

Pachyderm Professor's Pet Pupil

Irbisgreif
for OrangeBunnie

Description

DONE FOR ORANGEBUNNIE, THIS text tells the tale of Dr. Slonskij and his decision to seduce and sleep with one of his students. It was reasonably fun to write, and I'm glad he decided to commission me again now that my writing skills are far improved from Snake's Rabbit! The age difference from professor to student is only around 10 years, so don't get too creeped out, just imagine that both persons are 21–31. The professor wears suspenders and a waistcoat because—GOD-d——n!—it's important to look good!

Hilariously, this story got me to type "elephant penis morphology" into Google, and I learned some amazing stuff about elephant reproduction! For example, touch the wrong part of an elephant's penis and you'll get a black eye. As with bulls, the only way to safely cause emission is to use anal stimulation of the prostate. Now you know, and knowing is half the battle!

OrangeBunnie's commission also introduced me to the new (to me at least) fetish of "trunk insertion". I think I can see the interest in it, it's certainly creative and unique! However, I would recommend against a real-life attempt for what I hope are obvious reasons.

For those of you who might want to commission me, this was a \$10.00 per page commission, and was done with a budget of \$170.00. At 8.25 pages, it came out to a final cost of \$82.50. However, there were discounts applied in this case, so I didn't quite make as much as normal, alas!

1 SECULUM·LAPIDEAS

IN THIS RESPECT, THE work of John Green* online is to be respected and supported, my previous complaints about YouTube as a medium for education notwithstanding."

Shifting my frame slightly to relax as my lecture 'sank in', I scan the room, frowning a little at the sea of blank stares returned to me. As a requirement for all degrees, introductory world history was sadly a class attracting far too many students with no interest in the past.

With a wave of my trunk, I bid the class farewell for the weekend, "Remember that the dean has given you Monday off for the football game; class dismissed!"

An extra holiday offers respite from the endless efforts to educate the pompous little—dare I say—*shits*. It seems that each year, the classes assigned to me become ever more foolish and ignorant. This section is not even willing to accept a pop-culture review of the materiel.

Well, not the entire section. I give myself a small smile and cheer myself with the thought of the eager young historian waiting back at my office, no doubt with some fresh new fact about the palaeolithic to share. A fascinating time and a fascinating pupil.

With my books packed, I give a nod to Dr. Stone as she enters for her section on dating methods. I desire her advice, but radioactive carbon is not the topic I have in mind. "Cynthia, could I have a moment? I have a—professional question."

*Crash Course is an excellent overview of world history, and also of Biology, Literature, us History, Chemistry, and more.

She sets down her books and begins pulling out her lecture notes, raising an eyebrow. "Will this be about. . ."

"Yes, the graduate student you dated last year. I could not help but notice that everyone looked the other way even when the rumours got heady. My question is, do you think if I. . ."

"Go for it Alex. Nobody cares in the history department; we're too small to attract much attention at this school."

I nod to her politely, then permit the topic to drop. Taking my things, I leave and begin travelling back to my office, knowing that a young man is waiting there for me to share my wisdom with him. I consider my intents, how to broach the subject, how to tell him that he is slowly becoming more than a target for education.

Halfway to my office a sign advertising a new military history course the school is offering catches my eye, for of the many great armies supposedly covered, one presents a route to my destination. I walk on and smile to myself as I consider the *Hieròs Lókhos*[†] of Thebes.

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RETURNING TO MY OFFICE, I see that my assumptions are fully correct. Waiting patiently at the common-area table in front of my sanctum is the soft-spoken lagomorph that I expected. So invigorating are our conversations that I have no choice but to greet him with joy, "Orange, I am glad to see you here again today."

I cannot help but take in the body of what could easily be described as my star student. His frame was lithe to my own bulk, his skin was silken furred in beautiful oranges and creams to my own rough, dapple-grey leather, and his face was curt and soft, belying the innocence of years while my own was withered and rough. The only trait common to us is stature

"Of course, Dr. Slonskij, I enjoy discussing these things with you."

[†]The *Sacred Band* of Thebes was an elite military unit famous for destroying the Spartan army. It was comprised of pairs of homosexual partners.

My key slips from my waistcoat to open the door. "What shall it be today? The Olmecs? The oracle bone society? Perhaps the Indus river valley?"

"Actually, I was thinking of something a bit more modern, professor. I recently got a book on the story of Philippos II of Macedon and I wanted to ask you what you thought of it."

