

The door to his office clicked, the lock sealing them both together inside. It was an unusual hour on campus with most classes having been let out by now. The only people here were professors catching up on work or students doing all-nighters. Professor Weber turned away from the door, a smile on his face. Teagan always suspected the professor was a sleazeball, and he'd proven her correct. Every day he'd come into her math class, and she could see the look on his face when he'd eye up a girl. She knew that look on all the sleazy frat guys that didn't understand what 'fuck off' meant.

What made it worse was that she knew at least six girls in her class that acted funny whenever they were around him, or if the topic of Weber or math in general came up. She knew this scumbag got around, and well, now he'd gotten around to her. Teagan was frowning, sitting in the worn-out wooden chair on the guest side of the big oak desk. Its only saving grace was the cushion, which was comfortable despite being ten years older than her.

Teagan was a hyena, fit and trim. She wore the label of tomboy proudly, though she wasn't unique. She was riding on a soccer scholarship, a full free ride, because she was a badass on the field. Though she wasn't the only tomboy soccer chick, she thought highly enough of herself to assume she'd never find herself in some scumbag's office after hours, but here she was.

"So, what kind of generosity were you hoping to get exactly? Your grades aren't bad for a jock." The German shepherd started, stepping around to his desk and taking a seat in his big posh office chair. His office was nice, something befitting a man with his credentials and years of experience. It was bullshit, it was being wasted on a prick like him. How many other dudes on this campus were laboring away as assistants or instructors that were just as smart as Professor Weber but weren't douchebags?

"I'm not here for me. I have a friend." She replied.

Teagan would never do this shit for herself; her pride was too big to swallow. She'd sooner choke on a chicken bone than on some prick's knob!

"Which friend is that?" He asked.

"She'll lose her scholarship if her GPA drops any lower. She'll be ok if her math grades get better." She replied. Teagan had a good friend on the soccer team. Super cool chick, but math wasn't where her brain went to work. She sucked at it. Teagan wasn't much better, but at least she had good teachers growing up so her adding and subtraction was at the college level. Her friend went to a shit school growing up and she struggled through anything higher than the most basic of algebra.

"That tells me why, but not who."

"Lauren Keller. She's in your morn--"

"I know who she is." He cut her off.

"So, she's the one I want to help." She replied.

"From what I hear she's been getting tutored. Her grades have improved as of late." The canine replied. He wasn't even bothering to look her in the eyes. He was focusing squarely on her tits. Teagan knew why she was here, and she came dressed appropriately. Feather thin booty shorts and a tank top. She looked like she was about to go jogging, and she had jogged to get here.

"Yeah." She replied. Teagan knew all about her friend's tutoring.

It worked well enough to keep her from flunking, but her scholarship demanding a minimum GPA and she was dangerously close to falling below the red line. She needed her D average in math to turn into Cs and Bs, and quick. Lauren insisted she was trying her best with her tutor friend, who was apparently great at math, but that greatness wasn't wearing off on her for some reason. The hyena was at her own breaking point, past that really, and was no longer going to leave things up to chance.

Teagan Maguire had always made personal sacrifices for her friends, and this was just going to be another example of her selflessness. Not only did she not want to see one of her good friends drop out, but she knew that a girl like Lauren could never resort to something desperate like this. She only just got herself a first boyfriend, and she was so straight edge that the only thing she was guilty of was foul language. Teagan couldn't even imagine her getting laid, let alone whoring out for a quid pro quo.

The hyena also really didn't want to see The SanFur Slayers' best striker drop out!

The Professor looked her in the eyes finally, leaning back in his chair before smiling again.

"I don't need an explanation; I'll take your word for it. You want her grades to go up?" He replied.

"Why else would I be here?" She shot back curtly. The older canine chuckled to himself. There was so much smugness to the man that Teagan wanted to barf. She hated these kinds of men!

