

The RA

Chapter Six: Pranks

Dear Higgins 3,

Me again! Keeping it short and sweet this time. Just writing on the subject of floor apparel with a few points:

- *I don't have any chokers to distribute. I know it's becoming a trend, but I have nothing. Sorry!*
- *Remember your sneetches, ladies. Let's maintain civility (dare I suggest friendliness?) to those on the other end of the star-on/star-off machine. (If you haven't read it, [check it out!](#))*
- *The university cannot reimburse for your floor shirts, since they were surrendered voluntarily. And please see the previous bullet if you have feelings about their absence.*

I know tempers are hot for some of us right now, but rest assured we'll come together and talk about floor apparel in a future floor meeting. It's only October, and we're in this together until May!

*Happy tidings,
Spencer*

“You didn’t send this already, did you master?”

My head lolled against the back of Ramona’s office couch. I wriggled my hips a bit, adjusting. Here I was, with my knees hooked over my boss’s shoulders while she blew me while I read to her. It was honestly shockingly comfortable. Why hadn’t I been receiving blowjobs in this position since forever? It was a bit too possessive, holding Ramona’s tits against my thighs while she sucked, but she didn’t mind. Being owned was kind of her thing.

How much of my Spencer-effected whatever was soaking into the couch cushions? How much was being absorbed by my coworkers? By Savannah?

I shook my head, refocusing on the present. “No. I figured I’d run it by you. I wanted to make sure people are going after Tori, just because they bought her sales pitch, and... I don’t even know what’s up with this choker thing, but the cliquishness... It’s not good.”

“Your girls are waging a campaign to recruit the floor into displaying their fealty to your sexuality with a sexy little neck piece, using peer pressure to promote submission to the ‘staff of Ra,’ and—”

“I told you not to call it that.”

“Apologies, master. But you don’t see that as a positive?”

“Positive? No! I can’t restore community to my floor by letting Casey bully people into submission. That’s just going to leave Tori and her people resentful of me and of them in perpetuity.”

“Once she feels the pleasure of submission, do you truly think they’ll resent it? They’ll resent themselves for not giving in sooner.”

“Not everybody gets off on being brought to heel, Ramona. If they did, there wouldn’t be this current predicament in the first place. The girls who want that are getting it now. I can’t just force it on the ones who don’t.”

“You *can*, master—”

“No.” I forced her mouth down onto my cock and tried to think. Yes, it was probably a bad email. It had started because I’d been asked by three girls yesterday what they had to do to earn a choker, specifically Dawn, Kendall and Georgia. And Dawn was a lesbian, or at least on the spectrum. I’d never seen a girl hanker so openly for her roommate. As near as I could tell, though, Kyu-Ri simply thought she’d landed an exceedingly courteous and generous roommate, which she in turn took as a reflection on the kindness of Americans. Undeserved, but we could use the press.

At any rate, it turned out having a girl like Kyu-Ri stagger out of your bedroom visibly dribbling her own cum down her legs and squawking that the production of it had earned her a token of membership in the cool chicks club made for some pretty impressive PR.

I’d opened our one-on-one bringing Ramona up to speed on it; she’d returned from her house to Higgins 3 the night before, but we were maintaining her cover as my overseer for the time being. No insights on Casey, who’d snuck into my room the night before, stripped naked, and slept coiled around me. At least until I woke up from an immensely enjoyable dream and told her she needed to sleep in her own room.

(I did relent and let her blow me back to sleep before she left. That wasn’t a term I’d ever imagined before, but she knew precisely what it meant. I’d slept like a stone.)

Speaking of not sleeping in one’s own room, there was the Nikki problem, too. She’d not stayed the night in 308, her shared room with Casey and next door to yours truly, since before the incident. She’d been staying with Emma last I heard, but there was only so long that was tenable. Emma was paying for a single room, and Casey wasn’t. The issue was more than fiscal, but it was that as well. I’d have to check on that, maybe later today. I didn’t want to start letting people slip through the cracks what with the larger drama.

Ramona tapped my thigh gently; I grimaced apologetically and let her up for air. She sucked it down hastily, then pounced back onto my cock. No surprise there. The less decision-making power I allowed her, the harder she got off. It kept surprising me that the arrangement didn’t disturb me more than it did, but so far, catering to my own full-time live-in sub had been remarkably comfortable. Never pegged myself for a dom,

but it worked, somehow. It hadn't gelled with me as a feminist at first, but as Ramona herself pointed out when we'd gotten to talking about it late one night, what is the point of feminism if not giving women what they want?

"Get on. I want to finish inside you," I instructed her.

Ramona dawdled for a few more sucks before obeying, but only because she knew her lack of immediacy would be rewarded with a firm smack on her ass once she'd mounted me. "Someone's giving them those chokers, master. Casey, probably. But it's being done, whether or not you do it."

I grinned at her ability to multitask. Or maybe she knew I fucked longer if she kept me distracted. "Surely Lakeview has some kind of policy we could use. Like one of those shitty racist things from the 80's where they wanted to make sure black students didn't start gangs or something?"

She rolled her eyes. "If there is, that's not how you want to go about this, master. Especially when you can let it happen and everyone will be the happier for it."

"I seriously doubt Tori will be happier if I rub my cock in her face until she loses her mind with the need to have it come all over her."

The Higgins hall manager leaned down and shoved her tongue so far down my throat she could probably tell what I'd had for breakfast. She was more attentive than I'd been to my breathing requirements, though, and eventually withdrew. "Really? Because that sounds positively divine to me."

"You are such a little sub slut, I swear."

"You say the nicest things, master." She grinned, but it faded after a moment into an expression of contemplation. "Do we have anything in place to verify whether the Hotties are on birth control? We'll want to make sure, if possible."

I blinked. "Uh, yeah, good call. Um, are you...?"

"Of course, master. I think if you wanted to fuck a baby in me, I might have to actually assert myself and conduct a guided conversation on the matter."

"If I ever suggest that, please do."

A knock at the door interrupted our sweaty one-on-one diversion. "Miss Ramona? You going to be all right if I take my lunch?"

