

Overdue Books

By: IndigoRho

Wayne had spent the entire walk to the main library of Columbia State University cursing himself in a dozen different ways. In the zebra's backpack were four long overdue books he'd checked out and forgotten about completely. The last few months of second semester had just been so chaotic, and when he'd stumbled upon them buried in a drawer the day before he'd groaned audibly. Most students wouldn't have cared about the situation—just accepted the fee and moved on to enjoying Summer break—but Wayne was worried the mistake would hurt his reputation with someone he privately cared for.

A blast of cool air hit Wayne as the library's sliding doors opened, and he nearly froze when he spotted who was at the front desk. Instead of one of the usual students it was a black-and-white lion. They were older—Wayne's best guest was mid to late forties—a few scattered silver strands of fur accentuating their dark mane. They wore a vest and dress shirt that clung to their sizable belly, which Wayne's gaze lingered on. As the lion moved about the desk and nearby bins his gut jiggled lightly, Wayne's eyes matching every subtle bounce.

Wayne had first met the head librarian Calvin Days a week into his Freshman year, and he was embarrassed to admit he'd had an immense crush on the lion ever since. He'd ogled him putting away books and chatting with staff from afar, made excuses to ask him for directions just so he could get a good look at his thoughtful, dark green eyes behind those glasses, even volunteered for a few months long ago in the vain hope of getting to talk with him some.

Of course Wayne knew nothing would ever come of his quiet adoration, but shedding a deep crush wasn't exactly an easy task. That was why the zebra had tried so hard to be on his best behavior at the library, to never do anything that might unintentionally put him negatively on the librarian's radar. He'd managed to work himself up over the overdue books, and as he nervously walked over to the front desk he was convinced he'd be chewed out—or chewed up. The momentary glance he gave Mr. Days' belly had a tinge of worry in it for once.

"I...uh, I had some overdue books to return," Wayne said, sheepishly retrieving the books and placing them on the desk in front of Mr. Days.

The librarian didn't look at the student sternly or with disapproval, though he did look him over thoroughly. After some thought he flashed a wide grin that swiftly dimmed to a polite smile. He typed away at his computer.

"Ah, we've been waiting on these ones for a quite a while Mr. Martin." The librarian's voice was gentle, distracting. "Yes there will be a bit of a fee involved. I'll need to use the computer in the back office to figure it out and handle the payment, since the ones up here haven't been cooperating much today I'm afraid."

Mr. Days chuckled, and Wayne felt himself joining in. Wayne's concerns were fading, and he was beginning to consider his mistake a blessing in disguise, another reason to chat with the handsome lion.

"N-no worries, as long as everything gets squared away I don't mind waiting."

"If you'd like you can join me. Could cut down on the back and forth," Mr. Days offered.

Wayne blushed on instinct, even more so once he started worrying about how noticeable his blushing was. "Oh, sure!"

"Excellent, follow me then—I'm not hard to lose!" The librarian's bellowing laugh made his belly bounce wildly, and Wayne had a front row seat to the action.

With barely contained glee Wayne followed Mr. Days back behind the front desk area and through a door that said employees only. They only had to travel down a couple hallways before reaching their apparent destination, which Wayne recognized from his brief time volunteering as being Mr. Days' personal office. Once inside Calvin closed the door behind them—and then quietly locked it

when Wayne wasn't looking.

"Now I can already assume the fees are going to be somewhat harsh, simply due to the time and number," Mr. Days said, staying close to the student and not directly heading to his desk.

Wayne had feared as much, and his frown showed it. "Well...yeah. Can't really do much to fix that mistake though, Mr. Days."

"Please Wayne, just call me Cal." The librarian's casualness caught Wayne off-guard. "Wayne I feel it's only fair to tell you you're—ahem—*interest* in me these last few years hasn't gone unnoticed."

The zebra's heart sunk and he immediately looked as far away from Cal as he could. His mind was racing, trying and failing to come up with a dozen different excuses or lies.

"To be honest, though, I'm flattered." Cal saw the look of confusion upon Wayne's face and continued smiling. "I tend to let myself get too absorbed with work to really get out and indulge in my, well, *urges*. Just to know I'm still garnering interest is wonderful, especially from someone as handsome as yourself."

Wayne's blushing returned in full force. He couldn't believe what he was hearing, was...was Cal flirting with him? Wild fantasies abruptly resurfaced, now suddenly the slightest bit possible. A tiny voice in the back of his mind was telling him the whole conversation was a dream, or at least too good to be true, but he'd stopped thinking with his head.

