

Bethany sat uncomfortably on the edge of the big oak desk. It was in the evening, but there were some night classes being taught that night so the building was still open. She didn't need anyone special to let her in the door as a result. The professor had been waiting for her specifically when she came and knocked on his office door.

The young coyote was a month past nineteen and presently a college student. She also had fantastic grades. Born to a blue collar family her parents had scrimped and saved every spare penny to help her get into San Fernando University. Her own stellar grades from K to 12 helped her get in, too. But her grades weren't the reason she was meeting up with a professor at the late hour of 7pm.

The coyote had herself a boyfriend. They'd been best friends in highschool, and he'd only managed to get into university because his dad worked in Tech and had the money to get his son in despite his so-so grades. He was a C student. Beth didn't like him for his low grades. He was fun, honest, dependable in all the ways that mattered most to her. It didn't bother her that she was the brains of their relationship if it meant he could be her brawn. Like a tag team duo. She loved him for the things she lacked in herself. They complemented each other.

But he was here on his daddy's dime, and those dollars were only to last as long as his dad thought it was worth spending. Casey had been working really hard. He was getting through most of his classes, but he was struggling with math. It was the one subject that nearly flunked him every year in high school. She'd tutored him constantly in their junior and senior years. It was why she fell in love with them and started dating him before their last prom. They'd spent a lot of time together and he slid right into her heart.

The desk was really uncomfortable to sit on.

"You're underdressed a bit for this weather, Bethany." The professor commented after he'd shut his door and thumbed the lock. She felt cold alright, but not because of the weather. The reason she was here led her to choose different attire. It was just a pair of jean shorts. Really short ones that hardly fell lower than her butt. A tank top and a pair of sneakers finished it. Bethany was a tomboy. She didn't have fancy dresses and stuff like that. The coyote was pretty plain, but a look in the mirror, and the looks boys gave her, told her she was still attractive. Maybe even more attractive than she could give herself credit for. A lot of guys she knew had a thing for tomboy types that they had things in common with. Her and Casey actually shared most of their hobbies.

Her boyfriend was in his dorm room right now playing Magic with his roommates more than likely. That's what he always did every Thursday night. She had an exam tomorrow, and it was an important one. She'd ace

it without any effort, since it was one of her easiest classes. She knew the content of the test as well as she knew the spelling of her own name.

Normally Beth would normally sneak in with the RA's blessing to play Magic with her boyfriend and his friends in their male only dorm. She'd lied to him about tonight. Said she needed to study for the exam and not to bother her so she could crunch a bit. She did that a lot. At least once a week she'd have a quiet evening where she'd study hardcore. Casey didn't think anything of it. It was normal for his girlfriend to wave him off every now and then so she could get some work done.

"Just wanted to wear this." She replied. The coyote didn't feel comfortable enough about it to say that she'd dressed to impress a professor. This outfit was for him. That was the deal. She had to look... appealing. She had done what she could with her limited wardrobe.

"Probably wont catch a cold." The older dog said. He stepped away from the door and crossed over to step in front of her. She watched him lean his back against the big metal bookshelf across from her. She avoided making eye contact with him and instead tightened her grip on the edge of the desk. Her knees were pressed tightly together.

"I locked that door, but its only gonna keep people out." The dog said. She looked up and caught the eyes of the german shepherd. The man was dressed only in a pair of slacks and a short sleeve button down he didn't bother tucking in. "If you're going to get cold feet best get them now."

He jerked his head to the side to gesture toward the door. Beth bit her lip and took in a deep breath. She didn't want to do this, but Casey was going to fail his math class. If he failed this class then his dad would be pissed and he'd already threatened to stop paying for more classes. Casey had failed two other math classes that he had to retake. He was lagging behind her in his courses as a result. Beth knew he just needed to get past this one last math class and he'd be done with the whole subject. He was majoring in English. Just one more class.