"Go ahead, Marcus. Spencer and I are going to finish banging a few things out, and I'll cover the desk."

There was a chuckle from the far side of the door, probably of the "that's what she said" variety at her too-accurate summation. Ramona didn't stop fucking me, didn't slow. If he'd listened closely, he might have heard her thighs rhythmically slapping against mine. "Go easy on my man, Miss Ramona. He's not so bad."

"Guess the rumor mill has reached the mail room," I grumbled once I heard his laughing trail off.

But Ramona was ready to come, and she didn't like to have to do it alone. She was on a timer now, besides, so she was bucking and rocking in earnest. Her lips moved to my ear now, one of my greatest weaknesses. Her voice swept hot and breathy into my ears. "Am I earning my choker, master?"

"No chokers," I grunted, nearing the edge.

"But how will my master leash me without a collar?"

Ramona didn't receive a choker, and for getting me off to the thought of leashing her, she left to attend the center desk with no panties, too. I wiped our cum off with them and tossed them in the trash. She complained that she'd be leaking my spunk into Marcus's stool; I told her that she was welcome to close the center desk and put up a sign saying she'd be back once she'd gotten cum-free panties.

"Let them earn them," she called after me.

As luck would have it, Emma and Nikki were in when I stopped by their room that evening. Not sure whether they were backing Tori or Casey, I tried to step gingerly and respectfully. The talk went well. Casey's behavior had made cohabitation pretty difficult, and after her episode, Nikki simply didn't feel comfortable returning. She could keep the peace, but it was more than she wanted to share four walls with. Understandable, I assured her. Better still, Emma turned out to like having her as a roommate, and the three of us decided to request a formal room transfer for Nikki. She was worried it would impose financially on Casey, having to shell out for a single, but like Katrina, they didn't charge more if your roommate moved out. They simply reserved the right to move someone in without notice.

I left it unsaid that Ramona, or more aptly, Bob was unlikely to start filling vacancies on Higgins 3. It was one thing to move in during Welcome Week and watch the build to where things left off at fall break. Moving in, in the middle of that? Poor new girl wouldn't last a day before her hair lit on fire.

I was on my way back out, feeling good about doing my job the normal way for a change, when Emma said my name. "Um, could we talk for a minute? Sorry, Nikki, it's... We, um.."

But Nikki waved it off and made to excuse herself. "I'll go started packing boxes. I'll, you know, knock."

"We're not going to—" But Nikki was gone before I could finish. It might well be bullshit anyway. I still remembered her running along in my wake that day at the gym, just to stare at my ass while she exercised. "What's up, Emma?"

"Sorry to spring this on you. I just, um... Yeah. Things have been so weird since break, you know?"

“I know.”

“And... yeah. They were kind of weird *before* break, too.”

I took a seat across from her. “You sound like you have something particular in mind. You can say anything you want, Emma. This is a safe space.”

“It’s my room, so it better be,” she said with a laugh that died in its infancy. “It’s about that day at the gym. A few weeks ago? You remember?”

“I remember.”

“And... that guy. On the racquetball court.”

“Squash court.” I rolled my eyes at my correction immediately. “Sorry, that was stupid of me. Go ahead.”

“Um, right. So...” She shifted in her seat. Emma wasn’t a bombshell like Leigh or Casey, or a cover girl like Sydney or Shauna. That was no slight; that she looked like a real, approachable hot girl and not a poster of one was a plus in my book.

Remembering Lexi, I was trying my absolute hardest not to notice. “So, you know I had a crush on you,” she managed finally, embarrassed by soldiering through it. “Not like a stalker thing or whatever, but you know, like a lot of us. You’re... attractive. That’s all I mean.”

“Thanks. I’d return the compliment, but I’m sensing that’s not where this is going.”

“Yeah. Um, you invited me to run with you, and that was cool, and maybe it was a little childish, checking you out, but I couldn’t keep up anyway. You’re a beast, you know? But it was just fun, being flirty and checking out a cute boy. I hope that doesn’t sound bad.”

“It sounds fine, Emma.”

She took a deep breath. “But... then there was what happened with that guy. Like, he... touched me. And I guess I was so worked up I sort of let him? He was being really crude, like how if I kissed you good, you might sleep with me, and that you... I mean, both of you, you and him... That you’d... share. Me.”

Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh “I’m so sorry that happened, Emma. Really.” fuck oh fuck oh

“I appreciate your saying that, but like... It’s been in my head ever since then. Over break, I couldn’t stop thinking about it. I let some old creep squeeze my butt and talk about tag-teaming me like it was just... normal. I forget how he said it – I was, you know, ‘distracted’ you could say – but he seemed pretty unsurprised that I let him do what he did. That I let you do it. Like he just... took it for granted I’d do anything to sleep with you.”

Oh fuck. Fuck fuck fuck oh fuck! “Yeah, he really was awful, wasn’t he. Again, I’m sorry. I feel awful that I didn’t apologize before now.”

“Who was that guy? You said your professor or something, right? What professor treats their students like that? Like we’re Ken and Barbie, and he’s the little girl playing with us. That came out weird. But you know what I mean, right?”

“I know absolutely. I wish you hadn’t been there for that. I’d been trying to track him down for a while, and I hadn’t meant for anybody else to be around when I confronted him.”

Emma shook her head, lost. “Confronted? About what? Because he seemed like he... knew. Like he knew I was into you. And sure, here at home, I guess that’s sort of our little inside ‘joke,’ but it was like... I don’t know. Like he wanted you to... use me. And knew that I’d let you. Not that I’m saying I would have!”

She’d stood there letting Bob manhandle her and suggest we fuck her from both ends, if memory served. Emma didn’t really need to say whether or not she would have. But what did I tell her? That Lakeview’s director of residence life was in cahoots with a secret biotech experimentation cadre, and that he’d staged our living situation as an experiment to see how hard I could make a girl come just by living near her?

