

So I think I made a new friend through a glory hole in a bathroom stall on my college campus.

Since I'd started school there I'd found myself wondering - *hey, where are the glory holes?*, a perfectly valid interest for a multitude of reasons. However, it wasn't like I could just go around asking the professors, or other students, or even my friends; it was something I'd have to do on my own, a personal research project. So, each time I had to go, I decided to use a different bathroom in a different building until I found one... and, about halfway into my third week of classes, I found one.

It was in the campus rec center, the bathroom in the skinny hallway wedged between the basketball courts and the indoor track. Imagine that. Of course I went there in my free time for the next few days, kneeling down on the other side and keeping a few fingers through the hole whenever someone entered, and then sometimes receiving the musky shaft of someone who'd just worked out (and then I think one or two professors, too), but - I'd actually never thought to be the one on the *other* side, the one *having* his cock sucked. So, I decided to try it, and then - just my luck, the next day the stall I usually took was closed, and when I entered the one beside it, a pair of two sharp-clawed fingers rested over the bottom rim of the hole.

At first, the fingers themselves caught my attention: instead of being covered with long, soft fur like most people I'd seen, some longer than others, these seemed to have an all-over covering of short velvet, beige in color - and the claws themselves were long, not quite long like the fingers themselves but still probably usable as toothpicks. My mind quickly moved on from this, though, when I unbuttoned, unzipped, and moved forward through the hole - and felt a deft tongue on me, swirling around, slipping into my foreskin... whoever this guy was, he was good.

A sort of role model of mine, you could say - I wished *I* could get guys off through a glory hole in six minutes flat. I ended up reaching one paw up to grip the top of the stall divider so I could push in as far as possible, and made the wall jiggle on its supports from the shuddering orgasm. That sweet tongue I'd felt gladly cleaned up the mess, then even spent a little longer ensuring whoever was on the other side of the glory hole got every drop of cum I had to give, making me have to double my grip on the top of the divider else my shivering legs would go out from under me.

Now, it's an unspoken rule of glory holes that you don't look *through* the hole to see who serviced you or whom you just serviced, depending on your position; however, when I leaned back against the opposite wall to catch my breath, a pair of feet with toes much like the fingers I'd seen - long, clawed, beige-velvet - caught my eye in the other stall. Feet unlike any I'd seen before, except... on a fruit bat friend of mine, someone who also went to this school - though with a totally different fur color. Fruit bats are a little rare (as to why this beige bat wasn't wearing shoes - well, that was a non-discrimination thing on the part of the school, since some species find shoes uncomfortable and some simply can't wear them), so of course while I caught my breath, I tried to think through my time here so far, tried to come up with anyone...

There was a little shuffling on the other side of the wall, and - then a gentle curse, a soft "*have to get to my class...*", followed by the zipping up of his pants, the unlocking of the other door, and the clack of sharp claws on tile floor. I couldn't quite make out his face as he passed by, but he wore... black shorts, a red shirt, and I'd heard his voice too, however quiet. I know about half of the fun of a glory hole is the mystery, but *this* guy... I'd like to try him again. I could pass it off as saying I owed him now.

Me being a forgetful otter, though, after I'd caught my breath, after I'd zipped up my pants and left the rec center, it slipped my mind for most of the rest of the day... until my last class, at least. History, one hour long, actually a lot less boring than I thought it would be even with it being my final class of the day. I entered the room, slouched over near the back, scanned the room... at this point I was only putting a quarter the effort into trying to find whoever had sucked my dick two classes previous. This is a huge school, and I couldn't really remember having any classes with a fruit bat who wasn't the other friend I'd mentioned before...

So, class started and went on for about twenty minutes before I looked around the room again. And, then - I noticed sitting two rows to my right and a little in front of me someone who certainly looked to be a bat, given the tall ears, the neck-fluff, the goddamn *leathery wings*. I tried to recall what I'd seen the guy in the rec center bathroom wearing... shorts I think, black in color? A shirt, purple or blue or... red. Red shirt, black shorts. Beige velvet fur, long-clawed fingers and toes, no shoes. Naturally, I straightened up in my chair, kept my eye on him in case he turned... well. I wouldn't be able to recognize his face, of course; only his tongue would be familiar to me, and I'd probably only tell that it was familiar if it were to find its way beneath my foreskin again.

