

The RA

Chapter Six: Floor Apparel Revisited

The next few days were, by all accounts, pretty Casey-centric. Ramona had to step in to do some real hall managing. We had to check Casey's room for more drugs and alcohol, and found plenty of both. There was a long talk between the two of them in her office to talk about what had happened and how, and what happened next.

A more coherent narrative of Casey's breakup emerged compared to the babbling version I'd gotten at the hospital. (The story she told Ramona was passed onto me, of course, but it was about the same aside from not implicating me.) The whole thing was almost surprisingly humdrum. Casey had wanted to break up with Tommy when she left for college but he'd talked her into sticking it out. They'd adopted a caveat that cheating wasn't to be regarded as cheating, but any such activity would signal they'd tried long distance and failed, and could part amicably. As if that had ever worked.

Casey had a sweet spot for the guy, though, and later (to me, but not Ramona) she confided Tommy was also her dealer, which complicated things. Then over fall break, she'd been overwhelmed with guilt, told him she'd been with another man, except Tommy begged her to stick it out anyway. It had gotten ugly, Casey demanding he respect himself enough not to put up with her unfaithfulness, Tommy insisting he loved her enough that he could take it. She'd finally said some harsh things and formally ended it the night before returning from fall break.

In short, it was a simple variation on the same thing that Andi had gone through, and thousands of other freshmen, trying to make a long-distance relationship with the high school significant other work in spite of human nature. Heck, maybe that was why Casey had taken Andi under her wing, empathizing with her plight.

As for how it had all blown up in my face, that was just girls being girls. Back at school, the version Casey presented to her friends had been interpreted as a clear indictment of myself. She'd been too ashamed to correct them, or maybe too hurt. Every day as people got angrier at me and more protective of her, it felt harder to own her share of the blame. The guilt had made her usual inclination towards weed and alcohol worse, and she'd added pills, swiped from Tommy, into the mix. Ramona encouraged her to see a counselor and put her on a 0 tolerance policy for further infractions.

That was that.

As for the rest of the community, this was trickier. We had a dozen or more young women who'd seen a floormate wheeled off the floor, in a condition much closer to death than made for easy sleeping. I was still unnerved by it myself, and I'd been there to see her bounce back with that otherworldly mania for my cock. The other Hotties didn't even have that as comfort.

We needed to process, to pass on what information we could, to make sure my women were OK and avail resources to those who weren't. I called a floor meeting, and crossed my fingers that Tori let me do my job.

Attendance was decent, if not the usual Higgins 3 perfect. Casey was sitting it out, per my advice. The last thing we needed was to risk the meeting turning into ganging up on her for having misrepresented things, or for scaring the shit out of everybody last night. Other girls were missing, too. The triplets, unsurprisingly. Jacqui, Sammi, Lexi, Danielle, Peyton and Sydney, Jordyn. All the non-freshmen, actually. I decided to see this as a positive; if they weren't motivated to show up, it probably meant the whole incident hadn't gotten in their heads. Ramona was sitting this out, too, but she was right down the hall in 303 if anybody wanted to talk to her after.

True to form, Tori made an entrance by arriving with Katrina, Nikki, Jo and Ellie in formation. It may well be the boldest display of authority by the lowest actual presence of authority in Lakeview history. She said nothing, merely stood to one side and looked imperious.

"Good evening, everybody," I said after giving the stragglers a minute. "I'd ask how you're doing, but I think we'd lose an hour talking it out, right? For now, let's just say I'm glad to see so many of you here, and let's dive into what happened."

Casey had given her blessing to share whatever I felt needed sharing. I didn't see an upshot to stripping her of still more dignity diving into the details of her situation with her ex, so I simply said she'd been depressed about a recent breakup, and had turned to substance abuse as a coping mechanism.

"And unfortunately all that came to a head last night when she overdosed on a combination of pills and alcohol. The doctors said she was never at risk of death from that, but hitting her head and aspirating on her vomit... Well, if you see Maddison in the hall, pass along your gratitude for catching it and taking the right steps to get her help."

