

"And what are the probable consequences?" he continued.

She wasn't sure exactly how much the lizard could hear, but her panties were pretty sheer and she knew he understood Capital. She didn't want to take any chances, sohe flattened her hand over the bulge of his head. "Beside a day of memorable orgasms and the promise I extracted from my friend?"

"Those are the positive factors in the calculus, yes."

"A lot of nasty things *could* happen, Professor. I could be expelled. I could spend three months wearing the same very ugly jumpsuit as a bunch of unpleasant people. But I don't expect any of that to happen, because I don't expect anyone else to know. He's almost certainly not licensed, and there're thousands of registered hunters on campus. If anyone does come looking for him, they're not going to come looking for me. I have his uniform in my pocket - I'll burn it at home. So probably no consequences, as long as nobody tattles on me. But I guess that depends on you now, doesn't it? And on what it's worth to you to stay quiet."

The bull rejected the obvious bait with a wave of his hand. "If you had believed yourself to be a silly girl, I would have turned you over to the so-called authorities a silly girl deserves to deal with. But you accept that you are free agent, and you have now so eloquently demonstrated that you understand the concept of consequence management. Congratulations on passing Ethics 230. How do you intend to prevent your captive from filing a complaint? Or is this a consensual arrangement?"

"I'm going to *eat* him. I have... I have a thing for lizards." Saying it so matter-of-factly sent a thrill through Thera. Her thighs quivered.

"An unlicensed predator..." He mused, tapping his pen again. "That *is* interesting."

Only then did Thera realized that she'd swam right up and swallowed his hook, even after telling herself that he was fishing. And she didn't care. The way he looked at her, the way he studied her, made her want to jump right into his lap, chair arms or no. She began to weigh the consequences of shimmying out of her tight sweater.

"Is that all, then?" He rocked back in the chair.

"What do you mean, Professor?"

"You have only mentioned consequences to yourself. *Your* expulsion. *Your* fine. *Your* orgasms. Do not disappoint me with solipsism, Thera."

Oh, holymotherofearth, he said her name, and in that deep, rumbly voice. She quivered.

"Have you truly tried to envision this experience through the eyes of that lizard? Being overpowered, being helpless, being objectified as a sex toy, and ultimately being devoured?"

She had. She really had. She was imagining it at that very moment. Not her own crotch, of course - his. She had a thousand mental sketchbooks full of little scenes like that, of being trapped between a tight cotton hammock and a scrotum as big as the office, between two testicles as big as queen-sized beds that kneaded her from either side as her giant captor walked between classes. She imagined being crushed between densely-curled pubic fur and a thick, meaty penis that kept stiffening whenever she squirmed. She could feel her own fur, her mane, drenched in musky sweat and crusted with hours' worth of precum that had leaked out over her. Or maybe he pushed her further down, past his balls, into the sauna stench of his taint for her to marinate... She'd been imagining things like that as long as she could remember, even before the first time she'd had sex. The only reason she put lizards in her pants was that no one would put her in theirs. A long, boring life of growing older was a pale offering compared to a day in some sexy guy's pants, wriggling and squished helplessly against his cock.

She tried to sound world-weary, jaded, but it came out as a feeble, hopeful croak. "Is that an offer, Professor?"

He didn't immediately react. He didn't seem surprised, though - his eyes just traced down her body, judging her.

She took a step forward.

"Call me Jacob, not Professor. It's not ethical to fuck students." He uncrossed his legs, and the bulge in his slacks was obvious.

She took another step, which brought her between his knees, and she knelt. While he watched silently, she placed reverent hands on the inside of his thighs and slid her hands up, together, until they surrounded the bulge. She gasped, then giggled. She'd thought it was just a trick of the wrinkles, but his balls were enormous - they filled her two hands like a pair of melons. He wasn't even erect yet. She nuzzled against the bulge she held, and said in a very different voice, "Is that an offer, Jacob?"

"Wait."

The word was like a cup of cold water poured over her head.

"The lizard."

She rocked back to her hunches, and her hands fell to her own thighs. One slipped down into her crotch.

"Finish him now, where I can see you do it. Unless that was all just an imaginative story you told."

