

Shooting Star
Chapter 9
Eenie, Minnie, Miney, Mo

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As the nervous art professor flustered away somewhere out of sight, she took a moment to peer at the slender neko. From the secluded area where they worked, she noticed how enticing this particular model already looked, wondering if this girl would be too much of a distraction. “P-...Please close the door behind you,” she said, stuttering just a little. “There’s a room in which you can get ready. I want you looking your best and be at your most stunning. There’s makeup and various accessories should you wish to use them. I am aiming for more of a glamour piece from the first class of this semester.”

The blue-haired girl obliged as she walked into the side room. It had two doors; one to the classroom itself, and the other to somewhere else. Z looked around and saw a large chair with a lighted mirror, of the kind that stage actors used as a vanity. Z became excited, and more so by the various different things she saw. The girl, having had no experience with makeup considering she required none to achieve the same results, was fascinated. Reaching up, she tapped her goggles, and a moment later sparkles fluttered over her head as a pink orchid formed to the side of her head. Z continued to doll her body with her tech, adding little touches here and there rather than using anything that had been provided.

After a moment she saw one of these accessories that the nameless professor had mentioned. Nameless for the fact that she’d been incredibly flustered that she’d forgotten to give her name. This accessory was an armbrace and one of eye catching quality with intricate detail as Z took a liking to it. “Ooooo,” she said, with child-like intrigue, while reaching up and tapped her goggles once more. With that familiar sparkle, she created one around her own arm with the same design, but bearing her name, a simple letter. The alien girl was enraptured within the room as time slipped by, and before she knew it, she’d already been in there just under a couple of hours.

A frantic girl popped her head into the room. “Everyone’s waiting, are you ready yet?!” The woman ducked back inside the door with a swish of her short, bobbed, red hair, vanishing from Z’s sight just as the alien girl turned.

“Hmm,” Z sounded off to herself having hardly been given the chance to see this rather illusive professor. “Must be ugly and hiding I guess, but I don’t mind, I love everybody nice!” Blinking, Z

slowly tilted her head to one side in confusion as the professor's words then sunk in. "Waiting for me?" Then she shook her head, her boastfulness coming back in full force. "I mean, duh, everyone's waiting for me! Hehe, I'm so awesome. Everybody's always waiting for me, or is that because I'm usually late? No, never! It's because I'm cool." Nodding with certainty, she walked through the classroom to the door that the woman had disappeared through.

When she came into what lay beyond, she was taken aback. While the room she'd first entered had been a classroom, this was very clearly a studio of some sort. Chairs were arranged in a loose circle around a raised platform in the center of the room, and the chairs were occupied by male and female students of every species imaginable. The students were in possession of artistic mediums of various kinds. Some of them had canvas and paints, others drawing paper and pencils, and some had sculpting clay. All eyes were on Z, most of the students holding their art supplies expectantly, waiting for her to do...something.

The woman, Minnie, who had first spoken to Z broke the silence. "What's the matter?" she asked, looking at Z. Now that she was not peeking just her head through an open door, Z had a better look at her. She looked young, maybe even younger than Jasmine, though Z thought that might just be because of her build. She was definitely a fox of some sort, but she had three tails instead of the expected one. The tails were white, just like the rest of her fur, but they were adorned with a swirling red design similar to the red around patterns under each of her eyes. She was dressed very modestly, in a pair of slacks and a dress shirt with a long, thin neck tie, all in black. The female addressing Z tapped her knee expectantly, having seated herself with a leg crossed over the other and right near the raised platform. Being at the head of the class, it was easily deduced, without a doubt, she was the professor. That seemed odd to Z, since she looked so young and even yummy to the candy-eyed alien. The three-tailed kitsune waved a hand at Z, then gestured to the podium. "Remove your garments and stand up there...please."

Z blinked again. She was so used to Jasmine's attitude about getting naked that to be asked to strip was something of a surprise. However, she was not one to look a gift fox in the mouth. "Okey-dokey, righty-o!" she said, enthusiastically saluting with one hand. She wondered to herself what class she had accidentally wandered into. She was, of course, supposed to be in a class devoted to representation of the living form. But if the professor was asking students to get naked, Z *had* to have remembered the classroom number wrong. Not that this was shaping up to be a bad thing, as the exhibitionist in her was starting to crank up.

Wasting little time, Z detached her backpack and placed it on the floor near the door. Then she reached up to the invisible goggles on her head and tapped them. As always, manipulating the device

made her clothes shimmer, and in an instant they vanished, sparkling off her body into nothingness. For a finishing flair, she tapped her goggles again, and replaced them with a white lily in her hair on her right side that she'd duplicated earlier in design. The rest of the students in the class made little noises of surprise, as did the professor. Holographic clothes, while not unheard of in certain parts of the galaxy, were still very uncommon.

Now quite naked, Z stepped up onto the platform. The raised area was very plain, made of smoothly polished white stone, like marble, and it contained only a large rectangular box, about the size of a table, which also felt like stone when Z touched it. The box was draped with a pure pink satin drop cloth. Z looked around at the class from where she was standing. They were all looking at her, which made her smile widen. She loved being looked at, especially when she was naked. Surely they were all enamored by her lovely bronzed skin, decorated with electric blue stripes with her full sizable breasts and wide hips were also great, as she knew very well. She wagged her long, white cat tail happily as she saw that most of the males, and a couple of the females, seemed to be inconspicuously, or so they probably imagined, checking her out in a less than academic manner.

That also went, Z was mildly surprised to see, for the professor. She was looking at Z as well, and though the fur on her cheeks was too thick for Z to be able to tell if she was blushing, the tips of her three tails were twitching rapidly. It seemed she had more than just the class's attention which brought a cute giggly smile to her lips, adding quite an adorable mix to the already present sex appeal she projected.

A minute after Z stepped up, the professor seemed to shake her head a little and she stood up from her chair, clearing her throat. "Well, ah...Hello, everyone," she said, her voice still high-pitched, though a little louder than when she had spoken to Z. "Now that our model is here, I'd like to welcome you to day one of Art 205: Composing the Female Form. I'm professor Mary Yukimura...but I also go by Minnie. You can call me Mary, or Minnie, or Professor Yukimura, whichever makes you comfortable."

"Hi hi, Minnie!" Z said cheerfully, waving to the professor's back with one hand. The movement set her breasts jiggling, as she giggled along with her greeting, causing a student to gulp seeing such wonderful bountiful assets in motion.

