

*Four point five billion years and one week ago...*

The universe goes on forever, in every direction.

This is a very normal state of affairs. At least, for the last nine billion years or so. Before that, there was no time or space to measure, so don't even bother.

The Earth is a speck in the endless shining eternity.

Actually, to call it a speck would be an insult to specks, which are infinitely larger in comparison.

However, the internet won't exist for another four point five billion years, so the specks don't have anywhere to complain just yet.

Anyway.

It's been a bare hundred million years since the big cosmic cloud collapsed. In that short period of time, not much has been happening. On a universal scale, literally nothing has changed, although only in the sense that everything has been constantly changing forever. Which would be pretty cool, if there was anything alive to think about it.

On a *local* scale, though, quite a lot has happened. The Earth only just moved into this region of space, so that's pretty interesting, probably. It was born pretty recently out of space dust, and it's not really that different to any other planet in the cosmic infinitude. Basically just a big old rock flying through space. Nothing like the celebrity it will become in its adult life.

The Earth drifts through space, alone in its cosmic dance.

It's kinda introverted in a lot of ways. Not really that interested in hanging out with other planets just yet. It's sorta on its way to joining those other planets in hanging out around the Sun, but that's a pretty new arrangement as well.

It is a young planet, not quite sure what it wants to be yet. Maybe some kind of lava hellscape? Or a frozen death ball? So many choices. Unlike a certain brunette, it doesn't have a mother pressuring it into a career it doesn't have any interest in. Still, like most young people, its future will be decided by a chance encounter.

The other planet is called Theia.

Or well, it will be. When thought and language are invented.

What happens next could be considered a "meet cute" between Earth and Theia.

The other planet impacts Earth at a speed of four meters a second.

The world is literally torn apart in an explosion of rock and flame.

Luckily, there's nothing alive on either planet to die horribly. That will come later on.

The debris from the impact forms a new celestial body. Or to put it another way...

*Luna Advenit.*

The existence of this new fusion of Earth and Theia will one day fascinate many. And also greatly annoy a certain brunette.

Anyway, after that, quite a few things happen.

But let's not get into those things, or we'll be here all day. Suffice to say, people start society and have a lot of wars. A small amount of those wars involve cool stuff like jets and bomber planes. Those are the 'cool ones' according to a certain brunette's mother.

About four point five billion years after the creation of the moon, Chris Abrams moves in with her Aunt Vicky, and starts her long-awaited university life. While this is happening, the Moon is orbiting Earth, looking down on humanity.

Like an *asshole*.

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"I think the professor's a futa." Di whispers to Chris, subtly gesturing to the woman standing in the front of the lecture hall. "Like, that's a bulge, right?"

"Huh?" Chris Abrams blinks, feeling a little disoriented. "What? Oh..." The brunette takes a deep breath, collecting herself. The chair underneath her ass is hard and rather uncomfortable, but she'd still almost managed to nod off.

"You good, Chris?" Kit says in a soft voice, raises an eyebrow at her. The small girl is sitting on her other side, dressed in a baggy hoodie. It's so big on her that it might as well be a dress, the hem of the dark green hoodie falling almost to her knees. Kit must be wearing some short shorts indeed, since Chris can clearly see the girl's smooth pale thighs all the way up to her hoodie. From here, it almost looks like the hoodie's the *only* thing she's wearing...

Ooh... Okay. The subtly erotic sight of Kit's thighs wakes Chris up somewhat. "Er... Yeah. Just thinking about something that happened a long time ago." Stupid moon. "I didn't get a lot of sleep last night, so I'm a little scuffed." Sitting together at the back of the hall, it's not too hard to whisper to one another without being noticed.

The professor is standing at the front of the lecture hall, talking to about hundred or so students including Chris, Di and Kit. Chris isn't really paying attention to what the woman is saying, since it's mostly a lot of technical stuff about course credits and class assignments, which Chris already pretty much memorized from reading her course information over and over again in excited anticipation over the last few months.

Di rolls her eyes. "You get stuck watching hot chicks doing cute things for too long? I've been there." Like any good lazy student, she speaks without taking her eyes off the professor. Speaking of erotic sights to wake one up, Chris's eyes are once again drawn to Di's chest. Underneath her usual duster jacket, the tall dark-haired girl is wearing a white button up shirt that makes her heavy curves quite visible, along with a lacy black bra subtly visible underneath. That bra must be quite strong to hold in Di's chest. Not for the first time, Chris feels a bit of envy, wondering how nice it must feel to have such power...

Chris is glad that neither of her friends are looking directly at her to see her blush. "Yeah... Something like that."

Last night, Chris had made some *bold* plans for class today. Today is the first proper day of class at uni, the other day being just the orientation. She'd worn regular clothes that day, since it had felt... appropriate.

Today, however, she'd envisioned herself wearing what could only be described as a slutty outfit.

For almost half a decade, Chris has lived her life with her mothers' eyes on her. Matilda never would have stood for her daughters wearing anything obscene or slutty, not with her straight-laced conservative attitude. Her other mother, Rose, was a little more open to her daughter's clothing choices, but certainly would have fainted if she'd known what Chris *wanted* to wear.

So, a week or so before Chris had left home to move in with Aunt Vicky, the brunette had made a surreptitious purchase. And when the drone had dropped it off at her house an hour or so later, she'd smuggled it into her room before her mothers could see it. The discreet package had only been opened last night, in total secrecy.

And when she'd finally beheld the outfit she'd bought, it had been everything Chris had wanted and more.

The short shorts are *obscenely* small. Like, the brunette has *panties* that cover more. Actually, the panties that came with the shorts actually *do* cover more, come to think of it. They're a tight black pair that ride high on the side, made to ride over the hips. Chris has always had a serious fetish for whale tails on girls, and actually *wearing* one to university made her so aroused that she'd actually had to *masturbate* on seeing it laid out on her bed.

Finally, the outfit's top is just as slutty as the bottom. The pink tube top is thin, yet taut. It's clearly designed to allow the wearer's nipples to poke through, and to wrap around the base of the wearer's breasts in a way that leaves *no* imagination for anyone staring at her chest. A thin string wraps around the wearer's neck, ending with a neat little bow that looks painfully easy to undo, which would let the top slip down and reveal the wearer's breasts. Naturally, there's no chance of wearing a *bra* with such a top. A wardrobe malfunction is almost certain to happen if the wearer isn't careful...

Chris had gone to sleep that night with her heart pounding, a big smile on her face. The outfit was *perfect* for her. Chris's chest is modest enough to fill out the top, but poor Di with her massive tits would have no chance of wearing something like that. Nor would Kit, with her... *aerodynamic* chest. She could just imagine the looks she'd get wearing that outfit on campus. Even after masturbating *twice* more, she still hadn't been able to fall asleep due to the excitement. Guys and girls would be staring at her, everyone would know how much of a slut she wants to be. Di would be lost for words, Kit's eyes would pop out of her cute little head...

Of course, waking up the next day and actually *wearing* the outfit turned out to be an entirely different matter.

The brunette sighs and leans back in her chair, adjusting her grey bra through her loose white shirt. She still feels a bit of shame for chickening out, but it was just such a bold step! Actually wearing such slutty clothing took quite a bit more courage than she'd expected. Weirdly, the final straw for her deciding whether to actually do it this morning had been the idea of Aunt Vicky seeing her dressed that way...

Suddenly, Chris feels a small finger poke her in the shoulder, and she flinches. "W-what?!" She whispers, luckily managing to keep from yelping in the middle of the professor's speech.

"S-sorry..." Kit whispers, looking a little embarrassed. "You looked like you were drifting off again..."

Ugh... She kinda had been, hadn't she? When Kit turns back to watching the professor, Chris takes a deep breath to calm herself. "Next time..." The brunette mutters to herself wistfully. Next time, she'll dress like a slut. Her eyes fall on the professor, who's still talking. Oh right. She'd almost forgotten that she's in Introduction to Social Studies.

At the front of the lecture hall, the professor is still talking. She's a tall woman, rather attractive now that Chris looks at her. A handsome pale face with freckles and long black hair seems to suit her rather masculine clothing, a button up shirt and dark dress pants.

"Ah... Yeah. You're right about her being a futa." Chris finally replies to Di. Indeed, at the front of her pants, Chris can see a telltale bulge. After growing up with three futanari in the house, the brunette is no stranger to dicks on women. "Pretty well-endowed, from the looks of it."

“Color me *shocked* that a futanari is the head of the course.” Di snickers to herself quietly. She rolls her eyes. “I mean, I can understand why the other teachers would want to be *under* her...”

Chris grins at that. But actually, bulge aside, the professor seems quite... well *professional*. “...create an inclusive environment for all our students, and especially in a course that especially tries to understand the nature of equality and diversity.” Ah, the brunette seems to have tuned back in for the inclusivity part of the speech. “We believe that everyone on this campus has a right to feel comfortable and welcomed in their studying, regardless of their gender and sexuality. We ask that all our students respect each other’s beliefs, and not make anyone uncomfortable by imposing their own beliefs on one another, and respect the idea that this class will be awarding marks based on personal diversity...”

Beside Chris, Di smirks at the professor’s words. “There it is. ‘Futanari get extra marks by default’ is what that means...”