It may be the truth, but I couldn’t just *say* that. After what Marisa – and yes, Bob – had said to me, I was afraid to go digging too deep myself, and I was their golden boy pumping out the Spencer effect so they could have their little show. To them, Emma would be nothing more than another disposable Hottie, like Quinn had been. I’d been concerned about Tori going to the school paper over things here, but she didn’t suspect more than a horny douche of an RA was to blame. Arming Emma with the truth...

“He’s my dating coach.” My *what?!*

Emma arched an eyebrow. “You have a dating coach?”

I nodded, way too hard. “Yep. I sure do.”

“But you said he was your professor.”

“That’s just what he likes to call himself. Professor Sex.”

“Like the bald guy from the X-Men? But... gross?”

“Uh, huh. Yep, that’s him.”

“But... why? I mean, you’re like every girl’s dream guy. You’re good looking, sensitive, a good listener, kind eyes, kinder smile, great hair, perfect–” She caught herself. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s fine. But see, that’s how good my dating coach was!”

Emma wasn’t sold, though. “But he was... awful. Like, that was the creepiest creep who’s ever crept. What could someone like that possibly have taught you?”

Lying didn’t come naturally to me, especially without notice. I did my best. “That’s the thing, see, is I finally saw through him. I wanted love, intimacy, real connections. Sex, sure, but more than that. That’s all he was selling, though, so I called him out for it in front of everybody.”

“Everybody? You had a whole class or something?”

“Um, yes?” *Damn it, Spencer, sound confident!* “Yes. So, yeah, he kicked me out, and then tried to charge me for the rest of the course. I tried to get ahold of him but he was ducking me, so I had to track him down, detective style, to tell him no way, José.”

“Oh. I guess that... yeah. But then, why did he just... touch me? Why was he sure I’d be so... yeah, that I’d just let him... yeah?”

My Spencer effect for a smokebomb, so I could dash away and come back with something coherent. “I guess I told him some about how some of the women on my floor were into me, and I guess he believed me. That’s what I get for always telling the whole truth, huh? People believe me.”

Her lips pursed. “Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“Oh.”

We both sat there for a long moment. “I’m so sorry I didn’t apologize sooner. You left for break, what, the next day, and by the time we were both back I’d made a royal mess out of everything and it slipped my mind. I really am sorry. I promise. I will never treat you like that, or let anybody else treat you like that, ever again. You have my word.”

Emma nodded, but then after another moment, grew a bit of a grin. “I mean, you don’t have to promise that *you* won’t ever treat me like that. Otherwise, how am I ever going to get one of those chokers everybody’s talking about?”

I made myself laugh. “I don’t know who’s distributing those, but it isn’t me.”

“Sure, if you say so. But whoever is... They must be watching.”

This wasn’t the time. Hot on the heels of a bald-faced lie – *Professor Sex?! –* and giving in to keep her happy and distracted and disincentivized to wonder where her hunky RA had gotten his mojo. It felt dirty. Transactional – for both of us. I subdued troublesome suspicions, and she got... a choker? To proclaim herself one of the girls I was fucking? I guess I was glad she felt like there was something to be gained from that.

“Probably, yeah. Though Nikki said she’d be back soon, so...”

“She said she’d knock.” Emma fidgeted. “But if you don’t want to, I get it. I mean, there’s so many stupid pretty girls around here, and I know I’m...”

“Hey there, whoa. You are one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever been in a room with. It is not about that.”

“Oh. So then... what is it? Am I not, I dunno, slutty enough? I know you have your type, or whatever. Not judging, just making an observation.”

“I’m not exclusively into ‘slutty’ women. It just so happens there’s a lot of sexually aggressive women here on Higgins 3.”

“Oh. So you’re saying, if I...”

Emma took her shirt off in one deft motion. I sat there numb as she reached back and undid the clasp on her bra, letting it slide casually off her shoulders as she stood and bent down to pull off her pants. Emma looked like a normal hot girl, and dressed like

one, too. Those cozy mom jeans had fit loosely, but underneath was that girl I'd admired panting in my wake at the gym. She was fit, but not ripped; perky, but not busty; smooth but not unblemished. The girl was gorgeous – a bona fide Hottie.

“Wow,” I heard myself say.

“I look a little better when I'm not huffing and red-faced and sweaty, huh?”

Emma preened under the lens of my admiration.

“I, um, actually thought you looked really good sweaty.”

Emma stepped closer, blushing at her own boldness. “Yeah?”

I let her lift me to my feet. She was shorter than I remembered. “Yeah. *Really* good.”

She stepped closer, her pointy nipples brushing my chest. “So... why don't you make me good and sweaty?”

We'd both worked up a good sweat by the time Nikki's knock sounded at the door. Emma seemed to have inferred a fondness for athletic girls, so we were in the midst of trying to fuck standing up, splitting her weight between her arms around my neck, mine hooked beneath her knees, and my cock in her pussy. Frankly, the cock felt like it was doing the lion's share of the work. We were struggling – I'd dropped her twice, but both times on the bed – but we were both of us laughing off the struggles while getting off to the successes.

“Come in!” Emma called out.

However Nikki managed to open the door with her hands full of boxes of clothes and personal effects, she dropped them when she saw me splitting her new roommate in half. “Emma!” she squeaked in shock. I did about the same, only with a modicum of manly dignity.

Emma only laughed, though. “I'm sorry!” she wheezed, panting with giddy exertion. “I couldn't help myself.”

I didn't know what to say. Nikki was staring, though, ignoring her scattered belongings. “Wow. You two look... wow.”

My muscles were burning, but there was nothing like a gorgeous woman admiring them to give them a second wind. As we performed and Nikki observed, Dana walked past, doing a severe double take when she saw what was transpiring. “Holy frick! You... You guys are...!”

“Nikki, shut the dang door!”

Dana's eyes were threatening to pop through the lenses of her glasses as Nikki scurried to comply. “Sorry! I... Wow. You're really earning that choker, huh...”

“Get in line, roomie. Get in line.”