Minnie looked over her shoulder, surprised, and she smiled a little nervously. "Uh...H-Hello..." She seemed to have been thrown off of her stride momentarily, but she recovered herself and cleared her throat again. "U-Um...as I was saying, welcome to the class! As you all know, this is not a beginner's class, so I hope you're ready to jump right in! A little about myself before we get started. I got my doctorate from the Saint Cretorius Academy of Art here on Zexus two years ago, and I've been

teaching here for the past few semesters. I specialize in life paintings, but I'm well-versed in sculpture and other forms of drawn art as well." She waved a hand at a few paintings which hung on the wall. "You'll see some examples of my work on the walls here and in the classroom proper."

Z looked around at the pieces that Minnie was indicating. She was no expert in art, specializing in graffiti herself, but they looked very pretty to her. "'Whoa, you're totally amazing Minnie!" she said throwing the fox off again momentarily. All of the pieces depicted women of various species, most of them nudes in numerous poses. The art was colorful and vibrant, and quite frankly looking at the paintings was turning Z on.

"Erm, why thank you," she said feeling a little tingly at the compliment. "I'm sure I'll get to know all of you during the semester, so we'll forgo introductions for now as we're running a little behind. If you're all ready, we'll begin with our modeling for the day. I'll walk our model through some basic poses, and when you see one you like, go ahead and sketch it out and then begin working! I want you to have this first piece completed by the beginning of next week."

With that, Minnie stepped up onto the raised platform and stood next to Z. "Now, Miss...um...uh..." The three-tailed kitsune paused, at a loss for words. "I'm sorry," she whispered, "but...what was your name again?"

"I'm Z!" the blue-haired lass chimed in, thrusting a hand out to her. "Nice to meetcha!"

"Ah...ah...y-yes..." Minnie took Z's hand awkwardly. The girl was strangely friendly, and Minnie did like this quality, even if things were just a little odd with the way Z did it. The textures of the alien girl's skin was unique, so smooth, silken, incredible to Minnie, but before she could lose herself in curiosity and ask what brand of cream she used, she refocused. "Of course. Z, would you stand here, in front of the pedestal, please?" She indicated a spot next to the draped box. Following her directions, Z stepped over to the spot and stood there with her feet together. "Now...um...I'm going to pose you the way I need for now, if that's okay?"

Z nodded her head. "Yep, yep! Sure! You can touch me all you want!" She giggled again.

Minnie's tails jerked rapidly again, and the way that Z had responded, flustered her. "A-Ah...um...s-sure, I mean..." She took a few breaths. "Right, okay." She stood next to Z, and placed her hands on her arms, once more fixated on the feel of the barely legal, bronzen teen's skin. She mentally jerked herself out of it to focus as she felt her feelings in the matter were inappropriate. As Z stood there, the professor raised the alien's left arm, bent at the elbow, so that it was up with her hand open, palm up. Guiding Z further, the kitsune adjusted Z's other hand and placed it along her hip. Not finished yet, Minnie then had her model stand with her feet slightly apart. "This is the first, basic pose. Class, please take note of her profile. Those of you on her left, note how her arm frames her breasts,

coming slightly in front of them from profile and accentuating their curve. Take note of the natural curve of her hips as well. From that angle, they can be a bit tricky to get right, but with practice you should have no problems.”

Z felt a little strange standing like that. When she'd realized she was going to be naked, she was expecting something a bit more interesting. This pose seemed boring! Wasn't the whole point of looking at someone nude to get a little excitement? She tried to keep from sighing.

Minnie began walking around Z, speaking to the class. “From behind, look at the swell of her buttocks. The lighting in this room is casting some interesting shadows. Those of you who are painting or drawing, you may want to incorporate them into your work. If you're feeling a little ambitious, you can even alter the direction of the light source in your respective pictures and give it your own flair!”

This pose was held for about ten minutes, and Z could hear a few scattered sounds of pencil on paper as some of the students began sketching her. She hoped she would be allowed to move again soon. She was kind of curious to get down from the platform and see what the drawings of her looked like. Before she could make any kinds of moves, the professor began speaking again.

“Now, let's try something a little more difficult: a reclined pose.” Minnie tapped Z on the shoulder. “If you could please climb up onto the pedestal?”

Curious as to what was next, Z did as she was asked and got up on the box, sitting down. The material of the drop cloth felt very smooth under her naked rear. The cloth seemed even softer and nicer than the sheets that Jasmine used in her house. She thought to herself that it might be fun to spend a little self-enjoyment time on there. Z wondered to herself if that was what the professor had in mind.

Sadly, she was disappointed as Minnie stood next to the box. “Now, if you would, please lay yourself down on your right side, facing the door.” She waited for Z to recline back and go up on her right. The kitsune then arranged her so that her legs were extended straight out, her head propped up on her right elbow with her left arm resting along her body. “From this position, I want you all to pay attention to how her breasts naturally rest. They are...um...” She paused for a second, thinking to herself that the model's breasts were uncommonly firm and perky. Of course, that would hardly be an appropriate thing for a professor to say in front of her students. “A-Anyway, just pay attention to how her body lies. Again, be mindful of the shadows from all angles.”

Minnie then stepped down from the platform and returned to her seat, watching Z as the rest of the class took notes. A few more of the students seemed to be deciding to use this pose. Z liked this one a little better, but it still wasn't as provocative as she would have liked. She was quickly growing bored with the situation, wondering why she had let Jasmine talk her into enrolling in classes. If this was what she had to look forward to for the rest of her time at school, she thought that learning was way worse

than it was cracked up to be. The way Jasmine talked about school, one would have thought it was the greatest thing in the world!

I wish I was hanging out with Marty..., she grumbled to herself, closing her eyes and sighing. Or back at home watching live broadcasts from 2d world, Scooby is one cool guy. Or, jeepers, back on that planet with Jazzy! At least there I could play with my pussy in peace and have a little fun!

For a while, she wondered if Minnie was ever going to have her change positions, but then, finally, the professor spoke again from her seat. “Now, Z, if you could go ahead and roll onto your front for me.”

