

New Dorm

by Pan

Chapter 7

Rob couldn't help but smile as he looked around his acting class. He'd enrolled not because of any passion for acting, but because someone had told him that acting classes in college were mostly women.

They hadn't been wrong. He was the only man in a class of fourteen.

Of course, when he'd signed up, he hadn't known college life was going to feature a multitude of women throwing themselves at him.

As he entered the room, Marilyn and Charlene were still hanging onto him, their huge breasts pressing firmly against his arms. As the class sat down, they'd positioned themselves on either side of him, their white shirts hanging open, exposing the majority of their breast flesh to anyone who cared to look.

And they weren't the only ones – every woman in the class was barefoot, wearing nothing but a loose-hanging button-up shirt and panties.

The class was filled with gorgeous women, but – Rob thought happily – none so attractive as Marilyn and Charlene. They were both knockouts, and Rob felt strangely proud, knowing that he had captured the attention of the two hottest girls in the class...possibly the two hottest females in the school.

Although when the professor walked in, Rob realized he may have to evaluate the top spots.

Professor Bowers was one of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen. Her hair was long and blonde, and tied back behind her head. She was tall, and had a lean, athletic build, except for her bountiful chest. Her tits were round and heavy, and seemed to defy biology; they didn't match her frame at all, as though she'd had implants.

But Rob could tell immediately they were completely natural.

Professor Bowers, you see, wasn't wearing a shirt.

The acting teacher wasn't wearing anything but a pair of panties, exposing almost her entire body to the class. All thirteen girls and Rob stared at her in awe as she walked down the line of students, pausing when she noticed Rob checking her out.

"Welcome to my class," she said. "I'm Professor Bowers."

"I'm Rob," the young man replied nervously. He tore his eyes from her generous chest, and to her face. She was smiling at him coyly.

The rest of the class shared their names as well, but Rob didn't retain any of them. His entire attention was on his mostly-naked professor. She had full, perky breasts, slightly pale skin, and smooth, silken-smooth thighs and ass. Her panties showed a clear wet patch, and there was no sign of pubic hair.

Was she clean-shaven? When Geri had lowered herself onto him the previous night, he'd noticed she had no pubic hair. Did any of the girls at this college?

Rob smiled. He couldn't wait to find out.

Professor Bowers began walking around the classroom, talking about the course, and then began asking everyone questions. She was funny, engaging, intelligent. And possibly the hottest woman that Rob had ever seen.

Rob felt his cock throbbing in his pants as the professor spoke. His eyes were constantly drawn to her tits. They bounced gently with each step she took, and he could have sworn that her nipples hardened when she caught him staring.

"Okay," she finally said, clapping her hands. "Let's get on our feet. Acting is a practical art; the theory will only get you so far."

The entire class stood in a semi-circle, Professor Bowers in the center. He was still flanked by Charlene and Marilyn, who didn't seem jealous that Rob's attention had been so focused on their professor.

He'd noticed them staring as well. Admiringly? Jealously?

Lustfully?

He couldn't tell.

"We're going to start with a warmup," the instructor instructed. "Acting can be a strenuous activity, so we need to loosen up our bodies."

The professor began walking slowly around the circle, her firm ass shaking as she moved. Rob lost himself in the sight of it, her words falling away from his mind.

She was so perfect. Her panties were white, and stretched obscenely across her ass. Rob wanted to bite it, or spank it. He was so hard; even after cumming inside his neighbor the previous night, he was still as worked up as he'd ever been in his life. His dick was bulging inside his jeans, and he worried that it would burst out.

Professor Bowers stopped in front of Rob.

"...and that's why massage is important," she finished, smiling as he stared at her huge tits, just inches from his face. "Now, ladies, why don't you demonstrate a massage here on Rob."

Charlene's eyes lit up, and she immediately fell to her knees. Marilyn wasn't far behind, and Rob

watched with wide eyes as the two kneeling girls unzipped his pants, releasing his rock-hard erection.

“Here,” Charlene giggled, grabbing hold of his stiff pole. “Let us take care of this for you.”

“Good job, girls,” Professor Bower said approvingly. The entire class was staring at Rob now; fourteen hot women, their entire attention on his rod.

Marilyn’s lips were close to his shaft, and she blew on it, making Rob shudder. He closed his eyes to prevent stage fright (a common woe for actors, he was sure) and felt a wave of relaxation wash over him as the two women began their work.

His new friends' hands moved in unison, massaging his cock. Their soft, feminine hands slid across his sensitive rod, rubbing it in circles, stroking it up and down. Rob was so hard, and he was so horny; he reopened his eyes to see that Professor Bower was leaning forward, as though offering her chest as a target.

Charlene ran her fingers up and down his shaft, occasionally slipping them under the elastic band of his underwear to stroke his balls. Marilyn was doing the same, her fingers wrapping around his swollen, thick member, her grip firm and confident.

She rubbed his dick up and down, and Rob groaned with pleasure. As they watched, the other women in the class shucked their shirts, leaving them on the classroom floor.

Suddenly, the teenage boy was surrounded by tits. Everything from the mammoth melons of the professor to the tiny tits of the girls standing on the edge of the class.

He was so turned on; his cock was pulsating, and he was ready to cum.

“Do it,” Professor Bowers urged, an undercurrent of lust in her voice. Rob wasn’t sure if she was talking to him or the two girls massaging his cock. “Please...”

She reached up and pushed her huge tits together, and Rob couldn’t hold it any longer. He came, shooting a thick rope of cum all over his professor’s breasts. His second and third load painted Charlene and Marilyn’s breasts and faces, and the women laughed with joy as he christened them with his seed, before slipping their shirts off and standing as topless as the rest of the class did.

“Good work,” Professor Bowers said softly, her hand idly playing with the load he’d coated her breasts with. “All three of you.”

“Thank you, professor,” Rob said hoarsely, before looking down and realizing the two teenage girls were still kneeling in front of him, his cum dripping down their bodies.

They looked as satisfied as he felt.