

New Dorm

by Pan

Chapter 1

Rob looked at the building with trepidation.

The first day of college. He'd been looking forward to it for so long; it was only now that he was here, standing in front of it, that it felt...real. This was going to be his home for the next few years.

He'd never lived away from home before.

"Come on," his father said gruffly. Rob knew his dad well enough to know that his low voice was masking his emotions. Ever since his mother had died, the two men had lived alone. Rob's mother had been a beautiful woman, completely devoted to his father.

He'd loved her. They both had. And now that he was leaving the nest as well, his father would be alone.

Rob wanted to ask the older man if he'd be okay, but he knew that he couldn't. They were close, but they didn't talk like that. Never had.

"Let's find your new digs," his father continued, and Rob nodded.

The hallways were humming with the nervous energy of new college students. Most seemed to have moved in earlier that weekend (Rob and his father had been waylaid, and it was Sunday night by the time they arrived) and he was met with a few friendly waves.

"Lot of cute women," Rob's father said, throwing his son a half-smile, as though he knew something the eighteen-year old didn't.

"Uh huh."

Rob could feel his face going red. It wouldn't have been a proper send-off without some last-minute embarrassment.

"This is me, Dad," he said awkwardly, stopping at the dorm that his paperwork had directed him to. The second bed in the room was empty; either his dormmate was running even later than he was, or he'd been lucky enough not to be assigned a roomie.

Or perhaps *unlucky*. He'd often heard that college roommates could easily turn into lifelong best friends.

Rob's father firmly planted his hand on his son's shoulder. "Have a good time, son. This is going to be...a life-changing experience."

The young man's eyes narrowed. "Okay?"

The half-smile was back. "Seriously. And, uh...sleep well."

With that mysterious instruction, Rob's father was gone, striding down the hallway, the gaggle of students parting as he did.

What the hell had that been about?

It only took Rob an hour to unpack. He hadn't brought much with him; clothes, some comic books, and the new laptop computer his father had bought him as a going-away present.

Once he was done, he poked his head into the hallway. As his father had pointed out, there were a lot of cute women. A *lot* of cute women.

Rob barely had any experience with the opposite sex. His mother had been gone for almost a decade, and aside from some distant cousins, a teacher or two, and the girls at school (most of whom he'd avoided out of fear) he'd never so much as had a conversation longer than a few sentences with a woman.

Well, what was college for if not learning?

Summoning up his courage, Rob knocked on the door of the room next to his. “Hey,” he said, trying to sound more confident than he felt.

“Uh, hey,” the brunette sitting on the bed said in response. “You need something?”

“Just saying hi,” Rob mumbled. “I’m, uh, Rob.”

“Well, ‘uh’, Rob,” she replied sarcastically. “I’m, ‘uh’, Erika.”

Erika’s hair was long, and fell around her shoulder in waves. She was white, like Rob, and maybe a foot shorter than him. If her athletic build hadn’t given away her hobby, the trophies on the desk next to her bed told him that she was the sporty type.

“Netball?” he asked, gesturing awkwardly at the prizes.

“Mm-hmm,” she said with a nod. “I was captain of the varsity team in high school. You play?”

“Oh, uh, no, I, uh...”

Rob trailed off, feeling his face go red again. Why was he so bad with women?

Erika’s mouth twitched at the sight of his awkwardness, and he felt a sudden desire to flee.

“I’m gonna go,” he mumbled, and Erika was unable to hide her amusement.

“Goodbye, ‘uh’, Rob,” she sang out after him as he returned to his room. “Let’s do this again soon.”

Back in his room, Rob sat on his bed and buried his head in his hands. What was wrong with him? He’d talked to other humans before...admittedly, Erika was cuter than most of them had been. He loved her athletic build, even if she was a little flat-chested.

Not that it mattered. She’d probably never talk to him again. Why would she, after that embarrassment?

Pulling out his phone, Rob distracted himself from the awkward encounter by spending a few hours on TikTok, before the patheticness of what he was doing drove him to put the phone away.

He was out on his own for the first time, surrounded by equally-new kids his own age, and here he was hiding in his dorm room, binging one-minute videos. He should be out there, meeting people, charming them. That’s what his father would have done – his dad was one of the most confident men that Rob had ever met. It was as though he knew that everyone would like him immediately.