He stood up and began to walk around his desk until he was approaching her, instantly making her feel deeply uncomfortable. Halfway up her rise he put his hand on her shoulder and pushed her back down, making her flinch. She sat back down, feeling her muscles twitch with a sudden revulsion. She knew why she'd come here but now that he'd actually touched her, she was feeling more sick than confident.

Professor Weber stood over her, looking down his muzzle at her while she clenched her teeth in reply. Her hands rested on the arm rests, squeezing the ends tightly. Her fight or flight response was kicking in, but this was not a situation where she could either fight or flee. Teagan was a big girl, she'd done plenty of irresponsible and stupid things in her twenty years of being alive.

But she'd never done this before! She'd heard plenty about it! It was always a plot point in some tv drama, or in some PSA about sexual harassment! She'd thought to herself that this would be easy.

Teagan was hot, guys liked to look at her, and she wasn't a virgin! But this prick was making her squirm, her discomfort rising like bile in the throat.

"How high do you want her grades to go?" He asked her.

After a moment's hesitation she replied.

"High enough to keep her scholarship." She growled up at him.

"She's flatlined at a D average right now. Kept wondering when she'd ask for help, but with friends like you I guess she doesn't need to." He told her.

The shepherd put his hands on his side, his thumbs hooked into the pockets of his slacks while he watched her from above. Now that he was actually looking her in the eyes, she felt disgusted looking back at him. She broke his gaze, her eyes darting to the side, losing the fight of the eyes no sooner than it had begun. Teagan could smell his cologne, and she hated that it was pleasant. Nothing about this scumbag should be pleasant, it should be foul! Her heart was racing in a panic, like she was out of the field during a losing game.

She shouldn't be here! Lauren's grades were her problem, like why the fuck was Teagan trying to be the one to wear the big girl panties and make a problem go away? Even as she thought the words in her head she felt almost as disgusted with herself. She never did things without good reason, and she felt she like she had a good reason now. Lauren didn't even ask her for this, this was all on Teagan's shoulders. She'd gotten the idea in her head to sweet talk the professor, thinking that maybe she could take advantage of the Professor's love for women to help out a friend. A BJ for some A grades.

Bold, ballsy, and stupid. Professor Weber wasn't some loser jock with two popped collars. If he had been then this wouldn't be so bad. Those frat idiots were like putty to be molded and cast aside like bad pottery. Teagan couldn't manipulate the Professor quite the same way, he was built differently, and she was only now seeing that. It was instinct, like prey realizing for the first time that the forest had gone silent. Professor Weber was watching.

"How far you willing to go to get her grade up to code?" He asked her.

She made a dry swallow from behind her clenched teeth. Her hands were still gripped tight to the arm rest, and she felt more naked than ever. The longer she sat in his office the more her initial confidence faded into obscurity. It was at this moment that she wished she'd worn more clothing, her tank top and shorts a poor substitute for a proper outfit.

"If you want her to get up to a C, I can arrange that. But you'll have to suck my cock." He told her when she made no effort to answer.

Frozen stiff in place, she listened, but couldn't reply. She was stuck, unable to act as her eyes darted down to the floor, her knees now locked together while her posture morphed from aggressive defiance to trembling discomfort.

"If you want her to squeak by a B, you can be my bitch for the evening." He added, and she didn't need to look him in the face to know his expression. The smug was as filled with his smug aura of victory as it was with the scent of his cologne.

"It's up to you, but my zipper is where you're going to start either way." He told her then, and at the sound of the word zipper she did look up.

Teagan looked up, almost like she was making sure that there was even a zipper, and there it was. The front of his dark slacks was right there in front of her, and he'd just told her to pull him out and suck him off. The bile went up her throat again, and she swallowed dryly, her entire body now on the verge of shaking as the reality of her situation made itself known.

She was actually going to have to suck his cock! Teagan was well passed having second thoughts, she'd come this far and her pride was not something she could easily swallow, but this asshole was setting off so many alarm bells that it made her feel weak in ways she'd never felt before. The hyena had butted heads with plenty of assholes, but the Professor was different. He was actually powerful!