Both girls wore their chokers proudly the next day, smiling when they saw me noticing as we passed one another in the hallway. I asked where on earth they'd gotten them, but they merely shrugged. I asked Casey, too, when I stopped in to talk to her about Nikki's departure (which segued quickly into her insisting she was "hella distraught, yo" and asking if I would console her with a good hard fucking, which I of course did). In regards to the chokers, she simply repeated that they sold them on the internet and shrugged off further inquiries.

Recruitment was on the rise. With now Casey, Andi, Kyu-Ri, Leigh, Angel, Emma, Nikki, and Jordyn all wearing one, girls were taking notice. Was this really a way to reassemble the pieces of my perfect community, fucking my way down the roster until the Spencer effect combined with this slutty status symbol? It couldn't be, whatever Ramona thought. She was fangirling over me so hard that she just wanted everybody to join her in it. Perhaps, I considered, she hoped that once I was openly fucking the whole floor, she could get in on it too without the sneaking around we'd had to resort to since break. I didn't know if that would be possible, but it was tomorrow's problem.

Today, I wanted to keep on chasing that good-RA high by getting out ahead of the next floor program. We hadn't had one since massage night, unless one counted the movie night at which I had been banished before it started. (I did not.) Better still, with Halloween coming, there was an obvious target.

Heart in hand, I knocked on Tori's door.

Ellie opened it. She didn't look too thrilled to see me herself. Tori was at her desk, though it looked like she was eating, not studying. Chinese food, from over at Penderdast. The aroma filled the tiny space.

"It's Spencer," she announced, quite unnecessarily I thought.

Tori scowled. It was the scowl I felt attached to every doubt I had about how I was handling this whole mess. "Resign."

"Hi, Tori." I ventured a step into the room, which as it so happened was as far as Ellie had permitted me. "How are you holding up?"

"Have you resigned yet?"

"I'm not resigning," I said resignedly.

"Then shitty." She chopsticked a dainty load of rice into her mouth.

"I'm sorry. Can we talk? Not about all the... you know. Unless you want to. Really, I just wanted to talk about trying to do some kind of Halloween program, and I'd rather do it together if we could."

She chewed much longer than the size of her bite suggested was necessary. (Also, it was a bite of rice, so.) "You want my blessing for whatever disguise you're going to put on having us parade around in slutty costumes for your approval?"

“First off, no. Second off, while I do agree with some of your criticisms, and I am trying to do better, I didn’t exactly invent the tradition of hot college girls dressing sexy for Halloween. That one’s on you all.”

Another slow nibble, still no eye contact. “Yeah, well, I’m sure most of them would rather go out and party than sit around Higgins in the lounge with the same thirty women they see every day.”

“Oh, sure. I wouldn’t anticipate everybody coming.” Never mind that so far, almost everybody had attended every meeting and program I’d invited them to attend. “Still, bound to be some homebodies, people with early classes the morning after, whatever. Or if you don’t think a formal ‘show up at X o’clock to do Y’ style program would be fun, maybe we could just organize, I don’t know, like some trick or treating before people head out.”

“Trick or treating? We’re not little kids.”

Patience, I reminded myself. “Sure, that’s fair. Just brainstorming, you know? Maybe it would be better if you and Katrina and I could sit down together and talk it over, with the benefit of a little time to think instead of me just tossing out ideas.”

“I know what you’re trying to do.” Tori finally turned her chair to look at me. “You think if you come down here, flash that pretty white smile, act like we’re good, then we’ll forget every f-ed up thing you’ve done this year and you can go right on collaring us like your goddamn pets. You want my permission to have sex with us in the showers, all-night booty calls, using that poor Korean girl like a damn toy.”

“She was waiting for me in my room when I got in from rounds, and she begged me. I told her no last time, and it humiliated her. Am I supposed to see how many times I can hurt her feelings before she gives up?”

“She... begged?” asked Ellie incredulously. “*That* girl...?”

Tori threw her hands in the air. “Yes! Do you ever hear yourself? ‘Am I supposed to tell my residents no when they want me to do something I shouldn’t do?’ I don’t know how many ways there are to explain it to you, but your job is not to give us whatever we say we want!”

“Oh yeah? You know so well how to handle having thirty-six gorgeous, sexually excitable women, many of whom having massive boundary issues? Go on, educate me. Tell me how *you* would handle having your date night interrupted by twenty girls eavesdropping at your paper thin door, masturbating in the fucking hallway! One of whom, need I remind you, was *you!*”

Tori wasn’t about to let me stand over her and thunder accusations, though. “I wasn’t... doing *that*,” she shot back, a bit less feisty than my own utterance. “I saw half the floor crowding the hall and wanted to know what was up. I didn’t expect my RA to pause, mid-coitus, and come out into the hall with his dick poking him in the chin to yell at everybody for being curious!”

“So, what, I was supposed to finish up first, let the girls who *were* ‘doing... that’ have their fun, then come out and address the invasion of my privacy when I was nice and flaccid? Or maybe I should keep a bucket of ice in my room for emergencies, so the next time there’s a mass masturbation incident in the hall, I can just dump it down my pants before I address it?”

Tori wasn’t about to let me win this, or likely any, argument. “You want to focus on that like it happened routinely. You know what routines I’ve noticed? You looking in our doors when we’re changing. You encouraging us to wear those slutty Hottie shirts.”

“I almost got fired because of those!”

“If that Ramona bitch were going to fire you, she’d have done it by now! We’ve laid out all the evidence, but she’s all ‘I’ll continue to monitor and address infractions privately’ like we don’t all know it means ‘my husband left my ass and I’m living in a dorm room the size of my old closet and I don’t give a shit who does what.’”

Huh. As flawed assumptions went, it wasn’t a bad line of reasoning. Better than the truth, at least. “Or maybe she’s heard about girls ambushing me in my room, or waiting for me to go into the shower so they can do inappropriate crap next to me, or chant ‘whip it out’ at every program, or any of the other things I’ve had to learn to deal with? Maybe she sees I’m doing the best I can, even doing some good now and then, and doesn’t want to dump this whole crazy situation into less capable hands!”

