

The RA

Chapter Thirteen: Closing

My mom was a maternity nurse back when I was born. She'd always been baby crazy. Dad had once admitted her openness about it had made him nervous when they'd first started dating, but by the time they'd gotten married she'd won him over. (So much so that, by my math, I'd been a covert +1 at that wedding myself.)

Mom remembered everything about my sister's and my early years. I'd been the baby she'd always dreamed of, she liked to brag. I'd been a good sleeper, and I always, always, *always* wanted to be held. Even after my needs were seen to, put me down and I'd get right back to it. Conversely, I'd nap through rumbly tummies and poopy diapers so long as I got that skin on skin contact. It had set her up for all sorts of disappointment with my sister, who wouldn't *stop* crying until she was put down and left the heck alone. To this day, the best way to deal with her when she was in a bad mood was to back off and let her self-soothe.

As I sniffled up an ugly mess of tears and invited whoever that was tapping their fingernails entreatingly on my door, I suppose I hadn't changed much either.

It was Charlie, I deduced by the waif-thin silhouette in the doorway. I didn't know what time it was. 8 at night? 4 in the morning? I could have believed either. I was still exhausted from all that running, but I was at least as weary in spirit from the rest of it.

"Oh hey, Charlie. What's up?" I said, sitting up and wiping my eyes on my sheets. I didn't have a shirt on or I'd have used my sleeve. Nothing Charlie hadn't seen before. And tasted.

Her face was still shrouded in darkness. Squinting against the light from the hall wasn't helping. "Not much. What's up with you?"

"Oh, same old," I said, laughing shakily. Not very convincing. "You need something?"

She nodded. "Yeah, can you come here for a sec?"

I slid off the bed, pushing myself upright off my nightstand. Damn, I was tired. I was only wearing boxers, but right as I was about to ask her to give me a sec to get dressed, I felt a pair of slender yet implacably firm arms wrap around me from behind. A soft cheek rested gently on my shoulder blade.

"Um..."

"I heard you crying," she whispered.

"Oh gosh. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—"

"Shhhh." A soft kiss pressed against the back of my neck. Only the one, and only briefly, and then I was simply being held.

And then I was crying again. Charlie escorted me back to bed before it became full-on blubbing, laying me down and then crawling into bed beside me. To my surprise, she kept a little distance, curling up on her side nearby, our bodies separate but close enough that her fingers found a purchase in my hair, caressing my scalp with her fingertips. She didn't say a word. When her kindness sparked the start of a real meltdown, her fingers moved to my neck and shoulder and I was favored with a gently murmured, "Oh, hon."

I basked in her selflessly offered pity, all the while thinking about what all I had done to her. What, if Bob was to be believed, I was doing to her right now. This whatever inside me, coating my skin, soaked into my sheets, filling the air around us. I marveled that she never made a move, never did anything but lie there and lavish me with kindness and support. The more I let her, the more deeply she was compromised. Even knowing that, it was quite some before I was able to make myself sit up and turn away from her.

"You really don't have to do this," I murmured.

"Of course I do," came her soft reply. "You'd do the same for any of us."

"Yesterday, maybe," I said sulkily.

Charlie was quiet a moment, clearly not knowing how to respond to that. "Come on, hon. Come with me. Let's get you cleaned up."

I sniffled, but it was also a sniff. Pointless – my nose was much too stuffed up to pick anything up. "That bad, huh?"

The gentlest of pressure moved me forward, out the door and down the hall. She paused next door, knocking as she opened the door. "Casey?"

"Yo." Charlie opened the door a bit wider so she could see me, nodded her head down the hall and resumed walking me. She led me into the bathroom, into the showers. Careful not to get her clothes wet, she turned on the water and stepped back to where I was standing like a doofus in the changing area. Casey showed up a minute later with a pair of towels, one over her arm and the other wrapped around her body.

"Be nice to him, OK?" Charlie said to her assistant comforter. "He sounds like he's been having a hard day. Emma told me he ran himself half to death at the rec center, and still practically sprinted back home. She said she tried to follow him in, make sure he was OK, but he slammed the door in her face."