Beth didn't want to see him fail and be forced to drop out because he couldn't afford his classes. If he had to take a job to pay for classes himself he'd have even less time to study. She loved him, but Casey wasn't going to do any better than he was now if he had to juggle school and work at the same time. The coyote let out her breath.

"He'll pass?" She asked. She needed to know. Had to make sure. The big dog stood himself back up straight and replied with a curt 'yep'. Beth looked up at him again. She was a petite coyote. Kind of lean from her ears to her toes and even her boobs were slim. Hardly a B cup. Casey's math professor was taller than her by about a foot and looked like he

used to play football. He probably did play football. She could tell he had a bit of a belly under his untucked shirt, but he was still a decent looking guy in his mid forties.

That made it worse that he wasn't bad looking. She'd have found this so much easier to do if he was ugly. Easier to get it done with then rinse the memory away with alcohol and her boyfriend's hugs.

"So, what do you want me to do?" She said and shifted forward so her feet touched the floor. The shephard approached her and she flinched when he cupped her chin and lifted her face until she was looking up at him. With his other hand he grabbed her behind her head and leaned in. He started kissing her.

She shoved her hands at his chest by instinct, but he was like a brick wall. His big tongue was rooting around in her mouth and his grip behind her head tightened until he had a handful of her hair. The hand on her chin dropped and he copped a feel of one of her breasts. She squirmed away, but the hand behind her head held her close until she felt him growl real low into her mouth.

When he broke the kiss her lips were wet with his spit and she could taste him all in her mouth. He was a sloppy kisser and she felt herself shiver when he licked the stray spit off his lips with his tongue.

"Blowjob." He told her and dipped his muzzle down once in a quick motion. She looked down his body and at his crotch. It was hidden behind the bottom of his shirt. Her heart was beating hard and she felt the chills all over, but another look up at his face told her he probably wouldn't be happy if she got cold feet now.

It also didn't escape her notice either that if she bailed out in the middle of the act that he could really screw over Casey's grade. The coyote hesitated, but lowered herself down until she was on her knees. The shepherd was unbuttoning the bottom of his shirt while she reached up with her hands.

Her hands were shaking. She found his waistline under his shirt with her fingertips and dared to find the button to his slacks. He finished unbuttoning his shirt and let it slip off his shoulders and onto the floor. The coyote saw the tent forming in his crotch as she undid the button. She found the zipper and had to pull it down over the firm lump in his slacks.

The briefs he wore did a terrible job at hiding the rocket the professor was sporting. She pulled the waistband down and under his cock and now

she could see the big dog was big down there, too. The small amount of belly fat didn't even bother her. Casey wasn't in shape either. Her breathing was going a mile a minute while a trembling hand wrapped around the growing barrel of the professor's cock. He was really thick. It wasn't what she'd been expecting.

The bright red shaft was a sharp contrast to the tan and beige of his belly and sheath. She couldn't even touch her fingers together as she held him. Beth gulped nervously. Casey wasn't even close to matching this guy. A part of her had just assumed that this guy would be the same as her boyfriend, or maybe even smaller. The professor was a lot older than her, and he was a sleazeball if he was willing to trade grades for favors. It just didn't occur to her that he'd be hung.

Her mouth opened wide and she hesitated a moment before leaning in. His hand never left the back of her head and while her lips grazed the crown of his blunt, but tapered, tip he adjusted his grip. The head of his cock tapped the roof of her mouth and she swallowed. Beth tried opening her mouth wider, but it was a challenge. The tip was easy to manage, but the dog's cock rapidly thickened with its real girth resting right in the middle like it was a long fleshy can of Redbull. Giving Casey a blowjob was easy compared to this.

She screwed her eyes shut and started bobbing. If giving his professor head would save her boyfriend's grade and get him out from under his dad's threat of yanking the funding... it would be worth. The coyote didn't want him to have to drop out or flunk more of his classes. The shepherd tugged at the back of her head and she gagged on his dick.

