

The RA

Chapter Four: First Night of Duty

“I’m all ears if you have pointers, O Learned One.”

The average size of a room in Higgins Hall was about 140 square feet, a square about thirteen feet to a side. They hadn’t designated RA rooms when they’d been built, so mine was representative, down to the furnishings. 50 of that went into my two full-size beds pushed together to make a lumpy king. 25 went into the two closets, one for me and one for empty boxes, biding their time until May. 12 for the two desks, 3 for the night stand, and 5ish for my knick-knacks – my weights, a bookshelf, this toddler-sized table my dad had given me as a keepsake of days we both barely remembered fondly. A chessboard sat on it, the pieces in the same place they’d been when we’d to-be-continued our last match back in July. All told, my entire home had about 40 unoccupied square feet in it. Not what you might call an open floor plan.

Even so, there was plenty of room for Savannah to play it off as a joke. Plenty of room for me to play like I never considered it wasn’t. She was all the way over on the bed, dozens of inches away. The far side of the moon, by dorm room standards.

But the smile on her face spoke volumes, as did the considering look on mine. There was no room for either of us to miss the looks.

I crossed the room and sat beside her on the bed, both of us sitting with our legs criss-crossed, a buffer to keep things friendly as a friend zone. After a quiet moment – not awkward, merely quiet – Savannah reached out and delicately scratched a nail against the back of my hand.

“Was it scary?”

Few things brought a guy out of shock like a flirty comment from a woman like Savannah Iyer. It wasn’t sudden, and she didn’t press for an answer while I took a few moments, processing, letting it all through the barriers. Holy shit, I’d just been in the middle of a fight. Quinn had been out for blood. If I hadn’t been there, Leigh could have been seriously hurt. And the nudity. Good god, the nudity. I’d seen two of my residents buck-ass naked. Three counting Angel, if you took the “buck-ass” part literally. Who knew how many of them had seen me, a mortifying erect erection refusing to politely excuse itself as the three of us squirmed and struggled all over one another.

I didn’t know what to make of it. I didn’t feel humiliated. Maybe I would later, when my girls were snickering at me in the halls, the inevitable suggestive comments and dirty jokes that would be a necessary step in the community getting past this. Did I feel aroused by it all? Maybe. Harder to say. The fact that my cock still refused to quit could simply be Savannah’s presence.

It had all been so sudden, so wet, so naked, and so violent. I might have lost myself in contemplation, if not for that soft scratching on my hand.

“Yeah, kind of. I think I was more scared afterwards, once I had time to realize what almosts happened. Not my first time breaking up a fight. I was scared the other times, too. Sucks.”

The scratch gave way to a gentle squeeze. “Yeah. Sucks.”

“This early in the year, too. Everybody already coping with the whole guy on a girls’ floor thing.” I briefly filled in Savannah on what I’d been given to understand had happened. “Now we already have two girls fighting over their RA, one of them evicted, and—”

“Hold on. They were fighting over *you*...?” Her head tilted to the side.

Well, shit. So much for keeping that under wraps. If I weren’t already so off-kilter, I might have covered, but I was too wiped for lies. “Um... yeah.”

Savannah’s look hardened, not sternly, but to convey I wasn’t getting out of this without an explanation.

“So, I guess Leigh took a liking to me. I’d gotten a vibe like she might be sort of flirting with me on the tour, but I figured no way, right? But we both hit the shower when we got back. She didn’t know I was next to her, and I heard her make it pretty clear she was.”

“OK, but what about the other girl? Quinn?”

My jaw tightened. “Can you keep a secret?”

“Um, sure.” I must have looked pretty serious, because she immediately took a second, more serious stab at her answer. “Yes, Spencer. You can trust me.” She took ahold of my other hand. So warm.

“I crossed the line, see,” I began, and like that, the dam, erected only the night before, burst wide open. I spared the sordid details, but I spilled what all had happened. Her coming into my room, ambushing me in my undressed state, jumping into bed uninvited, and... yeah.

“Oh my god. Spencer, that’s crazy!” she exclaimed, but she didn’t sound disgusted, nor angry. Concerned, more like.

