

(A bit of a primer, for those not familiar with the backstory: Thor is an anthro horse, tall, typical looking, bunked last-minute in the same college dorm room as Akriti, a lovely bovine girl, human-looking with horns and a tail, mottled skin, nice breasts... naturally. References can be found on F-list.

Because of Thor's aloof charisma, he has convinced Akriti to do his bidding, her own impulses enabling him more than anything else.)

Chapter 1:

Thor strode into class, and took a seat, just as ignored as he ever was; nobody was really interested in him, despite his looming figure, compared to the sweet piece of ass that kept getting hotter every time she came in.

He watched, as Akriti walked in. She looked understandably nervous, and for good reason; he had given her a single-piece, form-fitting dress to wear, and it revealed her entire form, to the eager, waiting class...

...It was an off-white, creamy color, and had a certain shininess to it, though it wasn't latex, and clung eagerly to her figure. It was a peculiar material. In it, everyone could see how her body was swelling from her pregnancy. Nobody knew it was Thor's child, of course. And he was sure nobody cared. She had the tiniest little baby bump, that paled in comparison to how bubbly her ass was getting. It bulged below her, mushrooming out as she meekly took a seat next to Thor. In such a short skirt on the dress, her panties were visible to anybody sitting in front of her.

Above, her already large breasts were larger, but it wasn't noticeable; after a certain size, it's tough to notice even a substantial difference. What WAS noticeable, however, were her thumb-sized nipples. They were impressive nubs, but there was more to them than met the eye.

They looked so huge, because Thor had taped vibrating toys to her nipples with medical tape, and the giant nubs everyone saw

were the toys themselves. Luckily, they were inert. Between Thor's love and attention, her lactation had already begun, and any stimulation would be... consequential...

As the rest of the students shuffled in, every... single... one of them noticed her, and her first. She glowed, like a creamy, slutty billboard of cleavage, depraved nipples (As far as everyone could tell, under her bra); tits and ass. Several girls, one at a time, shot her a dirty look, before they could realize and control themselves. There was no question what they were thinking in that moment. "Whoa, what a slut" "Bitch, I bet she thinks she's so hot", "Wow, she must be a real whore... bitch better not go near MY MAN...".. the thoughts went on.

The guys had... different thoughts. Decidedly more fond.

But class still had to go on. As the lesson began, everyone was snickering and talking about her outfit, but it wasn't THAT big a deal.

Then Thor turned the nubs on, and cranked them to maximum, all at once. They hummed silently, and Akriti's mouth betrayed a little, sexy yelping moan, before she wrangled it under control. Everyone looked around -- mostly at her, assuming it was her, and the entire class stared, short of the old, oblivious professor... but her face was just red, with no other signs of what the deal was.

Thor turned them off... and then back on again. It was torturous. Their speed would vary so... so much... her nipples began to cry in no time, all too happy to begin leaking trace amounts of milk.

But even so, it was no big deal... right? The sort of thing you could expect from Thor, so while it was embarrassing, it wasn't THAT embarrassing, right?

...As time went on, the class began to stare more, despite Akriti's better control over her voice. While she was leaking, it wasn't so much that it would stain her dress, so it wasn't that...

...It wasn't until 30 minutes in, when the lesson was almost over, that it was obvious.

Her dress was so lightly-colored because it was specifically designed to turn transparent when wet; her milk blended with the cream color just fine, and her dress was fading away, like magic. The first thing people saw, were the bright pink toys on her nipples. Glowing like neon signs. Then they were able to see her own pretty impressively sized nipples, before her entire breasts were visible, mashed into the top of her dress.

And waaay after that, THEN she was able to see from her own vantage point, that she was exposing herself to the whole class the entire time. She barely had time to notice herself, before it was then obvious people were sneaking pictures, and such.

And then Thor turned on the toys between her legs.

She didn't even know it was there before she moaned out like a slovenly whore; in her embarrassment, he had snuck it there during the class... when?? How?? --It resonated through her panties, making their moisture obvious; they were wet! How long? How long was she getting off on this? --Her chair was wet, itself!

The bell rang, and that triggered the fight-or-flight reflex in her, and she sprang to her feet, at the first recognition of the bell... which was a mistake.

The toy wasn't attached to anything.

