

Dorm Room Fun

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* A true story of my own experience. Some names have been changed to protect that person's privacy. During my first year of college I was dating one of my friend's brother for about 8, almost 9 months. (Now she doesn't know this, so don't tell her.) Anyway, this guy was hot. When I say hot I mean 'damn it almost burns when I touch him!' hot. He was my complete opposite. Where I was 5'2", 120 pounds, he was 6'4" and 185 pounds of pure, tanned muscle. I have black hair, brown eyes. He had blonde hair, blue eyes. A chiseled jaw and sharp nose completed the picture. But, damn, his lips were what stood out. They were full and had a slight pink tint due to the fact that he was always gnawing on them. But, of course, beauty can only be skin deep. Complimenting his amazing features was an attitude of a prissy little bitch who had a bad case of mangina. You see, in his head he was God's Gift To Women. At first I was completely turned off by this, but one night when he stumbled to my dorm room drunk in search of his sister to drive him home (and she didn't even live on campus, mind you), he ended up fucking me. Beautifully. I guess I can tell you how it all went down. I was laying in bed, naked, reading a book, skin and hair still damp from my shower. My roommate was visiting family back in Cali, so I had the ridiculously small room to myself. My book was just getting to the good part when a sudden rapid series of knocks were issued onto the door, causing me to release an embarrassing yelp. I collected my wits and grabbed my shower robe that covered me from wrist to ankle and cautiously stepped towards the door. "Who is it?" I demanded, half expecting to hear, "what's your favorite scary movie?" in return. "Open the door! I need to see, uh, I need to, uh...Dammit! What's my sister's name again?" "Stevie." I replied dryly. I immediately figured out who it was. Fucking prick; I was tired of this bullshit. He was always drunk every Friday night. Hell, at least he was consistent. But why did he have to come here? "Stevie! That's it! See, that's why I like you V, you're so smart." He happily slurred. I rolled my eyes, laughing under my breath. I opened the door and was almost completely flattened to the floor if he hadn't caught himself on the door jam. "Shit, Jason, how much did you have to drink?" His answer was to breathe heavily in my face and laugh hysterically when I gagged. "That much. Now where's Stevie? I need to go home." "Stevie doesn't live on campus. You know that." "Well, how am I supposed to get home?" "I don't know, you tell me." He stared at me for while as if he were waiting for something. Hell, I wasn't taking his ass home, I had to leave for dance class at 4:30 in the morning. "Well....can I...." "What!?! Spit it out J, I'm fucking tired!" "Can I stay here?" I huffed my breath. I was two seconds away from having a temper tantrum and slamming the door in his face. But my mama raised a good girl, well almost a good girl, and definitely