"Yeah, I heard it. Heard her pounding for a while, too. Seemed pretty worried, but I was high as fuck so I didn't wanna make him have to write me up when he was down, you know."

"You're OK now, right? You don't need help?"

"I got him. But you're mighty tempting, ya lil' snack."

Casey received a quick squeeze herself, then one last hug for me. "Spencer, I'm getting you some mac and cheese. Fresh homemade, no microwaved junk. Is that OK?"

“You just have homemade mac and cheese sitting around?”

She had to lean hard to pat my shoulder, since Casey was squatting at my feet pulling down my boxers. “I got it ready the minute I walked past your door and heard you crying.”

“You’re amazing. Thank you, Charlie.”

“My pleasure. Go on, try to relax.” She gave Casey and I each a nudge towards the steamy water, and excused herself.

“You fuckin’ reek, homie.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t you worry. I’ma clean you up good.”

I put my palms on the wall, my head under the water, and Casey began to gently sponge me clean.

Aerosolized, he’d said.

I sighed. No sense worrying I was going to compromise the judgment and sexual integrity of the girl who’d been bathing me all week.

The mac and cheese was pretty good, too.

Thursday sort of disappeared. As my body slowly forgave me for what I'd put it through while staking out the squash court, I spent the day googling. Pheromones – real, but nowhere near as potent as what I'd been seeing. For all intents and purposes, Marisa had been right. Biochemically triggered arousal, in dozens of permutations and keywords, led to porn as often as not. When it didn't, it was poorly sourced theory, failed experiments, successes that couldn't be replicated. The Hancock Institute. Everything I'd ever heard from Marisa, corroborated by everything I could find online, said their research was psychosocial, and where it verged into biology, it was to better understand things like the neurochemistry of an orgasm, some work towards identifying a genome responsible for larger penises, the side effects of various forms of elective cosmetic surgery. They were trying to understand sex and sexuality, not control it.

Not that they'd admitted.

In the meantime, there was steady traffic through my room as my girls, sweet and doting as could be like always, popped in to say goodbye as they left for fall break. I met a few parents. Nobody quite so memorable as my first, back in August, but I did hear Jo's mom exclaim "Wow, you weren't kidding!" when she thought she out of earshot. The whole thing was unheard of, this excess of attachment. Most of my Rowland guys hadn't bothered with so much as a handshake at move-out time in May, much less demanding a farewell hug for a one-week break.

Data. To somebody, some subhuman bastards keeping tabs on us, that's all these girls were. How they were getting it, I didn't know. It couldn't be something medical, technical, or they'd need someone examining us. I'd given directions to the health center a few times, but it wasn't plausible. I scoured my room looking for hidden cameras, even though I had a hard time believing it. Maybe whoever it was had a mole on the inside, someone who'd been inoculated or was getting some sort of antidote regularly. Still, even if we had such a person, we had thirty more who weren't, what were the odds that nobody had found one?

I had nothing to go on, really. They could be planning to conduct exit interviews somehow, or using Bob or Ramona or both to get reports of news, allegations and gossip. Shit, for all I knew it was some kind of spy movie conspiracy and they were gassing us in our sleep and putting electrodes on our heads, or monitoring us through the walls with x-rays and long-range microphones. Anything could be possible, and none of it could I do anything about.

Bob's advice had been to dive in, help generate this precious "data" of theirs. That fucking pig. Then again, here I was in the thick of it, but at least I hadn't asked for it, taken advantage of these women on purpose.

So what were my options?

Much as I wanted to find a doctor – a trusted doctor – to see if we could figure out what was wrong with me. The more I thought about it, the less optimism I had for it.

Most doctors I'd been to didn't have "turn women into obsessive nymphomaniacs" on their checklist of symptoms. Even if I could convince them to run a scan, would whatever this was show up? If it did, could they safely remove it? If they could, what might its removal mean for my Hotties? Could they go into withdrawal? Blame me for what I'd watched them do? Even if all that went perfectly, would any of us ever get justice against the perpetrators?