"But to get to the point, Wayne, I'd like to give you an alternative to paying those hefty fines, since I'm sure it was an honest mistake. I'll wave them completely if you give me a blow job," Cal said in a warm, comforting tone. "If you'd rather not then I understand, and we'll pay the fee like normal so you can be on your way."

"I'd be honored!" Wayne blurted without a second thought. His face flushed red at his own eagerness to service the librarian, and it took every ounce of nerve to not just bolt out the door and hope Cal forgot he existed. "I-I mean, that sounds really lovely."

A friendly chuckle came from Cal as the lion gave Wayne a firm pat on the shoulder, then walked over to his chair. "I'm glad to hear it! And I do hope you enjoy this just as much as I will."

Cal sat down. His paws slipped beneath the overhang of his belly and undid his belt with surprising ease considering he wasn't looking. A slow unzipping followed, and hidden massages prompted the lion's cock to rise into view. Wayne initially turned away, as if he'd walked in on a private moment, before remembering that the lion's dick was there for him. Then Cal motioned him over.

Wayne's gaze drifted between the cock and Cal's now slightly exposed belly. He brushed aside lingering concerns about messing up or embarrassing himself, letting preemptive euphoria drive him forwards. He swore Cal's cock had grown in the time it took him walk over and crouch down before the imposing lion, but again he banished the odd thoughts. His fantasy wasn't going to be ruined.

Cal watched the student closing in, his member throbbing in anticipation. Eager. *Hungry*. As Wayne opened his mouth in preparation Cal gently rested a paw on the back of the zebra's head, easing any worries with a smile. The brief moment Wayne's eyes looked up at him was all the distraction Cal needed.

The tip of Cal's cock flared open, and a quick push nudged Wayne's muzzle right in. Wayne's eyes widened in confusion until a second, harder shove forced almost the whole rest of his head into Cal's shaft. The terrified zebra blindly flailed, desperately attempting to gain a grip so he could pull away. The inside of Cal's member was warm, and smelled overwhelmingly of musk and cum. He deluded himself into thinking whatever had happened was an accident, just Cal being a bit too pent up and eager, but the lion hadn't stopped pushing on his head—and the cock was actively starting to suck him in.

Every inch of Wayne that was swallowed caused Cal's cock to grow, as if the librarian were getting an increasingly intense erection around the zebra. Cal let out short, quiet moans as Wayne slipped further and further into his cock, the squirms pleasuring him to a degree a regular hand or blow job never could. Pre began oozing up the shaft, coating both the interior walls and Wayne, hastening

the zebra's descent. Trickle of cum oozed from Cal's dick as it stretched to take in Wayne's shoulders and chest, backpack included.

Arms now pinned to his sides, Wayne could barely wiggle in protest as he felt himself sliding in deeper. He couldn't see a thing, could barely even breathe with how strong the scent of cum was, and he knew things would only get worse. The zebra could no longer deny the truth: Cal had taken advantage of his crush in order to feast on him.

Cal's breathing was getting heavier. His member was throbbing, leaking globs of cum as it was massaged from within and stretched. It took effort to avoid blowing his load early and shooting Wayne back out, but Cal wasn't about to ruin the moment. He gripped Wayne's sides in order to steady the zebra and prevent unnecessary movement, and tried to let his mind drift.

The lion was voracious in general—his beloved gut was the result of eating numerous college students over the years—but cock vore was a special treat. He'd indulged in the practice often during his own college days, and the opportunities only got rarer as he got older. He usually had to rely on deceiving students who were crushing on him, and even most of those tended to end up in his stomach rather than his balls. Fortunately with finals over the library wasn't nearly as busy as usual, making it easy for Cal to spirit a student away to his office and churn them away in private.

Wayne was waist-deep in Cal's cock before he finally pushed into the lion's sack, his head partially dunked in a shallow pool of warm cum. Cal's balls began to swell almost as dramatically as his dick. The lion's moans were getting longer and more prominent as he lifted his prize off the ground, his member rigid as it held up the zebra's weight all on its own.

The last stretch was always the hardest part, his enlarged, sensitive cock begging for release as it was teased and stuffed. Cal carefully tipped his dick upwards, allowing gravity to speed up the cum-drenched zebra's descent. He clenched his teeth and shut his eyes, reminding himself over and over how much more satisfying blowing his load would be once Wayne was fully added to it.

As soon as Wayne's arms were fully in the sack he tried bracing himself, begging and pleading for Cal to stop as he pushed against the thin walls of his prison. Just enough light seeped through for him to adjust to the darkness, not that he really wanted to see the fate that awaited him. Unfortunately he couldn't even delay the inevitable.