Beth never gagged with her boyfriend, but she sure was with this guy. When he grabbed her head with both hands to help her bob she was gagging every time she sank down on his dick. She hoped the thick wooden door hid the noise, but if the professor was the type to ask for favors in exchange for grades, then he probably already knew if his office was a safe place to be doing this kind of thing. He'd specifically asked for her to show up at his office at a certain hour.

Her hands left his cock and found handholds on his slacks. He was doing all the work on getting her head to move. All that she had to do is let her mouth become a pussy as he slowly pumped his length in and out of her. Every time he sank himself his cock would press and drag across the roof of her mouth until it probed at the opening of her throat. And then she'd gag again.

Again, and again, he used her while her eyes remained shut. It really wasn't that bad of an experience. He didn't smell gross. She didn't think he was wearing any cologne. The dog just smelled nice. Not clean like he'd taken a shower, but a more natural smell that was just pleasant to

the nose. His quiet groaning was becoming mixed with grunts and growls. The taste of his cock was about on par with her boyfriend's. She'd only given three different guys head up until this point in her life and they all were about the same in taste and texture. Dick was dick, she supposed.

She felt him speed up as his hands grabbed her a bit tighter around her hair and an ear and her eyes were starting to water. He blew out a big exhale and let go her head briefly to shift his hands until he had her firmly by both sides of the head. A hand wrapped tight around each of her big coyote ears. He shoved her down on his cock and she gagged and choked as his dick pressed tight to the opening of her throat to tickle and tease the little thing that dangled there.

The shepherd groaned long and loud as he held her down on his prick. She'd been taken in good gulps of air the whole time, but now she felt it get harder to inhale. His grip tightened as she waited for him to either cum or pull her off of him, but neither option happened. Instead the dog very slowly began to tug her head deeper into his crotch. She tried to open her eyes to look up at him, but between the dick crammed in her mouth and her eyes watering she couldn't manage the effort.

She slapped his thigh just as the head of his cock popped into her throat. The tapered tip just shoved her uvula aside and made its way down the entrance to her gullet. Her eyes bulged open and her hands closed into fists by reflex. She clung to his slacks as the big dog exhaled hard and finished by dragging her face down into his crotch until her nose touched the soft fur of his belly. Beth couldn't even gag now. She tried taking in a breath, failed, and swallowed around his cock instead. It was the only option her body could muster with so much meat stuffed into her throat.

The coyote kept swallowing. She was so desperate to breathe she was swallowing every time her lungs sent her brain the signal that she needed to breathe! Beth tried to yank her head back, but his grip on her heads was like steel and she couldn't budge. The barrel of his cock started to stiffen. It was hard before, but the entire length still had a bit of natural fleshy given. Blood was coursing harder and faster through the big dog's veins and she felt his shaft tighten up and twitch in her throat.

Was he going to cum? She prayed he was going to blow any second so they could be done with this and he'd pull out. She didn't even care if he gave her a facial. She needed air! The coyote was getting light headed and her eyes began to flutter shut as the world around her slowly grew darker as she edged closer and closer to unconsciousness. Something new was growing at the edge of her senses.

His knot was swelling. She could feel a slow and gentle swelling at the base of his dick just behind her front teeth. The tip of her tongue could lick the subtle rise of his knob as he grew in size right in her mouth. He was going to tie in her mouth! She panicked, the darkness of the world wrapping around her grew brighter as she felt adrenaline surge through her. Her fight or flight response was desperate to keep his dick from locking itself in her mouth. If his cock was thick enough to choke her out now, then he'd probably break her jaw if his knot actually reach full size inside her.

The shepherd grunted with pleasure over her. She unclenched a fist and started rapidly slapping his thigh with desperation. She heard him chuckle and pushed her head back. The great lump in her throat vanished, and the crown of his cock head tugged at the opening of her throat until finally it popped free and slipped across her tongue until his entire length was now free of her. She'd barely escaped a terrible outcome.

