Eros University: Chapter 1

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Enyo gets accepted to a secret university of sex, depravity, and seduction, full of hot schoolgirls in short, skimpy uniforms, hunky males, and sexy full-breasted teachers. First year promises to be a blast....

Chapter 1: A Mysterious Letter

Whoever got accepted to a university they didn't apply to? Apparently, I did. Last year in high-school I was burdened with the decision of choosing the best university for my future but just couldn't come to a conclusion. At first it was a variety of choices, many of them in different countries. Oxford in England, Edinburgh in Scotland; then there were Princeton and Harvard here. It took me months to come to a verdict and I finally chose Queens in Canada. Why? Because I thought it'd be fun to live on my own for a while; that and the fact that post-secondary education cost far less in Canada than here in the United States, even with the scholarships.

But then *it* arrived, a letter with a wax seal like something out of the medieval age. The seal was in the shape of a red sun. No address was written on its face but my name was engraved in cursive gold letters. Naturally I opened it. The whole of it was also written in gold, though it wasn't very long in content:

CONGRATULATIONS, ENYO VERGE,

You have been accepted, with a full four-year scholarship, to the prestigious Eros University in the field of English Literature. We have monitored your high-school progress year-by-year and are impressed by your proficient talents in diverse subjects, particularly of the aforesaid. Should you choose to accept our invitation, you will be given free lodgings with all the basic necessities provided for at nil cost. Furthermore, we guarantee all of our scholars prompt employment in their chosen field immediately following graduation with a minimum yearly salary of $80, 000.

Please check the box below labeled Yes *or* No *affirming or denying your choice and then drop this letter in the envelope provided into the mailbox on your street: do NOT deliver this letter via the Post Office.*

For further information, please consult our supplemental booklet.

It was a complete surprise. I must've reread the letter about five times that same day and a few more times to the rest of my family. Then came the difficult decision of whether to actually accept the offer or not. I loved reading and had always aspired to be a professional writer, but why would I choose this *Eros University*, a place I'd never even heard of located who knows where, when I could choose a better known institution? Now, I'm not the smartest person in the world, but I knew that I wasn't going to some university I couldn't put on a resume.

But the offer seemed too good to pass up, and thinking about it now, I probably made the right decision. Eros U. has such hot girls and such naughty dealings going on every day that it can drive any guy insane (much more on that later)!

But it was the promises that decided it for me. According to the booklet which came with the letter, the institution was, as they say, *in the middle of nowhere,* and it was indeed prestigious. Not too many students are accepted because they only took on the brighter ones, which meant I wouldn't have to deal with those dumb jerkoffs found at most collages and universities (was I mistaken). As for the promises: the 100% guarantee of a job with a salary of no less than $80, 000 to start with? Well that settled it! Sorry Canada, better luck next time.

After replying to them (I just slipped my reply in the mailbox as asked, and even though they specified no return address, it apparently was received) and finishing my exams and nearly hitting the perfect mark in every subject (except math) I got my stuff ready to leave.

My parents were cautious about sending me to some nameless university but I convinced them all the same...after weeks of pleading. I knew that I'd convince them no matter what. My family wasn't rich, and with so many of us living under one roof we had to scrounge a meager living. Eighty thousand a year would ensure a stable life for those I loved.

* * * * *

On the day and time appointed--the fourth of September--I was waiting outside my house to be picked up by the folks from Eros U. I thought my whole family was expecting it to be some wild hoax. I hoped that it wasn't, even though my heart beat quicker than usual as I stood on the front lawn of my house. But hoping didn't prevent me from constantly turning my head left and right to glance down the street for some sign of the folks from Eros U.

Still nothing. Where the hell were they?

While waiting, I said my final goodbyes. It was a moment I had been dreading for weeks. First I said

goodbye to my weeping mother, Annette, who hugged me so hard I thought she wouldn't let me leave when the time came. Marcus, my father, was a bit more understanding: he patted me on the shoulder, told me to work hard, and gave me just the briefest hug. Of my two brothers, Dave (the older) advised me "not to screw up" and slapped the back of my head as a nice way of saying his fond farewell.

Then there were my younger siblings, of whom Alex was the first. He clung to my arm, crying that he would miss me while my little sister, Laura, who was known to be overzealous and talkative, embraced me hard and said, "Bring me back something nice."
And finally Jessica, my older sister and the one in charge after mom and dad, gave me a small hug while whispering in my ear, "Remember just how much we're depending on you." She was very understanding and mature for her age, though that only added to her already bossy nature.

So there I stood, taking one last look at the doorstep of our old, decaying house with its dry paint and cracked windows. I would definitely miss my family (not so much my older brother and sister), but I also craved to be on my own and experience life for the first time. The house, though old and unpleasant to the eye, was still home, and I would miss it as well.

Around the corner a small, gleaming black limousine turned the street.