His hands left his pockets and went to his front. When he started undoing his pants her eyes bolted wide open. She tried to protest, but her mouth was so dry that her words caught in her throat, she was actually speechless as the shepherd unzipped himself, undoing his belt before sliding it free of the loops around his waist.

She looked up at him, and his eyes were locked onto her, confident, dominant, in control. And she broke his gaze again, losing another round. She saw a flash of grey in the now open fly of his slacks, his underwear on display. He reached down into them, and his hand groped at himself before he used both hands to push the front of his pants down, exposing himself to the air.

Teagan's gaze was locked forward, staring at his crotch like she'd never seen a man's dick before. She didn't want to be here, but she was glued in place, staring at the dog's sheath. Everything about it was disgusting to her! It was too thick, there was too much touch of grey to his aged fur, his nuts were too fat, hanging low below his sheath like they weighed a ton. In the back of her mind, she knew she enjoyed sex like any other college girl, but this wasn't how she wanted it to happen! She liked feeling like she was in control, but she had no control here!

"Usually by now the girls that come to see me would have already started sucking my dick, but I guess you're a slow learner." He growled, his hand reaching out and grabbing her by the ear.

"Wait, stop!" She finally found her voice, but it didn't matter. He yanked her forward and forward was where she went. It was almost as if she was a weakling, some girl who never spent a day at

the gym. All her athleticism seemed to have melted away while she sat in the chair and now the prick had her face pressed against his crotch, his sheath rubbing against her cheek while his scrotum hung right under her chin.

She protested with her hands, placing both on his thighs, but they were ineffective. It was like she was literally powerless, in over her head, and now at the old dog's mercy. When his other hand came to rest on her other ear she felt his grip tighten up on her. He twisted her head and forced her to look up at him.

"Suck it, slut, and I'll make sure you get what you came for." He told her.

From this angle the light from the ceiling was turning the shape of the professor into a dark silhouette. He looked more frightening and imposing than he ever had when she was on equal footing with him. His bulging sheath was pressing against her jaw. She screwed her eyes shut, jerking her head against his hands while her own hands tightened their grip on his pants legs.

"Suck it." He ordered her, voice firming up into a growl.

Her lips found the opening of his sheath and from behind shut eyes she started sucking on him. It didn't take long to find the tip of his cock. He was swelling up slowly, thickening and lengthening until he was big enough for her to wrap her lips around him like a popsicle. Teagan was disgusted, little drops of tears forming at the corners of her eyes as she proceeded to humiliate herself in front of the prick.

She'd blown enough cock to know men thought highly of her talent, and she did everything she could to blow the dog as good as she had any other, but the more she worked the harder it was getting. His dick kept getting bigger until he the tip of his dick was threatening to poke the back of her throat. The professor was already bigger than half the guy's she'd been with before with no sign of stopping.

He was old, the touches of grey in her fur misleading her. She'd assumed he'd be some shriveled up old dick, but his cock was throbbing solidly in her mouth as it roared to life. She finally gagged when his size reached the largest she'd ever taken in her mouth before, but he wasn't stopping. It was like he had a little horse in him, and she finally had enough and pulled her head back.

"I said suck it!" He growled suddenly, his hands grabbing her tight by the ears again and shoved her face hard into his groin. She gagged, his girthy prick now forcibly shoved down her throat as it continued to throb to its full size. She pulled at his legs, pushing away from him, but to no avail. At last, she opened her eyes, looking up at him, pleading with him with her eyes but all she saw was his silhouette and the light reflecting off his eyes.

He was choking her without moving a muscle. She gagged again, trying to swallow around his cock as she felt her throat stretch to fit him. Her neck felt so full and tight, and when she suddenly could no longer breathe, she began to panic. Teagan pawed at his legs, her muffled pleas going unanswered as the dark silhouette held her tight to his crotch as his cock finished growing to its full length. She could

feel him deep in her neck, gagging and choking for air, the bulb of his knot swelling between her jaws, and she was terrified he'd knot her mouth!