“I never meant for it to happen. But yeah, she heard Leigh and her roommate Angel – the one who went and found you and Ramona? – and lost her shit big-time. I didn’t have a chance to talk her down. By the time I knew it was starting, she was kicking down the shower stall door. Hmm, guess I should fill out a work order to get that fixed.”

Maybe I wasn’t totally out of shock, yet.

“It sounds like this girl is all sorts of trouble. You make it sound like you crossed the line, but freshman or no, no girl is so la-dee-da that she thinks it’s normal to wander

into the bedroom of a guy she hardly knows, without knocking, climb into bed with him, and then blame *him* for crossing a line. It's not your fault, Spencer."

"I could have stopped her." Not that I'd wanted to at the time.

"She could have stopped herself." She lifted up my hands and pressed a tiny, soft kiss on the back of each. "It's not your fault, OK?"

"I'm just saying—"

Her grip tightened. "Say it for me, Spencer. It's not your fault."

It took me a minute to get the words out, but once I did, I felt a little better.

"Thanks, Savannah. Seriously."

"You're welcome. Sounds like you were overdue for a little TLC."

"Too much TLC is where this whole stupid mess started," I grumbled.

Self-pity, especially over something like hooking up with a hot girl, was seldom a way to win points with a woman. Savannah was no exception. "Oh, poor you," she teased, releasing my hands and laying back on the bed. "So... it all went down right here, huh?"

"Yep. You're contaminating the crime scene as we speak."

"Yeah? So if I'm the bad cop this time, I guess that must mean it's your turn to holster your gun and be the good cop."

"Um, were you not in the showers? You know my sidearm of choice is a nightstick."

"Spencer! Oh my gawd!"

I held up my hands in protest. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! You can't set a guy up like that!"

Savannah slugged me with my spare pillow, and while I admit to letting gravity win, it knocked me down beside her. We were giggling hysterically, the both of us, lying side by side, not a foot apart.

"God, you're so pretty it's not even fair." Well *that* sure hadn't been meant to come out.

"Yeah?" Savannah stopped laughing, but the smile remained. Became something else. It told me that even though this girl was so attractive she probably heard it ten times a day, she still liked hearing me say it.

"Yeah." I liked saying it, too.

"I don't know, Spencer. Not sure you have the best taste in girls."

"If only I could find a nice one, to show me what I'm doing wrong."

Her hair was at the exact mid-point between light brown and dark blonde. Presently it was pooled over her cheek awkwardly, obscuring part of her face. We reached for it at the same time. When she felt my fingers, she withdrew and let me brush it back.

"You're not doing so much wrong."

I went in for the kiss.

The only thing was, we were lying down, and I'm not a giraffe. I couldn't reach. Savannah laughed as scooch by scooch I wriggled closer. On instinct, I stopped one scooch short. I'd been in a bad headspace with girls lately. I wanted to make sure she was feeling—

She scooched. We kissed.

Almost exactly twenty-four hours earlier, a girl had lain right here where we were laying, and jacked me off with a finger in my ass. As many times as my mind had gone back to it since it happened, I still couldn't believe I'd shot the goddamn ceiling. It had been intense, and dirty, and surprising. Making out with Savannah was the opposite of that. She was so gentle. I needed some of that right then. God knows I'd been wanting it since I first laid eyes on her.

That had been way back in the spring, when I'd volunteered to help out with peer interviews for the RA hiring process. Savannah was the only one in Higgins I'd personally interviewed. I remembered how my instinct was to be hard on her answers, to press her deeper than I did the other candidates, and be more critical in my feedback. All to prove to myself my own integrity, or some shit, to make myself feel like I could be even-handed with one of the most insanely hot women I'd ever seen. She'd done great, really.

I remember on the question about handling a conflict, she told this story about her freshman year roommate, how the two had had nothing in common, hardly talked, never hung out, strangers occupying the same space. So Savannah let the girl catch her reading one of her comic books, and it had actually wound up gripping her. They still weren't besties or anything, but they watched all the superhero movies and shows together as they came out. It was clever, it was motivated by a sincere desire to get to know someone different from her, and it had been effective. On my feedback form, I'd written "fake, lies to manipulate people." My supervisor and I had a heart to heart about my responses, and the misguided thinking that had spawned them. The first time I met her, and Savannah had made me a better person just by being so hot I'd been suspicious.