That couldn't possibly be for me, I thought, but then the vehicle stopped right in front our driveway. We were all amazed. You see, limos were a rare sight in this poor, crime-ridden district and I swear I could see a bunch of our neighbours peeking out from behind their doors and windows with looks of wonder. Out of the limo stepped Ms. Maynard, whom I would get to know well (in every sense of the word) over the next year. She stood there a moment with her hand screening her face from the sun. Oh man was she stunning!

Ms. Maynard was in her late twenties and very beautiful. Her lush, shoulder-length blond hair was tied in a ponytail and made her look very sophisticated (I bet she was really wild in bed—well I found out first hand). She wore a pair of thin black spectacles behind which rested her dark hazel eyes. And what a lovely face: manicured eyebrows, high cheek-bones, lips vibrant with red lipstick, and a sweet little nose. Her figure was *perfect*, slender with curves in all the right places. Ms. Maynard was dressed in a black suit like a true professional. However, her skirt was short—very short. It came up only to mid-thigh, revealing the fair-coloured flesh of her long legs. I caught a look of awe from my older brother Dave as he gawked at the babe. My sisters were clearly jealous.

The first thing Ms. Maynard did was step forth and shake my parents' hands.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Verge," she said. Then she turned to me. "You must be Enyo."

I nodded. "Y-yeah."

"Please take care of my boy," said my weeping mother, placing her hand on my shoulder.

I cringed visibly as Dave and Jessica burst out laughing.

"Mom!" I hissed, turning to her.

But even more embarrassing was when my dad, who was a police officer, asked with his characteristic grimness, "This Eros University is a legitimate educational facility, correct?"

Ms. Maynard turned to him and answered with a smile. "Correct."

"*Because*," my father continued, "if it isn't, then be sure there'll be trouble."

"What do you mean?" inquired Ms. Maynard pleasantly with her arms crossed.

"You're not going to kidnap my son are you?" my hysterical mom broke in.

Ms. Maynard laughed. "I assure you we're not going to kidnap your son. We have enough money as it is." Then, placing her hand on my shoulder—her soft, shapely hand—she said, "I think it's time we got going, Enyo. Nice to have met you all."

Waving goodbye to my family one last time, I stepped into the limo after Mrs. Maynard. The door closed with a depressing thud and I watched from the rear tinted-window as my family slowly disappeared from sight. I was quite miserable and felt like giving way to tears, but the presence of the gorgeous lady prevented me from doing so. As Ms. Maynard sat with those hazel eyes peering into my own, I tried my best not to eye her long, luscious legs. They were crossed and the skin was pressing leg-upon-leg; once or twice I glimpsed her panties: black like her suit. I think she must have noticed me staring and smiled. At least I think she smiled. Then again, horny guys imagine the craziest things.

There was a moment of awkward silence.

"Enyo," she said breaking the stillness in a most charming way, "I'll be your counselor during your stay at Eros U. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I replied, sinking back into the cool leather seat.

"You must have many questions," she continued, "since we really didn't give you the chance to address any through our letters and tours were not possible because of the distance." I was about to answer but she cut me off. "But let me speak first. If while at the institution you need any help, you can come to me. There are about fifteen students to each counselor so I'm sure I can always make time for you. As for your tuition, all that has been taken care of by us, as will be the entirety of your years here.

Your dorm has already been set up, and as for the food—well, you'll see all of this later. No need for me to state the obvious. So, do you have anything to ask?" She declared all of this in a very low, feminine voice; it was like a whisper of silk filling the car. Continuing to cross and uncross her legs as she spoke, I sat there completely mesmerized by her.

Oh, I made appointments `a plenty just to hear her pant out my name (more on that later).

"Well," I began, "I chose this place mostly out of curiosity; that's not to say the full scholarship didn't help, but can I ask why—"

"Is it so secretive?" she interrupted, continuing as I nodded. "Many reasons. For one, we don't like to deal with entrance forms from thousands of applicants and feel the best way is to scope out the finest students for ourselves. The less that people know about us the easier it is for us to operate since we only want the best of the brightest—no need for those to apply who can't get accepted. And we're also funded by some very large businesses that allow us to continue our operations, a debt we often repay by employing our students directly to them, even when some are in the process of their studies. Of course, these business giants wouldn't want word getting out of their dealings, especially if they're in technology, military, or government. So we have to keep our affairs just as secret."

Well that made some sense, but it still sounded kind of odd. "What about the—"

"Location?" she cut me off again and started speaking about that. She sure was smart as a whip. "Oh, that's to enhance the atmosphere of Eros U. It's a fusion of technology and nature, which we feel to be the perfect combination. Being secluded is better for the students since they won't have too many distractions to sway them from their studies. But don't worry; we have *everything* provided for, so it isn't like you're going to go insane from boredom."

