

Blowjob Study Group
-A Short-
By Razmagurk

I pulled up, gasping for breath, from the cock in front of me. A thick strand of drool still connected it to my fat pink lips as I wiped my chin with the back of the hand and passed the dildo around the table to my left.

"Man," I slumped, heart still racing. "I really don't get this class."

"Evidently," snarked Ferris, seated opposite me. "We've been at this for hours now and you're still struggling. We're going to miss the party at this rate. Come on, Fletcher, what's not to get? Grip the shaft, lick the head, suck, smile." He mimed the textbook's instructions as he went, his prodigious, unrestrained tits bouncing beneath his open blouse from the vigorous motion.

"No, yeah," I waved a gel-polished hand dismissively, a gesture which sent my own gigantic jugs jiggling, "I get all that."

"Do you though?" He raised one of his sharp eyebrows. "That was a seriously sloppy attempt, bro."

"Yes, god," I rolled my eyes. "Listen, what I'm trying to say is that I really don't understand how this fits into the broader curriculum."

"What do you mean?" asked Fin, seated to my left. He was rubbing his delicate, ruby-tipped fingers along the enormous dildo I'd passed him like he was polishing gold. "It bridges the gap between Fluid Dynamics and Anal, doesn't it?"

"Sure, obviously." I brushed a strand of bubble gum pink hair out of my eye - all that cock-gargling had caused my pigtails to become all the messier. "And Anal's a tricky topic and you don't want to just jump in without getting things good and ready first, I get that. But what does any of this have to do with Chemistry?"

"Oh come on," Ferris snorted. "They wouldn't be spending the entire back half of the semester drilling dicks into us over and over if it wasn't an important aspect of the higher-level courses."

"Actually, come to think of it," Fred pondered, rounding out the circle to my right as he twirled a lock of his sultry blonde hair. "It's not just chemistry, my girlfriend's a physics major and they've been going pretty hard on cocksucking too."

"See?" Ferris beamed, vindicated. "There you go. It's just a part of the STEM curriculum."

"Well, not exactly." Fred countered. "They have my roommate doing it as well and he's an English major."

Ferris pursed his lips but still took it as a win.

"I guess that explains why its so hard to get a good dick these days, huh?" Fin laughed; cock pressed against his grinning lips as he traced his tongue around the bulging head.

We laughed along, but the truth was he was right. I glanced around covetously at the other three. This had been the library's last dildo. They had been so desperate they were giving it out for group study only. We'd had to book the thing a week in advance.

And of course, because beggars can't be choosers, their last one had also been their largest. A massive 16-inch horse-cock with a flared head and proportional balls. Frankly we had been hoping for something a little more introductory, but no.

Apparently, the library hadn't even stocked any dildos until the recent surge in demand, just the librarian's personal supply. They had been forced to dip into emergency funds and order whole crates from bad dragon, but even that wasn't enough.

It wouldn't be that big a deal, but the campus bookstore wasn't any better. There must have been some mix up in the paperwork or whatever because they didn't have any dildos at all! As though it somehow wasn't on every course's required reading list. You had to drive all the way into town if you wanted to get one, and just hope that the bookstore you ended up at had the one you needed.

And that wasn't even taking into consideration trying to get a real one. The competition was so fierce now that guys and girls alike were lining up to out-seduce and out-beg anyone with a cock between their legs.

I licked my lips.

It's funny, this was the kind of thing I used to dream about, wasn't it? Girls begging for... hmm... no, that wasn't right, was it? Why would I have fantasized about not being able to get a dick? Maybe it was the thrill of out-competing so many others when the cute guy with the meaty cock decided I was the hottest thing around.

I pulled out a mirror and checked my reflection, just in case.

My face was a hot slutty mess. I mean, obviously. I'd been sucking cock all night. We all were. Good. If some hot guy came in here right now, he'd know exactly how lip-chewingly desperate we were for him.

Still - I pulled out my purse and started touching up my makeup – a little extra skankiness never hurt.

Like all macho college guys, within my lithe, nubile and utterly curvaceous body pounded a heart obsessed with fantasies of submission and breedability. It was that age-old masculine urge to get pinned down by a well-hung stud and filled up, mouth, ass or pussy. I trembled as I tried to touch up my pink gloss. God, just the thought that some big-dicked stranger would see me and take me away sent butterflies down my stomach.

I let out a hot breath and tried not to think about it. There would be time for that later, if we ever got out of here.