"You're a good kisser," she said. I'd been about to say the same thing. Lot of lip, sneaky and intermittent with the tongue. It felt like every time I got a taste of that tongue was a little gift. I tried to play it cool, not move too fast. Nothing up anyone's ass tonight. As my hand moved from her waist towards her bottom, she distracted me with a sudden shove of that tongue all the way down into my throat as she shifted me back to the hip. After the week I'd been having, it felt good to see a girl show a little reluctance. Besides, I had long fingers. They easily stretched from her hips out to something nice and soft. She didn't seem to mind the squeezing.

We'd been at it for a while, gradually picking up steam, when I decided to try to escalate. She was on top of me at that point, her brownish-blond hair tickling my face

as she tried to suck my lower lip off. I took a deep breath – air had not been easy to come by – but before I could say anything, she did it for me.

“So... I’ve already seen you naked today. Maybe, you know, we should even things up...? Just a little!” she said quickly before I could rip all of her clothes off with my mind. “If you want, I mean.”

“I want. Oh yeah, I want.”

My eager reply gave her what she was looking for. She had an ego, that much was clear, but with a face like that, how could she not? She sat upright. I kneaded her hips through her jeans as she took the hem of her shirt and lifted it over her head.

“Wow.” I tried not to roll my eyes at my knee-jerk response. Real classy. “Sorry, that came out... I just mean, wow. Like, it’s not even fair how perfect you...”

With her big, buoyant breasts thrusting straight out into a cute black bra right in my face, I feel like it was understandable that it took me a minute to notice the scar. It was *nasty*. So red it almost look angry, the thing made a deep pucker on the left side of her tummy. It was more or less straight, but easily six inches long, and nothing neat about it. My first thought was that it looked like she’d fallen on a chainsaw.

“Oh god. Is it that bad? I’m sorry.” My reaction hadn’t been subtle. Savannah hastily picked her shirt right back up before it had even settled on the sheets.

Quickly, but as gently as I could be while still being quick, I grabbed her wrist. “No! No, I’m just surprised is all. I’m sorry, I handled that shitty. I’m really sorry. You can put it back on if you want, but don’t be embarrassed. OK? You’re beautiful. Really.”

“In case you wondered why I never wear anything that shows midriff...” she mumbled. I’d let go of her wrist. She was still holding the shirt, still considering.

My fingers roamed across her otherwise perfectly flat tummy. Should I touch the scar? Obviously a sensitive spot, but I didn’t know if respecting her sensitivity or proving I was cool with it was the way to go. I opted not to. “Well you’re generous not to. Give the other girls a fighting chance.”

A little smile returned to her lips. I’d thought she’d gone to the shirt removal pretty casually for a girl who’d been nervous to have me grab her butt. I’d very nearly failed her test, but maybe I could squeak by with a C-.

“You’d think you wouldn’t want to bring up girls and fighting, after the day you’ve had.”

She realized it wasn’t the thing to say around the same time the reality of it sank home for me. Determined not to let this fall apart, I focused on the girl and not the day. “Hey. I didn’t handle that right. And I want to say that I’m curious, and I’m concerned, and I want to know. Someday, when we’re together, and we’re talking, I am going to ask about it, if you want to tell. For right now, though, I am with an amazingly gorgeous woman, in a bed, with her shirt off, and I want to keep making out with her so freaking bad.”

Her mouth was very nearly back on mine when, out of nowhere, the phone rang. It was the room phone, this archaic thing from the 90's that had been hardwired into the wall and no one had bothered to remove. They only made campus calls nowadays, so I knew it wasn't a scam-bot. Any other day I would have ignored it anyway, but some part of me that wasn't fixated on Savannah's chest remembered that there had been a fight, and some very public nudity, and that Savannah was my babysitter while I got my head screwed back on straight.

"Yeah," I said, trying to sound casual enough not to harsh the vibe in the room, while peevisish enough to make sure the person calling knew I didn't want to be on the phone just then.

"Hey, is Savannah with you?" Janis. She didn't introduce herself, but I'd spent all afternoon with her on that tour. She didn't need to. "Somebody said Ramona put you in her custody after you went nuts on those girls earlier."

