



Midterm Exam Stress Relief

Ever since Quaker started working for Dynasty, she had taken a quiet interest in the young superhero's life. Now in his senior year at the Masters Institute for Gifted Young People, he was in the thick of midterm exams — and it showed. With a course load that included *Ethics of Vigilantism*, *Secret Identity Management*, and *Superhuman Law & Liability*, it was no wonder the young man looked as if he were carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Quaker served as Dynasty's nanny, helping care for her two babies while handling light household chores. Between diaper changes and bottle warmings, Dynasty often found him perched on the edge of the sofa, textbooks spread open on his knees. Color-coded tabs bristled from the pages as he muttered definitions under his breath, one eye glued to the baby monitor as if afraid to blink.

A casual glance over his shoulder revealed notes that were meticulous but frantic — dense with underlines, arrows, and marginal reminders — as though he were trying to brute force the material into his head through sheer repetition. Dynasty smiled faintly. She remembered those same classes from her own time at the Masters Institute, not all that long ago.

Ethics of Vigilantism was an exercise in gray areas: collateral-damage thresholds, proportional response, and the long list of situations where the correct answer was *do nothing*. Quaker's jaw always tightened when he reached the chapters on moral liability and heroic negligence.

Secret Identity Management looked even worse. Flowcharts sprawled across the pages. Contingency trees branched endlessly. Entire sections were devoted to plausible deniability. More than once, he paused mid-sentence and stared into space, no doubt tallying how

many of those safeguards he'd already compromised simply by working for her.

And *Superhuman Law & Liability*? That one was pure anxiety. Case law. Precedents. Page after page of heroes who had done everything right and still been buried under lawsuits and settlements. Quaker's power enabled him to level entire cities with Richter-scale-defying earthquakes. How could he hope to navigate such a system?

Quaker's shoulders sagged as if the strain were physical, the kind of weight that made your back ache no matter how you shifted. That was something else Dynasty was quite familiar with.

After two kids, her breasts — which started off in the “melon” category — had developed into milk-filled pontoons. She was overdue for her mid-morning pumping, and they throbbed with pressure.

And pressure, she knew, always demanded release.

Dynasty had long since given up on scurrying away to pump her milk in secret. Everyone in the house, including the two nannies, Quaker and Octo-Lad, had seen her

boobs hauled out on countless occasions. They were probably bored with the scene by now, she thought to herself.

A slight tremor rolled through the neighborhood as if in answer.

Quaker knew better than to get distracted. He forced himself to focus on the book in his hands. His eyes snagged on a paragraph about elastic systems — how flexible structures respond to internal pressure, how mass and motion interact when containment yields instead of resists.

He swallowed and tried very hard not to think about Dynasty crossing the room.

Dynasty smiled to herself. Quaker was one of the good ones. Any other man his age would be frantically jerking himself in the bathroom by now, but Quaker was too earnest for that. With stress literally vibrating off him, he insisted on persevering. Even now, he refused to look in her direction — yet she was certain he was laser-focused on her reflection in the window.

She asked which class worries him most, and his answer spilled out faster than he probably intended. He explained how *Ethics of Vigilantism* insists there's always a cost,

how *Secret Identity Management* assumes failure is inevitable, and how *Superhuman Law & Liability* feels less like a course and more like a warning.

Dynasty didn't interrupt. She nodded. She let him talk himself hoarse, letting the tension unwind a notch at a time as he realized someone was actually paying attention.

By the time he finished, he looked faintly embarrassed, as if he hadn't meant to infodump. He apologized, stumbling over himself, but Dynasty waved it off with an easy smile and told him he had nothing to be sorry for. Sometimes it helps to unload.

She remembered that feeling well — the sense that every class was quietly warning you about the ways you could fail, not just as a student, but as a hero. She reminded him that pressure didn't mean he was falling behind; it meant he was still trying to do things the right way.

Quaker relaxed a little, his shoulders easing as if the weight had shifted, if only slightly. And as Dynasty watched him take that small breath of relief, she decided that listening was only the first step.

That night, when Dynasty decided to intervene properly, she treated the dorm like hostile territory.

Not because of security — that part was trivial — but because of need.

Exam week had transformed Quaker's all-male dormitory into a hive of restless energy. Doors stood half-open, lights burned at all hours, and the hallways carried the soft sounds of pacing, muttered formulas, and anxious sighs. It was the unmistakable tension of young men who hadn't slept, hadn't relaxed, and hadn't felt any real release in far too long. Dynasty could feel it as she crossed the grounds, a low, thrumming hum of desperation that made even her slow her step for a moment.

Getting caught wouldn't have been dangerous.

But it *would* have been inconvenient.

She moved through the shadows anyway, timing her progress between bursts of foot traffic, slipping past stairwells and common areas with practiced ease. A rare flicker of caution followed her — not every lingering glance in this place would turn away politely. Some might follow. Some might plead. She ignored them all.

She reminded herself why she was there. One stop. One problem. One solution.