We sat facing each other about two feet apart. I listened somewhat; mostly I stared at her cleavage. And it wasn't my fault that I stared--I couldn't help it! As Ms. Maynard talked she would lean forward, a gesture which presented me a clear view of her black, lacy bra.

Uh oh. I think she noticed me staring again.

The conversation carried on a few minutes till we reached the airport. The airport! I couldn't believe it, but a private jet was waiting for us on the hot tarmac. I'd never had this kind of special treatment in my life. Heck, I'd never even been on a plane before! Of course, I'd never admit that to Ms. Maynard. The six hour flight took us from New York to…well, I don't really know, except that it was to some small forested island. Ms. Maynard was with me the whole time. She wanted us to become close friends so it would be easier for me to talk to her in case of some problem at school. At night on the plane we slept very close to each other; in fact, she slept on the row of seats just to my right.

I didn't know counselors were supposed to be so friendly with students. The ones at high-school didn't even care to remember my name. The whole day we talked about ourselves—my interest in books and of her career. At night, well, let's just say some inexplicable force held me from screwing her right then and there as she slept.

Ms. Maynard's golden hair had been let loose and her peaceful face was resting on a white pillow. The look on her face was indeed calm and serene; there was even the hint of a smile on her red lips. Ms. Maynard's body was on its side, legs tucked in and facing the back of the seats, and from the way she was positioned I could see her silky black panties from my bed. Actually it was just a couple of seats made into a single bed, but that didn't matter. I couldn't sleep damn it! She was so damn hot.

For hours I just stared between her legs, stifling the urge to go over there and start fingering her till she woke up with a start. Lustful thoughts of Ms. Maynard and I fucking ran through my mind the entire night, but you have to believe me when I say that I'm not a pervert. Any man in my position would have felt the same! I was even more turned on because (and I admit this without blushing) I was still a virgin. For a virgin like me to be in such close quarters with a woman of Ms. Maynard's beauty was torture.

Ms. Maynard did wake up once to go to the washroom while I pretended to be asleep. As she walked back to her seat I thought I felt her fingertips running gently through my hair. Was she toying with me, or was it just my youthful imagination? I debated the answer until I fell asleep.

Then around 8:30 next morning someone shook me awake. "Enyo, we have a slight problem," said Ms. Maynard anxiously. "The plane's left engine is malfunctioning and we'll have to parachute to the ground."

I shot up open-mouthed and wide-eyed, soon realizing that she was joking.

Laughing, she said, "Oh how could you fall for that? We've already landed." That woman! If she

wasn't so hot I'd give her a piece of my mind.

We had landed on some secluded island, but other than that I couldn't tell you much else. An expensive-looking motorboat waited for us at the pier, which was isolated except for a few sailing vessels anchored close by. After meeting the captain of the ship, a middle-aged man in his late forties, we set off. The island was bigger than I had expected. Blue waves rocked the boat to the sound of the ocean's calm lullaby as we moved towards our destination. What a fine September day: the sun shone warm from above; the air was cool and the sky a soft indigo.

I couldn't see the university at first because it was heavily wooded around the island's edge. But we weren't in the middle of nowhere; the island was connected to the main mass of land where our plane had landed by a long iron bridge. However, this just seemed to be a precautionary measure since I couldn't see any cars passing back and forth. It would make sense that the school supplies, such as food, were delivered via the bridge.

In about twenty minutes we reached the island of Eros. I was completely stunned by the imagery. Such green, wild, and beautiful nature smiled at us on our journey; rare flowers and towering trees with huge branches of thick, vivid foliage lined our path. Birds sang their charming melodies and flying squirrels jumped from tree to tree. It was like being in a rainforest.

Because of the wildness of the whole place we had to take a jeep (talk about style) and, after climbing a steep hill, I saw Eros University…or so I thought.

"Actually that's Eros High," enlightened Ms. Maynard. It was built much later than Eros U. and helps to teach bright young kids early on and accept them later to our university so they can get the best education possible." I stared at as Eros High disappeared behind me. That's a high-school!

"Just so you know," continued Ms. Maynard, "Eros High was completed only a year ago, so don't feel bad if you didn't get invited." She smirked as she said this.

For a high school it sure was extravagant. But then there was Eros University itself appearing suddenly around a bend in the road, like some glowing palace of Imperial Rome in its days of glory. It covered such a huge distance that it was difficult to see where it began and ended. Sure, it wasn't as large as most universities, but that was because it had far less students.

But it wasn't just its size; its design and form were magnificent. A work of pure elegance: arches, towers, domed-roofs, statues, fountains, a waterfall (yes a waterfall embedded in a hill-side), and...and so much more! There's was a prevailing colour scheme, a sort of rich cream, sometimes silver, and sometimes a dark brown. The materials: polished wood, marble, limestone, you name it.

The place breathed extravagance.