Although Rob had barely been ten years old when his mother had died, he still remembered the look of total adoration she’d given his father every time he entered the room. As he lay back on his new bed, he closed his eyes and imagined Erika looking at him like that, instead of the sardonic stare he’d given her.

Exhausted from the day of travel and the embarrassing encounter with his new neighbor, Rob soon drifted off to sleep, images of Erika in his mind.

As he slumbered, still wearing the clothes he’d driven to college in, his new bedroom door opened, and Erika slipped into his room, just as asleep as he was, despite her open, glazed-over eyes.

Kneeling beside his bed, Erika unzipped Rob’s pants and fished out his hard cock...

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Chapter 2

It wasn't until Erika's mouth closed over Rob's hard cock that he awoke.

"Uh..."

For the first few moments, he wasn't sure what was happening. He'd been having a particularly erotic dream, and – still in a half-awake, liminal space – Rob wondered if this was still part of the dream.

It wasn't until Erika moaned that he knew for sure that it was real.

This was happening.

There was a woman in his room, on her knees, her mouth around his cock.

"Erika?" he asked, his voice still deep with sleep. His light was still on, and sure enough – the brunette from next door was on her knees, deep-throating his cock with gusto.

The young woman was wearing a white nightgown. The floor had shared bathrooms, so her choice of sleepwear had clearly been chosen with that in mind – it wasn't transparent or lacy, though it did reveal her shoulders, ending a few inches above the sporty young woman's knees. When he'd visited her a few hours ago, she'd been wearing a white tanktop and shorts; since then, she must have changed for bed.

Changed for bed, then sneaked into Rob's room to give him head.

Now fully awake, Rob's eyes opened in shock.

The stranger next door had decided, for some reason, to come into his room while he was asleep and blow him.

"Uh, Erika?" he asked again. Something was amiss – the young woman's eyes were open, and she seemed entirely focused on giving him head, but...her eyes were glazed over, as though she was sleepwalking.

No. Rob had read about sleepwalking; he was pretty sure that it wasn't usually accompanied by mind-blowing oral sex.

As Erika's mouth continued moving up and down his hardness, her tongue swirling around her head, and her hand lightly jacking him off, Rob was finding it hard to focus on what was happening...but he knew he had to.

If Erika really was asleep, then this wasn't consensual, and it had to stop.

"Erika, wake up" he said gently, but the young woman wasn't responding. Instead, she just continued blowing him with gusto.

On the other hand...waking someone who was sleepwalking was said to be dangerous. Surely he should just let her continue. She was clearly enjoying it – even while asleep, even with her mouth very full of his cock (and, occasionally, balls) Rob could see a smile on the sides of Erica's mouth.

Yes, it was probably safer to let her finish.

Safer, and *much* more fun.

Putting his hands behind him, Rob leaned back and let himself lose himself in the magnificent head that Erika was giving him. Either she'd done this before, or she was a natural – one hand was pulling gently at his testicles, as though trying to milk him of cum, while she diligently deep-throated his cock, her cheeks bulging as she unconsciously gagged on his erection.

Before long, Rob could feel his balls churning. With a sharp grunt, his hips began to thrust forward as he shot a thick, creamy load into Erika's waiting mouth.

Her glazed-over eyes turned up to look at him, and she smiled as she loudly swallowed his load.

When she was done, she stood up. Her erect nipples were visible through the thin material of her nightgown, telling Rob that she wasn't wearing a bra. As she stood, her legs shifted, flashing a view of her black panties.

Before Rob could say a word, she was gone, slipping out the door as quietly as she'd entered.

Rob lay back, bewildered by what had just happened. But before he could even begin to process it, sleep overtook him and he fell into a dreamless slumber.

The next morning, Rob wasn't sure if what had happened had been real, or just a wonderful dream. It wasn't until he spotted Erika in the breakfast line that he was able to confirm the strange happenings of the previous night.

She was wearing a white nightgown, and the cold of the dorm cafeteria meant the points of her nipples could clearly be seen through the thin fabric.

Though it hadn't been cold last night.

