

New Dorm

by Pan

Chapter 9

Rob went to bed alone that night. He considered inviting Erika or Geri to join him – or both – but something told him that he wouldn't be alone for long.

Before drifting off to sleep, he spent half an hour on TikTok; was his feed offering him up more beautiful, scantily-clad women than normal, or was that just his imagination? He considered jerking off, but again: it didn't seem necessary.

By the time morning came, Rob was sure he would have as well. Without resorting to touching himself.

Sure enough, it felt like the moment he drifted off to sleep, he was awoken by a guest in his room. The scientific side of his brain had briefly considered locking the door, just to see what his nighttime visitor would do when faced with an obstacle, but fortunately another of his organs was given the task of decision-making instead.

That evening, it was Charlene who'd snuck into his room to keep him company. The dark-skinned beauty's eyes were bright in the dark, but as soon as Rob turned on his light to get a better view, he could tell that she was asleep. Sleepwalking – and if the past two nights were a reliable predictor of what was to come, soon to be sleep-so-much-more-ing.

"Hello Master," she droned in her sleep, the first of the girls to talk during their nighttime visits. "Your slave-girl will be taking care of you tonight. Can't wait to...take care...of Master..."

She looked up at him with her glazed eyes, and began to strip out of her white nightgown, which contrasted beautifully with her dark skin. Before long she was naked, her voice husky in his ear. "Gonna be such a good girl for Master. Gonna make him feel so good...be such a good girl...such a good slave..."

Rob put his hands behind his head as Charlene reached down to grab his cock. Still sleeping, she began slowly stroking him; the erotic sounds of her hand moving up and down his shaft filled the air.

"Gonna make you feel real good, Master," Charlene purred. "Taking care of Master."

She took hold of his dick and started jacking him off harder. "Gotta take care of Master. Gotta make sure Master feels good."

"Mmm," Rob moaned. "Make me feel good, Charlene."

"Oh, Master is going to feel good," she promised with a gasp. "Your slave-girl exists for one purpose only; to make Master feel good. To use my body with yours. To use my body to pleasure

Master.”

As she spoke, Charlene leaned in and gave his dick a soft kiss. Rob let out a moan as the black girl took more and more of his cock into her mouth, slurping and slobbering at it like the hungry slut she was.

She continued sucking his dick until it was rock-hard and dripping wet, then moved her body up on the bed. Her dark eyes gleamed mischievously as she leaned forward.

“Does Master like his slave-girl’s titties? Does Master like his slave-girl’s great, big, fuckable tits?”

“Yes, Charlene,” Rob replied. “I love your, uh, breasts.”

In response, she moaned in pleasure. “Thank you, Master! Would Master like to fuck his slave-girl’s big, beautiful tits?”

“I’d like that very much,” Rob said politely. He wasn’t comfortable joining in with Charlene’s slave-girl language, but in his sleepy state, it was impossible to deny that he found it an incredible turn-on. “That sounds quite lovely.”

With a huge smile, Charlene rubbed the head of his cock against one nipple, then the other, then lowered herself, pushing his cock into her cleavage.

“Does Master like that?” Charlene purred. “Does Master like fucking these big, soft titties?”

“I do,” Rob confirmed. “I do like...uh, fucking your breasts, Charlene.”

It was true. The sensation of the soft flesh of her chest enveloping his cock was incredible, and despite having cum several times that day, he knew it wouldn’t be long before another orgasm overcame him.

“Oh, Master likes them!” Charlene cooed. “Master is going to cum in his slave-girl’s titties. Cum in your slave-girls titties, Master. You own them. You own my tits, just like you own the rest of your black little slave-girl.”

Rob didn’t think that any part of Charlene could be called ‘little’, but as Charlene started bouncing up and down on top of him, he didn’t feel that this was the best time to correct her.

“Ooh I can feel Master cumming!” Charlene moaned, grinding her hips. “Ooh, Master, you’re gonna coat my titties with...with...with you-know-what!”

At her words, Rob began to release his load into her cleavage. He roared loudly as he felt his cock pulsing, shooting line after line of white cum against her dark skin.

When he was done, Charlene stared him in the eyes and started rubbing his seed into her skin. He just watched in awe as her tits grew shiny with his semen, before she gave him a wink and a smile. “Go back to sleep, Master. You don’t need to worry about me waking you up again. This

lowly slave-girl knows her place. Master needs to cum, and Master needs to sleep.”

Rob wanted to object, to tell the sleeping black girl that he didn't think of her as a slave, that he was actually quite woke, and that he certainly didn't consider himself anyone's 'Master'...but before he could put the words in an order that made sense, Charlene had slipped on her nightgown and silently left his room again.

He slept soundly the rest of the night, picturing himself as an old-timey plantation owner, all the girls from his acting class tilling the fields as he watched, able to pick anyone he wanted to stop work and come fuck him.