“If you resent it so much, why won’t you just quit!”

“Because I love this floor!” I roared. Only my frustration with Tori kept me from wincing at one of the hokiest things I’d ever said out loud – and I was a man prone to hokey sayings.

“You love the way the girls on this floor make you feel. Like you’re not just another douchey, rapey college guy trying to fuck every innocent young girl he sees. Like you’re one of the good ones.” Tori shook her head. “You know, maybe that could be your Halloween costume. Go as a guy who doesn’t exploit his position for pussy.”

My jaw clenched. I shouldn’t let her rile me up like this. She was wrong about me, even if she was right about some smaller aspects about me. Maybe Ramona was right, and I should just rub my cock in her face and let the Spencer effect bring her to heel.

Like some rapey guy trying to fuck every innocent young girl he sees.

Fuck!

“Good suggestion. Costume party it is. Thanks for your input.” I about faced.

“Resign!” she called after me.

“WE’RE HAVING A COSTUME PARTY FOR HALLOWEEN!” I bellowed into the hallway. “TORI APPROVED IT!”

Next door to Tori and Ellie’s room, Ramona’s door was open. She was right there in the doorway, and beckoned me with a stern crook of her finger. “A word, Spencer.”

My outburst had every door in that section of the hall open. My Hotties saw my boss summon me for a thorough chewing out. Knowing full well how poorly the doors kept sound in, I made sure to fuck her tits as quietly as possible while she phoned in the appropriate lecture for my outburst. Like I deserved.

I woke up the next morning to find someone had drawn a pair of penises on the wall on either side of my room. One was comparatively small, wedged into the few feet between my door and Leigh and Angel's. The other was close to twenty feet. Both penises featured all sorts of hateful slurs, in all caps. SLUT. PREDATOR. PIG. CREEP. MAN-WHORE. I didn't like the notion that "whore" was a female-gendered term that required "MAN-" for disambiguation, but that was beside the point.

I documented it, took pictures and wrote a brief report that I sent to Ramona. Then spent the morning scrubbing at it until my fingers hurt. The nice thing about the layers and layers of paint on residence hall walls, that if one applied enough elbow grease, it would eventually rub off and even permanent marker would go away.

To the Hotties' credit, I received several offers of help. Charlie. Jordyn. Andi. Several more who stumbled onto it on their way to class who said they'd help if they could. Others who simply expressed condolences and a pat on the shoulder (or the butt) and left me to it. The kindness meant more than any help. Not that I accepted help.

Shauna knocked at my shower stall that afternoon. Figuring it was probably something serious, I threw a towel around my waist and opened the door. She was standing there in a towel that was struggling to envelope her bust. Before I knew it, she was removing the towel and flashing me. And how.

"So can I have my choker now?"

"For the hundredth time, I don't have any, and if I did, I wouldn't be giving them out for randomly exposing themselves!"

She nodded, frowning. "Right, I figured."

Rather than leave, she dropped to her knees there in the changing area of the stall, jerked my towel off, and sucked me between those puffy red lips of hers, sucking me off until I came. She painted her face with it, too, then rinsed it off under the stream and made her way to her own stall. "Don't know why I thought that would be hotter," she muttered, maybe to herself, but it carried between our stalls. She was riding her shower nozzle when I headed back to my room.

Around four in the morning I awoke in terror, coughing and choking. By the time the dust – actually baby powder – settled, I'd identified it as an old and nasty prank. I'd never seen it done, but I'd heard of it. Fill one of those big manila envelopes with baby powder. Slide the open end under the crack of someone's door and give it a good stomp.

Most of it would just spurt out onto the floor, but a good amount would aerosolize. I was lucky I had my laptop in my backpack; one of the crueler side effects was the stuff getting inside of electronics and fused to the circuitry, quite possibly destroying them. By the time I opened the door, the culprit was long gone. I had to pause the cleaning process to get ready for my nine o'clock class, but when I got back, it was only a couple more hours of sweeping, brushing, dusting and laundering every flat surface in the room.

Dawn stopped by that evening. She spoke in a rush, the cadence of words rehearsed because they were hard to get out. "So I want you to know, I totally support you staying. This floor is so cool, and you're super chill, and I want you to know I'm a choker, not a broker, all the way."

"What the heck is a broker?"

I may as well not have asked. "So, you know how I'm, you know, not really all that into guys? I know I said, um, and I... yeah. I mean, you know what I did, you were there. But I think it just showed me I'm really just... not, right?"

"Which is totally fine. Dawn, you can be and like and love anything and anyone you like. Did somebody—"

"So I, you know, didn't want to... 'earn' the choker, because... yeah. And I knew you'd get that. Still, all my friends are, and I think they think I'm one of Tori's girls, but I'm not! I'm not. So I wanted to—"

I cut her off this time. "Dawn, if you want me to tell everybody you did whatever it is whoever it is is telling you that you have to do for that silly thing, I'll make up whatever lie you want. You don't have to do anything. OK?"

"No, I do. Need a witness, right?"

"Witness? Wait, what do you—"

"So I figured, Kyu-Ri is super into you, and, um..."

Kyu-Ri agreed before her roommate even finished making the pitch. We had her at "dual massage," evidently. Unmasked, Dawn stripped down to her underwear, which was more than Kyu-Ri wore. We oiled, kneaded, caressed, and squeezed every inch of her body. (Yes, those inches, too.) Finally Kyu-Ri asked if I would mind fucking her – "even though there are girls who have not had a turn yet" – so I figured why not. When I at last bucked a moaning, trembling Kyu-Ri off my shaft, she turned, frowning, and asked if I wasn't going to take care of Dawn, too.

I looked at Dawn. She seemed anxious. "I don't think she's really in the mood," I said.

"Really? Oh wow, you should do it! He is very good to have sex with."

Dawn's lips twisted, pursed, and tried to eat themselves for a moment. "I... I'm sort of... into... other types of people?" She winced.

Kyu-Ri nodded. “Oh! That is too bad. I think you would look so good on him. Is that bad for me to say?”

