

The RA

Chapter Four: Community Outreach

Dear Higgins 3,

Welcome back from fall break. I hope everybody had a restful and restorative time, and that you're feeling ready to tackle the tail end of the semester. I know I did.

I know I said I wouldn't bombard you with mass emails like this, but I think we're all aware by now that things haven't been very smooth since our return. Some of that is on me, and I regret and apologize for those mistakes sincerely. You know me.

First off, I'd like to thank Tori for taking the initiative as floor governor to address some of the missteps I and, let's be honest, most of us, were involved with prior to fall break. There was a lot of fun being had, and not a lot of thinking being done. That goes for me especially, though I won't point fingers at anyone else. The best any of us can do is acknowledge our errors and do better.

To that end, I received and read your petition. I am receptive to your concerns, but I have decided not to resign. Instead, I will work to repair the damage I've done to your trust and restore Higgins 3 to the best place to live in all of Lakeview.

I know this is disappointing to some of you, but I hope not all. If you have feedback on how I can better serve this community, or if you just want to air your grievances, you know where to find me.

Speaking of, we're still having Thursday movie night tonight at 8, like always. I'll be arriving at 7 and staying as late as needed for anybody who wants to talk to me but would prefer to do so in a more public venue.

See you in the halls, ladies.

– Spencer

I received my first reply in the middle of C313. I didn't normally check my phone in class, but it was a lecture, and I was burning to see if I'd snagged an attaboy.

dear ra,

knock konck

whos there

spencer

spencer who

spencer nights itching her crotch because you have herpes fuck you

– errybody

I did manage a little chuckle on the second read. Poor Casey. I really needed to intervene there, but so far I hadn't been able to get a foot in the door, and the harder I contrived to do so, the bigger the risk of worsening things. Right now she was heartbroken and blaming me. The Spencer effect was the real culprit, but even absent that, her lying about the boyfriend being in the know was almost as responsible. None of that excused my indulging her, knowingly inviting her to cheat on him and accepting her bullshit because it was the bullshit I wanted to believe. Nevertheless, we weren't going to have a very nuanced and productive discussion when she was in this headspace.

I received three more replies as the day wore on. One from from Shauna, one of my few non-freshmen. *I don't want to get people in my face by showing up, but fwiw I think you're a good RA. We all tease you so bad and you've been really chill about it. Plus you actually give af unlike all the other RAs I've had. Hang in there.*

So yeah, that made me cry for an hour.

Another came Jo, who, after what I'd spied her saying on discord, was actually rather measured. *I am not forgiving you for what you said to Lex until she does, and maybe not then. You owe her for what you did to her, and for what you made her do, more than you could ever repay.* Diplomatic, considering.

Lastly, there was a message from Dana. *Hi. I know my mom (stepmom) came and probably chewed you out, but just so you know I told her it wasn't your fault I was being bad. She's just really overprotective of me, and it's this whole awful mess. It sort of always has been.*

Aaaaand I just deleted like five paragraphs because it got out of hand, but tl;dr it's not your fault and like you said, we're all responsible for our own mistakes so like you I'm trying to do better. Not having much luck getting my mom to see that, so I guess we're sort of in the same boat having a hard time fixing stuff. (You should of seen her face when she found my HH shirt in my laundry over break – like I was turning tricks at a 7/11 or something. Blergh.) I guess your boss is mad at you kinda the same way.

I promise I will be good around you from now on though and not get you (or me) into any more trouble. I can't make it to movie night tonight. Sorry.

I wanted to know about those five paragraphs more than I could tell her. For now, though, I was glad for another ally, at least insomuch as trying to avoid me was an alliance. It was well-intentioned, and I could use all of that I could get my hands on.

There was technically a fourth response. That, however, came in person.

It was going on 7:30. Nobody else had taken me up on my offer, so I had the lounge to myself. I'd gotten used to constant social interaction on Higgins 3, so this past week of ostracization had meant lots of time-wasting on my phone and reading ahead in classes. On a whim, I'd gone for some nostalgia and brought my guitar down, trying to trick my fingers into remembering some chords.

Then the door swung open, and in walked Tori. Katrina was behind her, though oddly, she stayed in the hallway as the governor planted her feet a frosty distance away. I didn't know what that meant, but Tori wasn't giving me time to ruminate on it.

"Nobody's going to come tonight if you're here. I don't know what you're trying to pull with your little cute-college-boy-with-a-guitar routine, but it's not fooling anyone."

"Trying to pull? Tori, it's movie night. We've been doing it since August. And I was bored. For some reason, nobody wanted to come hang out with me."

"Resign."

"I told you, no."

"Then tell me something different."

"Since I'm not leaving, and I can only assume – and I hope – you're not moving out, don't you think it behooves us to at least talk about how we can move forward? I'm willing to listen. I really am."

"Yeah?"

"Try me."

Tori's eyes narrowed, and she tapped her lip. Finally! Finally, something other than—

"Resign."

"Nice. And no."

