

The RA

Chapter Five: Emergency Response

“So you don’t miss it, like, at all...?”

Vickie held the door to her floor for me as we made our way through our first set of rounds. “Well... I mean...”

I grinned. “Yeah?”

“I mean, it *was* pretty good.”

“Right? You were amazing. Best of the best, for sure.”

We hit the split; Vickie peered quickly into the restroom, perfunctorily, distractedly. She looked back and said in a small voice. “Vickie wouldn’t mind a quickie.”

“Seriously? You mean, now?”

Then I was being flicked in the forehead. “Ow!”

“No, not seriously. You have such a one track mind.”

We went out separate ways around the dual halls and rendezvoused on the far side. Another glance in the second restroom. “Unlike some people, I don’t do the whole catch and release, catch again, release again thing.”

“I guess I can be glad of that, at least.”

“Can you? I feel like I just heard somebody low-key begging me for a lay.”

“I wasn’t *begging*. I was only observing that you and I had some good times.”

We hit the stairwell, headed for Higgins 1. “Spencer, we had sex like... four times?”

“Six.”

“Felt like six, I’ll grant. And you were good! Nice body, great cock, high energy. But you’re clingy. You get attached.”

“What’s wrong with being attached to someone you like being with?”

“We’re coworkers; you’re four years older than me which means I was 11 when you were losing your virginity; you’re graduating in the spring; I’m bad at commitment; you fucked, what, five other women while we were hooking up; you’re in love with Savannah...” Vickie shrugged, holding the door to Carmen’s floor. “Pick one.”

“It wasn’t five,” I grumbled.

“Was it six? Because it felt like six.”

“And I’m not in love with her. I like her, but I don’t like that she’s dumped me for that loser Price now twice.”

“Nothing says loser like hooking up with Savannah Grey.”

“You sound jealous.”

“I could hook up with Savannah any time I wanted. I’m that good.”

After our rendezvous on the Higgins 1 split, she called back from the bathroom, “You know, Carmen’s in. If you’re looking to bang a cute RA.”

“Do you think it’s nice to be saying stuff like that in the open? I can hear one of the showers running.”

“Two, and there’s two closed stalls. But you said no, right, so where’s the gossip?” I frowned. “Are you mad at me for something?”

“Why would I be mad at you?”

We started up the stairs to Higgins 2. “That’s not a no.”

“You really want me to say no to you twice? You could at least wait for midnight rounds. Pace yourself.”

“I’m serious. You said you didn’t want anything serious, same as me. So what did I do wrong?”

“Why do you even want to talk about it? You got some amazing sex with an amazing girl. I had some good sex with a good guy.”

“Why was my sex ‘amazing’ and yours was only ‘good?’ It was the same sex.”

“If a girl gives you an amazing blowjob, did you both have an amazing time?”

“Fair.” I still didn’t like the implication that I’d done her wrong, but she apparently wasn’t interested in discussing it. Sometimes that’s how it was.

We finished the rest of our 10:00 rounds in relative silence. I told her I’d meet her at the center desk for closing at midnight, and headed back to my room.

It was quiet. This hour on a Saturday, the Hotties had places to be. Girls like mine got more than the normal share of party invites. Plus, ever since fall break, the doors had been a lot less open than they used to be. Before, it had gotten to the point where half the doors on the floor stayed open even if somebody was changing inside. Now, doors opened to permit passage in and out. I could hear signs of inhabitancy. Someone talking in Katrina’s room, TV in Jean and Andi’s, music from Casey and Nikki’s. In my own room, though, it was all too quiet.

An extrovert like myself didn’t fare well in silence and solitude. Plus, I was horny. I tapped softly next door at Leigh and Angel’s room. No answer. I wasn’t about to put Charlie in an awkward position of being seen with the pariah after she’d stuck her neck out for me. Even if I felt like risking blowing our cover as concerned overseer and on-the-ropes employee, Ramona was spending the weekend at her house.

The music from next door got me thinking. Or maybe I was just bored and antsy. I’d been meaning to force a dialogue with Casey for a while now, so if that was her in there making that racket, maybe this was my chance. I knocked and announced myself, but still nothing, not even another irate and profane shout. So much for interventions.