would not approve. "I guess you can--Hey!" He had pushed past me and proceeded to toss my book on the floor and flop onto my bed, causing the bedsprings to creak loudly underneath his heavy weight. I closed and locked the door before running over and punching him in the thigh as hard I could, which didn't seem to have any effect. "Be careful! You're going to break my bed!" He chuckled at this and looked at me with heavy eyes before stating, "Violet, Violet such a riot. The only way I could break your bed, darling, is if I were to fuck you into it." I gasped at his brash words. "Don't talk to me like that!" "Or what?" "Or else I'll kick your ass." I was dead serious. But judging from the fact that he once again broke into hysterical laughter, he didn't think so. He surprised me by jumping up and getting completely into my personal space bubble, craning his neck down to get a good look at my face. Not letting him intimidate me, I strained my own neck backwards and met his stare dead on. He licked his lips before saying, "And why, little Violet, would you be looking at my ass?" "Because you smell like shit and I was wondering where the stench was coming from." His lips twitched as he fought the urge to smile. "Well you smell like vanilla, so there." I rolled my eyes. "Ooh I'm so hurt. Honestly J, how do you come up with this stuff?" "Well you didn't let me finish." And he proceeded to lift me up by my armpits and shove his nose into my neck, breathing in deeply. I was completely frozen, shocked, my breath was caught in my throat. He moaned and nuzzled my neck, making me tip my head back. "I'm also detecting notes of jasmine." "Jason," I said weakly, "stop." "Ummm, no. I need to do a further investigation." He then lowered me to the floor, making sure to run my body along the length of his. Still in a shocked daze, I barely realized he had untied my robe and pushed it past my shoulders, leaving me completely naked. He hissed in a sharp breath. "God you're beautiful." His hot gaze caused my nipples to harden in response. Dancing had its perks and I knew I looked damn good. Even though I was ridiculously short, my body was mostly firm, toned legs. I had a flat tummy, except for a slight feminine curve that would never go away, regardless of how much exercise and starvation I endured. I had large D cup breasts that sat high on my chest with very little sag, and were beautifully capped with gumdrop sized rose nipples. And freckles adorned and complimented my olive tone complexion. I mentally patted myself on the back for deciding to shave earlier. He continued to look me up and down before gluing his eyes to my hairless vagina. He reached down and shifted his erection in his jeans before saying, "I will get to that in one second but first, these." He dove face first into my breasts, bending over and lifting both my nipples to his greedy mouth. I gasped at his roughness, moaning when he massaged my supple flesh. I gripped his head hard and pulled him into my breasts, needing and wanting more. It was getting great when he stopped. "This is really killing my back. Here, let's try this." He lifted me by my full bottom and urged me to wrap my legs around his upper waist. I did, and in this position my breasts were level with his chin so he lifted me a tad bit higher. "There. Perfect." He happily declared and continued his assault on my nipples. Each lick, nip, flick, suckle, and tongue lash caused me to gasp and grind against him. It seemed to tickle him that I was reacting this way and he doubled his efforts, sucking half my breasts into his mouth before having the nipples. He attacked them until my breasts were bright red, covered in saliva, and I was a quivering mess eagerly humping his jean clad erection. He lowered me gently onto my bed, and looked me up and down silently, making me feel self conscious for the first time. "What?"

"Nothing. I just like seeing you like this." "Like what?" "Vulnerable." He stated simply. I felt myself blush and he smiled a sheepish smile. "I love your freckles." I blushed harder, "Can you get naked now too?" He gave an exasperated sigh before answering. "Yeah, I guess." He then proceeded to strip at record speed. My eyes were hungrily staring at his muscular chest when his cock came into view. God, what a cock. It literally made my mouth water looking at his magnificent dick. The tip was a purplish red and he had veins running down what had to be his eight inch length. His balls looked heavy, yet were tightly pulled up against his body and he was deliciously completely shaved. His cock was twitching and bobbing in the air under my hungry gaze. He chuckled, causing his cock to shake even more. "You like?" I ignored his comment and crawled to the edge of the bed on my belly. "Come here." He seemed too eager and took one step too many, causing his cock to bang into my nose, leaving an invisible smear of moisture there. "Ouch!" "Sorry..." I roughly grabbed onto his cock to 'punish' him for his actions, causing him to moan in return. Wait a second...did he like having his cock handled roughly? I smiled a devious grin before spitting directly onto his tip. I worked the saliva in, getting him nice and slick. I looked up at him as I started to rub his dick all over my face and neck, letting my tongue lag out of my mouth as I passed his cock over it, never losing eye contact. "Fuck that's hot." "You like this?" "Yes." "You want more?" "Fuck yes. Suck me." I complied, but not before I semi gently bit the tip of his dick. He jolted forward hard, causing his cock to slip in my mouth and hit the back of my throat, making me gag and my eyes water. I wasn't expecting that reaction. "Do it again. More." He panted heavily. I bit his cock again several times, only this time harder before licking the nips, hoping to make his cockhead numb with pleasure. Apparently it was working because when I looked up again his head was slightly tilted backwards and he was slowly starting to pump his hips. I smiled smugly and took as much of him into my throat as possible. Since he was so thick I could only fit in six inches without it feeling like my jaw was going to split open. But he seemed more than happy as he gripped my head with both hands and proceeded to fuck my mouth with malice. He was moaning wildly and because of his savage strength, all I could do was look up at him as he used my mouth to jack off his cock. Tears were streaming down my face and I felt his balls slapping my chin repeatedly. I reached a hand up and rubbed them vigorously, marveling at their softness, alternating between rubbing and pulling at his heavy sack. Just as I was starting a good rhythm, he pulled my mouth off of him with a loud pop. "Ahhh God stop! Stop! I'm gonna cum." I looked up at him and gave what I hoped was a seductive look, continuing to rub his balls but at a much slower pace. "Would that be so bad?" "For your sake, yes." I laughed and in one swift motion he had me flipped over onto my back with my lower body hanging off the edge of the bed. He knelt down, spread my legs, then did something no man had ever done to me before. He smelled my vagina. My face was on fire as I heard him take several deep breathes of my scent, even going so far as to nuzzle his nose against my pussy lips, causing my breathing to hitch. Despite my embarrassment, having a man smell one of my most private areas was turning me on. He must have suspected this because he finally threw my legs over his shoulders, pressed his lips against mine and then, did nothing. I groaned in frustration, "Would you do it already!?" He chuckled against my pussy, making my inner thighs twitch slightly. "Do what?" His hot breath and moist lips against mine was making my juices start to flow, but