The thought of that, combined with the memory of the morning, made me all wiggly beneath my desk so I had to squeeze my legs together and adjust the bottom of my shirt to cover the slight bulge. Ten minutes remained in class; I just had to distract myself 'til then.

It was a tough ten minutes, but eventually it *did* pass. I tried to get up and leave directly after him, but I was pushed a little bit behind him thanks to the crowds in the halls; once we'd both left the building I had to pick up my pace to close the distance between us, though I couldn't outright *run* to catch up with him because that would seem suspicious.

"Hey!" Probably didn't have to shout that loudly to get his attention, him being a bat and all. His ears perked up, his shoulders lifted as if startled, and he briefly looked around. Only after I had settled into pace beside him did his olive eyes focus on me. In case you've read anything about things I've done in the past, well... tact isn't my strong suit. I had to figure out a way to say 'did you suck me off in the bathroom today' without saying that, and I hadn't planned it out beforehand. "...Did... I see you in the rec center today? Earlier this morning?"

The bat flicked his ears and looked away from me, trying to hide a slight blush that looked much stronger under the short pale fur of his face. "Um... maybe..." His voice sounded the same, but - hard to tell; I'd heard it so quietly at first. "I, uh... went by there earlier this morning because I - I had a class. I don't think I saw you. What's your name?"

"Lukas." I held out a paw. "You?"

"Charlie." He took it and shook lightly, keeping those claws of his held away from my wrist. I couldn't help but wonder how those would feel digging into the fur of my back, or gripping my thighs...

"What class did you have?"

"Um - oh, just... um... you know, one of those... survey courses..." After shaking, he stuck his paws - hands? what the hell do bats have? - into his pockets. Then, a little suddenly: "Do you have any classes after that one? Um - history?"

"Oh! No, no. That was my last class of the day. Feels good. How about you?"

"I'm free as well..."

So. As of right now, my suspicions are pointing pretty strongly to the conclusion that this beige bat in particular is the one into whose muzzle I unloaded this morning - 'survey course', sure. Normally this school doesn't offer cocksucking as a class. But, hey, what can I say? It was possible that I had more experience in the field than he did, depending on when *he* had discovered the glory hole... hell, maybe I'd already sucked him off once. There was a thought. Did I really owe him, then? "Do you have a girlfriend, Charlie?"

"No."

Ah. I expected a simple 'I'm gay', but I guess these days it's not that simple - and you hear stories all the time about closeted guys doing stuff like that but still maintaining that they're straight. Ah, what the hell, this was college... "Boyfriend?"

His large ears, ridged on the inside, flicked again. I couldn't tell if that was because of what I said, or because a fly almost landed on one. "No..."

Alright, this was going nowhere. I lowered my voice to a near-whisper and steeled myself. "You know about the glory hole in the bathroom of the rec center?"

"The... hey-"

Seeing a smallish alley between two large campus buildings, I grabbed Charlie's wrist and tugged him over - just our luck that another alley split off sideways from the center one and turned into a dead end. I'd heard his hesitation and saw the bright blush on his face; there was no denying it. He didn't even look upset at me interrupting his day or dragging him here, and when he saw me move my paws to unbutton my pants, his ears straightened up again and his eyes locked onto my fly. I'd done things in public before that I probably shouldn't have, so only a quick burst of embarrassment and shyness flicked over my heartbeat...

"Recognize this?"

His eyes floated down to my shaft, held soft between a finger and a thumb - yeah, hell, I was nervous, but... he licked his lips, looked like he was running through a few thoughts in his head, flicked his eyes back up to me. "S... so you *were* the one in the rec center."

"That's why I asked you." I zipped my pants back up; his ears fell slightly. "I thought I recognized those cute feet of yours, and I thought I'd seen someone wearing those same shorts and shirt..."