I was weeks ahead on my class work. Unlike Rowland, Higgins didn’t have a fitness room to burn some energy in. My fingers were sore from over-doing it on the guitar. I tried video games, but couldn’t sit still. I even called my dad just to talk, but

apparently even my parents had more of a life than me. Was it really possible to grow so accustomed to constant sex that a single day without it could make me this stir-crazy?

The wait for midnight felt like a year. Vanessa was primary; she'd already done most of the work of shutting down the center desk before I arrived. We double-checked the loading dock doors and the computer lab, and then Vanessa went to her room for the night while Vickie and I resumed another set of awkward rounds.

"Let me make just one more pitch," I said after two flights of tedium.

"Oh man, desperate horny man-whores are a major turn-on for me. I can't wait. Hit me with it, Daddy."

"I think you want this as much as I do."

"I do? Grand Vizier over here, reading my goddamn mind. Do go on."

"Be sarcastic if you want, but I think the sex was amazing for you, too. We had good chemistry. You get to be the sexy, impish vixen, making the cute guy with all the random floozies swarming him for attention drool over her. I get... well, Vickie. That's a heck of a combo."

There was a pause in her banter. Vickie never lacked for a witty rejoinder; something must have gotten through. "You were fun," she said at last. "And it's fun, making that walking airbrush suck off my leftovers. I ain't the sort who needs a morale boost, typically, but that was good times."

"Right? I mean, not the Savannah thing, but sure, it didn't cost me anything to let you have your fun."

We were nearing Savannah's room. To my surprise, Vickie had the grace to lower her voice. "Didn't it?"

I waited until we were at the far end near the laundry room. "Yeah, maybe. I don't know. I screwed that up in a lot of ways. But so did she."

"Oh?"

"We had chemistry. I can be honest, you're definitely better in bed. But she and I had a connection. We could've been... I don't know. There was potential. But no, she'd rather coast on some dude six zip codes away because... I guess it's a habit by now, taking him back."

"Mm."

"I mean, we had these moments where... Have you ever been to the gazebo, by Salmins Hall?"

"To it? I mean, I've seen it. I didn't know until right now you were even allowed to go in it."

"Why wouldn't you be allowed to go in it? It's outdoors."

"You were saying, about Savannah."

"No, just, we had this date, and we ended there, and she followed me in – across the grass! Which I guess sounds crazy, but she has this thing about walking on grass. I

told her I'd carry her, but she thought I was kidding, I think. But we sat there and it was just one of those perfect moments, you know? I bet you she never had anything like that with that fuckwad *Price*." I sneered.

"Probably not. Sounds really special."

"It was. It *was!* And now my Hotties hate me, and she dumped me, and you'd rather toy with me than give me a straight answer..."

"Do you seriously want to go back to my room and have insane, meaningless Vickie sex?"

I paused. We were in the stairwell on our way to her floor. This was stairwell talk, not floor talk. "I absolutely do."

"Right now?"

"I mean... yes? If you're serious. I'm game, right now."

Vickie nodded. "OK then. Come with me."

Holy crap, that worked. How could that possibly have worked? I wasn't about to question it, though. I followed Vickie's sweet swaying ass down the hallway of Higgins Ground and straight to her room. Vickie sex. Sex with Vickie. Vickie wants my dicky. Hot damn.

She was turning her key in the lock when our walkies squawked out Vanessa's voice in unison. "Primary to secondaries." She was speaking quickly. Good.

I answered while Vickie opened her door. "Go, primary."

We entered her room. I prayed whatever it was could wait. "We have a situation on Higgins 3? I think you better get up there. Fast."

I frowned. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know. They were talking really fast, and there was a bunch of them, I think. But they sounded upset. Seriously."

"Great. I wonder what Tori's got them ready to riot over now." I sighed, then hit the button and responded, "Secondaries en route."

I walked faster than usual. Not much, but enough that I could pass a lie detector if they asked me if I hurried. Had I gone to the bathroom without authorization? Did she want the urinals torn out? Maybe the chastity belt she'd ordered for me had finally arrived in the mail. Vickie looked more concerned than I was, which I took as a good sign that she was less in the loop about how shitty things had been on my home front this past week.

I heard pounding before we opened the door to Higgins 3, but when it did open, there were voices. One of them was yelling my name. The others were a cacophony of what I immediately recognized as panic.

