

Like, what the fuck? Like, seriously, what the fuck? Cheryl wasn't supposed to ever find herself in a situation like this. The German shepherd had his hands pressed over her tits with his teeth nipping at her neck. The college aged rat shiver from head to toe not with delight, but disgust. Just feeling him against her made her white fur bristle at his every touch.

She'd been desperate for anything to help her get through the semester. She was a natural when it came to most subjects, but she'd had too many shit math teachers in grade school. Her grade in college level math sucked. She couldn't afford to let her GPA get any lower because she flunked a math course! That would nix a chunk of her scholarship money she was promised so long as she maintained that precious GPA.

Professor Weber was feeling her up even harder now through her tank top. She'd been pressed, figuratively and literally, against a wall and now she felt trapped on multiple levels both physical and psychological. He was her professor, and the head of the entire math department. He could make her grade be whatever he wanted it to be, and he'd been... bold with her as soon as she asked if there was anything she could do to help improve her grade.

The rat knew this was wrong, and she hated it! This wasn't even her plan when she came to him, and it hadn't even occurred to her that this was even remotely possible! She wasn't that sort of girl, he'd been so sweet in all her classes. He'd taught her for three classes now, and he'd never given her any indication that he was this sort of prick! A lecherous two faced dog speaking out both sides of his mouth, he was!

She kept her hands tight at her sides as he reached low and started undoing her cargo shorts. He was going to have sex with her right in his office, and then he'd make sure she got the grade she needed to maintain that GPA. That's what this was for. Once and done, and she'd do whatever it took to never set foot in his office or any class he taught. When his hand slipped into her shorts and came to rest over her mount she shivered again. This was making her feel sick. This was all kinds of wrong, and she shouldn't be agreeing to this. She should report him! Me Too the bastard!

This was the crap men like him did to women. Taking advantage of them when they were vulnerable, and her thinking so highly of him before she'd entered his office made the betrayal sting all the more. And now she was just adding to the problem. Contributing to this fucked up quid pro quo she so rightly despised. But she was going to get something out of it that she desperately needed, and no amount of extra studying was going to tilt her grade to the better. It was extra credit or 'bye bye' scholarship. She should have never let it get this bad!

Every night out, every act of laziness, and every time she pushed her work to the side in favor of something she enjoyed more was a grain of sand in the heap that was now molesting her pussy in a professor's office.

He moved the front of her panties to the side and she felt his fingers slip into her. The older dog wasn't being gentle. She wasn't a virgin either, but she wasn't used to letting a man get rough with her down there. She was more of a dominant girl in bed anyway, and tended to be on top.

Weber tried kissing her, but she jerked her head to the side and he chuckled. It sounded friendly enough to her ear, but then he gently bit her on one of her ears and she flinched. He wasn't breaking the skin, but he had a nice set of teeth on him. She could feel the canine's teeth and knew how much damage the dog could do if he wanted. Was this a threat? Fucked up foreplay?

No, he wouldn't go that far. It wasn't that late in the day and there were still people in the building, and they were on campus for Christ's sake! He could only go so far with her. He'd make her take his filthy dick, finish his business, and then she could go home to a cold shower trusting that she'd not have to worry about paying for her classes next semester.

This was so fucked up! She clenched her teeth and eyes shut as Weber hooked his fingers in her and started searching. He found what he was looking for and her legs jerked once before she got them under control. She knew exactly what the prick was doing. Cheryl did it all the time to herself when she'd enjoy a smutty pulp she'd find online.

And he was good at it. She had to cuss him out in her head every time her body tried to signal to her brain that everything he was doing was a good thing. Her fucking body didn't care that she felt sick to her stomach, and even then, her stomach wasn't agreeing with her head anyway. The warmth the canine was making her feel in her loins was coming straight from the dog's actions and it was spreading up her body until it was waving away the sickness she felt in her gut.

When he finally slipped his fingers back out of her the only good thing she felt was that she'd be so wet down there that letting him fuck her wouldn't be too awful. If she was going to let him hump into her for a few minutes, then she could at least make it out of here without him rubbing her insides raw. Dry sex was awful, and he'd made sure that wasn't going to happen.