At last, something she wanted to do! “Oh, I know what to do now!” Z declared. She rolled onto her belly on the box and then, before the professor could say anything else, Z raised herself up on her knees while leaving her upper body on the surface of the box. She heard the professor give a startled gasp as she presented her and the class behind her with her plush, full rear. Her cheeks warmed as she raised her tail, and everyone behind her was faced with the sight of her plump, soft pussy lips and her little star.

“That’s...That’s not what I...oh my...,” Minnie stammered, a hand coming to her mouth as she stared at the sight before her. The room was suddenly filled with the sounds of pencils sketching away, and some of the male students crossed their legs to conceal the sudden swelling that had come up in their pants.

The neko girl wagged her tail from side to side. “What do you think? Isn’t my ass the greatest? Huh huh, yeah, it’s totally awesome!” She swayed her rear from side to side enticingly. “You should come up for some hands-on learning!”

“E-Everyone stay in your seats!” Minnie ordered the class, her voice having gone squeaky. “Z, what are you doing?”

“Huh?” Z lifted up a little and looked back at the professor upside-down between her hanging breasts. “I’m posing, duh? Oh, what, you don’t like this one? How about this?” She rolled over onto her back. Sitting up, she spread and lifted her legs, showing off her impressive flexibility. Z cupped both of her hands underneath her breasts, pushing them up and pressing them together.

Minnie’s eyes widened even more. Her gaze was drawn to the space between Z’s toned thighs, and her mouth fell open. “Oh my...” she cried out as a knot began to form in her throat.

The rest of the class was enraptured by the display. Z heard a male voice from the back of the class say “Spread them wider! Wow, she’s hot...” and a girl retorted “Shut up! Horny bastard...” but another guy piped in with “You shut up! I’m enjoying the show! This is the best art class ever!”

Grinning wide, Z felt a thrill rise in her chest. She had heard the word “show”, and that was all

that she needed to really let loose. She took one of her hands and put it underneath her left leg, lifting it up even further as she stretched the right one out. In this position, her pussy lips spread apart all by themselves, widening from a slit into a gash of pink, which was already glistening from her own arousal. She loved being watched just as much as always.

Before she could go any further, however, Minnie stood up from her chair and put her hands on her hips, turning around to face her class. “That is *enough!*” she thundered at the students, and her eyes even seemed to glow a little as she whipped her tails furiously behind her. “You are all adults and you should be ashamed of yourselves!” As her students began to look embarrassed, the kitsune rounded on Z and speared her with the same glare. “And you! You are to maintain a professional attitude while in my classroom! This is a place of learning, not a strip club! Am I clear?”

Taken aback, Z couldn’t think to do anything except nod her head, some of the fun taken out of the situation by how serious the professor seemed. She was, indeed, starting to feel a little bad, sort of like how she felt when Jasmine scolded her.

Nodding back to her, Minnie resumed her seat. Z was expecting her to instruct her in taking a more modest pose, but to her surprise Minnie did nothing of the sort. “Now...students,” she said, her voice returning to its calm tone. “If we are ready to be mature, take note of the pose our model is in. See how the full flexibility and liveness of her legs are displayed? This is an open pose, and inviting one, and one which advanced or ambitious painters might wish to...capture.” Z was further surprised to see Minnie give her a covert wink.

Smiling a little, Z held the pose more than happily as pencils and brushes began to work furiously around the studio. She found it a little easier to behave herself for the rest of the class after that.

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“Damn...am I glad that trip is over...”

Sighing heavily, Martin walked into his office at the university and closed the door behind him, setting a metal briefcase down on his desk and flopping into his chair. The husky was exhausted, especially considering everything he had been through the past few days. First the date with Z, which had been stressful enough, then the attack by the would-be thieves, and finally that intense meeting with Hamlet and all the other planetary representatives. It had all been quite a lot for him to handle.

The meeting, he thought, had been the worst of all. Martin had known a good deal of what was

at stake with recent galactic affairs, but he hadn't realized just what a pivotal role he was going to play in it all. He'd had some basic information, from his old girlfriend Shea, prior to going into the session. Martin had known he was to be "tagging" students at the university in the event of an emergency extraction, but he'd expected that he would just be tagging as many of them as possible. And he hadn't really known what they'd meant by "tagging".

As soon as he'd been fully briefed, the true goal of the whole exercise was to filter out this bio weapon, the civilian extraction was secondary. It almost disgusted him. With the correct support for his mission from the odd undercover operative here and there in the rouse of students or even one other teacher, he had in addition been given the equipment he was supposed to use. Still the way it was all to be handled left a sour taste. Martin opened up the small briefcase, taking a look inside at the contents. The case contained a slab of foam rubber with twenty small slots cut into it. In each slot sat a ring of black, polished metal, sized to fit on Martin's ring finger. The rings were anything but as simple as they appeared. They were quite advanced technology, in fact. The outer surface of the ring was designed to react to organic tissue and the subtle electrical signals produced by the nervous system of all living beings. When it came into contact, a small stamp of an invisible ink would leave itself on the skin or fur of whoever it touched. The ink would be quickly absorbed into the skin of the person, eliminating even the slight possibility that it would be detected, but even then its job was not done. The ink was a technological marvel, containing tiny microchips in it that served as tracers. The idea was that, should the situation devolve into an armed conflict, the tracked people could be quickly located and evacuated by the military. All Martin would have to do would be to put on the ring and find a pretext for touching whoever he wanted to tag, possibly a handshake or a friendly pat on the shoulder.

What troubled him was the unspoken task that had accompanied his official instructions. Even though the rings were amazing bits of tech, they weren't unlimited. Each ring had the capacity for tagging thirty people, no more. With twenty rings in the briefcase, that meant Martin could tag a maximum of six hundred individuals. His area of responsibility was, of course, the university, which had over ten thousand students enrolled, along with a proportionate number of faculty. Though the planetary council had said they could provide him with more rings if needed, he knew they were operating on a limited schedule. At most, he figured he'd be able to use up this case and request a second, and get started with that one, before the situation got critical. That meant, at most, he might be able to tag one thousand students and faculty. That put Martin in the unenviable position of having to pick and choose who he was going to tag. He was clearly meant to select the best and brightest first, the ones who would be of most value after a devastating conflict. That naturally meant that a good portion of the university would be relegated to a sort of second class, even if they didn't know it. Martin had

been provided with a suggested list of whom was to be tagged first, however the had provided discretionary leeway which didn't make it much better.