"Assuming we can tell which one's Maddison," joked Kendall, but nobody was in a mood to laugh.

"Casey's doing OK. Bump on the head that they're treating as a mild concussion but might not be that severe. Here's hoping. We've put her in touch with campus counselors. From a disciplinary perspective, last night was strike one and two. We want to see her get her crap together, but we don't want to risk a repeat. That's not what you all signed up for when you came here."

"Snitches get stitches," warned Georgia.

"OK, so let's address that. Yes, if there's another incident, and you involve me or another RA if I'm not around, it's going to mean Casey's leaving our community. But

imagine Maddison had adopted that mindset last night, and instead of getting me involved, she tried to keep it quiet. Casey could have choked to death on her own vomit. So ask yourself if you think that's a preferable outcome."

Georgia looked contrite, at least. I nodded in acknowledgment. "For the rest of you. That's a heck of a thing to see, or even to know happened down the hall from you. You might be carrying some feelings that are hard to know what to do with over it. That's normal, and there is help out there for you." I talked them through ways they could get someone to talk to, whether they wanted professional therapists at the health center, Ramona, or even myself.

It was at that last suggestion that Tori finally made her move.

"And why, pray tell, would we want to talk it out with the guy who put her in that position to begin with?" she said. At her side, several of her staunch supporters nodded along.

"Respectfully, it's not OK to put something like that on me. Casey and I have reconciled, I hope, but even so I think it's worth stating that when somebody harms themselves, it is never, ever anybody else's fault."

But Tori sputtered a mocking laugh. "Oh right, and you're not biased, huh? Got her cheating on her guy, dumped on her ass, and look who's there to swoop in and fuck her again while she's still ten feet from death's door. The god damn nerve!"

"There was no swooping. You want to hear it from Casey, ask her – or better yet, mind your business."

The governor was already turning to address the larger audience, though. "Do you not see what he's doing? He broke her down, and now that she's got nothing left, there he is to be the hero and reap the benefits. Do any of you think he wouldn't do the same to you? Terri, Toni. You had him come down to talk through some arguments, and what happened?"

The influencer and her roommate looked embarrassed to have the incident aired so publicly. More embarrassed than they'd been to have the whole floor jilling themselves blind with the recording of it. "We, um... He..."

"He had his weiner out inside of ten minutes, and inside of the two of you in the eleventh!"

"We never had—"

Tori wasn't letting them clear the record, though. "Andi. Where's Andi?" The girls sitting in front of her scooted apart, and all eyes went in her direction. "Care to remind us what happened when you told him you needed to talk about *your* breakup?"

"He helped me!" she whimpered.

"He helped *himself*," thundered Tori. "Another of us on the ropes, reeling from a breakup, and look who's waiting in the wings. Spencer Lawrence, stud RA. And if I remember, didn't it take him like a week to even see you in the first place? Too busy to

stop in and ask how you're doing until he figured you were good and ready for him, vulnerable and lonely."

The whole last week, I'd felt pretty good about keeping myself from taking Tori's attacks personally. This was starting to get to me, though. I gritted my teeth, not wanting to respond emotionally.

"Kendall, Georgia, those two he good-cop/bad-copped his way into his bed."

"I what?!" All right, so much for not responding emotionally.

"I was right there across the hall. You send the other RAs in to bust them for a few cans of beer, scare them, and suddenly there's our boy ready to tell them everything's OK, and hey, why don't we talk about it in my room? All night."

I could see even the girls involved in the incident were questioning whether I'd set that whole thing up. I shook my head. "I wanted to—"

"You don't need to tell me what you *wanted*. Bringing your little girlfriend in to tell sexy stories about you, riling everybody up, preying on crushes until we agreed to those awful, misogynistic rules. That massage night. Do you all not remember when the man actually told us to go strip to our underwear? Started all that... That *licking* nonsense? The man wields peer pressure like a damn scalpel!"

"I was the one who said you all had to wear at *least* underwear, not at *most*!" I protested. It didn't sound as persuasive aloud as it felt in my head.

