

New Dorm

by Pan

Chapter 1

Rob looked at the building with trepidation.

The first day of college. He'd been looking forward to it for so long; it was only now that he was here, standing in front of it, that it felt...real. This was going to be his home for the next few years.

He'd never lived away from home before.

"Come on," his father said gruffly. Rob knew his dad well enough to know that his low voice was masking his emotions. Ever since his mother had died, the two men had lived alone. Rob's mother had been a beautiful woman, completely devoted to his father.

He'd loved her. They both had. And now that he was leaving the nest as well, his father would be alone.

Rob wanted to ask the older man if he'd be okay, but he knew that he couldn't. They were close, but they didn't talk like that. Never had.

"Let's find your new digs," his father continued, and Rob nodded.

The hallways were humming with the nervous energy of new college students. Most seemed to have moved in earlier that weekend (Rob and his father had been waylaid, and it was Sunday night by the time they arrived) and he was met with a few friendly waves.

"Lot of cute women," Rob's father said, throwing his son a half-smile, as though he knew something the eighteen-year old didn't.

"Uh huh."

Rob could feel his face going red. It wouldn't have been a proper send-off without some last-minute embarrassment.

"This is me, Dad," he said awkwardly, stopping at the dorm that his paperwork had directed him to. The second bed in the room was empty; either his dormmate was running even later than he was, or he'd been lucky enough not to be assigned a roomie.

Or perhaps *unlucky*. He'd often heard that college roommates could easily turn into lifelong best friends.

Rob's father firmly planted his hand on his son's shoulder. "Have a good time, son. This is going to be...a life-changing experience."

The young man's eyes narrowed. "Okay?"

The half-smile was back. "Seriously. And, uh...sleep well."

With that mysterious instruction, Rob's father was gone, striding down the hallway, the gaggle of students parting as he did.

What the hell had that been about?

It only took Rob an hour to unpack. He hadn't brought much with him; clothes, some comic books, and the laptop his father had bought him as a going-away present.

Once he was done, he poked his head into the hallway. As his father had pointed out, there were a lot of cute women. *A lot* of cute women.

Rob barely had any experience with the opposite sex. His mother had been gone for almost a decade, and aside from some distant cousins, a teacher or two, and the girls at school (most of whom he'd avoided out of fear) he'd never so much as had a conversation longer than a few sentences with a woman.

Well, what was college for if not learning?

Summoning up his courage, Rob knocked on the door of the room next to his. "Hey," he said, trying to sound more confident than he felt.

"Uh, hey," the brunette sitting on the bed said in response. "You need something?"

"Just saying hi," Rob mumbled. "I'm, uh, Rob."

"Well, 'uh', Rob," she replied sarcastically. "I'm, 'uh', Erika."

Erika's hair was long, and fell around her shoulder in waves. She was white, like Rob, and maybe a foot shorter than him. If her athletic build hadn't given away her hobby, the trophies on the desk next to her bed told him that she was the sporty type.

"Netball?" he asked, gesturing awkwardly at the prizes.

"Mm-hmm," she said with a nod. "I was captain of the varsity team in high school. You play?"

"Oh, uh, no, I, uh..."

Rob trailed off, feeling his face go red again. Why was he so bad with women?

Erika's mouth twitched at the sight of his awkwardness, and he felt a sudden desire to flee.

"I'm gonna go," he mumbled, and Erika was unable to hide her amusement.

"Goodbye, 'uh', Rob," she sang out after him as he returned to his room. "Let's do this again

soon.”

Back in his room, Rob sat on his bed and buried his head in his hands. What was wrong with him? He’d talked to other humans before...admittedly, Erika was cuter than most of them had been. He loved her athletic build, even if she was a little flat-chested.

Not that it mattered. She’d probably never talk to him again. Why would she, after that embarrassment?

Pulling out his phone, Rob distracted himself from the awkward encounter by spending a few hours on TikTok, before the patheticness of what he was doing drove him to put the phone away.

He was out on his own for the first time, surrounded by equally-new kids his own age, and here he was hiding in his dorm room, binging one-minute videos. He should be out there, meeting people, charming them. That’s what his father would have done – his dad was one of the most confident men that Rob had ever met. It was as though he knew that everyone would like him immediately.

Although Rob had barely been ten years old when his mother had died, he still remembered the look of total adoration she’d given his father every time he entered the room. As he lay back on his new bed, he closed his eyes and imagined Erika looking at him like that, instead of the sardonic stare he’d given her.

Exhausted from the day of travel and the embarrassing encounter with his new neighbor, Rob soon drifted off to sleep, images of Erika in his mind.

