

The Four Freshmen. Part I: Donna

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They had a pact to share everything—including me

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They weren't exactly international supermodels. Mary, Patty, Barbara and Donna were Freshman roommates making the best of an overcrowded dorm. I met Donna at a mixer the first weekend of our Freshman year. Within an hour we were naked. Donna was eager and willing, but still very much a virgin. Some guys would have charged ahead. But I couldn't. Not with a girl I'd known for less time than it takes to finish a Physics Quiz. Still, I did everything else I could to please her. And I succeeded. As we kissed goodbye at her dorm the next day she whispered: "You know, I made a promise to share everything this year." "With your roommates?" I asked. "You're going to tell them what we did?" "Of course," she said with a smile that somehow implied that telling was only the half of it. "We promised to share EVERYTHING!" "Everything?" "Yes, Sweetie, everything! So get ready, because I think they're all going to want to meet you." And they did. This is my recollection of one remarkable era in an otherwise unremarkable sex life. The basic facts are true, although dished up with a serving of literary embellishment. The Four Freshmen. Part I: Donna She was wearing a snug yellow sweater and skin-tight jeans that emphasized her full breasts, flat stomach, perfectly shaped ass, and skinny legs that never seemed to stop. There was something about her dark almond-shaped eyes and wild auburn mane that seemed faintly Italian. But Donna's complexion was all wrong. Or all right, depending on how you look at it. She had the pale, flawless skin of an Anne Hathaway or an Evan Rachel Wood. I asked her to dance, she answered with the shy smile. During the first dance, her eyes never stopped searching my face. The second dance was slow and when I pulled her close, she ground her pelvis against my thigh. There was no third dance. We were out the door before the music started. "I'm Jason," I said folding her fingers into mine. "I know," she smiled, her eyes catching the shimmer of reflected neon light as we passed through the Square. "You're in my Medieval Lit course. I'm Donna," she added, squeezing my hand. It wasn't like me to overlook a beautiful classmate. But somehow I had. Instead of uttering something potentially stupid, I simply leaned over and kissed her. It was the best decision I'd ever made. Our lips touched, parted, and our tongues collided—sending shivers down my spine. Then, as they say, she melted into my arms. I buried my face in Donna's hair and inhaled deeply. First came the bright floral aroma of shampoo. Then the complex bouquet of essential oils from a perfume that seemed faintly familiar. Finally, a trace of a musky, feminine fragrance that hinted at sexual arousal. By the time we reached my dorm, her fingers

were inside my shirt stroking my chest. And somehow I had worked my hand between her jeans and panties and was cupping the curve of her amazing buttocks in my palm. We broke our embrace long enough to light a votive candle – the only alternative to switching on the environmentally friendly, but aesthetically hideous, florescent room lights. In the warm, flickering light, I watched Donna unfold on my bed. She stretched out on her back, fingers spreading her magnificent tangle of dark hair across my pillow. Beneath the pale sweater, firm breasts rose and fell in response to deep breaths. Her eyes, lips and face glowed with an inner light that reminded of the Renaissance portraits of Madonna and Child that I'd recently seen in Florence and Rome. It crossed my mind that maybe I had, indeed, somehow died and gone to Heaven. Donna's glossy lips parted invitingly. Then she closed her eyes, spread her legs and gently arched her back. Her jeans stretched drum-tight across her abdomen, creating a perfect V that began at the hipbones and ended where the inseam vanished between her thighs. I lowered myself onto her. Her breasts pushed back against my chest, and my cock nestled into the waiting gap between her thighs. Even through our clothing, I sensed the moist warmth of her sex. Her fingers grasped my neck and pulled me closer. Our lips reconnected, I savored her fragrance and I lost myself in the liquid passion of an endless kiss. It was our breathing—short and fast and urgent—along with Donna's muffled whimpers that brought me back. Not only were our tongues swirling together with furious intensity, but my now rock solid cock was pressed