"Well I can't make you – yet – but what I will say is, a lot of us still want movie night. We just don't want you to be part of it. So you can sit down here by yourself, with your guitar, and keep everybody else away. Or, you can acknowledge what we've been telling you, that you're not wanted, and let us have the lounge."

I sighed. This was so much more annoying when she made sense. Even Shauna and Dana had said they like me, but they still didn't want to be seen with me. I didn't want to just fold, though, so I called out, "Katrina? What do you think?"

"Don't ask—"

Katrina opened the door, and Tori fell silent. Presenting herself as the decider worked better when nobody else had a voice. Not a great style for a leader, but she was only eighteen, and her prior leadership experience was limited to vice president of her student council in high school. She was still learning.

"What'd you say, Spencer?" Katrina asked. She wasn't smiling, but she wasn't sneering like Tori, either.

"We were talking about movie night tonight. Tori thinks it's best if I make myself scarce, but I was thinking it would be nice to start getting back to normal. Or the new normal, anyways. What do you think?"

"Oh. I, um..." She looked to Tori. I was a bit surprised, myself. Katrina had always struck me as a very self-possessed person, and our floor government meetings had more or less disregarded who was governor and who was vice. Good ideas were good ideas.

“I can see there’s at least one of us uncomfortable being in a room with you,” observed Tori.

“Is that true?” I almost babbled out another apology, another roundabout explanation for what boiled down to the Spencer effect. I stopped there, though. Let her explain.

“Yes...?” Katrina mumbled to the floor after a pause that was almost as uncomfortable as that question mark.

There was a lot left unsaid there, but rather than press the issue, I stood up, put my guitar back in the case, and made my exit. “Then I’ll leave you two to it. Excuse me.”

Relief washed over Katrina’s face, but it wasn’t washing away fear. It was... something else. I’d have to follow up with her later, if I could. She might not be deep in Tori’s pocket, but she was in there. Plus she lived right across the hall, so unless I was prepared to stake out the end of the hallway for a time when Tori was in class and Katrina wasn’t, getting in there wasn’t going to be easy.

I went back to my room. With nothing else to do, I kept on strumming. I’d made a big fat batch of popcorn, the nibbling of which only made my fingerwork lousier with butter. As 8:00 neared, I heard the Hotties making their way down to the lounge. Were they expecting to see me down there, or were they attending only because Tori had assured them I wouldn’t?

I’d talked to Ramona that morning, fucked her from behind while she proofread my email. She hadn’t had any notes. I went ahead and confided in her what had gone down with Charlie; she said it confirmed what she’d been telling me, that it was a matter of time before the Spencer effect (and my leadership skills) brought them back into the fold. I wasn’t so sure. I was on duty tonight with Savannah, and those skills weren’t going to do jack squat to get her back.

I made sure to be fashionably late picking up my walkie at the desk so our paths didn’t cross. Carmen, the night’s primary, gave me a knowing, pitying look when I slipped in and out. I felt simultaneously pathetic and comforted. Back home I resumed playing, shifting to some more melancholy tunes. I was into it enough that I didn’t hear Leigh come in.

“*Ahem.*” It sounded like it wasn’t the first time she’d tried to get my attention.

I’d been looking out the window, so I spun, startled. “Whoa, sorry, didn’t hear you. What’s up, Leigh?”

She looked uncharacteristically serious. “Hi. Can we talk?”

“Absolutely.” Thinking back to Katrina, I quickly added, “Is here OK?”

“Here is fine.” She sat down on the edge of my bed. While I’d noted many of the Hotties were adopting fairly typical fall wardrobes (or at least the hot girl versions with sweaters stretched tight across their chests and their comfy jeans snug in the one place that counted), Leigh had not gotten the memo. A white shirt with a deep V for incredible

cleavage, a skirt only a couple inches beneath her ass. It had probably had her freezing her butt off if she'd worn it to class.

"So what's up? Everything OK?"

"Uh, ya. Why wouldn't everything be OK?"

I chuckled self-consciously. "Sorry, been a bit of a week for me. Glad you're doing well, though."

"Yeah, well, you might be Mr. Role Model, but just because you fucked up everything in your life doesn't mean I'm gonna."

"That's, um, good."

"How's it feel, being the least popular dude in the building?"

"I'm the only dude in the building, so technically, I already was the least popular before all this."

She rolled her eyes. "Nice. I bet your mom is in stitches with jokes like those."

"Can I help you with anything, or...?"

"I'm not being a bitch. Chill. I've been there, where you are. Last year, I was dating this guy who went to another high school – super hot, maybe as yummy as you – but this girl I was friends with, she started a rumor behind my back that he was my cousin, only I didn't hear about it so... Yeah. It's that sucky thing about having everybody like you, that you can actually become even more unpopular than the actual losers because you have so much farther to fall, ya know?"

"I... think I follow. And I'm sorry that happened. This was a friend, you say?"

"Meh. I probably deserved it. Don't ask."

I did not.

"Anyway, I read that crazy long email you sent out this morning. Well, I skimmed. You know, you're actually pretty good at that? Are you majoring in PR or something?"