As he slumbered, still wearing the clothes he’d driven to college in, his new bedroom door opened, and Erika slipped into his room, just as asleep as he was, despite her open, glazed-over eyes.

Kneeling beside his bed, Erika unzipped Rob’s pants and fished out his hard cock...

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Chapter 2

It wasn't until Erika's mouth closed over Rob's hard cock that he awoke.

“Uh...”

For the first few moments, he wasn't sure what was happening. He'd been having a particularly erotic dream, and – still in a half-awake, liminal space – Rob wondered if this was still part of the dream.

It wasn't until Erika moaned that he knew for sure that it was real.

This was happening.

There was a woman in his room, on her knees, her mouth around his cock.

“Erika?” he asked, his voice still deep with sleep. His light was still on, and sure enough – the brunette from next door was on her knees, deep-throating his cock with gusto.

The young woman was wearing a white nightgown. The floor had shared bathrooms, so her choice of sleepwear had clearly been chosen with that in mind – it wasn't transparent or lacy, though it did reveal her shoulders, ending a few inches above the sporty young woman's knees. When he'd visited her a few hours ago, she'd been wearing a white tanktop and shorts; since then, she must have changed for bed.

Changed for bed, then sneaked into Rob's room to give him head.

Now fully awake, Rob's eyes opened in shock.

The stranger next door had decided, for some reason, to come into his room while he was asleep and blow him.

“Uh, Erika?” he asked again. Something was amiss – the young woman's eyes were open, and she seemed entirely focused on giving him head, but...her eyes were glazed over, as though she was sleepwalking.

No. Rob had read about sleepwalking; he was pretty sure that it wasn't usually accompanied by mind-blowing oral sex.

As Erika's mouth continued moving up and down his hardness, her tongue swirling around her head, and her hand lightly jacking him off, Rob was finding it hard to focus on what was happening...but he knew he had to.

If Erika really was asleep, then this wasn't consensual, and it had to stop.

"Erika, wake up" he said gently, but the young woman wasn't responding. Instead, she just continued blowing him with gusto.

On the other hand...waking someone who was sleepwalking was said to be dangerous. Surely he should just let her continue...she was clearly enjoying it – even while asleep, even with her mouth very full of his cock (and, occasionally, balls) Rob could see a smile on the sides of Erica's mouth.

Yes, it was probably safer to let her finish.

Safer, and *much* more fun.

Putting his hands behind him, Rob leaned back and let himself lose himself in the magnificent head that Erika was giving him. Either she'd done this before, or she was a natural – one hand was pulling gently at his testicles, as though trying to milk him of cum, while she diligently deep-throated his cock, her cheeks bulging as she unconsciously gagged on his erection.

Before long, Rob could feel his balls churning. With a sharp grunt, his hips began to thrust forward as he shot a thick, creamy load into Erika's waiting mouth.

Her glazed-over eyes turned up to look at him, and she smiled as she loudly swallowed his load.

When she was done, she stood up. Her erect nipples were visible through the thin material of her nightgown, telling Rob that she wasn't wearing a bra. As she stood, her legs shifted, flashing a view of her black panties.

Before Rob could say a word, she was gone, slipping out the door as quietly as she'd entered.

Rob lay back, bewildered by what had just happened. But before he could even begin to process it, sleep overtook him and he fell into a dreamless slumber.

The next morning, Rob wasn't sure if what had happened had been real, or just a wonderful dream. It wasn't until he spotted Erika in the breakfast line that he was able to confirm the strange happenings of the previous night.

She was wearing a white nightgown, and the cold of the dorm cafeteria meant the points of her nipples could clearly be seen through the thin fabric.

Though it hadn't been cold last night.

The sight of his neighbor was like a splash of ice water in Rob's face. It had really happened. For some reason, his sleepwalking neighbor had sneaked into his bedroom the previous night, blown him, swallowed his load, and then disappeared again before he could wake her up.

He was torn. Part of him wanted to go up and say hi, but the rest of him knew that he'd die of

embarrassment.

But before he could say anything, Erika spotted him.

To Rob's surprise, her eyes lit up and she approached him.

"It's 'uh, Rob', right?" she said, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Uh, yeah," he said, and she laughed. *Thank god*, he thought to himself. *She thinks I'm kidding, not just...the most awkward man on the planet.*

"You sleep well?" she asked, and his mouth dropped. Could she...was she...?

"Yeah," he said, and she nodded.

"Good," she said in reply, and shot him a hungry look.

What the fuck was happening?

Just as it seemed Erika was going to say something, they were interrupted by the appearance of another young woman. "This is Geri," Erika said. "My roommate."

Turning to say hi, Rob couldn't help but gawk at what he saw. Geri was drop-dead gorgeous: a curly-haired redhead with a curvy body, she was about the same height as Erika.