“Well, that’s fair.” Chris doesn’t really see a problem with that idea. “I think that’s a good thing. We’ve made a lot of progress, but futanari still need a leg-up...” After all, it’s hardly an uncommon thing in education these days. It’s been standard since the 2030’s, after all. Chris grew up in schools that did gender score rebalancing, and it felt pretty normal to her that futanari would be at the top of the class.

“Oh, I agree.” The tall girl nods quickly. “But sometimes I just wish they’d come out and say they’re favoring futanari directly...”

“I’m sure we’re all adults here, but make sure to use proper decorum in the mixed-gender bathrooms. If you’re unsure of whether it’s appropriate to do anything, make sure to ask each other to make certain.” Chris knows that the professor means, like, staring at each other’s genitals, but her words are curiously vague. “There are plenty of private locations on and off campus, so we ask that you keep that in mind. And please make sure to acquaint yourself with the campus’s code of conduct in regards to appropriate behavior when it comes to romantic and sexual conduct.” The handsome professor smiles and looks around the hall with a calm smile. “Does anyone have any questions?”

In the front rows, a blonde girl raises her hand. “Um, Professor Klein... Wasn’t Professor Greene supposed to be teaching this course?” She asks, sounding confused.

Klein gives the girl a cheerful grin. “Yes, she *was*! But Greene is on... ah, maternity leave for the next few months, so she’s stepped down and appointed me as her replacement!” She winks at the girl. “Don’t worry, I’ve been Greene’s assistant for several years now, so I’m fully capable of running the course!”

“Oh, I wasn’t...!” The girl splutters, sounding embarrassed. “I wasn’t suggesting that you couldn’t... I mean, I just heard that she was getting divorced...”

“That’s a personal matter, I’m afraid.” The handsome professor nods at the girl. “But if you’re concerned about Professor Greene, don’t be. I’m making sure she’s quite happy and comfortable at my... She’s doing *quite* well, so don’t worry. ” Klein smiles and looks around the hall. “Well, I think we’re close to the end time for this class! I will see you on Monday for your first lecture, and I’ll be seeing *some* of you for the tutorial class. If there’s any remaining questions, you can hang around and talk to me!”

“Ugh... I need a coffee...” Chris mutters as the class begins to break up. Aunt Vicky had offered her one this morning, but she’d declined since her aunt’s idea of a coffee seemed to include a shot of whiskey as well. Beside her, Di stands up quickly, gathering her things. “Where are you going so fast?” She asks the dark-haired girl.

Di smirks at her, gently fixing her hair. Damn, that lip piercing *really* enhances a smirk, doesn’t it? “What, didn’t you hear? Prof just gave us a shot at flirting with her. I’m gonna take it!”

“You’re gonna flirt with the professor?” Kit seems rather taken aback. “I... I don’t think that’s allowed!”

The tall girl surreptitiously undoes the top button of her shirt, exposing her cleavage slightly. “Oh, *relax*. I’m just gonna make sure she knows who I am. I’m not gonna *blow* her.” Di chuckles at the thought. “That part comes *later*.” Between her cleavage and her black bra slightly showing through her shirt, Chris suspects that Di will make quite an impression on the futanari professor.

“Oh...” Kit’s face turns a deep red. “G-good luck, then?!” Di winks at her and walks down the stairs toward the small crowd that’s forming around the handsome professor. Looks like Di’s not the only girl who wants to flirt. “Wow...” Kit sighs, sounding a little wistful. “Di... Di’s really something else, isn’t she?”

Chris can’t help but admire her new friend’s boldness as well. “Yeah, I wish I was half as confident as her.” To be entirely honest, Chris herself wouldn’t mind flirting with the handsome professor herself. Klein is in her mid-thirties or so, but she’s tall, fit and well-dressed. Her hair is cut short and she’s quite a curious mix between masculine and feminine. She’s really the brunette’s type of woman in a lot of ways. Like a softer, sweeter version of Aunt Vicky... Er, not like Aunt Vicky at all, actually! Scratch that last thought...

After gathering their bags and leaving the lecture hall, Chris and Kit wander out into the courtyard. The brunette hunts for a coffee vending machine, eager for that sweet brown synthetic liquid. “Coffee... Coffee...” Synthetic coffee isn’t nearly as good as real coffee, but it’ll still knock her back into the waking world.

“Oh!” Kit says, pointing away. “Over there...”

“Coffee?” Chris turns eagerly, almost whacking Kit in her face with her elbow. “Oh, sorry...”

“Uh... No, I meant that girl...” Kit answers, pointing at someone on the other side of the courtyard.

Ah, Chris can see what she’s looking at now. There’s a redhead sitting on a chair not far away, wearing a rather slutty outfit. A tight shirt leaves little to the imagination, and Chris can see even from this distance that the girl’s got some *seriously* big boobs.

“Ooh...” The brunette suddenly feels quite a bit more awake now that she’s looking at a hot chick. Putting her hands on the smaller girl’s shoulders, Chris drinks in the sight of the redhead. “Yeah, she’s really sexy! Good eye, Kit!”

“N-no, I...” Kit suddenly sounds a bit nervous all of sudden. “I was wondering if the blonde next to her was her girlfriend... Not that I thought she was hot... I mean, she *is* hot, but...” The small girl swallows nervously. “Um... Don’t get me wrong, I’m straight...”

Yeah, the blonde in the leather jacket next to her is pretty damn hot too. Actually, from the looks of the way she’s draping her arm around the redhead’s shoulders, the two are dating. Though the redhead seems rather embarrassed by her girlfriend so openly displaying their relationship... Wow, those have to be E-cups on the redhead, right? Jesus, they’re even bigger than Di’s! “Huh?” Oh yeah, Kit’s not like her and Di, is she? Still... “Don’t have to be gay to like looking at a hot girl, right?”

Kit nods quickly, shifting nervously in Chris’s grip. “Oh yeah, of course not!” She laughs softly. “I mean, I look at pictures of...”

Suddenly, Chris sees *them*. “Uh oh.”

Near where the redhead is sitting, *Becky* is sauntering through the courtyard, flanked by her twin henchwomen, Senna and Farrah. Between her aviator sunglasses, designer dress and designer handbag, Becky could be a celebrity strolling down Hollywood Boulevard. The blonde is smiling smugly as the crowd of students part like the Red Sea to let her through. Chris is annoyed to see more than a few excited faces in the crowd as Becky passes through, apparently too important to even look at them.

“Oh, is that the girl from the other day?” Kit asks, holding up her hand to block the sun from her eyes. “Becky... Chastity, right?”

“Ugh...” Chris grimaces, remembering her last encounter with the blonde. It hadn’t ended particularly well for the brunette, had it? After having the sororities fight over her, Becky had rudely shut them down and insulted Chris. And when she’d told the blonde off, Becky had turned on the brunette and...

Well. It had just been lucky for Chris that Becky’s belly was already full of some other victim, so she’d gotten off lightly.

This time around, Becky's stomach is entirely flat, clearly no longer full of that poor soul she'd been digesting the last time they'd met. Chris hopes that whoever that was got reformed at a gene clinic like Holly had after being digested by Aunt Vicky. Either way, Becky had clearly digested her body completely, and was it Chris's imagination, or were Becky's boobs a little bigger?

Just when Chris feels relief that Becky and her flunkies are going to pass them by without noticing them, one of the twins turns and sees Chris and Kit. The brunette has no idea whether she's Senna or Farrah, but the girl smirks and taps Becky on the shoulder. The blonde turns and lowers her sunglasses as the twin whispers into her ear, looking directly at Chris and Kit. And to Chris's horror, the blonde's smirk turns *nasty*. She says something back to the twin, who starts to laugh.

Staring back at Becky, Chris glares as defiantly as she can. Becky's eyes go from Chris, then down to Kit. Then, she winks at Chris and licks her lips. The message is obvious. *She looks delicious*. Chris feels her heart beating in her chest all of a sudden.

A few moments later, the blonde walks out of the other side of the courtyard, still giggling with her two cronies. Beside Chris, Kit watches them leave with a smile on her face. "She seems less annoyed at us than the other day, don't you think?"

"Huh?" Chris blinks, looking down at the small girl in shock. Is she *serious*? "Um... I don't think that was meant to be a *friendly wink*, Kit." She didn't want to scare the small girl, but Becky already had a track record for *eating people*.

"Really?" Kit seems surprisingly unconcerned. "I was thinking about it last night, and I think maybe we all got off on the wrong foot, y'know? Maybe I'm the kind of girl who likes to think the best of everyone, but wouldn't it be cool if we could be friends with Becky?" She tilts her head, blushing slightly.

Ugh... The small girl is *seriously* cute when she's smiling. Especially when she's wearing a baggy hoodie that Chris wants to imagine she can lift up and see Kit's cute little... "Y-yeah, maybe!" She answers, feeling a bit ashamed at caving in so quickly. Jesus, a little bit of thigh, and Chris can't say 'no', huh?

"Got her number!" The two turn to see Di walking toward them, a triumphant girl on her face. She's holding a small card in her hand, with a phone number scrawled on it. "Granted, it's for 'course related questions', but I can work with that!" Di chuckles and inserts the card in between her breasts. The small card vanishes almost instantly into the pale depths of her cleavage, and Chris isn't sure if she's more jealous of Di or the card itself.

"God, I wish I could do that..." Chris says under her breath. Beside her, Kit nods slowly. Her hoodie's hiding her figure somewhat, but the small girl's got even less to work with than Chris.