Oh shit.

I ran. At the split, I went toward my room, where Andi was beating down my door with a fervor. “SPENCER! SPENCER, WAKE UP! SPEN–” She at last saw me approaching from the side. “Oh thank god! Hurry!”

She ran, and I ran after her. Around the bend, at the entrance to the “men’s” bathroom, there were three more girls, Dawn, Tori and an unknown triplet. They were babbling over one another in a panic. A shower was running, steam heavy, but the door to that stall was open. Without thinking, I peered in.

I saw the fourth.

Casey.

She was on the floor, face down, her limbs sprawled in disarray. A pool of vomit had formed near her mouth. Her eyes were open, but rolled back so far into her head it hurt to look at them.

I pushed through the girls and knelt down beside her, checking for a pulse. “What the hell happened?!”

“Oh thank god,” cried Dawn.

Even Tori looked relieved to see me. “We – Maddison – found her like this. She tried to get you, but you weren’t in so she got me. Nikki wasn’t in – I don’t think anybody knows how she got here.”

A heartbeat. Racing. Not great, but better than the alternative. I put my hand in front of her face to check for air. Fuck. Oh fuck. “Vickie, we need paramedics. Can you handle that?”

Vickie was staring, wide-eyed. The closest thing she’d handled to an emergency this year had been a false fire alarm. I snapped my fingers. “VICKIE!”

She blinked, snapping out of it. Her walkie was at the ready. “Primary, we need an ambulance, right now...”

She was backing out around the corner away from the chatter, girls speculating and suggesting and panicking. I ignored it. Deep breath. What the hell came first. Right, look for danger. Nada. Good. I made to roll her onto her back, but remembered the next step just in time. She’d already puked, and there was probably more in there. On her back, she could well have choked. Choked worse, that is. She didn’t need CPR, I didn’t think. No, this was asphyxiation.

God, I hoped I was right.

No time to be squeamish. I swept two fingers in her mouth, scooping out whatever slime and chunks I could find. More than a little. Satisfied it was as clear as I could make it, I lifted her up with an arm under her chest. She wasn’t a big girl, but she was still heavy. “Tori, help me hold her?”

She was at my side in a blink, and followed directions about how to help hold Casey up. I needed her on her feet, but bent double. Once she was as good as we could get her, I slammed the heel of my hand down between her shoulder blades.

Again.

Again.

On the fourth blow, I was finally rewarded with a spasm. On the fifth, she finally coughed, a wet, heavy cough, and finally out came the vomit. There wasn't much, but then, the lungs weren't really designed to hold liquid. Her stomach was, though, and a moment later it joined in. Andi was there, telling Casey she was going to be OK, let it all out. Dawn and Maddison watched in terror. I thought I heard someone else arriving, but I was focused.

Vickie returned while we were still coaxing the rest out of her. There were pills in it, I could see. Pills, and from the smell, more vodka than any one person ought to have drunk. Fuck.

"Vanessa's coordinating it," she notified me briskly.

"You trust her to handle it?"

She nodded. "She's got it. 911, then campus police, then Ramona."

"Good. Do us a favor and clear the room?" That was it. Casey was breathing now, alternating between gasping, wheezing, and breaths so small I was worried she'd stop again. Plus I'd only just noticed that there was a bloodstain blooming beneath her cap, probably from where her head hit the ground when she'd passed out. Fuck.

"Stay with me Casey. Stay with me." Tori and I helped lower her back to the ground, away from the puddle.

"Spence... Spencer?" she murmured.

"That's right. The devil Ra himself."

"Not... Not so bad..." Her eyes fluttered and fell shut.

I shook my head. "No, I'm the worst. Remember? I made you cheat, ruined your life. Remember? C'mon Casey, yell at me. Tell me what an asshole I am."

She tried to say something, but between her state, the shower, Vickie doing crowd control, and the crowd itself, there was no making it out. "That's right. Keep talking. Help's on the way, but you need to stay awake, OK? Stay awake. Please, please stay awake, Casey. Come on."

Half of a grin attempted to assert itself. "Since y'asked suh nice..." But it faded immediately.