Like her roommate, Geri was still wearing what looked like sleepwear: semi-transparent robe with sleeves that went all the way to her wrists. The thin blue material was almost completely see-through, hiding almost nothing.

To top it off, it was untied, and draped open at the front. Geri was wearing a dark blue pair of panties and a matching bra; it pushed her C-cup breasts together, making them look larger than they were.

Rob tried not to gawk.

"This is our neighbor," Erika said, pouting slightly at the interruption.

"Charmed, I'm sure," Geri purred, her eyes looking the young man up and down.

Not sure where to look, Rob glanced at his feet. Geri was barefoot, her toenails painted the same blue as her underwear. Glancing to the side, Rob noticed Erika's toenails were painted as well.

As he looked around the cafeteria, he noticed that no matter what else they were wearing, all of the women were barefoot.

What the *hell* was going on?

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Chapter 3

“Indrani??”

“Rob??”

Rob gawked at the sight of a familiar face. Indrani had been the grade above him in school; they’d been Mathletes together, but since she’d graduated, he hadn’t seen or heard from her.

“I thought you were going to State U?”

“I was,” Indrani laughed. “I mean, I did. But then halfway through the semester, Jasmine and I decided to transfer here instead.”

“Jasmine’s here as well?”

“Surprise!”

Turning around, Rob saw his most petite friend standing behind him. Jasmine was just over 5’4” tall, with black wavy hair and a cute face. Her family was from China, but she’d been born in the same town that he and Indrani had grown up in.

Indrani was barely half an inch taller than her friend. She was Indian, with long black hair, and in all the years they’d known each other, Rob had never seen her without her thick glasses on.

“How the hell did we all end up at the same university?” he asked, unable to believe his luck. He’d been prepared for it to take weeks (if not months) to make friends, but he’d been blessed with the sudden appearance of two friends he hadn’t seen in a year.

“George just lucky, I guess,” Jasmine replied, dryly quoting an old comedy film they’d all seen together. “What are you studying?”

As the three friends compared schedules (and discovered they had half a dozen classes in common), Rob briefly wondered if he should tell them about the weirdness that was going on. A thought struck him, and one “accidentally”-dropped pen later, he confirmed a theory.

Both Indrani and Jasmine were barefoot.

“We’re all doing Stats 101,” Indrani pointed out merrily as Rob made his way back above the table.

“Yeah – and it starts in twenty minutes,” Jasmine pointed out.

“Do you need to go get shoes?” Rob asked, trying to sound casual. The pointed looks his friends

gave him told him that he'd failed.

"Is this a white thing?" Indrani asked with a laugh. Going red, Rob dropped it. Whatever was happening, his friends clearly didn't find it weird at all.

The three of them scurried to class – fortunately, much of the campus was indoors, else Rob had no idea how Indrani and Jasmine would've coped with crossing the hot footpaths barefoot. They barely made it to class in time, and it wasn't until they were most of the way through the lecture that Rob collected himself enough to make another observation.

All the women in the class – the lecturer, the TA, his fellow students – were wearing button-up shirts. Even Indrani and Jasmine; they'd always been known for dressing slightly formally, so he hadn't noticed anything unusual...but *everyone*?

What's more, not a single one of them had the shirt buttoned up all the way. When he'd run into his friends in the cafeteria, Rob would have sworn that they hadn't had a single button unfastened.

Now? Jasmine's shirt was unbuttoned almost to her waist. Indrani's wasn't quite as bad (or 'good', depending on your perspective) with everything below her bra-strap down still fastened...

...although as Rob watched, she reached down and unconsciously undid another button.

Glancing around, Rob realized he could see every woman's bra. Quite a few of the other students were wearing button-up shirts that were completely unfastened, hanging loose, allowing a clear view of their bra and midriff.

As the lecture wrapped up, and the female professor concluded telling everyone about the expectations of the class, she undid the lowest button on her shirt, and then – to Rob's utter bewilderment – unfastened and removed her jeans as well.

Just a few moments later, the lecturer walked out of the room in nothing but shoes, panties, a completely open button-up shirt, and a bra. When Rob turned to his friends, he was shocked to discover they *weren't* shocked, instead just chatting about their plan for the workload the teacher had laid out.

As the two girls got up to leave for their next class (a second-year section that Rob wasn't in), he noticed them both unbutton their pants and unzip their flies. Looking around, Rob saw that most women had to hold onto their pants as they left, to prevent them from falling...except for the handful of women who had followed the lecturer's example and dropped them entirely, wearing nothing below the waist but panties, socks, and shoes.

Rob's schedule was empty for the rest of the day, but he texted the girls to see if they wanted to hang out in the afternoon. When they joined him in the library, neither was wearing pants.

