

Class Disruptions

Jimmy Lee Starbird is © Roochak.

Lawrence yawned, his eyes closing a few times as he tried to stay awake and attentive. The young mouse flicked his paintbrush tail and looked idly out the lecture room window. It was about two PM now, and the lecture didn't end for another thirty minutes. Lawrence groaned at he stared down at his handwritten notes, which were falling massively behind the incessant drone of the professor. He did his best to keep up, but Professor Steinweck's droll monotone would make Ben Stein sound emotive. It was hard to stay awake, much less pay attention.

As Lawrence stared up at the chalkboard, he realized he was so hopelessly behind, lost and confused that he might as well give up for the day. "At least he gives handouts for these lectures" thought Lawrence, his pencil now doodling idly. He rubbed his white fur idly for a moment, realizing that there were some eraser bits from one of the many light-brown blotches on his frame. He scanned the room, his hazel eyes looking out from medium-length brown hair and behind his new prescription lenses. From the looks of it, several other students had become as lost as Lawrence was, and were either packing up to head for the exit. Some were idly relaxing in their chairs, clearly not paying attention as they fiddled with laptops or cell phones. They all looked very bored, and for the most part, similar.

One of these loungers, however, stood out to Lawrence. On the west side of the room was a handsome young mouserat, soaking in a little of the westward sun and stretching his arms out over the empty seats. Lawrence could clearly see the tribal tattoos on each of the mouserat's well defined shoulders, as he was wearing a tight-fitting wifebeater. It was warm in the lecture hall this time of year, and Lawrence could see tiny flecks of perspiration beginning to wet the mouserat's shirt as he began to glisten. The mouserat was also wearing very tight jean cutoffs and flip fops, all of which served to show off his lithe, toned body even if it wasn't exactly fashionable. The mouserat also had a pair of glasses perched on his nose, but this seemed to only add to his inherent cuteness. He was an odd mix, what with the toned body and tats of a real tough guy as well as the small size and inherent cuteness of his glasses and mousey nature. Yet somehow it was this hybridization which made him all the more alluring.

"I wish I could be like Jimmy..." thought Lawrence as he idly stared at the mouserat across the room. Jimmy had taken out his cell phone now and was idly sending text messages to someone. By the look of his slinking, whipping tail as it emerged from behind his seat, it was a very interesting conversation. Lawrence noticed that Jimmy had brought no notebook, only a small backpack, and that he clearly had no intention of paying attention in class today. "God, he's only here to show himself off," thought Lawrence as he continued to stare at

Jimmy. "I wish I could get myself up to talking to him." Jimmy had gained a bit of a reputation in what was clearly his last few months of college, and had thus far gotten in trouble with the university police for lewd conduct and indecent exposure several times. The most famous incident involved him getting caught giving head in one of the school's toilets. He had continued to give the wolf he was with head even as he read and filled out the forms the cop handed him, not stopping until he was lead off in cuffs. Lawrence shuddered at the mere thought of trying something like that.

Jimmy seemed to get something he liked on his cell, and slowly got up, moseying out the back door. As he walked, he put a little exaggerated shuffle into his hips, showing off his ass like a well-tipped waitress. A clearly excited young panther, who until that moment had been intently tapping away on his own cell, got up and eagerly followed Jimmy out the back door, clearly intent on tapping that shapely shaking ass. Lawrence took a deep breath, finding his throat dry. He had to adjust his pants. Just looking at Jimmy in motion had given him a raging, almost painful hardon, and only the fact that he was in public kept him from rubbing off. And yet, the fact that he was in public just made him want to rub off *more*.

Lawrence sat in the bathroom stall, his pants down around his ankles, his hand moving furiously. The door locked and his eyes closed shut, he did his best to daydream. "Yes...Jimmy...Hrn..."

It wasn't so much the fact that Jimmy was Jimmy, but the fact that Jimmy was so willing, that turned Lawrence on. He actually had deep-seated affections placed elsewhere, and realistically, Jimmy wasn't quite his type. Still, the mouserat's exhibitionism and blatantly open sexuality was a massive turn-on for the closet exhibitionist Lawrence. He panted, looking down and gently thumbing the tip of his cock as he kept it going. In his mind, Jimmy was in there with him, blowing him and bounding wildly in the mouse's lap.