I drop the key and it clatters to the floor, for I have never seen such providence outside of pornography. It was at Chaeronea[‡] that the Theban sacred band was destroyed by Philip's army, and many writers at the time contended that Pausanias[§] had been a lover of Philip's. I recover myself as best I can and stoop to get the key, only to find him already bent down to pick it up, his face beaming.

A wide grin slips out around my tusks as I and snatch the key from his hand with my trunk, then drop it into my hand. "We certainly can discuss it, though Philip was not as famous as his son, of course."

"I know, but only reading about the most famous people is not what makes history fun."

Slipping my hand forward and force the key into the lock, twisting the door's handle rapidly to get out of the hallway. "You're exactly right, of course. Have you read the book yet, or are you wanting to know what you're getting into?"

Orange smiles as he sits in the chair across from my desk, "I've read it, but I wanted to know more about him, the book was kind of boring, mostly just a list of battles and strategies."

"Yes, some books can be like that, especially pop-history, let me see the book?"

He nods and rises to bend over and root through his backpack. I felt blood moving in my body at the sight of his small puff of a tail wiggling slightly above his ass, which is very well defined in his tight one-piece suit. At least I could be reasonably certain he was queer.

Sadly, the view does not last forever, and he soon rises from his backpack and hands me the book.

[‡]In 338 BCE, Philip secured his rule of Greece by conquering the Boeotian city of Thebes.

[§]Philip was assassinated by Pausanias on the way to the theatre as part of a procession for his next marriage.

Worthington's work, reasonably good as far as histories go, far better than some pop-history text. "No pop history, I see. An inch-thick book of over 300 pages is quite the treatise. You say you've read it already?"

"I haven't put it down for the past week, but I've wanted to know something about Phillipos, more about the nation he was king of."

"Well, if you have a bit, I know just the thing to fill in some of the gaps."

He beams at me in joy, "I'd love to read anything about it."

I stand and go to my bookcases, scanning them for Neidinger's lecture series on Ancient Greece. "A film, actually. Only about an hour long, maybe an hour and a quarter. Care to watch it?"

"Of course!"

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FEW STUDENTS COULD SIT for a lecture documentary about Macedon before Philip and Alexander, but my Orange can. Ironically, in this case it is not the student who has trouble paying attention. No, in this case it is the professor who cannot focus on the academic materiel, though I am sure that my distraction gives me some degree of excuse.

His body is right there, next to me on the small couch in my office while the television plays the documentary. He watches with rapt attention, only taking his eyes away to ask me an occasional question.

Halfway through the film, I make a move like a drunken fraternity brother—I have been out of the game too long. My arm drifts over and crosses his back, slowly pulling him close. For the first time in my life, I can feel Orange's body warmth, sense his breathing, and detect his heartbeat. It is utterly delicious to me, even as his fur is stuck in that silly suit of his and is thus denied to me.

He does not seem to realize at first, reaching up with a hand to see what is in the way. His soft pawpad touches my own, rough skin, and I feel his breath draw in suddenly, but no words come forth. The moment seems to last an aeon, and I fear for a moment that I have misjudged the opportunity.

He glides his hand along my own, then leans close to me, still watching the movie, letting only a single word loose, "Erastês[¶]?"

"Erômenos^{||}?" is my single-worded reply.

We say nothing more for the rest of the film, letting our bodies do the talking instead. He takes a slight lead, resting one paw on my leg while the other holds my hand. Showing with actions that he is interested. I reply to this by possessively holding him close, shuddering with joy at finally possessing the youth I have sought for so long.

My trunk brushes against his thigh, and I rub the lengths against one another softly. He turns and gives the base of it a kiss, and then slips underneath, face to my mouth, and gives me a kiss.

It has been a long time since I was last kissed, and I cannot help but deliver my all to the act. Tongues explore and touch in a sensuous, passionate way that only a lover can truly comprehend. Each mouth is different, and ours are no exception, teeth, cheek, and palate combine to create a lover's fingerprint, a signature signed in proteins. We break the kiss, and I softly caress the back of his head, holding him close, regretting only that my anatomy does not permit me to look into his face as we kissed.

I smile at him, even as the now-ignored movie drones on. It is a new smile, one that I have not shown anyone—least of all a student—in a very long time. "Orange, you should come to my house this weekend, Tomorrow."

"Of course, but wouldn't Mrs..."

I cut him off, "There's no Mrs. Slonskij, there never has been."