"Time and again, this man has used his looks, his charm, and his authority to pressure the lot of us into situations we never intended to find ourselves in," Tori said, ignoring me most effectively. "And tonight, he comes in and tells us to stop by his room so he can do to you all what he did to Casey! Namely, to spin you around until you don't know what's what and dive into your panties before you can recover! I guess we ought to count ourselves blessed if we don't wind up bleeding and puking before it's done and over, too, huh? Why, I bet—"

"Would you shut the *fuck* up, you fuckin' toy-ass ungrateful-ass floor dictator wannabe?"

Every eye turned to the door, where Casey now stood, arms folded across her chest haughtily. The bruise on her forehead still looked ghastly, but aside from that, she was a vision. Her breasts were straining the limits of a tight v-neck dress that both hugged and threatened to eject her ass and pussy from the bottom. No hat, but she was sporting a red choker that didn't go with the charcoal gray of the dress, but didn't need to. It held its ground all on its own.

Casey wasn't alone, either. Perfect attendance was back in effect, or close to it. No Lexi. No Jacqui, either, but she had an away game that night. (I made it a point to know her meet schedule so I could wish her luck and congratulate her upon return.)

"Casey," Tori said, taken aback but ready to bluster through it. She attempted to pivot to concern and empathy. "You poor thing. That bump on your head, it's—"

“It’s my own fucking fault is what it is,” snapped Casey. “I fucked up, got dumped, and you made me feel too fuckin’ shitty to reach out to the one dude I know who would’ve made things better. You think last night was *his* fault? Letting me cheat? Sure, that’s on him, but the cheating was all me.”

“Oh, honey. I’m sure that’s how he made you feel, but the man is in a position of authority. He’s been at this for years. He—”

“I was here less than a week before I decided I wanted to fuck him. I saw that fat fuckin’ hog in the shower fight, and I felt something come alive in my puss-puss. Don’t blush, bitches. I know y’all felt it too. All of us did. You’re in here acting like he’s some puppet master tricking us into whatever, but I was there that night where all y’all were petting your kitties outside his door, wishing you could be the one he let in. Am I wrong? Was that him that made you do that? Him, that got you so fucking turned on that when he said we could have a taste, you stood in line and felt grateful to get it?”

Casey paused – a good thing, too, considering her fragile state – but suddenly Jordyn of all people was stepping in front of her, looking at least as pissed. “You threw away our shirts, you fucking bitch!”

Nobody had ever heard Jordyn yell before. It was like she was an entirely different woman. “Jordyn, nobody *made* anybody turn over their—”

“You did. You so did! You’ve been sharpening your dagger for a while now!” roared Sammi. “I dunno if you’re pissed off he’s not into black chicks or what, but—”

“Hey now!” I shouted, right as Tori and half a dozen others lit into Sammi’s allegation.

But it was somehow Jordyn, visiting reality from the strange little dreamland she usually occupied, who finally refocused things from chaos. “I *loved* those shirts! Most of us did! Do you know how long I’ve been waiting to create something people actually love? Do you have any idea what it feels like for you and your Brownshirts to take that success and torch it to ashes?”

Katrina, this time, took the initiative in inquiring whether that was meant to be racist too, but Tori waved the issue aside. “They were objectifying and degrading. They—” Several voices cried out that Tori had worn hers as much as the rest of them, maybe more, even. Tori pushed through. “And yeah, I wore mine, too. But that’s what makes someone like him so dangerous! Weaponizing cliquish behaviors, demanding conformity. Remember Marta and Kim, and, um... Yeah, he made sure anybody who didn’t fit into the ‘Hottie’ mold couldn’t even stand to live here!”

“Maybe not everywhere is supposed to be accommodating to everyone all of the time!” snapped one of the triplets. (Addison? I’d been watching for it, and I thought Addison parted her hair just left of center.) “You think the sororities are out recruiting uggos? Fuck no! It’s OK to have spaces for hot people, and we shouldn’t have to apologize for the way other people feel when they compare themselves to us!”

Her tirade was met with more murmurs of agreement than I personally liked. Yeesh.

“How can you of all people take his side?!” demanded Tori of Casey. “After the way he played you, used you, wounded you? Damn near killed you!”