At least the brunette needs to wear a bra. Chris can see from the neckline of the girl's hoodie that Kit isn't even bothering to wear one today...

"Sorry?" Di raises an eyebrow as she reaches the two of them. "I missed that?"

"U-um, I was asking if we wanted to hit the cafe!" Kit answers quickly, to Chris's relief. "I think Chris needs some coffee..."

Ah, crap. "Actually, I have a class in, like, twenty minutes." Chris reaches into her bag and pulls out her edu-tablet. Pulling up her schedule, she can see 'Sapphic Modern Culture' written in for 2:45PM. "Yeah... I'm guessing you've got this one too, Di?"

Di reaches over and flicks the rainbow badge on the side of her shorts. "You know it, babe."

"Oh..." Kit seems a little disappointed, but she quickly rallies. "Well, you two have fun then!" She pulls out her phone. "I'm gonna explore the campus for a little while, I think! Let me know if you guys wanna hang out after."

Explore? As in, Kit wandering around the campus *alone*? "Are you sure that's a good idea?" Chris cuts in, feeling a slight panic in her chest. That look on Becky's face *hadn't* been friendly, she's sure of it. And she'd *especially* not liked that look that the blonde had given *Kit*. It had been the kind of look a cat gives to a mouse, right before... "Maybe you shouldn't..."

"Eh? Why?" Kit gives her a curious look. "We explored the other day, didn't we? I mean, the campus is pretty big, right?"

"Uh..." Chris wants to say that the small girl might be in danger, but she doesn't want to terrify her. "I just think... I mean, campus is a big place..."

Beside her, Di seems equally confused. "Well, I'm sure she won't get lost or anything. Her flip phone's got an AI in it that can help her, right?" Kit nods quickly in response. "Just as long as she stays away from that Becky chick..."

"A-actually..." Kit smiles, blushing slightly. "I was kinda thinking about saying 'hi' if I ran into her again. I was just saying this to Chris, but I think her and us got off onto the wrong foot yesterday, and I think she's actually..."

"What?" Chris blurts out, feeling quite shocked. "Uh... No. No, that's not a good idea." Becky wasn't a potential friend, she could sense. The blonde beauty is a *predator*, not a peer. "Di? That's a bad idea, right?"

Di looks down at Kit and shrugs. "I mean, / wouldn't bother trying to make friends with that chick. But I figure if any of us three could do it, it'd be Kit." She thinks for a moment and shrugs again. "You can try, I guess..."

“No. No way.” Chris needs no experience with vore to know that Kit meeting Becky *alone* is a bad fucking idea! “Please don’t try that, Kit. I don’t want you to risk...”

*I don’t want you to wear that, Chris...*

*I don’t want you doing that, Chris...*

*I don’t want you talking to that girl, Chris...*

Her mother’s voice seems to echo in her mind all of a sudden, as Kit blinks in surprise. Oh God, is Chris acting like Matilda now?

What the hell is Chris doing? Despite her size, Kit’s an *adult*. She’s not a child that Chris needs to guide or protect, that’s just rude as fuck. And she might be her friend, but Chris and Kit only met the other day. What right does Chris have to tell Kit how to act?

And especially *Chris* in particular! Hasn’t she spent half a decade resenting Matilda for telling her what to do? For restricting her freedom? And here she is, trying to do the same to Kit!

“I...” Chris sighs, defeated. “Sorry, I’m just being stupid...” Biting back her words, the brunette tries to smile at Kit. “Let’s meet up after class, okay?” Even still, she can’t *quite* resist the worry she feels in her chest. “Just... keep your phone active, okay?”

“Sure!” Kit gives her a thumbs up. “I’ll talk to you guys later!”

And with that, the small girl turns and walks away, seemingly without a care in the world.

“Eh... I give her a year before she’s doing ‘Sapphic Modern Culture’ herself.” Di chuckles as she watches their friend leave. “Hey, you think she’s wearing shorts under there, or just...?”

“Huh?” Chris blinks, her chest beating hard as she watches Kit vanish. “Oh, I, er...”

“I’m joking!” Di smirks and rolls her eyes. “But come on, you thought it too, right? It’s hotter when the girl doesn’t realize she’s dressing sexy, right?” The tall girl puts an arm around Chris’s shoulder as they begin to make their way to their next class.

Still, even as they chat, Chris can’t help but worry about Kit. She’s pretty sure that nothing in their next class could distract her from...

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“Yes, before any of you ask... I *am* digesting someone!” Professor Mazine stands proudly in front of the class, holding her swollen belly in both hands. “And that ‘someone’ is my wife! So if

you want to know what credentials I have to be teaching 'Sapphic Modern Culture', then perhaps ten years of happy sex and marriage to the woman I love might suffice?" She laughs out loud, giving the class a big grin. "Well, I've also got a masters degree in Gender Studies, and I've been teaching this class for almost a decade as well, but I consider those to be lesser qualifications!"

"Okay, this is already the best class on campus." Di says, leaning forward in her chair to get a better look at the professor.

"Agreed." Chris answers, resting her elbows on the fold out desk as she leans forward to get a better view as well.

Professor Mazine is a rather beautiful black woman, with dark hair falling almost to her hips. She's dressed in a rather *strained* button-up shirt and a tight business skirt. Strained in two areas, actually. One is her nicely shaped breasts, which strain her shirt's buttons to the point where Chris is sure she can spy the hint of a white bra underneath. The second area is her belly, which could almost be eight or nine months pregnant. Actually, if Chris didn't know better, she might have assumed that the professor was pregnant... apart from the loud gurgles that echo even up to where Chris and Di are sitting.

"Now... May I ask a perhaps *exciting* question?" The professor's voice is tinged with a rather strong Spanish accent, to Chris's surprise. "How many of you in this class are... Shall we say, of the *sapphic* persuasion?"

Instantly, Di's hand shoots up, almost making Chris flinch in surprise. As the brunette watches, about nine-tenths of the girls around the room... Indeed, there seems to be *only* girls in this class, come to think of it. Even the Gender Studies class had a few boys in it. Yes, nine-tenths of the girls in the room raise their hands. A moment later, with a blush on her face, Chris raises her hand as well.

"*Dios mío!* How lovely to meet you all, my *amores!*" Professor Mazine seems utterly delighted to see so many hands raised before her. "My wife..." She slaps her belly with a grin. "My wife cannot see you all, but she would be delighted as well! She's not a teacher, but she loves it when I bring her into the classroom! Now..." She looks around the room slowly. "You there!" She points at a girl wearing her hair in twintails in the front row. "Please, may I ask why you chose this class as a straight girl?"

"Huh?!" The girl seems rather taken aback. "I don't... I just thought it was an interesting topic..." She's rather pale, and her blush shows up even from a distance. "Sorry, was that..."

"Oh, don't say 'sorry!'" The professor jumps down from the platform and walks up to the girl, taking her hands with a speed that surprises Chris *and* the girl, from the looks of it. "Don't get the wrong idea, you're very welcome to be here! What's your name?"

“C-Chansey...” The girl stammers, apparently a bit shaken by having the professor holding her hands. Or perhaps it’s the gurgling belly right in front of her face?

Professor Mazine grins widely. “Oh, like the Pokemon?”

“Yeah...” Chansey blushes even deeper. “E-exactly like the Pokemon, actually...”

“Oh, that’s cute!” The dark-skinned woman lets go of Chansey’s hands and turns back to the stage. To Chris’s surprise, the professor beckons for the girl to follow her. “Come on, you can be my little assistant for this lesson, cutie... I mean, Chansey!”

Chansey seems a bit taken aback by this. “Oh... A-are you sure? I mean, I don’t know if...” But Mazine just smiles and continues to beckon. Eventually, the blonde girl hesitantly stands and follows the dark-skinned woman up onto the stage.

“Wow! She is *small!*” Di says, as the girl moves to stand next to the professor. Indeed, the blonde girl barely reaches Mazine’s shoulder. “Geez, is that Kit’s sister or something?” She licks her lips, her tongue trailing over the metal stud in her lip.

“Are you nervous, Chansey?” Professor Mazine asks the girl next to her, as the two look out into the crowd of about four dozen students. “Or are you scared, hmm?” Chuckling, the professor pokes her belly, eliciting a loud gurgle that seems to echo even up to where Chris and Di are sitting.

Chansey eyes the professor’s belly, her face paling even further. “Um... N-no! Not at all!” She lies, and a few laughs echo from the crowd. As cute as she is, the blonde is a *bad* liar. Not that Chris would be able to do any better in that situation, the brunette knows.

“Di?” Chris asks softly, and the dark-haired girl turns to look at her curiously. “Next class, we’re getting front row seats.”

Di blinks in surprise, and then smirks widely. “You’re damn right we are!” She chuckles, running her hand through her black hair, tracing the purple streak that runs down to her waist.

“Now, now...” Mazine winks at the class and walks behind the small blonde. Putting her hands on Chansey’s shoulders, she grins brightly. “You don’t need to be afraid of me, Chansey. Actually, I’m a vegan! Did you know that?”

“Huh?” Chansey flinches and looks behind her, up at the professor squeezing her shoulders. “But... I mean, that’s a *lot* of meat...” She motions toward Mazine’s plump belly, and seems surprised when there’s some more laughter from the class.

“True!” The professor nods, a sage look on her face. “My wife is indeed a lot of meat... But don’t tell her I said that!” She winks at the class, and even Chris finds herself grinning. “But yes,

you're correct. You see, Chansey, my diet is vegan because I only consume meat that can *consent*."

