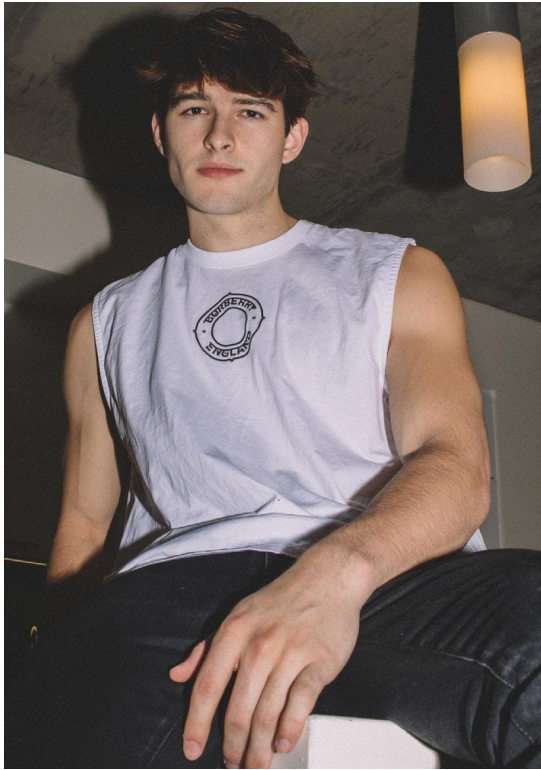


College Is Transformative: The Residence Hall (Part I)

By Soul-Controller



Unlike his previous years at Oak Point University, Dan Anderson found himself incredibly excited for this upcoming year. This was especially evident while pulling into his dorm's parking lot due to the joyful smile on his face. Not only was he eager to get back on the track and play for his title-winning college track team, but it was also his last year of studies before he could jump into his career of computer science. While Dan had been a fairly popular student on campus due to his insanely good looks and done decent enough to at least pass all of his classes, there was one source of constant torment he felt every school year: having to live inside Deckers Hall. For the first two years of his college career, he had been an unlucky student forced to live in the shitty dorm since it was the only residence hall that Dan and his middle-class family could afford. As a

result of this, the young adult had harbored a rather deep resentment towards the dorm given its status as an ugly duckling only worthy of having lower-income students live there.

But, starting with his junior year, Dan's feelings towards the residence hall had started to grow not so sour. In dire need of any possible income to help pay for the long list of loans that he had already been forced to take out for his education, the man had unenthusiastically applied and been hired to be a resident advisor (also known as an RA). With this position, not only would he be paid for his services, but he also was pleased to discover that he would be provided with free room and board! As a result, Dan's tone towards the position quickly shifted as he became determined to do a good job.

With slight excitement about his senior year, Dan quickly stepped foot into the building while lugging in his first load of luggage. Looking around at the place where he would call home for this final year, Dan let a slight grin manifest onto his face. Despite hating the run-down aspects of the dorm, the 21-year-old couldn't deny that he had grown some sort of an attachment to the building. Looking around to see some familiar faces,

Dan wasted no time heading over to his dorm-mates to give them a hug and discuss their excitement about their senior year.

After spending a few minutes catching up, Dan finally excused himself to begin bringing his luggage to his room. As much as he wanted to catch up and talk to his friends for hours, he knew that campus security was super strict and he didn't want to get in trouble for staying past the allotted 30 minutes to unload his car. So, after pressing the button to call for an elevator, Dan took a look around the center service desk to see who was working.

Just as he continued to look around, his eyes soon were met with the same stare coming from his hall director Robert Wallace. Despite the man being 35 years old, Dan couldn't deny that Robert didn't look a day past 25. With a moderately sized afro that lacked any gray hair, a well trimmed goatee wrapped around his face, and a casual style of a band t-shirt and a pair of khaki shorts, Robert's casual style also helped emphasize his youthfulness. *That's probably why he fits in so well with college students*, Dan thought as he continued to stare at the man. Flashing a quick smile, Robert quickly gave the man an eager wave just as Dan heard the ding of the elevator doors open.