“I think she’d look better on you,” I suggested, flashing a comforting smile at Dawn.

“On *me*...?!” Kyu-Ri’s eyes widened. “But I have never done with a girl before! I read that in America this is something college women do all the time, but I never...!”

Dawn shook her head vehemently. “You don’t have to! It’s fine. I’m, err, not sure I’m ready for the major leagues.”

Kyu-Ri shook her head, puzzled, at the idiom. I translated. “The major leagues are professional baseball, where the best play. She’s saying you’re very, very pretty, and she’s a little intimidated.”

“Oh! Oh, that is nice. You know what? If I am going to American university, I should be American college woman.” She smiled sweetly at Dawn. “How do two girls do this? I have never.”

Kyu-Ri didn’t notice me making my retreat, as she was clutching a pillow over her face and shrieking something possibly Korean or maybe just pleasure overload into it. Dawn didn’t take her mouth from between the girl’s legs, but her eyes darted to me, sparkling with gratitude. I thumbs-upped her. I was halfway back to my room before it occurred to me that weird little gesture she’d made at her neck meant she’d earned her choker.

And what the hell was a broker?

“It’s ‘cause she broke the floor, homie. Or, I dunno, Jordyn was saying some badass commie shit about power brokers or something, but I was...” She made an *over my head* motion.

I kept my pace. It was nice, having plain, vanilla, missionary sex in my own bed. Uncomplicated, no wondering about ulterior motives or the bizarre politics that had gripped Higgins 3. Plus, it was sexy as hell, watching Casey and her big, heavy tits shudder with another orgasm every thirty seconds. Whatever had happened, it was like her body felt the same way about me as the floor had felt about me as their RA before break. It was... devotion. Did it make me smug to enjoy it? Maybe, but... I could take the hit to my nice-guy rep for more of this.

“So obviously you’re paying attention to all this. How many choker girls are there out there?”

“All of ‘em, Ra dawg.” (Or was that raw dog? Both applied equally, I supposed.) “Some of ‘em just forgot is all.”

“I meant, how many, you know, remembered.”

“We’re getting there. You’re being a good you, homie. Keep reminding ‘em. And god, keep doing that thing you’re doing.”

I hadn't been aware I'd been doing anything more involved than casually paced fucking, but in case I was a sex prodigy without having realized it, I asked. "What thing?"

"That's *me*, homie."

I smiled. She really was too adorable. "So am I homie, or am I Ra? Trying to keep track of what all I need to answer to when you call it."

"You're Ra, because you're my Ra. And you're homie, because you're my home."

They went after my laundry that night. Higgins was a small building, and we hadn't gotten complaints of anybody stealing clothes or anything. The lack of men probably helped. I usually sat down there while my clothes were tumbling anyway, just to get out a little, and to be honest, to maybe catch a glimpse of Savannah down the hall. The dumping broke me of that. Except when I went downstairs to pick up my last load, there was nothing there to pick up. Three empty dryers.

In the morning, I read the duty log; Carmen had gotten a call that there was a bunch of clothes strewn around the parking lot. I gathered what I could, and put them back through the laundry. I got that glimpse, too. Savannah looked back, expressionless, and then left.

It got me thinking about where I'd left things with Vickie, though. She'd been on the cusp of inviting me back to her room when we'd gotten the call about Casey. It said something about the tenacity of the choker girls that I'd had my hands so full I'd barely thought of it in the days since it happened, long enough that the bruise was mostly gone. So when Danielle swung by that evening and bluntly said she'd heard I'll fuck anybody who wants a ride, so how 'bout it, I politely told her she'd have to ask again later and headed down to Higgins Ground.

Vickie answered the door with a raised eyebrow. It took real effort to keep mine in check at the sight of the squalor sprawled out behind her. "Uh, hi."

"Hey. Can I...?"

The eyebrow lifted higher, but she shrugged and let me in. "Oooookay."

"Love what you've done with the place," I joked.

She grinned. "Yeah, that's me all right, total slob! So I'ma give you another six seconds to tell me what you want, or get in one more insult. Your pick."

Oh. Sarcastic grin.

"Sorry, let me start over."

"Yeah, you got a ladder that tall?" When I cocked my head to the side like a puzzled labradoodle, she rolled her eyes. "Because the hole's so deep. Keep up, bud."

I laughed. She didn't. "Right, yeah. So I've been thinking about the other night, when we were talking, and we sort of got interrupted."

"Talking about...?"

“You know. Us. Remember?” I hoped my smile landed. It worked pretty well upstairs.

It took a moment, but then her eyes widened. “Oh! Oh fuck! Yeah, about... us. Which, to be clear, was code for fucking, right?”

“Um, well, I didn’t mean only that, but...”

“But you miss Vickie?” Suddenly she was holding me by my belt line, pulling me closer. I cursed when I stepped on an upside down shoe and nearly tripped. She didn’t seem to notice.

“I sure have.”

I felt my zipper lowering. “Did you miss Vickie a little?” There went the button. “Or a lot?”

“A lot. For sure a lot.” I’d aced quizzes harder than this, all right.

She crouched down, lowering my jeans and boxers. “Oh my. It looks like you did. All this Spencer for one tiny little Vickie...”

I stroked her hair gently. “There’s plenty more on the way, I assure you.”

I stepped out of my clothes as she nudged me toward the bed. There was a pile of clothes on it. Clean, I hoped, but I’d deal. “Mmm, Vickie remembers.”

“Does she? Because I wouldn’t mind refreshing her memory. Err, your memory.”

“Turn around? Show Vickie that cute little dumper.”

I chuckled, spinning slowly, cocking my hips side to side. “Your wish is my crrrrruhhoohhh!”

Suddenly I was in the hallway. Naked from the waist down. I heard the door lock, but I tried it anyway. “Vickie! What the hell, Vickie! Let me in!”

“Vickie remembers. Remembers you saying she was a fun fuck and that bitch downstairs was the real relationship material. Fuck off, ya baggadicks.”