She prayed he'd stop, that he'd pull back, and his knot kept growing. Only when her eyes began to flutter, her arms growing weak and dropping to her sides, did the asshole finally draw his cock back. He held her head in his hands and kept her from tipping over. The rush of air hit her lungs, her reflex to gasp and suck in air slamming all at once, her eyes popping open sharply. She was alive! The bastard still cradled her head in his hands, his cock fully erect and twitching in front of her.

"Do it." He growled.

She sniffed, blinking away tears until she could see clearly again. The huge cock in front of her was bigger than she ever expected to have to deal with, but he'd broken her spirit. She didn't complain, she leaned in and put her mouth back on him. The taste of her own spit mixed with the dewdrops of precum bubbling out from his tip. Teagan hated the taste, but she forced herself to swallow as she bobbed her head up and down his shaft.

This wasn't her show anymore, no more control. The bastard was going to get his way and she hoped to God she got what she wanted after he was finished. She tried to work his cock faster, putting one of her hands under his cock to find his nuts. The twin heavy nuts were too big, too heavy. Nothing about his virility seemed right for a man that looked like he was in his fifties.

It didn't surprise her at all how the other girls looked at him. The looks on their faces made more sense now. How many women had he violated with this disgusting, vile thing she currently had in her mouth? This wasn't the kind of dick a girl knew how to take on instinct, this was a cock that had to be taken with force. The bastard knew all about force, his fucking hands were still touching her ears!

Teagan must not have been working his pole hard enough, because he twisted one of her ears and yanked her face down his shaft until her lips bumped against the swollen orb at the base of his dick. She violently gagged, the shepherd letting her back off.

"All the way down." He growled, and she complied, she went back to work and forced herself to go all the way down.

She gagged again but struggled through it until her lips kissed at his knot, her eyes beading up with tears as she forced herself to service the prick until her throat was hoarse. Every time she bobbed her head down his cock the head of his cock slipped down her neck, stretching her from the inside, making her choke and gag.

He must have been loving every second of it, because the fat nuts in her hand were happily twitching, his dick greedily drooling pre over her tongue and down her throat while a deep satisfied grown rumbled from him. Teagan doubled down, trying to make this end as quickly as possible, working her head up and down the prick's prick until the noise of her gagging was drowned out by the lurid slurping of her lips slipping up and down his length.

For every drop of drool she left dribbling down his cock she could feel a thin streamer of precum spitting from his tips and slithering its way down into her belly. She wanted to vomit, this was disgusting, this prick was disgusting! Suddenly, his hand grabbed her tight by the hair and hauled her head off his cock. She knelt there, looking up at him with a wince and a grimace, as the old dog's cock twitched happily in the air. Ropes of clear pre dripped and slung beneath his shaft and onto the floor.

"Take that top off. Show me your tits." He told her, and she reached up to give him half of what he wanted. She grabbed the bottom of her top and tugged it up and over her tits until both breasts popped free. When she put her hands down to make it clear she wasn't removing her top he smirked down at her.

"You want her grade to go up, you're going to take this dick as deep as I want it to go. You understand?" He asked her, the dog's dark silhouette was threatening, and she clenched her teeth and nodded.

"I'm a math professor, not retarded. Speak English." He told her, twisting his hand until the pull on her hair started to hair.

"Yes! Whatever you want!" She barked back, and his hand relaxed, then let go.

"Good. On your back." He told her.

This was it. He was going to fuck her, and her heart was pounding. This wasn't excitement making her heart race, but anxiety and fear. He was huge! He was disgusting! Teagan leaned herself backwards until she caught herself on her elbows, letting her body finish its descent with her back flat to the thin carpeted floor.