I didn't dare peer under the cap. Right now it was helping stanch the wound. My medical training extended to what I'd done so far and fuck-all else, so there was nothing to be gained by my inspecting it.

"Tori, you need to go down to the circle drive and wait for the EMTs. OK? Bring them up here, make sure they know she can't walk." Tori was staring at her floormate, aghast. "TORI."

She shook herself, then nodded and ran off without a word.

Casey had stopped responding altogether by the time they arrived. I was sobbing, blubbing out attempts to get her to respond. As it was, a fresh round of tears was dripping onto her face along with the smears of puke and trickles of blood. That spot was getting bigger by the second. I got myself out of the way and let the professionals do their thing. In moments, they'd intubated her and loaded her onto a stretcher.

Half the floor was there, some still dressed up for whatever parties they'd returned from, but most looking like they'd been in bed or preparing to. The EMTs hadn't spared any time explaining things to me, so I didn't have much to say. "They're taking her to the hospital. I'm going with. When I know something, I'll be in touch. If you pray, pray."

Andi spoke up, her tiny voice penetrating the din. "Is she going to live?"

God, I hoped so. She looked horrible. Pale, slack-jawed, saturated in all of the body's worst fluids. "Hell yes she is."

I paused by Vickie. "I have to—"

"Yeah. Go."

"Try to round them up, put them in the lounge and keep them calm? Easy to go crazy when—"

"I got it. Seriously, go." She put a hand softly on my shoulder, then shoved me in the direction Casey had been wheeled out.

Naturally, they wouldn't let me ride with them in the ambulance, so I hopped in my car and tried to remember not to let my emotions make me do anything too stupid. I ran into the emergency room, where I was quietly but firmly told to calm down, take a seat, and wait. I wasn't family, so I'd learn something when and if she was alert enough to ask for me.

Assuming she ever became alert enough, the receptionist left unsaid.

I took a seat. To think, an hour ago I'd felt like I was going crazy because I hadn't gotten to come since the night before. This kind of waiting, a minute was a year.

Ramona called. She'd already gotten most of the information, but after I brought her up to speed, she talked me down to the extent anyone could. She'd been drinking – cleaning out a couple of her soon-to-be ex-husband's favorite bottles of wine – so she was in no state to drive, and not really great state to be in public at all. She'd called Casey's mom, at least, and let her know what was going on. I told her not to bother getting a ride over, but the offer was appreciated.

Around two, I asked the receptionist if there were any updates on Casey's condition, and was again told that I wasn't going to be told anything.

At three, Vickie texted me that she'd sent my girls to bed, made sure everybody had a buddy who wanted one. I asked her to check specifically on Nikki and Lexi, and she promised she would.

I was sound asleep, slumped over in the crappy uncomfortable ER chair, ignoring the looping ads for medications I didn't need, when someone tapped my shoulder. I shot awake in an instant.

"Buh?" Well, mostly awake.

A nurse was standing over me, his scrubs bright pink. "You're Spencer? Spencer... Ra?"

"Spencer Lawrence. I'm her RA."

The man smiled. "Casey's awake."

"Oh thank god. Is she OK?"

"She's asking for you. It was the first thing she said, your name."

Was that good? Bad? "Can I see her?"

The nurse took me to her room. I didn't get much by way of details, but he stressed three separate times to keep her calm and still.

It was dim in there, the sun only teasing its arrival out the window and a single tiny light in the corner. She was in a pale blue hospital gown, and a large white gauze pad was fixed to the top of her forehead near her hairline. Her eyes were open, and she swiveled slowly toward me as I entered.

"You forgot this," I said, holding out her cap. I'd washed out what blood I could in the bathroom downstairs, but it would probably need replacing, not laundering. "Can't have much of a shot of a full recovery without your soul, you know."

"Spencer," she said. Just that.

I placed her ski cap gently onto her chest. I could see she wasn't up to moving her head much, so I stayed standing so that she could see me. "I'm so, so sorry this happened, Casey. Are you OK?"

She attempted a smile. It looked like the effort took a fair amount out of her. "Better now."

"I want you to know, I've felt awful this whole last week over what happened. I tried to apologize so many times, and I let you push me away. So, you know, now that you look too weak to fend me off..."

"Wouldn't dream of it," she murmured.