I pounded harder. “Just give me back my clothes, OK?! I’m sorry! Whatever I said, I’m sorry!”

“What, you wanna fit me for one of those collars all your girls are wearing? Open the bag and eat one.”

“Eat... what?! Come on!” A door opened down the hall. A girl I thought I remembered meeting on move-in day stared, aghast, despite my best efforts to keep a hand over my junk.

“I’ll leave these in the parking lot, like you like, yeah?”

Further begging and pounding did nothing. I only remembered halfway up to Higgins 3 that I couldn’t get onto the floor without my student ID card, which was in my wallet, which was in Vickie’s room. Or maybe the parking lot, if she used the window.

One of Janis’s girls passed by, staring as I muttered an excuse about being the victim of a prank. It felt like an hour, but was probably only a minute, before the door swung open. I sprinted past a thoroughly shocked Katrina only to belatedly realize I

couldn't get into my room without my card either. Thank god Casey was in, and happy to receive me in my present state.

I used her phone to call the center desk. A familiar voice answered. "Higgins center desk, how can I help?"

Well, great. "Hi, Savannah. It's Spencer."

"Oh. Hi. I mean, what's up?"

I tried to keep my voice steady despite the way Casey was fervently worshipping my balls with her mouth. "Having a little predicament. Um, I forgot some things in Vickie's room. Including my, um, wallet."

"Oh." Casey got in three tongue swirls and a rapturous sigh before Savannah said more than that monosyllable. "So... what do you need?"

"I... left my phone, too? So I can't call her. Could you maybe...?"

"Ah. Yeah. I'll... yeah."

"Thanks."

"Yep."

Carmen delivered my things, leaving them on the ground outside my room. Pants, underwear and all. She'd indubitably pass this information on to Savannah, just in case she'd had doubts. Considering where trusting people with my clothes had gotten me the night before, I asked Casey to run out and retrieve them for me. She agreed on the condition I not put them on for the remainder of the evening. I was in no position to bargain.

"Hi..."

"Allison."

I nodded, stepping aside to let her in. "Allison. You know, I felt less bad about always being off with you and your sisters' names after reading up on your profile. How much energy goes into maintaining that identicalness? Because... yeah, wow."

"You were reading up on us?" Her smirk technically counted as a smile, which felt like the first time I'd seen one of them smile in person. No surprise these triplets had teeth, though.

"Me and a million other guys, I'm sure, though in my case my interest is strictly professional."

"We need to have sex."

Of course. "Aaaaand so much for professional."

"I'm serious. Are you going to make jokes, or are you going to hear me out?" She glanced at the bed. "Or do you even need... reasons."

“It generally takes more than walking into my room and demanding I put out.” Generally. “That said... yeah, there’s been that whole ‘choker’ trend going on. I know you all don’t care about fitting in with the cliques around here, though, so... what’s your angle?”

This time, the smile was genuine. Pleased I was cutting to the chase, I surmised. “You’re right, we don’t. That said, we have an interest in this particular trend.”

“Do tell.”

Allison helped herself to a seat on my bed, sitting crisscrossed on my bed, arranging her dress for modesty. Or just to keep me wanting a glimpse. “Several reasons. First, to get it out of the way, I’m attracted to you. That little fiasco after massage night...? That was... interesting.”

Here I thought I was getting to a place in life where it took more than words to inspire a boner. The memory of that fiasco was fresh; they’d tried to manipulate me into doling out opportunities to lick me, like the other girls had done at the program. Only they’d played themselves against each other, ending with me calling them out on it and having them take those licks off my ass and balls. Had Allison been remanded to the former, or the latter? I couldn’t recall.

The inflection she added to “interesting” had me checking my assumptions about what those girls – or this one, at least – were into.

“That’s a good reason.”

She seemed less convinced by it, and went on. “Second, we’ve discussed it, and we want our chokers. They’re going to be in vogue this season, and it’s always best to be out ahead of impending fashion. We’re thinking an ironic dissonance, slutty ‘Ho Titty Easy’ chokers against hyper-wholesome outfits. Pastels sun dresses, pink nail polish, pigtails, all that jazz. Fuck slaves of Christ kind of thing.”

“Yeah, sure, all the rage these days.”

“Show me your browser history or can the sarcasm.”

My eyes darted to my laptop. “Canned.”

“Plus, whether or not we’re invested in this dramatic little boss bitch community of yours to the degree you want, we do live here. As increasingly, the absence of one is seen as approval of that fat bitch’s agenda to remove you.”

“Hey now, language. Let’s be civil.”

“Is she hiding in the closet?” The rail-thin blonde sneered. “Would she even fit?”

“If Tori’s 140 soaking wet, I’ll fuck whatever you want me to fuck.”

She shrugged. “Regardless, my point was, we like you as our RA. You keep things about as interesting as cohabitating in a shitty wood-paneled closet can be. Plus we’ve heard about how much of a cunt that girl upstairs is. Your replacement could be another like her.”

Allison wasn't the only one nervous about what a replacement Higgins 3 RA might do. "I'll take it as a compliment, I guess."

"And finally," she went on, plainly disregarding my feelings about her position, "it's sort of fun living amongst people who see you as celebrities. We have no delusions about our standing in the grand social order, but to them... Look, whatever. It's nice to know you'll always have a phase in your life to look back on and wallow in your own legend. Maybe the hunk of Higgins knows something about that. So since it looks like you're going to win this pathetic battle, we want to make sure we're on the right side of pathetic history."

I held out a hand palm-up. "So you don't care at all about who's right? All that stuff you were saying in the lounge the other day?"

"That was Addison, not me. I don't yell over people in tiny rooms. Gauche. Not that I disagree with her, but still, what does who's right have to do anything?"

I sighed. "So why you? You pull the short straw? Or did they? I'm not sure how straw-pulling works."

"I volunteered. Like I said, you do it for me, in your wholesome gee-gorsh kinda way. And we both know I do it for you."

"You do it for pretty much every hetero guy, Allison."

The smirk returned. "Or so our social media metrics suggest."