"First, that's not a major; second, no; and third, and it's not PR. It's just my job." I did think I was pretty good at it, usually, but these were humbling times. "What makes you say that?"

"I dunno, you fucked up so royally, but it made me all... aww. You know? Like, you asked a girl who's about to slit her wrists to flash you her tits on her way out, and brought that bleh supervisor lady in here to spy on us."

"And the Casey thing," I added. It was perfunctory at this point.

"Oh fuck Casey. That ho was begging for a dicking all semester long and she couldn't stop bragging to everybody when she got it."

"She couldn't?"

"Well, you could kinda see it in her face. Anyway, she's the fuckin' slut who cheated on her guy. I scoped him out on her insta and he's a total fucking pleb. Don't know what she was even doing with him. Maybe she's from a small town, and he's like

the only non-troglodyte she could find? If she had any brains in her stupid little hat she'd have left him before she even came here and not shit on you for just being a guy, doing guy stuff."

"I, um... Thanks? I think?"

She smiled, and somehow even looked innocent doing it. "Don't mention it."

"Popcorn?" I held out the bowl. "And how come you're not at the program?"

She grabbed a handful, nibbled at it. "Angel's telling everybody I got the squirts, so nobody's gonna come looking. Just you and me."

Nothing suspicious about that. "Why is it you needed an alibi, exactly?"

She tossed the rest of the handful in her mouth, answering as she chewed.

"Because you're a pariah? And I was thinking, you know... It sounds like you could use a friend."

I immediately stood up. "No way, Leigh. I know where you're going with this, and I've created enough problems for myself already. Not happening."

"Cool your tits, Spencer! I'm not here to get you to fuck me." Her head cocked to the side slightly, and her smile became classic impish Leigh. "Well, not *only* to get you to fuck me."

"I said no. Seriously. I cannot keep risking my job fooling around with my residents."

"You didn't hear me out!"

I folded my arms. "OK. Other than that, which again, nuh uh, what?"

"I'm talking about *saving* your job, Spencer. I know your boss is super pissed. Probably worried Lexi's folks are gonna sue or whatever. Sure as shit can't like living in one of these tiny-ass rooms. So I'm guessing she wants to see you can fix things, right? One big Hottie family again?"

"Something like that, I guess."

"So I figured, it'd probably be helpful if you had a friend or two, right? Somebody to be seen with, so the gang all sees it's cool again. We could have lunch at the food court, hang out with the door open... You could even play that shitty guitar for me. You are really not at that. Has that worked for you in the past or something?"

"Sometimes people just do things for fun, you know." And yes, as a matter of fact it *had* worked for me, but any decent looking guy who could hum and strum at the same time had at least a fighting chance.

Then the rest of her meaning sunk in. She'd been waiting for me.

"Wait. Are you saying... What are you saying?"

"Be my fuck buddy." She grinned that beauty queen smile. (Not that she'd ever worn the crown, but she'd competed for some a handful of years back, she'd told me once.)

"Leigh, I am not prostituting myself for good optics! Jesus!"

“Does it help if you think of it as me prostituting my time for good sex?”

“No!”

“Oh come on! You haven’t thought about it. For one, it’s sex. Don’t act like you don’t want to fuck me. You’ve been staring at my tits since I walked in.”

Fair. “I didn’t mean to – pre-break habit. I’m sorry.”

“For two, you *need* this. Tori’s out for blood. Sort of Hillary Clinton ass bitch who’s looking to get her resume kick started by taking down the patriarchy.”

“I think you mean patriarchy.”

She waved it off. “And I think you mean, Tori can go to hell. Seriously. Only reason she hasn’t called the student paper is because one of her friends begged her not to, said she’d be too embarrassed if people ever heard about all the fun we get up to ‘round here.”

I grimaced. Shit. The press. Someday, I reminded myself, I’d actually be out in the world trying to land a job, start a family. It wouldn’t bode well if the first thing that came up when you googled my name was “Local RA Fucks Absolutely Everybody, Is Fired, Disgraced.”

Still. “I can’t, Leigh. I... appreciate it, kind of, but–”

“Oh come on! It’s not just me you get, either. Throw me a bone and you get me, you get Angel, you get Jean. I bet I could pull Kendall and Georgia for you – they’ve been carrying a torch for you ever since you busted their asses but wouldn’t bust their cherries. Before you know it, Tori’s going to be the one hiding in her room while you’re hanging out with everybody. This floor will be yours again.”

I wondered if she knew how perfectly she’d hit the mark. From what I’d read last night with Charlie – before I’d gotten sidetracked by *Hearts of Fire* – it could well work. There was a sizable chunk of the floor that was only siding with Tori because the Spencer effect had ebbed and, for now, hers was the side with momentum. If they saw me and a handful of their floormates hanging out, suddenly I wasn’t Spencer Lawrence, untouchable, but rather good ol’ Spencer, scrumptious nice guy.