I tried instead to focus on Fin's inelegant, virginal fumbblings, his doe eyes and long lashes, the way his mascara was starting to run from all the gagging and tears of pleasure. I looked away. Somehow seeing my friend getting his whorish face stuffed was just making me hotter.

"No, no, come on dude, you're doing it all wrong!" Ferris gestured. "Use your hands, use your tongue! Like this - " He started again to mime the proper form. His long tongue dancing in the air as it pressed out past his sultry pink lips.

Fin, too deep on dick to articulate, rolled his eyes dramatically and gave Ferris the finger.

Fred laughed. "He's doing fine, dude. Let him get the hang of it"

"Yeah, well, he could be doing better. Come on, I want to get to this party."

The party.

My pussy twitched in anticipation.

Everyone agreed it was going to be the biggest event of the year. All the frats and sororities were getting in on it, a massive pub crawl that ended at the school's pool, booked privately for the occasion. The biggest pool party of the decade, ending with all those sorority chicks in their bikinis dancing around as...

Wait, no, hold on, that wasn't right.

We were going to be the ones in our bikinis. I mean, obviously. We'd gone and gotten extra slutty ones just for this, hadn't we? So that we could jiggle our horny tits at all the cute guys and try to make as many dicks hard as we could. So that we could settle down at the end of the night with some python-cocked stallion and feel his throbbing fuck meat pounding into our every needy hole instead of - I sighed - Instead of being trapped here, forced to study.

I squirmed in my seat, thick thighs rubbing tantalizingly together. Somehow, these library chairs proved uncomfortable even with my fat, pillowy ass.

"I hear Francis is going to be there." Fred broke the silence of our mutual fantasies.

"Ooh," we cooed, "Francis."

We giggled at our mutual lust. Francis was the cutest guy on campus. Of course he was going to be there. God, just the thought of his smile had me giddy.

Honestly, up until recently, I'd always thought him as a total loser. I mean, just last week he stood up in front of the whole class and banged the professor's sopping wet cunt while we all looked on jealously. Total teacher's pet, but damn if it didn't show off the size of his meat.

I licked my lips, mmm, and now I was salivating just thinking about it.

He hadn't even slowed down as he started going on this big rant about a wishing rock and how we'd all pay for the way we treated him. I chuckled at the memory. Classic Francis. I mean, it made sense, I guess. Everybody knew that nerds had the biggest dicks, that was just science, and he was the nerdiest of them all.

"Shit, guys," I sighed. "We've got to get to this party."

"That's what I've been saying all night! Come on, guys, we're not going anywhere till you sluts figure this out."

Fin doubled down, sucking all the harder, sliding his pretty red lips - stretched taught - up and down along that exuberant length faster and faster. For a moment I thought he might have had some kind of breakthrough, finally figured something out, but then he went way too deep and pulled off gagging.

"Dude, slow down." Fred laughed. "Just take your time and do it right. That's what's important."

I tapped my long, glitter-tipped nails against the table as Fin went back for one more attempt. He had his tits out now, perky and full, rubbing them against the excess length of shaft that he couldn't quite reach with his shallow oral depth.

God, I'd always dreamt of having a girl do that to me.

Wait, no, hold on. I furrowed my brow. That wasn't right.

I locked in on the errant thought. Why did I keep thinking I had a dick? It felt like there was something I was missing, something I was forgetting... But no, that was crazy. If I had a dick of my own, I wouldn't be here right now competing with these three bozos for time on the libraries last horsecock, would I?

"Maybe..." said Fin, giving up on this attempt with a slobbery pop. He trembled in orgasmic aftershock as he passed the thing over to Ferris. "Maybe it's like Math?"

"Huh?"

"Math." he reiterated, trying not to mewl too lewdly in pleasure as he started stuffing his slobber-stained tits back into his tight little blouse. "It's like a thing everybody needs to know. Chem, Physics. It's fundamental. Maybe that's how this all fits in to the curriculum."

"And English?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Sure." he shrugged. "For like, poems and shit. You know how it is."

I frowned again. I guess I could see that? Maybe it was just personal bias but cock-swallowing sounded a lot more appropriate as a hard science.

"See, there you go." said Ferris, running his luscious tongue up the heaving length of the dildo. He was trying - and failing - to hold both balls in one hand as he pumped and twisted the slick shaft with the other. I looked away to hide my jealousy. He made it look so easy, but I wasn't about to tell him that.

