**Delilah's Magical Hair**

**by [lovestolook](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1179296&page=submissions)©**

After turning 18, Delilah was looking forward to going away to college. She had excelled in honors classes all through high school, but she had a pretty miserable social life, probably because she simply wasn't that attractive. While she was tall and thin, and even though she hit puberty when she was 12, she had absolutely no breasts or butt to speak of. And to make matters worse, her mom insisted that she keep her dark black hair cut very short, essentially a crew cut. As a result, at first glance she looked like a boy, a boy with some pretty bad acne and glasses for nearsightedness at that. About the only thing that seemed feminine was her face, which, underneath the acne, was actually quite beautiful. She had a great smile, high cheekbones, and beautiful green eyes. But usually these details got lost in the acne, short hair, and boy's body.  
  
She had lost her virginity to Hector from her chemistry class, but the encounter was not pleasurable for her, and probably not for him either. She hadn't been involved with boys since. She was really looking forward to college, where she could leave the high school social scene behind and meet people who were interested in ideas more than sex. And she was very excited because she would be able to grow her hair longer without her mom cutting it in the kitchen each week.  
  
As her mom Samantha finished helping her unpack her belongings into her dorm room at Arizona State, she offered Delilah some advice. "I hope you do your best to make some friends here, but always remember to keep focused on your studies. And while I know it is your own decision now as an adult, I really hope you keep your hair short. Letting it grow will introduce all sorts of complications into your life. Believe me, I know."  
  
Delilah had had this conversation with her mom many times before, but she couldn't resist having it one last time. "Mom, you have hair that goes midway down your back and you seem to be doing just fine. I don't understand why you think I need to keep my hair short." And indeed, Samantha's hair was long, black, and beautiful. Samantha herself was stunningly beautiful, with great big breasts that jutted out from underneath her shirt, a thin waist, and an ass that filled her jeans before leading to her long long legs. At first glance, people wouldn't believe that she was the Delilah's biological mother, until they saw the resemblance in their faces.  
  
"Ok, don't say I didn't warn you. Remember that I love you." And she left.  
  
Over the next several weeks, Delilah settled in with her classes, found her way around campus, got along okay with her roommate, a beautiful blonde with whom she didn't have much in common, ate lots of food at the campus cafeterias, and, most importantly to her, she started to grow her hair out. She noticed that she was putting on some weight, developing small breasts. She chalked it up to all the food she was eating, way more than she ate at home.  
  
By the end of October Delilah's hair had grown out to almost reach her shoulders. And somehow her breasts had filled out to somewhere between a B and C cup, her ass had plumped up quite a bit, and most of her acne had cleared up as well. Because she had never worn a bra, she really saw no reason to start now, as her breasts were very firm. The clothes that had formerly fit her thin frame a bit loosely were now stretched, as her butt filled out her jeans and her tits pushed against her thin t-shirts.   
  
One warm day as she walked to class, she realized that her attitude about her body had changed. Instead of walking with her head down and her books held in front of her across her body to hide her lack of breasts, she found herself walking with her head up, her chest thrust out, and her backpack on her back. She was wearing an old dark blue t-shirt that now clung to her body because of her new breasts, and jeans that hugged her ass.   
  
As she walked past two boys, they turned to watch her walk by. She couldn't believe it, nobody had ever noticed her body before. As she thought about them looking at her, she started to get aroused. Her pussy got wet and her nipples hardened. Because she wasn't wearing a bra, her nipples poked right through her shirt.   
  
As she continued to walk, several more boys turned to look at her hot body moving past them, her breasts swaying a bit from side to side and her nipples scraping against the thin cotton of her shirt. And as she noticed this she continued to get more turned on. When she passed the next boy, she made a point of looking right at him. He stared back, and as she got closer his eyes slowly moved up and down her body. Five seconds after she walked past him, she turned around quickly and saw that he was still watching her. She had never experienced anything like this and discovered that while it made her a bit uncomfortable, she enjoyed it immensely.  
  
Over the next few weeks Samantha became a bit addicted to walking across the campus. Each day she would put on a pair of jeans and a tight shirt and walk across the green. She liked it best when the weather was warm enough that she didn't need any kind of jacket, but even when she did, she left it unzipped and open. Men, and a few women, would always check her out as she walked.   
  
She made a point of looking each person directly in the eye, returning their stares as their eyes traveled over her hot little body. If someone was blatantly staring, she made a point of putting an extra sway into her walk, slowing down as she approached. Her tits pushed out against her shirt, and invariably her nipples stuck out a good quarter inch as the staring got her worked up. She arrived in class each day (or at the cafeteria, or the movie theater, or the campus mailboxes) flushed with excitement. The thrill of her studies was replaced by the thrill of knowing that people were attracted to her.  
  
Winter break came and Delilah went home for Christmas. By now her hair was a bit past her shoulders, her acne had disappeared, and her breasts had grown to a solid C cup. She lived in Minnesota, though, where it was much colder than in Arizona, so she wore more than the light t-shirts she had been wearing and her body was largely hidden beneath several layers.   
  
When her mom saw her, she immediately noticed that Delilah's hair had grown out. "I know it seems great," she said, "but I really hope you don't grow it much longer." Delilah liked how her hair was growing in though, so she simply pretended she didn't hear her mom. At home she found that she really missed the experience of guys checking her out. After a few days in the cold, she also started getting headaches. She couldn't figure out why.  
  