As she moved, the professor was letting his pants drop, the dog pulling off his shoes with his feet before slipping himself free of his pant legs. The hyena was still wearing her shorts, but she wasn't about to let him strip her naked, she wouldn't let him have that! Teagan pulled her legs up, knees to her chest, hoping her thighs would at least put some distance between her and the filthy dog that was about to mount her! With her knees at her tits, she reached down and did the work for him, as the Professor knelt down in front of her. She grabbed the back of her shorts and tugged them up and over her ass until they were sliding down her thighs.

The dog grabbed her hands and pushed. Her legs pressed tightly to her chest, squeezing some of the air from her lungs while her hands were hard locked in place just behind her knees. She glared up at his silhouette while he smiled lecherously down at her.

"Now be a good little slut and let me have my fun." He muttered as he carefully adjusted his feet until she felt the enormity of his dick drop heavily over her cunt. She felt dry as a bone down there, and he was about to enter her raw.

When he let go of her with one hand to reach down she shut her eyes and sucked in a lung full of air. She felt his cock slid across the lips of her pussy until his slick tip was nestled at her entrance. He didn't hesitate, he crammed it inside her.

She barked and grunted as his girthy rod pressed deep, fighting the resistance of an unwilling partner while his cock steadily pumped streamer after streamer of slick, sticky precum into her. The dog maybe made it halfway before he stopped, Teagan's legs shaking, her hands gripped tight to her legs with the skin of her knuckles turning white beneath her fur.

"Tight, but not for long." He chuckled, his voice like a growl.

"Fuck you." She spat up at him, and in reply to her he dropped his hips, forcing another few inches into her cunt, making her gasp sharply.

The hand he'd used to aim his dick at her entrance now moved high, reaching for her face. She jerked her head away, but his hand caught her by the muzzle and squeezed her mouth shut.

"Mouthy bitches don't get what they want." He told her, then adjusted his feet one more time before he started thrusting.

In seconds his knot was reaching the lips of her cunt, her muffled barking through the bastard's hands revealing just how rough it was for her. Teagan grunted with each of the dog's thrusts, clenching her teeth, tightening her grip on her legs while she endured the shepherd's assault. If it wasn't for how much the dog was drooling from his tip then she might not have ever managed to tolerate it without screaming. The precum was so copious that the small office was quickly filling with the wet noise of a piston slipping in and out of a too-tight tunnel.

"Tight, but deep, very good." He growled down at her, finally letting go of her muzzle so he could plant both his hands firmly on the floor to either side of his head.

She kept her mouth shut, grunting through gritted teeth as his hips clapped against her pussy like an unwanted applause. The wetter he got her with his slimy prick the faster he thrust down into her until the old dog was panting hard and heavy, his hips moving like a blur. Teagan glared up at him, watching as the dog closed his eyes, his face twisted into a look of smug satisfaction as he enjoyed his latest conquest. She wanted to slap him, to punch him, claw at his balls, but she held herself still, weathering the rapid assault on his body, confused as to how this old prick was even capable of fucking like a man twenty years his junior.

When he stopped, she knew he wasn't done, just adjusting his position. He slipped his feet back, moving to be on his knees while letting his body fully drop down onto her, his weight pinning her flat on her back while her legs pressed tighter to her tits.

She couldn't stand feeling his body touch the backs of her hands and she pulled them away, finding purchase with her fingers on the worn-out carpet below her.



He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her face into his chest, the act filling her with even more disgust as he started rutting into her again with slower, but exceptionally heavy thrusts.

She grunted, but refused to let her lips part as his knot battered her entrance. She didn't need to ask or wonder what his intentions were. He was planning on knotting her and she was going to have to let him. The thoughts of 'will it fit' or 'it can't fit' were pointless, so she didn't spare them any thought. It was going to fit, he was going to make it fit, and in a few short moments she'd understand fully why so many girls kept their eyes down to the floor when they walked past him.

Teagan Maquire was about to discover what it felt like to get made into a bitch by Professor Charles Weber. She'd know it so well that she would be able to look another woman in the eye and see it there, the smug look of satisfaction of an old dog that thought he was invincible.