It could work. It wouldn’t solve everything, but it could get things moving the way I needed them moving.

Except, you know, I’d be having sex for favors. It felt... icky.

Leigh saw my resistance holding, and crossed the room, squatting at my feet. She placed her hands over mine, but softly. “Look, I know what I’m saying. I just... Please? I’ve wanted this for so long. Like, I thought you were cute on move-in day, but after the fight...”

“Your knight without his shining armor, huh?”

But she shook her head. “No, not because you stood up for me. Well no, that too, that was sweet. But I don’t usually go for sweet guys. I do, however, go for guys with big. Fat. Dicks.” She leaned closer. “When we were all struggling and rolling around and

everything, I was mostly scared out of my fucking mind, but there was this moment – do you remember?”

“The whole thing was kind of a blur.”

She nodded. “Same. But this one moment. She’d jumped on me again, and you pulled her off, but you lost your balance. The way you fell, your cock, it landed, like, *right* there. If you fell another inch different, you would’ve been inside me. But I got the tip of you, just for that second...”

“Oh. I... wish I remembered.”

“I’ve wanted you inside me ever since. All of you. As much as I can fit of that horse dick, anyway. I’ve *dreamed* about it. Ask Angel. I’ll wake up so horny I can barely stop myself from coming in here and jumping you in your sleep.”

“You actually tried when I was awake, if you’ll recall. And what did I say then?”

“Your mouth said no, but your cock said ask me again later.” She scooted closer. Her breasts were resting on my knees. They were heavy. “It’s later.”

“I... I can’t.” Right?

“Why not?” she whined. “I’m begging you! You fucked that stoner ho Casey, you fucked that hillbilly Andi, you let Toni and Terri tag team you on a live mic, you banged that megababe RA downstairs, and the black one, too. I asked your boss if that’s allowed, and she said not normally – but you did it. Why not me? I’m as hot as any of those girls.” She paused, frowned. “Most of them, at least.”

“It’s not about hotness. If it were just that, we’d have done this in August. You’re... *so* hot.”

She nodded. “So let’s do it then!”

“But...”

“Is it that girl? Savannah? The one who was always in here slurping your cock? I heard you two broke it off.”

Tiny buildings had a way of maintaining a healthy rumor mill, I supposed. “It’s... complicated. Yes, I guess.”

“You did, eh?” Her grin broadened like she was auditioning for the Grinch, staring down at the hapless Hoos of Hooville.

“It’s not funny,” I insisted, again.

Ramona lightly tugged, and her black silk nightie came apart like the string she’d pulled was a rope in a *Pirates of the Caribbean* movie. I’d felt self-conscious, at first, staying the night at her house, sleeping with her in her and her husband’s bed. She swore he was out of town for the week on business, no chance of his return, but... I

wasn't the sort of guy who'd ever had to worry about another man catching me with his woman.

Not until Casey, anyway, when I'd nonchalantly accepted it as the cost of having a shower playmate who'd help wash her cum off my cock when she was done with it. *He was grateful for it*, I'd let her tell me to tell myself. Ugh.

Ramona wasn't laughing, but she hadn't stopped smiling. "There are many types of funny. You're thinking of it from your perspective. You have to think of it from theirs."

"She wasn't laughing either."

"That's what I mean, master. There's funny *to* her, but there's also funny *about* her." She invited me to tug another string, and off went her panties. Only one string? Surely it had to be one per hip. Women's fashion was bizarre, especially skimpy, lacey, strappy little numbers like this. A wedding gift, from her to her husband, she'd said; tonight, we would reconsecrate it.

"I don't know. You didn't see—"

Ramona shut me up in the only way a slave was permitted to silence her master, with her tongue in my throat as she eased my cock into her pussy.

"I don't remember giving you permission to board."

She purred at the reminder that decisions about what I did with her body were not hers to make. Earlier tonight, on the drive over, we'd stopped to grab fast food. Neither of us could decide where we wanted to go, a classic couple's dilemma. That, she'd said, was what our arrangement was like for her. Like she was hungry, so hungry, but she never had to make the decision about what to eat for herself. I simply told her what she'd be eating, and she ate. Metaphorically. Thinking back to dozens, scores, hundreds of those awful discussions about food venue, I felt like it helped me understand her just a little bit better.

"May I keep you inside me, master? Please?"

I bopped her with one of the dozen excess pillows littering the empty spaces of the bed and floor. "If I keep indulging you, you're never going to learn."

"Here. Let's make it fun. Tell me the story again, except this time, from their perspectives. You want to rebuild those relationships? Call it an exercise in cultivating empathy. And while you work on that..." Her hips performed one positively divine rotation. "I'll work on you. If it pleases you, master."

"OK," I agreed after a moment. "But only if you put that nightie back on. That thing was seriously hot."

She rolled her eyes, but with a toothy grin. "It will take a moment, but... as master wishes."

I'd thought she'd hop off, dress herself, but Ramona opted to comply with my request while she was still impaled on my shaft. She'd have to skip the panties, but I could live with that.