Jasmine joining the exhibitionist wave didn't entirely surprise him; she'd always been keen to find new ways to rebel against her parents. But Indrani showing that much skin made no sense: the Indian woman was incredibly shy. He didn't think he'd ever seen her in so much as a



sleeveless top, and now here she was, bottomless, and – like Jasmine – wearing a completely open shirt.

“So, uh...”

He hesitated, not sure how to broach the subject.

“What?” Jasmine said teasingly.

“What’s with the, um, outfit?”

Jasmine glanced down at her clothes, then looked at Rob as though he’d just accused her of molesting an elephant. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, like...where are your pants?”

The girls pondered Rob’s question for a moment.

“I think between B and C-block?” Indrani offered, and Jasmine nodded.

“Yeah, that sounds right.”

“Sure,” Rob continued, stammering. “But, um. I mean...uh...”

A notification sounded on Jasmine’s phone, and she pulled it out. “Oh! Indrani, we have choir.”

“Oh, shit. I forgot they changed the day.”

“We gotta run,” Jasmine said, leaning over and giving Rob a soft kiss on the cheek. “Dinner at the cafeteria, yeah?”

“Um, yeah,” Rob mumbled. For some reason, he’d felt more comfortable getting a blowjob from Erika the previous night than he did getting a kiss from Jasmine.

“We’ll see you then,” Indrani echoed, leaning over and giving him a firm kiss on the other cheek. “Talk to you then!”

“Talk to you then,” Rob mumbled, his face red from the attention.

It was more than twenty minutes before he felt that he’d calmed down enough to get up and return to their dorm. In that time, he didn’t see a single woman who was wearing anything other than a button-up shirt, and less than a dozen who still had pants on.

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Chapter 4

Rob spent the rest of the evening alone in his room, desperately scouring the internet for an explanation. Anything. Confirmation that it was happening across the rest of the world, or news reports about sexy aliens, or even a conspiracy theory about the government being bought out by Big Brothel.

Instead, he found...nothing. Not even so much as a mention that anyone else had noticed what was going on. He checked every hashtag, searched social media by location, desperate to find even a single reference to all the women on his campus going barefoot, bottomless, button-shirted.

Nothing.

There weren't even any photos of the bottomless lecturer, something he was sure would've quickly made the rounds.

After several hours of research, he wondered if he was going mad. He even took a handful of online tests to see if any of them indicated insanity.

Again, nothing. Rob had never been disappointed to find himself declared sane, but when test after test told him that he showed no symptoms of a loon, he felt crazier than before.

After several hours of investigation, the teenager was starting to wonder if he'd imagined the entire thing. When his phone chimed – a text message from Indrani letting him know they were heading to the cafeteria – he realized he had only one course of action.

If he went downstairs and everyone was fully clothed, he'd know it was a hallucination. But if the women were dressed as they had been earlier that day, he'd know that...

Well, Rob didn't know what he'd know. Just that something was up.

As soon as he left his room, the young man's heart sank and his cock rose. Erika and Geri were in their room, dressed identically.

No shoes. No pants. Matching black panties, and completely-unfastened white button-up shirts.

Well, not exactly identically. Erika was wearing a red bra, while Geri's was black, as though they'd dressed to match the other's hair.

"Uh, hi," Rob said, staring at the two young women's chests. Neither of them seemed to notice, or – if they had – care. Instead, the two young women pushed their shoulders backwards,

thrusting their chests forward for his approval.

The previous night, as Erika had sucked his cock, he'd stared in amazement as her head bobbed up and down, admiring her hard nipples against her nighy. She was only a B-cup, her tits small but firm, with pointed nipples. Her breasts matched her athletic form, and he'd been left desperate to know what color her nipples were. Were they long? Thick? He'd yet to see a pair of bare breasts in real life.

But if things continued the way they'd been inexplicably progressing so far, he suspected it wouldn't be long before he did.

Geri, meanwhile, looked like she was a full cup-size larger. Rob stared lustfully at the redhead's chest, imagining what those soft, smooth mounds would look like naked. The thought of his hot dorm neighbor sucking on his dick as Erika had (or even fucking him in the night) filled him with a mixture of arousal and guilt.

He knew he was being a pervert. But the situation was unusual; perhaps when everyone around you started to undress and ignore your lustful gaze, perversion wasn't the social faux pas it otherwise was.

All Rob knew was that he couldn't stop thinking about the girls' bodies

“Um, I'm gonna go grab some dinner.”

Erika giggled at what he hoped she was still taking as a joke, while Geri shot him a lustful stare.

“Maybe I'll see you later?” she purred, and Rob gulped.