“Hold on though,” No sooner had I dragged them away than my eyes found themselves glued once more to that churning phallus. “They teach Math as a separate course though. If it was something so fundamental, you’d think they’d have courses in it.”

“Isn’t Felix in a cocksucking course?” Fin raised an eyebrow.

“He totally is.” laughed Ferris from the knob of the cock.

“I thought he was in computer science?” Fred looked unsure.

“Yeah, which has a heavy sex component. Advanced blowjobs, extreme anal insertion, public sluttiness, apparently you really need a lot of groundwork to learn Python.”

I furrowed my brow. I didn’t remember them offering any of those courses when I’d been signing up. Were they not available to the Chem faculty?

“Wait, hold on,” I cried, “Felix? Star of the football team Felix? Is a programmer?”

“Cheerleading.”

“Huh?”

“Star of the Cheerleading Team. Always eating out all the other players”

“Right, sorry, what did I say? I just can’t believe someone so athletic would be a programmer.”

“Yeah,” Fred laughed. “That’s why he’s always wearing those tiny skirts, and those thigh-highs.”

“Oh! I thought he just liked bragging about the size of his buttplugs. That makes so much more sense. I guess it’s hard to code without something long and hard up your ass.”

“For him especially.” Fin chuckled.

We giggled.

The more I thought of it, the more correct it seemed that our friend was an absolute anal whore. Served him right, I guess, he was always picking on Francis.

“Okay, fine, it’s like Math, I’ll accept that.” I turned the idea over in my head. “It’s an ancillary skill we need to know. That makes sense, I guess, but how often do they really expect us to use this outside of a college environment?”

“Are you kidding?” Fin Laughed. “All the time. Think about it, dude. What if you were putting away samples or whatever, and your boss comes in and he sees you wagging your cute slutty ass of yours, right?”

I blushed. I did have a tendency to sway my big jiggly butt around, didn’t I?

“So there you are, and let’s say you’re bent over to put something on one of the lower shelves, right? And your skirt rides up and he gets this great view of the fact that your not wearing any underwear, and worse, that your pussy is just soaking wet and so swollen with pounding need because here you’ve gone *all day* without something big and hard drilled into you.”

I squirmed and squeezed my slick thighs together, that wasn’t far off the mark.

“So you turn around and - whoops - your horny, dripping, *naughty* pussy has gotten your big strong boss’s dick all hard. Like, really hard. Big, heavy and throbbing in those tight jeans of his. You try to apologize, but its too late. He takes you in his strong arms, a disciplinary tone in his voice.

I let out a hot sigh.

‘This behaviour is unbecoming of a professional environment,’ he says, and he’s right and you know it. What kind of a chemist just goes around flashing his naked horny pussy at his boss? What kind of a chemist gets a man so painfully hard, and then doesn’t do anything about it? You think you’re in trouble. You think you’re out of options. But you know exactly how to take care of that big hard dick, don’t you? Because you paid attention in school. Because you studied, not like those other dumb sluts. You fall to your knees and fish out his dick - it flops against your face, bigger than your whole head - and then he fucks your throat raw then and there in the supply closet, again and again, dropping load after load of sticky juicy cum from his balls, big and heavy and -.”

“Ah, Fuck~! Felix cried out, a whorish, barely-contained moan escaping his lips. He pulled off the dick, face flush, breath hot. Between the fantasy and the blowjob, it had been way too much. He’d creamed his crotchless thong panties right then and there.

He looked abashed at us and tried to play it off as if it were nothing. We acquiesced. We’d all been there.

“I mean.” Fin blushed. “Hypothetically.”

The four of us sighed wistfully, Fred was fanning his face. He grabbed the dildo from Felix and started to practice the fantasy.

Okay, he had a point. You never knew when something... stupidly crazy sexy was going to happen. And the professor had really tried to emphasise that it was important to please every cock we could.

I had vague recollections of other things Prof. Fuckdoll had tried to teach us, about... safety? And proper lab procedures? But that didn’t make any sense either. He was and had always been a slutty bimbo whore who could only think about sex. Hell, he was one of the best, that’s why they hired him.

I shook the notion away.

I’d been having a lot of these weird notions lately, for some reason.

Like, come to think of it. I don’t know what it was, but I certainly don’t remember the Faculty of Slut-Training being such a prominent feature in the university’s literature, yet these days it seemed like you

couldn't walk down the hall without seeing people making out or masturbating or practicing all kinds of more advanced maneuvers.