And its structures were arranged like pieces of some intricate puzzle. The pillar-like clock-tower, lying behind a large, many-windowed building, gave a feeling of the gothic. The newer domed edifice was somewhat in the middle and a large fountain of frolicking nymphs in direct center. It wasn't totally symmetrical, which was good because this only heightened its beauty by opting for a convergence of styles. There was also a forest to the right along with grassy hills where water ran down in silver streams to join a river.

There was too much to describe!

Ms. Maynard told me she had to get back to her office, so she took me to the boy's dormitory and informed me where to find her if I needed to talk.

"The South Knox Building," she said and left.

Well, left right before walking up close to me and, get this, pressing her body hard against mine so that we were up against a wall. She held the back of my head and brought her face close to mine—our mouths were almost touching, and I could feel Ms. Maynard's warm breath on my lips.

"Tell me, Enyo," she said in a very low whisper, running her delicate fingers through my hair, "are you a virgin?"

Her other hand reached for my crotch and gave it a long stroke.

"I—uh—I…" My face was blushing red and all capacity for language had escaped my throat.

I swear I was paralyzed.

"Well, Enyo?" she pursued, bringing her face even closer to mine so that our noses touched.

I was in a frenzy of panic. I wanted to turn my head left and right to see if there was anyone else in the hallway, but it was impossible to look anywhere but directly into Ms. Maynard's face.

She was biting down on her cherry-coloured lip in a look that showed pure desire, and with a few golden hairs hanging in front of her face and those stylish black glasses, she looked incredibly seductive. Ms. Maynard's pert breasts crushed up harder against my chest as her long, creamy leg began sliding up and down my side, running the length of my jeans.

"I guess you are," she answered for me.

Before I could reply Ms. Maynard leaned in to kiss my mouth, and though our lips barely touched, I could hear the noise smack in my ears like thunder. Following a wink, she walked off down the hallway with a sexy swing of her hips.

Just like that—gone!

She left me standing there confused and horny, though with a smile on my lips.

Yes, I told myself, I should definitely go make a counseling appointment very soon.

Now here's the depressing part: the boys and girls dorms were separate. They were almost at two opposite ends of the school. But I didn't mind. Besides, it'd be rather hot if I had to sneak a girl in here or she had to get me into her dorm for some secret make-out session.
At least that's what my writer's brain imagined to be hot.

I entered my room on the third floor to be greeted with something worthy of a five star hotel.

"Whoa!" I exclaimed, standing in the door way with my jaw unhinged.

The room looked magnificent. I was really taken by the dark red colouring of the walls: it seemed so…erotic. The floor was draped in a cream-coloured carpet; gleaming furniture was set about the room with an artist's care to attention; silk curtains of transparent beige blew in the breeze which flowed in from the open windows. A large plasma television hung on a wall behind a majestic sofa with coverings of white lace, and there was a brand new computer with a LCD monitor sitting on a desk in the corner beside a bookcase.

Most of this I took in as soon as I had entered, but requiring additional investigation, I explored my not-so-humble abode.

Next I checked out the shower and bathroom. The bathroom mirror reflected my figure: about 5'8 with a sturdy build, I had medium-length black hair that was combed back, dark brown eyes, and a strongly contoured face with a prominent jaw. There was a small scar under my chin from a cut I received when I was ten years old. My skin resembled a natural, light-brown tan, so most people found it difficult to place my background.
At the moment my lips were set in a wide grin.

After that I explored my bedroom, which was simple yet serene in the sense that there was no major

distraction for the eyes, just some plants, a stereo, and a small television hanging like a picture frame from the wall, not to neglect the king-sized bed (that I let many lovely ladies grace as our bodies were entwined in ardent love-making).

A walk-in closet with its door open was filled with some empty hangers for my clothes and a few pairs of uniforms. Yes, uniforms. I later learned that all students were required to wear uniforms while in class, though during our spare time we could dress however we chose. You should see the uniforms the girls have to wear—hubba hubba!

Next I went out onto the balcony to take in the rest of the school. My room was forty feet from the ground, which afforded a great view. A sleek carpet of grass rolled towards the forest; clusters of cherry, peach, and fig trees stood on the grass, casting wide shadows under which students sat reading or chatting on this fine summer evening. Most of the buildings looked ancient but there looked to be some newer ones off towards the forest.
Ah, they're constructing another facility far off. And look, there's the girls dormitory way in the distance. Maybe I should check it out later….

Boredom spurred me to further explore the university. As I walked outside into the cool evening the orange sun was at its apex, hanging over some grayish clouds. I felt so small and feeble in this new environment. It was quite overwhelming. Upon further investigation it occurred to me that the second through fourth year students had already began their studies nearly two weeks ago. I met the irritable of their kind, daunted at some approaching test or essay that they couldn't even answer my questions of direction—I was as lost as a puppy.

