

College Girlfriend Cheats

When Jimmy asked me if I wanted to become his girlfriend, I had to be honest with him and tell him I am too much of a whore to be with any one guy.

At first, he was really pissed off by this and stormed out in a huff. But later we patched things up and agreed that we would be in an open relationship. Specifically, we agreed that we would spend a lot of time together and any time Jimmy is up for some sex, my pussy, ass, and mouth are available for him to use as he pleases. But we also agreed that Jimmy would understand that sometimes I just have to hook up with a random guy. Jimmy is also free to cheat on me if he wants to.

I think in the year that we've been together I've been the only one to cheat. If Jimmy cheated, he definitely hasn't told me.

I think he kind of likes it a little bit, though he won't admit it. Whenever I tell him about a guy I fucked, he always wants to have sex within five minutes. Sometimes I'll start describing my encounters as he is fucking me and he always comes really quick.

Sometimes I'll just keep on talking about it after he comes, and he'll get hard again while he is still inside me, which never happens otherwise. He really gets excited to hear about their cock sizes; every time I tell him they were much bigger than his his cock really twitches.

He also loves hearing about my "boyfriends," that is, guys I fuck regularly. Don't get me wrong, I like fucking new guys all the time, but sometimes you just want a nice, long fuck from a guy you know. There's a guy at the gym I fuck every time I run into him, which is about once a month. I work as hostess at a restaurant, and I let my boss sample me every time there is an opportunity - there's a reason I earn more than my coworkers. There's also a bunch of male friends I have that ask me for a blow job from time to time, and I'm only too happy to oblige.

Jimmy gets really hard whenever I bring up one of them, and he can shoot inside me several times in just a half hour if I keep telling him about how we fucked and how I get off on being a regular slut for these men.

But this story is about major progress we made recently.

It has to do with something Jimmy used to get mad about. He would get really, really mad if we went to a party and I hooked up with a guy right there, while he was around. But I told him that I was honest with him from the beginning, and that he agreed to this, and eventually he relented. Now it's quite common for me to flirt with guys at parties and go off somewhere with one of them - upstairs if it's a college party, or outside if we are in somebody's home - and I'll suck the guy off or let him ejaculate in my pussy if he's a real sweet talker, or if his cock looks nice and big.

Several times I've even noticed Jimmy trying to catch a peek of me doing this. And he always wants to have sex when we get home later.

A few weeks ago I got tired of his passive aggressive enjoyment of the situation. I wanted to be upfront with him, tell him to be a man and admit he likes it. We were at a party, and I was flirting with one of the football players on our school's team. He was a pretty cute guy. After a while we went to dance, and

I got pretty excited grinding against him on the dance floor. Soon we were on a couch making out. I noticed Jimmy watching was watching all this intently from across the room.

I told the football player I'd meet him in one of the rooms upstairs in ten minutes. Then I went over to Jimmy, took him outside somewhere where no one could see us, and told him I needed to get eaten out.

As he was running his tongue all over my pussy I explained that I was about to go upstairs and fuck this guy. I think Jimmy knew him from a class they had together. I told him that I wanted Jimmy to eat me out to an orgasm, so that my pussy is nice and wet for this guy and his cock can just slide into it on the first try. Jimmy lapped at my clit furiously, and in no time I was coming, my juices squirting all over Jimmy's face.

After I was done cumming, I looked at Jimmy, and it was obvious to me that he was turned on. I took his cock out of his pants, and started working my hands all over it. After a minute or so of my handjob, I could tell he was really close to cumming.

That's when I stopped and took my hands away.

"If you want to come," I said, "admit to me that you like this. Tell me you're really turned on thinking that jock is going to have his dick inside me in a couple of minutes."

He got really mad and started swearing and tried to force me to put my hands on his dick, but I didn't let him.

"Fine," he said, defeated. "I like it."

I started whacking his cock again. "Keep going," I said, "or I stop."

"I like the thought of you fucking him."