It fell to the ground, vibrating away, with her seat soaked, and herself dripping. As she hugged her books and such to her, the class slowly erupted in realization within seconds, and everyone got brazen seconds later. She didn't even get out of the door before the girls were gossiping, trying to discredit her gorgeous figure, reminding everyone of what a slut she was.

Thor smiled quietly, and walked back to their room, where he found her. She looked a bit... upset... but red in the face. Thoroughly flushed, in fact. Her breathing was erratic, and Thor

couldn't even tell if it was because her social life was just destroyed, whether her nerves were now shot, or whether she was about to cum.

--Hey", he began, and she jumped, not noticing his presence as she still reeled. "It was REALLY... REALLY hot how you showed everyone what a worthless slut you are. I wish I could knock you up again. ...In fact..." he began, as he wrapped his arms around her waist, and picked her up, immediately pushing his cock around her panties, and right into her. It slid in like lovely, warm butter, like her slutty, gaping whore-cunt was all too happy to gobble up a normally massive cock. For whatever reason... she came instantly. And she just dangled there, like a depraved cocksleeve, content to just get fucked, and moan like a whore. Thor reached down and squeezed at her tits, spilling her milk onto the ground, and she just squealed like a joyous bitch, at the attention. ...Did something snap? It was like she didn't care, anymore.

Thor had no idea. But loved it.

He came in her... and again, his entire orgasm just spilling onto the floor... and she just took it, drooling and moaning like a mental patient. ...And again... --the sight of her taking any and all fucking was too irresistible...

---A few hours later---

Thor had gotten exhausted, and had since completely stripped her, and tied her up. He took turns fucking her, and drinking her milk-on-tap, making sure the rope did nothing to restrain her whorish torpedoes sticking up, offering milk to any that offered. Once her hole was drooling lazily, and her tits babbled milk like streams, her eyes rolled back into her head and her tongue drooling, he had an idea.

May as well make some money... he grabbed a sharpie marker, and decided to open his own milk bar.

--She was fucked by a dozen men, and fed just as many, before the night was through. And it was only Monday.

Chapter 2:

(Months later)

Today was a difficult day, for Akriti.

Thor had taken a trip back to his home, and so had prepared an entire regimen for her school day, so she wouldn't miss him. ...As if what he had ready for her helped.

As she woke up in the morning, the first thing she noticed was how her clothing and breakfast was prepared for her. She looked at the outfit skeptically, expecting it to be merely a bikini or something equally exposing, but... it was actually a plain, white blouse, and a simple, plaid skirt! --It was technically the uniform of the university, but almost nobody actually wore it, as it wasn't mandatory. He even left her underwear!

But... as she lifted her bra, she noticed rough-hewn circles cut through the (...Expensive) fabric; her bra had the nipples cut out! The areas that would cover her most sensitive spots were missing! A quick look around showed that sure enough, that was the only bra to be found. She begrudgingly put it on, hoping that it would at least help somewhat, but as she felt her nipples rubbing the fabric of her shirt, even among the cradling support of a bra, she knew today was going to be a long day.

And, sure enough, her panties had holes cut out of them, exposing not only her little mound, but even her butt as well. And she only had a knee-high skirt, to wear... she had already looked around for clothes when she discovered the bra, and had no friends to borrow from in their dorm room... at this point, wearing no panties at all would be preferable, and yet... and yet she put them on.

Feeling horribly exposed, she sat down to the breakfast. ...Pancakes with maple syrup. --They actually weren't bad! They had a rosey flavor that was invigorating! They took a bit of a while to finish (as pancakes often did after all),

but... by the time she did, in addition to feeling quite full (as pancakes often did), she started to feel strange. And by the time she stood up from it and stumbled, it felt obvious. ...Those pancakes were drenched in alcohol! How Thor masked the flavor, she didn't know -- probably with that lovely maple syrup -- but the dizziness and red flush in her face, hot enough for her to feel it, made it obvious.

...Somehow... the situation had her feeling a bit, guilty, that she didn't expect this... and admittedly randy, that she was so far going along with it anyway. She checked the clock - - no time to wait the alcohol off! She opened the door -- with a slight stumble, and strode out. ...Before remembering her bags, going back and grabbing those.