Ever since that first week of RA training he had undergone, Dan had formed a rather close bond with the older man. Not only did they have the same favorite sports teams, but they also had incredibly similar taste in music between both older and newer artists. It was somewhat refreshing for Robert to witness, especially since he was essentially the polar opposite to Dan in terms of both age and ethnicity. Given the fact that Robert was a nerd who preferred to stay at home and read philosophy, it was quite a shock to suddenly find himself relating so closely with a guy who surely would have beaten him up back in the day.

But despite this strange connection between them, neither man cared to question it or ponder much about it. They enjoyed each other's company, especially when it came to the emotionally-draining monthly RA meetings that both men had to attend. So over time, it wasn't much of a surprise that the relationship between the RA and hall director soon turned mutually beneficial. Robert was able to gain a friend and Dan was able to have an authority figure as a friend, which allowed Dan to get any days off from overnight duty he desired.

Waving goodbye, Dan quickly rolled his luggage into the elevator and patiently waited until he arrived on the third floor. As he made his way down the long hallway, he smiled and eagerly introduced himself to any of the few students wandering the hall that he would be responsible for during the entire school year. After finding the door that read

his room number, Dan slid the key card into the slot and turned the handle. Taking a deep breath, he stepped into his new residence and began the intensive cycle of bringing each set of luggage into his room and attempting to decorate it as best he could to make the barren room feel as close to a home as possible.

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One Week Later...

As the first week of the semester finished up, Dan was rather surprised by just how stressful he was already feeling. For some reason (laziness he presumed), he had waited to do the hardest courses in his senior year. Due to the intense workload, it was safe to say that he was feeling the pressure. Hell, even track practice wasn't running as smoothly as it usually did as he was unable to focus on running when he had a sea of homework to do as soon as he got back to his room. Plus, he wasn't willing to be abstinent while in his senior year of college, so any free time he had was devoted to trying to find any potential female students that could help him destress.

But despite this, Dan was unwilling to reveal the stress he was feeling even when his friends and family reached out to check up on him. His parents had raised him to persevere through any hardships, so he was determined to do just that. This was just a rough patch and once he got back into the rhythm of college life, Dan was hopeful that his problems would evaporate with ease. So, as he returned back to his room after practice, he quickly dozed off as soon as his head touched the pillow.

While Robert Wallace certainly loved his job of being hall director, he couldn't say that every aspect of it was a dream come true. He loved to be up-to-date on everything and run a rather tight ship, so he often found himself traveling throughout the dorm to check on his several RAs to verify that they were doing ok and the other residents had no complaints. But despite this necessity in his mind, Robert absolutely dreaded having to interact with a good majority of the RAs. Not only were they often sweaty college students who couldn't understand the concept of daily showers, but Robert's asthma was often irritated by the wafting remnants of weed smoke hitting his face upon having the student open their door. He was a fairly laid-back guy and didn't mind students enjoying a joint every once in a while, but it was always a nuisance when he found himself negatively impacted by it.

So, in order to keep his own morale high as he forced his antisocial self to interact with

these individuals, he tried to sprinkle in a visit with a good RA after every 3-4 average or weak ones. For the past couple hours, he had been incredibly eager to end his check-in on a good note, so the concept of catching up with Dan was the best choice in his eyes. As he made his way up the few flights of stairs (Robert thought it was always good to get some fitness in, especially as he grew older), the hall director soon began to smile as he knocked a few times on Dan's door. Hearing some shuffling around, the door soon opened a minute or so later as Dan opened the door.

"Oh, hey there Robert , how are you doing?" Dan said, his mouth widening as he let out a mighty yawn. As Dan began to run his hand through his messy hair, Robert soon realized that the student had been napping.

"Hey, I'm doing good Dan. Uh, were you napping? I didn't mean to interrupt, I was just checking in on the RAs to see how they were settling in," Robert responded, his face shifting into a light smile as he finished his sentence.

"Yeah, I guess I passed out after getting home from practice. No worries though, I needed to work on some homework anyway," Dan answered, his face widening into a smile to help disengage Robert from feeling worried or responsible.