"This is so screwed up...", he muttered to himself, opting to avoid the list, rubbing his canine face with both hands as he considered the task before him. "How am I supposed to decide?" Martin already had a few ideas of who he was going to tag. Several of the students on his own class rosters were prodigies at the university, and they would need to be tagged for sure. He had also decided as soon as he'd learned his task that he would be tagging Jasmine. She was one of his closest friends, after all, and he could justify tagging her because she was a technological genius in her own right. He also wanted to tag Z. That would be more difficult to justify, since as far as he could tell she wasn't the brightest person in the galaxy, but he'd never met someone so full of life as she is, still he would figure out a way to make it look okay to his superiors.

The husky sighed and picked up one of the rings, turning it over in his fingers and peering at it. The thing really did look normal, just to the eyes. Hard to believe that so much tech could be packed into such a small device, but he'd seen the schematics for himself. They worked.

At least I won't have to work too hard to get Z and Jas marked..., he said to himself. But all the others? That's gonna take some doing. Though it will help that they said they'd be assigning some additional personnel to help me. Still, professors just don't go around getting all touchy-feely with their students...

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When the class had been dismissed, Minnie closed the door to her studio area, and then she turned back to Z. The bronze-skinned girl was still perched on the pedestal, in a more casual seated pose this time, leaned back slightly with her feet hanging down and crossed at the ankles. Thankfully for Minnie, the model had behaved herself quite well for the rest of the class session, and she'd managed to keep her pupils on task. Not to say that she hadn't been able to tell that some of them were very interested in the "subject matter". The kitsune professor had to admit that she'd been quite beguiled by the nude girl as well.

"Well...", the young kitsune professor said, as she managed to put a smile on her face. "Ms. Z, thank you for keeping things a little more professional today. I think the students really got a lot out of their first day of class." She came over to the pedestal and sat down, casually trying not to sit too close to her. "You make a good model. I'm always worried about taking random volunteers from the

department's sign-up list, but I'm glad someone showed up. When I didn't hear anything from the department, I was worried nobody had offered their services."

Z, confused, wasn't quite sure what Minnie was talking about, but she was gratified to hear that someone appreciated her. "Sure! No problem-o! I'm always happy to help!" She kicked her long, lithe legs playfully. "It was super-huge fun! I didn't know there were people around here who just liked looksy at folks all naked and stuff! Kinky!"

With an awkward smile, Minnie managed a little laugh. "Uh...well, you know it was just for class..." she said. "They weren't looking for...Er, well, I suppose some of them might have been." She looked down at the floor timidly. "You are very pretty, after all."

"Wow, really? Thanks! It's okay, I know I'm totally awesome." Z snickered, amused at how bashful the professor seemed to be acting. "You don't have to look at the floor, silly. I'm just naked! It's totally natural and stuff."

Minnie blushed a little under her fur. "Of course. I'm sorry, it's just that I'm a teacher, so I'm supposed to keep a proper attitude." The kitsune looked up finally, and took a few moments to take in the appearance of her model. She was gorgeous, no question about it, and easily one of the prettiest volunteers she'd ever had come to model for her. "I have something to ask, if you don't mind. Feel free to say no..."

"Oh, what what!? Tell me!" Z leaned in towards Minnie, with an eager look on her face.

"I was wondering...I do have a while until my afternoon class is scheduled to begin. If it's not too much to ask." She bit her lip, hoping that her anxiety wasn't showing on her face. "With my work, I don't get a whole lot of time to paint for myself. Would you mind terribly hanging out for a few hours and...letting me paint you? For myself, and not for an assignment."

Z looked ecstatic to hear the request. "Wow-wee, no way!" she exclaimed. "That would be totally cool!"

Minnie smiled at her. "Thank you," she said. She stood up from the pedestal and hopped down, going over to the supply closet and picking out a fresh canvas. Grabbing a supply of paints and some brushes, she returned to Z and took a seat in her chair. Minnie placed the canvas on her easel.

"What kind of pose should I do?" Z asked her as she swung her legs back up onto the pedestal. "Like this again?" She reclined back on the white silk sheet, in something like the modest pose that Minnie had put her in at the start of the class.

"How about...ah...you just pose naturally?" Minnie suggested. Her tails were waving about behind her. "You don't...ah...need to be so proper this time. Whatever you feel like doing." She dipped her brush into some brown paint, swirling it around in a white base to try to approximate Z's skin tone.

Z thought it over for a few minutes. Jasmine had told her to follow the professor's instructions when she was in class, and they *were* still in the classroom. And the professor was telling her to do whatever, so... "I can do whatever I want?"

Minnie nodded. "Anything. Whatever you're comfortable doing."

"Well...Tehehe...I haven't gotten to cum in a long time. It's been days!" Z grinned wide, and she sat back on the sheet, slowly spreading her legs wide in Minnie's direction. Her plump, luscious pussy lips were peeking apart, a hint of her inner pinkness showing. "Howzabout I play with my little fun bits, and you can paint that?"

The kitsune gasped a little, her yellow eyes locking on to the space between Z's thighs. "S-Sure...", she said, breathlessly. "If...If that's what you want to do..."

"Okey-dokey, then!"

With that, Z lowered a hand to her sex, taking one of her fingers and slowly stroking it along her slit. She gave a little "mmm" of pleasure as her fingertip dragged along the sensitive inner flesh, feeling how wet she was. Posing in front of the class, as chaste as the poses had been, had been quite arousing for her, and not being able to tease herself had been quite the hard torture. Her head tilted back as she rubbed herself leisurely, taking her time. She made sure to keep her legs nice and wide, giving her audience of one the best view possible.

More than anything, Z liked showing off when she had the chance, and this was the best kind of show. One-on-one, intimate, and open. She swirled her fingertip around her pronounced clit, a sharp moan of delight erupting from her lips as the pleasant tingle shot up her spine. She could feel her moisture gathering, dripping out of her and onto the pristine light pink cloth. Beyond that, she could hear the quiet strokes of Minnie's brush as the kitsune began to paint.

"Th-That's...That's so cute...", Minnie murmured, unable to take her eyes away from Z except to put her brush to the canvas. She began to capture the essence of the alien girl's pleasure, focusing on painting her form. Minnie was an expert artist, and she had many such paintings back home. Her guilty fun was doing things like this, staying behind after her classes for private sessions with her models. She liked the female form more than any other subject, hence the topic that she chose to teach on. "Just keep going..."

