

My Coed Sex Slave

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I went one a hook-up site and got the deal of my dreams: a live-in college coed fuck slave.

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Chapter 1 Okay, guys, you're not gonna believe this but it happened, it sure did, right here in Meridian, Mississippi, another of the many towns and cities nicknamed, 'Queen City.' Well, I've dated a few of the queens here in Meridian and, like in the other like-named cities, some put out and some didn't, some were good at it, some weren't. I'm single (You already guessed, right?), have a good, full-time job as a head maintenance mechanic in a fair-sized factory here, make pretty good money, have my own three-bedroom home in the outskirts of the town, on a nice cul-de-sac full of families. I keep up the yard, behave myself, stay away from the neighborhood wives, though there is one on the corner who's tempting. I've never been married, so there's no alimony or child support coming out of my paycheck, my car's paid off as well as my truck (yeah, I have both, it's the South, but I don't own any guns, just don't tell anyone) and I have a comfortable bank account and savings, even some investments. So, I'm a footloose bachelor in a small city and have dated, at one time or another, quite a few of the local women. Well, in New York, Chicago or Atlanta, that's not a problem, there's another million or two to choose from. But here, well, there is a limit and while I'm sure I haven't reached it, I do know most of the women who go to bars and clubs. So, what to do? Go hi-tech. I went on one of these 'meet singles' sites, you know the kind I mean, wink, wink, and looked around. There was Lori, pretty, young, twenty, it said, college girl needing money for school, etc., etc. I emailed her and she sent back some pics and a nice reply. Seems her dad lost his job and she's trying to gain enough money to go back to college in the fall. The pics, well, they sold me. She was very pretty, not cheap-looking at all, really a 'girl-next-door'-type. I sent her a reply that I was sympathetic to her situation and wanted to take her out for a nice dinner and named my favorite Italian restaurant in town. Now, I'm thirty-eight, not bad looking, just not really good-looking, either. Lori, however was pretty and had a kind of sexy, but nice look to her. She sent me back an email saying that she would be happy to go to dinner, she was working a minimum-wage job at the world's best known fast food chain and would love a nice night out. I had directions to her house, her father's house actually, and when she opened the door, my eyes and, well, yes, my pecker, came to attention. She was perky, and nice, in a short skirt which showed her very pretty legs and her black blouse held a sizable pair of breasts inside with

some lovely cleavage advertising them. I was sure they were loose under her blouse as her nipples did make themselves known. Yes, she was just a college girl who got into a bind and now was trying to make the best of things to carry on her dream. This was no online hook-up, she was nicer than that. Her online pics made her look somewhat thin but, in person, she was curvier than I had expected, not chubby, oh, no, just right. We went right out, got in my car (no dates in the truck, yes, I do know better) and headed to the restaurant. We had fun, she was really nice and I didn't push her even though I was certain that she was indulging in something on the internet that her father probably wouldn't approve of. During dinner, I had mentioned that I was single, had my own house, actually only about a mile from where we were eating, and so on. I paid the check and suggested that we go to a club that I liked and she said she'd rather see my house, if it was okay with me. So, I turned the car around and drove her to my house and showed her in and around. When I showed her the two extra bedrooms, she asked, "Who lives in these?" "Oh, no one, I'm here by myself." "This is really nice, Dean, you must have a good job? Lucky you." "Yeah I do pretty okay," I answered. She was trying in a nervous, uncertain way to be somewhat sexy, I'm sure trying to play the role, and knowing that, I put my hand on her breast and she stood there smiling but silent, letting my fingers flex and feel her firm boobs. Yes, with no bra, they felt wonderful. I bent over and kissed her and she fully accepted my kiss, opening her mouth to me, sliding her tongue in along mine as it probed her. My hand now was under her blouse, feeling her hard, swollen nipples between my fingers, my cock was rock-hard and now her hand was down feeling it. I swept the covers off the bed and moved us there, our shoes were off and now we were both kissing and groping each other quite nicely. She may be a sweet college girl but she's made a few guys happy by the look and feel of it. I was able to pull her skirt up and she had on a skimpy thong, these young girls were so sexy and they do know it. My hand was between her legs rubbing in the wetness as she asked me, "What is it, Dean, that you want tonight?" "I'd just love to fuck you, okay?" "I get two hundred but I'll make it one-fifty and spend the night, okay?" "I'm in, now, let's get our clothes off," and we were soon back in each other's arms, now skin-to-skin, making-out, adult-style. I moved up over her and positioned my eager cock between her legs and began to push. It slipped in rather suddenly after some initial resistance and was about halfway in when Lori just went and pushed down all the way. I started doing my thing and, yes, she felt really good, tight, wet, smooth, slippery inside, just great. She didn't just lay there, either, she was as much into it as I was, which was more than I'd expected. Unlike some of these hook-ups, I guess, Lori seemed to enjoy the sex we were having. I really wanted to see if I could bring her to orgasm, something I doubt many clients in these kind of situations were inclined to do. So, I tried holding back as I fucked her and tried to make it as normal and, even, romantic as I could. I told her how pretty she was, how good she was making me feel, and I was tender and gentle with her. And, soon, I was rewarded with just what I wanted. "Mmm, oh, Dean, oh, I'm...UUH, UUH, uh, mmm, oh, that is so good, yes, mmm, thank you, that was really nice. Now it's your turn," and she began twisting her hips, tightening her pussy muscles, all those nice things to milk the cum out of a guy's cock. Well, I never went to college, never dated any college girls, but this one, Lori, sure had learned how to please a man. She was really good at using her body for pleasure and she had a pussy full of my cum in no