Her cunt was being pried open wider and wider with every thrust. She screwed her eyes shut, the pain of him forcing his swollen knob deeper and deeper between her taut folds was almost too much, but she was a tough girl. She'd put up with worse, she'd broken bones before. This was nothing!

"Fucking take it, you dumb little slut." He snarled down at her, his pace quickening sharply, his hips working against her with the jagged violence of an oncoming orgasm.

She clenched her teeth so hard it hurt, and when his knot finally popped inside her she was proud of herself. She opened her eyes, glaring a hole through the man's chest as she remained silent to entire time, her private act of defiance against him!

He may have won in getting his cock in her, but he wouldn't have the satisfaction of breaking her!

His heavy nuts were draped across the back of her ass, now quickly drawing up tight. When his cock started twitching violently in her she had to listen as the old dog snarled violently, hitching his hips wildly into her as his dick sprayed her insides with his piping hot slime. At first it was typical, the warm sensation of a man's cum filling her up was one she'd felt before, but the Professor was a fucking hose. He just wouldn't stop cumming!

The volume in her gut kept growing until the taut muscles of her abdominals began to stretch. She felt the pressure swell inside her until she could feel it pushing up on her guts, the walls of stomach doming outward with every new twitch of his cock as he filled her tight to the brim until at last she felt her cervix give. The tip of his cock slipped into her womb and all that slime rushed in to search for eggs.

Fortunately, she was on the pill, so there were no eggs for him to steal, but the gurgling noise from deep in her belly as he filled her cunt right down to her ovaries left her skin crawling from tip to toes. Her revulsion for this man was at its peak, her quiet rage boiling like the man's cum inside her as she knew deep down what every one of his victims had been forced to endure! She understood it, felt it,

knew it, seethed at it as she committed every awful filthy part of this moment into her permanent memory.

“Fuck, your cunt fits like a glove now.” He gasped, practically spitting out his depraved compliment. How many times had he praised a girl right after soiling her insides with his cock? Too many, too many!

When he picked himself off of her, she discovered her body was trembling. The tight swell of slime in her belly, the hard knob locked deeply in her cunt, was doing unwanted things to her body. She was shivering on the cusp of orgasm, but her anger fueled rebellion was holding the line and refusing to submit to the bastard on top of her.

“You’re pretty tough. Sluts like you are usually drooling over me by now.” He chuckled, sounding a little winded from his orgasm.

She just glared up at him, but his expression of smugness unchanged.

“Fuck you.” She spat. He chuckled again, then swung himself to the side and forcibly rolled them both over until he was on his back with her dragged on top of him. Teagan’s legs were suddenly free to move, and she found them weak like Jello. She sneered, biting her tongue to keep her silence while her hot glare danced from his wicked face to her swollen stomach. She could have easily passed herself off as halfway through a pregnancy with the volume he’d dumped in her.

It wasn’t like she was unaware that there were men that could cum this much. Plenty of men were messy out there, and she’s personally been with a few that knew how to make a mess! But why did it have to be this prick? Why did this bastard have to be this gifted? Virility like this was wasted on bastards like these, men who only deserved the meager scraps that society had to offer. It just made her boil even hotter on principle, the wasted potential, the wasted effort. Wasted, all of it, on a foul and disgusting-

“Kiss me, honey.” He told her, and like hell she was going to comply!

“Go fuck yourself!” She hissed.

He reached up and took her sharply by the back of the neck, tight by her scruff.

“Bastard!” She snarled as he forcibly pulled her head down to his level, and when he pressed his lips to her, she tried to twist her face away, but the hand on the back of her neck tightened up until it hurt like fire.

She revisited the urge to bite off his tongue when it slithered into her mouth. She hated the taste of his spit, screwing her eyes shut as tears began to roll down her cheeks from the corners of her eyes as he forced this on her. Teagan’s hands were balled up into fists on his chest as she tried to push herself away but couldn’t find the strength.