"I wasn't going to choke you, honey. Calm down." He said. Her fit of coughing and gasping didn't stop for more than a full minute. The coyote had tears running down her cheeks and spit dripping off her lips. She was pissed when she looked up at him, but the smirk he was aiming back down at her reminded her of the position she was in. She swallowed a mouthful of spit and bit her tongue to keep herself from mouthing off at him.

"You ok, honey?" He asked her. It didn't sound like he was being facetious. Maybe he actually cared. It would be pretty hard for him to explain to the authorities how he somehow managed to break a girl's jaw and choke her dead with his dick. She swallowed again and took in another breath before nodding. "Good. Now hop back up on the desk. I want to see the rest of you before I get off."

Beth didn't hide her glare as she stood herself up on shaky legs. He helped her up with a hand on her shoulder. When her butt took another seat on the uncomfortable wood of the desk both of his hands were on her chest and rubbing circles over her through the tank top. She'd not bothered to wear a bra.

He grabbed the bottom of her top and pulled it up. Beth had to grab it herself and hold it up since her modest bust wasn't going to hold the shirt up on their own. It didn't seem to bother him that her tits weren't huge. He massaged and groped them all the same. She had to look away and stare out at the room when he leaned down and started sucking on one of her nipples.

As she panned her gaze across the shelf in front of her she read the title and the author for all the books that sat there. He had a lot of academic texts for different kinds of math. The professor had to be pretty well read if he'd actually sat down with each of the several dozen

books he owned. Her nipples were standing erect by the time the dog was finished playing with them. Beth normally wore bras due to how noticeable her nipples were if she ever got horny or if it was a bit cold.

He tugged her shirt back down and the spit he'd left on her tits made damp spots on her top.

"Scoot closer." He reached down behind her to pull her to the edge of the desk. Her toes touched the floor and she stood now had her ass pressed against the edge of the big desk. The coyote watched the professor take a knee in front of her. He buried his nose in her crotch and started sniffing. She made an ugly face and looked away. The dog rocked his head back and forth like her scent was some kind of fetish for him.

When he started trying to undo her shorts she stopped him.

"It's just a blowjob." She reminded him, and he looked back up at her with a grin she didn't like.

"You let me take a peek at every inch of you and he passes." He reminded her of the reward she was to get for her compliance. This was more than she'd originally agreed, too. He'd also almost choked her, and maybe worse, with his dick. She bit her lip and exhaled. Letting him take a good look was arguably the lesser of the many sins she was committing on behalf of her boyfriend's grades.

With a great deal of reluctance she spread her legs wider for him and he resumed his attention to her crotch. He popped the button of her shorts and unzipped them. When he started tugging them down her legs she helped him by closing her thighs right up until they were left wrapped around her ankles. He'd left her thong in place, but that didn't stop him from pushing her knees against her chest so his nose could go back to digging in for another big inhale.

He started licking her through the thin fabric until it was soaked right through. The shepherd grabbed her knees and pushed them apart as he ate her out through the thong. She had to drop her feet behind his head since her ankles were bound together by her shorts. With her sneakers still on she was a bit stuck.

At least this time she didn't have to do anything. She sat at the very edge of the desk and went back to find things to read on the opposing shelf until she ran out of items. He had various nick nacked she went about studying instead while the big dog worked her over through her thong.

The professor leaned back a bit and tugged her thong to the side. She felt him shove two fingers in her cunt and he dived back in and started nursing at her clit while his fingers started probing around until he found the spot ever her boyfriend had trouble finding. The coyote flinched at first, then arched her back. She snorted through her nose and tightened her jaw to keep her mouth shut.

Beth couldn't hold back her heavy breathing and the hasty pace of her heart. Big deep breathings came and went through her nose as he worked her pussy over hard with his tongue and fingers. For an old man he knew how to eat a girl out and she was struggling to hold herself back. Her toes were curling in her shoes and she had to find the edge of the desk with her hands to clamp and clench at the wood just as hard as she was clenching her teeth.