That meant leaving it in place for now. Only, I'd seen how my willpower was failing me. Shit, one of the first interactions I'd had after that debacle on the squash court had been to let my designated shower attendant bathe me. I could try harder, find ways to hold myself accountable. What did I do about Savannah, though? And Vickie? And Ramona? And, and, and.

Bob wanted me to get out there, take advantage, get that data. He'd said it wasn't permanent, but he'd also said he might be lying. I needed perspective. I could rationalize a lot of different paths, and I didn't trust myself. Easy to say that the path of least resistance would be the one where everybody had the best time. I could even make use of this, use the influence it gave me to make a difference for the better in a way I'd never imagined possible.

All I had to do to achieve that was have tons of amazing sex with hot women! Ugh. It was the least subtle behavioral incentive since the invention of electroshock therapy.

Every friend and confidante I had left was already under my unwanted yet insidious influence. Who could I trust for guidance?

“Can I ask you a hypothetical question?”

Savannah grudgingly released my cock from between her lips. We’d met in her room this time, so we could talk without interruptions from my girls. “Sure. Though if you’re after a threesome, let me save you some time. No.” She grinned. “Unless he’s *really* cute.”

I laughed. “No way. I don’t think I’m ready to share the best cocksucker I’ve ever met.” Indeed, a dozen or more hours this week were starting to bear fruit. I’d come to her room right after breakfast. She’d still been in her PJs, but when I whipped it out, she grinned and pulled me to her bed and sucked me right down. A couple hours of slow, sensuous blowjob later, I thought I could try a coded request for insight.

“OK. So remember when we did those scenarios when I interviewed you last year?”

She blinked once for yes. We’d worked that out as a time-saver quite some time ago. (In blowjob-hours, that is.) “All right, so this is another scenario. So, you’re going to a party, but you don’t know anybody there. When you get there, somebody mistakenly identifies you and tells everybody you’re actually the daughter a megabillionaire. As a result – oh fuck, that feels good, but slow down, I can’t talk when you’re doing that.”

Savannah’s eyes glittered excitedly. She loved it when she stumbled into some new pleasure spot or exciting technique, especially since so much of her cocksucking retinue was slow, nonstop sucking and licking. She obviously loved it and it was a chill way to pass a few hours, but once in a while it was nice when she mixed it up. A guy had to come eventually.

“OK, so. Billionaire heiress,” I said when she coaxed a nice gentle orgasm out of me, slurping my cum down greedily. Less potent than the sweat, Bob had assured me. “So you’re the life of the party. Everybody wants to talk to you, get to know you, and the guys are flirting *hard*. You’re pretty sure you could have your pick of any guy to take home.”

Savannah fell off my cock, laughing. “Right, I’ve never been to a party where a bunch of horny guys wanted me to go home with them.”

“Sure, but this is a fancy party. Smoking hot guys. Educated. Smooth. Nice guys who call their moms and love animals and children and always tell you they’d ‘love you even if’ no matter how horrible your ‘if’ is.”

“So basically a party full of Spencers. That’s what you’re describing.”

“Suck my cock and let me finish,” I chuckled, thrusting my hips at her face. With a smile, she sucked me back in. “So you’re having a great time, and the attention, it’s getting you really turned on.”

I was pretty sure the incoherent thing she babbled around my dick was “so it is a Spencer party,” but who knew.

“So. The question is: would you hook up with somebody at the party, even knowing that they might only be into you because of their misunderstanding?” I gave her a moment, then pulled back out. We were both used to have conversations this way, full of long pauses for her to savor me, long pauses for me to enjoy being savored.

“So you’re saying I could be the lucky gal to give a bunch of horny dudes the chance to run a train on me? Is that it?” She laughed, but with eyes full of distaste.

“No – unless you wanted them to. But they’re so into you, you could have them do whatever you wanted. Take you on a trip around the world. Pay off your student loans.”

“Why would the daughter of a billionaire have student loans?”

“These guys are real, real dumb, I guess. Come on. Would you take advantage?”