As she walked down the hall, she felt the stares of others. Her nipples were hard. She didn't know if it was from the rubbing or the mood. And as she hiccuped once, blushing even more, she was SURE people could tell she was drunk -- oh God, were they staring? She was too shy, staring down, to check! But she could FEEL the eyes on her! --And she bet they could see her hard nubs, too, if they even gave her an errant glance! The heat in her face was miserable, too -- she couldn't ignore it...

She walked down the hall, a little wobbily, feeling a heat between her legs, as well... despite the exposure to air. She also felt a droplet flow down one of her thighs..! As she felt a chill run up her spine at the realization of this, she stumbled... into somebody! Oh, God! She looked up, with a lusty, panting face, eyes heavy with alcohol, and saw some miscellaneous, friendly-enough looking lion fellow. He looked down at her, concerned and looking helpful, like he didn't mind the bump, but as he saw her condition he started to react himself. OH GOD, HE COULD TELL EVERYTHING! "--Uhh..." he started, which was all Akriti could bare before she clumsily pushed off of him, desperate to run away, flopping onto her fat ass and

exposing her panties easily. And her wet, drooling, soaked little mound, begging for attention..!

She eeped and pushed her skirt back down, before running off, bouncing off people, into the women's bathroom, locking herself in a stall. She leaned against the door, and panted, finally alone. Her crotch was... so wet! Her face was burning! Just as she STARTED to relax, however... her crotch suddenly started vibrating! Impossible! IMP--AAHH!

The sudden attention and exhilaration added onto her own, and she came, right there, squinting and squirming, squeaking and moaning, buckling in her knees!

As she fell onto the floor with a plop, she checked her panties. HOW!? She was SURE there wasn't anything in them! She prodded for the source of the vibration... it was her phone! Of all things She found it in her skirt pocket, hastily tossed there as she got ready, and checked who was calling. She saw the name, "THOR". She never gave him her number...

...She bit her lower lip, grinning just a bit.

Chapter 3:

Akriti woke up, peacefully sitting up into the sun's rays, cascading into the room, early in the morning. A glance to the right would reveal Thor's bed empty once again. Already missing, again..? This was much sooner than last time. Where was he off to, these days? He didn't tell her anything.

She sleepily stood up, stretching with a curl of her tail once again, her eyes still focusing and adjusting to the light. As they did, today's itinerary came into view...

...It seemed Thor had prepared her morning once again, in his absence. Next to his bed, she saw a plain, simple little folding

table, with a covered tray on it. Beside that table, on the bed, sat an ensemble, for her. Just like last time..?

Akriti sighed, as her mind was JUST filled with her midterms, and already she had new things to worry about. Nevertheless, she wandered over to the table, and plopped down onto the chair beside it, not even bothering to put clothes on. She was alone, after all.

She removed the tray's lid, and quite a sophisticated spread awaited her. Grilled fish, still warm, with white rice. It smelled seasoned only lightly -- a breakfast, after all. Just as she felt incredulous, feeling like there must be a catch, above the dish she saw a full wine glass.

He wasn't even trying to hide it, this time. Akriti turned her nose up to the presumptuous side, as she started eating the fish -- it was indeed lovely, after all. She didn't know WHAT fish, but it was tasty, even to a cow. Halfway through the meal, though, she DID need something to drink, to wash it all down... but even then, she only sipped the wine. It was indeed quite strong! But she only drank what she needed to to chase the meal, and was eating as well, after all.

She polished off the food, merely staring at the wine and stood up, looking at the outfit. It was... a bit more exotic, this time. It was a Dirndl; Akriti usually saw it around Oktoberfest, as the beer girl outfit. She had little choice but to put it on... but it was pretty cute! And she had to admit, it was just a bit fun.

It took her a bit to figure out how it went on, but as she got it sorted out, it slowly became obvious that the outfit served as a bodice; tight, strong leather wove across her slim abdomen, while her breasts floated free, heavy and boasting generous cleavage for anyone to see. Her teats were only covered by a thin layer of frilly, white cotton. Compared to the leather wrapping about her body, her shoulders and back, that thin cotton felt like tissue paper -- barely there in comparison.

She looked at herself in the mirror, and turned a bit red... it

accentuated her natural form well. She never really noticed, herself, having heard the same 'compliments' her whole life, but the outfit was foreign enough to her brain that it didn't just write off what she saw as merely her body, same as ever, and all her little curves, creases and crevices stuck out. And she liked it..!