"Are classes going ok then? If you ever need any help with anything or just want to chat, my office is always open. You know that right?" Robert inquired, which caused Dan to nod his head to give a simple answer to both of Robert's questions. It was strange to see a kid so calmed and relaxed, especially since Robert knew that the computer science program at the college was fairly intensive. This cool demeanor of Dan only caused Robert to have more respect and admiration for the student, especially since Robert knew that he would have certainly been pulling his hair out if in the same situation.

After spending a few more minutes making some small-talk about Dan's track career and asking some more about his classes, Robert soon decided it was best to leave the man alone. Dan had already said that he had some homework to do, so the hall director didn't want to further delay him from getting some necessary work done. So, after bidding him adieu, the hall director smiled as he turned on his heels and made his way down the hallway and back to his office.

Falling back into his office chair, Robert breathed a heavy sigh of relief to finally get that long task out of the way. Sure, there were a few students that made it bearable, but the whole experience was rather time-consuming to the point where Robert sometimes

considered just sending an email to check in on each kid. Despite their behavior, he still felt somewhat protective over his RAs, especially the ones that made questionable choices that made it seem as though they were wasting their potential. Luckily, there was one kid who always seemed to have his shit together: Dan. Twirling a pencil around his fingers, Robert's mind began to focus on his previous interactions with Dan where he learned about the kid's hopes and dreams and admired him for his determined personality. *God, I wish I could have had a life like his*, Robert thought to himself, imagining how different his life could be had he embraced a similar attitude towards life and college. Sure, there was an aspect of privilege that Dan had for being a star athlete and a naturally charismatic white man, but that only made Robert more envious of his favorite RA.

Checking the wall clock in his office, Robert noted the time, 9:17 PM, and decided that it was finally time to go home to his apartment that was just a few blocks away. Despite his anticipation towards getting home and cooking a real meal rather than his usual meal of some sketchy dining hall food, he soon found himself feeling incredibly drowsy as soon as he sat up from his chair. *What the fuck*, he thought as he felt himself swaying in place as a mix of dizziness and drowsiness suddenly racked his body. Not wanting to collapse, he quickly steadied himself back into his chair as his body pulled him into a deep slumber.

As soon as Robert's head drooped down and he fell into a state of unconsciousness, his soul felt as if it were free-falling. On top of that, the sensation made him feel like butterflies in the pit of his stomach had manifested over every inch of his body. With his eyes firmly closed, his body had lost an important sense that could have informed him about what was happening to him. His body had quickly evaporated as soon as he passed out, his energy now being manifested into a blue glowing orb levitating a few feet off the ground. Before the man could find any sort of awareness about what was happening to him, he felt his body slingshot at rapid speeds that could certainly rival the fastest of rollercoasters. Unbeknownst to him, his orb-form had ricocheted through each and every dorm room of the residence hall until he was up to the third floor. Just as quickly as the sensation had begun, it quickly ended with Robert bringing himself back into a state of awareness.

As Dan's eyes opened, he was confused by what was going on. Usually, he couldn't be woken up without an alarm blasting in his ears, so he was curious as to what had caused this sudden awakening. However, to his fear and surprise, his body began to move and speak without his influence. "Whoa, where the fuck am I?" his body

said as it moved into an upright position, which caused Dan to be in complete disbelief. He desperately wanted to know what was happening to him and why couldn't he move his own body!

His out of control body soon sat up and gasped as Dan was able to see himself staring down at his hands. "Holy shit, I'm... white?" Dan's voice said, which left the real Dan screaming out in terror. *Who's in my body and why aren't I in control*, Dan frantically thought as he watched his body, full of energy, rush to flick on the light. "What the fuck! I'm Dan?!" the imposter said as he stared into a full-length mirror taped up to the back of the dorm door, which left the real Dan screaming into an endless void that he was actually the real Dan. *How was it possible for someone to get into my body, I left my goddamn door locked*, Dan cried out as he tried to figure out what was going on while still feeling quite dazed.

"Gosh, this is one weird dream," Dan's voice said as the imposter pulled off Dan's shirt and began to run his hands against his firm torso. Grabbing onto his arms, the imposter squeezed the slight muscles on his pale frame, which sent a shiver to the man's cock (which both men felt). While the imposter moaned in delight, the real Dan was cringing and crying out for the man to stop this. He hated the fact that his body had been taken over, but it was even worse to be trapped as the guy fondled Dan's body and got off on it.