Z was all too happy to oblige, and she kept at her self-indulgence. While Minnie painted, she continued rubbing her wet little pussy, and she didn't hold back with her vocalizations of her bliss. She felt so wonderful now that she could cater for her most intimate need without someone telling her to stop, and she planned on taking full advantage. Z slipped a finger inside her sex, and she rubbed around inside her tight passage. She curled her finger up along the top surface, and a loud groan echoed around

the room. Z thought she could hear Minnie moan along with her, though the kitsune was quieter about it. Z smiled to herself, and lifted her other hand to her breast, taking her mocha nipple between two fingers and pinching hard.

“Mmm, feels so nice,” she breathed as the pleasure radiated over her upper body. She began slipping her finger in and out of herself, and her hips began to move up and down in time with the motions. She closed her eyes to enjoy the sensations more fully, though every now and then she cracked one blue orb open to see what Minnie was up to. Each time, she could see the art teacher watching with rapt attention, which made her enjoy it all the more.

“You’re so beautiful,” Minnie said, her mouth remaining slightly open. She was panting lightly, extremely turned-on by the sight of the girl masturbating in front of her. Her painting was taking shape now, the curves of Z’s sexy body coming to life on the canvas. She put her brush down, picking up another and dipping it into the red, mixing white in to make a soft pink. Touching the brush to the canvas, she began tracing out the delicate gash of Z’s sex. “I love it. You’re the perfect model...Beauty come to life on canvas...”

“I know, I’m totally awesome. My pussy has won awards, you know.” Z flicked her tongue over her electric blue lips, and she thrust a second finger inside of herself. She started to move them around in her pussy more rapidly, and wet sounds began to be heard as her soaked sex gained a voice of its own. “Mmmm...ahhh...Oh, I can’t wait to cum...It’s going to be so good...”

“Please do...,” Minnie said, her voice hoarse with arousal. “I want to capture that in my painting...” She had paused in her work, focusing on the girl on the pedestal. She was leaning forward, her tails whipping the air furiously behind her. Her legs were crossed, and she was squirming about on her chair slightly.

“Mmm...o-okey-dokey...” Z whimpered in pleasure as she lowered her other hand between her legs as well. While her fingers slid in and out of her passage, she used her thumb and forefinger to grasp her clit. Z squealed in delight as she pinched and kneaded her little button, waves of pleasure rising up inside of her. Before she knew it, she was writhing on her back, her pillowy breasts heaving as she gasped in absolute ecstasy. She heard Minnie give a gasp as well, but she paid it little attention as the pleasure rose to a deafening crescendo. Z pitched her head back, her eyes going wide as orgasm overtook her. Her fingers were squeezed by her tight pussy, eventually slipping out of her as her whole body trembled in her peak. She grabbed a handful of the sheet, moaning as she came hard, her pussy squirting a flood of her feminine juices onto the soft, silky fabric.

“Oh my...,” Minnie said, fanning herself with one hand as she panted more heavily. She was entranced by the sight of Z, her eyes staring between her legs as she saw the abundant nectar flowing

from her flower. “That’s so...raw...So inspiring...”

Z cooed in blissful relaxation as she came down from the zenith of her self-indulgence. She settled in to the hard surface of the pedestal, her whole body somewhat limp in the afterglow. That had been exactly what she’d needed after such a long class of being forbidden from touching herself. With a weary giggle, she sat up, her perky breasts jiggling as she looked at Minnie. “That was the best...I feel loads better now, thanks for letting me cum!” she exclaimed.

With a shaky smile, Minnie nodded at her. “You’re very welcome and I’m glad,” the professor said. “That was...I don’t know if I can describe it. That was a joy to watch...and the painting is coming along well.” She turned the canvas around so that Z could see herself. “What do you think so far?”

Leaning forward to give herself a better view, Z was awestruck. If she hadn’t known any better, she would have thought that it was a photograph, it looked so realistic. “Wowwy wow wow zowy!” she said. “That looks just the coolest! It’s hotter than hot. I mean, duh, of course it is, it’s me, but wow!”

Her cheeks reddened and Minnie looked bashful. “Thanks,” she said. “I’ve practiced a long time to get this good.”

“Hey...,” Z said, her eyes narrowing slyly. “I just realized something! I’m a nakey-wakey and you’re not! That’s totally unfair! Don’t you wanna take your clothes off, too?” She was looking the professor up and down now, not failing to notice that the kitsune looked quite attractive. “It’s no fun if we’re not all sharing.”

Minnie suddenly looked even more nervous than she had before, almost frightened. “I...I don’t know...” She looked away from Z, suddenly embarrassed. “I don’t think...I dunno if I should...”

“Why not?” Z asked her. As brash as ever, getting up from the pedestal, the girl walked over to Minnie. “Please? It’s only fair. You got to see me naked, and I wanna see you naked, too.”

Unable to meet the alien girl’s gaze, Minnie bit her lip and kept quiet. However, after several long seconds, she managed to give just a bare nod of her head. When she made no movements to do it herself, Z reached forward and took off her tie, then began unbuttoning her dress shirt. When all the buttons were unfastened, she pushed the shirt open and down Minnie’s arms.

What she saw underneath set her giggling. “Aw...cute! They’re so tiny with pretty designs, adowwwable!”

Minnie blushed. It was true. Her breasts were very small. She looked back at Z, and followed her gaze down to her own chest. Though still there, they were barely larger than the typical middle-schooler’s would have been. They were coated in the same white color of fur that the rest of her body was, but with delicate patterns of gold traced through the ivory surface instead of the red that crested her eyes and tails. They were capped with cute, soft pink nipples, prominent through the thin, fuzzy fur.

Z removed her shirt fully, and then she took Minnie's hands and coaxed her up from her seated position. She hooked her arms around the kitsune's back and pulled her close, and her hefty bust pressed against Minnie's slight chest. The kitsune could feel the warmth of her smooth body against her furred one. She was panting again, her head feeling slightly fuzzy with arousal.

"Your face is so cute," Z purred. Without asking permission, she leaned in and gently pressed her moist lips to Minnie's muzzle. The kitsune squeaked in surprise as Z kissed her, but a soft whimper came next as she tentatively slipped her tongue into the other girl's mouth. The warmth came from embracing tongues as Z's flavor washed pleasurably in the kitsune's maw, mixing with her own in mind blowing sensual motions.