“Um, yeah. I'd, um...like that.”

Geri winked as he made his way downstairs.

Indrani and Jasmine were already in line when he arrived in the cafeteria. They were dressed just as they had been earlier: barefoot. Pantless. Unbuttoned shirt. Bra.

The two women squealed with excitement as they saw him. “Rob!!!” Indrani beamed, and Rob shot her a nervous smile in response.

They'd been friends for years, but...they'd never been this excited to see him before, had they?

“Hey, uh, you two,” Rob said, trying to keep his voice steady.

“Hey Rob,” Jasmine replied, and the young man couldn't help but notice that she was blushing. That, he was confident, was new. In all the time he'd known Jasmine, he'd never seen her be nervous about anything, let alone the presence of...well, someone like him.

“Come join us,” Indrani insisted. Rob glanced at the long line behind them, but as he joined the

two half-naked women, no one objected.

As soon as he was in line with them, he felt four arms wrapping around him. His two Asian friends were embracing him, apparently so excited just to be standing next to him that they felt compelled to show it physically. He could feel their legs pressing against his, their bra-clad chests against his sides. The hug was soft and warm, and the open display of affection left his cock straining in its pants.

It was his turn to blush as the two women moved their lips to his cheeks, taking turns to kiss him.

For almost a minute he stood there, a goofy grin on his face as the two beautiful women pressed their bodies against his, kissing his cheeks, motivated by nothing more than excitement to see him.

Their embrace was interrupted by the line moving, and as the three of them got their food, Rob noticed that his friends' eyes were wide and their faces flushed. Jasmine was breathing heavily, and there was a sheen of sweat on her forehead, while Indrani was smiling a hungry look in her eyes.

The rest of the meal passed uneventfully, aside from the regular displays of physical affection from the two girls. They kept reaching out to hold his arm, their fingers curling around his bicep. In return, he reached out, running his hand through their hair as they laughed at his joke.

Finally, Rob bade them farewell and returned to his dorm. As his head span at the day's events, the confused boy wondered if he'd ever sleep again. All too soon, however, his eyelids grew heavy and he fell asleep, dreaming of Jasmine and Indrani and Erika and Geri in various states of undress, touching him and teasing him and promising to fulfil his every fantasy.

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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.

New Dorm

by Pan

Chapter 7

Rob couldn't help but smile as he looked around his acting class. He'd enrolled not because of any passion for acting, but because someone had told him that acting classes in college were mostly women.

They hadn't been wrong. He was the only man in a class of fourteen.

Of course, when he'd signed up, he hadn't known college life was going to feature a multitude of women throwing themselves at him.

As he entered the room, Marilyn and Charlene were still hanging onto him, their huge breasts pressing firmly against his arms. As the class sat down, they'd positioned themselves on either side of him, their white shirts hanging open, exposing the majority of their breast flesh to anyone who cared to look.

And they weren't the only ones – every woman in the class was barefoot, wearing nothing but a loose-hanging button-up shirt and panties.

The class was filled with gorgeous women, but – Rob thought happily – none so attractive as Marilyn and Charlene. They were both knockouts, and Rob felt strangely proud, knowing that he had captured the attention of the two hottest girls in the class...possibly the two hottest females in the school.

Although when the professor walked in, Rob realized he may have to evaluate the top spots.

Professor Bowers was one of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen. Her hair was long and blonde, and tied back behind her head. She was tall, and had a lean, athletic build, except for her bountiful chest. Her tits were round and heavy, and seemed to defy biology; they didn't match her frame at all, as though she'd had implants.

But Rob could tell immediately they were completely natural.

Professor Bowers, you see, wasn't wearing a shirt.

The acting teacher wasn't wearing anything but a pair of panties, exposing almost her entire body to the class. All thirteen girls and Rob stared at her in awe as she walked down the line of students, pausing when she noticed Rob checking her out.

“Welcome to my class,” she said. “I'm Professor Bowers.”

“I'm Rob,” the young man replied nervously. He tore his eyes from her generous chest, and to her face. She was smiling at him coyly.

The rest of the class shared their names as well, but Rob didn't retain any of them. His entire attention was on his mostly-naked professor. She had full, perky breasts, slightly pale skin, and smooth, silken-smooth thighs and ass. Her panties showed a clear wet patch, and there was no sign of pubic hair.

Was she clean-shaven? When Geri had lowered herself onto him the previous night, he'd noticed she had no pubic hair. Did any of the girls at this college?

Rob smiled. He couldn't wait to find out.

Professor Bowers began walking around the classroom, talking about the course, and then began asking everyone questions. She was funny, engaging, intelligent. And possibly the hottest woman that Rob had ever seen.