More moans and slurping and shouts, and then Wayne's twitching, sneaker-covered hooves were all that remained of him on the outside. Cal didn't even bother to pull them off. Once Wayne was out of sight Cal's cock began to shrink down, throbbing and leaking as it followed the zebra's descent. The smaller it got the less sensitive it became, allowing Cal to relax some as the student emptied into his sack.

Cal groaned in delight once his member had reverted to its usual, albeit fully erect, size. His balls sagged to the floor before him, resembling a bulging bean bag chair. He grinned as he watched the visible imprints of Wayne's head and hooves push against his sack. When he ate someone his considerable pudge tended to disguise struggles, leaving only vague lumps and muffled complaints. Neither was true when he sucked someone down his shaft. Their yelling was clear, as if they were right next to him instead of within him, and he could tell the source of every imprint on its surface.

"I've been long overdue for that~" Cal sighed, massaging his massive balls.

"Please Mr. Days—Cal—please let me out!" Wayne begged. He coughed a little as the smell of cum flooded his nostrils.

The sticky substance was everywhere, soaking his clothes and backpack and splattering across his hide.

"Wayne I'll let you out when you've been properly prepared, but I feel that's not what you were hoping to hear." Cal's voice was still soft, with no hint of malice. He opened a drawer of his desk and pulled out a condom, slipping it with care over his pulsing member. "Though there certainly must be worse ways to go than being churned into cum by someone you adore."

"I don't want to be anyone's cum!" Wayne's hooves slipped against the slick walls of the sack.

"I'll give you blow jobs for a year, I'll bring you other students to guzzle down instead, just please don't do this!"

Cal placed a paw around his cock and started caressing it softly, his sack pulsating in kind. Wayne whimpered as the walls pushed against him, leaving behind a fresh coating of cum.

"I don't get *that* pent up Wayne!" Cal chuckled. "You'll handle my needs well enough, and I won't feel any urges this strong for another couple months probably."

The pool of cum Wayne was sitting in had gotten deeper, something he was painfully aware of. His hide felt slick and oddly soft, and cum was dripping from his forehead; Cal's sack was turning him into a fresh load of cum one drop at a time. He continued to beg and plead and whimper, but all he got in return were soothing reassurances that he was doing a wonderful job of pleasuring the older lion.

The warmth of Cal's sack was getting increasingly unbearable. Wayne was too exhausted to even beg anymore, and struggled to lift his arms. His clothes felt horrifically loose, like they were a size too big. He was lightheaded, too busy fighting to stay conscious to actively fight back. Softer and softer his body got, the pool of cum ever deeper. The color had faded from his black stripes, making Wayne resemble a frail, pale horse.

Wayne's clothes were starting to pull him down, too heavy for his wavering body. He made one last attempt at pleading with Cal, but all that came out was a gargling sound as he blacked out. The zebra's body lost its form, collapsing into the pool of cum with a faint splash.

Cal had patiently watched the squirms within his balls die down, and the moment he felt Wayne reduced to a puddle he sighed contently. The sensation alone was enough to nearly make him blow his load on the spot. He finally stopped holding back, giving in to the whims of his overeager cock.

The lion roared as thick ropes of cum started spilling into the condom, the tip instantly ballooning outward. Cal panted and moaned as he gripped his throbbing member. His balls shrunk as the load that'd been a student just a couple minutes before was rapidly emptied into the condom. He let out stifled giggles any time a bit of Wayne's clothing shot up his shaft, the zebra's discarded outfit gathering piece by piece inside the swirling condom. A shoe, a shirt, a wallet, another shoe, pants. When the backpack was ejected Cal gasped aloud, a look of euphoria upon his face.

The steady stream gradually died down, slowing to a trickle and then merely drips, Cal's balls back to normal. He sat in place for a few minutes, recovering. His paw caught the end of the condom as his dick went flaccid, and he neatly tied it up with ease; his college experience never *truly* went away.

Cal gave the full condom a pat, causing it to wobble and shifting about the clothing floating within. There was a certain sense of awe in being able to churn a whole person into cum, and Cal took a moment to picture who the gallons of seed had been. Wayne had been so eager to get close to him, had let lust overpower his survival instincts. Cal had never tried to hide his gluttony, and most students knew the smiling lion was more than capable of gobbling someone up without warning. Forgetting that was a quick way to end up as cum.

The spent librarian hummed as he cleaned himself up, searching for the file on the overdue books as he did in order to obtain more details on Wayne. He pulled out a permanent marker and wrote the student's name in large letters upon the condom, grinning at every squeak. Below Wayne's name he wrote his student number as well. The two pieces of information would be enough to identify the pool of cum and clothing once it was picked up for processing. For now, though, "Wayne" would spend the rest of the work day quietly sitting in Cal's office, literally consumed by his lust...