“Oh... Where you can see?” She smirked, and sent a couple of fingers fishing. A moment later she withdrew the naked, sodden little creature and held him aloft for Jacob. The creature was slippery and thrashing wildly to get free, but she had a lot of practice with lizards, so she held him pinched just behind the neck. He was rasping and chirping his own little language, but they both ignored it. Jacob's eyes had fixed intently on hers. Cupping the creature back into her palm, she met the bull’s gaze as she ran her wide, pink tongue over the lizard's body, licking away her own juices in a way that was more promise than suggestion. She caught the lizard's head between her lips and nibbled him gently inward until she had his body and forelegs pinned between her tongue and the roof of her mouth. His tail spinning like a propeller at the end of her muzzle. She lifted her head, straightened her neck, and swallowed.

She could feel the lump sliding through her throat, the tickle of the tail following after, but there was no time to appreciate that; Jacob had smiled. She had his approval. He remained silent, lounging in his chair as she settled back into his crotch, again wrapping her hands around the bulge and kissing it through the fabric. Her fingers grew confident; watching him for a response that did not come, she loosened his belt and unbuttoned his fly. That left a narrow window between his ample belly and the bottom of the zipper, but she maneuvered her hand beneath the layers of fabric and found the warmth of his flesh beneath. He neither helped nor hindered her as he watched wordlessly. His penis had just begun to emerge from its fuzzy sheath when her fingers closed round it; she rolled it gently between her fingertips and felt it swell with blood. On the other side of the satiny fabric her mouth could not remain idle; She kissed and licked and sucked at his growing erection through his underwear, drenching it and her hand in her saliva.

Finally he grunted and reached back to loosen the button above his tail, and once she realized what was happening there was a flurry of clothes as he pushed and she pulled and his pants and underwear both came off above her head and flew across the room and onto the pile of essays. She didn't let him out of the chair for a second longer than absolutely necessary, though, before she had buried her face between his bare thighs, nuzzling into his scrotum to kiss and lick and nibble his loose skin between her lips. She rubbed her face into his thigh, reveling in the musky scent wafting from his skin. She had to open her jaw as far as it would stretch to close her lips around a single one of his balls, but she suckled as tenderly as her eagerness would allow. He had shrugged out of his coat and began loosening his tie too, but she grabbed the end of the latter like a subway strap and held on, so he left it in place while he unbuttoned the collar of the shirt beneath.

Thera liked to be fair, so she made sure to show equal devotion to both of his testicles before she allowed herself to ascend to his cock. The latter had completely emerged from its sheath like some kind of sleek, pink warship. She loved the shape - a sinuated spike of flesh to impale herself on. All cocks were wonderful in their own way, she thought - even the flat-ended hoses of her fellow equines - but the smooth shape and fleshy-pink color of this particular penis demanded her oral attention, like a popsicle sweating inches from her lips on a hot summer day. Hesitantly, hardly daring, she kissed it. Smiling broadly, she kissed it again and gave it a quick lick. It quivered in response. Tilting her head to the side, she curled her tongue behind the root of it and drew it between her lips before slowly sliding all the way up to the tip, leaving its entire length slick with saliva. A single, clear drop of precum glistened at the tip, and she kissed it away before flickering her tongue against the hole to tease out more.

His ragged outbreath was all the encouragement she needed to plunge her head down around him, to engulf him in her wet mouth and take him in all the way to the back of her throat. Swallowing with him inside squeezed him along his entire length (and also made his hooves skitter on the floor), but when she withdrew again to swirl her tongue around the spike, she felt heavy hands on the back of her head push her mouth back down into place. His fingers wove through the base of her mane and pulled her head up a few inches, then pushed right back down. Up and down, up and down, like a pump. She surrendered control of her neck to him, though she rolled her tongue to produce more saliva when it dripped from her lips. Her eyes fluttered closed. While she left one arm draped across her thigh to support her, she tugged up her sweater and popped open her bra so she could squeeze her own breasts and pinch her nipples. She let her head and mouth be a *thing*.

Not every moment of being face-fucked was comfortable, exactly, but she craved it all the same. The smash of his thighs against her cheeks, the gag of his cock deep in her throat, the guttural grunts and moans he tried to keep stifled - they all added to the knowledge that she was being usedfor his pleasure.