When the prick stopped his kissing, she felt his other hand reach around behind her until he was cupping an ass cheek in his palm. He slapped her ass, she glared at him through wet eyes while the bastard looked so sickeningly pleased with himself. Tegan felt his hand cup her ass, still stinging from the slap. He gave her a squeeze, then an upward tug until she felt the pull of his knot inside her.

“Nice and tight.” He growled, and she kept her mouth shut.

He let go of her neck, the relief of it quickly replaced with more disgust as both his hands came to rest on her ass. The bastard started rocking his hips, pulling at her ass until his knot was really starting to pull back at her entrance. She started gripping his chest, grunting as the prick began to forcibly extract his obscene ball from her socket.

“F-fuck you.” She groaned as her lips stretched painfully taut again, his knot prying them back open until at last it popped free of her. A deluge of slime spilled from her cunt, washing over his nuts and spilling to the floor.

“Let’s make sure you leave here feeling as loose as your morals.” He chuckled.

She felt his hands shove her ass back down, his knot slapping back against her cunt while his legs lift his hips.

“Fuck!” She barked, his knot prying her cunt back open painfully until after a long-labored pressure... It popped in again. She’d been knotted twice in one evening.

“You know enough about dick to do this yourself.” He told her, his hands leaving her ass and sliding up towards her head.

“Go fuck yourself.” She sneered down at him.

Both hands found the back of her head. One grabbed her the scruff of her neck, and the other took purchase on her hair. He yanked.

“I know you didn’t make it to Uni with a vocabulary consisting of ‘fuck’ and ‘you’. Start showing me you’re smart enough to ruin your own cunt on my dick!” He snarled at her, making her eyes bolt wide open before they narrowed back down at him. Her rage, momentarily startled out of her, was roaring back, but he had her in a vulnerable place. Knotted, stuck, his strong hands binding her head dangerously.

She adjusted her legs, found purchase on the floor with her knees and planted her fists against his chest. She lifted her hips, felt the knot tugging at her insides until finally, after a lot of effort, it popped back out of her. Teagan grunted at the effort, her eyes beading up fresh at the corners as she continued to glare down at the professor.

“Good girl.” He growled up at her.

She started lowered her hips, rubbing her cunt against his orb, feeling it stretch her lips. Her pussy was already feeling raw from the knotting, but she needed to keep doing this. She needed to give him what he wanted, to make him think he had her whipped. Teagen would show him, she would! She let her anger be her fuel to suffer on! She forced her hips down, his knot roughly squelching back inside her, her eyes going nearly crossed as she grunted. There was something different about knotting herself on a man’s dick and had this been any of man she might have enjoyed it. But not this, this was disgusting!

“Now give me another kiss.” He yanked her head down, forcing his mouth onto hers.

She struggled at that, but just like before his tongue slipped into her mouth. His spit was everywhere, and she gagged at first, until a tightened grip on her scruff put a stop to her protests. The hyena started kissing him, throwing away her pride to give him what he wanted. She made out with him, roughly, wetly, sloppily. She must have surprised him because his grip loosened up and before she knew it, she was kissing this disgusting bastard while his hands cradled her face in his hands while her hips lifted until she grunted into his mouth.

His knot popped free. The noise of it made her skin crawl. Wet, like a sickening slurp as his shaft slid partially out of her loose tunnel, the cum coating everything like a slime that refused to rub off their skin no matter much her hips moved.

She started sucking on his tongue, doing whatever she thought she needed to do to play pretend, to fool this prick into thinking that maybe he’d finally won her over. Teagan sank her hips back, his knot pressing against her entrance before finally popping back inside her with another grunt escaping the hyena’s lips and into the hungry maw of the bastard beneath her.

Her hips went back up, yanking the knob free, and then back down again. Teagan tugged the lips of her cunt back over his knot until it sank back inside her. Every time it got a little easier. The hyena did it again, and when it next penetrated her folds resisted less, and less. As she kissed him, the bastard hungrily kissed back as his damned hands continued to cradle her face, her hips continued to rise and fall, wearing her tunnel out on his obscene cock.