"I... what? I didn't...! Whatever. Yeah, she's here. What do you want with her?"

"Uh, she's on secondary tonight? It's already 8:30 and she didn't sign in and nobody could find her."

Fuck! Of all the damn interruptions! Janis' voice was audible, though, and Savannah was already looking wide-eyed with remorse for her dereliction of duty, hastily pulling her shirt back on and brushing out her hair with her fingers.

"She's on her way." I hung up.

"Holy crap, it's the second night of duty for the year and I already no-showed!"

"Ramona told you to stay here with me, and you did. I think you're in the clear."

She shook her head. "You might be *too* good of a kisser."

"Yeah? And here I was thinking I still needed a lot more practice."

She let me ambush her by the door and steal a few more. Good heart, that one. She finally squirmed past me, but paused in the doorway to look back with sincere concern. "You're sure you're OK, Spencer?"

I nodded. "Yeah. Thanks. You were great today. Cool under pressure."

"Higgins strong!" she exclaimed jokingly. It had been one of a dozen dorky rallying cries from a hundred dorky team-building exercises during training. It had been the one corny enough that we kept using it after – which was to say, the exercise and rallying cry had succeeded at their purpose.

"You promise me you're going to take it easy tonight, OK? Stay right there. I mean it."

I nodded. "Right here. Promise."

"I'm serious. I'll be checking on you during rounds. If I find out you've been out doing hero stuff, there's gonna be a reckoning, buster."

"No heroism. I can guaran-freaking-tee that."

Duty. It was a hell of a step up in commitment in Higgins compared to Rowlands and the other big halls. Not even two hundred residents here, and not many RAs to boot. Usually on weeknights there were only two on duty, a primary who sat at the center desk until midnight as the main point of contact for our residents, and a secondary who patrolled the building on rounds, responded if something needed a response, and, after Vanessa expressed her terror at the prospect of making sure the center desk area was secure (and I'd grant, that long dark hallway to the loading dock was pretty damn creepy), helping shut down the center desk with the primary.

On weekends, we had two secondaries, since misconduct was more likely and it was a lot easier to handle. A few special nights, like Halloween for example, got the same treatment. Opening week got that treatment.

Rounds were pretty simple. Walk each floor in the building, look and listen and sniff for problems. Don't get peery in people's rooms (unspoken but true: especially if you're me, the only cis male in a building full of women). Look for opportunities for positive interactions. Watch out for creeps and weirdos who don't belong.

The floors had the same basic layout. A rectangular hallway, with two others veering off north and south, perpendicular to the skinny sides of the rectangle. There were two stairwells, one at the north end and one at south. The trash rooms, custodial closets and the two bathrooms took up the rectangle's center in the interior of the building, and all along the exterior were the student rooms. The RA rooms were in the middle of the east side, stacked atop each other, right across from the trash rooms. Not ideal real estate. Higgins basement was actually at ground level, but if they called it Basement, the second floor Ground, and the third floor Floor 1, it skirted building regulations that necessitated an elevator, the cheap fucks. Anyway, the "basement" had the building's utilities on the west side, so it was significantly smaller than the rest. That was Savannah's floor, the lucky devil.

On a night like tonight, the secondary RAs on duty met up at the north stairwell on Higgins Basement, patrolled across, then up the south stairwell to Higgins Ground, where they'd split up on either side of the rectangle at the bathroom entrance, rendezvous by the entrance to the other, and back to the north stairwell, and so on.

All that to say, that when Savannah came knocking on my door only a few minutes after she departed to heed Janis' summons, we only had a few seconds to kiss before the other secondary, Vanessa tonight, rounded the corner and started wondering where her partner was.

"You should leave this open," she said in my doorway, holding up a finger to forestall Vanessa down the hall.

"If I'd known there were pretty girls roaming the halls in search of kisses, I would have."

“Well now you know. Just don’t let any crazy chicks in tonight, yeah?” She took a step in, out of Vanessa’s line of sight, and gave me another. Tongue, this time, however brief. “Or if you do, you two wait for me.”