We say nothing more for the next hour, and instead just hold one another as the movie ends and for a while still after. We do not kiss again, but do touch one another, enjoying the feel of each other's body warmth. The rock that has sat in the pit of my stomach for the past semester melts.

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[¶]The older, senior, and 'top' partner in a Greek pederastic pair.

^{||}The younger, junior, and 'bottom' partner in a Greek pederastic pair.

2 SECVLVM·ÆRIS

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TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER our discussion, I found myself opening a different door for Orange as he entered my home. Here, off of campus, it was far easier to relax and grow comfortable with sharing more than History as a mutual interest with my leporine lover.

A professor's salary is not extravagant, but it is greatly above the median. This fact permitted me to have a fine dinner prepared for Orange. I usher him into the front room and towards towards the dining room, where it was already prepared and set out for an informal *service à la française*.

He slips into his chair at the small table nervously, and I seat myself across from him and smile, taking a bit of the radish and celery salad, while he stares at his plate and set of silver. It occurs to me that he has only ever dined casually.

"Start with the plants, and use the outer silverware first." I chuckle at his inexperience, and point to the salad I am taking from. "I thought you might appreciate a finer meal than is normally at the campus food mart."

Putting a little on his plate, he smiles. "Well, yes."

Our meal proceeds thus, with me pointing out to him how to consume the dishes in such a way as to not strike a fine diners as abhorrent. He tries to follow as best he can, but it is clear that much education on proper informal and formal behaviour will be needed in the future. It is important I offer the youth something more than a half metre of phallus—not that such an offer is to be ignored, of course.

Soon, we are silently sitting, staring at one another, and enjoying a shared glass of a (fins bois) cognac from near Saint-Jean-d'Angély. There is some humour in watching the bunny grow more inebriated on the strong spirit. Vodka from my homeland is always 80 proof in the American system. The cognac is 120 proof.

It is not long before we retire from the table to glasses of sherry and pipes of oriental and Cavendish tobacco. The poor rabbit is even less prepared for the potency of the tobacco and wine. And thus inebriated, I decide it is best to retire for the evening before he drinks himself into a coma.

HE FOLLOWS ME TO the main bedroom, and seats himself on the bed while I strip for the evening. I watch him sway drunkenly on the bed as I pull off my jacket and begin to unbutton my waistcoat. He is plastered, but not so much that he does not know where he is, or why I am slowly stripping down in front of him.

His already burning cheeks inflame further as he reaches up and slowly slips his t-shirt over his head. I cannot help but close closer to him, dropping my waistcoat to the floor as I work my suspenders and fly to slip off my pants, dropping them to the floor just as he opens his own fly.

Undressing for one's lover is often depicted as a slow, sensuous process, but the reality is far different. Our passions and lusts flamed by ethanol and nicotine, we are stripping ourselves wildly to get at one another's bodies with no barriers or interruptions.

A tie and dress shirt join the waistcoat on the floor, and I kick off my shoes and climb into bed with him, where I can assist him in stripping off his jeans and underwear and tearing the shoes from his feet with the force of a raptor descending from on-high onto its prey.

However, the prey I seek is utterly for mental sustenance. I caress his body and hold him close, enjoying the feel of his breathing and heartbeat against my own chest. He has the sublime beauty that only a lover can have, a shape simultaneously as innocent as a Vestal virgin and as debauched as all the whores of Corinth.

We lay there, silent, for a time, letting our bodies feel each other while our minds felt the sublime bliss of finally making contact with and establishing possession of something we had desired for some time.

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BEFORE ANY WORDS CAN be said, I plant my face in his crotch and slurp his member into my mouth, immediately sucking hard on the flaccid shaft. He gasps and reaches to pull me off, surprised by my sudden action, but all he manages is to get me and

him pushed onto the bed where I can pin him further and begin sucking in earnest.

It has been months that I have imagined gulping on the shaft of my dearest Orange, and his body does not disappoint. Even as my world becomes a sea of creamy counter-shaded fur, I can taste the musky, meaty flavour of his penis, I can feel its soft, aroused shape, and I can hear the gasps of pleasure he lets loose.

I continue, and like the Byron's wolves of Sen-nacherib, I assault his loins relentlessly, bringing him rapidly to the half-arousal of a drunken college student. He can go no further, stopped by the alcohol in his veins, but he is erect enough for my goals.