He stopped groping her breast and cupped her chin in his hand.

"Open." He told her, and she shook her head with confusion. What did he-

He reached up with his other hand and shoved two fingers into her mouth. She immediately tasted her own juices as it mixed with her saliva. She gagged as he fingered her mouth for several long seconds until he finally pulled his hand away and let go of her chin.

"You want to look me in the eyes while I fuck you?" He asked her, and she glared back at him hot.

"You're a bastard." She growled back at him, and quickly hated the sound of her own voice. Weak. He chuckled and took her by the arm and yanked her away from the wall and held her close with his teeth at her ear again.

"Lay down on the floor or get on your hands and knees. I don't care which." He growled at her, and the hand on her upper arm tightened. She eyed the floor. It was a thin well-worn carpet, and she knew if she went on all fours it'd be rough on her knees especially. If she laid down, she'd have to look up at him.

She decided it'd be easier to hide any damage done to her knees with just about everything in her wardrobe. She dropped to her knees and he let her go. Cheryl could hear the shepherd coming around behind her as she spun around to assume a doggystyle position. His hands found the sides of her shorts and yanked them down over her ass until her thighs were locked together by the denim fabric.

His belt was being undone along with the sound of rustling fabric. She felt sick again, but at least this wasn't some frat boy shit. He was in his fifties at least. Even with him being a canine she wasn't too worried. An old man could only go so far, and she knew just enough about canine anatomy that she wasn't that worried about him knotting her. She was safe on the pill and had nothing to worry about.

It was just going to be her pride, her dignity, taking a heavy blow. This shame was going to haunt her well into the future...

The professor pulled her panties down until they were bunched up along with her shorts. She actually felt better about being mostly clothed still. She felt less naked because she was, and that somehow let her convince herself that this wasn't that bad. It could always be worse.

A thumb probed her pussy briefly, then she winced as he hooked his digit against one side of her inner walls and tugged her pussy open from one side. It was like he was trying to stretch her open on purpose. Testing her out before he filled her.

"I love the way your pussy looks, Cheryl." He told her, and she felt sick again. If she'd had a boyfriend and he'd said that it'd be different. She was a tomboy through and through, but she still let her heart flutter at the sound of a crush giving her a compliment. But not from her fucking sleaze of a professor! She wished he had just given her extra homework, or anything else! Why couldn't he have continued to be the sweet older man she'd come to like!

She bit her lip and tried to quiet her thoughts.

It wasn't his fault she sucked at math. He'd done a good job teaching. Why was she feeling regret? Emotions weren't always logical and a stupid part of her conscious was blaming herself for tarnishing the image of her professor that she'd built up over two semesters.

Something broad and hot pressed against her lips as soon as his thumb vanished from her tunnel. There was a pause, and then he started rubbing his dick at her lips. A slow up and down motion as he let her feel how close he was to penetrating her. She exhaled through her nose and took in a fresh breath.

She shut her eyes and waited with her upper body propped up off the floor by her elbows. She hoped her elbows would fare better than her knees would. That'd be harder to hide. He started pressing inside. She winced almost immediately. Canines all had tapered tips, but Weber felt thicker like he had some other species' cock.

She freed the breath she'd been holding and waited for the head of his cock to give way to the narrower shaft she was expecting. That never happened. The shepherd forced a groan out of her as the cock slowly sank deeper with its girth growing with every passing moment. What she thought was only an unusually broad head to a canine cock was really just the tapered tip of an especially thick dog dick.

He kept going until she was wincing and straining around his girth. Cheryl waited impatiently for him to reach the depth in his pussy that always marked where guys would stop. She'd had several partners and she wasn't too shy of getting laid. Weber reached the spot her previous partners got to when they'd bottom out, and then he went passed it.

She exhaled another breathe, and this one came out ragged as her eyes screwed shut. This was too much! She held her bottom lip between her teeth to stop herself from whining out loud as the girthy rod threatened to break her pussy. He was big! This was the biggest she'd ever felt, and finally after what felt like an eternity the dog stopped. The end of his cock was gently resting against a spot deep in her belly she'd never felt before. Right at her fucking womb. Professor Weber had, in one stroke, completely filled her cunt.