"Yes...Jimmy...Oh Jimmy!" Lawrence caught himself mid-moan, remembering that he needed to be quiet. Yes, the toilet he'd chosen was rather remote and seldom occupied, but the last thing he needed was to get busted by a professor or the university police for spanking off in a public restroom. Still, the thought of the fact that he *might* get caught, or even that someone might covertly be watching him do this turned him on immensely.

He looked down, his hand working his shaft gingerly and aggressively, giving the right mix of softness and speed for his own taste. Though he'd played with himself like every other teen, and lusted after boys for as long as he could remember, his shy nature had kept him away from intimate encounters. Still, lots of gentle prodding and probing had made (and kept) his tailhole loose and ready. He reached down with his other hand, now working his hole and his shaft in turn, groaning as his mind reached a fever pitch.

"Ohhh fucck..." said Lawrence, doing his best to be quiet as he felt himself shoving towards orgasm. He groaned, his eyes tight shut, his legs stretched out tight as he worked himself over hard. Finally he gave in, and as he opened his eyes he saw a massive spurt of white sticky shooting out of his dick and onto the stall door. "Fuck!" he whispered, grabbing a handful of toilet paper and trying to staunch the rest as it shot out. It was messy, and despite his best efforts it got all over the place. Still, his head was swimming with the heavy buzz and deep relaxation only this sort of activity could bring. He tore off more and more toilet paper, working to clean up the big mess he'd just made. "Jesus Christ, how far did that one go?" he whispered aloud, cleaning up the big spurt he'd put on the stall door. He was mildly impressed with himself.

Lawrence was sitting idly on a park bench with his close friend, Roger. They had been hanging out and dating for several weeks now, and anyone who care to notice would spot obvious affection, though neither had yet said anything about it. They sat together, idly watching the childish college students hurl Frisbees at each other down in the park's quadrangle.

"So how was class?" asked Roger. Lawrence waved his hand and scowled, reminding Roger how much he hated history.

"It was all I could do to keep my eyes open. That guy makes beautiful pieces of history about as interesting as cottage cheese." Lawrence sighed, leaning on Roger. The retriever was a runner, and his athletic build excited the delicate young mouse. Roger shoved him off playfully, grinning with a big doggie smile.

"You sure that's a fair thing to say? I mean, cottage cheese can be pretty interesting. You don't wanna hurt its feelings." Lawrence chuckled at the lame joke, smiling a little. It wasn't the joke so much as the teller that he found attractive. "Say, isn't Jimmy Lee Starbird in that class?" asked Roger. Lawrence was a little surprised that Roger knew of the mouserat, and then he remembered how famous (or infamous) Jimmy Lee had become among the gay community here. His exhibitionist, "anywhere, anyone, anytime" attitude had gotten him the nickname "Angel of Sex", since he seemed to drop in when you needed it most and vanish immediately afterwards. "You weren't thinking about him when you were jerking off in the bathroom were you?"

Lawrence went slack-jawed, surprised at the dog's statement. How could Roger know? Lawrence had been extra careful in cleaning up, even going so far as to stick his shirt under the hand dryer for a few moments so as to get rid of any revealing moisture.

"If you're wondering how I know..." said Roger, pointing to his nose. Lawrence gave himself a good forehead slap. Roger, like all dogs, had an excellent sense of smell and could no doubt smell the sweet stink of sex coming from his shirt and pants. "That and I've

done it too. Not...in the bathroom WITH him, just...thinking about him. I think most gays on campus have. I mean, why wouldn't they? Jimmy's hot as hell and the way he shows himself off its hard to not get him in your mind."

"I'm glad you understand," said Lawrence. Lawrence was embarrassed yet slightly pleased that Roger had found out about his dirty deed. He wondered if Roger had picked up on any of the other times he'd done such, only those times he'd been thinking about Roger instead of Jimmy. "So tell me...ahh..." Lawrence coughed. He wanted to say something, but he was getting a terrible attack of "shy" at the moment. "Are you (cough) are you...Doing anything tonight?" Lawrence asked.

"No, I'm not, and yes, I'd like to hang out with you. Or even make it a date, if you want." For the second time today, Lawrence looked startled at how clearly Roger seemed to understand what was going on. "I've been hoping you'd ask me for weeks now. To be honest, I was awfully shy about asking too, I just...Didn't show it." The big retriever put his hand on Lawrence's shoulder and pulled the mouse over to him, kissing his forehead. "Still, I'm glad one of us asked. Meet me at my place around 8? I'll try to slap on something sexy."