Teagan was finding that her legs were starting to ache. As her cunt swallowed and spat out the old dog’s knot, she was growing tired. She’d need to work him more, but he had too much energy left for her to think he’d be done with her if all he got was a few extra kisses. No, she knew he needed to pop his cork at least once more, then his old body would want to sag lethargic. So, she worked harder, letting the muscles of her legs burn hot as she kept riding him.

A minute later and she knotted herself on him another ten or so times, the noise of his bulbous plug popping in and out of her was disgusting to her ears. It didn’t even sound like she was riding a dick anymore, her cunt was so worked loose. It was like his cock was a plunger trying to forcibly unclog her insides of whatever was left of her pride. A wet, sloppy, lurid noise that grew louder and louder as her

tunnel became even more loose from his size. The more ruined her tunnel, the less resistance she felt from his knot, and the louder her pussy got.

So, she went faster, her legs burning hotter with the pain of exertion until the lips of her cunt were piping hot and raw, working themselves across his knob faster and faster until her ass was a blur bouncing in his lap.

“Got.” He grunted into her mouth. “Damn!”

His hands suddenly locked tight onto her face, holding her head still as he started to growl into her mouth through their kiss.

The professor kissed her hard, one of those soul-sucking, air draining, kisses that left you breathless. She felt his cock start to jump and jerk inside her, and she slammed her hips back down. Firmly, fully, hilted on him again she let him drain his balls inside her, except this time her cunt wasn’t tight enough to keep it all inside her. It leaked out from all around the worn-out seal of her pussy, making sickeningly wet squirting sounds as rope after rope splurged out of her and down over the old man’s balls.

He let go of her face and let his hands come to rest on his own chest. His cock wasn’t softening yet, but by the way he was laying himself down flat she took it as a signal that he’d reached his limit.

“I knew you had it in you, whore. Good little pussy you have on you, too. What’s left of it.” He chuckled, breathless and quietly panted.

She quietly seethed over him.

“Are we done?” She asked.

“I suppose you did your part well enough. I’ll make sure that you get what you came for, since I got what I wanted.” He replied.

She quickly moved to get off him, but his hands caught her by the waist and held her back down in his lap with her eye glaring hot again at him.

“I’m not finished cumming yet. You can hop off when my dick quits twitching. I’ll tell you when.” He told her, and she settled herself back down on him, sitting upright now while she uncomfortably waited for the bastard to finish cumming. Several minutes later he finally let her hop off his cock, and with a fistful of tissues stuffed up her cunt she was allowed to leave his office.

Her legs were frail and weak, and she barely made it to the nearest lady’s room before her legs started to give out from underneath her. The bathroom was empty, and she staggered into the stall furthest from the doorway and dropped onto the toilet so she could try and clean herself up before making the long walk home to her dormitory. As she tore off chunks of toilet paper her anger burned

brighter with every desperate wipe. The more she tried to wipe away his cum the more that seemed to ooze out of her to takes its place.

After minutes of trying, she finally gave up, drooling his cum from her demolished pussy, left as nothing more than a hollowed-out whore. Yeah, she'd learned the hard way why so many young women on campus had an awful opinion of Professor Weber. She was now one of them. Teagan didn't let herself break down into sobs as she was too adamant about being tough to let herself do that. But she wasn't so tough that she could stop the tears from falling fresh from her eyes as she waited for enough of his cum to drain out of her for her to stuff herself full of more paper so she could hobble home.

While she sat and waited, she let her anger burn its way into new directions. She began by imagining the faces of every girl she saw in his math classes that had 'that' look. She knew some of their names, but not the others. She'd be talking to each and every one of them soon enough. That prick was going to learn the hard way that he was never the main fucking character, and Teagan Maguire was going to nail him to the fucking wall to prove it!