"A good looking pussy, and so tight, too. Good girl." He groaned from behind her. In her head she was cussing him out with everything she could think of. She felt a hand grab her around the base of her skinny tail. He yanked and she gasped. As soon as she'd let that one free she tried to bite her lip again to silence herself, but not before she let out a whimper.

"It'll get better, Cheryl. Just you wait." He said with a soothing voice. Fuck you! She wanted to scream that at him as tears welled up at the corners of her eyes. He leaned over her and grabbed the side of her waist with a free hand. He had her now and was starting to pull his hips back. She embarrassed herself with the noise she made as the rat felt her insides getting roughly tugged backwards by the girth of his exiting prick. When he pressed back in, she grunted like the air had been pushed from her.

He was so fucking thick! Why was this old man so hung? This wasn't fair! Wasn't it enough that she was taking dick for a better grade? Was this karma punishing her for tossing out her principles to get ahead? His hips quickened and the slickness of her well fingered passage help her take

him. He was slow and steady with his pace and he was gentle on her tail as he used it like a hand to rock her hips back against him.

With every thrust she stifled her grunts and groans until the tip of his dick started to brush up against her cervix more firmly. Each stroke seemed to carry him deeper into her belly as he kept his pace up without a hint of falter.

She didn't catch it when it happened, but soon enough he'd started fucking her. The gentle thrusting had given way to a real pounding at her passage that was leaving her gasping and grunting out loud. How long had it taken for him to break her like this? She was clawing futilely at the floor as he pressed her knees into the carpet with each thrust.

He didn't care he was knocking on her womb's door. That seemed to excite him as every time he launched himself forward it felt like he was trying to go deeper. He wanted to feel her barrier press against his tip, and Cheryl could feel that pressure harder each time almost like he really was getting deeper.

"That's a good girl, Cheryl." He grunted and let go of her tail. The relief she felt from having her tail freed was replaced with a shout as he grabbed her around the waist with both hands and slammed himself home. She felt his cock punch deep into her guts and something extra touched the stretched lips of her pussy.

Her eyes had turned to dinner plates as they bulged out from the new, and raw, sensation of a cock trying to invade her oven. The barrier of her cervix was straining against him hard but refused to give. She was shuddering from head to toe in shock as his knot made its presence known to her.

She thought he'd been fucking her with his full length, and now she was learning how wrong she'd been. Every fucking veiny inch of his cock from the tapered tip crammed against her cervix to the stupid knot trying to pry her cunt open. Everything about his cock felt huge! She couldn't bring herself to lower her head and look down at the damage. She didn't want to see what he was doing to her. She could just -feel- how much he was stretching her.

She tried to take in a breath, and it was a struggle. The more air she took in the tighter the pressure in her belly grew like there wasn't enough room in her petite body to fit his cock and a set of full lungs at the same time.

"Please." She begged him.

"Relax, Cheryl. You're a good student. You'll learn to take it." He told her calmly, and she shut her mouth and clamped her teeth together to stop herself from cussing. Fucking asshole! He pulled back his hips until she was literally feeling a vacuum form in her belly. The strangest sensation she'd ever felt grew stronger and stronger until she was sucking in air, then he slammed himself back in to the hilt and she gagged. Air rushed across her lips as her eyes rolled back in her head.

Cheryl suddenly started shaking. Hard. She couldn't control it! It was like a freezing cold winter wind had blown over her naked body right after a shower. Her toes were flexing in her shoes as the shivering rose from her ankles and up to her tail. The veiny prick slipping and sliding through her tunnel kept stroking tight against her gspot in a way a cock never had before. He was so girthy the dog didn't need to use his fingers to probe her inside for her button.

His knot slapped against her clit, and the shiver traveled quickly up her spin as a powerful heat began to swell in her groin. Another slap and her clit sent a river of lightening in behind the shivering and it hit the base of her brain. Slap, and her mouth fell open right as her orgasm ripped through all five senses.