God, it felt good to see that lopsided smile again. Her hand lifted, if slightly, and I took it in mine, pressed my lips to the back of it. "I'm sorry I put you in that position, Casey. This apology is long overdue, but... I'm so sorry. I knew what I was doing was wrong, and I did it anyway. I believed what I wanted to believe, and it was selfish and cruel and I'm so, so sorry I hurt you. You're one of my favorite people."

"Spencer?"

I made myself smile. It wasn't easy. "Yeah, it's me."

"Whip it out?"

And suddenly, it was. I laughed. "Oh my god, you are incorrigible."

"Whip it out."

I stroked her mussed hair, careful to avoid the bandage. "Nobody here to chant it with you, hon. Sorry."

"Please? Whip it out. Fuck me? Fuck me. Fuck me, Spencer."

"Um, pretty sure you're supposed to be resting, Casey. We can talk about it when we get back home, if you still want to. Whatever you want."

Casey tugged. I wasn't sure if she was trying to pull me closer or to extricate her hand. I assumed the latter and let her go. Sure enough, she rolled away from me. Rejection still stung even when—

Casey tossed her sheets aside. The back of her hospital gown was split wide. There was her ass, squirming toward my side of the bed. Her slit, plainly visible through the gap.

It was the juiciest pussy I'd ever seen. For a moment, I thought she might have had an accident, but I knew the sight of those puffy, swollen labia too well. A thin trickle of moisture dribbled out while I watched.

"Please. Whip it out. Fuck me. I'll rest. Be so good. Won't move. Do anything you want. Everything. Do it all. Fuck me."

The scent of her hit me. For a girl I'd found in a puddle of blood and puke not so long ago, there was no trace of that now. Only willing, eager, desperate girl.

She slipped a hand between her thighs, started toying with herself. "Ready. I'm sorry. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me, Spencer. I need it. Need you. Sorry. Just please. Promise I won't move."

I chuckled nervously. What was she playing at? "I really only stuck around to give you your hat back," I said with a little chuckle. An unpleasant habit I'd picked up from my dad, that, resorting to humor to deflect uncomfortable situations.

"My soul," she breathed, inhaling a deep whiff of the blood-stained orange ski cap. "She escaped. Need a new one. Put one in me. I need you. Need it. Please. Fuck me whole." Or had that been "fuck my hole?" She was facing away from me and talking into a hat. Talking like a crazy person.

"Casey, you've had a heck of a night. Come on, why don't you—"

"Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me..."

On and on she went. She wasn't getting riled up about it or anything, just murmuring, as if to herself. Whatever she'd taken must've been one hell of a drug. I stood there, staring, no idea what to do. I couldn't exactly fetch a nurse for this, could I? Or should I? What was the medical protocol for a volcanic eruption of horniness?

I made my way to the other side of the bed. Her eyes were squeezed shut. Tears were leaking out. Shit. I crouched down, brushing her hair out of her face. “I think I’m making things worse, so I’m gonna head out in a minute. Is there anything I can get for you before I go? Besides, you know...”

Her eyes slid open like it took effort, and from the tears that burst forth, no wonder. They’d been a dam, holding back the river. “I fucked up everything!” she moaned, this time with real volume. “I destroyed him. I was all he ever wanted! I could have just broken it off but I was such a stupid, stupid fucking stupid bitch, I took his little heart and I smashed it into nothing so I could get my rocks off. Stupid, stupid fucking slut bitch, stupid!”

I took her hand again, but there was no stopping her. If I’d tried to butt in, she’d have kept on berating herself over me, so I just let her get it out. “Was so.. *cute*. Wholesome, lovely, sweet, pure. My lil Tommy bear. And I broke him. Now... ruined.” She sniffled, then coughed up some snot. “Bitter and dark and empty and ragey, ‘nother incel asshole, black hole in his heart. All ‘cause I’m a stupid slut bitch.”

She was crying so hard I could barely understand her. I squeezed that hand hard, and she squeezed back in kind. “Shhh, Casey. It’s OK. Getting dumped hurts. Believe me, I know. It’s all going to be—”

“Didn’t get dumped,” she blubbered. “I dumped my Tommy! Would’ve kept me even after I... we..” She shook her head so vigorously that some of her tears flipped out and splattered on me. “Sweet lil Tommy bear, all his stuffing ripped out...”