The air is soon filled with pointed, slurping noises and soft, heavy gasps. I am quite certain that Orange has never had as experienced a fellator as myself working over him, and I fully intend to show him and his dick a time like they have never before experienced. It is not difficult; the tip is always the softest, most sensitive spot for touch. Likewise, the base always notices the wetness and heat most.

I play these sensations like an instrument, alternating swirling licking and deep squeezes with pulling just off and breathing across his manhood. I bring him to the edge, and I can feel his body pulsing, preparing to unleash a spray of semen.

Easily backing down and repeating the process, I slowly work him up and down the scales of pleasure and destroy his resolve. He is reduced to twitching and moaning, and it is then (and only then) that I permit him to finally have an orgasm.

When he does, my mouth is wrapped about the tip of his shaft, allowing me to taste him fully. I milk him for every bit that I can, then melodramatically tilt my head back to swallow before sliding up on the bed and kissing him again. He no-doubt can taste himself on my lips, but says nothing and we cuddle in the afterglow of his little death.

I hold him close as we drift off to sleep, softly petting his head while I am awake. In this moment of pure pleasure, our grey and orange bodies seem to combine into one, becoming stronger and more beautiful.

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3 SECULUM-FERREA

W^E WAKE TO THE sun shining from my window, casting a beam of white light across the face of both myself and Orange. He has preceded me into the waking world, and is lying, covering his eyes with his hands and moaning; it is not a sound of pleasure.

I frown, "Are you okay?"

His response is simply to shake his head, "No. Someone hit me with a hammer this morning. Twice I think."

With a chuckle, I softly pet him and roll to block the sun. "I warned you that cognac was strong. You shouldn't drink so much."

A nod emanates from behind his hand, "I'm never drinking again."

"That is a promise I doubt you'll keep."

"It is your fault," he chides, "You are the one who said we should have sherry afterwards."

I tease him in response, "And now, you are just blaming tradition for your own overconsumption."

His body tenses, and he rolls to face me and get his eyes further out of the light. "Well, I'm not getting up today."

His left ear falls into my face, and I rub it softly, laughing at his predicament, "Yes you are, though you don't have to stir right now. Let the worst of the headache pass and then we can get you a pair of sunglasses. I want to have a nice Saturday out on the town."

A swift—albeit gentle—kick to my knees is his only reply. I chuckle and hold him close, protecting him from the sun as best I can. The morning will be long, and we can enjoy the day together when he is feeling better.

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B^Y THE TIME WE get home that evening, his hang-over is over and he has already gone back on his promise to never drink again. This time around he at least avoids the spirits, which leaves him far more cogent when we return to the bedroom.

Tonight, he gives me the show he had probably intended for our first night, slowly stripping down and lewdly flashing the curves of his body to me. For my own part, I simply wait on the bed, grinning at the show the lithe youth gives me.

The first thing to go is his T-shirt, not that it had left much to the imagination previously with its tightness to his form. So tight was the cotton-tail's cotton covering that he actually looks larger without it on. His fur stands out, as it is no longer matted down by the fabric. The shirt halos his lengthy ears when he pauses for effect.

"This is certainly dignified, Orange."

His response is to throw the shirt at me, catching it on one of my tusks, and buying himself the time to continue through removing his belt and shoes. He flicks the shoes off his feet and drops the belt atop them, and then slowly unbuttons the tail- and forebutton on his pants. Soon, he is done, and standing naked before me for the second time in as many days.

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I MOTION TO HIM to come closer, but stop him just short of the bed. He stands there, slightly confused, as I let a wide grin creep onto my face, "I think it's time to show you something new."

His head tilts in reaction to that, but understanding soon washes over his face. My trunk has wormed its way down as I stare into his eyes, and soon his shaft is pressed into the end. It is a peculiarity of elephants.

It does not take me long to bring him to his knees, which leaves him dejected when my trunk pulls off his shaft. He looks pitiable sitting there, and he opens his mouth to ask me to continue, "Mist—"

A single syllable is all he can get out. With a speed rivalling vipers, my trunk is jammed into his mouth and back into his throat, causing his neck to bulge outwards slightly from the size and force of it. The act is so unexpected that his arms race up to try and dislodge the invader from his breathing canal, though they have no luck against an appendage of almost pure muscle.

Helpless, Orange sits there, wondering what I am doing and how he is going to breathe, a question I

answer with a long, drawn out breath. In the mouth, out the trunk, in the trunk, out the mouth.

He seems confused by this at first, but my goal soon makes itself apparent. Breathing in used breaths is slowly dropping his blood's oxygen levels, exchanging it for more carbon dioxide. Orange is in no danger, of course, but he is feeling and noticing the effects of slight oxygen deprivation, especially euphoria and giddiness.