One last kiss, and then she poked me in the tummy and sauntered on her way. No doubt she was putting some extra swing in those hips for my benefit. As I watched her go, she stopped to poke her nose in Terri and Toni’s room to ooh and aah about their galaxy light. The thing was practically a neon sign announcing that either or both of them were stoners, but stoners usually made for good neighbors. Kept quiet to avoid drawing attention, and less prone to getting wrapped up in community drama.

I’d seen the light myself last night. It looked pretty cool. It didn’t have a jot on Savannah Iyer, though.

When they came by for their 10:00 rounds, I made sure the door was open. I heard her coming, talking a couple doors down.

“Hey, you’re Leigh, right?”

Leigh’s voice was softer, but I’d been near the door, so I could make it out. “Yeah?”

“I’m Savannah, RA for the bottom floor. Are you doing OK? I know you had a crazy day, and I wanted to make sure you’re all right. Or as all right as can be, under the circumstances.”

“Oh. Yeah, I’m fine. Thanks.”

“Good. That’s good to hear.” The warmth in Savanna’s tone was a sharp contrast to the chill in Leigh’s. “Well, I’ll leave you to it.”

“Yeah.”

Then she was back in my room. No sign of Vanessa yet, so we put a door between us and prying eyes and enjoy a nice fifteen seconds of mouth on mouth excitement. She didn’t even object when I squeezed her ass, this time. Two-handed, even! It felt even better than it looked. It felt better still to be *allowed* to feel it.

An hour and change later, I was in the middle of wondering if Savannah and I were moving too fast when there was a rap at the door. Had she doubled back after rounds? I set down my tablet and pivoted to the door – only to find Leigh standing in the doorway.

My disappointment at her not being Savannah must have been showing, because her first words were, “Oh, is this a bad time?”

“Hmm? Oh, no, not at all. I was meaning to touch base with you about everything, but honestly...”

“You didn’t know what to say either, huh.”

I nodded. “Pretty much, yeah. But hey, come on in. You can close the door if you want. Up to you.”

She took me up on the offer. For the third time that day, I found myself sitting on my desk chair with an attractive woman perched on the edge of my bed. I know it was only because there was nowhere else to sit, but it still felt... suggestive, somehow. I'd have to get another chair in here. Surely Higgins had one sitting around somewhere. Shit, I could nab the spare one from Quinn's old room.

Speaking of... "So are you all right? Not too banged up?"

"Yeah, I think so. My elbow's sorta sore, and like, she scratched up my arms pretty good. Plus my ass is kind of bruised up from where she threw me down on the floor. I guess I can't wear those shorts again for a while, huh."

That right there was why I hadn't gone down to talk to her yet. Comforting somebody after getting attacked was one thing. Doing it after an attack provoked by a very explicit attempt to get in your pants was another altogether. "You looked good in them, for what it's worth." She still looked good. She had on long sleeves nows, to cover the scratches, and plain old jeans, but she'd have to go out of her way not to look good.

There. From the heart, from the hip. No RA techniques for de-escalating, no brushing her feelings under the rug, however superficial those feelings had been.

"I know, right? I've had them since forever, like since middle school, and... I guess you heard me telling that to Angel earlier."

"Uh, yeah. Look, I'm sorry. I should have said something. At the time, it felt like it would be too awkward to let you know I was in the next stall overhearing you two. Guess we all learned a big lesson about what awkwardness really feels like." She arched a neatly tweezed eyebrow. "And we're learning even more about it now."

"Yeah we are. But that's why I wanted to come down. I was on the phone with my grandma all evening after, you know, the fight or whatever. She told me it'd only get more super awkward if I didn't come talk to you."

I nodded. "Smart lady, your grandma. You two close, I take it?"

Leigh nodded back. "Pretty much raised me. My mom's a drunk, so she kinda came and went at being a mom, and my dad's always traveling for work. Thinks he's such smoking hot shit. Grandma picked up the slack best she could."

"Clutch. Good on her. Seems like she did a good job of it, considering how you turned out."

Leigh not only crossed her legs, but also folded her arms across her chest. "You don't even know me. Like, I could be a total crackhead for all you know."

Hmm. "Touché. All right, so maybe your grandma totally sucks, then."

Leigh relaxed her posture and even laughed, almost. "She's pretty chill most of the time."

"Good. Days like today, it helps to have somebody in your corner." As a sixth year student, I was well past the days when I called my parents regularly. Still, I'd told them

I'd touch base after the chaos of orientation weekend was over. I had no idea how I could tell them about today.