"Where the hell is it?" I asked myself out loud, standing on the grassy field and scratching the back of my head. "If I can't find it now I'll be late for class tomorrow." I turned about in every direction and finally spotted a girl sitting on a bench reading.

"E-excuse me," I stammered after walking up to her. She looked up from her book with an irritated scowl. But then her features softened and she smiled.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Do you know how I get to Castle Turin?"

"Sure!" she replied in a friendly voice, and pointed towards a far-off structure. "That's it over there. The thing that looks like a castle." We both laughed.

I noticed her schoolbag, almost bursting with books, lying next to her.

"So you're not in first year?"

She followed my gaze and giggled. "Nope. Third."

"I'm Enyo," I said, offering my hand.

"Karen," she replied, shaking it. "Please have a seat." She closed her book and I saw the cover: the words *Advanced Chemistry* were printed across its top.

"That's a lot of reading," I said after sitting down next to her.

"Don't tell me about it," Karen replied with a nervous laugh. "When you're in third year things get really insane. First and second year are a joke compared to it."

I soon realized that she seemed very frightened and frustrated over some upcoming assignment.

Oh, Karen was a real looker. She was already wearing the standard uniform: a dark-blue silk top with an emblem of a fiery red sun above the left breast; its sleeves ended a few inches below the shoulders and exposed her slim arms. It seemed that Karen was inclined to soak in the sun's rays, as her skin was a healthy light-brown tone. She wore a very short pleated-skirt, ending mid-thigh, of the same colour as her top. I admired how the knee-length white socks hugged against the slopes of her calves.

Though Karen was only 5'2, she had a very pleasant way about her. It was that kind face, with its dark green eyes, which first attracted my gaze. They were just so alive and vibrant. Her dusky brown hair was about shoulder length, held by a simple black headband.

We talked for a while and she asked where I came from and how I found the school to be. Though Karen had a woman's beauty, she was bubbly and energetic with an almost childish nature. I felt very shy around her and had the terrible tendency to check her out whenever I could. As we sat there on the bench, staring at the beautiful sunset, I could see her short blue skirt fluttering against her naked thighs. Once or twice I even glimpsed her white panties.

"It was really nice talking to you, Enyo," said Karen standing up. "But I'd better be getting back to my dorm soon and finish up with my homework."

"Thanks for the directions," I said also getting to my feet.

As Karen bent over and began packing up her schoolbag, I could see the two soft mounds of her panty-covered ass creasing so smoothly against her tender skin; her underwear was so tight that it was possible to distinguish the area just below her butt-cheeks turning red. I turned my head away in shame that I was ogling her, but from the corners of my eyes I could still see her buttocks. It was a struggle, but I turned to take one last quick peek. This quick peek turned into pure admiration for the soft, full slopes of her delicious ass. Perhaps it was because I was still a virgin; perhaps it was because Karen was so beautiful; perhaps it was because she was older than me—well, whatever the reason, I just wanted to reach out and squeeze her ass and hear her yelp out in shock.

They made those skirts so short so guys would go nuts, I tell ya!

"Bye, Enyo," she said, smiling at me with such kindness that I felt ashamed of myself for lusting after her.

"B-bye," I stammered, shaking the hand she offered me.

"What's the matter?" asked Karen looking serious. "You seem disturbed."

I answered with a careless wave of my hand. "Nothing; I'm just worried about school tomorrow."

Karen laughed. She put a hand on my shoulder and said, "Relax! I didn't mean to scare you with all those stories. I remember my first day here, and it wasn't so bad."

"Thanks for everything," I said.

"You're welcome," replied Karen. She turned around, started walking away, and after getting some fifteen feet, looked over her shoulder and waved bye.

Waving in return, I couldn't help but sigh with joy as I thought about how beautiful and sweet Karen was.

Damn, I thought, I really shouldn't have been checking her out like that. It's demeaning!

My exploration continued into the night. I chose to spend some hours at the Recreation Center in the south-east corner of the university.

It was nearly midnight when I decided to return to my dorm. There were no students in sight as I took the grassy, tree-filled path to cut right across to my dormitory.

A sudden scream halted my steps.

I spun around trying to find out where it had come from. Another scream alerted me to the source and I bolted towards it.

Someone's in trouble, I thought. She needs my help!

I sprinted through the field as the soft blades of grass crushed under my shoes and the wind whooshed past my ears. When I reached the source of the sound it wasn't what I had expected to find. My first inclination was to duck and hide behind a pair of bushes. Then, using my fingers to carefully pry them apart, I saw something which made the breath in my throat choke.

There, some twelve feet ahead of me, were two lovers engaged in sex!

The surrounding area was dark and foreboding, but there was a tall streetlamp highlighting the couple's bodies in silver. Upon closer examination I found that the girl was someone I recognized: Karen.