While they locked lips, Z's hands slid down to Minnie's rump, and then circled between the two of them as she began to unbutton her slacks. Minnie whined as Z lowered her zipper and then pushed her hands into her waistband, lowering her pants until they dropped down her legs. Suddenly frantic, Minnie pulled back from her, shaking her head slightly.

"P-Please...", she said, closing her eyes and turning bright red in the face. "D-Don't...Don't laugh at me..." she said gasping as the fear sent an uncomfortable feeling through the petite kitsune girl's body.

"Huh?" Z asked her, surprised as she tilted her head to the side. "Why would I do that?" She looked down between the two of them. What she saw next made her eyes widen in shock. The shock had nothing to do with what Minnie was wearing underneath her pants. On the contrary, she was clad in a sexy pair of lace panties, opaque and shimmery in the light of the studio. No, what Z was surprised to see was that the front of her panties, instead of flat and trim like a girl's should be, was bulging forward.

"Don't look," Minnie whimpered, covering her face with both hands. She seemed mortified to have Z find out. Most people, when they discovered her secret, were horrified. This was something that she tried to keep covered at all times, especially at the school. What would her colleagues and her students think if they knew?

Z, on the other hand, was more curious than anything else. "What's this? I want to see!" she wondered aloud. She slipped a hand down to Minnie's crotch, placing her palm over the bulge. She breathed in sharply as she felt around, and it was clear instantly what she felt. Between Minnie's legs was something hard and swelling, but...but Minnie was a girl, wasn't she? "Wow..." she cried excitedly like having found a new treasure to plunder while she applied even pressure to pleasure and tease along the length of delicious large instrument that lay hidden.

The blue-haired beauty hooked her fingers inside the elastic of the kitsune's panties and dragged

them down with a swift motion. She gave a gasp as they came away, and a thick, red cock sprang up at full attention, and surprisingly for Z, a rather good, challenging size. Minnie whimpered again, peeking between her fingers at Z's face.

"I'm...I'm a herm...", she muttered, completely embarrassed by the situation. "I...I know I look like a girl, but...I have...you see..." She hugged her arms around her breasts, suddenly feeling uncomfortably exposed. Tears were forming in her eyes. This was always where it went so wrong.

"So you're a girl...but not a girl?" Z had never seen anything like it before, and that was saying something. She prided herself on her vast repertoire of sexual knowledge and experience, but she had never heard of a "herm". She put her fingers to Minnie's cock, tracing along its length as she wondered if it was a toy. But this thought was immediately dispelled. Minnie's cock was as real as anything.

"You...I won't be offended if you...just want to leave...", Minnie stammered, though her voice told Z she felt anything but what she had just said.

Z blinked, and then she smiled, and finally she burst out laughing. Minnie feared the worst type of shunting her were not the abuse, it was the making fun and cruel jokes. Z was laughing, as Minnie braced herself for the mocking that was to come, but it didn't. "Leave? Why would I leave! This is the coolest thing ever!" She wrapped her fingers around Minnie's erection, squeezing her length in her grip.

"You...what?" Minnie gasped, not able to believe what she was hearing. "But...But I'm a freak..."

"Oh, hush!" Z scolded her, waving a finger in her face with a stern expression. "You're just different! Everyone's different! Freak is a bad word! But let's see if this thing works like a boys one though." She smiled and gave Minnie a peck on the lips, and then she sank down to her knees on the floor. With her smile unflinching, she parted her lips and touched her tongue to the underside of Minnie's cock at the base, and luxuriously licked from the bottom all the way to the tip.

Her heart hammering in her chest, Minnie gave a deep moan of pleasure at the sensation of Z's tongue. Her legs began to shake, and her hand came to the top of her head almost of its own accord. The kitsune looked down at the neko girl kneeling before her, scarcely able to believe that this was happening. She wasn't disgusted, or anything? "You...You can't mean that..."

"But I do!" Z assured her. She licked her erection like a lollipop, up and down, gazing up at Minnie's face. "Mmm, I think you're sexy...Almost as sexy as me!" She giggled, which made Minnie almost giggle as some relief settled into the fox's meager form. Z slid her lips over the tip of the canine professor's cock, suckling at it gently.

"Ohhh...", Minnie mumbled as heat washed over her. Her heart was fluttering at Z's accepting

words. This was like a dream come true. To think that someone wasn't repulsed by the sight of her secret. She whined passionately, pushing her hips forward and sinking more of her cock into the girl's willing mouth. "That...That means so much...Thank you..."

"Silly willy," Z said, her voice muffled by the thick organ in her mouth. She began bobbing her head along her cock, her tongue playing around the smooth, firm flesh. She pushed her mouth forward, taking Minnie's full length into her throat, the tapered tip brushing against the back. She tasted different than a regular male would have. Minnie had the flavor of a female, light and sweet, rather than the strong, musky taste of a man. It was different, but wonderful.

Minnie tilted her head back, letting the pleasurable sensation of Z's mouth take her away. She kept her hand on the back of her head with light pressure, and her hips began to move back and forth, gently but insistently thrusting in and out of her delicate mouth. The girl felt so wonderful around her male part, so warm and lovely. Pleasure was coursing through her body, causing the knot at the base of her cock to swell slightly. At the same time, she felt Z's hand slide up the inside of her thigh to cup around her balls. They were smaller than a true male's would have been, but no less warm and full. She gave a gasp of delight as she felt Z massage and caress them, and her knees bent as the strength in her legs gave way to the feelings going through her.

Z teased Minnie with her mouth for a while, and then she slid her lips back, clucking her tongue as she released the kitsune from her velvet prison. "Come on," she said, taking Minnie's hand and pulling her along to the pedestal. The kitsune was in a trance, and she followed her unhesitatingly. When Z stepped up onto the sheet-draped platform, she laid back, crossing her arms behind her head and arching her back invitingly.

Breathless, Minnie climbed up as well. She couldn't take her eyes off of Z, and her cock was throbbing harder than it had since the class had ended. She crawled forward on her hands and knees, hungry for a little loving. Slowly the kitsune ran her hands along Z's slender legs, flushing a deep red. "You're a piece of living art...I need you so much right now, sweetheart...please," she hoarsely whispered, as she placed her hands on Z's legs. She looked up, seeing the neko nod. Minnie spread the tanned girl's legs further, admiring the masterpiece before her as she pressed her penis along the length of Z's shimmering wet nether lips, serenading her male-hood. She teased it along Z's sensitive clitoris, as the fleshy pinks were sensually pushed up and down, drooling over the hardened rod.