But I mean, there had been so much going on lately, all these little changes to campus, no wonder I was getting all confused - a lot had been happening!

They'd just opened up that lingerie store, for example, and just in time too. I don't know if I had packed poorly or what, but I hadn't brought any bras with me to college. Or panties either for that matter, and while I tended not to wear either, it was always nice to have a pretty little bow to tie above my pussy or between my tits.

Actually, now that I thought about it, most of my old clothes didn't seem to fit these days. They say freshman year puts on 15 pounds. I just had no idea it was all going to be going straight to my badonkadonk ass and big jiggly titties.

Even the girls weren't immune, despite the fact that I don't think there was a single girl on campus who didn't rock an hourglass figure. You'd see them in the lingerie store too, tits spilling out of old boring practical bras as they looked for something fresher and sluttier.

I giggled at the thought. That was the other thing, everybody just seemed to be dressing way skankier. But I guess with all the competition for dick, you really had to pull out all the stops.

"What I'm saying," Fin said, trying to suppress his obvious horny need. "Is that if it came down to it, we'd look really foolish not knowing how to suck a dick, you know? That's the difference between university courses and collegiate courses, right? The theoretical aspect?"

"Eh, isn't this more practice than theory though?" Felix mimed a handjob.

"I certainly won't be if Fred doesn't hurry up." I laughed.

Fred just slurped all the harder.

I shook my head. I wasn't convinced. I still had no idea how this was all supposed to fit in, but hey, they all seemed confident enough in it and right now that was good enough for me.

Fred gargled one more time, sucking his cheeks in even as he plumped his lips out. His eyes were rolling over into the back of his head and he was struggling to breathe between needy tugs of the rigid shaft. His cheeks were sucked in so tight you could see the way they rubbed against the massive head.

He pulled the dick away, panting, trying to catch his breath. He had managed to go deep but now he was paying the consequences.

"Damnit," he mewled, lower lip pouting, "How are we having such a hard time with this?"

He looked up at the clock. We all did.

Blowjob by blowjob we were falling further behind.

“That’s what I’m trying to tell you! You sluts need to focus.” Ferris huffed. “Look, we all want to get to this party right? Let’s buck up and get through this.”

Fred passed me the dick, his bosom still heaving, nipples rock hard and pulse pounding. He took back to fanning himself but it did little to cool him down.

I couldn’t blame him. God, even just touching this thing sent a hot shiver down my spine. I shuddered as I held it between my hands, eyes tracing along it’s sheer intimidating girth.

I struggled not to let on how excited I was, how much I was enjoying the subject matter. I didn’t want them to think I was some kind of keener or nerd. Hell, we’d given Fin a hard time earlier for how fast he came his first time with it.

I squeezed the soft silicone. It was still warm. It wasn’t a hard rubber, it wasn’t unyielding, it was soft like flesh. It didn’t need any more firmness, it had sheer size on its side. It would bend and curve as we swallowed it down our throats. Thank goodness for small miracles.

Okay, I could do this. Focus.

Let’s start with the head.

I mounted the heft of the thing on the table before me, suction cupping it into place and letting it freestand, wobbling in all it’s glory. I leaned forward to greet it’s heft with my fat, pillowy lips, my sparkling pink lip gloss mingling with the stains of lipstick we had already left.

God, how had I managed to take this thing inside me last time? It was so big, so thick.

Okay, one thing at a time. I ripped open my blouse, repositioning so that my boobs rested on the table, my great big knockers relishing in the open air. I think Fin had been on to something. I took the hard shaft between my aching titties, wrapping my arms around the dick possessively and squeezing my boobs into it. My body tingled from the sensation.

Holding it close, I kissed and suckled at the head, getting it good and wet.

“Geeze, man, buy it a drink first.” Fin looked on jealously.

I pulled back just far enough to stick out my tongue, then dove back into it.

Okay, now what?

“More suck, less drool. Use your tongue more.” Felix instructed, having apparently read my mind. “Focus.”

I shot him a mouth-stuffed glare. That had been hypothetical.

“Hey, look man, I’m just trying to help. It’s not my fault your blowjobs are super sloppy.”

“They are not -!” I came off with a loud pop and a rivulet of frothing saliva - “Sloppy!”

I blushed and wiped the drool away,

“Alright, fine, fine.” he held up his hands. “I’m just trying to help.”