--And how did this thing fit, anyway..?? I mean, the front had adjustable straps, and she had to tie it off, but was that really enough? Do you get this sort of thing custom made? As she played with the outfit -- and herself, sure enough, within it, she noticed her nipples were hard. They stuck out entirely, and were plain to see. Rather than feeling alarmed, for some reason she only glanced upwards, into the mirror... and noticed, sure enough, that her nipples had no sort of padding or concealment, and the cotton was practically transparent...

Akriti licked her lips, and glanced down at the wine glass, sitting there unassumingly. It was a fortified California zinfandel, and was strong. Terribly strong.

And Akriti reached down, picked up the glass and downed it, at once... she didn't even know why. She felt a rush of sizzling down her throat, and a wave of dizziness wrack her head, and giggled. It couldn't have possibly hit her that fast, so maybe she was just getting carried away with the moment.

Akriti felt her cheeks feeling a bit hot, as she walked over to the bathroom. She amused a silly thought that breakfast was served with wine, yet she wore a beer outfit, as she opened the door... to find a little, wooden keg, chilling in the bathroom sink.

The sink was full of ice, and the little wooden keg was bubbled over with condensation -- morning dew of it's own kind. Beside it sat a large, clear glass stein. Sure enough.

There was no note, no tell-tale instruction to actually do anything with it at all. Maybe it was the wine... ...maybe it was the thought of Thor's disappointed face... ...but she picked the glass up, put it under the tap of the beer and filled it...

before drinking it -- the entire thing -- at once. It took a minute or two, just to do so, yet she kept at it, drinking more like it was an order or instruction, rather than something she decided upon herself to do. She put the glass down, satisfied... with a single little hiccup.

Feeling quite warm now, all over, she made her way back to the main room, to prepare for class. She opened her notebook to study a bit, but the words looked MUCH too annoying..! After not five minutes she sputtered in apathy and plopped the book cover closed, with a giggle.

Within another 5 minutes, she made her way back to the bathroom, and filled the glass again... slamming it down, empty and giggling a bit, she noticed in the mirror that her nipples were hard, constantly now... she giggled at THAT, now, and reached up, pinching them between her fingers. ...She never really experimented with them enough, herself! She pulled the top of the outfit down -- Damned thing was in the way! And examined her lovely breasts more.

...An hour later... the keg was empty. Her panties were gone. -- Oh, shit! But class was starting in 10 minutes! She nodded to herself that she must get going, and walked right out of the room, without her backpack or anything.

She strode confidently down the hallway, her beautiful breasts bouncing free -- she had long forgotten to reset the top of her outfit -- and because she was feeling INCREDIBLY chipper, her tail was up -- pushing the hem of her skirt WAY above her waist, revealing her round, cute, bare little tush to anyone that wanted to see.

At least, she FELT like she strode confidently... after all the alcohol she had drank, she could barely walk, and was a giggling, flopping mess, bouncing into people, falling onto her ass with a cute little squeak, her skirt flopping right up, and her tits leaking the whole time.

She walked to class - eventually and somehow -- and sat in her seat. She didn't hear ANY of the gossip going on ALL around her

-- it was no longer gossip really, more like hysteria -- and only her professor being an old, oblivious man allowed class to begin anyway. Despite everything, he just started the class, and eventually people went along with it... as well as they could, anyway.

But not 5 minutes into the class, a moaning started to permeate through the classroom. Everyone knew exactly where to look -- some were watching in amazement the whole time already -- as Akriti began to masturbate. Something about the moment, even in her haze, was absolutely scintillating, so why not go at it? SHE certainly didn't mind, as she moaned loudly like a whore, like she was the only one in the room.

-----5 minutes earlier-----

Akriti got into the room, and sat down, ready for school and comfortable as ever! She glanced to one side, and in a blur, saw one of the more jockish students' bag, with a baseball bat sticking out...

Akriti pushed the bat up her oozing, wet cunt, biting her red, swollen lower lip as she got that familiar feeling only Thor normally gave her. She pulled it in, deeper and deeper, until it hit the deepest spot for her, scratching her itch as it were, and she came, having a toe-curling, squeaking orgasm, until she passed out, a bat in the air, in her twat, her big tits sitting ignored, snoring like a baby.