Rob felt his cock throbbing in his pants as the professor spoke. His eyes were constantly drawn to her tits. They bounced gently with each step she took, and he could have sworn that her nipples hardened when she caught him staring.

"Okay," she finally said, clapping her hands. "Let's get on our feet. Acting is a practical art; the theory will only get you so far."

The entire class stood in a semi-circle, Professor Bowers in the center. He was still flanked by Charlene and Marilyn, who didn't seem jealous that Rob's attention had been so focused on their professor.

He'd noticed them staring as well. Admiringly? Jealously?

Lustfully?

He couldn't tell.

"We're going to start with a warmup," the instructor instructed. "Acting can be a strenuous activity, so we need to loosen up our bodies."

The professor began walking slowly around the circle, her firm ass shaking as she moved. Rob lost himself in the sight of it, her words falling away from his mind.

She was so perfect. Her panties were white, and stretched obscenely across her ass. Rob wanted to bite it, or spank it. He was so hard; even after cumming inside his neighbor the previous night, he was still as worked up as he'd ever been in his life. His dick was bulging inside his jeans, and he worried that it would burst out.

Professor Bowers stopped in front of Rob.

"...and that's why massage is important," she finished, smiling as he stared at her huge tits, just inches from his face. "Now, ladies, why don't you demonstrate a massage here on Rob."

Charlene's eyes lit up, and she immediately fell to her knees. Marilyn wasn't far behind, and Rob

watched with wide eyes as the two kneeling girls unzipped his pants, releasing his rock-hard erection.

“Here,” Charlene giggled, grabbing hold of his stiff pole. “Let us take care of this for you.”

“Good job, girls,” Professor Bower said approvingly. The entire class was staring at Rob now; fourteen hot women, their entire attention on his rod.

Marilyn’s lips were close to his shaft, and she blew on it, making Rob shudder. He closed his eyes to prevent stage fright (a common woe for actors, he was sure) and felt a wave of relaxation wash over him as the two women began their work.

His new friends' hands moved in unison, massaging his cock. Their soft, feminine hands slid across his sensitive rod, rubbing it in circles, stroking it up and down. Rob was so hard, and he was so horny; he reopened his eyes to see that Professor Bower was leaning forward, as though offering her chest as a target.

Charlene ran her fingers up and down his shaft, occasionally slipping them under the elastic band of his underwear to stroke his balls. Marilyn was doing the same, her fingers wrapping around his swollen, thick member, her grip firm and confident.

She rubbed his dick up and down, and Rob groaned with pleasure. As they watched, the other women in the class shucked their shirts, leaving them on the classroom floor.

Suddenly, the teenage boy was surrounded by tits. Everything from the mammoth melons of the professor to the tiny tits of the girls standing on the edge of the class.

He was so turned on; his cock was pulsating, and he was ready to cum.

“Do it,” Professor Bowers urged, an undercurrent of lust in her voice. Rob wasn’t sure if she was talking to him or the two girls massaging his cock. “Please...”

She reached up and pushed her huge tits together, and Rob couldn’t hold it any longer. He came, shooting a thick rope of cum all over his professor’s breasts. His second and third load painted Charlene and Marilyn’s breasts and faces, and the women laughed with joy as he christened them with his seed, before slipping their shirts off and standing as topless as the rest of the class did.

“Good work,” Professor Bowers said softly, her hand idly playing with the load he’d coated her breasts with. “All three of you.”

“Thank you, professor,” Rob said hoarsely, before looking down and realizing the two teenage girls were still kneeling in front of him, his cum dripping down their bodies.

They looked as satisfied as he felt.

New Dorm

by Pan

Chapter 8

The rest of Rob's class was uneventful, at least in comparison to the warm-up. Rob wasn't sure whether he should be disappointed or relieved that Professor Bowers stayed on topic for the next hour, explaining the basics of performance and the role of an actor.

Even the few exercises they did were fairly tame; they revolved around mimicking the movements of one's partner, trying to get completely in sync and move as one.

Rob was surprised to find he enjoyed the class, though it was hard to say how much of that was because everyone he partnered with was wearing nothing but a pair of panties. Once he accepted that another massage wasn't forthcoming, he was able to focus on the professor's instructions... but couldn't help but notice how her large breasts jiggled as she ran through the various activities.

And, of course, the way she never stopped playing with the load he'd unleashed onto her chest, scooping it up with her fingers and rubbing it into her skin as she taught.

The other moment of note was when the class was the 'warm-down'. Everyone stood in a circle, then said one thing they'd enjoyed about the class. Rob was unsurprised when Marilyn immediately mentioned the massage that she'd given him; her voice grew breathy as she described it, and all the women in the circle let out a soft moan of need as she talked about how good it had felt to feel Rob's big cock in her hands, his cum spraying onto her 'hungry, waiting tits'.