When she reached Quaker's window, the contrast struck her immediately. Inside, he sat hunched over his desk, textbooks spread wide, shoulders tight with strain. He was

drowning in formulas and panic, lost in momentum equations and half-scribbled notes, completely unaware of how close relief already was.

“Oh my gosh, am I glad to see you!”

Dynasty whirled around in the direction of the voice. A young hero stood in the shadows with his back to her. She didn't recognize him, but he wore the school's familiar uniform. Was this the hero called Mass FX? Quaker had mentioned him often. Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of leathery wings. A succubus.

“Not as happy as I am,” she said, dramatically licking her lips.

Dynasty glanced up. There were at least three others, circling like vultures.

It made perfect sense for them to study the school's academic calendar. For a creature that feasted on semen, exam week must have been like Thanksgiving. The demon skipped grace and went directly for the drumstick in the young man's pants. It would have looked at home in a Renn Faire food stand.

Gracefully sinking to her knees, she began to casually bob on the thick member, savoring her feast. But the hero had other plans. He wound his fingers in her hair and took control of the tempo. Her eyes sparkled. This was not her

first day on campus. In no time at all, the youth's back straightened, and his hips began spasmodically bucking into her face.

The succubus chugged loudly until his convulsions stopped.

The young hero slunk bonelessly back into the shadows, and the demon rose to her feet and spread her wings. Her lips glistened in the moonlight. Her night had just begun.

Just as Dynasty's was about to.

Quaker jolted as Dynasty squirmed through his open window.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed.

"Shhh," she breathed, putting a finger to her swollen lips. "I'm here to help."

She glanced at the book that lay open on his desk.

Physics for Enhanced Beings: Momentum, Mass, and Movements.

"Does Doctor Starfall still teach this class?" she asked.

"Yeah. And he's a taskmaster."

She walked over to his notes. He was studying Newton's Cradle. Kinetic energy. Potential energy. He understood the math in theory, but he had a hard time seeing how it worked in the real world.

She heaved one heavy breast out of her green metallic bustier. Quaker's breath hitched. The other was hauled into view. Behind at the waist, Dynasty let her pendulous mams hang heavily. Using slow, deliberate motions, she illustrated the conservation of momentum: how energy travels through a system without disappearing, how impact on one side produces a response on the other.

Quaker sat in rapt attention. Dynasty continued her tit-tastic tutelage, demonstrating concepts like...

- **Simple harmonic motion** — rhythmic movement that naturally returns to equilibrium
- **Damping** — how energy dissipates over time unless continuously reinforced
- **Center of mass** — how balance shifts depending on distribution
- **Inertia** — the resistance of mass to changes in motion, no matter how much you want it to stop.

She wasn't a better teacher than Doctor Starfall, but she *did* know how to reach this particular student.

"I... I think I actually understand this stuff!" enthused the undergrad.

"Good," smiled the magnificent MILF. "Time for a pop quiz."

She knelt swiftly between the young man's legs and reached for his zipper.

His cock sprang free of its confines like a death row inmate who got a call from the governor.

"Pop!" she giggled.

Heaving her ponderous jugs into his lap, she held his gaze with large, doe eyes.

"Remember," she whispered, "no noise."

Quaker would have agreed to killing a favorite aunt at that point. Remaining quiet was a small ask.

That is, that's what the lad thought before she enveloped his stout cock between her heavenly orbs. When a loud sigh surged from his chest, he nearly choked trying to stifle it.

Saying Dynasty was good at titty-fucking was like Einstein was good at math. Almost any woman can stroke an erect

penis between her breasts. With Dynasty, it was a spiritual experience. She had the rhythm of a jazz musician and the undulation of an ocean. Her thick nipples quivered with every bounce. And her dirty talk was a Shakespearean sonnet of smut.

“I see how you look at my jiggling tits when you come to my house. I know how bad you want to squeeze them. To weigh them in your hands. I know you want me to cradle you in my lap while you suck on these fat nipples. How many times have you beat off to me in this very room? Do I have a designated sock? Do you whisper my name? Will you whisper it tonight when you cum? Will you look into my eyes and plead with me to let you shoot all over my enormous milkers? Do you have enough jizz to cover a rack like this? Would you like to see me lick your spunk off my tits?”

With a soft, almost plaintive whimper, he spurted his tension in long ropes across her plump knockers.

Heaving her cum-drenched dugs back into her bustier, she kissed the panting lad on the forehead and told him to do his best on tomorrow’s exam.

“A’s get double-D’s,” she tittered, knowing she hadn’t worn that cup size since middle school.

She didn't need to see Quaker's face to know his reaction. Wide eyes over a slack jaw that slowly spread into a giddy smile. Slipping out of his window, she started walking through the courtyard towards the faculty building. If she listened very closely, she could make out the sounds of succubi contributing to academic excellence.

She knew Doctor Starfall kept late office hours.

She wondered whether he still graded on the curves.



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