Casey shuffled toward me, pressing herself against my side, fawning, and not ironically either. “We were both dirty with the hornies, Tori. He didn’t play nothing, except my pussy like a fucking cello, like Yo-fuckin’-Yo fuckin’ Ma. I was lost in the darkness, wandering the desert, yo, but in the distance I see the light. It came to me, blinded me, but when I could see, I...”

It happened so fast, and I was so captivated by her delivery, that my cock was out in the open before I even realized she was moving on it. Stupid gym shorts! Stupid elastic!

She was already kneeling at my side, my dick hardening with shocking rapidity. Her mouth lunged at my shaft, tongue lavishing absolute worship on it. It rose so fast it slapped me in the tummy.

“BEHOLD, THE STAFF OF RA!”

It was chaos. Girls covering their eyes. Girls craning necks for a better angle. Girls shrieking in shock or embarrassment or something else. Girls pawing me, kissing me, caressing my newly exposed skin. Girls demanding I put it away, demanding I resign, demanding I stay right where I was, as I was.

It took me longer than I’m proud of to get my gear tucked back away, but doing so at least made restoring order possible, if not easy. There were four conversations being shouted all at once, none of which seeming to have any reaction to the others.

“All right, I think everybody could stand to calm down a little so we can talk this out!”

“Do you not see what he’s doing? Whipping that beast out like we’ll all lose our minds over it forgive him for everything he’s done?!”

“Oh my god, whatever this is, we ought to be charging admission.”

“That’s right, the choker says ‘Hotties.’ That’s H-O, T-T, E-Z. Because you can take our shirts, but you can’t make us something we ain’t, yo!”

“Tell Ramona? Please, that bitch hasn’t done anything about him, and I can’t imagine she’s gonna start now! This is on *us*, ladies!”

“Whip it out! Whip it out!”

“Kick him out! Kick him out!”

“—a line in the sand, or before you know it we’ll all be—”

“—because he’s ours, and we’re his! Get yours while supplies—”

“—just want to get my degree in peace without all this—”

“—even bigger than I remembered from—”

I left the lounge. Shouting was never a way to get good results, and there was nothing I could say in there without having to shout it.

That was the beginning of the escalation. It was a war fought along lines both covert and toe to red-painted toe. That night, I went down to pee and found a paper sign dangling down on long pieces of Scotch tape over the entrance, so low you had to crouch not to be hit in the face with it.

A SPENCER SPACE

DO NOT USE IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE OUR

Hmm. I tried to figure out the pictogram at the end. The male symbol was clear enough, but then a plus sign and after that this clipart of Ken, Barbie's boyfriend? It was an hour later before I pieced together "man" + "doll," ergo *handle our man-doll*. A stretch, but even though I'd taken it down on my way back out of the bathroom, two more were hanging there when I went to shower first thing in the morning.

Casey was waiting for me in the bathroom, emerging from a closed shower stall the moment I made my way into the nook. She followed me into my shower like she had a perfect right to. Maybe she did.

"Can I suck your cock? Please?" she opened. "I'll wash you up rull nice after, but... please?"

I adjusted the stream so it would mostly go down my back and not my front, make things more comfortable for her. "Go ahead."

"Oh thank you. Been in here dying of thirst half the night waiting for you." She sank down, and it was strange imagining this wet blonde mop of hair, a purple and green knot protruding from her forehead, was my orange-capped Casey.

"Half the night? Casey, you need to be resting. Especially after that fiasco in the lounge. Which, by the way, was valiant, I suppose, but I'll thank you not to just expose my penis whenever you feel like it."

"Bah, if I exposed it whenever I felt like it you'd never get dressed again, Ra."

Hmm. I'd associated her use of "Ra" for RA as a derogatory term, but perhaps that whole "staff of Ra" thing meant it was evolving. Or maybe it had always meant whatever she wanted it to mean in a given moment, which seemed to be how a lot of Casey's communication went.