My hiding place presented a perfect view of the fornicators.

I didn't recognize the guy but presumed that he was in third or fourth year. He was already dressed in the standard male uniform: a black jacket over a white buttoned-shirt and black dress-pants. Karen's lover, probably no more than twenty one years old, lay sitting on the soft grass with his knees spread apart. His face was tense, waiting, watching, eyes wide with desire as Karen played with his swollen cock, her sweet pink lips hovering an inch above its mushroom head. She took a single lick of the sparkling knob, sending a fierce shudder up her boyfriend's body so that his long blonde hair trembled with the motion.

Then Karen began stroking him violently with both her hands. I could see the force with which she would yank her boyfriend's penis up. Every time it happened, he would grunt out in a mixture of pain and pleasure and thrust his hips into the air. Karen was bent low on her knees, her back horizontal, the contours of her slender body accentuated by her skin-tight uniform. I marveled at how the gentle dip of her back rose up into her tight buttocks; the wind caused her dark blue skirt to flutter against her light brown thighs, revealing the naked flesh.

Karen was looking up into her boyfriend's face from the tops of her eyes and smiling.

"Come on, Chaval," she said in playful way, "tell me how much you want it."

"Not as much as you," replied Chaval, pushing her head down on his throbbing prick. Karen's luscious lips parted as the column of hard flesh entered her mouth.

"Mmmhhh!" groaned Karen as she started her blowjob.

I could see her wet lips, wrapped tightly around her boyfriend's prick, frenziedly glide up and down its length. Even in this wide open area the wet sound of her sucking carried clear to my ears.

A few seconds later the penis popped out of Karen's mouth, its mushroom-head washed silver and glinting under the light of the single streetlamp. She licked around the thin membrane connecting the length of her boyfriend's cock to its crown, swirling the tip of her tongue around it in a rapid circle.

"Yes, that's it baby," moaned Chaval, "put some effort into it."

Suddenly, Karen leaned down and engulfed his entire member once again; her head bobbed up and down along with the short waves of her dark brown hair.

It was quite a sight. Karen would take Chaval's shaft all the way down her throat, burying her nose in the hairs of his crotch, and then drag her lips up to its gleaming pink knob. She did this over and over again at a slow, relaxed pace, taking long sucks of his prick.

"That's enough!" said Chaval with an air of impatience. "Let's get to business."

They stood up together as Chaval quickly undid his belt-buckle and dropped his pants to the ground along with the rest of his clothes. He moved behind the petite Karen and seized her breasts through her silk top; the two, medium-sized globes contracted between his powerful fingers and melded to his palms. In reaction, Karen leaned her head back against his bare chest and let out a long, girlish moan.

"Ahhhhhh, Chaval! It hurts!" she complained. "You're being too rough again."

"You shouldn't be bitching," said Chaval as he squeezed the dark blue fabric covering Karen's tits, a loathsome grin on his sallow face. "I know you like it!"

As he groped Karen's tit with one hand his other snuck under her skirt and started fingering her panties. Karen arched forward, stiffening with excitement; her buttocks pushed back into Chaval's hard, slimy prick. She whimpered like a puppy and placed her arm behind her lover's head, holding him by the neck.

"Ohhhhh! I've-I've been wanting this a-all week! T-there's just been—ahhhh!—too much stress!" Her words were slow, coming out in gasps.

Chaval spun Karen around and dropped to his knees, burying his face between her smooth tan thighs. He stroked his nose up and down her wet panties a few times while gripping her firm buttocks. Then, taking a deep whiff of Karen's pussy, Chaval began licking the white fabric. His thin red tongue worked up and down the length of her veiled vagina and stroked it rapidly. Karen's back was curved forwards, her untamed hair fluttering in the wind.

"Ohhhhhh! S-stop—t-teasing m-me!" said Karen in broken gasps. Her lips were parted and I could see her breathe in and out with great effort.

At last, Chaval grabbed the edges of Karen's panties and yanked them down hard; the white panties ripped as they slid down her lush, tanned legs.

Karen stepped out of them and said with irritation, "You don't have to be so damn rough!" Chaval didn't bother with an answer and instead started fingering her pussy while she stood.

"Ooohhhh!" Karen moaned in wide-eyed surprise, throwing her head back. "Y-you're playing with my pussy! You're playing with my pussy!" I could see the sparkling silver juices flow down Karen's beautiful spread thighs as her lover's fingers dug deeper into her cunt.

Karen was still wearing her dark blue skirt, which she held up to her hips with one hand. This presented me a clear view of her long, sexy legs and her tight slit. What a lovely patch of dark brown hair she had between her thighs.

"Oh yes—I need this Chaval!" Her voice was high-pitched and girlish: Karen's schoolgirl aura made her all the more alluring.