He stood, planting his hooves on either side of her knees, and began to thrust with his hips, pushing himself even deeper into her mouth. The regularity of his grunting, along with his speed and urgency built toward a crescendo, so she prepared for a gush of cum in the back of her mouth, warned herself against swallowing reflexively so she could let it swirl around his cock, giving her a good excuse to lick it clean again. But just before the moment came, though, he grunted and suddenly pushed her away. Without a hint of effort he picked her up and flipped her around, placing her back on the floor facing away from him, then pushed down her head while he lifted her rump high in the air. She bit her lip to stifle her own surprised moan. Her skirt flipped up over her lower back as he pulled her tail to one side and yanked her panties down around her knees, and then his own hot, wet mouth was buried in her ass. His tongue reached forward to curl against her sex and slide between her swollen labia, harvesting her for the fluid that dripped from her channel. He was neither generous nor gentle in the way he ate her out; it was perfectly obvious that he did it for his pleasure, not hers. She wouldn't have wanted it any other way; she thrust her ass back against his muzzle and jiggled. Only barely did she manage to contain her scream of agonized pleasure. She'd been warned before how thin the university walls were. Burying her face in her rumpled sweater sleeve helped.

After a couple of mind-blanking, thigh-clenching partial orgasms came and went, he clomped back to his hooves. There was a moment of disconnect when his hands left her hips, and a second where she could feel the tip of his penis probing for her entrance, and then he thrust into her. It was like plugging into an electric socket - she was so ready for him, and he filled her so well, her whole body felt clenched at the impact. A little cry escaped between her clenched teeth.

He backed out and thrust in again, and again, and again, and each time when his thighs slapped her ass, the feeling of his shaft inside her overwhelmed her and another little gasping cry spilled from her lips, until the repeated sensations became a blur she couldn't keep up with, and she felt like he'd fucked her mind right out of her body. She could still feel everything, from the wrinkles of the veins bulging on his cock to the fingers digging into her waist, down to the drool dribbling from her mouth into her sleeve, but she had no control over any of it; she was a passenger trapped in the body he puppeted.

It went on forever, or at least long enough that he bent over her for support, leaning the better part of his weight against her and making her already shaky knees wobble. He pushed her skirt further away, up beneath her arms with her gathered sweater, and tugged her bra the rest of the way off so his hands could slide over her bare back and ride possessively around her ribs to squeeze her breasts. He was greedy, pitiless with his squeezing, and between her moans Thera anticipated the bruises she'd show like trophies to her friends back at the house.

At last he came, groaning as he finally gave in to the strain of holding back release. She'd been wracked by so many partial orgasms that she was cramped into place. She felt the warm flood surge within her, pumping again and again until it spilled out around his cock and dribbled down her thighs. Her smile was a giddy, rictus grin that hurt her cheeks. When he pulled out, a splatter of his cum fell to the linoleum tiles.

When his hands left her hips she collapsed beside the mess, slipping in the sheen of her own sweat, while he stepped past her to grab the wad of his underwear and clean himself up. Her eyes followed his every movement, watching muscle and fat ripple together as he stepped over her again and settled half-naked into his chair. As his chest heaved from the exertion he began correcting that "half" part: he pulled his tie up over his head and placed it on his desk, then began unbuttoning his shirt.

Instead of the appropriate response - floundering and yelling "AGAIN?!" with a mixture of enthusiasm and disbelief - Thera nibbled her lips and watched him from the floor while she caught her breath.

He tugged the shirt off over his head, placed it neatly beside the tie, and turned his eyes once more upon her. In one large hand he gathered up both of her ankles, and tugged off her shoes and socks with the other. Her twisted panties went unceremoniously with her socks.

Something had to be said, something clever and sexy. But in the state that it was in, the best Thera's brain could come up with was, "If you ever run across a shrink ray, Jacob, you are *more* than welcome to put me in your pants. And you won't have to eat me afterward, because you won't hear a word of complaint out of me."

He lifted her legs higher, pulling her across the tile until she lay on her back on the floor between his hooves. While he kept his eyes locked with hers, his flat, pale tongue lolled from his mouth and pressed against her heel bulb. "But eating you afterward would be my favorite part." His tongue swiped all the way from her fetlock to her frog, and she shivered. She couldn't help but giggle.