Hold on. She dumped him? All week long, I’d been excoriated over getting her dumped by her one true love, but Casey had dumped him?

No. As I felt that surge of indignation rise up, I choked it back down. It didn’t matter. I’d been wrong either way, and right now, my feelings weren’t the ones that mattered. “It’s going to be OK, Casey. He’ll be all right. You’ll be all right. I’m here. I’m here.”

She was pulling, though, pulling me closer. Pulling *hard*. “Make it right. Fuck me right again. Fuck me. Fuck me. I need it. Needed it for weeks. Need you. Inside me. Fuck me. Fuck me fuck me. Please, Spencer. Fuck me.”

“I... I should go.” God, what a mess. I wanted more than anything to give the poor thing what she wanted, a life raft of peace and happiness in this sea of misery she’d been adrift on these past weeks.

“*NO!*” she screeched. “Don’t go. You can’t go. Need you. My soul, put it back in, put it back in me...”

I looked at the door anxiously, but I didn’t hear anybody rushing this way. “OK. Shhh, OK, I’ll stay. But you have to stay calm for me, all right? Deep breaths. Breathe for me, Casey. Breeeathe.”

“Whatever you want. Just stay. Fix me. Fuck me fixed. Fuck me. Heal me. Fuck me.”

“How’s she doing,” whispered the nurse when he checked in later. We were spooning, Casey breathing slowly, deeply in my arms.

My arm snaked out from under the sheets and flashed a thumbs up. “Good,” I mouthed. “Real good.”

“Good. When she wakes up, come find us. She ought to be ready to get checked out, but we’ll look her over.”

I nodded. Casey squirmed softly, frustrated that I’d stopped thrusting. I pinched her nipple with the hand wrapped underneath her. She sighed happily and behaved. “I’ll tell her.”

I fucked her all morning long. Every time I went to stop, she panicked, begging and pleading and trying to hold me in place with sheer force of cunt. So I stayed, and I kept myself inside her, and she relaxed. She came and she came and she came, soaking me and the sheets and the mattress in a steady deluge of her cum. It was happening not minutes apart, and had been for hours.

I’d never seen anything like it. Nothing so far with the Spencer effect had been this intense. It was orders of magnitude beyond even Savannah and her blowjob fixation. Withdrawal? I didn’t know, but if it helped keep her calm and happy, I was happy to do my part.

All the crap in her system seemed to be wearing off, though, and by the time the nurse checked in again, she was coherent enough to answer a few questions, get dressed, and endure a few moments without me inside her without having another meltdown. The paperwork signed, I walked her out to my car. She put my hand inside her back pocket without seeming to realize she was doing it, her soft round rump bouncing along in my grip.

“I’m sorry,” she said as I started my car.

“All forgiven, and I’m sorry, too.”

“Forgiveness, yo.”

She fished my cock out of my pants and sucked me off the whole ride back to campus, fingering herself while she did. Thinking about that all-important data, I glanced at her seat when she got out in the parking lot, licking her lips in satisfaction at the load of cum she’d finally coaxed out of me. There was a big damp spot on her seat, to match the damp spot on the back of her shorts.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, Casey,” I said softly as we neared the doors to Higgins

“Shower with me?”

I nodded. “OK.”

I led her into the women’s restroom, past the interested eyes of so many Hotties. Some reached out to wish her well, but for most, their relief was mixed with anxiety. She shed her clothes haphazardly as she walked, dropping her shirt in the hallway, her bra by the bathroom door, her shorts by the sinks, her panties on the floor outside the shower area. Charlie was brushing her teeth, brightening at the sight of her floormate even as she gaped at the girl’s shamelessness. Or heck, maybe she was just shocked to see Casey without her hat.

She turned on the water and stood beneath it, legs shoulder-width apart, hands planted on the wall. She peeled the bandage off and tossed it into the next stall over. There was a nasty bruise, but no more blood. She leaned her head against the wall anyway.

I took off my clothes and folded them on the seat. I called out, “Charlie? Can you bring my shower caddy?” She nodded and hustled to retrieve it. “Thanks.”

“You want me to wash you, or fuck you?” I asked gently.

“Yeah.”

“You got it.”