"You, um, seem to have regained your appetite," I said as she sucked me back into her mouth, head swaying like she was trying to brush her teeth with my cock. I sure didn't feel any in there, though. All smooth and wet and eager. Even in the shower, I could feel Casey's drool running down my shaft.

She took her time getting to a response, and I was in no mood to hurry her. “Missed it. Got pretty bummed for a while there, kinda dried my snizz out, you know? But you... You brought it back. Fuck, I could do this all day. I fuckin’ love the way you taymmmm...” Her desire to speak was forcibly overpowered by her desire to suck me off.

I processed (slowly, what with the busty blonde bobbing on my cock). Casey had gotten more of me in her than most, so I’d chalked up her distaste for me last week to the faded Spencer effect and her emotional state, which seemed to be more the former in light of what I’d learned. So why, then, had she gone from 0 to 60 so damn fast? Savannah had swallowed way more of my cum than Casey, but she hadn’t shown the slightest inclination to rekindle things. OK, maybe Savannah had Price to work out her desires on, but it wasn’t like Casey couldn’t easily find a guy to fool around with. For Pete’s sake, she lived twenty feet away from one.

It was early, not even seven, and I was in a hot shower with an even hotter girl giving me a blowjob that was, one might say, quite warm. My eyes had slid closed, and while I wasn’t in danger of falling asleep standing up or anything, my mind certainly did wander. Was my plan to avail myself of the affections of my girls going to succeed after all? Did I even still want it to? If some of them objected to it so strenuously, the May forecast didn’t portend well for their reactions if I did.

Maybe we could transfer Tori and the others who didn’t want to be a part of all this to another floor somewhere? Surely the campus had a couple dozen open spots around campus. There were several right here in Higgins. History wasn’t generally kind to regimes who’d rounded up dissidents for deportation, I considered as Casey wriggled her throat down my pole until her nose was firmly buried in my pelvis. Surely the scale and stakes here were different though?

Or maybe Tori was right, and I was making excuses for the inexcusable. It sure felt that way sometimes in the dark, alone with my conscience. Resigning remained impossible, but perhaps I should simply be firm, draw and enforce hard lines, and be a good, normal RA who didn’t ever do anything sexual with his residents. Would Bob and them allow that? Surely at some point, if their experiment ceased to yield results, they’d use any of the thousand excuses I’d given them and fire me, replace me with someone who’d dance to their twisted tune.

Something felt different. I looked down, and there was Casey, rubbing my cock all over her face like it was part of her morning skincare routine. She hadn’t been like this before break, that was for darn sure. Horny, sure. Shamelessly. Not like this, though. Almost possessed. She was mumbling something, whispering to my cock with an intimate little grin on her lips. She *had* hit her head, I reasoned, or maybe it was some kind of withdrawal symptom Savannah had somehow managed with more discretion.

“Where did you get that choker, by the way?” It was the only thing she was wearing. Red latticework, with letters in solid black and silver studs. H O, stud, T T,

stud, E Z, on repeat. It felt like I'd seen it somewhere. Probably the sort of thing some sorority or another was trying to make popular.

"They sell things on the the internet," Casey purred into my cock like it was a microphone.

"In a day?"

"Your girl's got her ways, yo. You like it?"

"It looks great on you."

After a few more licks, Casey slithered to to her feet, sparing no friction as she wriggled herself to let my cock rest along her crack. "It's gonna look great on errybody."

"About that..." I rubbed myself against her gently. She carefully leaned forward into the wall, keeping her bruise protected from contact. Less tenderly, she squirmed her hips to try to ease me inside her, but I held back.

"Casey, this thing you – OK, we – started with Tori last night... It's not going to end well. I appreciate you going to bat for me. Not necessarily so much jerking my shorts down in the middle of the lounge." Her ass received a playful slap, the water spraying off of its glossy roundness. "But the spirit of it, absolutely."

"Past due, homie. These bitches been letting the fascists pull a fasht one on them. This floor was the shit. We could just be, you know? And you were chill with it, and we were chill with you. Then along comes the Brownshirts–"

"I *really* don't like that term, for so many reasons."