Her eyes fluttered shut and she let her breath deepen as his tongue continued around her ankles and traced slowly and deliberately down to her calves. She felt the blood pooling in her head when he lifted her higher still, pinning her ankles together in that one, strong hand and resting her on her shoulders so he could kiss the back of her knees and the bottom of her thighs. His erection pressed into the small of her back in that position, so she could hardly complain, even if the blood was pooling to her fore head. She sighed happily.

The transition came quickly. He'd gone back to sucking on her hooves, which didn't really bother her but didn't do anything for her either, when she felt them slip past his tongue to the back of his throat. He gulped, and his lips closed above her ankles.

Her eyes opened wide. He was already watching her from above, but he wasn't waiting for approval; he swallowed again, working toward her calves.

"Are you serious? About the eating?"

He didn't bother to nod; he pushed his mouth down to her knees.

"I'm not a lizard!"

He leaned forward in his chair and pushed against the brace of her shoulders had created on the floor, but her thighs were flared in his mouth like a cork. When he leaned back, he lifted her from the floor into his lap.

"You don't have to teach me a lesson - I get it!" A second later she added, more urgently, "I have papers! I'm a citizen!"

Impatiently, he pressed a finger to her lips, then slid the thumb of his other hand between the tops of her thighs and into her sex. She couldn't help but gasp. His chest heaved as he diddled her, and her neck arched back until she was upside down and looking along the floor to where the linoleum horizon disappeared beneath his office door. Dozens of shadows, and the sounds of paws and hooves and shoes and heels and sandals padded by - students and teachers both, probably. She wondered how much any of them had heard, how much any of them cared. Jacob knew the consequences of what he was doing, and he did whatever he wanted. A jolt went through her as his thumb finally built a sufficient orgasmic charge, and as she clenched all over her body, his mouth worked again and he descended, not stopping until his tongue slathered over the small of her back and her massive rump was already slipping down his throat.

He stood, steadied himself on his desk, and threw back his head. Just as she'd straitened her neck to let the lizard slide down, his throat relaxed around her and her whole body slipped. Her legs had already begun curling beneath her in the steamy confines of his belly. He gulped and she slipped again. He gathered her arms above her head, yanking off the almost forgotten sweater, and scooped her loose breasts into his jaw with a greedy swipe of his tongue. Gulp, gulp. Her face was framed in his open mouth. "Professor..." she said, and he swallowed. She slipped into darkness.

He swallowed, and slurped in her fingers.

In the black of his belly, she was crammed into a tight ball. Her whole body rocked and swayed with the cushion of fat and organs that surrounded her as he moved, presumably dressing himself again. She could hear his heart beat like it was right behind her head, and his satisfied groans rumbled from every side at once. She squirmed against the stomach wall squeezing around her, trying to get into a more comfortable position, and felt the pressure of hands pushing back from the other side of the fat, massaging his belly, forcing her where he wanted. It didn't have quite the urgency of a blowjob, but it made her feel used, and that was enough to make Thera a little wet again. Maybe it wasn't so bad being a lizard.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

It wasn't easy cleaning up after a student who had their citizenship papers, but Jacob had practice. Lots of practice - he didn't get his belly from cheeseburgers, after all. He had a network of like-minded colleagues in other schools who could create a web of transfers where paperwork got lost, and he knew the right kinds of stories to tell parents and friends, the right kind of pressure to apply to each. There was a devilish satisfaction in fucking the other zebra girl in her clique - "Dora", he thought - while Thera still digested in the belly that slapped against her ass. That lioness girl, Zooey, cast a knowing look at his belly when he invited her to coffee, but she didn't say anything. She only smirked.

It took time to tie up loose ends, and sometimes it took money. Most importantly it took a few hours in the locker room toilets, where the school had invested in the kind of sanitation that several dozen young carnivorous males needed if they were going to win the state championship year after year. The boys knew him well. They kept his usual stall free for him on Friday afternoons.

Sometimes he thought it was a sad commentary on society, how easy it was for everyone to carry on after someone near them disappeared. It happened all the time, and as long as there wasn't a corpse staring at everyone from their TV screens, nobody really cared. Parents had lots of kids, even the carnivores. There were more friends to be made. Citizenship licenses could be resold. Most of the time, though, Jacob enjoyed life exactly the way it was. Especially when one of the boys on the football team caught sight of him leaving the bathroom and smiled back with ignorant innocence.