Despite Dan's best attempts to get control back of his body and stop this weirdo from admiring his body, his actions were useless as the man began to strip Dan out of the pair of shorts and underwear left on his body. Looking into the mirror, Dan could only stare in disbelief as his face went from a look of surprise to lust as he bit his bottom lip and began to slowly grab onto his cock. "Fuck, I know I shouldn't do this since he's one of my RAs, but this body is too good to resist..." he said, his sentence disjointed through a series of moans. It was at this point where Dan began to put the puzzle pieces together and finally realized who was in control of his body. It was his fucking hall director Robert! He didn't know how the man was doing this, but he was absolutely terrified to know that the older black man was now in control of his buff and hot 21-year-old body.

Please stop, don't do this, Dan cried out in his mind, hoping that his thoughts would somehow be understood by the body snatcher. However, as he watched his eyes look down and start stroking his cock, it was clear that either the man was unable to hear Dan's cries or just didn't care. Dan's mind, which was now pushed to the deep recesses of his own brain, was helpless as he was riddled with every ripple of pleasure that each stroke provided, which was at least a slight relief to Dan in the sense that he could still have some of his senses.

But just as his dick began to leak pre-cum and Robert was eager to push himself to completion, a knock on Dan's door interrupted those actions. Groaning in annoyance, Robert wasted no time grabbing the clothes he had removed and throwing them back on. Unlocking the door, he pulled it open and was greeted to the sight of another college student. While Robert had no idea who he was besides seeing him wandering around the residence hall every once in a while, Dan knew that it was his best friend Toby.

"Hey bro, are you ready for that party?" Toby said, his deep voice being a perfect match with his bulky physique. As he crossed his arms and looked his friend up and down, he was unimpressed by what he saw. "Are... you going to wear that?" he said, pointing to the mismatched outfit that Robert had on.

Sitting there for a second, Robert was still caught off-guard about having to interact with another individual. But as he stood there and tried to figure out what was going on, it quickly dawned on the body hopper that this couldn't be some sort of simple sex dream. He wouldn't willingly dream about undesired social interactions! "Uh, is that tonight?" he offered up, pulling his now-white arm behind to scratch the back of his head. While this was happening, Dan was screaming for help. *Toby, help me! This asshole stole my body and I'm trapped*, he mentally cried out, but of course, there was no response as the words were not verbalized.

"Fuck yeah it's tonight bro. How could you forget? You've literally been talking about wanting to make your move with Olivia for a few days now..." Toby responded, annoyed and confused as to why his best friend seemed so scatterbrained.

"Oh, yeah. I totally blanked on it... bro." Robert said, himself physically cringing in his attempts at being cool and hip to this random student. "I don't know if I should..." Robert continued, his fear of having to go to a college party AND talk to a girl despite being a strictly homosexual man quickly dawning on him and leaving him deeply terrified. But this response wasn't accepted by Toby as the bulky man easily barged into the room and said that he's going. While Robert continued to resist, Toby insisted and said that

he'd even help him pick out an outfit. After a few minutes of tossing shirts out of Dan's closet, Toby handed the faux-Dan a black long-sleeved shirt and a pair of khakis and told him to put them on. Upon telling Dan to meet him in the lobby in 5 minutes, Toby quickly exited the room and made his way downstairs.

Sitting there alone, Robert was unsure of what to do. He was terrified about the notion of being Dan and having to pretend to be him. He hadn't been in college for years, so what was it going to be like now in 2022? Also, Robert was completely confused about what had happened with the real Dan. Was he somehow sent into Robert's real body? If that was the case, the concept of going out was rather appealing. He wasn't a confrontational guy, so he really hated the notion of sticking around in the dorms to be reprimanded by his own black body. With this fear running in his mind on a loop, Robert made up his mind and changed into the clothes Toby picked out while picking out a silver chain tucked away in one of Dan's drawers. Upon grabbing Dan's wallet and phone, Robert psyched himself up in the mirror one last time with some selfies before stepping out of his room and going to his first college party in over 10 years.