I abuse this effect. First I slowly lift him. Then I set him on the bed. Finally, I straddle him, grinding my clothed rear-end against his groin. This act, combined with our shared breathing, soon covers the back of my pants in his pre-ejaculate. The pre greatly reduces the friction, and I steadily increase my speed, rubbing against him with greater force and ferocity.

The intensity causes his breath to quicken, or it would, but I hold him still, forcing his breath into a slow, steady rhythm. This further exacerbates his oxygen depletion, so by the time I can feel his body shuddering in orgasm, his face is slightly blue.

Pulling my trunk from out his mouth elicits ragged, heavy breathing. Which speeds rapidly as the facial shaft descends towards the misused-rabbit's rump. He inhales sharply when I press the saliva-slick tip right against his pucker. "You'd better be clean. Hold still."

His head nods while I pin him down and begin to push slowly into him, filling him with my trunk. The poor rabbit's stressed frame just shudders as I penetrate him from the opposite direction, far deeper than anything else has ever passed within his fuzzy cheeks.

Far wider too, judging from the moans and squirming Orange is emitting in response to my stimulus. Soon, I am halfway up his tailpipe, and writhing my trunk to press on his prostate. I mash it repeatedly against his pelvis, causing him to squirm and gasp as additional orgasms are forced out of his frame.

Keeping this up for several minutes, I tease and stimulate him to—and past—his breaking point. Only when he has been reduced to a puddle of seed and a few twitches and moans do I pull out of him and draw him close to me for the night.

I squeeze him close and moan in enjoyment, a moan he reciprocates as he slowly shifts, recovering from our evening's activity. His face beams at me as he swallows to restore his throat to its normal state. The flexibility of his brilliant, shining counter-shading persists in my mind as we drift off to sleep again.

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4 SECULUM·VAPORIS

AS IS OFTEN THE case when beginning a new venture, the next day is once again faster than the day before. Good drink, discussions on history, chatting about the world and our feelings—these are mine and Orange's daily chores.

The only highlight is about noon, when the weekly housekeeper I employ arrives to tidy up the house. He has never seen me host anyone, much less a student like Orange. However, he does not comment on my guest.

After that, we spend more time talking and reading, enjoying our time together. We retire later than normal, having spent the night on a particularly *sticky* aspect of Egyptian deities. Suffice it to say, the world was not created by saliva**.

That night, I stand in front of him, both of us shivering in the extreme cold that has come through in a front that evening. He begins to undress again, but I stop him. "No Orange," I grin widely and reach for the top button on my jacket, "Please let me."

He blinks and tilts his head as I peel off my jacket. It slides to the floor as I start on my waistcoat, plucking each button open from top to bottom. I leave the vest on and start on my shirt, slowly exposing my chest to him.

Smiling, Orange lets out a soft sigh of pleasure and steps towards me as I untuck my shirt and begin to open the tail-clasp on my pants. By the time I'm slipping off my suspenders and opening my fly, he

has slid his hands under my shirt and rubbing along my sides.

My pants slide down to the floor as I kick off my shoes, and Orange peels off my waistcoat and shirt as best he can, exposing my sides, chest, and back to the frigid air in the room. My undergarments are the last to slip off into the growing pile beneath me, sending a shiver down my spine at how cool the air is even with central heating.

I envy him his fur.

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"TELL ME, ORANGE, DO you like what you are seeing here? It's been a long, long time since I stripped down in front of someone."

His response begins with a smile, and a slow saunter in my direction, only then followed by speech "Well, I'm wondering if I'm going to end up with your trunk stuffed deep inside my bum again."

"Well, a trunk yes, but not the same kind." I reply before gripping his waist and pulling him onto the bed. I lay back and sit him on my belly, then give him a trunk-kiss while grinding against him with my heretofore ignored shaft.

He returns the grinding, pressing down on my groin forcefully, and helping my long shaft grow steadily more and more erect. It twitches a few times involuntarily, eager to sheathe itself in Orange. However, I continue to grind while I can, wanting to be fully engorged before plunging into my partner.

It does not take long for me to be ready, though by that time there's a sticky mess all over Orange's cleft. This proves to be an advantage, as it slicks him up well for when I force my way into his body. He yelps, as my shaft is blunt, wide, and very long.