time. We lay there, snuggled together, kissing, feeling each other, much nicer than what I'd expected when I went looking on a hook-up website. "That was really nice, much nicer than I expected," I said softly as her hand petted my cock. "It was nice. I actually am enjoying being with you. You're nicer than most. I've only just started doing this and, believe me, you are much nicer than most." "Well, you look like a nice girl and all, just kind of in a bind. I can understand that." "It was all I could think of. I really want to stay in college for my future. And, well, this got me wondering, Dean. Can I ask you a question?" "Sure, fire away." "I was wondering if you would like a college coed fuck slave?" "Fuck slave?" "Someone to have sex with whenever you feel like it, as long as there's nothing violent or hurtful, but I don't think you're that kind of guy anyway." "No, I like just sex in general, nothing fancy, the normal things. Oh, I'm not into anal, either, so that's not a worry. So you'd come over whenever I was horny?" "I was thinking that with the extra rooms you have, I could move in so I'd be here when I wasn't in school." "And what do you want in return?" "Well, for one, I like sex, too, as you now know. And free room and board and tuition." She told me what her tuition fees were and, really, it was pretty reasonable considering all my sexual needs, well, more than my needs, really, my wants, which were much larger, would be taken care of. She bent down and quickly sucked the life back into me, then climbed up over me, held my cock and pushed herself down on me and began rocking back and forth. "This is what you'd get." Well, like I said, money, for me, is really no problem and the total for having her live with me and provide me with all the sex I wanted, well, truthfully, for a horny guy like me, it was a bargain. "Does the tuition include books and fees?" I asked? She said it didn't and I agreed also to pay for those as well. Boy, did I get fucked. She gave me a night of fucking that I'll never forget. She knew how to dole out her gratitude. Lori moved in the next day and as soon as I got home from work, she was in the kitchen finishing up chicken parmesan, I guess I had all the ingredients, I do some cooking, too, some bachelors, do, you know, and she was wearing a long teeshirt. Yes, a long teeshirt. "Wow, you sure look good to a guy that's worked hard all day," and she reaches across, pulls off the tee and says, "This better?" Oh, it was and it led us right down the hall to my bedroom. We finally ate about nine-fifteen, the first of many naked meals that we have since shared. We talked about how I wanted our relationship to be, she agreed to sleep in my bed with me whenever I wanted, basically that she was at my beck and call for anything I wanted sexually. She gave me a blowjob before I left for work the next morning and, again, was in her teeshirt when I got home. When I went over to the stove to see what she was cooking, she dropped to her knees, unzipped my work pants, wrangled out my hardening cock and sucked me right there as dinner baked in the oven, a roast chicken. Another late dinner and another wake-up suck. When I came home later that afternoon, there was Lori, naked on the sofa, stiletto heels on her feet, knees wide, rubbing along her pussy lips, smiling at me as I dropped my lunch box, wrestled my work pants off, dragged my briefs to the floor and fucked her right on the sofa. Later, I called for pizza, then we took a shower together, always fun with Lori, and we went off to bed and another nice, slow fuck. Chapter 2 Now, I am a guy, you know that, and, well, sometimes, guys do a bit of selective bragging. I had, over a period of time, told some of my work buddies about my arrangement with Lori and, as predicted, was pelted with questions non-stop. Some I answered, some I just smiled. As a result, my friends always

