

New Dorm

by Pan

Chapter 5

Rob was jolted awake, his heart pounding. He was on his back, staring at the ceiling...and he wasn't alone.

It took him a minute to realize which of the women in his life (god...he'd only been at college for a single day, and already he had 'women in his life') had joined him.

He leaned over and flipped his light on to reveal his other neighbor was in his bed.

Geri.

She was wearing the same untied robe she'd had on at breakfast that morning...but unlike that morning, she wasn't wearing a bra and panties beneath it.

The young man's neighbor was completely naked beneath her robe.

Rob's eyes ran up and down her body, drinking it in. Her skin was pale, though there was a pink flush along her collarbones and the tops of her breasts. Her body was curvy, with full breasts that were just begging to be touched.

*And why not?* Rob thought to himself. Clearly what was happening was some kind of erotic dream come to life, an over-the-top fantasy-turned-real.

He might as well lean into it.

Rob had met this woman just a few hours ago, and now here she was, practically naked in his bed. Touching her breasts was probably acceptable. Fondling them was definitely allowed. And if he wanted to suck on her nipples, he was pretty sure she'd happily oblige.

The gorgeous redhead let out a moan as Rob's hands found her breast, his fingers tracing circles around her nipple. He could feel her soft flesh under his fingers; her moans grew louder as he pinched her rock-hard nipples, making his cock throb inside his boxer shorts. She had the same glazed look as Erika had the previous night.

As he fondled the redhead's breasts, he glanced down. Her pussy was shaved clean, leaving only a thin strip of red pubic hair leading into her slit. A landing strip, he'd heard it called.

He smiled at the sight of her perfect body, a grin growing on his face as he realized what was happening.

She'd come in here to fuck him.

This walking wet dream had sleepwalked into his bedroom to fuck him.

What kind of a guy would he be if he let her down?

One of Rob's hands reluctantly left Geri's tit, sliding between her legs. He cupped his hand around her mound, feeling her slickness, then slid his middle finger inside her.

She didn't say anything in response, but her moan told him everything she needed to know.

Geri was ready. She wanted him as much as he wanted her.

As his finger slid inside her, Rob leaned up to kiss her. It was the first time in an embarrassingly long time that he'd kissed someone, but despite his lack of practice, it immediately blew every other kiss he'd had out of the water. Despite her sleeping state, Geri responded eagerly, kissing him back with a passion that he'd never experienced.

Her tongue explored his mouth confidently, and Rob groaned as he felt her pussy twitching around his finger, a new wave of juices coating the digit.

His own cock was hardening underneath his boxers, and he decided that now was the time.

Pulling his finger free, Rob lifted himself off the bed and pulled down his boxers. His erection sprang out, and he moved one of her hands to it.

Geri moaned, her glazed eyes widening as she wrapped her hand around him, stroking him lovingly, her fingernails scratching gently down the underside of his shaft.

"Mmm," Rob sighed, leaning forward to kiss her again. "You're so good at this..."

She didn't respond – Rob didn't even know if she could understand him, in her sleeping state – but she returned his kiss as enthusiastically as she had before.

Rob slid his hand up Geri's thighs as he kissed her, then moved it to her firm, round ass.

Geri's moaning increased as he caressed her ass, squeezing her cheeks, teasingly spreading her asscheeks apart.

They were both ready. So what was he waiting for?

"I...I want to fuck you," Rob said nervously. She didn't say a word, just stared blankly at him. "If, um...if that's okay."

When the sleeping girl didn't respond, Rob began to have second thoughts. The previous night, Erika had sucked *his* cock – he hadn't been the instigator. But this? This felt like...

It didn't feel right.

But as he was about to grab Geri's hand and move it off his throbbing member, she surprised him. She slightly repositioned herself, pointed his erection at her entrance, and slowly lowered herself down onto his hardness.

Rob gasped as she impaled herself on his dick, her tight pussy swallowing his length. He grabbed her hips, helping her slide up and down his shaft. She was warm and wet and tight, and he couldn't believe that he'd finally done it. He was finally doing it.

Losing his virginity.

Geri was moaning softly as she rode him, her pussy gripping his cock tightly. He was popping his cherry. Right then, in that moment, this was it. This was sex.

This was what it felt like to have sex.

Geri's breasts bounced as she rode him, her nipples rubbing against her transparent robe as he thrust into her, more passion than technique.

Seeing her breasts, hearing her moans, seeing how her hands gripped the mattress in ecstasy – barely two minutes after he'd penetrated the gorgeous teen, Rob felt his orgasm approaching.

“Oh god,” he panted, his grip tightening around her hips. “Geri...I'm gonna–”

He came with a gasp, his balls contracting as he powerfully shot jets of his cum deep into Geri's pussy, filling her up. To his delight, Geri responded to his orgasm with one of her own, bucking her hips violently, milking his cock, her entire body twitching with pleasure.

The redhead let out a small whimper as she climaxed – the first noise she'd made since first sneaking into his room. Her pussy gripped his penis as though she never wanted to let him go, and her whimper was soon followed by a delighted squeak of passion.

The two teens were still for several minutes, both of them breathing heavily. Rob's cock began softening inside Geri's wetness; moments after his erection was gone, so was Geri – she slid off him, silently making her way out of the room as quickly as she'd arrived.