She wanted to moan and talk dirty. If she was with Casey she would have, but this dog was the last person she wanted to be intimate with. Her breathing eventually began to come out from between her teeth in quick breathes like she was hyperventilating. It kept getting hard and harder for her to hold it in and finally she gave it one last try. She tightened her jaw shut, her nostrils flaring with heavy fast breathes. She fought it right up until she broke and spat out a harsh moan as an orgasm overtook her body like a brick to the temple.

The dog didn't stop to let her recover and Bethany just shook and vibrated over the wooden desk while the shepherd lapped up every ounce of juice her pussy was soaking his hand and muzzle with. She couldn't stop herself from moaning and shivering while the dog just milked her to death.

By the time he finally slowed down and finished eating her out she'd been left breathless and dazed. The shepherd had eaten her like she was his last meal. She hardly noticed the movement of his body as he stood back up with leg legs lifting up with him. The shorts around her ankles were caught tight behind his neck and his hands tugged her thong down off her ass and up her thighs until they were wrapped around her knees.

A hot heavy object pushed between her thighs and plopped its weight down onto her stomach and she looked down. She gasped and saw the professors still rigid dick resting over her belly with his knot now very much swollen and ready for a mating tie. Beth looked back up at the older dog and shook her head.

"N-no! This isn't what we talked about yesterday!" She insisted and tried to close her legs tight, but his head and dick were already between her legs. Her shorts and thong were pretty much keeping her legs right where they were, too.



"You want him to pass his last math class don't you?" He reminded her. She looked back down at the huge dick the dog was packing and imagined him trying to squeeze it into her tight little passage. Casey wasn't big enough to get her ready for something as thick, and long, as this! Her heart was going faster now. That extra bit of fear she felt about taking such a big dick also made her burn all the hotter between her legs. She was coming down from her last climax, but it was just one sensation giving way to another. A distressing hunger for another orgasm. Her body was turned on and any rational thought she had that could tell her why all this was a bad idea was being forced to fight with the stupid primal desire of getting well and truly fucked by a big alpha dog. The professor was one such canine, and her little coyote pussy knew it.

Unfortunately she was here for an important reason. That reason would require her to take the professor's fat dick whether she really wanted it or not. She'd already cheated on Casey, and she'd have to come to terms with the guilt about that later on. She swallowed and looked up at the smirking canine. She knew he knew he'd won. Beth would feel a lot of shame and guilt over this after it was all over with, but she told herself it would be worth it if it got Casey through the semester and into the next where neither of them would have to worry about his grade or his dad's money.

"Just." She started, then stopped herself to nervously swallow again. The coyote was hesitating. Stalling for time. Beth opted to tell the truth. "You're huge."

He grabbed his dick with one hand and leaned himself forward to cup her chin with the other. A twist of the wrist and he had his thumb resting over her muzzle and his index finger hooked under her chin. He tightened his grip on her muzzle and she felt her teeth grind together. The man sure had a strong grip.

"Relax, and don't clench." He told her, and then moved his hips and she felt the tapered tip of his cock at the lips of her pussy. "It gets worse before it gets better, honey."

He pressed himself in and Beth grunted and squirmed. Her tunnel was made to stretch out around the dog's girth as he very slowly sank his length in her. Just like when she's blown him she could feel the tapered tip give way to the thick middle of his shaft. She rapidly breathed through her nose and reached down with a desperate hand. Her hand was trembling as she touched his cock and felt it slip through her fingers as more of him sank into her.

"You're a fucking tight bitch, honey!" He grunted over her and leaned himself forward. She let loose a muffled whine when his knot bumped into her hand before pressing tight to the lips of her cunt. She could feel him twitch steadily inside her, but she didn't think he was getting off in her. It was just his heartbeat trying to keep that fat prick full of blood. He let go of her muzzle and she gasped and panted.