A bulge arises on his midsection as a result of the penetration, and I pat it softly, then begin pumping him on my penis. I use him as a fuzzy, leporine, orange fleshlight. Rational thought is obliterated by the pleasure I feel.

Every squeeze of his inner walls is a wondrous delight, and in the pale moon's glow, I grunt and gasp in utter ecstasy. It cannot be fully described, the pleasures of a lover's grasp. It is holier than the

**Some ancient Egyptian myths include Atum/(Amun)Ra 'spitting' to begin creation. Hopefully, it is clear that this is a metaphor for a different action.

purest cathedral yet more profane than the deepest bowels of hell.

Deep bowels, that is where I have buried my phallus at the moment. The room contains only grunts and squelches for sound, the intimate music of a sexual act. His inner shape causes the sensitive parts of my shaft to twitch, shaking the entirety within Orange's rear, and the force of each of his penetrating descents is enough to make me glad for the internal testes of my species.

Orange learns why I have saved this for our last day together. His ring is shuttling back-and-forth on my shaft for nearly an hour; elephants are known for extraordinary persistence in pursuit of pleasure. He comes once, twice even, before I begin to approach my orgasm.

My trunk wends towards his face, kissing him from a distance as I slam him down onto my shaft and hold him in place. Internal peristalsis forces into him a glob of semen, then another, and then yet another. My eyes unfocus and my vision greys as the pulses become the stream of a full ejaculation.

Orange gasps again, an orgasm forced out by the rapidly rising pressure within him. His belly stretches lewdly with the sheer volume of semen contained by his gut. First his belly, then his throat, groan in enjoyment at his present state.

I do not know how long it took me to regain any semblance of coherence, but by the time I am able to control my muscles and emotions again, he has bent down to kiss me.

I huff and softly pat his belly as we drift steadily back down to reality and onward into sleep, remaining within him for the night. I look out to the crescent moon and smile at the fogged glass in the humidity and heat of the room.

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5 NUPER

SADLY, TUESDAY MORNING ARRIVES far sooner than I would have hoped. We linger in bed, but cannot do so for very long. It is not long before I am disguising the tears in my eyes as he

leaves my home for the day. Shortly after, I am preparing for the classes I must teach.

The remainder of the day is predictably awful, a sea of students caring nothing for history; the worst are the Naga brothers in my 8AM section. They work in the library, but have read hardly a single book therein. They also have the disruptive habit of finishing one another's sentences. It is unnerving.^{††}

The rest of my sections go no better, bored and brainless, mindless masses of students stare at me, hoping to glean what is on the test so that they may promptly forget everything about history. My morning office-hours are spent arguing with seniors over poor test grades. Desperate to graduate on time, but not willing to put forth any effort, they feel entitled to an A-grade so that they can move onto their careers.

It is frustrating, but the price I pay for teaching introductory courses. Upper level courses would be far less troublesome, but I have seen my colleagues' time consumed in constant preparation and detailed examination of minutiae outside their speciality, just to appease a single student. I appreciate the efforts advanced students put forth, but more than one or two of them is far more than I could handle.

It is not until my 4PM class that my mood begins to improve.

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AS I RETURN TO the office for evening office-hours, I see that Orange is sitting their waiting for me, as he always has been in the past. My step lightens as I begin to open the door and motion him in. "Good day!"

"Dr. Slo—"

I cut him off, "Call me Fyodor, please."

"Fyodor, can I visit you again this weekend?"

"Of course, I would insist on it!" I chuckle and take my seat, letting the door close behind us.

"Thank you! And... I was wondering if we could watch the rest of that documentary you tried to show me last week."

^{††}For more about the Naga brothers see Snake's Rabbit, another story by myself.

“We can, yes. We can also watch the rest of that series, of course. Macedon is fascinating.”

The smile on his face is honey to my mood, and I begin gathering papers that I have recently read, hoping to share them with him.

“After that, can we go over Rome? It feels incomplete to discuss Greece but not Rome.”

“I think, my dear Orange, that we should stop being so Eurocentric in our discussions, and instead discuss something from the subcontinent. Shall we start with the writings of Vātsyāyana^{‡‡}?” I pull the book off the shelf near me and smile at the things a history professor can legitimately keep in their office.

“Oh? What did he write?”

I pet him gently on the head as I hand him the book, “Well, before we begin discussing that, we need to talk about what we are going to do today.”



^{‡‡}Vātsyāyana wrote a sutra on the topic of *kama*, which means pleasure, joy. The book is thus known as the *Kama sutra*.