Savannah was still wearing her pajamas. As she thought, she slid down to her knees next to the bed and pulled me in front of her. She unbuttoned her top, then pulled my cock between her breasts. Sometimes if we were having a serious discussion, she’d switch to this until she didn’t need to talk any more. It still gave her an excuse to suck on my cock every so often to keep it nice and slick between her boobs.

“I mean... no, right?” she said finally. “I don’t want to be in a relationship with someone who doesn’t really know me for me. I don’t think I would even be all that tempted. How could I be attracted to someone who only likes me for some superficial reason?”

I made myself smile. With Savannah rocking up and down titty-fucking me with that contemplative look on her radiant face, it wasn’t *too* hard. “That’s a good answer. Now let me put a twist on it.”

“You and your twists!” she groaned, adjusting her grip on her tits. She had a hard time keeping me between them, oftentimes. Putting on a sports bra and tucking me underneath would have solved the problem, but I preferred the view to the friction.

“Me and my twists?”

“I still remember that interview question. You asked me, what would I do if I overheard some students in the floor lounge telling racist jokes? Then, after I gave a very smart answer about how I would confront them, you spun it around with how I’d do it if everybody in the lounge was a member of the race that was the butt of the joke.”

“That’s the point, to get people thinking on their feet.”

“It sucks.”

“Not as much as you, and I think you’re the cat’s pajamas.”

“Only because my pajamas are wide open so you can stare at my boobs.” She bent down and spit on them, rubbed it in, and continued her tit-fuck.

“So the twist. Instead of someone mistaking your identity, right before you go in, somebody takes you aside and tells you that you have to pretend to be this heiress and play the party convincingly, make sure these guys believe you’re the real deal. If you

don't keep it up until you're the last one at the party, they're going to burn the place down as soon as you leave."

"Whoa. That's dark. Fall break didn't come soon enough for you, huh."

"It's only a hypothetical."

She arched a brow, incredulous, but opted to humor me. I had a heck of a nice girlfriend one. Great tits, too. "All right. So... how does this twist change anything?"

"Because you have to play ball. Be convincing. If you don't sell it, people might get hurt."

"OK. So then, yeah, I guess if that was the stakes, I'd flirt back. Hell, if I *have to*, I'd probably take that vacation and the loan money. If they're going to make me play their dumb game, I should at least get paid, right?"

I nodded. That was an answer.

"Can I come on your tits?"

Savannah frowned. "I don't like that word, 'tits.' Usually. For some reason, when you say it, 'tits' sounds... cute."

"So... yes?"

"OK. But only if you let me suck your cock again after."

"I am going to miss you next week."

Savannah looked up at me, then down to my cock, and back, and again. There was love in her eyes. No other way to describe it. "I'm going to miss the both of you."

Leigh and Angel took the final two seats at the lunch table. It was pretty dead in the Penderdast food court, which would close this evening and not reopen until the following Sunday. I'd shouted an invite to what few Hotties were still waiting for Friday night and Saturday morning rides home, and this was what had tagged along.

"What are we talking about?" Angel asked, seeing the pensive expressions on her co-Hotties' faces.

Kendall looked to me. With my mouth full, I nodded for her to go ahead and repeat the conversation starter. "OK. So. You get an app on your phone. Any time you take a picture of someone, that person will be totally dtf you."

"But the microtransactions! Three stars, tops," laughed Amy. Nikki gave her a high five.

"So who would I use it on?" Leigh asked. "Present company excluded, or...?"

"That's one vote for team Use It," Kendall said, shifting one of her green beans to make a tally mark. "The question was going to be if you would use it at all, ya ho."

"Oh come on, like anybody would not use it."

Angel was more reserved. "So like, they'd wanna sleep with you. But what happens after? Do they snap out of it?"

Kendall deferred to me. "They'll be glad you did. Cupid's arrow, totally smitten."

"Is it a one-time thing?" asked Nikki.

"Nope. Over and over, as much as you want."

"OK, maybe four stars," Amy amended.

"Use it," declared Angel, nodding her solidarity with her queen bee, Leigh. "For sure, use it."