Chris blinks in surprise. "What the fuck? That's an option?!"

Beside her, Di snorts. "What, you'd never heard of that? The whole shtick of vegans is that they think eating animals against their will is fucked up, right? But if it's a human who wants to get eaten..." She trails off, biting her lip with a slight blush. Apparently, the idea excites her a little.

"Okay... Chancey, you're going to help me today, okay? I promise it'll just be a simple job..." Mazine reaches into her cleavage and pulls out a small remote. With the press of a button, a large video screen turns on behind her. "Here... It's a little *warm*, but don't mind it..." There's a few giggles as she hands the small remote to Chansey. "You just have to hit a button when I say so, okay?" The small blonde nods, still looking nervous.

"Mmm... I've never been jealous of a remote before..." Di seems to be enjoying the lesson. When Chris looks over at the tall girl, her friend's thumbs are tracing small circles around her nipples. Ah... *really* enjoying it, then. Chris doesn't think that Di's going to do *that* in the middle of class, but the brunette suspects that both she and Di will be enjoying the memory of this class tonight.

"So, *amores*..." Professor Mazine walks forward, holding her hands out. "What exactly does it mean to be 'Sapphic'?" She looks around the room, a smirk spreading across her face. "Oh, it's a foolish question, no? I don't think there's a *single* person in this room who isn't a little sapphic. Even those of you who didn't raise your hands! So..." She turns and gives the blonde behind her a thumbs up. "Hit that button, Chansey!"

Chansey flinches slightly, then hits the button on the remote, her blush clearly still visible. Behind her on the screen, a picture of a woman wearing a...

"Oh!" Chris actually jumps in surprise at the sight. Beside her, Di gasps, a sound echoed by dozens of other students around the room.

Standing on the stage, Chansey looks up at the class, looking a little confused. Then, she turns and looks at the picture behind her. "What's... Oh, shit!"

"Now, now..." Professor Mazine shakes her head. "Swearing in class is forbidden, Chansey! We don't want anything *obscene*, after all. Now, everyone direct their eyes to this *lovely* woman in a bikini!"

Indeed, Chris is stunned to see an image of a beautiful woman splayed out on a bed, clad in only a skimpy red bikini. Her breasts are big, squishing slightly from their own weight as the woman lays back on the bed. She's smiling, running a hand down her taut belly. Frankly, it's an

image Chris would expect to see from a porn site. In fact, she's not sure she hasn't masturbated to this exact image at some point!

"I assure you, this *is* the image I intended to show you, *amores*." Mazine seems amused at the shock going around her class. "Take a good long look! My wife and I certainly did when we were putting together the class materials for today!" She chuckles softly and then winks. "And of course... For anyone interested, there will of course be links and sources provided for all... *class material*." She gestures at Chansey again.

The blonde girl is still staring up at the screen, her face a bright red. "H-huh?" She blinks, snapping out of her dazed state. "Oh! Oh, er..." She hits the button again. "Oh, *good lord!*"

On the screen now is a rather well-built woman, lounging in a deck chair beside a pool. She's wearing only underwear, a blue pair of bra and panties that seem to be studded with what look like jewels. To Chris's shock, the blue panties make *no* secret that the woman is a futanari, and *very* well endowed one that at.

"Ah... I think quite a few of us should recognize the *stunning* Saffron Chastity?" Professor Mazine smiles widely as a second round of shocked gasps echo around the class. "Oh yes, *amores!* This lesson, I'm proud to say, was approved by the staff of our lovely university! Pictures and all!" She chuckles as even more gasps break out. "After all, we're here to discuss what 'sapphic' means, no? And here we have another fantastic example of a sapphic person. We make no distinction in regards to what's between one's legs, *amores!*" The dark-skinned woman shakes her head. "Actually, I usually show a *different* pornstar here, but... Well, let's just say it would be very awkward for someone I saw on my class list..."

"Jesus..." Di's mouth is agape. "Is this class *just* gonna be looking at porn?" Chris can only agree with her new friend.

Of course, the professor seems to have anticipated this. "Now, I'm sure you're thinking... 'Is this class just an excuse to look at hot ladies?!'" Mazine holds up her hands in mock confusion, and then bursts out laughing. "Well, not at all! You see, we're going to be looking at how society views us hot ladies, and how it views us hot ladies loving one another. We're going to be trying to *understand* beautiful women, such as the two you've just seen, and understand why we find them *so* wonderful as sapphic women! We're going to be unraveling how we, as lesbians, fit into the vast puzzle that makes up modern society, and how we can be a part of, *and* stand apart, from it!" She gestures for Chansey. The blonde girl presses the remote again and a picture of an anime girl with *huge* tits appears on the screen behind her. "And, of course, how we're viewed in different cultures, such as Japan! Yes, *amores*, the picture of the hot ladies are... *study material*. Yes, you can *officially* say that while you're in this class!"

Mazine gives the girl behind her a nod. "And next, we can see..." The next slide shows a dark-skinned woman's chest, clad in a purple bra. "Uh oh!" Professor Mazine covers her mouth,

chuckling to herself. "Oops, I meant to send that one to my wife! Pretend you're not seeing that, *amores!*"

Behind her, Chansey realizes what the screen is showing and she somehow manages to blush even further. "Oh, I'll..." She begins, fumbling with the remote.

"Oh, no, *mi amore...*!" The dark-skinned woman turns and grabs the blonde girl's hands, looking a little surprised. "I'm only joking! I put that in there on purpose!" She chuckles and gestures up at the screen. "Tell me, what do you think, Chansey?"

"Wait, is *that* actually her?!" Chris feels the need to ask out loud as she stares at the image behind Mazine. She'd assumed it was a joke, but it's pretty clearly *actually* Mazine in the picture now that she looks at it closely... Well, *more* closely.

"Bet it was right before her wife jumped down her throat..." Di sighs happily. "You know, I think maybe I'd like to be a college professor myself..."

On the stage, Chansey seems a little confused. "Huh?" The small blonde blinks for a moment, and then slowly turns and looks at the huge picture behind her. From her perspective, Mazine's bra-clad breasts must look *huge*. "What... what do I think?"

"That's what I'm asking you!" The professor mockingly chides her, eliciting a few giggles. "Think of it this way, cutie... I mean, Chansey. I have *plenty* of experience with this kind of material as a sapphic woman. And God knows my wife has given me *plenty* of information about how *she* views this kind of material as a sapphic woman... And I'm sure most people in this class can understand that too!" She places her hands on Chansey's shoulders, bending down slightly to speak into the smaller girl's ear. Simultaneously, this gives the class a great view of the professor's shapely butt through her tight skirt, which Chris is *sure* is an 'accident'. "So, give us an... *outside perspective*, shall we say?"

"Er..." Chris can't see Chansey's face, but she can only imagine that the small girl is doing her best impression of a tomato. "I mean... It's really..." She gulps nervously. "It's really nice..."

There's a moment of silence, as a pregnant silence descends over the classroom. Despite being surrounded by almost four dozen other students, Chris can only hear the sounds of the dark-skinned woman's tummy rumbling as it digests her spouse. A moment later, Mazine's voice cuts through the silence, soft and silky. "Go on..." She purrs, her voice making Chris's nipples harden slightly.

"Ah... Your boobs... are really round..." Chansey continues, her voice ragged. "And your bra... I mean, purple goes really well with your skin color..." Despite her obvious discomfort, the blonde seems quite enamored with the picture all of a sudden. "It's really... It's really hot... I mean, really artistic!" A few laughs break out in the crowd as the girl fumbles her words. "I can't see anything else to say..." Chansey finishes rather lamely.

“That’s alright, you did really well! *Estoy agradecida, mi amore!*” Professor Mazine turns back to the class, smirking. “Would you like to see the one I took *without* the bra, then? Just hit that button...”

“Oh! Er...!” Chansey actually flinches at the professor’s words. “I don’t know, I’m not... I mean, I can try...”

“Oh, I’m only joking, *mi amore!*” The dark-skinned woman bursts out laughing, and the class follows along with her a moment later. “Of course I can’t show you something like *that* in class!” She reaches out and takes the remote from Chansey’s hands, and then turns the girl back to face the class. “Oh dear, I think I might have teased my lovely little assistant a little bit too much!” Indeed, Chansey herself is blushing with a look of deep humiliation on her face. “Perhaps cutie... I mean, Chansey should have just raised her hand at the start...”

The class breaks into laughter, and the dark-skinned professor grins widely. “Now, as we determined earlier, there *are* a few among us this semester that say they’re *not* sapphic...” Mazine takes a few steps backward and puts an arm around Chansey’s shoulders. The small blonde flinches in surprise, but she doesn’t try to pull away as the professor grins widely. “During your time in this course, I heavily encourage all of you to indulge yourself in exclusively *sapphic* material. Whether that be novels, anime... and *especially* more adult material if you’re open to it!” She chuckles and winks. “There’s no requirement to *be* a sapphic woman to *understand* sapphic women, but I *do* expect you to at least *try* and immerse yourself in our world! Who knows? Maybe you’ll decide to join us...?” The class laughs at that, and Chris is surprised to see even a few girls who didn’t raise their hands laughing too.

