Redhead Pressed Against a Wall

by reddelicious ©

A new year in university -- back to residence. Since I was a third year

now, I got an actual choice in where I could live. I chose the same room

as last year... after all, it had all sorts of pleasant memories for me.

My friend Sharla had wanted me to move out into an apartment with her, but

I turned her down. An apartment didn't have the same... sexual

opportunities as a dorm room. And after last year's finale, I was hoping

to have more.

Things were a little different, though -- I finally had a boyfriend. Tim

and I had met this summer at a mutual friend's party and had hit it off

right away. One thing that we had in common was an open sexual policy and

a belief in freedom -- as well as a love of nachos and English beers. We

both shared some sexual fantasies and made sure we helped each other. Tim

was nice enough to fuck me in public places and I allowed him to spank me

before fucking me wildly. It worked well for both of us. Tim and I were

both okay with cheating as long as we got to share the stories afterwards.

Since he was now three hours away at his school, I was doubly glad of our

"open door policy." Not only that, I had already received an e-mail of a

reunion at his fraternity that included a sexual tale that made me triple

click my own mouse. I knew Eric, my fling last year, had finished school,

so I had to find someone else if I wanted to indulge this year. I decided

I would just stay ready and take any opportunity I saw. I've always been

lucky -- one came around the next day.

I was working out at the gym on campus while reading a Cosmo when I saw a

cute guy start working out on the bike next to me. I kept flipping through

my magazine, including an article on modern Kama Sutra. As I was examining

a pose and wondering if my wrists could hold out that long, he coughed

politely. I looked briefly at the time (I still had ten minutes) and then

looked at him. As I said, he was cute. Six foot, brown hair, decent build.

He also had a great smile. Not bad at all. As I was contemplating doing

the Crane's Dance with him (#4 in the Cosmo -- if my wrists could hold

out), he said a word that confused me. I repeated it, looking flummoxed.

"Blackmail? Excuse me?" I took a swig of my water.

"I'd like to blackmail you," he said, still smiling.

"Blackmail me about what?" I asked, still wondering if this was some

convoluted pick-up line.

"You're Andi Miller? Room 604 Thompson Hall?" Okay, this was getting

creepy. And his smile wasn't half as charming as it had been.

"I know all of that," I said, with a chilly smile of my own. He tried to

pass me an envelope, but my Cosmo was in the way.

"Hold this," I sighed, leaving the page where it was. As I opened the

envelope, I noticed his eyes were drawn to the Crane -- maybe he knows a

girl with wrists like Schwarzenagger.

Pictures. I looked around quickly -- Mr. Blackmail was the only person

nearby. Pictures of... me. Pressed against a window naked, being fucked.

Actually, they were quite nice. My lipstick looked a really sexy red and

my tits looked amazing. There were even scenes of me stripping. I noticed

him looking at me and I decided to play his game. I gasped dramatically.

"Where did you get these?" I asked, sounding horrified, while taking

another glance at how good my thigh-highs looked. I was pretty sure he had

taken them from the residence right across the road, but every woman I had

heard on television in a situation like this asked that question.

"The better question is, what am I going to do with them?" he said, trying

to sound tough.

"What are you going to do with them?" I asked, following along.

"How would your boyfriend like to see these?" he shot out.

Tim? I thought. Tim would love these. Obviously the man hadn't done his

homework.

"You're going to show them to Tim? Please no! I don't have any money,

though. What do you want?" I was getting a little tired of my hysterical

woman role and wanted him to cut to the chase. Hopefully it involved him

and me and a tub of chocolate sauce, since I was pretty sure he was my

watcher from last year.

"This isn't about money... I know you're a slut..." he waited for my

reaction. I gasped accordingly (while thinking "and...?").

"I want you to meet me at my fraternity house tonight at seven. Here's my

address. I'll tell you more when you get there." Guess he didn't live

across the road anymore. And with such cheesy dialogue, it was a good

thing he was cute. Any second now, he was going to tell me to "come

alone."

"Come alone -- just you. Here's an outfit -- wear it under a coat and I'll

explain there."

He passed me a bag and walked out of the gym with an aura of menace --

well, I think he was trying for menace, but he tripped on someone's towel,

so it came out a little dennis-the-menace. Still, a nice ass.

I looked in the bag and smiled. There was only one thing I didn't like

about the conversation that that had taken place -- he had taken my Cosmo.

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Here I was, all tarted up at 6:58 p.m. I had written a quick email to Tim

then opened the bag. Hmm... a frat boy's dream outfit. A little

stereotypical for me, but it wasn't me writing this scene -- I was only

playing the part.

I walked down the road wearing my blue long coat, even though it was a

fairly warm evening. Underneath, I was wearing black fishnets (of

course!), spiked silver heels, a miniature black skirt and a mesh silver

shirt that showed almost everything underneath. No underwear or anything.