Casey nodded acquiescently, reaching back and guiding my tip to her pussy as her reward for instant compliance. "Along comes Tori and Katrina, acting like we din't like it, and suddenly everybody's judgey and pissed off and looking over their shoulders all the time."

I didn't start putting it to her, yet. I needed her to hear me. "People are allowed to have different perspectives, Casey. Obviously I don't agree with a lot of the things Tori is saying, but I don't doubt she means them. You can't patch things up with someone if you're gaslighting them about their sincerity from the get-go."

"The fuck you think I want to patch shit up with her? I just want her to shut up and fuck off."

This smack was more stern. "Don't start stuff with Tori. I'm serious. I'm going to restore harmony, and I can't do it if you're picking fights."

She tried to press herself against me, get me inside. "So... Stay out of her grill, or you won't...?"

Casey's voice was uncharacteristically small. With how needy she'd been for me since her accident, I didn't doubt for a second that if I said yes, behave or be celebrate, she'd cave. How far could she be pressed? For a moment, my cock throbbing inside of that throbbing cunt, I imagined a whole floor of Hotties, perfectly behaved, perfectly attentive and courteous and adoring, so long as they got their turn in the rotation.

Someone gets out of line, and I literally put them out of the line. They'd have to regain my favor and the favor of their floormates before being allowed to pleasure me again.

I could hold court, determine restitution for infractions. Quiet hours violation? No clothes for a week. Alcohol in your room? Suck me clean after the next orgy. Say or do something racist? Eat my cum out of a girl of that race. Forget your key card somewhere and get locked out of your room in the middle of the night? An immediate spanking, and then crash the night in my room and let another RA key it open in the morning.

Ramona would have loved it.

Me, I shook my head and lifted her up for a kiss. "No, Casey. If we want to have sex, we'll have sex. No conditions but that. OK?"

She laughed, throaty and self-satisfied. "I think maybe you're forgetting how good I am at making you wanna have sex, Ra."

I held her against me with two firm handfuls of those big, beautiful Casey tits, and began to pound that achingly needy pussy with all the energy I thought she was ready to handle. "As if I could ever forget this."

Leigh and Angel showed me their chokers when we crossed paths at the Penderdast food court over lunch.

"Check it out! Choke me, Daddy," giggled Leigh.

"Choke *us*, Daddy!" corrected Angel.

Even as I braced for an acerbic retort from Leigh, I was pleased to see her redouble her giggles. "Right, he's got the two hands, doesn't he, girlfriend!"

"Too bad he doesn't have four!"

"Tits like ours, I bet he wishes he had eight!"

"Stay classy, ladies."

"Bye, Spencer!"

"Byeee!"

So at least they were getting along well enough.

Back home, I bumped into Jo in the bathroom. She was doing her makeup, but paused to glare at my reflection. "You're not supposed to be in here without checking to make sure we're not. You can't wave your dick at us like a magic wand and unilaterally change the rules we voted on."

"Right, sorry, just... the sign. I thought you all had changed your minds."

"When and how are we supposed to vote on new policies when you're busy trying to hog the spotlight at floor meetings?"

"Last night was only supposed to be about Casey. I didn't mean to—"

“Oh I know what you *meant* to do. Now are you going to stand there staring, or can I have the bathroom?”

No progress there. I surreptitiously knocked at her door while she was occupied to see if I could touch base with Lexi, see how she was holding up, but nobody answered. Hopefully she was in class and not simply dodging me.

I texted Tori, splitting the difference between a cold, ignorable email and an urgent, invasive knock. *Resign*, was her response. I tried Katrina. *Talk to Tori*, she replied.

Andi stopped by to ask how I thought she looked in her choker. “I think that dress deserves most of the credit,” I said, deflecting. If I endorsed those things, soon enough every girl who wanted to follow in Casey’s footsteps and trip me into their bed would be wearing one.

“Do you think it would look better crumpled up on your floor?” Andi asked, blushing.

“You’ve been spending too much time with Casey.”

“Um, I heard that from Lexi, actually.”

“It’s a good slutty line,” I conceded. She lingered a moment, long enough I thought she might try to rejoin the roster of girls I was actively sleeping with, but then she ducked her head and shuffled out. That was fine, too.