The coyote felt defeated. Her ears were folded back in submission as her pussy struggled to wrap around his big tool as the professor held himself perfectly still inside her. Well, he was still twitching in her. He couldn't stop his cock from excitedly reminding her that it was full of hot blood and ready to do as nature intended. She heard him groan as he eased his hips back slowly. With his girth her cunt was clinging to him like shrink wrap. It was the weirdest sensation to feel her insides get tugged along by the withdrawal of a cock right before her slick interior lost it grip to fall back into place. Casey never made her feel that!

"This feels like a brand new cunt." He chuckled before rocking himself back into her. She whimpered and reached out with both hands to push at his stomach, but it was just like pushing at a brick wall. She wasn't stopping him and he tapped his knot against her lips again. The dog kept this up. Nice and steady strokes that very slowly increased in pace over time.

Bethany was panting like crazy as her cunt slowly got used to being abused by something much bigger than she was accustomed to. She found the hem of her top and held onto it with clenched fists. It didn't feel right to have idle hands and she didn't want to touch the german shepherd any more than necessary. He leaned over her and planted his lips over hers and made her kiss him again.

She didn't want to make out with him. Wasn't pumping her full of his sleazy dick enough? And he'd already kissed her before! She was getting slicker between the legs. The coyote didn't know if it was the precum his dick was probably spitting into her, or if it was her own body lubing itself up for an easier lay. It's not like her cunt knew any better. Dick was dick as far as her pussy was concerned, and the cock currently enjoying her tunnel was the biggest bitch sticker her cunt would probably ever taste.

When he pulled himself back from her he withdrew right up until all that was left was the head of his cock. He held still a moment, and she felt his cock twitching steady between her folds, and then he slapped his hips right back in with one quick thrust. Her tunnel was suddenly full of canine cock and she shouted and thrashed under him as her brain was force to register her cunt being stretched out and resized. The shepherd put his hands over her shoulders and pressed her to the desk.

The dog started pumping his dick in her hard and fast and she shook and thrashed on the desk. Every time he impaled her she clenched her jaw in a futile effort to keep herself from shouting, but she shouted anyway. Mostly incoherent cussing and feminine grunts that made her cheeks and ears burn red with shame. Her legs were trapped between their bodies and she couldn't even spread them with her shorts around her ankles and her thong around her knees. She started to slide up the desk and her hands reached down to find the edge of the desk. She took a firm grip and held herself still as the dog hunched his body over hers.

"Tight little bitch!" The shepherd growled down at her and leaned in to lick her cheek. She looked away from him, then shouted again when he slapped his knot against her pussy and held himself firmly against her so he could grind his knot against her cunt. "On the pill?"

"Yes!" She nodded her head silently, then gasped as his thrusts resumed. The coyote felt him batter her cunt with his knob like he meant to seriously tie her. His swollen knot had every intention of locking the two of them together, and Bethany wasn't in a position to refuse it. She clenched her hands harder on the desk while the dog hitched his hips into hers harder and harder with every thrust.

He let off of her shoulders and grabbed her by both arms instead. The shepherd hauled her up until he could wrap both arms around her chest and she left with her chin stuck between her legs while the professor's chin rested atop her head. With her legs pinned between his body and hers she was completely trapped. He hoisted her up high, and she felt his cock drag halfway from her cunt, then he slammed her down with every ounce of her body weight, backed up with the force of his strong arms, impaled his cock in her with enough force to knock all the wind out of her sails.

And then he did it again.

And much to her shame she felt her next breath get caught in her throat right before she spat it out as a long, loud squeal. She came hard and felt her cunt get slicker as the fresh load of lubricant soaked her petals and the shepherd's piston. Instead of letting her get her wits back together he yanked her up and drove her back down again. Each time he slammed her down his knot popped against her cunt and she was sent into fit of uncontrollable squealing. The coyote couldn't stop herself. She was humiliating herself with every squeal, every wail, every incoherent noise the bigger dog was ripping from her throat. Her skin burned bright red under her fur.