When Delilah got back to ASU to start the next semester, she was discouraged by the weather. While it wasn't nearly as cold as in Minnesota, it was still too cold and rainy to walk across campus in just her t-shirts. She continued to grow her hair out but she continued to get headaches. On one particularly cold day, she overslept and quickly threw on a tight t-shirt, a sweatshirt, and a jacket and ran to class.   
  
The classroom was very hot, and she quickly realized she didn't need her jacket and sweatshirt. As she sat in the front row she peeled off her two layers. To take her sweatshirt off she raised her arms over her head, and when she pulled up, the shirt caught under her breasts until she pulled it free, making her breasts bounce as the shirt went over her head. Her tits immediately pushed against her green t-shirt. She got ready to take notes again when she looked up at the professor, a good-looking, absolutely brilliant lecturer. As she looked up, she noticed that the professor was looking right at her. At first she thought something was wrong.  
  
"Oh my god, he's looking at my tits."  
  
He quickly looked away, but during the rest of the class he would steal glances at her. As he looked, she got more and more turned on. Her headache disappeared, her nipples crinkled up into tight hard balls, and she found herself sticking her breasts out, hoping that he would stare. It was the most exciting class she had ever attended. For the last fifteen minutes of class, the professor, who usually strode all around the lecture hall, planted himself behind his podium. He did his best not to look at her, but he couldn't help returning his glance to her again and again, especially as her nipples were totally sticking out.  
  
"My professor is into me. I can't believe it."  
  
When class ended Delilah made a point of standing up and turning in profile to her professor as she put her books away. Her headache was gone for the rest of the day.  
  
The next day, Delilah wore a button down shirt underneath her jacket. This shirt was a little tight on her a year ago, and now that her breasts had grown considerably, the upper buttons were pushed out quite a bit. As she walked to class she eagerly thought about teasing her professor. She arrived in class about a minute before it was supposed to begin, glad to see that he was already at the front of the room.   
  
She walked up to the front row again, put her books down and slowly unbuttoned her jacket. She made sure not to make eye contact with her professor, turning slightly sideways as she took her jacket off. She bent over a bit to place her jacket on the seat next to her, then turned to the front of the class, arching her back so her tits pushed hard against the front of her shirt, and sat down. Her shirt pushed her breasts together so that they seemed even bigger than they were. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that once again her professor was covertly looking at her.   
  
Once she sat down, she undid the top button on her shirt. The professor's next glance, more like a stare, started to make her nipples hard and pussy wet. For the rest of the class, Delilah sat straight up with her back arched, her breasts straining against her shirt, her nipples sticking out. As her professor started the lecture he didn't look at her, but after about five minutes his eyes wandered over. She pretended to be looking down taking notes so that he would continue to stare. As he looked, she undid another button on her shirt, resulting in her tits pushing upwards and her shirt top spreading wide. She knew this looked hot.  
  
When Delilah looked up, her professor quickly looked away. She decided to give him a surprise when he looked again (and she knew that he would). She undid a third button. Now somebody looking at her could see a few inches of gorgeous cleavage. The rest of her shirt pushed her breasts together and up and slimmed down in a V to her thin, thin waist. She couldn't wait until he looked her way again.  
  
And of course he did. In mid-sentence he turned towards her, and she stared right back at him. She kept her head tilted downwards towards her breasts so that her eyes looked upwards at him over her glasses. He actually stumbled as she looked at him, shocked at both the amount of skin she was showing and her brazenness in drawing his eyes to her and her body. After a moment he gathered his composure and moved behind his podium, where he stayed for the rest of the lecture.  
  
"Why isn't he moving? I know he wants to look at me. Why is he staying back there?"  
  
Then it dawned on her.  
  
"I made him hard. Looking at my tits, my nipples poking through my shirt, seeing my green eyes staring directly back at him. I made him hard!"   
  
This excited her still more, and she felt like she was on the verge of her first ever orgasm, sitting in the front row of her college class. As the class came to an end, she wasn't so sure, as he hadn't looked at her for the last five minutes. She had to be sure. So she went up to the podium, leaving her jacket and books behind her. As she stood she pulled her shirt down even tighter against her body.   
  
"Can you explain your last point again professor? I didn't quite understand what you were saying."  
  
She moved over to the side of the podium and as her professor spoke she looked down at his belt. He was speaking, but she honestly had no idea what he was saying. She just wanted to see. She took a deep breath so that her top button strained against the buttonhole, and she looked down. His erection was clear to see and as she stood there, it actually seemed to pulse and grow. He was hard, and he was big. She looked up to say thank you, only to see him staring straight at her tits and nipples.  
  
"Ok I think I understand now professor. Thank you very much."  
  
He quickly brought his eyes up to hers, but he knew he had been caught. "If you have any other questions, please feel free to come by office hours so we can discuss things in depth. What's your name?"  
  
"Delilah. And I just may come by for that discussion." She then turned around, swaying her hips from side to side and walking back to her seat. She gathered her things slowly and walked to the back of the lecture hall. She could feel the wetness between her legs. At the door she turned around one last time and saw that he was watching her intently.  
  
to be continued. . .