I was on duty that night with Vanessa. We hung out at the center desk, her because she was primary, and me because I wanted to let the drama subside a little up on Higgins 3. Vanessa asked a lot of questions and didn’t say much to suggest questions to pursue of her. Not the most scintillating conversation, but she was a sweet girl, and easy to get along with.

“Did Savannah really dump you?” she asked at one point when I let conversation stray to my romantic life.

“Vickie, too,” I added. No point beating around the bush. It reminded me, suddenly, that Vickie had been in the midst of inviting me back to her room when the Casey incident started. How on earth had I forgotten that? Vickie offered a quickie!

“I’m sure a guy like you will find somebody again soon.” She smiled, and I didn’t know if she was implying she might be interested in being that somebody, or if I was just becoming a complete egomaniac. I accused myself of the latter and made sure not to say anything flirtatious.

When I made it back to my room, for the second time this year, there was a big round Asian ass waiting for me, posed invitingly over my bed. I really needed to remember to lock my door when I was away for the evening.

After a moment of gaping, I cleared my throat to announce my presence. “Hi, Kyu-Ri. Did Sammi tell you to come down here and do this again?”

“No.” She was emphatic. “I come myself.”

“Oh. Can I ask... why?”

“For punishment. To ask you if you will *spank* me.” She arched her back intently. Her cotton shirt was paper thin and latex tight. Gravity looked like it would break those suckers free any second now. Her tartan skirt was folded up over her lower back, pale blue panties painting a bullseye.

I shook my head. “We’ve been over this, Kyu-Ri. Remember? If you break a rule, nobody is ever allowed to lay a hand on you for it, not in any way. Why don’t you stand up and we can talk about what you think you did wrong this time.”

She shook her head, black hair whipping side to side. “No! Not *school* rule. My rule, for myself.” Her fingers seized twin grips on my bedsheets, as if she were worried I meant to pry her loose.

“Uh, what...?” We’d have to update RA training, if we were expected to know what to do for residents prescribing themselves a penance.

Her voice dripped with self-loathing. “I lied to you. Before break, I came and asked you to punish me, and say other girls made me do it. But *I* did it. I want to feel you touch me. I want to make your horny, like I am horny for you. They thought they tricked me, but I knew. You get them in trouble, but *my* fault.”

“But they didn’t know they weren’t tricking you. Sammi thought she was pranking the pretty Korean girl. She was trying to be mean.”

“I don’t make excuses for myself. She gets in trouble for what I did. It is not fair to her.”

I nodded at that plump, contrite behind. “I think if that’s how you feel, you might feel better going down to apologize to Sammi instead of coming in here to have me... Yeah.”

“No!” She stamped a bare foot insistently. It rippled up and down the whole length of her legs. “No. After break, I mean to come for you and apologize. But suddenly everybody is so mad! I was...” She tried a construction in Korean, processed it in Korean, and finally attempted a translation. “I was stupid! I felt embarrassed, so I go along with everyone else. But I am not mad! I am stupid. I was so... so *mean!*”

Oh gosh. “Kyu-Ri, it’s OK. A lot of us got caught up in the drama, myself absolutely included. It’s really, really OK. I’m not mad.”

“I am mad at myself!” she whined into my mattress. “I like you! I am *attracted* to you. But I listened to the wrong people, people who say you are a mean boy. But you are not a mean boy. You are a very good boy. But I treat you like I don’t like you, like you are not my friend.”

She was sniffing, I realized. “It’s OK Kyu-Ri. I did some bad things myself. We can’t always be the perfect, um, friend in the moment.” Why did it feel weirder to call a resident my friend than to fuck one in the shower? “Whatever you did wrong, I’ll forgive you if you’ll forgive me for all the stuff I did wrong.”

“Of course I forgive you! I love being one of your Hottie girls. My friends, my Korean friends, they have RAs who cannot even pronounce their names. They act like because we are not fluent in English there is no reason to talk to us. But you helped me make friends. You want me to be part of everyone. You help me... fit on?”