Rob lay in bed, his mind spinning as he tried to process what had just happened. He glanced at the clock, but the numbers seemed blurry, and before he knew it, he was asleep.

When he awoke the next morning, Rob wondered if the previous night's events had been a dream. Nothing but a perfect, hot, fantasy. But the sticky coating of his cock told him no: it had really happened.

He'd really had sex with Geri.

He'd really lost his virginity.

He couldn't wait to see what the rest of the day would bring.

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Chapter 6

Rob had a spring in his step when he awoke. Last night, as he'd been sleeping, one of the most gorgeous women he'd ever met had come into his bedroom and fucked him.

He'd never gone further than first base with a woman before going to college, but in the two nights he'd been in the new dorm, he'd received a nocturnal blowjob, and then the redhead from the next room had taken his virginity.

He knocked on his neighbor's door, not even sure what he was hoping for. If she'd answered, would she even remember last night?

Had it been as magical for her as it had been for him?

Rob wanted to make love to her again. He wanted to skip class, and spend hours exploring every inch of her body with his hands and mouth. He wanted to show her all the things he knew about pleasing a woman...currently a short list, yes, but he wanted to learn.

To his dismay, his knock went unanswered. If Geri was there, she wasn't answering.

Looking around the cafeteria, he was delighted (but unsurprised) by the sight that befell him. Every woman was barefoot, wearing nighties, and didn't balk at his gaze. Several of them turned when they noticed him staring at them, as though showing off their bodies for his pleasure.

Rob smiled. College was so much better than he'd been expecting.

He looked around for anyone he knew, but his neighbors were nowhere to be seen, nor were Indrani and Jasmine. With a shrug, he joined the breakfast line. He was confident he'd make new friends soon.

Sure enough, the two women ahead of him turned as soon as he joined the line, their eyes lighting up at the sight of him.

"Uh, hi," Rob said, cursing himself for the catch that appeared in his voice whenever he met an attractive woman. "I'm Rob."

"Rob..." the taller of the two women said, reaching out to touch his arm affectionately. "I'm Charlene."

Charlene was African-American, with wavy brown hair and hazel eyes. She wore a white nightie that did little to conceal her body, revealing her ample cleavage; a great expanse of smooth, dark skin, simply the largest breasts that Rob had ever seen.

"What cup size are you?" he asked, surprising himself with his own forwardness. As he'd

somehow expected, Charlene didn't balk at the question.

"An E-cup," she answered with a shy smile. "Thank you for noticing."

Her hand was still on Rob's arm, but she was standing confidently, inviting his gaze. He accepted the unspoken invitation, running his eyes up and down her body.

She was extremely tall, taller than him. Her legs were slim and muscular, her toned stomach flat and strong. Her arms were covered in dark freckles, and she was wearing nothing but her gown and a pair of white panties which contrasted with her dark skin.

The most notable feature on her body, though, was her chest, which seemed to defy gravity as it jutted proudly, as though desperate for Rob's attention.

The young man's mouth watered as he saw the dark nipples poking through her nightie, and he ran his eyes over her breasts, admiring every curve of her large, round orbs.

The woman standing beside her coughed, and Rob realized he was being rude.

"I'm sorry," he smiled, managing to get the words out without hesitation or stammer. "You are..."

"Marilyn," Charlene said with a pout, as though upset that she had to share Rob's attention. "She's my best friend from high school. She's in my acting class, first period."

"She has a voice," Marilyn quipped, holding out her hand for Rob's attention. Not sure what to do, he kissed it – the right move, apparently, because the young beauty blushed, her only response a delighted giggle.

Marilyn had long, wavy red hair, and breasts almost as large as Charlene's. She was curvy, with an hourglass figure, wearing a white nightgown that showed off her body perfectly.

"Hi," Rob said, smiling and looking down into her green eyes. She was tall, but he stood about an inch taller than her. "I'm Rob."

"Nice to meet you," Marilyn replied, her eyes flicking down as though instructing him to check her out as he had her friend.

"So...you want to be an actress?" Rob asked, flagrantly checking her out. She, too, was only wearing a pair of panties – blue, and lacy, to match her nightie. She had an hourglass figure; her waist was smaller than Charlene's, and her large breasts sagged downward slightly, resting in soft, full mounds on either side of her narrow ribcage.

"God no," Marilyn giggled. "It just seems like an easy A."

"Wait," Rob said. "First period? With Professor Bowers?"

“That’s the one,” Charlene nodded.

“I’m in that class too,” Rob said, and the two girls' faces lit up with delight, as though they’d just been told they were all getting A’s.

“No way!” Marilyn exclaimed.

“That’s so great!” Charlene echoed, and before Rob knew what was happening, the two women were embracing him with delight, their huge tits pressing into his arms.

“I’m looking forward to it,” Rob said with a smile, enjoying the feeling of the four firm, soft boobs pressed against him.

The three of them sat together at breakfast, both women hanging on his every word, and laughing at his jokes like he was a professional comedian. They made him promise not to go anywhere while they got dressed for class, returning soon wearing nothing but panties, unbuttoned white shirts, and huge smiles on their faces.

Rob was enthralled by the sight of the two women, his cock hardening at each passing second. They insisted on holding his hands as the three of them crossed campus and made their way to class, the two women taking every opportunity they could to press their chests against his arms.