The sight of his neighbor was like a splash of ice water in Rob's face. It had really happened. For some reason, his sleepwalking neighbor had sneaked into his bedroom the previous night, blown him, swallowed his load, and then disappeared again before he could wake her up.

He was torn. Part of him wanted to go up and say hi, but the rest of him knew that he'd die of embarrassment.

But before he could say anything, Erika spotted him.

To Rob's surprise, her eyes lit up and she approached him.

"It's 'uh, Rob', right?" she said, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Uh, yeah," he said, and she laughed. *Thank god*, he thought to himself. *She thinks I'm kidding, not just...the most awkward man on the planet.*

"You sleep well?" she asked, and his mouth dropped. Could she...was she...?

"Yeah," he said, and she nodded.

"Good," she said in reply, and shot him a hungry look.

What the fuck was happening?

Just as it seemed Erika was going to say something, they were interrupted by the appearance of another young woman. "This is Geri," Erika said. "My roommate."

Turning to say hi, Rob couldn't help but gawk at what he saw. Geri was drop-dead gorgeous: a curly-haired redhead with a curvy body, she was about the same height as Erika.

Like her roommate, Geri was still wearing what looked like sleepwear: semi-transparent robe with sleeves that went all the way to her wrists. The thin blue material was almost completely see-through, hiding almost nothing.

To top it off, it was untied, and draped open at the front. Geri was wearing a dark blue pair of panties and a matching bra; it pushed her C-cup breasts together, making them look larger than they were.

Rob tried not to gawk.

"This is our neighbor," Erika said, pouting slightly at the interruption.

"Charmed, I'm sure," Geri purred, her eyes looking the young man up and down.

Not sure where to look, Rob glanced at his feet. Geri was barefoot, her toenails painted the

same blue as her underwear. Glancing to the side, Rob noticed Erika's toenails were painted as well.

As he looked around the cafeteria, he noticed that no matter what else they were wearing, all of the women were barefoot.

What the *hell* was going on?

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Chapter 3

“Indrani??”

“Rob??”

Rob gawked at the sight of a familiar face. Indrani had been the grade above him in school; they’d been Mathletes together, but since she’d graduated, he hadn’t seen or heard from her.

“I thought you were going to State U?”

“I was,” Indrani laughed. “I mean, I did. But then halfway through the semester, Jasmine and I decided to transfer here instead.”

“Jasmine’s here as well?”

“Surprise!”

Turning around, Rob saw his most petite friend standing behind him. Jasmine was just over 5’4” tall, with black wavy hair and a cute face. Her family was from China, but she’d been born in the same town that he and Indrani had grown up in.

Indrani was barely half an inch taller than her friend. She was Indian, with long black hair, and in all the years they’d known each other, Rob had never seen her without her thick glasses on.

“How the hell did we all end up at the same university?” he asked, unable to believe his luck. He’d been prepared for it to take weeks (if not months) to make friends, but he’d been blessed with the sudden appearance of two friends he hadn’t seen in a year.

“George just lucky, I guess,” Jasmine replied, dryly quoting an old comedy film they’d all seen together. “What are you studying?”

As the three friends compared schedules (and discovered they had half a dozen classes in common), Rob briefly wondered if he should tell them about the weirdness that was going on. A thought struck him, and one “accidentally”-dropped pen later, he confirmed a theory.

Both Indrani and Jasmine were barefoot.

“We’re all doing Stats 101,” Indrani pointed out merrily as Rob made his way back above the table.

“Yeah – and it starts in twenty minutes,” Jasmine pointed out.

“Do you need to go get shoes?” Rob asked, trying to sound casual. The pointed looks his friends gave him told him that he’d failed.

“Is this a white thing?” Indrani asked with a laugh. Going red, Rob dropped it. Whatever was happening, his friends clearly didn’t find it weird at all.

The three of them scurried to class – fortunately, much of the campus was indoors, else Rob had no idea how Indrani and Jasmine would’ve coped with crossing the hot footpaths barefoot. They barely made it to class in time, and it wasn’t until they were most of the way through the lecture that Rob collected himself enough to make another observation.

All the women in the class – the lecturer, the TA, his fellow students – were wearing button-up shirts. Even Indrani and Jasmine; they’d always been known for dressing slightly formally, so he hadn’t noticed anything unusual...but *everyone*?