against her soft sex. Our hips moved in unison, cock and vulva grinding together at a rising tempo. I groaned, Donna whimpered, and we dry humped with increasing urgency. A moment later, Donna went rigid in my arms and her whimpers morphed into a deep, satisfied moan. It took every ounce of self-discipline, but I managed to suppress my own onrushing orgasm. Instead, I folded Donna in my arms, nestled her cheek against my chest and stroked her hair as her body shuddered with a series of tremors that took nearly a minute to subside. Tears streamed down her cheeks, but when she opened her eyes, Donna was smiling. Her body relaxed in my arms and raising her lips to my ear she whispered: "That was amazing!" I answered by nuzzling her neck and swirling my tongue in her ear. She shuddered again, sniffled a little and wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand. "That was my first time with another person." "Beautiful," I told her. "You are beautiful." We lay in each other's arms, listening to the cacophony of dorm noise. The rumble of a bass woofer from the room above. Feet shuffling along the corridor outside my door. A TV blasting muffled dialog from the commons room. Random laughter from a distant party. At last, my erection began to subside. I could still feel the heat between us and the scent of sex wafting from her skin. Then I drifted off... I woke up to the wonderful feeling of fingertips trailing through my hair. Donna was sitting, holding my head in her lap. "Can I ask you something?" she asked in a soft, perfectly modulated voice. "You don't have to answer if you don't want to." "Sure," I replied, not feeling nearly as confident as I sounded. "Do you have a lot of sexual experience?" "Not like some guys," I equivocated. "I had a girlfriend in High School and although we never had actual intercourse, we did a lot of other stuff." "And?" she asked with that dazzling smile. "Last summer I backpacked through Europe and met a girl from France. We were travelled together for a couple of weeks and, I guess you could say became intimate... very intimate." I searched for any hint of jealousy, but there was only a dreamy expression in her eyes as she processed this

admission. She pulled herself to a sitting position and wrapped her arms around her knees. After a long pause she told me, "Tonight is my first time ever... ever really letting myself go." "I kinda sensed that... I don't want to pry." "That's OK. I want to tell you," she said, hugging her knees to her breasts. "My Mom left when I was six. I was raised by my Father. He's a wonderful man..." "But?" "I can understand why Mom left him. He's got these rigid, traditional attitudes about women and sex... He makes the Pope sound liberal." "I take it you didn't have a lot of boyfriends." "A few guys tried. He never physically hurt anyone. But he's second generation Italian and very convincing when he makes a threat." "So, basically, you've never been kissed." "Pretty much," Donna laughed. "Not until tonight. I can't believe what I've been missing." Her smile faded. "There so much about sex I don't know about." "Where do you want to start?" I said, only partly in jest. "Well..." she paused. I could tell Donna was taking me seriously. Her eyes searched my face for a couple of beats, then wandered down my body, and came to rest at my groin. I'm no Adonis, but not in bad shape either. At least not for a kid who whose High School sports were building deuterium-fluoride lasers and making National Merit Scholar. "For one thing," she said, her face suddenly serious. "I've never seen a naked guy, or a real, you know..." "Cock," I filled in. "Yes, a real cock. On the Internet, of course. But never for real." "Problem solved," I said, standing up and undoing the rest of the buttons on my shirt. "Really?" she giggled. "I'll show you mine," I said with the silliest smile I could muster. "And you don't even have to show me yours... Unless you want." "Deal!" she exclaimed. Even in the dim light I could see a glint of lust in Donna eyes. I let my shirt fall to the floor, released my belt buckle and unsnapped the waist of my pants. "Last chance to save your innocence," I teased. "After this there's no turning back." "I don't want to turn back." "Then I'll go ahead," I said lowering my zipper and letting my khakis slide off my hips. Underneath, I was wearing plain white cotton briefs and, thankfully, not my E=MC2 boxers with Einstein's portrait on them. The idea of stripping naked for Donna had revived my erection, which was now gently tenting my briefs. She squealed