Actually, I was quite fond of the shirt and was hoping I could keep it. I

was wearing somewhat whore-y make-up and dangly silver earrings. After

all, I didn't want Fratman to be suspicious if I seemed too eager. And I

had learned Fratman's secret identity -- not Bruce Wayne, but Ryan

Dempsey. My network of girlfriends knew just who I meant when I paired the

name of the fraternity (which I'll just call Alpha here) and his

description.

I entered Alpha and walked by a bunch of pledges in the lobby. One of them

turned to look at me and the brother nearby started to yell, while

admiring me himself. I gave him a thank you wave and continued to Ryan's

room.

The door had frat stuff all over it. I knocked.

"Come in," he said in a deep voice. I smiled -- if he didn't answer the

door, that meant he was posing inside. I opened the door and saw him

seated on the bed in a studied pose of elegance. I almost laughed but

managed not to. He still looked pretty hot, and I was already wet.

"Open your coat." I did and was gratified to see and hear his reaction.

"Here's the deal. I've got eight pictures of you being a dirty slut. We've

got eight months in the school year. Every month, I'm going to ask you to

do something. You do it, I give you the negative and all copies of one of

the pictures. You don't do what I say, I send it to your boyfriend and we

try again. No one else will know of the agreement outside you, me and

Alpha."

I nearly cheered. Eight months! Then I remembered that it would only be

once a month. Oh well -- I could still get more on the side. I noticed he

was waiting for a reaction and I looked appropriately shocked.

"Do we have an agreement?" he asked, looking a bit nervous.

"Yes. I don't have a choice," I said dramatically.

"This month, you will shave your pussy and show it to any members of Alpha

who ask at any time. I can ask you to do anything, though. Right now, I

want you to show me."

This surprised me. I didn't know if I wanted to be a frat's whore -- but

at least it would be interesting. I pulled up my tiny skirt and showed him

my pussy. It was neatly trimmed, but not shaved.

He tsked, "No good. It's not shaved." That's when I caught sight of the

shaving cream and razor. He indicated that I should take off the skirt,

and I looked reluctant as I did. Actually, I had never shaved it before.

My boyfriends always liked the fact I was a redhead and had asked me to

keep the hair. Ryan started lathering me up.

"You have a nice touch, Ryan," I said, hoping to make him jump. He paused

and then smiled mockingly.

"I guess you asked the guys downstairs. It doesn't matter," he said,

almost defensively, "Maybe you should let me concentrate." I did and he

spread the shaving cream all over my pussy, lingering near the lips and

looking amused when he saw my reactions. At one point his finger dipped in

and he lightly touched my clit. I almost jumped, but held it in. As he

looked at me, I knew he had felt how wet I was. I lay back on the towel

and he began to shave me. It felt weird but almost good -- I think he had

done it before.

"Spread them more -- bend your knees." I complied and felt the razor

between my legs and finally I went on my knees and he finished the job. I

sat that way for a while, exposed, and I knew he was considering fucking

me. But then I felt his hands on me again, rubbing some kind of lotion.

"All done. Now put on your skirt, slut." I did, and was amazed at the

sensations I could feel from my pussy. I should have done this ages ago.

I looked at him, wondering if I could go. I was dying to touch myself and

it didn't look like I was going to get fucked tonight.

He looked at me and I could see how much he wanted me. I mean, I could

literally see it -- it was almost tearing a hole through his jeans.

He very deliberately opened the button on his fly and unzipped. I could

see his cock through his boxers, which he then pulled down, letting his

very decent cock fly free. It was bigger than both Eric's and Tim's and

looked familiar. Ryan definitely had to be the man from the window.

"Suck it," he said, raspily.

"I have a boyfriend," I said, trying to not appear too eager.

"You have a boyfriend who's going to know what a slut you are if you don't

suck it."

I knelt down immediately and took his cock into my mouth -- Jesus, it was

big. It was a good eight inches. I licked down it, licking at the base and

letting my lips travel back to the sensitive head. I twirled my tongue

around his and realized he was almost ready -- already! I put both of his

balls in my mouth, swirling them around. He gasped inwards and I

immediately put my mouth on the head. He thrust and I found myself almost

deepthroating as he came. I swallowed as much as I could. I wiped my mouth

with my hand and he smiled.

"Thanks... don't forget, every Alpha." I walked out of his room very

pleased and in dire need of an orgasm. As I walked through the lobby, the

pledges and brothers were still there. One of the brothers stood in front

of the door with a huge grin on his face.

"Show me," he said, showing his Alpha pin. Immediately, every guy in the

room pulled out their Alpha pins. I sighed and unbuttoned the bottom half

of my coat. I gave them a moment of anticipation and then lifted my skirt

and coat high. I heared silence and then a cheer... as well as about

thirty looks of desire. I dropped my coat and skirt and the guy at the

door grinned at me again. "Thanks," he whispered before he got the pledges

back in line. I headed home to write a huge email -- as well as to

pleasure my aching naked pussy. This would be an interesting year.