I folded my arms. Time to see if what leverage the Spencer effect got me. "So you want to sleep with me, and in exchange you get your three little bullet points. What do *I* get?"

There was the classic triplet scowl of condescension. She finally looked like the resident(s) I knew. "What do you mean, what do you get? You get... *this*. You get to die someday knowing you put your dick in someone who's personally banned over six thousand commenters who begged to do just that."

"OK, that's one thing. If you get three, I want at least two."

"We're not doing a foursome. No way."

"No, I just want you to do a little favor for some friends of mine."

As it so happened, I'd finally figured out where the chokers had come from, and how Casey had gotten her hands on them so fast. If I'd been paying attention, I would have remembered Toni and Terri chattering at each other about going formally into business together with their streaming. That HO-TT-EZ logo was their new brand, but they'd launched it over break and I'd been too busy fucking Ramona and throwing myself pity parties to catch a broadcast yet. While I was taking time to reflect on being supportive for individuals and not just spending all my energy on the strife with Tori, I'd been going down the roster and remembered.

They'd only just gotten the merch in the very morning of Casey's injury. Casey had apparently heard, because when I went down to talk to them about it, they said she

went down there literally minutes after getting back from the hospital. (Minutes after I finished face-fucking her in the shower, anyway. (At her request, to be sure!))

“She bought thirty-three of these things from you?” I asked Terri, examining one of the few they still had in stock.

She shook her head. “No. We donated them. After what I did, you know, recording you... I felt really bad. Like you said, we can’t go back and pick up the feathers once we’ve set them out there to blow away, but I thought maybe this would help make up for it.”

To think, I’d figured Casey had just gotten lucky with an Amazon shipment coming ultra-fast, some tawdry commercial transaction as a veneer for a slutty accessory. I sniffled. “It helps. You didn’t have to do that. I can pay you back for those.”

“No! No no no. Free advertising. And...” She lowered her eyes. “That night, with the, you know, conflict mediation or whatever... We were both... yeah.”

Toni nodded. “Very yeah. But now we’re, like best friends. At least, you’re my best friend...”

“You’re mine, too.” Terri hugged her co-streamer/roommate/bestie. After a moment, though, they remembered someone could see their sappy display and turned back to me, blushing.

“And that was the hottest thing I’ve ever done,” mumbled Toni.

“Oh GOD yes,” echoed Terri. “You know, when I first started doing the insta girl shit, part of what I loved was that it made me insanely horny. Like modeling, the attention, celebrating my body... But then it sort of got old, became routine. A job job, kind of. But ever since that night...”

“Oh boy, she’s not kidding, Spencer.”

So I’d invited them to do it again. I sat in Toni’s bunk watching a stream they’d done last week at Bear Lake in “fall bikinis,” which sounded anachronistic as hell to me but they just rolled their eyes at my skepticism. Meanwhile, I was treated to Terri tutoring Toni in her editing processes, in this case, the recording of the two of them slobbering up and down my cock so thirstily that it felt like it would never be dry again.

Allison craned her neck, waving a hand to regain my attention. “Hello, earth to Spencer...?”

“You’re going to do a collab stream – I think that’s the term – with Terri and Toni. All three of you. And you’re not going to tell them I had anything to do with it.”

She glanced at the door as if to remind herself other people existed on the floor. “Who? That dyejob redhead and the one with the eyebrows?”

“And you’re definitely not going to say anything even a little bit like that. Tell them you’re encouraging new talent. Tell them you’re impressed with their work and thought it could be fun. Just be nice, OK?”

She sighed. “I guess they’re not totally hopeless – but those eyebrows are getting tweezed before I tag her in a single pic. Fine. So... we’re good?”

“I’ll be better when you get on your knees and put that mouth of yours to good use.”

Her nipples hardened before my eyes. Guess I’d read her right. Marisa would be proud. “You can’t talk to me like that,” she mumbled, the least convincing thing she’d said to me all day. “I don’t *have* to do this, you know.”

“You want to play hard to get, fine. I’ll go get Maddison or Addison. Heck, maybe both. Maybe they’re more invested in your brand.”

“I’ll do it!” Allison gasped, launching herself off the bed and onto her knees. “Please. Just... a little respect is all I’m asking.”

I pulled out my cock and gave her a few slaps to the cheeks and forehead with it. “Or... you could say please.”

“I... no. No, I won’t.”

I rubbed the tip against her lips. She opened up immediately, tried to take me in, but I pulled back as she lunged after it. “Are they in right now? I bet they’d appreciate an opportunity like this.”

“Please,” she whined. “OK? Now can I just...?”

“Please what?”

She scowled up at me, but there was no mistaking the delight shimmering behind those eyes. “Please can I suck your cock.”

“Suck your cock...?”

It took her a moment, but she got it. “Please may I suck your cock, *sir*.”

“Don’t disappoint me.”

I’d never choked a girl during sex before that night, but she asked so many times it basically became a fourth bullet point. (I was nagged after the fact for being too gentle, though I insisted it was better than the reverse.) When a triplet came to my room a few hours later to make the same pitch, I genuinely didn’t know whether it was Allison again or one of her sisters; whether this girl knew I’d already put out to her sibling or not; whether the first one had even been Allison in the first place. A third, or second or the first for a third time, followed up right as I hit the lights. I shrugged and made the same deal a third time, had the same amazing, alpha male sex with whoever she was.

The new Spencer Lawrence was apparently the kind of guy who wasn’t even sure which women he’d fucked in a given day.

The brokers struck again that night, this time taking retaliatory action against the entire floor. The whole building, really, as the fire alarm triggered an evacuation of all six floors. Desperation must be setting in.

It was late October now, and chilly, but as Tori and her dwindling supporters made a circle, as Savannah and the other off-duty RAs waited for the on-duty RAs to

escort the firefighters upstairs, my choker girls and I crowded into Dana's minivan. It was a giggly, gropy dog pile, warm and soft and happy.

“Ra!” shouted Casey, and the others soon joined in.

“Ra!”

“Ra!”

“Ra!”