"So... what do you want? Why'd you bring me back here?"

I stepped forward towards him, almost expecting him to take a step back - but, no, he remained where he was, and let me gently bring my paws up his sides. I could feel his short, soft fur beneath the fabric of his shirt, as well as the heat of his body seeping into my pads... just showing myself to him had been enough to make me stiffen up a little, and now that I was closer to him...

"I wanted to pay you back. That was a nice blowjob you gave me this morning."

"Thank you." His ears lowered back and he blushed slightly. He seemed unsure of how to continue, and honestly, I was, too. "Um... so..."

His voice trailed off as I moved my paws around from his sides to the front of his pants, keeping my fingers hooked around the waistband, feeling the elastic of his underwear on my pads and the heat of that area of him seeping into my fur. This was quite a bit more forward than I usually am, which might be due to how both of my roommates, as well as I, have been busy, so I haven't really had much time to 'play' these past few days other than after my first discovery of the glory hole. The sounds of everyone else going along their day outside of this alley floated softly in on the air, reminding me that I couldn't quite get as far into it as I'd like, regardless of how much I wanted to be railed against this brick wall... I could feel the bat's breath in my whiskers while I fiddled with his belt and then the fly of his pants, gentle warm exhalations that suddenly picked up when the back of my paw rubbed against the bulge in his underwear.

Half-hard already, given the firm heat underneath the fabric. I looked up, met his olive eyes, smiled; he smiled back and then leaned back against the brick wall, his shoulders relaxing. If I was perfectly okay with sucking off a guy through a stall divider, why shouldn't I be able to do it without that wall separating us? As I lowered myself to my knees, Charlie's hand came out and rested on my shoulder, not pushing me down but certainly not keeping me from doing so - and the leather of his wing extending with the motion blocked my view of the other alley, and also the view of anyone who walked by of me doing this.

Still I was curious if I'd ever serviced this cute bat through that glory hole, so... before getting to work, I nosed up into the bulge of his underwear, gently inhaling his scent while at the same time getting a feel for his shape and size on my muzzle. Being an otter, though, my only somewhat sensitive nose couldn't quite place the scent as familiar, and then I decided I hadn't when I tugged his underwear down the rest of the way and had his shaft, uncut like mine but with less overhang, flop down onto my nose and then throb upwards, the scent now stronger and brighter. The look on his face told me he had no patience for wasted time, however, and really, I felt quite eager too, so after remaining there for a moment longer, I dragged my tongue up the underside of his shaft and finished with a flick of it around his half-revealed head.

"Oh..." he breathed, and a shiver ran through his body when I did it again. He stiffened up further beneath the movements of my tongue and lips as I moved up and down along his length, feeling his pulse and heat increase, every now and then coming back up to swirl my tongue around the rim of his foreskin to feel him harden up a little faster until, fully hard and foreskin naturally rolled back, the head of his cock rested on my tongue between my lips.

Once more I cast a glance up to him, but he had his eyes closed and mouth half-open, much how I had been for the duration of the blowjob he had given me earlier in the morning. I'd done things in public places several times before, and the excitement of knowing that someone could walk by and see us at any moment kept me at attention and focused; I didn't even reach down to paw myself off, even though my boner strained against my buttoned pants. Charlie's hand moved around the back of my head as I first descended on him, slowly, keeping him cupped in my tongue so that I could feel each of his little twitches and throbs.

This bat clearly frequented the rec center: beneath that shy, quiet demeanor (or, rather, beneath that shirt of his), he was clearly fairly muscled, even with his slim build. I never really went there other than to indulge my most recent occupation in the men's restroom, but something told me I'd enjoy watching Charlie go about his daily routine - hell, maybe I could invite him over for a few study dates, get a feel for his 'learning style' or something... the paw on the back of my head went with my movements, holding me in place after each time I went down on him and moving with me when I came back up, still going slowly and paying full attention to the bat's little noises and breaths.