Lawrence whimpered, feeling his lips pressed firmly to Roger's. He wrapped his arms around the toned dog, feeling and rubbing his back as he pressed himself firmly against his lover's warm body. He couldn't believe what he was doing; still, he certainly didn't want it to stop. The big dog was kissing him back, as well as pulling the little mouse into a tight hug. His paintbrush tail flicks and whipped wildly behind him. This was it! And he couldn't have chosen someone more appropriate for his first time.

Lawrence finally broke the kiss, almost regretting it but eager to get things rolling. He grinned and grabbed his tail in his hand, twirling it idly and stepping backwards away from Roger, into the retriever's living room. "Whatcha doin, cutie?" asked Roger, his big tail wagging happily behind him. "Gonna give me a show?" Lawrence nodded, flicking and swishing his long tail behind him as he started to unbutton his shirt. Dancing to an unheard beat, he slowly worked his fingers up, removing each button with a quick flick, and then tossing the shirt out and over Roger's head. He set his glasses down on a nearby table and then spread his legs, bending over double and looking up at Roger through an upside-down world.

"Mouse ass is the finest ass, don't you think?" said Lawrence. v walked forward and gently put his hand on Lawrence's butt, fondling and feeling intently. The retriever had a gentle, firm touch that made Lawrence melt like butter on a skillet.

"I think you need to get yourself out of those pants before you split them right down the middle." Said Roger. Lawrence grinned. The retriever was rapidly disposing of his clothes while Lawrence danced

and teased, and was soon down to nothing but a smile and a raging boner. Lawrence worked himself out of his pants and boxers, and then hopped on the bed, wagging his butt and curling his finger at Roger, teasing the dog over.

Roger crawled over Lawrence, fondling and feeling up the mouse as he moved. Lawrence shuddered, feeling the dog's large, warm cock gently bob against him a few times. Roger didn't push in though, instead he grabbed Lawrence's arm and flipped him over on his back, bending forward and kissing the mouse deeply.

After what seemed like minutes, Roger finally broke the kiss, leaving Lawrence panting for air and grinning. "I thought you'd want me doggie style. You know, cus you're a dog."

"I wanna see the look on your face when I make love to you." Said Roger. He kissed the mouse on the nose. "Plus, if I recall correctly, this is your first time." Lawrence nodded.

"Yeah but don't worry, I've got toys bigger than you." Lawrence handed Roger the lube, giving himself a little squirt and prodding around his tailhole to get things started. There was nothing he wanted more right now than to feel his golden retriever lover boy sliding up between his cheeks, but he knew it might all go sour if they rushed. Roger slicked himself up with several large globs, and then bent down, gripping his dick in one hand and rubbing lightly up against Lawrence's tailhole.

Lawrence gasped, then groaned as he felt Roger's thick member sliding into him. It was big and pleurably stretching like his toys, but the soft, sensual warmth and the heavy warmth pouring off of Roger's body and down onto Lawrence was taking him farther than he'd ever gone. He closed his eyes, grasping the sheets as his entire body rolled with wave after wave of pleasure. He felt Roger kissing him, and opened his eyes to see his lover's big smile coming down at him. This certainly put his toys to shame.

Roger's pace was slow and steady at first, but as he continued and found that Lawrence could take him it got more and more intense. Reaching down and rubbing himself furiously, Lawrence was almost bent in half by Roger's thrusting. They both moaned loudly, their tails whipping and flicking, their mouths kissing whenever they came near. Lawrence bent his back hard, whimpering and moaning as he felt himself fucked and fucked and fucked by Roger. It was incredible.

Finally, Lawrence felt the blinding moment of pure no-thought as he was struck with orgasm, his entire body convulsing as he shot big, healthy gobs of hot semen onto his and Roger's chests. He panted, looking up at Roger dreamily as the canine slid himself into the hilt. With a loud grunt, Roger visibly relaxed as his big dog dick filling Lawrence's hind end with warm, wet sticky. Lawrence cooed, wrapping his arms around Roger and bringing the retriever down for a wet, messy kiss. When they were finished, he smiled warmly, basking in the afterglow. "Fucking...awesome..." Lawrence said. Roger kissed him on the nose.

"You weren't so bad yourself." Said Roger. He pulled out slowly, but still, the switch from being tightly filled to being mostly empty made Lawrence wince with soreness. It was a good kind of sore, though.