Chaval buried his nose in Karen's glistening vagina; his tongue took quick lashes at her dripping snatch as he gulped down the sweet thin honey which erupted out of it and into his mouth. Karen started shaking her head side-to-side and moaning.

"Gah!" she cried insensibly with each deep thrust of her lover's tongue. "Gah! More—deeper! Stick your tongue all the way in!"

Karen's knees were bent and trembling; her legs were barely holding up from the pleasure she was experiencing and I was surprised she hadn't collapsed to the ground yet. With each lick of her lover's tongue, Karen squirmed, shuddered and moaned, thrusting her hips forward into Chaval's face and

burying his nose in the dark wisps of her pubic hair.

Just then she exploded in orgasm, screaming, "Oh yessssssssss!" Her face twisted with the immense pleasure of sexual release, her eyelids biting down tightly as her lips parted wide in a moan.

But it wasn't over. Chaval began undressing Karen and she seemed all too ready to be rid of her clothes. In a few minutes they both stood naked, highlighted only by the artificial light blazing from above. It was quite surreal to see these two lovers in the bright pool of silver light while all around them was deep darkness.

I was bent hidden, transfixed by the sight of Karen's beautiful body sparkling under the light. Though she was short, her features were well developed: she had a lean, flat waist, and her medium-sized breasts, glazed in sweat, looked a bit oversized for her body. Karen's neck dipped like the sides of an hourglass to her bare shoulders, and most of her body had a flawless, light brown complexion which was glowing with perspiration. To see Karen naked was to see art: her vibrant, tanned flesh, the curves of her neck and shoulders, that tight waist and legs, and her sweet, tight ass—everything about her was stunning.

The look she was giving Chaval made me wish that I was him at the moment.

"Come on, Chaval," said Karen, breathless, "you just planning on standing there naked?" It was such a turn-on to see those dark strands of hair sticking to her sweaty cheeks.

Not needing further instruction, Chaval squeezed her tits in his powerful hands. Karen threw her body forward into his and let out a moan; her soft breasts crushed up against her boyfriend's bare chest. Chaval leant down and kissed her hard on the mouth, forcing her lips apart and slipping his tongue in. There was a brief moment where Karan's eyes widened in shock, but soon she kissed him back with equal passion. Then Chaval stooped lower and licked her left breast, his tongue roaming around the edges of her soft tit until it marked for the pink nipple and began flicking it. Chaval's lips opened wide and closed on Karen's rubbery breast, immersing the top-half of it in his mouth. He continued to suck on her tit while his right hand groped her other one.

"Oh yes!" Karen moaned in a low, rasping voice. "Suck it harder! Yes, bite my nipple!"

Chaval did suck harder; his teeth clamped on the light-rosy nub and began grinding it gently. The hand that was squeezing Karen's tit made her breast swell even larger between his fingers, causing the pink nipple to jut out. Chaval's appetite was ravenous: he sucked nearly half of Karen's breast into his mouth; sometimes he bit down on the soft brownish tissue, at other times he licked the nipple with short strokes of his tongue. After a few minutes Karen's breasts had turned a deep, flushed red

colour…yet somehow she didn't seem to mind.

"Fuck, Chaval!" cried Karen, looking up into her boyfriend's face almost in tears. "You have half my tit in your mouth." A grunt was the only response she got.

At last, Chaval released his lips from Karen's supple breast. I could see its top, especially around the nipple, glazed in his juices and shining a watery silver under the light. Karen had one hand buried in her pussy, frigging herself as she rocked back and forth on her toes; her luscious thighs were pressed tightly together, trapping her own hand in between. In long, thin streaks the juices of her pussy ran down her tanned legs.

Soon followed the main course. Chaval lay down on the grass as the lovely Karen straddled his hips and began running her palms over his lean chest. I was at an angle and had a perfect view of Karen's sweet buttocks. They were full, round, and looked so juicy with sweat glistening on their creamy slopes. She positioned herself over her boyfriend's cock and began rubbing it across her dripping slit. As Karen slid down his huge shaft, she uttered a cry of joy.

"Ohhhhhhhh! So goooooood! I-I c-can f-feel it s-so d-deep i-inside."

Tears glimmered around the edges of her eyes. Karen leaned in towards her boyfriend, lifting her ass only to drop it down on Chaval's pike over and over again.

I could hear the lewd smacking of their flesh as their movements were getting faster, rougher, and more primal. Both lovers desperately panted and groaned for release, throwing their bodies into each other. They began to perspire more and more and by now Karen was gleaming in sweat, the brunette waves of her hair blowing in the strong wind as the spheres of her tits heaved up and down with every jolt she received.

With her legs spread on either side of Chaval's waist and her knees on the dark green grass, Karen jerked up and down as her lover's stiff cock plunged into her soaking pussy. I could see that she was becoming tired. Exhausted from her efforts, Karen lay her body down on top of Chaval's, her breasts squished and bulging out against his chest.