I thought back to last night. "All right. So, Leigh comes into my room while I'm playing the guitar. I jump, since none of them have come into my room all week, but—"

"Focus on *her*. What was *she* feeling. And skip to the good part."

"OK. Right. So... Leigh. Yeah. She's... You know, that's really distracting."

"Apologies, master. Would you prefer I dress without your cock inside me?"

"Point taken."

Ramona's brow arched. "It was a serious question, but I suppose I can infer your answer from that. Go on. I'll be gentle."

She resumed trying to find the armhole in the maze of gauzy fabric. "All right. So she comes in. She's feeling sly. Hopeful. Horny. Thinks she's got me on the ropes, she's finally going to fuck the forbidden fruit."

"But instead, you say..."

"Did you want me to skip to the good part or not?"

Ramona genuflected, such as she could riding my cock.

"OK. So she does like I ask and comes back later with Angel. I'm figuring, she won't like it, but she's hounded me harder than most. It shows on her face, but she's still right on time. Angel... She's nervous. She doesn't know why she's here yet, but she's a follower, and the leader said come."

"I hope my leader says come." Her attempt at being sexy-cute only lasted a moment before she barked a rough laugh. "I'm sorry. That was terrible of me. *Trzymaj się tego, w czym jesteś dobry*. So. You don't think Angel knew?"

"No way. If she'd known, she wouldn't have been so anxious. And she sure as hell wouldn't have done what I asked. Leigh, though... She's nervous. She'd figured she'd pop in, get fucked, then honor the agreement as much or as little as felt good. Now that Angel's there, though... I have alternatives. Yeah, she's confident big-titted gorgeous blonde trumps enormous-titted pretty brunette, but... what if it's just size? What if Angel sees an opening, cucks her?"

"Which, frankly, is when I decided to pull the trigger. I wasn't sure I'd go for it, not until I saw that chink in Leigh's armor. It was..." I groaned, and not only at the memory of Leigh nervous at losing my cock to her minion. Ramona had found the sleeves, and was starting to work her hips. "It was so hot."

"That's a turn-on for you, is it, master? Beautiful, confident women made anxious and servile?" She smiled knowingly.

"Lucky for you. So... yeah. They're sitting on my bed. I explain to Angel what Leigh offered. She's interrupting a lot, trying to control the flow of conversation, present things her way. I think she was even trying to tell it as 'we're going to restore Spencer's

good name, be the heroes Higgins needs right now' without mentioning the getting to fuck me part. Guess she does have some shame, after... What? What's that moan about?"

I hadn't done anything, just laid in her marital bed like a slug letting my boss try on slutty lingerie for me while she rode my cock. Plenty for me, but I hadn't expected that sudden squeezing in her pussy.

"No, it's just... You said, 'getting to fuck me.' Like it's a privilege. Like you're doing her a favor, the same favor you're doing to me now." She shrugged. "I'm sorry. It's just extremely arousing to hear you acknowledge what you've done to me as a positive."

I wasn't sure that's what I'd done, but if my incidental phrasing worked for her, who was I to argue?

"You're welcome. So anyway, Leigh, she's tap-dancing around it, but I can see something in Angel's eyes. She knows Leigh doesn't operate like that, doing favors for no reason. She's also, I suspect, been listening to Leigh masturbate down on the bottom bunk all semester, moaning my name when she comes."

"So sexy, master." The strings were resisting her efforts to tie them back together, with her hands shaking like that. "So, you tell her, all this, and in exchange, Leigh gets to fuck you."

I nodded, offering a finger to help hold a knot in place. "Angel, she's... She's good at what she does. Her first instinct, anywhere else, is to giggle along with Leigh, spur her on, unfailing support. She's a one-woman cheer squad. But here, there's something she's actually wanted more. She's in my den, Spencer effect working its magic, and I can see she's thinking... 'What about me?' Leigh doesn't notice, but I notice. It's what I'd hoped for."

Ramona decided to take a turn at the mind-reading game. "Because Spencer is being strategic, for a change. Manipulative. It doesn't come naturally, but he's desperate. He's hurting. He needs a win, allies. But he's not all needs. He has wants, too. He's wanted Leigh since Welcome Week, and he spent all last week expecting to finally get her. Now he can get her back on track."

She smiled as she tugged the nightie back into place. God, she looked hot in it. So hot I almost didn't blush at her spot-on assessment.

"Um, right. So I tell Angel, if she agrees to help Leigh, she gets the same offer. Unlike her roommate though, she hadn't been mulling this over the past few days. Toadying for Barbie has been pretty fun so far this semester. Cool parties, lots of guys, clicks on her socials. The voyeurism of seeing the elite operate. Now, though... It's about her, not Leigh. She's the one who has to decide something, and the something is big. It's... slutty. It's the kind of thing she spent fall break remembering was kinda fucked up.

"Leigh, though, she's horny. She'd figured she'd have my dick in her over an hour ago when she first came in, and she didn't like being made to wait – especially with the Spencer effect faded from its peak. That suddenly whether or not she gets laid is

contingent on Angel, instead of the other way around... Doesn't sit right, the queen waiting on her handmaiden."