Seemingly satisfied, the professor now claps her hands. “Okay everyone! That’s the end of our class today! *Gracias por venir!* Thank you for coming today! Let’s give Miss Chansey a big round of applause for her help with today’s lesson!” Chris dutifully claps along with the rest of the class as Chansey stumbles back to her seat. “Normally, I’d stay and answer any questions you lovely ladies have, but my wife is...” Mazine grimaces for a moment, and then grins. “Ah, she’s requiring my attention! Please, contact me through email if you have any urgent questions, and I’ll see you lovelies next time!” Even as the class begins to break up, Chris notices that Professor Mazine beats a hasty retreat to the door at the back of the stage, holding her stomach.

“Damn!” Di says, as the two of them exit the lecture hall. “Now *that’s* the kinda lesson I always dreamed about watching!” The air outside feels a lot *cooler* than it did inside the room, and Chris wonders if she and Di weren’t the only ones who were aroused by Professor Mazine’s class. Chansey clearly had been, if Chris was any judge. “I’ve only seen her once, but that woman is my *idol!*”

“Yeah, she was... really *something!*” Chris is still trying to process the class she just sat through. Did that really *happen?* Of course it had, but it’s still hard to believe. “I thought college classes



were going to be boring studies, but *wow*." After all, all the fun was supposed to happen in between classes, right? Honestly, the brunette is already checking her edu-tablet for Professor Mazine's next class... "Oh, shit! She's my tutorial teacher too!" While everyone in the class attended the same lectures, they would be split into tutorial classes of about ten to twenty. Luckily, Chris had been put into the one taught by Mazine herself!

"No!" Di gives Chris a dumbfounded look. "You lucky... Hold on!" Reaching into her duster jacket, the tall girl pulls out her own edu-tablet. As the holographic screen pops into existence, Di's eyes are frantic... and then relieved. "Oh my God! She's my tutorial teacher too! Oh, thank you, God..." She closes her eyes and hugs her edu-tablet, the transparent interface squishing against her boobs as she sighs in total satisfaction. "I mean, I'm an atheist, but *damn*. Thank you, who ever the fuck's up there..."

Chris enjoys the sight of Di's tits being squished for a moment, and then carefully looks away as the tall girl's eyes open again. "Damn... Kit's never gonna believe us..." Oh, speaking of! "Ah, I should call her..."

As Chris pulls out her flip phone, Di sighs again. "Ah... I told you, she's gonna be doing this class in a couple years! Trust me, my gaydar is never wrong..."

"Riiight..." Chris doesn't put much stock in the idea of a 'gaydar', though she has to admit that Kit *does* seem a little suspicious sometimes. But to be fair to the small girl, *no-one* is straight enough to not ogle Di's boobs. *Finished class, crazy lesson. Where are you?* She sends the text to Kit.

"Real talk though..." The tall girl smirks and lowers her voice, leaning in slightly so that only Chris can hear. "She was totally rushing to the toilet, right? I think Professor Mazine and Mrs. Mazine are enjoying some quality time together right now... Uh, you okay?"

Normally, Chris would be rather interested in this topic. But... "N-nothing!" She answers, looking down at her phone. Her text message hangs in the air, unanswered. She hasn't texted much with Kit yet, but the little she has texted with the girl had revealed that Kit's a swift replier when it comes to texting. And she should have been waiting for a text... "Just... waiting for Kit to reply..."

The two of them stare at Chris's phone for a few seconds. But the screen stays static. Or as static as a holographic projection can stay.

"Well..." Di says after a moment. "She's probably just busy, right? Maybe she ran into someone and started up a conversation? She seems like the chatty type, right?"

Yeah... Maybe. Chris knows it's silly to worry, considering it's only been a minute or so. But still... "It's probably nothing!" She says, more for herself than to Di. "Come on, let's go and get that coffee while we wait-"

All of a sudden, there's a buzzing noise from within Di's duster jacket. "Huh?" The tall girl pats herself down, looking confused. "Oh, dammit, where is it...?" Finally, she reaches into a pocket and pulls out her own flip phone. As she holds it up, Chris can see the name 'Sarah Simons' projected in front of the device. "Aw, *crap*. It's my mom." The tall girl sighs, rolling her eyes. "This... This is gonna take a while. You go on ahead, Chris."

"Huh?" Chris raises an eyebrow. "Oh, I can wait a little while if you're..."

Di gives her a pained smile. "No, my mom... She loves a chat. This is gonna take a hot minute." She gives the brunette a thumbs up. "You go on ahead... *mi amore*."

Chris rolls her eyes. "Sure. Let me know if you wanna hang out when you're done, then... *mi amore*." The brunette waves and walks away as Di accepts the call.

"Hey mom... Yeah, I'm alright... I promise I'm fine... Yeah, I know I was supposed to call Sis every other night, but I just forgot, okay? Wait, hold on... Hey, Chris!" The brunette stops and turns around, looking back at Di. "Hey... Send me a text when you find Kit, okay?" The tall girl is trying to look unconcerned, but there's a slight glint of worry in her eyes.

So, she's not the only one a little worried about Kit, huh? Chris gives her a thumbs up.

Di sighs and returns to her phone. "Mom, it's not a big deal if I don't call my sister... Jade doesn't want to talk to me every other night, she's married with a kid on the way!" Chris hears the girl sigh in irritation. "Look, I'm sure Dad agrees with me, ask *him*! I know he's probably out *gardening*, but..."

Leaving Di to her personal call, Chris wanders away through the courtyard, in the same direction that she saw Kit walking an hour ago. She's not *looking* for the small girl, of course, just happening to walk in the same direction... Anyway. Chris wonders what to do now. Maybe the bathroom? Sitting through two classes has left her bladder quite full, now that she thinks about it. And now that she's thought about it, it's impossible to *stop* thinking about it...

The campus has mixed-gender bathrooms, of course. All education facilities in the country had them nowadays, at least for the last decade or so. Chris herself had spent her entire student life with mixed-gender bathrooms, so it still surprised her that Kit apparently hadn't heard of the concept before. Then again, the small girl *was* from Idaho...

Speaking of Kit, maybe she's just in the toilet herself or something. That could be why she still hasn't answered Chris's text. At least, that's what the brunette tells herself as she checks her phone. The text she sent to the small girl isn't just unanswered, it's unread. Still, that's no cause for concern. It's only been about... ten minutes.

Chris isn't worried. So, she stows her flip phone back into her pocket as she enters one of the campus buildings and heads towards the toilets. Around her, there's plenty of fellow students sitting around, chatting and studying. It's broad daylight. There's nothing to worry about.

As she nears the toilets, a young man steps out, wiping his hands on his pants. "I wouldn't, if I were you." He says to Chris in passing. It's so quick that the brunette takes a moment to realize he's even talking to her. And by the time she does, he's already long gone.

Uh... Okay? What the heck did *that* mean? Who says something like that to a complete stranger? Chris blinks for a moment, wondering if she'd just imagined that. No, he definitely spoke to her.

Still confused, Chris enters the mixed-gender toilets where the young man just exited. Passing the sinks, the young woman takes a moment to check her appearance.

Dressed in a cheap white button up shirt and an average pair of jeans, Chris doesn't feel particularly... *exciting*. She adjusts her shirt, trying to make her bra subtly more visible. Chris really wishes she'd had the courage to wear that obscene outfit she'd wanted to wear today. Or just the whale tail, at the very least...

Fuck! She should have done that! Chris curses in her head at the realization. She could have hidden it from Aunt Vicky and just let everyone else catch a glimpse every now and then. Ah... The brunette really wishes that she'd thought of that this morning, but she'd been too distracted by her own lack of courage. That, and Vicky had been talking about that Australian singer in the car again...

No. Next time, Chris was going to wear the outfit. It's what she's wanted to do for years! She can't let herself chicken out now. If wearing it in front of Aunt Vicky is part of that, well... Why not just wear it tonight in front of her? She has no idea how the older woman will react, but she can't *stop* Chris, can she? Not that Chris expects that Aunt Vicky *would* stop her, but...

Ah, whatever. The brunette needs to pee, not stand around thinking about shit like this.

Stepping away from the mirror, Chris turns and walks deeper into the bathroom, into the rows of stalls...

"Oh." She says, out loud.

Two girls are standing on the far side of the room, leaning against the bathroom wall. As they hear Chris, the two look up and smirk at her. They're standing next to a stall with its door ajar. The brunette has a sneaking suspicion that...

Yeah. They're futanari alright. The one on the left is a sandy-haired girl wearing a short skirt that makes her erection very obvious, and the one on the left is a tanned girl with a half-chub straining against her tight shorts.

"What?" The one in the skirt asks after a moment. "You never seen a couple of chicks with dicks before?"

"Uh... Yeah. I have." Chris grew up with two of them. "Ugh... Is this...?" She's not quite sure of the *etiquette* here. Is this some sort of sexual situation? If she walks into a stall, is she signaling to these girls that she wants some? Fuck, should she call Aunt Vicky and ask what the fuck this is?! "Ugh... Can I pee, or...?"

The sandy-haired girl gives her a slightly annoyed look. "Fuck you asking us for? Ain't *our* toilet, lady."

"Sasha!" A slightly familiar voice echoes from the open stall. "That's not how a Hermos member addresses a girl, is it?"

Sasha frowns, blushing slightly. Beside her, the tanned futanari giggles at her. "Eh... Sorry, Candice." She looks back at Chris. "Hey, cutie... Feel free to go ahead and *pee*..." Her wink is even less encouraging than her sharp words earlier.