He dropped her again, and stopped. The shepherd squeezed her tight to him until the air was pushed from her lungs. He started jackhammered up into her with short quick thrusts that punished her cunt with his knot until he sharply snapped his hips upright at the same time he let go of her

with his arms. She bounced a few inches off his cock and dropped backwards until her back slapped against the desk. His hands went for her hips and he gripped her tight.

The professor went right back to jackhammering her cunt. Beth hardly had any time to collect herself and she was arching her back again on the desk as she helplessly squealed and whined. He opened her cunt up a little more with every thrust until her squeals gave way to grunts of discomfort. It didn't matter to her pussy that it was starting to hurt that her lips were getting strained to their maximum limit by his fat knot. She came anyway. The coyote grunted hard and felt a powerful shudder vibrate up and down her body while her legs started twitching wildly against the shepherd's chest. She could heard him laughing while he grunted over her.

He never let up. He fucked yet another orgasm out of her and before she could even count to two he'd fucked a third from her. It didn't matter that her pussy was getting ruined by the german shepherd. All that mattered was this big virile dog was trying to fuck a load of puppies into her. Her clit was getting assaulted like she didn't think possible. Between her inner walls being stretched to their limit and her clit getting constantly spanked by his knot she couldn't contain the now constant series of little climaxes the professor was punishing her with.

"Beg for that knot!" He snarled and hitched his hips and forced his knob against her and she squealed again as her cunt stretched even wider.

"P-please!" She was panting harder with the skin on her knuckles turning white under her fur as she clenched tight to the desk. He mouth hung open a thin trickle of drool ran from the corner of her mouth as her back suddenly arched again with another climax. He slowly pulled her small body to him and her cunt kept stretching. It was like nothing she could have ever imagined and put into words.

Her breathing stopped for a moment. And then it began again as a series of labored, energetic panting. She was panting so fast she felt lightheaded and close to fainting. Between every pant was the subtle trace of a feminine whine that grew louder and louder with every one of her exhales as the discomfort of his knot forcing her cunt wider and wider finally tipped itself over into the realm of pain. He was too fucking big for her petite little cunt! He'd already ruined her, and now would he break her?

"Please!" She begged him once, but whether or not she was asking him to stop or to knot her she couldn't figure out. Her brain was fogged up with the pleasure of her numerous orgasms, and the now new fresh pain from her overstretched cunt. The shepherd curled his lips back in a big snarl just as the crest of his knotty girth slipped all the way inside her with a

short, wet, schlorp. Her cunt had basically sucked it in like a baseball through a straw. Beth had never felt so utterly full of anything in her life.

The head of his cock was now crammed against her cervix with his knot swallowed up whole in her pussy with its enormous bulk pressed tight to her gspot. The pain and discomfort was gone, and in its place was a powerful new explosion of pleasure so intense she was partially blinded by it. Beth didn't know an orgasm could be so pure and unfiltered that it could make her entire relationship with her boyfriend flash before her eyes like she'd died and gone to heaven. Fresh hot shame joined in with the blistering heat of her climax and her face cooked red like she was trying to dye her fur a new shade of rusty brown.

Her back arched harshly again and her hands let go of the desk as her entire figure began to shudder once more atop the desk as the older dog let out a deep satisfied growl that rumbled from his chest and down to his fucking cock and she could feel it in her cunt. His cock jumped and she felt the first thick rope of dog cum pelt the entrance of her womb.

It was hotter than any cumshot she'd experienced before, and it pegged her with so much force it was like the professor hadn't gotten off in weeks. The second rope came right after the first. The jumping of his dick was the definition of impatience. His load couldn't wait to get in her pussy. She was addled to her core, but she could still feel how his knot would throb with every new rope of cum, how the underbelly of his shaft would yawn wider to let that flood of seed through.