"Use it," echoed Nikki.

"I mean, I'd use it once, but just once," said Kendall, glancing at me a little more pointedly than was cool. Four green beans now.

It was Amy, however, who held back and did more than echo the popular girl's opinion. "I don't know. Isn't that kind of... rapey...?"

Leigh sneered. "It's not rape. You said the app makes them want to do it, right? If they want to do it, what's the difference?"

"But they only want to do it because you made them," Amy pressed. She looked around the table for support. "It's, like, *mind* rape."

Nikki shook her head. "People make people want to do things all the time. I'm taking an intro to advertising class, and that's pretty much the whole deal is finding tricks and traps to manipulate people into wanting to give you money."

"But Wendy's french fries don't penetrate you if you if use your cheat day," argued Amy.

Nikki frowned. "OK, that's a horrible enough thought that I change my vote. Eat that bean."

Kendall shook her head, talking with her mouth full. “No no no. The app makes them want to do it. You’re over-complicating things. They want to do it, period. I mean, they’re happy with it, right? They fuck you, they love it, they thank you, they go home. Right?”

The question was pointed to me. “Total satisfaction, yes.”

Leigh wagged a finger in agreement with Kendall’s point. “Hell yeah. Shit, you’re doing them a favor. Think of all those sad bitches out there having weak sex, worried about cheaters and players and fuckboys. I point that app at our boy – whomever he may be...”

She paused. All the girls giggled. A round of high fives, hell yeah’s, and at least one “OK, fine, I’d use it *once*” transpired.

“And *bam!*” Leigh finished, pounding the table.

“Bam!”

“Bam!”

“Bam!”

Every phone at the table was pointed at me as the the girls, Amy included, chanted, “BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!”

Lakeview RAs signed up for duty shifts at the beginning of the semester, for the semester. It was in a lot of ways a big perk. Not many shift workers got such micromanagement over their shifts, or knew so far out what their schedule looked like. Like most of us, I'd signed up around my course schedule, though unlike my coworkers I'd employed a secondary consideration of whether I could get a shift with Savannah without being too obvious about it. Janis, by contrast, had taken as many November and December shifts as she could get, leaving her August, September and October mostly wide open. It would make for a restful start to the year, as well as forgetting half the procedures and policies she'd been trained on thanks to disuse. Not that anybody had complained they weren't getting enough shifts with Janis.

Friday before fall break should be one of those ultra-easy nights. Residents had to be out of the building by 10 AM Saturday, so the building was mostly empty and very quiet. Not many nights so reliably placid. Easter weekend, Tuesday before Thanksgiving, the last nights of winter and spring break closures. "Lemon squeezy," as my rounds partner dubbed it when we met up at 8 to get walkies and sign in.

Then at 10:12, we got to her floor and heard the telltale klinking of bottles, and with a resigned sigh, knocked on the door. I generally disliked alcohol busts. They were draconian, and rubbed my desire to see the drinking age lowered the wrong way. That was the job, though, and the campus judicial system was educative, not punitive. No fines, and unless they threw a massive tantrum or tried to mob and intimidate, no cops.

It was Carmen's floor, so she took lead and I just took down info for the write-up and escorted the residents to the bathroom to pour out what we found. It was the night before break and they crumbled pretty fast, so we didn't look too hard. Just a couple girls who'd invited over a couple guys and downed a couple six-packs of fruity booze. One of the girls, Cheryl, was pretty drunk, but her roommate swore she'd keep an eye on her, and Carmen vouched for the roommate as a generally trustworthy sort. Between the confrontation, the discussion, the pouring out and the writing up, it was forty-five minutes of time down the drain, but at least they'd been chill about it.

Once we sent in the documentation and continued rounds, Carmen went on about the incident conversationally. "Cheryl is going to be totes bummed. She's had a crush on that guy since Welcome Week. Finally got him to come party with her, and she passed out."

"Does her roommate know?"

"Well I mean, yeah, but still, I don't think she's gonna just go 'hey, she's into you, go right ahead' when Cheryl's hammered like that."