"Ehh," Z moaned as she looked into Minnie's eyes with a smile, anticipating when she'd be impaled with the passion the fox could give. Her wait wasn't too long as the tip of the thick cock pressed into her opening. The kitsune began to slide it in slowly, feeling it being enveloped with moistness as the head penetrated. "Ow ow ow...Ehhh...nothing please continue, tehehe." Z giggled, but

privately she was realized that Minnie was somewhat thicker than what she was previously accustomed to.

Minnie reached down and touched Z's cheek. "R...Relax...You're so tight, it's o...okay, you'll get used to it," she said as she brushed Z's face, tenderly stroking it. "I want to paint you white from inside with my intimate brush." Her cheeks burned furiously as those words escaped her lips. As Minnie pushed deeper into Z, discoveries were made, those of wondrous pleasure. Z's unique alien physiology was incredibly felt, and Minnie gasped as Z's inner flesh rippled around her cock. Intermittent contractions stroked down her length, making her whimper with the intense pleasure they elicited within her.

"You're so d...different, ahhh," she moaned as she pulled out and plunged deep into the girl. She was strongly beginning to truly appreciate Z's carnivorous pleasure beast. Slushing sounds began in earnest, along with the slapping of the kitsune's balls against Z's bare ass. Cries escaped both of their lips together to sweeten a melody around them as Z softly bit her bottom lip. "S...Sorry...I didn't mean to be so rough."

To that, Z returned a smile and shook her head. "No way..."

"M-More?" Minnie asked. The only response to her inquiry was an eager nod. Minnie giggled. "Oh god, you're so cute."

With continued motions of her gyrating hips, the kitsune began to steadily drive in and out of the pinks, feeling the elastic flesh of her companion's sex rubbing sensuously back and forth along her hardened phallus. The rapture she gained from this girl was incredible, as that tight, tanned pussy engulfed the the kitsune's love spear time after time. Each thrust becoming more needy by the moment as she ravaged Z's pussy more forcefully, more passionately, and more vocally.

"Ehhhhhh...Harder, Minnie, ahhhh!" Z moaned, at which Minnie began slamming her hips to Z's more feverishly, enjoying the sight of the neko's large golden breasts bouncing up and down, as though they were waltzing just for her. Z was ecstatic with the feeling of the kitsune's cock inside of her, finding it just about the best thing she had felt in a good long while. Every stroke of Minnie's thick rod inside of her brought her closer to a planet-shattering climax, and she was hovering right on the edge.

"Ohhhh...Z...", Minnie gasped. Her cock was twitching as she thrust in and out, her instincts driving her to push her swelling knot up against the alien girl's silken pussy lips. "Mmmm...I...I'm so close...Sh-Should I...Do I need to...?"

As though Z could sense what the professor was about to ask her, she shook her head insistently and wrapped her legs tight around Minnie's waist, preventing her from pulling out. "Don't you dare!

Ehh, ehh..." she exclaimed, her voice trailing off into a shrill moan. The bronze-skinned girl shuddered and wailed as she began to cum, her pussy clamping down hard around Minnie's cock.

Minnie yipped as her lover's sex gripped at her, and then she bared her teeth in a passionate snarl and slammed forward, stuffing the slender girl full of her thick knot. In an instant, her canine organ was erupting inside of Z, thick ropes of cum spurting inside of her and coating her inner walls with her masculine essence. She leaned down and captured her mouth with her own, kissing her deeply as they came together. They were joined for the moment by the knot in an intimate embrace. The kitsune wrapped her arms around Z, pressing into her, holding her close. Streams of white continued to jettison deep into her partner for long minutes, even after their pleasure had trailed off into fuzzy, shared warmth.

After a while, Z gasped and looked up at Minnie. She felt delightfully full, fuller than she had in a long while. "W-Wow...", she breathed. "That was...That was *totally* awesome! I came so hard! And you...whoa! You were the bestest thing in the world! Better than a lifetime supply of candy!"

Minnie managed to giggle wearily. "Th-Thanks...", she stammered, a goofy smile on her face. "You were...oh, so wonderful..."

"But, um...", Z said, touching a finger to her bottom lip. She pulled her hips back, as Minnie's knot tugged at her pussy. "How long are we gonna be stuck?"

"Oh? Oh!" Minnie blinked, her cheeks reddening again. "Um...I'm not sure. A little while, at least. It should go away, soon..."

Content with each other for now, Minnie and Z lay together on the pedestal, just enjoying the afterglow of their encounter, exchanging a playful kiss or nuzzle every now and then. When finally Minnie's knot began to shrink, she gingerly pulled back, until with a soft sucking sound her cock slipped out of Z to be accompanied by a slow lazy drizzle of her cum.

"Ahhh...", Z sighed happily, hugging around herself as she sat up. She giggled and stood up, energized and beside herself with delight. "That was great! Wow, if this is what every class is gonna be like, learning will be amazing!"

"Yeah, right," Minnie agreed with her. She smiled at Z for a moment, and then something pinged in the back of her head. "Wait...what did you just say?"

Z tilted her head to the side, still smiling as wide as ever. "I mean, I can't wait to come to class again tomorrow!" The blue-haired neko reached up and tapped her hidden goggles, and the air around her shimmered as her clothing returned in a flash. Now, the only thing that showed that she'd just had sex would be the flush in her cheeks, and a nearly imperceptible drip of cum sliding down her thigh. "You're a great teacher! I'm totally learning a lot!"

Minnie's jaw dropped. "You mean...You mean you're a *student!*?" she squeaked, her eyes widening in terror. "I...you...Oh my *god...Please* tell me you're on the pill!"

"Pill? But I'm not sick..."

The kitsune's eyes widened. "Don't tell me you're not...Oh my god oh my god..." She covered her face with her hands, her heart beating out a rapid rhythm as all sorts of fears swirled through her head. "This...This can't be happening..."

Z watched her for a minute, and then she giggled and waved her hand. "Anyway...I gotta run. Thanks for a great class!" She whipped around and skipped out of the studio, vanishing from sight even as Minnie called after her.