"Geez..." The voice from within the stall sighs, her voice echoing through the bathroom. "Hey, they're not gonna, like, jump you or anything, girl. Hermos only does *consensual sex*, okay?"

Ah. Somehow, it's unsurprising that these two girls are members of the campus's futanari sorority. Chris doesn't have a lot of experience with Lambda Hermos, but in the little time she's known of them, they've earned quite a reputation for being a bunch of horny animals in her mind.

"Er... Thanks?" Not being sexually assaulted isn't really something that Chris should be *thanking* someone for, but it feels appropriate. "Hey, are you Candice from the other day?" Candice had been manning the booth for Lambda Hermos during the orientation day. Chris walks forward slightly, curious to see if it's the same person. "Have you seen the girl I was with... Oh my God!"

It is indeed Candice from the other day, the black futanari girl who'd been manning the booth with her friend Jackie. It's *very* obvious that she's a futanari, since she's *jerking off* while sitting on the toilet!

"Oh, hey! Chris Abrams!" The black-skinned girl does not stop jerking off as she grins up at Chris. "How are you doing, girl? Remember me? I'm Candice, from Lambda Hermos!" She's not wearing anything below the belt, her black thighs and legs as bare as the day she was born. Her shirt is undone, revealing a modest chest covered by a blue bra.

“Yeah, I can see you’re from Lambda Herмос!” Chris holds up her hand to block the obscene sight of Candice *whacking off* right in front of her. “What the heck are you *doing?!*” Holy *crap*, that thing is *big!* It’s almost as big as Aunt Vicky’s cock! Chris can’t help but see Candice’s dark balls jiggling as she masturbates.

Candice rolls her eyes. “I’m beating my cock. Obviously.” Chris can feel her face turning red, and the futanari grins at her. “Hey, I got a medical condition, y’know? Us futanari are allowed to rub one out in between classes. Look it up, it’s in the code of conduct!”

Well... To be honest, Chris actually *does* know that some places allow futanari to... *relieve* themselves if they need to. After all, futanari tend to have higher sex drives than men and women, and being distracted by an erection would make it hard to focus on learning. “Ah... Yeah, sorry...” Chris apologizes, feeling like she’s been a bit rude. “Um... Do you have to do it with the door *open?*”

“Hard to talk to the homies with the door closed, right?” Candice makes a finger gun at her friends. “You didn’t meet Sasha and Farnese the other day, right?”

Any excuse to not look at the black girl’s *shockingly* large cock. Chris didn’t like to believe certain stereotypes, but the one about black futanari was clearly true in Candice’s case. “Yeah... Hi.” She says, aware of the burning blush on her cheeks. “Nice to meet you.”

“Pleasure’s all mine, cutie!” Farnese speaks with a slight Italian accent, and when she does, Chris can see the girl’s half-chub forming into a full erection in her shorts. Sasha just rolls her eyes, as if Chris has done something to annoy her.

“Uh...” Chris takes a deep breath and decides to accept the situation as normal. Not like she can stop Candice from stroking off right in front of her, can she? “Uh... Candice, have you seen the girl I was with the other day? Not the... the one with the big tits, the small one?”

“Oh... Kit, right?” Candice leans back on the toilet, her face thoughtful as her thumb rubs the head of her cock. “The midget chick I could probably pick up and fuck on any surface I pleased all day long? Er... She had, like, black hair and a hoodie, right?”

“Yeah!” The brunette feels a surge of hope. “Have you seen her in, like, the last hour or so?”

But of course, her hopes are dashed. “Nope.” Candice shakes her head. “I’ve been trapped in a conversation with Becky for the last hour.” She gestures to her erection. “That’s why I’m cranking one out like crazy!”

“Oh, the little chick?” Sasha snorts derisively. “Wasn’t she the one Jackie was going on about? The one who she said would slide down her throat without touching the sides?”

“And not even make a bulge when she’s inside? Yeah, that’s her!” Candice chuckles, her stroking speeding up slightly. “Ooh, that’s hot... Why? You wanna eat her or something?”

“Uh... no.” Chris is about to tell the girls off for speaking about her friend that way, but something Candice said earlier is rattling around in her brain. “Wait, you spoke to Becky?”

Candice shrugs. “Yeah, she was going off about teaching someone a lesson, or something? I dunno. I was mostly staring at her tits the whole time.” The black futanari seems uninterested in the topic. “Nah, if I ran into your cute friend, she’d be bouncing on my cock right now back at Mount Hermos, y’know? She seems like a real easy target.”

“Ah... Okay. Thanks anyway.” Chris... doesn’t like the sound of that. But there’s no reason to think that Becky wants revenge on *her* or Kit, right? Becky’s probably got a hundred people she wants revenge on.

“Ah, no flannel today?” Candice says casually, as if she’s not stroking off right in front of Chris. “Shame. You’ve got a real andro face, you can really pull off a tomboy look...” To the brunette’s embarrassment, the futanari’s dick visibly twitches as she speaks.

Trying to ignore that Candice is clearly jacking off to *her* now, Chris folds her arms. “Um... Are you going to be long?” She asks, looking around. There’s other stalls available, but it would feel weird to use the toilet while Candice is milking herself.

“Oh!” Candice’s grin turns into a smirk. “Hey, if you need to use the toilet, don’t mind me!” The black futanari slides back on the toilet seat and opens her legs. “Just sit on my lap!”

For a moment, Chris thinks that the futanari is joking. But as the seconds pass and Candice waits patiently, the brunette realizes that it’s a genuine offer. “O-oh!” Chris shakes her head. “No, I couldn’t... Yeah, sorry! Not gonna do that!” It’s a bold offer, and the brunette is honestly flattered, but there’s no way a girl who couldn’t bring herself to dress like a slut today could do something like *that*.

“Come on...” Candice grins, still stroking her long black cock. “All you gotta do is slide those pants and panties down and take a seat, right?” Chris can see that the head of her penis is *dripping* with precum. “And afterward, you and I can have a quickie!”

Ah. Well, it was obvious that sex would be involved at some point, but it’s *quite* an offer. There’s a lot of reasons why Chris should hesitate, but the first that comes to mind is... “You’re not even wearing a condom?” The brunette asks, feeling a slight twinge in her abdomen.

The black-skinned futanari shrugs. “Gotta get my score up somehow, right?”

“Score?” Chris raises an eyebrow.

“Oh, right...” Behind her, Sasha is still rubbing her boner through her skirt. “Yeah, at Mount Hermos, we keep a big scoreboard of all the chicks we knock up. The lass with the most pregnant bitches at the end of the year gets to cum in any other member’s mouth for the rest of the year.”

“Damn Jackie...” Farnese grimaces. “I hate having to swallow her loads just because she snuck into the sperm bank her mom works at...”

Candice chuckles in amusement. “Hey, think of it as a protein shake, girls! Next year you’ll be choking down *my* loads, and they’re a lot thicker than Jackie’s.” She winks up at Chris. “Come on, I’m already one up on Jackie, but that bitch can close the lead any day. Help me out here, Abrams!”

Honestly... It’s tempting. It’s a *bad* fucking idea, obviously, but Chris *is* still tempted to accept such a bold offer. No-one else would be here to see her giving in, and that cock *does* look good... Still, Chris’s arousal isn’t overpowering her intelligence just yet.

“As much as I’d love to ruin my life and my career by getting knocked up in my first week of college...” Chris answers dryly, feeling more than a little amused by the offer. “I’m not sure getting knocked up in a public toilet is a story I want to tell my kids one day.” Nor is losing her virginity in a seedy public bathroom either, but she doesn’t want to admit that out loud to these girls.

“You sure?” Candice grins at her. “You’re a pretty liberal chick, right? Our kid would be mixed race...” She trails off, winking at Chris.

Ugh. Chris *hates* that she’s more than a little turned on by the idea. “N-no... No thank you. I’m flattered, but no thank you.” Ah, she can’t wait any longer! Blushing, the brunette turns and enters a nearby stall. “E-excuse me!” She says, closing and locking the door behind her.

“Shame...” Candice sighs, the sound of her continuing to beat off echoing throughout the bathroom. “I suppose that means you still haven’t changed your mind about joining us in Lambda Hermos?” She asks, raising her voice to reach across the bathroom.

As Chris pulls down her pants and sits down on the toilet, she considers the question. Joining them as a sex slave? Chris... *has* thought about it, actually. Several times over the course of the last few nights. God, she *really* needs a vibrator or a dildo or *something*. “I’ve... considered it. But I think it’s something I’d do later on.” The brunette answers as diplomatically as she can. At least, to a girl who’s actively jacking off right now.

“How about at least joining our chat server?” Farnese suggests, and Chris hears the sound of the tanned futanari pulling out her phone. “We love getting more girls to talk to...”

“N-no, I couldn’t...” Chris knows that’s a bad idea too. These girls are clearly experienced at coaxing girls into their clutches, and she has no doubt that chatting to them online would be a first step on a long journey that would see her pregnant before she hit her twentieth birthday. “I appreciate the offer, but...”

A moment later, Chris feels a steady stream of pee leave her body, and she almost sighs out loud in relief. She’s a bit self-conscious that Candice might use the sounds as jerk-off material, after all.

“Geez, there’s so many fucking dick pics on the server!” Sasha complains, as she apparently looks over Farnese’s shoulder at the tanned futanari’s holographic screen. “God, there must be half a dozen every fucking day... Wait, did you take that one just now, Candice?!”