I wasn't going to give in that easy...or maybe I was. "You know what I mean." "No I'm afraid I don't. You need to be specific. Remember: speak in complete, correct sentences." I rolled my eyes. I should have known this asshole would make me say this. Well I could be an asshole too. "Jason, would you please give oral sex to my vagina?" He laughed wholeheartedly against my pussy, making me moan and thrust my hips on his mouth. He placed a strong hand across my lower stomach, keeping me in place. "Whoa," he chuckled, making me shudder, "calm down. Now repeat after me: Jason, please tongue fuck my dripping wet pussy, and make me cum in your mouth. And look at me when you do." I took a deep breath and looked past my breasts, my quivering tummy, my bare vaginal mound, to his lust filled blue eyes. Seeing him with his hair slightly tousled and mouth tightly pressed to my pussy, was almost enough to make me cum right then and there. Almost. "Jason, please, please tongue fuck my dripping wet pussy and make me cum in your mouth." He then, with no hesitation, finally took my pussy into his mouth. I moaned my satisfaction, encouraging him. He licked me top to bottom, giving my clit ample attention. He flicked my clitty around actively, giving it strong licks, sucking it hard into his mouth, making me go wild. I was humping his face hard, literally trying to fuck his mouth, moaning and pulling up as much bed sheet as I could. I felt him smiling against me. "You like this don't you?" "Oh God, yes, I love it, I love it," I panted heavily, thrashing my head back and forth, pumping my hips harder as he dove back in. He was eating me out almost angrily, violently. Like he was starving and my pussy would be his last meal. He took my lips into his mouth, sucking them hard and letting them pop out. He nibbled on my pussy lips, licking away at the stings, making my pussy all the more sensitive. He then violently shoved his tongue into my weeping cunt and started bobbing his head back and forth, repeatedly retreating and penetrating my juicy hole, using it like a dick. His tongue was so fucking long I could barely contain myself. He was wiggling and twisting his tongue deep inside my pussy, and I was helpless to cum into his mouth. I was never a screamer, but I knew at that moment I probably sounded like I was being murdered. I arched my back and my whole body shook violently, and using both hands, I pulled his face to my cunt, fucking his mouth, desperate to prolong my orgasm. He gripped my hips to the point of it almost being painful, and pulled my pussy tighter to his mouth. I could feel him sucking the juices from my center as I came. When he came over me his face was slick with my cum, I immediately leaned up and licked it off, enjoying the tangy taste of my own pussy. When I was finished he positioned me further up the bed and attempted to join me. Anyone who's ever been in a dorm room knows these beds were not made for two people, especially not one of Jason's size. We both laughed as he fought the bed. I was so desperate for him I didn't really care where it happened, I just needed him to fuck me. "Here, let's just get on the floor--" "No," he said firmly, confusing me. "What's wrong?" "Our first time shouldn't be on the floor..." "Well its not like we're going to have much room on the bed." "We'll make it work." After some adjustments he just opted to lay between my legs, his cock pressed tightly against my pussy, not yet entering me. I pushed my hips toward him, trying to take him inside me, but he resisted. I looked at him and his face looked strained and almost savage. I knew he wanted me, so what was he waiting for? "What's wrong now?" "Please tell me you have protection." I chuckled. He was wasted and still Mr. Responsible. "I have it covered. I'm on birth control." "Thank God," he breathed, and yet he still didn't move. "Are you