Ramona planted her hands on my chest and picked up the pace with her hips. Her fingernails scratched at my skin. "You're a very good storyteller, Spencer. I'm... engaged."

"You're horny because you like being fucked by your master in your husband's bed while he's away. The story's just a garnish."

She grinned, nodded. "You're not wrong, master. It's been a long time since I had a proper orgasm in this bed. From a man, anyway."

I let my hands explore the lacey contours of her lingerie. "Angel's on the fence. She didn't come to college to trade favors for sex. But this is sex she *really* wants. But is it worth risking Leigh's wrath to get in the middle of her big plan?"

"If only someone were prepared to give her a nudge in the right direction."

I laughed. "So... I gave her a nudge in the right direction."

"You whipped your cock out." She shook her head. "A persuasive argument, master."

"Evidently. I wasn't at my, you know, fullest, or whatever. But they didn't care. Leigh saw her opening – for the first time in months, there it is, out in the open where she can see it. This time, no psycho getting in her way. In seconds, she's pleading Angel, but in that way she has where Angel caving is a foregone conclusion. She figures Angel's in her pocket like Snooki's dog is in her purse."

Ramona paused her rocking. "Snooki...? Is that a person?"

"What? *Jersey Shore*? Not advocating for it, but how could you possibly not have heard of Snooki? My grandma knows the name Snooki."

"Immigrant, Spencer." She grimaced. "Sorry, I meant 'immigrant, *master*.'"

I gave her ass a playful swat. "If you're going to remind me about your immigrant status, it's going to be way less comfortable for me to treat you like a slave. That's some seriously–"

"Perhaps we'd best return to the story, master? I'll be good to you from now on, I promise." Her rhythm picked up like that. I had to hand it to the fashion designers; her body really did move hotter in that thing.

"All right. So Angel's still nervous. She asks, 'You mean, right now?' 'Yep,' I reply. 'Like... both of us?' 'Yep again.' 'Together? At the same time?' 'Yep.' She's struggling. She wants it, but not like she did back on massage night. Honestly, I was struggling to. One thing to throw in the towel and give my ladies what they're begging for, but I don't want to coerce folks who don't want it."

"Like the time you dribbled your semen in my coffee?" She smiled, caressed my nipples. "How unnecessary that turned out to be."

“I’m doing the best I can, OK? Ugh, sorry, I know you weren’t accusing. So yeah, I come over and sit down between them, and I tell her if she doesn’t want to, it’s fine. Nobody’s going to pressure her into anything. Say no, and I’ll apologize for misreading her interests, send her on her way with warm regards. If she still wants to help me out, no sex, great; if she’d rather not, I understand.”

Ramona’s eyes slid shut as usual when she was nearing climax; I paused the story, focused on her needs for a moment. I pulled her body down against mine, kissed her, ran my fingers sweetly across her back.

“I’m going to make you come right here in your husband’s bed,” I whispered. “Then I’m going to come on your face and have you wipe it on his pillow. Let him know his wife belongs to me.”

Her back arched as she spasmed through one of the most explosive orgasms I’d yet seen her have – and that was not a small number. “Oh thank you master thank you master fuck me master I’m coming master fuck me master fuck me fuck me fuck me master I’m coming I’m coming I’m coming masterrrrRRRRR!” Two handfuls of her booty let me rock her slight body on me, lifting and pounding her back down. It was a workout, especially when she kept on coming. I didn’t let up until I couldn’t help but join her. So much for the facial. She didn’t seem to mind, though. Soon she was collapsed on top of me, the two of us panting giddily, our sweat commingling. Only hers wasn’t laced with addictive sex chemicals.

I hoped, as I did whenever I remembered in the act what I was doing to these women, that it was worth it.

“Tell me about how you fucked them, master. Tell me everything you felt them feeling,” she murmured, stroking my hair, resting her cheek on my chest. I was still inside her. She knew how to work her pussy too well to let me go soft on her.

“I meant what I told Angel,” I insisted first. “I did. I think I knew she wanted it, that she’d be happier if she did it, but I made sure to leave her an out. Leigh was upset – she didn’t want to share, especially not on equal footing with her own subordinate – but she still wanted it.

“She begged. Took Angel’s hand and wrapped it around my cock, and begged her to say yes. That was really all it took, getting to hear her leader, her hero, turn to her with all the need and desperation for a Yes that Angel had given her a dozen times. The cock probably didn’t hurt, but it was Leigh, the chance to have power over her, that did her in.

“So she agreed. I’d sort of expected her to just start making out with me or something, maybe go right for the cock, but instead she got verbal. Wanted to hash out play dates – that probably felt safer than diving headfirst into a threesome with her roommate and her RA. So instead I kissed her.