Chris bites her lip. “Um...” She says, after a moment. “Actually, you can add me to the chat server if you want. I don’t mind.” Thinking with her pussy isn’t a good idea, but the promise of daily jill material is impossible to refuse. Chris might be wary of the Lambda Hermos girls, but she can’t say she doesn’t think they’re *hot*.

Stepping out of the toilet stall, Chris takes another long look at Candice’s cock. God, it’s tempting to just walk over there and... No. She’s not going to spend the rest of her life having lost her virginity in a public toilet. “Uh... Thanks for your help, Candice.” It hadn’t been much help, but at least the black futanari had *tried*.

“No problem!” Candice looks up at Chris, biting her lip. “Ah... Just stand there for a moment, would you?”

“Huh? Okay?” Chris raises an eyebrow. “Why do you need me to...?”

The answer comes as a spurt of white liquid. “Ugh!” Candice lets out a deep moan as her balls begin to pulse. A moment later, a thick load of cum shoots out of her cock, splattering all over the tile floor. Chris flinches and steps back, almost having her shoes painted white. “Oh! Fuck! Yes!”

“Geez, what a fucking mess!” Sasha complains with a smirk. The sandy-haired girl is stroking her cock through her skirt. Beside her, Farnese is rubbing her bulge with an excited smile. “Hey, friendly fire!” She presses herself back against the wall as a second spurt reaches even further than the first, slapping onto the cold tile with a soft *plap*.

“Ugh...” Candice’s eyes are crossed, a dumb grin of satisfaction on her face. “Uh... That was great. Thanks, Chris. You’re great fap material!”

Chris... actually kinda appreciates that. “Uh, you’re welcome!” The brunette watches in fascination as the black dick in front of her begins to soften, dribbles of cum running down the futanari’s balls.



Perhaps it's a good idea that she hadn't worn that obscene outfit in here today. If she had, then Chris had no doubt that these three would have let her off so easily. In fact, the load that's now almost steaming up from the bathroom floor could have been sloshing around inside her... "Er, you do this kinda thing often?"

"I tug one out here after class most days." Candice smirks at Chris. "Feel free to swing by if you wanna hang out, cutie."

"I... I might just do that." Chris feels like her mouth is moving faster than her brain is. "Uh... I should leave you guys to it..."

"Ugh... Probably for the best." The black futanari grimaces, looking down at her cock. "Fuck, I'm already getting hard again..." Indeed, the black dick got about halfway down and now it's rising back to full-mast again.

Any longer in this bathroom and she's risking pregnancy, Chris knows. Turning away, the brunette moves toward the exit.

As she does, a small girl almost runs into her. For a moment, Chris almost thinks it's Kit, but the girl doesn't look anything like her. She's certainly small, but this girl has mousy brown hair and big glasses. "Oh! S-sorry!" She stammers, blushing as she steps back. "Didn't mean to... R-run into you..."

Chris shakes her head. "It's cool, we're both fine." Lowering her voice, Chris leans in slightly. "Um... There's a few Lambda Hermos girls in here, just so you know..."

"Oh, there is...?" The mousy girl turns to the mirror and checks her appearance, pushing up her glasses. "Okay... wish me luck!"

"Good... Good luck?" Chris blinks in surprise as the mousy girl walks over to the open stall, pauses for a moment as she sees Candice presumably wanking again... and begins to unzip her skirt as she steps inside.

"See you later, Chris!" Sasha waves at her with a smirk, as the two other futanari also enter the toilet stall behind the mousy girl. A moment later, the stall door clicks shut with four people inside.

Wow. College is fucking *wild*.

Part of Chris wants to stick around and listen, but she's unfortunately got something bigger to worry about.

As she steps out of the toilet, Chris checks her phone again. It hasn't buzzed, but she'd held out a *little* hope that she'd just not noticed Kit replying to her...

Nope. No answer, still unread.

Okay. That's fine. Kit... might have just missed her text. Or her phone had run out of solar power... somehow. Or she'd dropped it in the toilet. Yeah, there were a hundred reasons why she hadn't answered the message yet, and only *one* of them had anything to do with Becky. That was, like, a 1% chance! Chris knew that wasn't how statistics worked, but that's how she *wanted* to believe they worked right now.

There was a piece of equipment that never failed. The old Mark One Eyeball. Chris isn't too worried or anything, but it couldn't hurt to wander around campus and see if she could spot the little Asian woman. At least her size made her pretty easy to spot, oddly enough.

It's after class now, and quite a few students have left. But there's still plenty around, walking together, chatting, studying at the various seats and tables. As Chris walks around, not really in any particular direction, she keeps an eye out for Kit, wondering where she is. A moment later, she steps out of the building, into the open air...

All of a sudden, the brunette feels a slight chill. It's not very warm in Sacramento right now, but the hairs on the back of her neck stand up.

Chris looks up into the sky.

The pale orb hangs in the blue sky, dull and distant. Half of it fades into the blueness, its white surface almost ethereal in the otherwise sunny sky.

*Luna Advenit...*

There is no such thing as *omens*. As far as Chris believes, anyhow. The soul might be real, but faith is not.

But the sight of the Moon during the day has always made her a little uneasy. Part of her feels like the distant planetoid shouldn't be visible during the day. Like a brown note to her ears, it's a pale sight to her eyes.

Surely, it's there regardless if good things happen or bad. But Chris knows there's a part of the human soul that will always be spiritual, even for the hardest atheist. And that part of her doesn't like that her eyes have caught the moon now of all times...

"Fuck you, you piece of rock..." Chris mutters under her breath, turning away from the bastard of Earth and Theia.

Just then, her phone buzzes. With the speed and dexterity of an astronaut, Chris has her flip phone in her hands in less than a second, opening the text message notification. It's...

*Hey Chris, just curious if you wanted to swing by my band's performance this weekend? We're playing in a local club, and I can get you a free ticket if you wanna vibe.*

It's... It's Sadie, the red headed musician who'd signed her into campus during orientation day. Chris had almost forgotten that they'd exchanged numbers... and that she'd been invited to watch the girl's band. The brunette blushes in embarrassment as she realizes how desperately she'd opened the phone.

Wait! Kit had said that Sadie had been the one who'd signed her in too, right?

*Hey Sadie, I'll have to get back to you if I'm free this weekend, but I'd love to come! Where are you playing, and can I bring some friends too?*

*Also, have you seen Kit Chen around? Really short girl in a hoodie, I think you signed her in the other day too? Totally fine if you haven't!*

Chris bites her lip in anticipation. As expected, the reply takes only a few seconds.

*I'll text you the time and location, and friends totally welcome too. And if you mean the chick who looks like she's wearing nothing under her hoodie, yeah I saw her.*

A feeling of relief washes over Chris, and she feels her suppressed panic begin to fade.

*Thanks, where did you see her? How long ago?*

Sadie's response is not a welcome one.

*About an hour ago? We talked for a couple minutes, and she asked me where Becky Chastity was, so maybe check with Becky? Good luck talking to Lady Chastity, though LOL*

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck...

Fuck!

Oh God, Kit hadn't really tried to go and make friends with *Becky*, had she? Was the small girl *suicidal*?

Oh *Christ*. Chris can just picture it in her head. Kit skipping right up to Becky and her cronies with a big, sweet smile... Becky talking the girl into some back room... Becky slurping her down the tiny girl like a light snack. Oh God, what if she was being digested right now?!

No! Don't panic! Chris has a lot of complaints in regards to how Matilda raised her, but not with one particular thing: Her mother had made sure that her daughters knew how to *control* their panic. In a closed environment, panic was the deadliest thing of all, she'd always said.

Yes. Chris knows she's overreacting. Yes, Kit had been looking for Becky, but that didn't mean she'd *found* her. Or that the beautiful bitch had eaten her friend in broad daylight.

Yes, enough was enough. This was *stupid*. The brunette decides to just bite the fucking bullet. Reaching into her pocket, Chris opens up the text conversation with Kit, and presses her finger through the holographic icon of a phone. She'll just fucking *call* Kit and ask where the girl is! A moment later, the phone begins to ring.

Chris watches as the phone rings...

And rings...

And *rings*...

Finally, the ringing stops and the sound of Kit's voice comes through. "Hey! It's me! Leave a message if you need to talk to me, or ring me back..."

"Fucking...!" Chris swears out loud, startling a group of boys studying at a table nearby. "S-sorry!" She apologizes to them with a blush, and then turns away. "Fucking answering machine..."

Oh God. She's starting to panic. Chris can feel her chest beating hard. Well, she'd really been panicking since the moment she'd sent the text, but now she can't ignore it anymore. Feeling deeply self-conscious, the brunette ducks into an alley between two buildings and presses herself against the wall, holding her chest.

Has Becky done something to Kit? Has another predator? Should she call campus security to look for Kit? No! That was overreacting, surely?! Fuck, she'd only met Kit the other day, and she couldn't even be sure the girl was in danger...

Okay, but what if Kit *was* in danger?! What if she was being eaten alive right now? Digested right at this moment? What if she never showed up again? If Chris didn't call security right now, then it might be a choice between whether her friend lived or disappeared forever...

No, she should call Aunt Vicky! The idea hits Chris like a thunderbolt. Her aunt is a veteran predator, she'd know a million times more about this kinda scenario than Chris. Yes, she needs to call her aunt. Vicky will know exactly what to do...