in delight as I slid my thumbs inside the waist band and began to push them down my hips. "More... more... more..." she chanted, clapping her hands like a kid at Christmas. The first tufts of pubic hair sprung into view. Dirty blonde and curly, just like all the rest. As a burst of cool air circulated inside my briefs, I could sense myself growing stiffer. I gave the briefs a final tug and they fell to the floor. My cock sprung into view, bouncing a few times before settling into a half-mast position, neither completely limp nor fully erect. "It's... it's bigger than I imagined," Donna remarked without taking her eyes off my dangling dick. "It's also... well... I think it's beautiful." Beautiful or not, her compliments were propelling me to full height. Donna's eyes widened as, apparently on its own volition, my cock went from pointing at the floor, to rising straight out from my groin, to finally curving slightly upward toward the ceiling. I also noticed she was unconsciously squeezing her thighs together and then releasing them. This was turning her on as much as me. "How do you do that?" she asked. "Make it grow like that?" "I didn't do anything. You did!" "Me? But don't I have to, you know, stroke it or something?" "You did. With your eyes. When you look at me like that... it's insanely arousing." Donna giggled, maybe even blushed just a little. She was still sitting on my bed, almost at eye level with my cock and she leaned closer to examine it. "It's the biggest I've ever seen!" she said in mock seriousness. "Well, Duh!" I replied. "Also the only one." We started

laughing, which made my cock jiggle up and down, which made us laugh even more. When the laughter died, I realized that the most awkward thing about standing naked in front of a fully clothed woman is what to do with your arms and hands. Letting them hang at your sides feels dumb, but putting them on your hips, or crossing your arms over your chest, feels affected and defensive. So, I did the only thing that felt natural under the circumstances. I placed one hand across my abs just above my cock and let the other loosely cup my balls. Once again, Donna's eyes widened in surprise – and her thighs and hips squirmed noticeably. "Does that feel good?" she asked with a hoarse whisper. "Yes," I sighed. "How does it feel when you touch yourself?" This time, she blushed for real. With a coy smile, she said, "I should find out, shouldn't I?" "As your sex instructor, I highly recommend it." Her smile faded as she slowly spread her legs, reached between them and carefully drew her fingers along the inseam of her jeans. Her eyes fluttered half closed and she made a tiny moan. "You're right," she said with a look that was no longer shy or innocent. "It's really good." Almost unconsciously, I wrapped my thumb and forefinger and took several long, slow strokes. My cock throbbed and twitched. "Is that how a guy does it?" she asked quietly. "How you jerk off?" "Maybe a little more vigorously. But, yeah, the general idea is to stroke it with your fingers." There was a long pause as she seemed to be thinking something over. "Would you do it for me?" she finally asked, her voice barely audible. "Jerk off!" I exclaimed, a little shocked. "Yes, it's something I've always wanted to see... that I need to see." There was no doubt about the look on Donna's face now. One part curiosity, one part lust. No part innocence. "Ummm..." I stammered. The truth is I'd never masturbated in front of another person. Looking down at myself, I saw a drop of clear liquid drop on the tip while a few feet away I was pretty sure a dark, damp patch was fanning out across the crotch of Donna's jeans. "OK," I agreed somewhat reluctantly. "I'll do it. But it would be even better if we watched each other?" It was Donna's turn to be indecisive. "This is soooooo embarrassing. I've never even let a guy see me naked before." "I'd like to be that guy," I said. "I'd like that too, Jason," she said softly, pulling her sweater over her head. She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. "Wow!" I gasped as I got my first glimpse of her naked breasts. "What? What is it?" "It's your nipples... They're so... so amazing!" "Really?" she seemed baffled by my reaction. "They're always like this when I get really, you know, turned on." "Oh, My God!" It wasn't her nipples so much, actually, as it was the aureolas which were puffy and swollen and extended an inch or maybe more. "Please, just take my word for it!" "Let's see what you think about the rest, then," she said, standing up and unsnapping her