“She was nervous, at first. So... tense. I turned my back to Leigh and worked on relaxing her. Slow touches, over the clothes. It didn’t take long for her to get into it. We didn’t even notice Leigh taking her clothes off, but once she did, it was on. Leigh forced her tits in my face, and by the time she let me breathe again, Angel’s were out, too. Along with the rest, but with those things out... Damn.

“There was this amazing moment. Like, when Leigh cut in, some of the tension returned, she stiffened a little. But when she saw my jaw hitting the floor at the sight of her naked body, this little smirk. One of those moments where I could tell she’d remember this. Maybe forever, even if it won’t be a story she’ll be able to share much. I think Leigh saw it too, because she threw her lips at mine then, tried to refocus me, but that time Angel was there, too. Lots and lots of tongue, hands.

“It was Angel who started the blowjob, I remember. Leigh was moaning, theatrically I think. She needed to get my attention back on her, was afraid she was losing me to those whoppers. And she was. You should’ve seen them. Biggest boobs I’ve ever seen. All natural. Her areolae were so big I couldn’t even fit them in my mouth.

“But with her sucking my cock, and all the sexy moaning in the world can’t compete with that. Leigh followed her down, so there I am, sitting on the edge of my bed, while my two insanely busty next door neighbors are competing to see who can keep my cock in their mouth the longest before their roomie snatches it away. Leigh was almost feisty about it. My cock was supposed to be *hers*, damn it. Angel, though, she took it because every time she sucked it into her mouth was validating. It said that she could get the prize cock as much as the classic gorgeous busty blonde girl.

“‘Use your tits,’ I told them. I didn’t even know what I meant by it, really, but that much boobage, it was all I could think about. I don’t think they really knew, either. Easy to forget sometimes that just because my Hotties could have their pick of most of the guys at Lakeview, or anywhere, they’re still pretty inexperienced.”

“They won’t be for much longer, master.”

“No, I guess not. But it became this kind of weird boob-mashing thing. Angel tried to put me between hers, I think, but Leigh felt like if I got to tit-fucking her roommate, I’d never stop. I could tell she felt weird about it at first, mashing her tits against another woman’s, but they’d already been sucking one another’s spit off my dick, so what was a little boob on boob contact. Angel was loving it, watching Leigh try to compete with her. I guess I was, too, though I tried not to show it. Anyway, it might not have felt amazing, kinda clumsy? Not that I’m judging – that stuff probably takes practice, I guess. But it looked hot as hell, which is all it was really for.

“So then I told Angel I wanted them in my hands, in my mouth, and that was all it took for her to climb aboard. She still had her panties on, which I hadn’t even noticed then. They were the only thing keeping me from going inside her. I could sense a little nervousness returning, though, so I stopped and asked if she was feeling it.

“I’m a virgin,’ she told me. She was obviously pretty embarrassed. Leigh full on gasped. Evidently Angel had spun a few yarns to the contrary, which she promptly accused her of. Angel only got more embarrassed, though. Said something like, ‘I didn’t want you to think I was some loser who didn’t know anything about guys. Then once we got to be friends, I felt stupid going back and telling you I made it up.’

“Yeah, well, he wants somebody who knows how to use her pussy. Watch and learn!” (Not my best Leigh impression, but Ramona was starting to squirm a little again; her pussy was distracted enough for her not to make fun of me.) “But I wasn’t about to let Leigh shame her like that. Angel took a risk, so I wanted to validate her, you know?”

“I know, master.”

“So I told Leigh to wait her turn, and focused all my attention on Angel. Mid-threesome isn’t the best time for speechifying, I know, but I made sure to tell her I was glad she felt safe sharing, that there was nothing wrong with it, that if she didn’t want to keep going she didn’t have to. If she did, I’d love to be her first and I’d do my best to make it fun, but if not, totally fine.

“Leigh decided it for her, but not the way she meant. Her whole ‘yeah Angel, you don’t wanna punch your v-card in some random hookup with your RA, do you?’ thing didn’t land. The chance to defy Leigh was what sold her, as much as the Spencer effect. I remember when she pulled her panties off, she was all, ‘I didn’t shave this thing for nothing.’ Ya know, I don’t know who’s out there telling girls they need to wax their pubes to turn guys on, but for a virgin who wasn’t expecting to have sex any time soon...”

“You’d like me to stop shaving, master? Only my *pizda*, or the legs and armpits too?”

I frowned. “I mean, it’s your body, so...”

But she rolled her eyes, tapped my nose, and rose back up to display herself as the vision she was. “Teasing, master. Now show me it’s *your* body, and keep going to the funny part.”

It was hard to feel master-ish when I was lying there letting her do all the work, so I stood her up and bent her over her bed. His bed, technically. I propped one knee up on the bed, too, planted my feet between hers. It was a good pose, one I had to credit to Marisa. With my cock back inside her, my weight resting on one hand on her lower back and the other planted behind her raised knee, she was helpless. She couldn’t move, couldn’t even fuck me back. She could only lie there as I did as I pleased. Which I did.