"Keep going," I said, "if you stop talking, I stop giving you a handjob."

"Oh fuck," he said.

"OK I like the thought of his fucking you and using you like a little whore, even though you are my girlfriend. I get really turned on thinking of all the slutty things you do, and how you are a whore for so many nasty guys even though we are in a loving relationship together. You are a cheating slut who humiliates me by fucking other men and telling me you like it more than making love to me..."

Here he started coming. I pointed his dick away as he shot his load.

Then I gave him a quick kiss on the lips.

"Very good, honey," I said, "I think this is a major step forward for us. I'm glad we are finally being honest with each other."

I gave him another peck, and continued. "I have to go upstairs now, but I'll make sure to leave the door open by a crack. Be a good boy and come upstairs in five minutes; you'll probably be able to watch us

get nasty together."

I felt his cock get hard again in my hand. We kissed, and then I was off.

Part 2.

For a while, things were good with Jimmy. We had moved in together, and everything was great between us. The events described in my last story became pretty commonplace. I can't even count the number of times Jimmy ate me out at a party to get my cunt ready for somebody else.

Things got complicated real soon when Jimmy asked me to marry him!

I told him I really did not know about that, and I felt like a free spirit who wanted to fuck around more before settling down with any one guy. He told me he was OK with my fucking around, but we are not going to find anyone else that we are happier with.

This made sense to me. I was almost convinced, but then I realized I did not know if Jimmy was going to keep accepting my fucking around. Maybe after we were married he would start to pressure me to be faithful.

I told him that I'd think about it over the course of the next few months. I also told him I was going to use these few months to test him. I was going to start cheating on him a lot more, and if he could take it without complaining, I knew we would be meant for each other.

He claimed to have no problem with this.

The first thing I did was to set up a profile on a dating site. I made Jimmy help me set it up. He also took some nice pictures of me; my profile pic showed quite a bit of cleavage!

Naturally lots of guys messaged me, and I went out on lots of dates.

I found way to include Jimmy in all this. Whenever I would go on a date, Jimmy would move into the guest room. We set up a lot of hidden cameras in the living room and bedroom, so that Jimmy could watch me getting it on live.

Usually, having invited the guy to our house, I would excuse myself before the sex under the pretext of freshening up, and then pop into Jimmy's room to have him eat me out. Once I had orgasmed and was nice and slippery, I would go have sex with my date. After my date had left, it would be time for seconds with Jimmy.

It was very erotic to ride Jimmy right after he jacked off watching me and another guy. I also enjoyed telling him details about our date; how far I allowed the guy to go during dinner and the movie, and, naturally, how his cock felt when it was inside of me.

Jimmy passed his test with flying colors; he didn't complain once. Even after I fucked a different guy every day for two weeks, he did not complain. Of course, I did give him special treatment. I made all the guys wear condoms; Jimmy was the only one I let shoot into me without a rubber.

I decide to take a different approach next. Jimmy seemed to be pretty turned on by the idea of me fucking so many guys. I decided to see if he was so cool about it if I consistently got it on with the same guy.

I picked one of the guys I had fucked the previous couple of weeks. I made sure to bring him home every day for sex for two weeks. I even introduced a lot of dirty talk that I knew would piss Jimmy off. I regularly told this guy I loved him during sex. I also had a habit of screaming that I wanted to have his babies.

Naturally I told Jimmy it was all for show.

I could tell Jimmy was riled up by all this, but he said nothing. I was very satisfied with how well he was passing the tests I was setting for him.

My next step was to start having sex with guys Jimmy knew. This felt like crossing a line, and I was very eager to see how Jimmy would handle it.

The first guy I did was an instructor for a course Jimmy and I were taking. We weren't doing too well; both of us were getting Cs. It was not much work to convince this guy to give both me and Jimmy A+ if I let him fuck me.

So pretty soon I was getting pounded by our instructor in the living room while Jimmy was watching it from his room, as usual. Our instructor was not very good, to be frank; his penis size was below average. On the plus side, he did run off at the mouth during sex, calling me dirty names every few seconds: whore, slut, fuck toy, prostitute.