I closed my eyes. He was right about one thing though. I needed to focus.

I closed my eyes tighter. I tried to shut out the world. Just me and this enormous horse dick.

Okay, think. What was still missing? Was it the balls? Was I not giving them enough love? The shaft?

I pushed the head as deep into mouth as I could without scraping it with my teeth - I wasn’t that much of a rookie. Luckily my mouth seemed perfectly shape to take deep cock.

I pulled it in deeper and deeper, sucking up and down and rubbing my boobs along the shaft as my slobber dribbled down to lubricate it. As intimidating as the thing was, I was getting the hang of it, at least. When we’d started today it was like I’d never sucked a dick before. God, how absolutely humiliating, especially given I had to do it front of these other guys. Thankfully, they were in the same boat. We had figured it out together.

I glanced around the table. Fred had better ball control, but struggled with depth. Felix had the best technique, but he was all process no art. Fin was enthusiastic, but he’d missed the class where the professor went over all the advanced techniques, so he mostly just sucked and suckled. We were trying to catch him up but sometimes I wonder if he was taking this seriously at all.

Shit, we had to figure this out.

Focus.

I bobbed up and down, sweeping at the underside with my tongue, alternating direction as I twisted my head as well. My hands squeezed at my boobs as they rubbed the length up and down. God, I wanted so badly to just start going to town on them, to pluck and fondle those thumb-sized nipples that brought me so much bliss.

But no, I had more important things to worry about.

These boobs weren’t for my pleasure. My tits were there to look good for whoever was fucking me.

I know it was silly, this wasn’t a real guy, this wasn’t a real dick, but there was still something about it that exuded authority, confidence, power. Something that just made me feel so weak and breedable.

Mmm, I wonder how a real one would feel, all those subtle differences. The warmth of the flesh, the smell of a cute boy. Oh god, I wonder how Francis would taste, what he’d smell like. Amazing I was sure. His dick was almost this length, though his was throbblingly, heart-poundingly real. What would it be like, feeling his heartbeat in every orgasm-inducing thrust? His churning balls loaded with hot sticky cum slapping against my slobber-soaked chin.

Mmm...

I pulled back just enough to let out a hot breath.

Imagining it was Francis helped. Something about him just seemed to put my whole body on autopilot. I slid myself down further, pumping just far enough in to find my gag reflex, then pulling out with a hard suck and a flutter of my tongue, before finally going back into it just that little bit further, giving me more and more room every time.

I was really getting into it now. My lips ached and my throat had never been stretched so good. I had never felt this fullness, this tingling bliss spreading all throughout my body. It was relaxing and exhilarating at the same time. It was like I had found my place in the world and that place was with Francis' dick buried so deep in my throat you'd need a prince to pull it out. God - I swallowed tightly - that notion was so fucking hot.

I had to get my hands on a real one before finals. To feel the heat and the surge, to dance that slutty tango.

Uhg, - I whimpered - but dicks were so hard to find these days.

It was like, only the really good-looking guys had them. The nerds and the geeks. Wasn't that always just the way? I mean, not that other guys weren't good looking, but the whole big-titted bimbo vibe they had going on just didn't do anything for me.

I mean, I guess it used to? These days I was so caught up in trying to live that image myself, with my big fat butt and my bouncy melons and my pouty pussy and lips, that I could hardly even think of them as anything but competition.

See, I guess that was the problem, so many guys looked exactly like slutty girls these days that honestly, thinking about girls in a sexual context had started to feel a little gay. Not that I was at all homophobic or anything, but - I took an extra deep slurp of dick - I was as straight as they came.

I mean, sure, it was fun to mash our girly tits together and make out, or play with each other's pussies while cute guys watched, but at the end of the day all I wanted - what all red-blooded Canadian males wanted - was to just be held down by some big strong nerd and have my body bred for all it was worth.

I shuddered as I hit a new record depth, as the lack of air made my giddy. I could feel every long inch sliding in and out of my throat. Fullness. That's what I wanted. That's what I needed.

"See?" Felix beamed. "Now you're getting it! Absolutely textbook."

I blushed. I had fallen into a rhythm. I hadn't even been paying attention.

Textbook. But textbook wasn't good enough, was it? Not with how much competition was out there. The entire class would be showing up with textbook blowjob skills. If I wanted to stand out, if I wanted to earn a real dick like Francis' monster cock, I was going to need to do something special.