We entered Vanessa's floor, right beneath mine. Nice and quiet here. "I hadn't meant that. Though, now that you mention it, there's a question. Is it ever OK to hook up with someone when they're drunk?"

The two of us reached the bathroom. After a student had passed out from a combo of alcohol poisoning and drug overdose in a bathroom in Eggerton last year, RAs made cursory sweeps of the bathrooms. In an all-woman's building, I took my own floor, but otherwise my rounds partner did the other floors in respect for the women's comfort.

Carmen called back to me as she hastened down to the shower area and back. "I mean... no, right? You have to get consent, and they can't consent if they're under the influence. Right?"

"It's not a quiz, Carmen. I'm just... I dunno, making conversation. Probing complex issues of social interaction. Think about it, tell me your thoughts on the far side."

We split up, me taking the fork with the RA room, and Carmen the other. We rejoined at the far bathroom, Carmen again darting in and out. A girl brushing her teeth directed her stinkeye and the presence of a strange authority figure in their personal space.

"OK, so some thoughts."

"Go."

"If they're already a couple, or they've hooked up before, and they're both sober enough to start, then I think yeah. Like obviously if they're like 'oh, no, I'm drunk, no' or if they're like passed out, then stop, but I mean if they're just drunk and stupid..."

"OK. So consenting, getting-along-great couple, nothing obviously horrible. That's it?"

We peeked into the lounge, nice and empty, then headed up the stairs to Higgins 3. "OK, well like, maybe if you pre-consent? Like, say you and I were going to a party, like a date. Hypothetically, I mean. And, hypothetically, you were all 'err my gush, Kerrmerrn, Irrm serr interr yerr!' and you just made it really clear that after this party, we were gonna go back to your place and *ERRM, YERRR*." She made some crude gestures and hip motions.

The Hotties in my lounge, waiting for me to return to finish the movie we'd paused when I left to do rounds an hour ago, looked at her antics with bemusement as I held the door open. Carmen yeped when she saw them, and hastened down towards the bathroom.

I ignored the embarrassing stuff and pursued her answer to the question. "So nothing creepy, pre-consent, and couples."

I made a quick check of the first bathroom while she considered. "I don't know! I mean... Look, it's not so cut and dry. Like, I've had some *really* good drunk sex before. I don't want some freaky weirdo groping me when I can't even see straight or anything, but like, if the guy's hot, if I'm into him, if I'm in the mood for it, I mean... it's complicated!"

I processed her comment as we split. I let her take the side of the floor with my room, just to sweep the side I spent less time on. Dead silent except for some flagrantly pornographic noises generating from Terri and Toni's room.

"It sounds complicated," I continued. I'd gotten pretty good at maintaining the thread of conversation despite the unavoidable disruptions during rounds. "So, say it really was you and me."

Carmen froze in her tracks. I turned to see what was the matter right as she started back up and we nearly collided. "You and me! You're with Savannah! And Vickie!"

"Look who's up to speed on the rumor mill. But say I wasn't. Like you said, we go to a party. You know I'm attracted to you, we're having a good time, the booze is flowing and making it a better time. Would you make a move?"

We reached the end of the hall. Katrina's room was open. She was in the middle of packing, clad in her socks, a tank top and some tight, skimpy boxers, obviously on her way to bed. "Hey, Katrina."

Katrina approached me with a dead somber face. "All my mid-terms are posted. Straight A's, and one A+."

"That's great! Congratulations. You worked your ass off for it. I'm really proud of you."

She broke into tears and threw her arms around me. "I was so scared when I moved here. But this is the happiest I've ever been. I *love* it here. I love it. I hate that I have to leave for a week."

I hugged her back as Carmen stared. Her head was cocked to the side, perplexed. "I love that you're here, too. Our home wouldn't be the same without you," I said softly.

Her arms squeezed, and she whispered into my ear. "C-can I...? For doing good?"

I wish I had to ask her what she meant. "Go on. You deserve it."

The high school salutatorian bent her neck down and took a solitary, lengthy lick, dragging her tongue in a zigzag across my neck. "Thank you," she sighed.