What’s more, not a single one of them had the shirt buttoned up all the way. When he’d run into his friends in the cafeteria, Rob would have sworn that they hadn’t had a single button unfasted.

Now? Jasmine’s shirt was unbuttoned almost to her waist. Indrani’s wasn’t quite as bad (or ‘good’, depending on your perspective) with everything below her bra-strap down still

fastened...

...although as Rob watched, she reached down and unconsciously undid another button.

Glancing around, Rob realized he could see every woman's bra. Quite a few of the other students were wearing button-up shirts that were completely unfastened, hanging loose, allowing a clear view of their bra and midriff.

As the lecture wrapped up, and the female professor concluded telling everyone about the expectations of the class, she undid the lowest button on her shirt, and then – to Rob's utter bewilderment – unfastened and removed her jeans as well.

Just a few moments later, the lecturer walked out of the room in nothing but shoes, panties, a completely open button-up shirt, and a bra. When Rob turned to his friends, he was shocked to discover they *weren't* shocked, instead just chatting about their plan for the workload the teacher had laid out.

As the two girls got up to leave for their next class (a second-year section that Rob wasn't in), he noticed them both unbutton their pants and unzip their flies. Looking around, Rob saw that most women had to hold onto their pants as they left, to prevent them from falling...except for the handful of women who had followed the lecturer's example and dropped them entirely, wearing nothing below the waist but panties, socks, and shoes.

Rob's schedule was empty for the rest of the day, but he texted the girls to see if they wanted to hang out in the afternoon. When they joined him in the library, neither was wearing pants.

Jasmine joining the exhibitionist wave didn't entirely surprise him; she'd always been keen to find new ways to rebel against her parents. But Indrani showing that much skin made no sense: the Indian woman was incredibly shy. He didn't think he'd ever seen her in so much as a sleeveless top, and now here she was, bottomless, and – like Jasmine – wearing a completely open shirt.

"So, uh..."

He hesitated, not sure how to broach the subject.

"What?" Jasmine said teasingly.

"What's with the, um, outfit?"

Jasmine glanced down at her clothes, then looked at Rob as though he'd just accused her of molesting an elephant. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, like...where are your pants?"

The girls pondered Rob's question for a moment.

"I think between B and C-block?" Indrani offered, and Jasmine nodded.

"Yeah, that sounds right."

"Sure," Rob continued, stammering. "But, um. I mean...uh..."

A notification sounded on Jasmine's phone, and she pulled it out. "Oh! Indrani, we have choir."

"Oh, shit. I forgot they changed the day."

"We gotta run," Jasmine said, leaning over and giving Rob a soft kiss on the cheek. "Dinner at the cafeteria, yeah?"

"Um, yeah," Rob mumbled. For some reason, he'd felt more comfortable getting a blowjob from Erika the previous night than he did getting a kiss from Jasmine.

"We'll see you then," Indrani echoed, leaning over and giving him a firm kiss on the other cheek. "Talk to you then!"

"Talk to you then," Rob mumbled, his face red from the attention.

It was more than twenty minutes before he felt that he'd calmed down enough to get up and return to their dorm. In that time, he didn't see a single woman who was wearing anything other than a button-up shirt, and less than a dozen who still had pants on.



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Chapter 4

Rob spent the rest of the evening alone in his room, desperately scouring the internet for an explanation. Anything. Confirmation that it was happening across the rest of the world, or news reports about sexy aliens, or even a conspiracy theory about the government being bought out by Big Brothel.

Instead, he found...nothing. Not even so much as a mention that anyone else had noticed what was going on. He checked every hashtag, searched social media by location, desperate to find even a single reference to all the women on his campus going barefoot, bottomless, button-shirted.

Nothing.

There weren't even any photos of the bottomless lecturer, something he was sure would've quickly made the rounds.

After several hours of research, he wondered if he was going mad. He even took a handful of online tests to see if any of them indicated insanity.

Again, nothing. Rob had never been disappointed to find himself declared sane, but when test after test told him that he showed no symptoms of a loon, he felt crazier than before.

After several hours of investigation, the teenager was starting to wonder if he'd imagined the entire thing. When his phone chimed – a text message from Indrani letting him know they were heading to the cafeteria – he realized he had only one course of action.