"Wait! I just came inside you! What if I got you pregnant!? We...I need to get you to the nurse, we...we need to take some precautions!" Minnie sighed, too knackered to give chase. "I'm doomed..."

-o-O-o-

The husky made his way through the corridor, as his thumb idly brushed back and forth along the ring on his index finger, his mind awash with thoughts about his task. Along the cream-walled corridor another student passed him.

"Package received, twenty, good to go," the "student" whispered, and continued on casually. Martin nodded, realizing that this must be one of the covert operatives assigned to work with him. He had muttered the correct code phrase, after all. A few minutes later, a fellow faculty lecturer walked on by, the same ring, the same line. One by one, Martin encountered several other "students" and "teachers", and they said the same line, as inconspicuously as possible as they passed him by to avoid rousing any suspicion. After a couple of minutes all the cases has been accounted for, with Martin having his own twenty. Turning to face the window he sighed as his back pressed against the wall.

If I be more selective and go for the more suspicious looking students then I would increase my chances of tagging the bio-weapon instead, and possibly deactivate its battle functions. I definitely would like to avoid provoking an armed response... He thought hard to himself, wondering what exactly he should be looking for. He had no idea what the bio-weapon was supposed to look like. *I guess...just look for people acting oddly? Shouldn't be too hard...*

Just then, Z wandered on by, and as teasing as ever to completely take his breath away with that tight hugging dress and sexy paced walk, seeming in a hurry. He didn't mind, as he did enjoy the sight of her lovely bouncing assets. "Rawr! Tehehe, Marty! Sorry can't chat, or Jas will kill me! Especially if

I don't find where my other class is!" She passed right by him, barely giving him a glance.

"Oh hey, no problem," Martin said, dreamily eyeing her perky rear, but then he watched her abruptly skid on a single foot to a halt, even trailing smoke from her heel in cartoony style. He wondered how she managed to do that, but then remembered she had some holographic tech to play with. What a funny little touch. He could see that something had caught her eye, and the girl didn't find it awfully hard to become distracted by the smallest of things as her curiosity was roused.

"Ooooh, whatsy that?" she asked, turning and staring at something sitting against the wall. The husky raised a brow as a childish excitement passed over the girl. She clasped both hands together as her eyes sparkled. "It looks so cool!" She wandered over to it, her eyes locked on the device. It was a vending machine, of course, but Z had never seen anything of the like before. He had to admit he loved all these small reactions she made. The way she reacted to everyday objects was so cute and quirky.

Fascinated by what she was doing, he continued to let the girl explore on her own accord. After all, she was from another solar system, and maybe they didn't have these where she was from. He watched her march right up to the machine and poke her finger at the glass, and then look around it trying to figure out what it did or how it worked. Her hands pressed here and there, pushing this button or that button, but having no effect.

She stopped, placed both hands on her hips, and pouted. "Hmpf...This is a stupid machine, it does nothing!" she cried and reached back to kick it, but then stopped when she saw scrolling letters. "Hey, Marty, hurry over here! It's trying to communicate with me!" Her eyes had caught sight of the small screen on the vending machine, where scrolling green letters were describing the prices of the various items corresponding to the buttons that Z was pressing at random.

"Oh?" he asked as he began to walk towards her. *This is as good a time as any to tag her.* "Then let me help you out. Just don't kick it, or people might expect me to write you up for damaging school property."

"I wasn't going to, I was...err...just scaring it!" she assured him, giving the machine quite an evil eye.

"Here let me show you how it works," he offered. "First you have to use one of these." He handed her over a coin, which was so shiny that she was much too eager to say no to it. The small metal disc was practically swiped from him.

"Now I make a wish?" she asked, confidently. She threw the coin at the machine, causing a little clanking sound as it bounced off the reinforced glass and landed on the ground. "I wish for the machine to do something coooooool..." Of course, as was to be expected, she got no reply from it. Tapping her chin she looked up at Martin as he looked down at her. He felt a little bulge beginning to develop in his

pants as he looked down at Z, and even blushed as he got an eyeful of that wonderful cleavage.

I don't know about this bio-weapon I'm supposed to be looking for, but I know I've found this cute sex weapon...Damn prick tease. She's making the blood rush between my legs now, too.

"I...err...but...oh dear. Do you deliberately set out to get me turned on?" He averted his gaze to save himself some humility. It would be more than embarrassing to walk around with a hard erection. Knots didn't go down that easily. He reached down to pick up the coin before placing it to the slot. "This is how it works, now observe. I push this in..." Her eyes were glued to him.

"I so love it when things are pushed in, teheh," she giggled. "Anyhow, back to this super intelligent gizmo. Now it does its magic thing?"

"Not exactly, but keep watching," he said as the colors on the panel changed and an automated voice asked for his order. "Now we press the button number of what we want to have. See?" He pointed at the vast selection beyond the glass. "They all have numbers and we press the number we want on the panel. Okay, so now I've found what I want, all I need to do is put the number in. It's twenty-eight. Go on, press them for me."

The tanned neko became giddy. "Whoa, cool, thanks, okay here goes!" she said as she pressed the buttons. But, of course, being the airhead that she was she pressed two buttons at random. Martin didn't catch what numbers she pressed but continued to instruct her after hearing something dropping in the dispenser.

"Now that little hatch at the bottom, you can put your hand in and get out what you ordered," he lovingly said.

"I've not had a hand inside yet, I'd love to have one!" she said as Martin became a little nervous.

This girl's filling my head with images again, got to gain control or I'll have a tent in my pants...

As she reached inside to take the item, what she withdrew made him turn red with shock. Of course, this was Z's random luck, but to him, she must have done this deliberately.

"Yay, look!" she said as she held up a small box of condoms. "I've never tried these, nu-uh, look these have little bubbly bits and rib things! Look great. Hey want to try these with me?"

"W-...What? Y-Yeah, sure," he replied automatically, in disbelief with how casually she asked him.

"Awesome!" she said as he felt adventurous himself and pressed his hand along her smooth abdomen, pushing her back up against the vending machine. Smiling, feeling mischievous a little, he leaned in to kiss her. His ringed hand slowly began to reach up to stroke her cheek and tag her at the

same time. The closer he got, the more eager he felt. Soon he'd have her tagged and taken care of, and then he wouldn't have to worry about her anymore...He could take all the time he wanted and enjoy her fully, without a worry in his head...