I doubled down on my technique. I had both hands going, squeezing my tits together with my arms as my hands gripped the pole and twisted in opposite directions. I looked up doe-eyed and worshipful at

my imaginary Francis, fluttering my long lashes and purring, letting the roll of my throat massage the soft silicone head buried there.

If I'd had a dick of my own, I know I'd never have been able to survive such an assault, but what else would really throw me over?

Ah, but any further thoughts were already starting to get eaten up by the pleasure building up inside me. Ah, fuck. I'd gone too far, too hard. My whole body was tingling and rising. My pace increased, the need for breath driving me deep and primally, but the need for dick driving me even more so.

Oh god!

I squirmed and imagined him down my throat, unloading those big meaty loads, those potent waves of hot cum, juicy jism flooding into my belly, so deep they'd never even dream of touching my tongue except as the faintest of memories. This massive cock depositing a load right into my stomach the way I wanted Francis' dick in my pussy kissing his cum right into my womb.

I writhed and shuttered, the others grinning and giggling as I lost my cool.

"Oh god!"

I pulled off, gasping, trembling, hand still furiously pumping as I tried to extract every last imaginary drop. Thick drool and slobber coating my face and tits and making my open blouse cling to every inch.

This time I didn't wipe away the drool. This time I didn't pass off. That was it!

"I've got it!" I cried out, revelation peaking through the storm of pleasure like the sun through the rain.

"What?"

"Dicks!" My sloppy tits jumped as I bounced to my feet. "We need dicks."

"Oh my god," laughed Ferris, "he's gone completely cockdrunk."

"No, listen. Cocks! We need real cocks. Big hard meaty pulsing cum-filled fucksticks."

"Mm, I wish." sighed Fred.

"No, you're not... listen. This isn't working. This dildo isn't cutting it. All I can think about is how much better a real dick would be. We need real cocks. Big fat monster ones. And where do we know all the good dick is going to be tonight?"

"Wait, the party?" hazarded Fin.

"The party!"

"Oh!" Fred stood up. "I see what you're saying! We give up on this one and try our hand at scoring some of the real ones! More feedback, better practice."

“Exactly!”

“Are you kidding me?” Ferris balked. “I don’t know if you’ve forgotten this, but the only reason we even managed to get this dildo here is because we booked it a week in advance. Sure, there’s going to be dicks at the party, but *everybody* is going to be after them. This one we have right now and I only have to share it with you three thirsty sluts and not the other 90% of campus.”

“So we’ll just have to be extra slutty, won’t we?” I struck a winking, evocative pose. It was made all the lewder by the thick sloppy drool still dripping off me like cum.

“No!” Ferris crossed his hands under his tits. “This is ridiculous. I refuse.”

“Francis will be there.” Fin chimed.

We all sighed wistfully.

“I mean...” Ferris uncrossed his arms and started fiddling with his fingers. “You think?”

“And come on, bro,” laughed Fred. “I thought you were a blowjob king?”

“Yeah, I am, but look, I don’t want to see my friends flunk out because they take a gamble trying to score big on boys’-night-out, okay?”

“Then you’ll just get to say I told you so, won’t you?”

He laughed. He did like that.

“And besides,” Fin added, rising to his feet to join me and Fred. “We’ve got the basics down, right? What better way to apply the more advanced stuff?”

“I don’t believe this. You guys really aren’t taking this seriously at all, are you?”

“What’s the matter, Ferris?” Fred challenged. “Afraid you might not be able to keep up?”

“Really?” he raised one of his immaculately plucked eyebrows. “You think you can goad me with that kind of bullshit?”

“Cause the way I see it,” Fred shook his hips, “I bet we can nail two guys for every one you manage to land.”

“Oh my god, fine, you absolute child! That’s the way you want to play it?” His scowl turned into a smirk. “Bring your condoms boys, we’ll see who collects more cum by the night’s end.”

“There we go!” I pumped a fist in the air as the others cheered.

We stepped out of the study room, eager to be away from that table, eager to get some fresh air, eager to get some hot nerdy boy to grab us by the handlebars and face-fuck us till our bellies were so full we looked pregnant.

I contemplated the night ahead, all the flirting, all the dancing, all the cock...

Alright, so maybe I still didn't quite get what any of this had to do with Advanced Chemistry - I handed the dildo back to the librarian to clean and get ready for the next group - but I couldn't deny I was going to have a blast finding out.

And hey, it sure beat the hell out of doing math.

The End