If he went downstairs and everyone was fully clothed, he'd know it was a hallucination. But if the women were dressed as they had been earlier that day, he'd know that...

Well, Rob didn't know what he'd know. Just that something was up.

As soon as he left his room, the young man's heart sank and his cock rose. Erika and Geri were in their room, dressed identically.

No shoes. No pants. Matching black panties, and completely-unfastened white button-up shirts.

Well, not exactly identically. Erika was wearing a red bra, while Geri's was black, as though they'd dressed to match the other's hair.

"Uh, hi," Rob said, staring at the two young women's chests. Neither of them seemed to notice, or – if they had – care. Instead, the two young women pushed their shoulders backwards, thrusting their chests forward for his approval.

The previous night, as Erika had sucked his cock, he'd stared in amazement as her head bobbed up and down, admiring her hard nipples against her nightie. She was only a B-cup, her tits small but firm, with pointed nipples. Her breasts matched her athletic form, and he'd been left desperate to know what color her nipples were. Were they long? Thick? He'd yet to see a pair of bare breasts in real life.

But if things continued the way they'd been inexplicably progressing so far, he suspected it wouldn't be long before he did.

Geri, meanwhile, looked like she was a full cup-size larger. Rob stared lustfully at the redhead's chest, imagining what those soft, smooth mounds would look like naked. The thought of his hot dorm neighbor sucking on his dick as Erika had (or even fucking him in the night) filled him with a mixture of arousal and guilt.

He knew he was being a pervert. But the situation was unusual; perhaps when everyone

around you started to undress and ignore your lustful gaze, perversion wasn't the social faux pas it otherwise was.

All Rob knew was that he couldn't stop thinking about the girls' bodies

"Um, I'm gonna go grab some dinner."

Erika giggled at what he assumed she was still taking as a joke, while Geri shot him a lustful stare.

"Maybe I'll see you later?" she purred, and Rob gulped.

"Um, yeah. I'd, um...like that."

Geri winked as he made his way downstairs.

Indrani and Jasmine were already in line when he arrived in the cafeteria. They were dressed just as they had been earlier: barefoot. Pantless. Unbuttoned shirt. Bra.

The two women squealed with excitement as they saw him. "Rob!!!" Indrani beamed, and Rob shot her a nervous smile in response.

They'd been friends for years, but...they'd never been this excited to see him before, had they?

"Hey, uh, you two," Rob said, trying to keep his voice steady.

"Hey Rob," Jasmine replied, and the young man couldn't help but notice that she was blushing. That, he was confident, was new. In all the time he'd known Jasmine, he'd never seen her be nervous about anything, let alone the presence of...well, someone like him.

"Come join us," Indrani insisted. Rob glanced at the long line behind them, but as he joined the two half-naked women, no one objected.

As soon as he was in line with them, he felt four arms wrapping around him. His two Asian friends were embracing him, apparently so excited just to be standing next to him that they felt compelled to show it physically. He could feel their legs pressing against his, their bra-clad chests against his sides. The hug was soft and warm, and the open display of affection left his cock straining in its pants.

It was his turn to blush as the two women moved their lips to his cheeks, kissing him in turn.

For almost a minute he stood there, a goofy grin on his face as the two beautiful women pressed their bodies against his, kissing the side of his cheeks, motivated by nothing more than excitement to see him.

Their embrace was interrupted by the line moving, and as the three of them got their food, Rob noticed that his friends' eyes were wide and their faces flushed. Jasmine was breathing heavily, and there was a sheen of sweat on her forehead, while Indrani was smiling a hungry look in her eyes.

The rest of the meal passed uneventfully, aside from the regular displays of physical affection from the two girls. They kept reaching out to hold his arm, their fingers curling around his bicep. In return, he reached out, running his hand through their hair as they laughed at his joke.

Finally, Rob bade them farewell and returned to his dorm. As his head span at the day's events, the confused boy wondered if he'd ever sleep again. All too soon, however, his eyelids grew heavy and he fell asleep, dreaming of Jasmine and Indrani and Erika and Geri in various states of undress, touching him and teasing him and promising to fulfil his every fantasy.