Chaval gripped his girlfriend's buttocks in both hands and squeezed.

"Ohhhhhh!" Karen cried in a thin, throaty voice. "Not so *haaarrrrrd*." But her lover went on madly fucking her while mauling her ass with his fingers. Karen's body shook and shuddered with every thrust into her tight vagina: it seemed that she wasn't even enjoying what was happening to her. This became quite obvious as Chaval drove into Karen with deep, feral groans, mouthing filthy swears as

he groped her ass even harder.

"Fuck yes!" he moaned. "You like that, huh bitch? You like getting your cunt hammered! Admit it, whore!"

"It hurts! It hurts!" Karen screamed. "Chaval! Not so rough!"

But Chaval kept raising his hips and driving his shaft into Karen's tiny flowing cunt. He said with a smirk on his arrogant face, "Thought you wanted it hard, huh?"

Karen lifted her head and answered with a look of pain, "No. I-I just...wanted to forget."

Forget? I asked myself. What could she possibly mean? It didn't matter.

I went back to concentrating on the two fornicators, unable to escape the enticing display.

Chaval wrapped his thin arms around Karen's back and continued throwing his hips into her with brute force; his throbbing prick tore apart the frail walls of her vagina and sank deep into her tender quim. Karen moaned out in excruciating pain, throwing her head of dark brown hair back. She then raised herself straight and began to ride Chaval again, perhaps in the hope that it would all end soon.

Some strange noise broke my concentration away from the two lovers. It sounded like a moan….

With frantic glances in every direction I tried to find the source of the noise. I feared the worst: what if someone had caught me spying?

There was a rustling near some bushes to my left. I looked over and finally saw her…. There was a mysterious girl with long black hair and glasses, dressed not in uniform, but in dark blue jeans and a black top. She was kneeling some distance away, concealed from Karen and Chaval by the shrubbery. This mysterious girl was about my height, but I couldn't distinguish her features except for her long, straight black hair and the outline of her narrow face. She seemed, though I couldn't be sure, to be a first year like myself.

But the real shock was that she had her fingers buried in her pants and masturbating! Her unzipped jeans were pulled down to her thighs and I could see her pale white hand hidden in her blue panties, moving up and down with a mad desire for release.

No doubt, I told myself, she's masturbating to the scene right in front of her.
It was hard to say how long she'd been there, but it was probably about as long as me. She must

have heard Karen's scream too.

The girl's right hand was fully inside her pants; her eyes were pressed shut in a look that showed her desperate desire to climax. Soft moans escaped the girl's lips as she opened her eyes again to watch Karen and Chaval fucking in front of her. She came right then, crushing her hand between her tightly-locked thighs as her body heaved forward, her eyes flickering with the ecstasy of orgasm. The mysterious girl took out her fingers and examined them for a moment, seeing the digits soaked in her own juices, and after climbing down from her powerful climax the black-haired girl looked around in an effort to gather her dazed senses.

That's when her eyes met mine.

Priceless: that's how I'd describe the expression on her face. Both eyebrows curved up in wonder; her eyes opened wide and round. She shook her head a little and her mouth formed the word, "No!" Then in a burst of speed she jumped to her feet and buttoned up her pants while still looking at me in shock. It was if our eyes were magnets attracting each other's gazes: we couldn't stop staring at each other. The girl turned around and then swiftly began running off in the opposite direction.

However, before she got about ten steps, she turned her face towards the light and I noted some of her once-shadowed features. Her eyes were a pale blue and the edges of her nose had a smooth curve to it. She was thin-figured and tall, with a long neck dipping with grace to her small shoulders. Fine strands of silk-black hair hung from her face, a black that was lustrous and silky under the light. She was beautiful, and her shyness only enhanced that beauty.

I wanted to chase after her and explain myself, but perhaps it was better left this way.

Just then I heard Karen scream. It was the sharp, ringing scream of orgasmic bliss and seemed to take the last bit of energy out of her: Karen promptly collapsed on her boyfriend. Her breasts flattened against his chest while her tight buttocks were still thrust up in the air.

I didn't bother sticking around for Chaval's orgasm and headed towards my dormitory as fast as possible. My thoughts reeled from the experience and an insatiable lust for the female body burned in my mind.

A quick, thoughtful shower followed. By now I was too tired to stay up any longer, so I went to my room and fell onto my bed. In minutes I was snoring, but my sleep was restless. Like on a projection screen, my mind cast images of the beautiful Karen and myself engaged in hot sex. At one point my thoughts ventured back to the mysterious black-haired girl: she was so beautiful!

The sleep was uneasy, but at last I managed to enter the world of dreams late into the night.

And so ended my first day at Eros University.

NOTE: Please leave your comments. Comments are the reason I write, and without them I don't see a reason to continue this story.