Her thoughts were, for that moment at least, completely consumed by the climax the German shepherd had forced her to. As she slowly regained her senses, she could feel that her cunt was still spasming around his cock, and that her thighs were soaked from her cunt down to her knees. Cheryl had fucking squirted like a hose!

She was drooling hard now, and she tried sucking it back in her mouth before it could dribble to the floor, but he was already yanking himself back again to cram it back in again. He wouldn't stop! A steady rhythmic pounding followed, and she was forced to hang her head lower as each shift of his piston forced a gag or a grunt from her lips with a trickle of drool dripping to the floor.

God, it felt great! What the fuck, why did it feel so damn good! The poor rat stopped cussing at the dog in her thoughts and turned her anger at herself for having a body that couldn't keep itself together.

Cheryl couldn't stop her body's reaction if she tried, and she fucking was trying! She was confused and disoriented. Her eyes were locked into an upright position and every time she tried to shut them all she managed to do was make her eyes flutter. She gagged again and her tongue escaped her mouth like she was a dog in summer. Panting with every deep thrust of the shepherd's fat cock.

He was making her his bitch!

She wanted to cry, but she was all out of sorts. Her normal reaction to such a terrible humiliation was impossible now. He was screwing up her insides along with her brain with a sensory overload nothing could have prepared her for. How was Cheryl supposed to know how to handle this bullshit! She was getting fucked like some cheap street whore in her Professor's office and she was making this stupid ugly o-face for him!

"That's a good girl, learn to love that dick." He grunted behind her. His hands tightened around her middle and he started going faster. Each thrust carried his knot harder and tighter between her lips. He was positively straining her to her absolute limit, and she didn't want to contemplate what would happen if he tried to knot her.

"Prah- sir! 'Eber!" She struggled to even speak. Cheryl couldn't even click together the syllables to say his name.

"Yes! That's a good girl, Cheryl. Beg for my dick!" He growled down at her with renewed vigor her broken English had given him. He yanked her hips back against his own and his cock reached a new depth. Every inch of her cunt was forcibly stretched to a limit she'd never known she'd discover. One of his hands left her waist and he collapsed forward to catch himself with the same hand now planted on the floor next to her head.

He was squatting on the balls of his feet as her ass was deeply cradled into his crotch with that enormous knot threatening to shoulder its way roughly into her passage. Common sense finally won out in her head, and Cheryl had the idea to use her hands to crawl away, and she tried. All she managed to do was claw the floor. The hand on her hip was too tight. He was an older dog, but he was easily well past her own strength despite his age.

"That's it, Cheryl. Almost there. Gonna fill you all the way up." He grunted softly. The shepherd started grinding his hips against her ass as the hand at her waist tightened up until even his trimmed fingernails were digging through her fur to bite into her skin. He was pulling her steadily into his hips with every intention of going the full canine distance. He wanted to tie her!

"N-no!" She begged him as her hands clawed the floor desperately as she felt her cunt throb and vibrate with terrible tension. She was stretched like a rubber band and she feared she'd soon snap. The hand he held tight to the floor suddenly moved. Weber grunted with frustration as the hand clapped tightly to the other side of her waist.

Without the arm to hold him upright to fell on top of her. All his body weight pressed her chest flat to the floor with her cheek pressed against the carpet. His jaws were dangerously close to her ear as he yanked her harder into his hips with both hands. A snarl came fresh from his lips and grew in volume until the rubber band of her cunt reached the zenith of its maximum diameter.

Pressed between the floor and a dog rutting her like a feral animal, she came again. Her fresh girl cum spilled against his knot and balls and fell down the back of her thighs as she shuddered and convulsed under the heavy canine. The extra lubricant only made squelching louder as his knob pressed tighter against her lips. The fleshy ball of muscle wasn't rock solid. It was flesh, and therefore had some give to it. It sank inside.

Karma was a bitch after all and had just taught her that she could fit a pornstar's knot. Her cunt snapped tight around the backside of the shepherd's filthy orb in a single smooth motion that'd require a slow-motion camera to catch on film. Those extra wicked inches forced the end of his cock forward and her vision flickered from full color to solid white as her brain tried in vain to process the feeling of being utterly claimed by the canine's enormous cock.