"Make the Dean's list, and maybe I'll give you a real treat," I joked. Her eyes lit up. Carmen's jaw dropped. Apparently it wasn't a very good joke. "We gotta finish rounds, but some of us are watching a movie in the lounge, if you want to hang out."

"I think tonight's already as good as it's going to get, Spencer."

"If I don't see you, have a great break."

"You too. And thanks again."

Carmen waited until we were back in the stairs, on our way up to Higgins 4, Janis's floor, before speaking. She'd darted ahead, her soft round ass undulating with each step, right in front of my face.

"I pre-consent."

“I wish I knew what to tell you, but Bob made it pretty clear he didn’t want to talk about any of my concerns about you and your girls any more. I still send updates when I hear something. He doesn’t complain about those. Even if he did, I’d send them. A cover-up like that? If the paper trail ended with me, could land me in jail.”

I gave her a nip on that moon tattoo on her breast. “What have I done that’s jailable?” I asked irritably.

“Apologies. You asked and I answered, Mr. Lawrence. Please let me make it up to you.”

While the other RAs and I had closed down Higgins, making sure the residents were out and procedures followed (no more returning from break to four pounds of rotten ground chuck incidents, please and thank you) I’d had her remove the armrests from her desk so she’d fit better on my lap. We’d said our farewells to Savannah, Vickie, Vanessa, Carmen and Janis, then I’d snapped my fingers and had her heel at my side back to her office. Presently, we were sitting naked, her straddling me with my cock snugly held in the cleft between her legs, while I studied and amused myself with that art gallery on her torso.

I gave her ass a slap. She stiffened, then moaned and humped herself against my cock for a moment. “It’s fine. I believe you. Do what you have to do. If you get yourself fired, it won’t do me much good to have my boss as my...” I sucked in her nipple as I thought for a moment. The nipple was not instructive, merely tasty. “What do I call you?”

“Whatever you like. You control me completely. If you don’t like ‘Ramona,’ call me something else.”

“Oh no, you do much too good a job putting the ‘moan’ in ‘Ramona.’” This time, I rubbed my cock against her clit, and she handily proved my point. No Marcus today. Nobody anywhere else in Higgins quad but the two of us. I let her howl as loud as she liked. “But I’m talking about our relationship. You’re still my supervisor and I’m still your employee, but it’s different now. You keep telling me you’re not just roleplaying, but then... what is this?”

“You hold my life in your hands. Call me your bitch. Your pet. Your toy. Your slave.” Each suggestion was accompanied by another hump, and finally she couldn’t help herself and started kissing me. I let it go a moment until giving my boss another smack on the ass.

“Those terms don’t... offend you?”

Ramona guided my mouth back to her tits. “I would be relieved to be your slave, Mr. Lawrence. Not only so you’ll use me like a slave, but... You see, matters of power are different among the Traveling People. Here, power is control. Hard power to give orders, soft orders to persuade compliance. My people see that as duty. Obligation. You’re familiar with the sword of Damocles?”

“Mm.”

Her head leaned back, whimpering at her ceiling as she let me make her let me play with her tits. “I was raised with the idea that true power is freedom. Choice. To do favors or withhold them as one pleases. We begin life with great power, and by increments we lose it to the weight of responsibility.

“You’ve taken away much of my responsibility. When the choices I make are yours to decide, then I can do as I wish instead, and choose to take off my clothes for a man whose attention sets a fire in me. I can choose to sit on his lap, and choose to put my tits in his mouth, and choose to show him how wet my pussy is in the hopes he’ll see the obligation he has to fuck his slave delirious.”

Just to toy with her, I lifted her up with two handfuls of her ass. As she tried to lower herself onto my shaft, I bent it down so she instead sat down with it throbbing between her ass cheeks. She pouted, but it gave way to a smile. The more I teased her, the more she seemed to enjoy it.

“So you’re saying, you feel more ‘empowered’ as a slave than you did as a hall director?”

“Hall manager, and yes. The slave is free from obligation. I realize that the term is problematic, especially to Americans with your nasty history with it, but in our context, as a woman who has ceded control to you of her own choice, I find this enslavement a tremendous relief.”