Everyone else in the class had followed suit, talking about how hot it had been to watch, or how much they'd loved the smell of his seed, or how feminine they'd felt in the presence of such a huge, throbbing cock. A competitive spirit began to emerge; after a blonde classmate had described how much they wished they'd been the one to take Rob's load, the next girl had talked about how she would've done more than just jack Rob off; she would've sucked him dry, begging him to fill her mouth with his sweet seed.

The next girl, not to be beaten, talked about how she'd be touching herself that night at the memory of Rob shooting his 'glorious load' onto her classmates, forever marking them as his property.

Rob's dick had been stiff for most of the class, but he was hard as steel as he listened to the class talk about how much they wanted to feel his cock in their hands, their mouths, their pussies.

The second-last girl in the class couldn't even find words to describe what she wanted to do with Rob; instead, she turned to the topless student next to her and just began kissing her, pressing their breasts against each other and groaning loudly. The rest of the class just watched in awe, their eyes flicking back and forth between Rob and the couple grinding their near-naked bodies

against each other while their tongues dueled for dominance.

To Rob's disappointment, the professor stopped the sapphic display simply by clearing her throat.

"Come now," she said sternly. "We still have to hear Charlene's highlight."

There was a collective sigh of disappointment as the girls broke away from each other, blushing as they turned their attention to Charlene.

"I loved being able to give Rob pleasure," she said shyly. "It felt so good, letting him use me. My hands. My tits. I hope I can do it again soon. I want...I want to serve him with my body."

The other women in the room nodded their agreement.

"I'm sure you'll be able to shortly," Professor Bowers said with a broad smile. "But not today. That's all for our first acting class; I'll see you all next time!"

Her gaze lingered on Rob for a moment, adding an unspoken "if not sooner" to her words.

Marilyn and Charlene left immediately for their next class, but Rob didn't mind. He was starting to accept that he had a near-limitless supply of female company; sure enough, no sooner had he entered the dining hall than Erika and Geri were calling him over.

Like the women of his acting class, Geri was wearing nothing but a pair of panties. Rob's eyes were immediately drawn to the C-cup breasts he'd had in his hands the previous night...although they seemed to look even bigger in the light of day.

He wondered what her reaction would be if he just reached out and began fondling her breasts. She'd enjoyed it the previous night, while she'd been asleep; he had no reason to think that she'd do anything to stop him if he just reached out and tweaked her nipples, right here in the dinner line.

But he held back. It felt like a completely unnecessary risk...so far, just going with the flow had led him to some of the hottest experiences of his life. Why rock the boat?

"So," Erika said brightly, grinning at him. "How was your morning?"

"Good," he said, glancing down at her body. Unlike most women in the school, Erika was actually wearing a top – a black crop top that revealed quite a bit of cleavage. Her tits were on the smaller side, but round and perky, capped with small nipples that were hard enough to poke through her clothing. He couldn't help but stare at them; she definitely didn't seem to mind.

It looked like her tits had grown overnight as well.

"That's great?" Erika beamed, leaning forward to expose more cleavage, her arm resting gently on Rob's.

Rob turned his attention to Geri. “Did you sleep okay?” he asked conversationally.

“So well,” the busty redhead purred. “I had the most *amazing* dream...”

As the dinner line slowly moved forward, the two girls continued to flirt with Rob, taking every opportunity they could to touch him. Erika slipped her hand into his pants pocket, and Geri made sure that her bare breasts were touching him or his shirt at all times. They kept sneaking glances at each other and giggling whenever they thought Rob wasn't paying attention.

But even more erotically, the two girls were being incredibly touchy-feely with each other. Not to the extent that the girls in his drama class had been, but far more than the day before. Geri's hand rested on Erika's ass cheek, stroking it, rubbing it, and whenever she wasn't playing with Rob's collar, Erika was caressing Geri's breasts, gently tweaking her nipples (as Rob had imagined himself doing) or running her hand through her roommate's hair.

Finally, the three of them were served their meal. Rob sat opposite them, happily watching the two girls grow increasingly comfortable touching each other; by the time they were done eating, Geri and Erika always had a hand resting casually on the others' body, and when Erika got up to use the washroom, Rob was delighted to see that she first gave Geri a long, passionate kiss on the lips.

As he scraped the remainder of his meal into the garbage can, he couldn't help but appreciate what the night had brought so far: Dinner *and* a show...



New Dorm

by Pan

Chapter 9

Rob went to bed alone that night. He considered inviting Erika or Geri to join him – or both – but something told him that he wouldn't be alone for long.