Her cunt was so full of dog dick that there was hardly any room left in her for his cumshot. She was left speechless when the pressure reached its peak and she felt something give inside her. It was like a 'pop' and a gurgle followed by a sudden loss of pressure in her cunt with a growing wave of heat flooding deeper and deeper inside her. The heat continued to spread until a new pressure made itself known deeper in her belly.

"That's it, honey. Fucking take it." He was panting over her now while his cock did the work. Beth felt a drop of spit hit her cheek and she blinked and tried to find the dog in her blurred and foggy vision. She found him and saw he was now panting with his tongue hanging out. He was drooling over her. The coyote looked down and felt herself sober up real quick as she found a bulge in her stomach that shouldn't have been there. She moved a trembling hand to the swell in her tummy and touched her stomach. Every few seconds she'd feel a thump, and the pressure in her gut grew a bit more pronounced.

He was dumping some unholy amount of cum in her and she was in total awe of it. Thank God she was on the pill! She was now back to her senses and

very much aware of her situation. She was breathing faster again, but now out of panic. What the fuck was she going to do now?

He leaned down and licked her cheek again, but she mostly ignored it this time. She was too focused on how much dick was locked in her cunt and that swollen bloated sensation steadily filling her insides. Her body was still warm and fuzzy all over from the stupid number of orgasms he'd made her endure, but mentally she now felt clear headed and... felt some twisted combination of being humiliated, ashamed, and satisfied as fuck. Her conscious mind was aware of how badly she'd cheated on her boyfriend and her heart ached for it, but that base and primal part of the brain that only cared for eating, sleeping, and fucking... That part of her was deeply happy that she'd gotten the best fucking in her life. It didn't matter if she took her pill every morning. As far as her body was concerned she'd gotten exactly what she needed.

"That's a good girl. Be a good little bitch." He told her, and she didn't even care that he was calling her a bitch. She couldn't contest that with his cock still lodged in her cunt and dumping cum in her belly. He leaned in and started kissing her again, and she didn't fight that either. He'd won. She let him have her mouth for as long as he wanted it while his dick finally settled down inside her. When he finished making out with her she'd collected enough of her thoughts to ask him the important question. The reason why she had come to his office in the first place.

"So, you're going to make sure Casey passes your class?" She asked him bluntly, then swallowed nervously. The professor chuckled over her and leaned himself back to stand upright. Her feet were still trapped behind his head by her shorts. She saw he was looking down at her belly and the bulge he'd planted there. He touched her just under her bellybutton, then thumped her stomach with his middle finger. He chuckled and looked up from his handiwork with a smile of his face.

"He'll pass just fine, honey." He told her. She felt relieved for the first time that evening. She watched him lean forward. He wanted another kiss and exhaled and waited for his lips to touch hers. He missed her lips and went for one of her ears.

"Now, the night is still young, honey. I'm real interested in seeing just how badly you want to keep your boyfriend from flunking out." He whispered in her ear and whatever relief she'd felt at that point was doused with ice water. He couldn't be serious. He took one look at her and she must have painted her thoughts over her face with her expression. "I am very serious."

"Kiss me, and this time I want you to mean it." He told her, and she felt her skin tingle under her fur. He was going to make sure Casey passed... She hesitated. She didn't want her boyfriend to flunk his class, or

worse. Her mouth felt dry. The german shepherd licked his lips. Her ears folded back in submission and she pressed her lips to his.

At the end of the semester everyone got word of their final grades. Casey had texted her to have lunch with him in the cafeteria and when they met up he wore the biggest smile she'd ever seen on him. He'd grabbed her tight and pulled her in for the biggest most passionate kiss he'd ever planted on her. By the time he was done they'd attracted a lot of onlookers who were snickering and laughing at the two love birds who couldn't 'get a room' for the PDA. She was so happy for him when he broke the big news that he'd passed everything. He even passed his math class. She really was happy for him and there was no way she could ever explain to him why she was so relieved that he'd managed to make the grade.