“Leigh warned me Angel might bleed everywhere when I busted her cherry, but Angel said she’d done that years ago on accident with a tampon. Not that I would have cared. I let her climb on top so she could control the pace, stay in her comfort zone. Bonus, it put those jugs of hers where I could play.

“Leigh was getting desperate. She’d been sidelined in the threesome she’d fought for. ‘What about me?’ she asked. Fair question – Angel had my cock, my hands, my mouth. I wasn’t even trying to be a jerk about it or anything, but I just gave the first suggestion that came to mind. ‘Why don’t you get down there and use your tongue?’

“‘On your cock, while it’s inside her?!’ She didn’t like that. I told her she’d get a turn when we were done, relax, but seeing Angel get picked first at gym class really riled her. Before I knew it, she was kneeling beside the bed, licking my balls, my cock, and probably a good amount of Angel’s pussy and ass. It was... insane. 10/10 can recommend. It was like having sex and getting a blowjob at the same time.”

Ramona was gripping the sheets, fingers clenching and pulling. “That’s what it *was*, master.”

“Heh. Yeah, I guess so. Of course, she’d meant to show me she could be a team player, act humble, see if it panned out for her like it had for Angel. Only now I was so delirious with pleasure overload, I was fucking Angel as hard as I felt safe doing. Every time I checked, though, she said it was great, keep going, don’t stop. I’m not proud of it, but I came a lot faster than I meant to. Before she did, which... blech.

“‘My turn!’ yelled Leigh as she tasted me leaking out of Angel. But I wasn’t about to let her first time be three minutes of riding me until I came and tagged Leigh into the arena. Plus, like I said, seeing Leigh have to work for it was doing it for me. So I told her to wait her turn, keep doing what she was doing while I made sure Angel was good and taken care of.

“I think her breaking point was when Angel turned and asked if she would lick her ass while she was back there. For a first-timer at sex, much less threesomes, it was... Wow. Ballsy. Leigh... She was *pissed*. But I didn’t say no. Also pretty ballsy. It kicked Angel into overdrive, and I swear, this sneaky little smile on her face as her roommate ate her ass... I think it was the power more than the tongue. And for me, seeing the power Angel was holding over Leigh, and then the power *I* was holding over Angel...

I picked up my pace. Ramona let out little grunts with each harsh thrust. She was pulling each handful of bedding in opposite directions like she was trying to restrain a wild horse.

“I’ll make it up to her, I promise. But last night, Leigh... Geez. I can’t imagine. Going down on Angel like that, her own pussy neglected, her own amazing tits ignored, her faithful sycophant cucking her without warning as my cum dribbled out of her pussy and down Leigh’s chin, right down onto her tits...

“I hadn’t planned it to go that way. I don’t think I could have. But when I came in Angel again, this time after delivering adequate pleasure in return, the timing of it...”

Ramona groaned. I heard something rip. “Go on. What was she thinking, master. What was she feeling. Don’t stop. *Nie przestawaj*. Please.”

“Right. I mean, in my defense, I only wanted to make her a little jealous. You know? When she went back to Price, at first I was like ‘oh well, I still have a floor full of Hotties,’ you know? Only then I didn’t, and I guess... I don’t know. It was juvenile, but—”

“*Her feelings, master.*”

“Yeah. OK. So I’d turned the walkie off – didn’t want to have to explain to Angel and Leigh why I was ignoring another RA trying to summon me for rounds. I’d already dodged her at check-in, so she was getting antsy, feeling the awkwardness. And yes, I know, you warned us. Anyway, when I didn’t show a second time, I guess she figured it’d be less weird to just start rounds without me, knock at my door when she got to 3. I’d thought, depending on how things went with Angel, I’d at least have Leigh there, let her wonder if the girl she’d caught trying to fuck me, twice, was cashing in on my loneliness.

“No way I could have planned for her to be standing in the hall when Leigh started yelling, ‘It’s my turn now! Give it to me!’ and Angel, power tripping, ‘I want another one first! You can play with my titties some more too, if you want!’”

Even as she shredded her husband’s sheets with the force of her orgasm, Ramona laughed. Far too much Vickie in her at times. I was inches away myself, but I wanted to finish before I finished.

“I don’t know how long she’d been out there listening. But it was Tori who let me know she was out there, funnily enough. ‘I’m pretty sure he’s in there having himself a pity party with his guitar, lady. Go on in if you want.’ Movie night had let out, and folks were heading back to their rooms.

“For Savannah... I honestly don’t know what she was thinking. I don’t know who opened the door, either, but I’m ninety percent sure it wasn’t her. Guess somebody thought it’d be funny. Maybe Tori. But... If I had to assess that wide-eyed stare on her face when the door swung open and there I was, throwing a sheet over myself as Angel and Leigh lit into each other about whose turn it was to have a go at me...?”

“Envy,” said Ramona, the air sliding smoothly out in a blissful sigh as my cum slid smoothly onto the floor. Right where her husband’s feet would land when he rolled out of bed. Jesus.

“Disappointment, I was going to say.”

Ramona curled around so she could look at me. “And you don’t see why that’s funny?”