sure you want to do this? Tell me now because once I start, I won't be able to stop." I took a deep breath. "I'm sure. Now please take me, I need you." He still didn't move. I growled in frustration, literally growled. "What! What is it: you want me beg? Ok. Jason, please fuck my pussy. I need your cock inside me." "No it's just... I realized that I was going to make love to you and... I haven't even kissed you yet." I immediately softened and whispered, "So kiss me." He placed a hand on the side of my face and, holding my eyes with his, tentatively kissed me, as if he were testing the water before jumping in. "Your lips are so soft," he whispered, then, slipping his fingers into my hair and tightening his hold, he jumped in. He outlined my lips with his tongue before slipping in and tracing my teeth. He stuck his tongue deep into my mouth and our tongues fought for dominance. This kiss was hot, making me tingle all the way down to my toes, and when we came up we were both gasping for air. "You ready?" "Yes," I panted. "Put your legs around me. Higher. Right there." He watched my face with parted lips and harsh breathing as he nudged my opening. I felt my nether lips separating around his cockhead as he entered me, oh, so slowly. He slipped in an inch and I hissed in a sharp breath, digging my nails deep into his upper shoulders. He gasped loudly before taking my hands in his and pinning them above my head, intertwining our fingers together. He slowly rocked his dick into me, slipping an inch deeper each time, until he was finally fully inside me, filling my pussy to the hilt. "How you doing, are you okay?" he sounded like he was in pain, his eyes searching my face for signs of discomfort. "Yes, just don't stop." He retreated until only his tip was inside me, then pushed forward with the slightest bit of force. He repeated this until I was moaning softly, picking up speed until my breasts were jiggling wildly on my chest and I was moaning and gasping loudly. The bed was squeaking loudly, our bodies were slapping together wetly, and the sound of our mutual cries of pleasure was turning me on to no end. I could feel his balls heavily slapping against my lower ass cheeks and asshole, and the feeling was amazing. He was looking at me the whole time he fucked me, his eyes never leaving my face. "Do you like this?" "Yes," I moaned. "You like me fucking you like this?" "Yes, don't stop fucking me. Please don't stop." "You want it harder?" "Please, please." "Say it. Tell me now." Placing a moist kiss on my neck. "Jason please fuck me harder," I begged. He groaned and the thrusting of his hips became more animated and erratic, the bed protesting and shaking violently. I was now moaning loudly and grunting with each thrust, angling my hips higher, desperate to have as much of him inside me as possible. The loud smack of our fucking filled the room, and I was sure the entire hall could hear us. His thrusts were becoming uneven and I knew he was going to cum soon. He released one of my hands and reached between our bodies to tease my clit rapidly, desperate to make me cum before he did. He looked at me anxiously. "Come on baby, cum for me. Cum on my fucking dick." "Jason! Oh God I'm cumming! Ohh fuuck!" I felt myself clamp down onto his cock as my entire body contracted and convulsed. In that moment I could feel every ridge, every vein in his cock as my pussy sucked and pulled him in deeper, coating his dick with my cum. My back arched, causing my nipples to stab into his chest as I fell over the edge. In my height of pleasure I heard him whisper my name before releasing himself inside me. He came so hard I felt every jet of his hot cum splash inside my pulsing pussy. He gripped my hands tightly and placed his forehead on mine, grunting loudly through his orgasm. As I lay underneath him limp and completely satisfied, he

kissed me tenderly on my lips, nose, cheeks, eyelids, everywhere. "I told you so." "J, what are you talking about?" "I said that the only way I could break your bed is if I were to fuck you into it, and I did." Seeing as to how I was sexually drained, it took me a second to calculate what he was saying. "What are you....wait a second...what!?" *Thanks for reading!!!