"Chris?" Kit waves her hand in front of Chris's face, giving her a vaguely amused look. "Chris? You good? You fall asleep?"

Chris flinches backward in shock. "K... Kit?!" She says, almost not believing her eyes. The small girl is here, in the alley with her! She's standing right in front of Chris!

"Yeah, who else would I... Whoa!" Suddenly, Kit is in Chris's arms, as the brunette pulls her into a tight hug. Chris hadn't even realized what she was doing until she caught up with her own brain, as she hugged the small girl.

"Shit... Sorry, Kit..." Chris can feel her throat tightening. "I... It's good to see you..." *Alive.*

"Ah, hey! That's... That's okay!" The small girl sounds confused as heck, but she's not complaining. "You can... You can hug me all you want..." As embarrassed as she is, Chris squeezes the small girl tight, endless relief flowing through her body. Finally, Chris releases the small girl, putting her back down on the stone. She hadn't even realized she'd actually lifted Kit off the ground.

"You... Why didn't you reply to my texts?" Chris asks, feeling a rush of irritation now that her relief starts to fade. "I texted you an hour ago!"

"Wow..." Kit is bright red, seeming quite shaken and happy with being hugged so tightly. "Oh, er... You texted me?" She blinks in surprise and reaches into her hoodie. "Er... Oh, crud, I left my phone back at my apartment!"

Chris almost bursts out laughing. God, there's so many fucking emotions swirling around inside her right now. Taking a deep breath, the brunette regains control of herself. "Er... Sorry. I was just a bit worried about you. Where have you been? You didn't run into Becky, did you?" Well, the small girl is *alive*, so presumably not...

"Hmm? Oh, I just wandered around for a little bit and then went back to my apartment. It's only like a five minute walk away" Kit puts her hands into her hoodie pockets and smiles at Chris. "Actually, I asked around to see where Becky was, but then I kinda chickened out... She's pretty scary, y'know?"

Chris could not be happier that her new friend is a coward. "Yeah... Yeah, she really is." Sighing, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out her flip phone, dialing Di's number. When it picks up, Chris can't help but grin. "Oh, Di! I found Kit, she's..."

A loud burp echoes in Chris's ear. "Oh, *that* was this bitch's name?"

The voice is Becky's.

There is no doubt that Chris is hearing Becky's voice through Di's phone.

"Chris...?" Kit asks, her face turning worried. "You look kinda pale..."

"Becky?" Chris asks, a chill running down her spine. "What are you... Where's Di?"

"Not much of a greeting!" Becky answers, a nasty tint in her voice. Chris can *hear* the smirk in the girl's voice. "How about 'Hi, Becky, thank you for letting me hear your lovely voice'? Hmm?" In the distance, Chris can hear snickering, almost certainly from Senna and Farrah.

In front of Chris, Kit's eyes widen. "Huh? You're talking to Becky? Where's Di?"

"Oh... Don't worry. She's right here!" Becky chuckles. It's a laugh devoid of any kind of kindness. Just pure cruelty. "See... When classes ended today, I happened to run across your sexy friend... And she really had no business standing around with such *delicious* looking tits on *my* campus..."

"You didn't..." Chris knows that the bully wouldn't be saying this if she hadn't, but the brunette doesn't want to believe...

"Oh? See for yourself!" And to Chris and Kit horror, a picture is sent from Di's phone number..

In the image, Becky Chastity lounges on a plush chair somewhere on the campus. Senna and Farrah are seated on either armrest, their surprisingly shapely butts next to Becky's head. But it's not them that draw the eye. Becky's designer sundress is pulled up to her chest, exposing her stomach...

"Oh no!" Kit squeaks, her eyes wide with terror. "Di!"

Becky's stomach is engorged beyond belief, with the familiar shape of Chris's other friend painfully outlined against her belly skin. Chris could almost recognize the tall girl's face pressed against the stomach, and she *definitely* recognizes the shape of Di's tits, two bulges pressing out from just above Becky's belly button.

"You... You ate her!" Kit takes a step back, her face equally scared and stunned. "Why...?"

"Why? Because I'm a hungry girl, and I wanted to digest those lovely tits of hers!" Becky laughs along with her two flunkies. "Ooh...! Yes!" To Chris's horror, she can hear the unmistakable sound of a belly rumbling. "Ah... Your friend's tits are gonna be *my* tits soon!"

“Heh... Good thing we got to fondle her before Becky sucked her down, right Senna?” Farrah giggles through the phone.

“Oh yeah!” Senna’s voice is equally nasty. “Amazingly *suckable* nipples, gotta say! You’ve got good taste in friends, Abrams... Literally!”

No, this can’t be happening! “Let... Let Di go!” Chris says, hating how much panic there is in her voice. “Let her go, or...!”

“Or *what?*” Becky asks with an iron tone. “What are you gonna do, Chrissie? Please, tell me!”

Oh God. Oh God. “Or I’ll...” Chris really isn’t sure how to end her threat. “I’ll call the campus security?” It’s a weak threat, even to her own ears.

On the other side of the phone, the brunette can hear the three bullies burst into mocking giggles. “And what? Tell them someone’s being digested? Like they’re gonna give a shit?” Senna seems somewhere between amused and incredulous at the idea.

Her twin seems equally tickled by the concept. “Ha... Next she’ll be pulling up the campus codes of conduct!”

Becky’s smirk is audible as she speaks. “Oh... You really *do* know how to make me laugh, don’t you, Chrissie?” She sneers at the camera. “But sure. Go right ahead and tell campus security. Miss right out on your chance to save your friend...” There’s a loud stomach rumble through the phone.

“Save?” Chris knows that Becky is stringing her along, but what else can she do?! “What do you mean, ‘save’?”

“Please!” Kit begs, her voice full of desperation. “Please, we’ll do anything!”

“Oh, calm your non-existent tits!” The bully snaps back, making Senna and Farrah burst into giggles. “Now, I wouldn’t have answered the phone if I didn’t want to talk to you, Chrissie. Now, *knowing* that you’d ring your sexy girlfriend here, I’ve decided that you’re going to entertain me...”

Chris definitely doesn’t like the sound of that. “Entertain?” She asks warily.

“I’ve got no classes for the rest of the day, as I said...” Becky’s voice drawls lazily, and Chris can imagine her laying back in that plush chair like a queen reclining on a throne. “So... We’re going to play a little game.” Her chuckles are deep and menacing. “Oh, it’s a fun little game, Chrissie. A game of hide and seek. A game of hungry mouths and desperate little prey. A game of stomach acid and your friend becoming part of Becky Chastity’s glorious tits forever if you lose...”

Dammit. Chris doesn't want to play this sick little game of hers. But again, what choice does she have? "Fine!" She snaps, glaring at the picture on her phone. At Becky's smug smirk before her eyes. "What's this fucking *game* of yours, Becky?"

"Ooh! Someone's a little feistier than the other day!" Becky doesn't sound intimidated at all. "Careful, Chrissie, I'm starting to like you a little more..." When Chris doesn't rise to her bait, the bully snickers softly. "Okay. Here's what I'm laying down, cuties. I've just taken an *antacid* pill, heavy-duty." Her words are punctuated by a series of loud tummy gurgles. "Yeah, that antacid's not gonna last too long!" Becky giggles and audibly slaps her stomach. To Chris's despair, she can clearly hear Di awkwardly groan from inside the bully's stomach. "I figure you've got... God, an hour, let's say?" Smirking, the blonde shrugs mockingly. "Yeah, sixty-minutes or so before my guts get to work. Better hurry, the more excited I get, the faster that antacid will wear off..."

"So, you're saying we have to find you in sixty minutes?" Kit gulps nervously. Though she looks terrified, she seems just as ready to play to save Di as Chris is.

"Exactly, you smart little snack, you!" Becky smacks her lips through the phone. "And if you find me before then, I'll let your friend out *alive*. And if you fail..." Chris's phone buzzes again, and another picture appears. It's Di's face and tits, outlined against Becky's stomach. "Your friend... Di, was it? She gets to live the rest of her life as 'Becky Chastity'. And you'll just have to find a new friend to flirt with, won't you, Chrissie?"

"How do we know you'll keep your word?" Chris asks, trusting Becky somewhere between 'not at all' and 'never'.

Becky and her flunkies just snicker at the question. "Well... I guess you don't." Becky finally answers. "But it's not much fun winning if I can't lose, right? And as I'm sure your friend Di is finding out right now, losing can be pretty fun! So, chop chop, Chrissie. You two better find me quick, that antacid's already wearing off!"

And with that, she hangs up the call.

[60:00]

[59:59]

[59:58]

"Oh crap..." Kit looks up at Chris, panic in her eyes. "What do we do?"



Chris takes a deep breath. She doesn't trust Becky, but if there's even a chance they can save Di... "We're going to find that bitch and her cronies."

"Okay!" Kit clenches her fists, trying to look determined. Then, her eyes soften in despair. "But... How? We don't know where she is, and we can't call anyone..."

That's true, but Chris knows they have to try... Wait a minute. "She didn't say we couldn't call *anyone*. Becky said we can't call security." Despite the situation, the young woman can't help but smirk slightly. "So, I'm gonna make a phone call."

"Really?" Kit blinks in surprise. "To who?"

That's easy to answer. After all, Aunt Vicky is right at the top of her phone's contact list.

[58:57]

[58:56]

[58:54]