showed great interest in my tales when I told them but there seemed to also be a good bit of skepticism about whether or not Lori existed outside of my mind. I mentioned this to Lori one night and she suggested that I have them all over for a poker night and see for themselves whether she existed or not. "Would you strip for them?" I asked hoping to bowl the guys over. "Oh, I don't think I could do that, I'd be too embarrassed. What if I served snacks to the guys in that black peignoir set I wore the other night? The one you really liked when you chased me all over the house and I finally let you catch me, that one?" "They'll love it just as much as I did, hon, it's a deal. I'll set it up." So, four of my buddies eagerly accepted for a get-together the next Friday night and it was all I heard them talk about all week long. They still seemed to have some doubts about whether or not I was kidding them along and I figured they would become believers on Friday for sure. Wait until they see Lori. And, they'll see a lot of Lori, too. Not only were my friends at work excited, as the week rolled on, Lori seemed more and more turned-on by the whole idea asking me about each guy, what they looked like, what they were like, yeah, I think she was really getting into the whole idea. She even dressed in the outfit she planned on wearing and showed me what it looked like when she bent over to serve one of my buddies. Oh, they were in for a night of fun. I tried to bolster her confidence every time by telling her how pretty and how sexy she looked, which, of course, was true. So, on Friday, I got home early after going in early so I would have time to get the place ready and Lori met me at the door naked and asked me to come to the bedroom to leave a nice, warm deposit of my semen inside her to carry around tonight as she served and entertained my friends. I eagerly complied, of course. She had all kinds of snacks and appetizers prepared and on plates and trays, she was just great. And, still naked which, of course, I didn't mind in the least. Then, as the time drew near, she went to change, which, of course, wouldn't take long and I let in each of my buddies as they arrived. They were all asking where she was and I kept being vague until they were congregated in the den, Jerry, Greg, Hank, and Troy. Then, Lori walked out. Eight eyes widened as they looked at this pretty, almost naked college girl. "Guys, this is Lori. Lori, here's Jerry, Troy, Hank and that's Greg. They've each brought their own beer, would you get us some snacks, please?" and all eight eyes watched her turn around and walk toward the kitchen. "Oh, Dean, forgive me for ever doubting you," said Greg. "Me, too, Dean, you're the luckiest guy in the world, she's gorgeous, and that little nightie, wow," offered Hank. The other two just sat there stunned. Then, Lori walked back in with a tray of appetizers and leaned over each of my friends offering them not only a snack but the view of a lifetime, her perfect boobs, completely in view as the lowcut top fell away giving them the sight they were hoping for. When she got to me, she grinned and I knew she was having a great time showing her body to my grateful friends. I had given her a day at a woman's spa and she did look sensational. Her hair was perfect and she was waxed and polished to a sheen. As she circulated with the food, all eyes were on her nonstop. There never was any poker played, it was more a party and an ogle Lori session. Later in the evening, Jerry had asked Lori to sit next to him and when I came back in from talking a pee, they were kissing and he had his hand up under her nightie massaging her breasts. I went out to get another beer, figuring that they were all adults, consenting adults, and what happens here, stays here. I came back out and Jerry was kneeling on the floor between Lori's legs, her thong pulled aside,

his cock sliding in and out of her freshly-waxed pussy. Her nighty was off, all she had on was the tiny thong. We all watched as they fucked and we sipped our beers. After all, Lori knew how to say no and she was certainly beyond the age of consent. They were going at it and every eye was on them and soon, Jerry threw his head back and bucked forward, driving into her. "Uh, Uh, UH, UH, uh, mmm, Oh, wow, Lori, you are so good." He looked back over his shoulder at me and said, "Dean, you're the luckiest guy on earth, without a doubt." He pulled his cock out of her as Lori wiped across her pussy, then licked her fingers off. She stood up and came over to me, bent down and asked me quietly, "Do you think it would be okay if I took off my thong and offered all your friends a nice fuck? It was fun with Jerry and they all are so horny by now. I know I am." Well. I nodded and she stood in the middle of the room and pulled off her thong. "Jerry was first, who's next?" Three hands flew up and Lori tossed her thong at Troy who stood up. "I think it's time all of you guys got naked, come on," Lori said and she sat back down on the sofa, spread open and Troy, now naked, his cock trembling, knelt in front of her and pushed inside. I didn't know how I'd ever keep this quiet at the shop, all four guys, not only seeing my live-in fuck slave in a skimpy nightie but now naked and fucking every guy here. After Troy was Greg, then Hank. Cum was running all down the front of the sofa, oh, well, the sign of a good time had by all. After Hank finished, the guys were kidding me about my turn so I got up and I think Lori had saved something special for me because she had me sit down on the sofa, legs wide, and then she backed up to my cock and swallowed it up inside her and began rocking to and fro sitting on my lap facing away, as I watched my hard, cum-slickened cock disappear, then reappear as she rocked back and forth. Every time she pulled up, her pussy tightened around me, just like she was sucking me and soon, I added my cum to the other four guys. My cock and balls were covered with cum from her earlier encounters. After we were finished, she saw that some of the guys were hard again and she offered blowjobs all around for those who wanted one or since she got on her hands and knees, she was also welcoming my friends for a second go at her pussy, this time from behind. The party finally broke up about three as I helped Lori to my bed and tucked her in, then slid in next to her. "Thanks, Lori, the guys had the time of their lives. You were the best." "Well, I finally got all the sex I ever wanted. I hope you don't have any plans for me right now, I'd just like to sleep." And sleep she did. I got up about nine and she came out to the kitchen about eleven, walking a bit stiffly. "Are you okay?" I asked. "Kinda sore. But, well, that was intense, for sure. I never dreamed I'd be doing five guys. Well. I'm off school during Christmas break if you want to have another party," she said with a wide grin. "Sure you don't want to think that over first?" "Nope, not at all." "So you want to do a repeat of last night?" "Yes except for one thing." "What's that?" "It's all naked right from the beginning." "I'll bet I can get the guys to do that, yeah, I think so." "Well, I'll have a lot of free time and I'd love to spend it fucking. That's what I'm here for, right?" What a girl. She's sure on this Dean's List.