Really, that was the second best part about giving someone oral: hearing their responses in them to your actions and ministrations, looking up to see an odd tense pleasure clouding the expression on their muzzle, feeling their muscles tense up and their paw tighten on your head, having their legs squeeze around you, watching their whole body shudder... with some it was more pronounced with others, and then with even others they hardly gave a response at all. With Charlie it was easy enough to tell when I was doing something right or something he liked, which included descending on him until I buried my nose into his pubic fur and his cock pressed against the back of my throat; when I tugged his foreskin a little bit over his head and swirled my tongue around the rim; when my tongue flicked up over the underside of his cock along his frenulum, all of these causing his body to twitch and his breath to catch in his throat in a little gasp.

The next class period must have been getting closer to starting, as the commotion outside the alley picked up a bit and even led to some footsteps along the one adjacent to the side-alley we were in - but those people were either too busy to notice or just simply didn't look. Still, though, each time I heard someone walk by I increased the speed with which I bobbed on the bat, remembering the other times I'd sucked someone off in a public place... one time a while back when I lived with a German shepherd about twice my age, I had a dentist's appointment that I had forgotten about, and in exchange for him driving me there, I blew him in the car and finished him just as he pulled into the parking spot (which also caused him to slide forward a little too far and bump the curb). The taste of his cum was still on my tongue and his scent on my breath when my name was called.

And then there's the whole urban legend (or urban truths) about a student providing certain services to a teacher in exchange for better grades... a while before *that* I knew another German shepherd, a nice old dog who had been my teacher in elementary school and who ended up living in the apartment next to mine at the time. Well, he got called in to sub for a day for another teacher, and since I had nothing to do, I decided to come with him to see if I could help out. We had some time to ourselves and found ourselves in an empty classroom for a good half hour, and I'd always figured I could fit underneath a teacher's desk... turned out that the clock in the room was ten minutes slow, so the first of the students came in when the teacher's cock was halfway down my throat, and then they finished when... well, at about the same time he did. He made a lot of noise shuffling around papers on the desk so that I could zip up his fly and fix his belt, and then gave me time to stand up and quietly leave the room (and then come back in later) by doing some thing where he had the students close their eyes and put their heads on their desks.

This time now with this bat, this Charlie, was both similar and different. Doing things in public is always risky, but... if there's one thing video games have taught me, it's that things that are high-risk are usually high-reward as well. I know that I sure as hell love the excitement of knowing that anyone could be watching, and got a little more of a kick if someone certainly was

- at one point, below the edge of his wing, someone walked by, slowed down, and then stopped for a moment, but then continued on, leaving me with a bat drawing closer and closer to orgasm on my tongue and a fairly noticeable tent of my own in my pants - if I hadn't put on underwear this morning, it's likely that my pre would already be coating the inside of my fly. Either way, once this was done I'd have a problem of my own, waiting for my boner to go away while at the same time trying not to look dreadfully suspicious, standing in an alley with the scent of cum on my breath-

-which... felt like it'd be a bit stronger than I was used to. Charlie's hand gripped the back of my head and held me in place with him halfway in my muzzle, and a few more flicks of my tongue caused a series of small shudders to ripple through his body before he spurted his load out into my maw in a few thick bursts, taking me by surprise both because of the copious load and also because of the rich taste (though, then again, even though I've spent a lot of my spare time in the rec center, I've never really spent time sucking off muscled guys who pay attention to their diets) - but I still swallowed it down, swirling my tongue up over the end of his head as he emptied himself into my muzzle, rolling his foreskin forward and planting a light kiss on the rim before standing up.

Now he leaned more dependently against the brick wall, chest rising and falling in tired panting and his slowly softening cock hanging out of his pants. I wiped my muzzle and licked my lips until he opened his eyes and breathed an exhausted laugh - then, those olive eyes of his shifted down and focused on the bulge in my own pants. I made no attempt to hide it.

"So..." he panted after another moment, and started to zip up his pants. "I have some homework to do, and I live alone in a dorm... wanna come over and... I dunno... help me study?"

'Study'. Last time someone had invited me over to 'study', I ended up being pounded down into the carpeted floor, which had to be steam-cleaned after having my day's load shot out into it. "I'd love to."