His hips didn't stop moving. Professor Weber didn't need to hold onto her waist anymore, and slid his hands upward to her back and took a good hold of her shoulders. He growled and snarled into her ear as he started bucking himself into her with quick little jerks of his hips. With his hands tightly gripped over each of her shoulders he had her planted in place and taking every thrust without question.

Cheryl was left mute. She tried to breath but couldn't even tell if she was taking in air. She wasn't passing out, so she must have been breathing, but nothing was clear to her anymore. Her back arched and her legs started shuddering wildly. He snarled louder in her ear. She couldn't stop the trembling as it again echoed from her legs and up through her body to her flood her head with lightning and thunder.

She came again on his dick and her cunt clamped down on him as hard as it could. More slick girl juice drooled down her thighs while her vision switched to only white and yellow flashes.

"That's it, Cheryl! Milk my dick!" he growled into her ear with triumph. Weber hilted himself one last time and she felt it like an earthquake through her feet that his cock was beginning to shudder along with her. His nuts, heavy and full, yanked up against the back of her thighs as he snarled out his climax.

A violent throb ripped through his cock and a hot splash of seed spilled into her belly. The canine seemed to be as virile as he was old. Professor Weber blew a load in her cunt so thick that she could feel her belly tighten with his volume as she struggled to endure her ongoing orgasm with her face pressed to a wet stain in the carpet. Her drooling had never stopped and a pool of it had formed under her cheek.

Behind them both, a rope of cum was violently ejected from around the tight seal of his knot. Cheryl heard it when it happened. A wet squirt had signaled it, and then was followed by several more as her body reached its maximum capacity, and the lack of room forced the excess back out and down both of their thighs. By the time the dog finished rocking his hips and came to a stop there was a second puddle now growing in diameter under her hips.

"You're such a good student, Cheryl. No one will think twice when they see you make a passing grade." He told her and started stroking her shoulders gently. His heavy body kept her pinned to the floor, and she couldn't find the strength to reply to him. She doubted her English would have passed the 1st Grade level with her still quietly shuddering in orgasm beneath him.

He broken her, and her addled mind knew it. Words might have been too complex for her to say at the moment, but she could think just fine. Filthy porn lingo would refer to the professor's cock as a 'bitch breaker', and what happened to her was called getting 'broken in'.

Several minutes later she could tell his dick was softening, but the knot was still firmly locking him inside her. It made it easier to breath, and to talk, but she had nothing to say to her Professor now. He'd gotten



what he wanted, and now she just needed to wait until she could leave. He picked her up off the floor with an arm around her middle and carried her over to his desk chair. She was still tied to him when he sat himself down with her in his lap. She hoped it wouldn't last too long.

Soon common sense was winning again and made her burn hot with shame as she could still feel the subtle ripple of an orgasm echoing quietly through her body. His knot was pushing at all the right places in her cunt and her toes were still squirming through her socks. The after sex glow was strong and she had to concentrate hard to remember all the reasons why she was supposed to be angry at the man currently pumping her belly full of jizz.

There was so much of it, too... Cheryl tried not to look at the bulge in her gut. Porn was just fantasy. That shit wasn't supposed to happen to normal people, but here she was with a womb packed tight with a man's seed. Another lesson taught to her by Professor Weber.

She sat in his lap in silence as the dog behind her exhaled and relaxed into his chair. He reached out and grabbed the edge of his desk and twisted the chair around to bring his hand closer to a drawer. She wasn't paying him much attention until his hand pulled out an orange pill container. He moved it in front of her and wrapped his other hand around to twist it open. He tapped out a single blue pill into his open palm and her heart rate started to pick up.

"It's not hard getting it up the first time, but at my age the second round needs a little help." He told her and reached his hand up to pop it into his mouth. She heard him swallow. "You earned your new grade, but you didn't seem to enjoy it that much. One more cram session should do the trick."

Cheryl ended up passing her class just like she'd been promised, as well as the class she had to take the following semester, but not without going to Professor Weber first for some extra credit.