jeans. She slipped the jeans down coltish legs, pulling her panties along with them. Donna's skin was porcelain white, tinged with a warm gold glow from the candlelight. My cock twitched involuntarily at the sight of her taut abs and jet-black pubic hair. She momentarily fought the urge to conceal her sex with her hands before sitting back on the edge of the bed and spreading her legs for me. Her lips glistened with drops of moisture. It was almost too much and again I found myself fighting back the urge to ejaculate, which sent an involuntary shiver through my body. "Are you OK?" My eyes re-focused on her face, which somehow conveyed a half dozen conflicting emotions at once ranging from apprehension and anxiety to lust and pure sexual arousal. "I'm fine," I assured her. "I'm just afraid I'm not going to last very long." "Me either," she replied. I could see her nostrils flare

and her rib cage rise and fall from her labored breathing. "I never been this... this turned on in my life. I think one touch could send me over the edge." "All right, then," I replied, taking my cock in my hand and caressing the tip with my thumb. Her eyes never strayed from my fingers, although somehow she managed to drop one hand into the soft black fur between her legs while pinching and twisting her engorged areola with the other. We actually lasted far longer than I thought possible. Several times I approached the point of no return with my hips thrust forward and my cock only inches from Donna's heaving breasts. Then we would make eye contact and she would give me that same shy smile she had when we first met, and somehow the crisis would pass, and I would start stroking again. After three or four of these near-crescendos, I felt my hips thrusting to meet my fist and an orgasm rising in my loins. At that moment Donna's soft whimpers escalated into a wail. Through half opened eye lids, I watched her jaws clench, her eyes roll back into their sockets and her body shake with a powerful tremor. The first pulse of sperm splashed across her breasts. The second landed on Donna's stomach and arm, while the third doused her outstretched legs and the back of the hand that clenched her public bone. As the final drops dribbled onto the floor, I fell onto the bed beside her, not certain what to expect. There was a long silence while our breathing gradually returned to normal. Then a giggle. "I missed it, didn't I?" she asked. She had collapsed back onto the bed, with her legs still dangling over the edge. I propped myself up on my elbow and inspected the damage. Little rivulets of cum were puddling between her breasts and in her belly button. "Ahhh... not entirely," I replied, holding my breath. Donna opened her eyes, looking first at my face, then at my shriveling cock, and finally down the front of her own naked body. Her eyes widened in surprise. "I'm sorry..." I stammered. "I didn't mean to..." She took a deep breath, and it was several seconds before I realized she was, if not savoring, then at least analyzing the mingling fragrances of the various sexual secretions that were steaming off her overheated torso. Her face grew dark as she turned said sternly, "Don't you ever cum on my tits again!" Then she broke into a wide smile and the whole world brightened. "Unless I get to watch." "I promise," I vowed with relief. Donna returned her attention to my handiwork, dipping a fingertip into the pooled cum and bringing it to her lips. She licked hesitantly, paused to consider the taste, then plunged her entire finger into her mouth and licked it clean. "Tastes a lot like chicken," she said with a wry smile. Then she amazed yet again by taking both hands and massaging my juices into her skin. "I hear its better than Retin-A for soft-tissue rejuvenation." Later, I cleaned her with a moist towel, grazing her skin with my fingertips. We listened to a couple of playlists, drank a bottle of cheap Chianti, and fell asleep naked in each other's arms. I awoke sometime before dawn to the sensations of an impending orgasm. The sheets and blanket had been tossed aside and Donna was sitting between my outstretched legs, her tiny fingers wrapped around my fully erect cock. "Is this the way you like it?" she asked, stroking lightly but at an escalating pace. "Oh, God!" I moaned. "You're a fast learner." With that my hips bucked and a small fountain of cum spewed across Donna's hand and fingers. When I opened my eyes again, she was licking the last drops off the back of her hand. "Still tastes like chicken?" I asked. "Nope, this morning it's closer to bacon and eggs," she replied. Her own legs were pressed together and I could just make out the shadowy wedge of her pubic hair where it vanished between her thighs. Moving quickly, I dove