“Fit in.”

She turned her head, smiled. “And, unlike my friends’ RAs, you are, um, very hot.”

“I... Yeah. I try.” I smiled awkwardly.

“So I want to make up with you. I feel very sorry for how I treat you, and I want you to spank me.”

“Really, Kyu-Ri. I’m not mad. You don’t—”

“Please?” She glanced back at me, widening her stance a few inches. “I think you like my booty, and I want you to enjoy it. I like it to be touched. Hard. Is that bad?”

I sidled up closer, gave that ample ass a thorough squeeze. “Well it isn’t good.”

Kyu-Ri sighed happily. “So show me now what happens to bad girls at Lakeview University, Mr. Spencer.”

“Mr. Spencer, eh?” I shook my head as I moved into position. “All right. Are you ready?”

“Spank me, Mr. Spencer,” she pleaded, eyes sliding shut in anticipation.

I gave her a smack. Not hard, but not gentle either. A little gasp escaped her lips.

“You didn’t count, Kyu-Ri. If you don’t count them, they don’t count.” I rubbed a little circle around my target. “Unless you need me to help you with the English numbers.”

Kyu-Ri giggled. “I am getting high A in calculus. You forget once how many girls live on your floor. Do you need *me* to help *you* with English numbers?”

Another smack. “I never say no when a pretty girl offers to help me with something.”

“That is two, Mr. Spencer. May I have a third spanking?”

“Of course, sweetie.” I let her have it. Her gasp was even higher pitched this time.

“Three, Mr. Spencer. I’m so sorry.”

I targeted the other cheek. “Four, Mr. Spencer. You can go harder. If you want. My booty is strong.”

I put some force into the next one, and even more into the next. “Six, Mr. Spencer. If you want, you can tear off my panties, so you can spank on bare skin? If you want.”

I wasn’t one for tearing off panties. Not because I was too gentle; no, as the red handprints blooming on Kyu-Ri’s ass could attest that I went hard in the paint. It was actually an incident with Marisa when she’d made that same request, back when I was

working out five days a week instead of three and was pretty pleased with my muscles. Then I met some quality Hanes elastic, and she never let me hear the end of it.

So instead, I crouched down behind her and eased them down her hips. She was so wet that a thin line of lubrication followed her panties halfway down her thighs.

Ordinarily, I would ask a girl before I helped myself to a taste, but when she opened with “spank me, Mr. Spencer,” she wanted you to take the initiative.

I decided immediately that it had been far too long since I’d eaten pussy. So did Kyu-Ri.

She stopped counting pretty soon, and dropped the mister act soon after. Or maybe that was what all that Korean that was tumbling from her lips as she pounded the mattress in a cascade of orgasms meant. I slipped up and forgot I was supposed to be doing more than tongue-fucking her, but the frantic abuse she deliver to her own beet red butt was a reminder that she hadn’t atoned to her satisfaction yet. A steady stream of frantically horny high-pitched Korean that pretty clearly translated to some more eloquent version of “more, harder, please” spilled out into the hallway as Kyu-Ri rode my face, humping my tongue as I beat her big fat ass like the bad girl we both knew she could never be.

“May I use my titties on you now?” she asked. At least that’s what I heard. Her ass was still perched right in front of my face, the ooze of her cum trickling onto my chest as she panted onto my pulsating cock. “I want to be nice girl to you now. A good resident.”

I patted her ass gently. “Next time, Kyu-Ri. I am beat. Plus I’m duty, and if you let me at those things, I might just sit here playing while the building burns down.”

She laughed. “You say such nice things. I am so glad you would let me be spanked.”

Kyu-Ri pivoted around and gave me a kiss that made me instantly regret rejecting her offer, but tonight it felt nice to just be a giver. Or so I told myself as I watched her leave.

“Oh my god, how was it? It sounded *amazing*,” I heard somebody say in the hallway. Other voices, quieter. Staking out my room again, it would seem. Well, one community crisis at a time.

Kyu-Ri’s laugh rang above the din as she closed the door behind her. “I earned my choker!”

I sat up.

Oh, fudge.