“I thought you only let me take control because you had no choice.”

“Then you weren’t paying attention. I gave you control because I chose you, a choice I desired greatly, over alternatives I desired not at all.”

I smiled. “All right. Put the tip inside you. But only the tip.”

“Oh thank you!” she gushed. My boss rose up, and my cock rose to the occasion the moment her weight was lifted. She aimed it at the entrance to her pussy and lowered her body until it was just barely inside her, snug and tight and oh so very fucking wet. Her legs trembled at having to hold herself off of it, staying on her tip toes to comply with my command.

“So you really like this?”

“Yes.” Her breath was tremulous, her chest heaving with exertion and with need.

“What if I could do this to the whole staff?” I asked, massaging her buttocks. She found herself slipping downwards, groaned, and forced her body back up. She wouldn’t let me make her fuck me until I told her.

“You mean, blackmail the whole staff?”

I gave her another little spanking, three sharp swats. “You know I’m only blackmailing you because you want it so badly. Slave.”

I didn't know how much longer she could hold it. Ramona wasn't an athlete, and this was not an easy pose. Besides, she really, really wanted it. "I know," she murmured submissively. "Thank you, Mr. Lawrence."

Holy hell, I loved this woman's body. Those tattoos... Maybe I could see if the Hotties had any interest in getting matching tats. I wouldn't. I mean, that was way too far. I wondered if I could even talk Katrina and Tori into funding such a thing. I bet I could. Not that I would.

I put my hands on her hips and lowered her, bit by agonizing bit, into my eager cock. I guess this would be one more report of a Higgins cunt stuffed by a Lawrence dick. Give that asshole Bob some reading material for his fall break.

"So? Savannah and Vickie, I already have, but what if I could get to Carmen, Vanessa and Janis, too? What if our staff meetings were the six of you taking turns pleasuring me? The bullet points of the agenda just a list of which girl, which holes I wanted?"

"I adore those girls almost as much as I adore you. They should get to know how good you can make a woman feel," she sighed, enraptured. Enslaved. "Tell me how I can help."

I looked her over. "Do you think I could get a tattoo on you? Something for me?"

Ramona began to rock her hips. She looked... whole. Like she'd been half of herself, and now, filled with her employee's cock, was complete again. It was a look of contentment. Relief. Ecstasy.

"I'll see to it today, if you like. I know just what to get. Unless you'd rather postpone your departure, talk about how we can bring Carmen, Vanessa and Janis into your hands." As she said it, she placed my hands over her tits to demonstrate the full extent of her meaning.

"I was being hypothetical. I'll think about it. And I'm not departing. Something's come up, and I can't go home."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lawrence. You're welcome to stay here, of course. I'll give you my key so you can still get in while the locks are disabled over break."

"What about you? You like hotel living?"

"Do you always talk this much when you're fucking a woman?"

Another slap on the ass. The more I spanked my boss, the more I found I liked it. She sure didn't complain. "Answer the question."

"I was going to... mmm... going to look for an apartment this week, Mr. Lawrence."

"303 has been vacant for months. I want you to move in there. I want to keep you close at hand when I need you."

“You want me at your beck and call, night and day, to use me and touch me and fuck me whenever you want, you mean.” Somehow, her pussy squeezed me a little tighter for a moment. “Oh *fuck*, I hope you mean.”

“We’ll go to your hotel when you’re done here. I’ll fuck you again there, just so I can say I took my boss to a cheap hotel and fucked her.”

“Mmm, god, promise me you’re not teasing me...”

“And then I’ll help you get your things up to Higgins 3. I’ll hook you up with a spare floor shirt. You’re hot enough to be a Hottie, I figure.”

“I’ll wear nothing but until your girls come home, Mr. Lawrence.”

“You sure won’t. Now bend over your desk. I want to study your back canvas.”

“Gladly.”

I took back control of our sultry morning fuck. I’d been tired for days. No, for weeks, it felt like. My energy was finally beginning to return.