across the bed, my head forcing her legs open and my mouth coming to rest on her warm sex. My tongue found her opening and slipped into the gap between her labia while my hands cupped her butt and pulled her firmly against my mouth. Donna writhed and whimpered and clamped me between her thighs. She grabbed my hair and first tried to pull my head away from her pussy. I responded by fluttering my tongue faster and pushing it deeper between her lips. Then I found her clit and sucked it into my mouth. With this, she changed her mind, forcing her hips upwards and pulling me by the hair, but this time forcing my head into her groin. Finally, her legs parted, her body relaxed, and she opened herself to my oral sex play. I worked her clit until she seemed on the verge of climax, then I backed off, and went a little lower and pushed my tongue into her canal. She was wetter than I had imagined, and my tongue shot inside faster and deeper than I intended. Donna shrieked in pain and surprise and thrust her legs upward with such force that I tumbled backward, my head striking the wall with a dull thud. I managed to get to my knees, holding my throbbing temples between my hands. She had pulled herself to a sitting position and seemed to be laughing and crying all at the same time. "What... what the fuck?" I stammered, still in considerable pain. "What was that?" "Jason. I'm so sorry. But you just poked my cherry, Baby." "What?" I was still a little wozzy and wasn't following her. "You know," she had a broad smile now. "My cherry. Maidenhead. Hymen." "With my tongue?" I asked, somewhat stupidly. "Don't get me wrong, I love what you were doing down there," she said pulling me to her breast and stroking my hair. "But you've got a wicked deep tongue move, Buster." "I had no idea." "Me either. It was a painful surprise for both of us." I was calming down, her fingers soothed my aching head, and when I opened my eyes, I found a swollen pink nipple just inches away. This time I was cautious, letting my tongue trail a moist path over the curve of her breast before wrapping my lips around the target. "Mmmmmm," she moaned. "You could just keep doing that. Or the other, if you want. Just watch where you poke." I marveled at her nipples as I sucked them deep into my mouth and pummeled them with my tongue. Eventually, I kissed my way down her stomach, trailed my tongue through her pubic hair, and returned to fluttering and teasing her clit. I was concentrating so hard on the task at hand, that I hardly noticed Donna gradually shift her body. That is, until I felt warm lips encircle my soft cock. "Mmmmmmm..." she moaned, looking up at me, holding my limp love stick in her fingers. I pulled the blanket over us to keep off the chill, and we lay like that for a long time, gently sucking and tonguing each other. At some point, my cock regained its erection, filling her mouth, and her whimpering returned, although somewhat muffled. There was no urgency this time, just a gentle, gradual climb up the mountain sexual stimulation. Somehow, she found the sensitive spot under my cock head, probably because my body responded by tensing up every time her tongue fluttered against it. Meanwhile, I discovered that when I sucked Donna's stiff clit between my lips, she squealed in delight and ground her pussy against my mouth. About the time the first sunlight began to filter through my windows, she picked up the tempo of her teasing. Her tongue would swirl over my sensitive spot. Then she would pull her lips along the entire length of my shaft while pressing the tip of her tongue into me. At some point, my hips began to undulate in time with her rhythm. Soon, a series of involuntary pulses overtook me. I tried to pull my mouth away from Donna long enough to warn her of an impending orgasm, but she clamped her thighs against my