Before drifting off to sleep, he spent half an hour on TikTok; was his feed offering him up more beautiful, scantily-clad women than normal, or was that just his imagination? He considered jerking off, but again: it didn't seem necessary.

By the time morning came, Rob was sure he would have as well. Without resorting to touching himself.

Sure enough, it felt like the moment he drifted off to sleep, he was awoken by a guest in his room. The scientific side of his brain had briefly considered locking the door, just to see what his nighttime visitor would do when faced with an obstacle, but fortunately another of his organs was given the task of decision-making instead.

That evening, it was Charlene who'd snuck into his room to keep him company. The dark-skinned beauty's eyes were bright in the dark, but as soon as Rob turned on his light to get a better view, he could tell that she was asleep. Sleepwalking – and if the past two nights were a reliable predictor of what was to come, soon to be sleep-so-much-more-ing.

"Hello Master," she droned in her sleep, the first of the girls to talk during their nighttime visits. "Your slave-girl will be taking care of you tonight. Can't wait to...take care...of Master..."

She looked up at him with her glazed eyes, and began to strip out of her white nightgown, which contrasted beautifully with her dark skin. Before long she was naked, her voice husky in his ear. "Gonna be such a good girl for Master. Gonna make him feel so good...be such a good girl...such a good slave..."

Rob put his hands behind his head as Charlene reached down to grab his cock. Still sleeping, she began slowly stroking him; the erotic sounds of her hand moving up and down his shaft filled the air.

"Gonna make you feel real good, Master," Charlene purred. "Taking care of Master."

She took hold of his dick and started jacking him off harder. "Gotta take care of Master. Gotta make sure Master feels good."

"Mmm," Rob moaned. "Make me feel good, Charlene."

"Oh, Master is going to feel good," she promised with a gasp. "Your slave-girl exists for one purpose only; to make Master feel good. To use my body with yours. To use my body to pleasure

Master.”

As she spoke, Charlene leaned in and gave his dick a soft kiss. Rob let out a moan as the black girl took more and more of his cock into her mouth, slurping and slobbering at it like the hungry slut she was.

She continued sucking his dick until it was rock-hard and dripping wet, then moved her body up on the bed. Her dark eyes gleamed mischievously as she leaned forward.

“Does Master like his slave-girl’s titties? Does Master like his slave-girl’s great, big, fuckable tits?”

“Yes, Charlene,” Rob replied. “I love your, uh, breasts.”

In response, she moaned in pleasure. “Thank you, Master! Would Master like to fuck his slave-girl’s big, beautiful tits?”

“I’d like that very much,” Rob said politely. He wasn’t comfortable joining in with Charlene’s slave-girl language, but in his sleepy state, it was impossible to deny that he found it an incredible turn-on. “That sounds quite lovely.”

With a huge smile, Charlene rubbed the head of his cock against one nipple, then the other, then lowered herself, pushing his cock into her cleavage.

“Does Master like that?” Charlene purred. “Does Master like fucking these big, soft titties?”

“I do,” Rob confirmed. “I do like...uh, fucking your breasts, Charlene.”

It was true. The sensation of the soft flesh of her chest enveloping his cock was incredible, and despite having cum several times that day, he knew it wouldn’t be long before another orgasm overcame him.

“Oh, Master likes them!” Charlene cooed. “Master is going to cum in his slave-girl’s titties. Cum in your slave-girls titties, Master. You own them. You own my tits, just like you own the rest of your black little slave-girl.”

Rob didn’t think that any part of Charlene could be called ‘little’, but as Charlene started bouncing up and down on top of him, he didn’t feel that this was the best time to correct her.

“Ooh I can feel Master cumming!” Charlene moaned, grinding her hips. “Ooh, Master, you’re gonna coat my titties with...with...with you-know-what!”

At her words, Rob began to release his load into her cleavage. He roared loudly as he felt his cock pulsing, shooting line after line of white cum against her dark skin.

When he was done, Charlene stared him in the eyes and started rubbing his seed into her skin. He just watched in awe as her tits grew shiny with his semen, before she gave him a wink and a smile. “Go back to sleep, Master. You don’t need to worry about me waking you up again. This

lowly slave-girl knows her place. Master needs to cum, and Master needs to sleep.”

Rob wanted to object, to tell the sleeping black girl that he didn't think of her as a slave, that he was actually quite woke, and that he certainly didn't consider himself anyone's 'Master'...but before he could put the words in an order that made sense, Charlene had slipped on her nightgown and silently left his room again.

He slept soundly the rest of the night, picturing himself as an old-timey plantation owner, all the girls from his acting class tilling the fields as he watched, able to pick anyone he wanted to stop work and come fuck him.