It felt pretty exciting to walk in to his class the next day holding hands with Jimmy. I felt like such a slut!

I then went through a few more guys I knew Jimmy was friends with. His roommate from the previous year. A couple of high school friends. A teammate from the college basketball team Jimmy played on.

Next, I started going to all of Jimmy's games next. I told him that if our team lost, I would try to fuck one of the star players from the opposing team. Sure enough, after every loss I'd be home with a basketball player I'd pick up during one of the post-games parties. "You played so well," I'd tell him as I was riding him, "so much better than my boyfriend who played for our team. Would you like to be my new boyfriend?"

Obviously I'd never return their calls afterwards, but it was exciting to fuck with Jimmy's mind like that.

A few months of this had passed and Jimmy seemed pretty accepting. I decided on one final test; something that would cross a few more lines.

I wanted to see if he would still be OK with my regularly fucking someone who lived with us.

I first suggested that we rent out one of the spare rooms in our apartment for the summer to make some extra cash. I think Jimmy suspected what my plan was, but he never said anything. I made sure that a

nice-looking buff guy named Chad ended up being our renter.

I started fucking Chad the day he moved in.

Basically, I just started flirting with him right in front of Jimmy. Pretty soon, the two of us were making out on the couch while Jimmy sulked and watched us. One thing lead to another, and I was soon riding Chad's cock while Jimmy watched us and wanked off.

The whole summer I was a slut for Chad. We had really nice sexual chemistry, and we fucked two times every day. By contrast, I only made love to Jimmy once a day, and not every day.

I would be cruel to Jimmy. Sometimes I let him watch, and sometimes I told him to leave the room. I wanted him to wank off as he listened to our lovemaking. When I did let him watch, both me and Chad would talk to him during the sex.

"I love how your girlfriend is tight, bro" Chad would say. "I don't know how given how many men she has fucked."

"I could never date such a slut," Chad also liked to say, "but good for you that you get off on watching your woman."

As for me, I liked to make Jimmy say things he did not want to say. I would tell him I wouldn't let him watch us unless he thanked Chad for fucking me. Sometimes he would leave, and sometimes he would sigh and thank Chad.

Other times I would make him take a more active role. I would make Jimmy undress me in front of Chad and lube me up before I would let Chad pound me.

Sometimes I would make Jimmy sleep in the guest room while me and Chad fell asleep together.

Sometimes I felt bad about doing all this to Jimmy who I loved but the fact is that when I did have sex with him he was more horny than ever. So he must have been enjoying it somewhat.

Jimmy knew that I would never say no to anything Chad asked. I was a total whore for him, and I was ready to fuck him anytime he wanted. This created some exciting situations sometimes. For example, I would be sucking Jimmy or riding his cock when Chad would come in and demand some sex. Naturally, I would leave Jimmy and take care of Chad first.

Chad also loved to fuck me while I was on the phone. Sometimes I would be talking to one of my girlfriends or to my parents when Chad would just come up to me and start finger-banging me. When I was wet enough, he would just slide his cock inside of me.

He loved to do it when I was talking to Jimmy on the phone. Then he would make me describe to Jimmy everything that was happening.

Finally, the summer was over. It was August 31st, Chad's last day here. Of course, Chad was quite happy with our arrangement and wanted to live with us indefinitely, but I said no. My test for Jimmy was over, and he had passed with flying colors.

I decided to tell Jimmy in my own way. I told both of them that I would have a last fuck - for old times sake - with Chad and it would be very special and I wanted Jimmy to watch.

This time I let Jimmy participate. I was bent over a chair, getting fucked from behind by Chad, and making out with Jimmy at the same time. I was wanking Jimmy's dick with my hands. As Jimmy was coming - and as Chad was shooting a load inside of me for the second time - I said to Jimmy, "Yes, I will marry you."