ears, and pushed my lips back against her vulva. It wasn't like the violent, mind-bending eruptions of last night. This time I just ground down on her mouth with my hips and released three or four spurts with only a slight audible groan. As I came, Donna thrust her hips firmly against my mouth and I felt a spasm building in her body which culminated in a hot liquid release that poured gently across my lips and down the inside of her thighs. For a long time after that, she suckled on my shrinking cock, while I licked the musky secretions from her vulva and inner thighs. Eventually, we drifted off to sleep, our cheeks pressed against each other's sex. We awoke about noon to the peal of church bells coming up from Brattle Street. Her trim figure and flawless skin were, if anything, even more beautiful in the light of day. We dressed. I gave her my only pair of bikini briefs because her own panties were still too damp to wear. She left them under my pillow as a souvenir. We ambled down Mass. Ave. to a Middle Eastern Cafe where, over lunch the reality of class schedules, assignment deadlines and exams began to intrude into our sexual reverie. After lunch, I dropped Donna off at her dorm, which is when she mentioned the pact with her roommates. Our relationship soon settled in a comfortable friends-with-benefits scenario. My own roommate, the Dorchester Phantom, was an observant Jew who hustled home every Friday afternoon in time for Shabbat and seldom returned before Sunday evening. On those nights we might catch a movie, go to a party or play, but were almost always back at my dorm by midnight, often ripping off each other's clothes before we made it onto my room. Donna never gave any indication she was ready to part with her virginity. And I never pressed the issue. Why should I? She was fascinated with my cock and most nights would begin with her watching intently as I masturbated for her. Sometimes I would shoot on her body, other times she would kneel in front of me and clamp her lips around my cock as I administered the last few strokes. This ritual was the first step in what inevitably became a weekend of repeated rounds of oral sex and mutual masturbation. We knew each other's schedules and sometimes sent urgent text messages asking to meet during a free period. Mine sometimes concluded with instructions to "wear a short skirt." She was apt to remind me to "bring a napkin." We soon grew skilled at satisfying each other with quickie handjobs in semi-public spaces. Ice cream parlor booths worked especially well. As did the dark corners of student coffee houses and cafes. But Donna also thrived on the thrill of even more public sex. It began with discreet petting during art movies in the Brattle Cinema, moved to handjobs in the Library stacks and on the Red Line Train, and culminated with a blowjob in the bleachers during the ninth inning of a Red Sox game at Fenway Park. Perhaps kinkiest of all was that Donna somehow obtained a swipe card that accessed the upper levels of the main campus Library, an area usually reserved for grad students working on dissertations. She took me there an hour before closing one night. We snuggled into a wooden study carrel situated next to a full-length window. Below was a typical three-story campus dorm. From this dark perch we could see clearly into a half-dozen rooms. In one, there was a fully dressed couple passionately making out on a common room couch. In another, a guy was lying on his bed in sweats reading a book. Every minute or so, his hand would reach between his legs and discreetly squeeze his cock. Soon he was actively stroking a growing erection through his pants and, eventually, he pushed his sweats down and began jerking in earnest. Donna guided my hand into her panties and I fingered her to a convulsive orgasm while we both

secretly watched this unsuspecting guy beat off. It was mid-October when for some reason, the sexual passion began to dissipate. Instead of spending both Fridays and Saturday nights together, it was just one night or the other. The urgent text messages become less frequent—as did the randomly e-mailed photos of various body parts in sexual arousal. Mid-terms were approaching and we agreed to skip the weekend nights altogether, opting instead for a Sunday afternoon quickie in a quiet little vest-pocket park on Mt. Auburn Street near Donna's dorm. The grass was still wet from the previous night's rain and the air was cold enough to see the condensation from our breath. We turned into the park, embraced and I reached under her skirt and fingered Donna to a mild orgasm. She then unzipped my pants, worked my cock with her fingers and sucked me off until I came in her mouth. We cleaned up and walked somberly back toward her dorm. As we turned onto her street, Donna's mood seemed to brighten and she looked up at me with her most wicked little smile. "Remember the first time you dropped me off at the dorm and I mentioned how I had promised to share everything with my roommates?" "How could I forget?" "Well," she said standing on her toes and giving me a sloppy wet kiss. "I think it's time you meet Barbara."