How I Became a Slut Part 4

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A naive girl is transformed into a slut by her college roommate.

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Classes started on Monday and I knew I wasn't in high school any more. After I got back to the dorm that afternoon I waited for Ashley. As soon as she came in I told her to sit down. I let her know that I really loved everything that she had done for me and I wanted it to continue. I just needed it to only happen on weekends. I had come to college to get a degree and I really wanted it. She said that she wanted a degree too and that if I helped her stay focused during the week she would make sure we had plenty of fun on the weekends. She asked if I already had homework and I told her yes. I could tell she was disappointed so I asked what was wrong. She said she had planned on it being our night tonight. I asked what she meant by that. She told me to stand up and she would show me.

We both stood up and she put her arms around me and drew me in for a long passionate kiss. Our tongues danced in each other's mouths and I melted into her arms. She broke the kiss and said she knew I had to study. I pulled her back to me and kissed her hard. She reached down and pulled my shirt off and started kissing my breasts. While she was alternating between my breasts she unzipped my skirt and slid it down my legs. She got on her knees and started sucking on my clit. She stopped long enough for me to get her shirt over her head. I laid down on the floor and she moved on top of me in a 69. While I slid her skirt off, she worked two fingers into my pussy. I followed suit and in no time we were both cumming. She rolled off of me and asked if we could do that during the week to relax a little while we were studying. I told her I thought that was a great idea.

I was happy with the way things were working out. The weekend was for playing and the week was for studying with a little relaxing to help out. I should of known it wouldn't last. Halfway through the semester I had a major biology exam. It counted for 50% of my grade. I was really stressing. When Ashley tried to relax me, I told her I couldn't. I stayed up all night studying. I finally laid down at 5 AM to get a couple of hours sleep before the test. The next thing I knew, Ashley was waking me up. I never heard my alarm and I was running late. I jumped in the shower and Ashley left for her class. After I dried off, I went to get dressed and found my closet empty. All the drawers in my dresser were empty too. I went to Ashley's room and the door was locked. Then I saw on the couch a note that said, "You need to relax."

Under the note was a white tube top only 2” wide and a 8” skirt. She left me some platform shoes with 6” heels. I didn’t know what to do. I couldn’t miss the test but I couldn’t go to class dressed like that. I thought about it then slipped on the clothes. I looked in the mirror and saw a slut staring back. The top did nothing to really cover my boobs. My nipples could be seen through the top. I couldn’t bend over in the skirt without showing my pussy and ass and the shoes made me look like a hooker. I finally decided I had no choice.

I walked into the auditorium when class was already half over. The door was at the front of the room. More than 100 people looked up and saw me when I walked in. I had to sit on the front row. I could hear the whispers from everyone that saw my ass and pussy. I was so embarrassed. People started leaving as they finished the test. Finally it was just me and the professor. He told me time was up. I was crying as I handed him a half finished test. I told him my roommate made me dress like that and asked if I could retake the test or if there was something I could do for extra credit. He told me to meet him in his office in thirty minutes.

When I got to his office he let me in and told me to sit down. He was behind me closing his door when I sat down. Nothing was hidden from him. When he walked around his desk I could see the bulge in his pants. He asked what I had in mind for extra credit and said it had to be something to do with biology. I told him I could give him a blow job. He smiled and told me I needed to be naked. I stood up and slipped off my clothes and walked around his desk. He spun his chair to meet me and I got on my knees between his legs. I opened his pants and started sucking on his 7” cock. After sucking him for a few minutes he grabbed my head and started fucking my face. Finally, he held me tight and shot his load down my throat. I swallowed it all down then smiled at him and asked what grade I made. He told me to come back every week at the same time and I would have an “A”. When I repeated his “every week,” he told me I didn’t need to come to class any more.

When I got back to the dorm, Ashley asked how my test went. I told her I was never going back to the class. She started to apologize so I let her for a couple of minutes. Then I told her I was getting a grade for blow jobs. She kissed me and said she wished she could get a class like that. I gave him blow jobs every week until the end of the semester. After the last one he asked if I was ready for the final. I told him I hadn’t been to class. There was no way I could take a final. He told me the only other option was to come to his house and spend the night getting fucked. I asked for his address. The next semester I had the same professor for Biology II. Each week I had a private class at his house. Does fucking for a grade make me a whore?