Yeah, so they said I could stay working on all girls floor. Going great so far, Mom. One little incident where I got sucked into a melee between two naked girls in the shower, but it was really only because one of them got over-attached when I let her shove her finger up my ass and jerk me off after our opening floor meeting.

Or, perhaps, *Going great so far, Mom. Anyway, how'd the Kraken's vet visit go?*

Leigh said something vaguely concurring. It was time to start working my RA mojo. "So how are you feeling?"

She shrugged. "Like I said, some scratches, bruises. That lady, the manager or whatever, she said I should go to the health center tomorrow and get checked out, just in case."

"That's Ramona. She's gave me the same advice. I can go with you, if you want. But actually I meant how are you *feeling*? It can be pretty traumatizing, something like that."

She looked down at her lap. "Yeah. Probs worse for you, though."

"Why worse for me?"

"Like, I mean, I got jumped by that psycho and everything. But at least, you know, it wasn't *as* humiliating. I don't got anything these chicks haven't seen. You know?"

Ah, right. The fact that a dozen or so women on my floor had seen me buck-ass naked, women I would be living with for the next nine months, hadn't yet fully crashed home. "Ah. Yeah." I let out a breath between my teeth. "Nothing like a fight to bring people running. Add some sex to the violence, and that crazy chick could've sold tickets."

"That's... one way of looking at it." She was still staring fixedly at her lap. "So, I couldn't help but notice that you were, like, you know..."

I grimaced apologetically, not that she saw it. "Oh. You saw that, eh. I, um, guess I was." Should I apologize? It wasn't like it had happened on purpose or anything. I offered the next best thing. "That wasn't because of you or anything."

"Oh. So like, it wasn't?"

"No! No. I think it was the adrenaline, heat of the moment and all. And, ah, the friction?"

"Oh."

"Yeah."

"Ya. Oh."

So, this half-apology was flying like a Hindenburg full of fire breathers. "Did I say something wrong?"

"No, I mean, I thought..." She shook her head. "Forget it."

I scooted my chair closer – but not too close. “Hey, your grandma said you should come talk to me, right? So talk to me. What’s up.”

Her eyes looked up, but her chin stayed down. “I mean... that’s, like, such bullshit, though. Right?”

“What do you mean? I think your grandma’s advice was–”

Now it came up, to make sure I didn’t miss a single degree in the dramatic rolling of her eyes. “No, dick. You were totes mega-hard the second you came out of your shower stall.”

“I... what? No I wasn’t.”

“I was on the ground. I had a pretty good view up your towel, stud. And your cock is fucking huge – sorta hard to miss. But sure, friction, adrenaline – tell yourself what you gotta tell yourself.”

It was my turn to fold my arms. This was fast becoming the most uncomfortable conversation I’d had since... Well, since Quinn came in and talked her way into my ass, last night. “What are you trying to say, exactly?”

“I think you know what I’m trying to say.”

“No, I don’t.”

If she rolled her eyes any harder, she was going to wind up with detached retinas. “You heard me saying I wanted to hook up with you, and you liked it. Hiding over there, listening to us talk about you. Were you totally jacking it over there, or just saving it up for later?”

“Was I... what? Hey now! That would be completely inappropriate!”

“Like how you let psycho girl finger you? Inappropriate like that?”

“How would you know I–”

“OK, so like, look me in the eye and deny it.” When I couldn’t, she gave me a smug *hmmph*. “Yeah. What I thought.”

“All right, fine! So a hot girl who shook her ass at me for three solid miles on our tour today was in the next stall talking about being into me. Sue me for not knowing what to say in that moment! And need I remind you that if Quinn hadn’t blown up, you would never have even known I heard!”

“Is that right?”

“I was trying not to embarrass you!”

“So like, what, eavesdropping on me, high-fiving me while I’m naked, none of that struck you like it might be something that would embarrass me? When I saw a man’s hand reaching over the stall door, I about screamed, but I figured it was you pretty quick.”

I blinked. “Wait, *what?! You knew?* You didn’t either! You went right on talking about me! How could you possibly know that was *my* hand?”

The answer to that question was obvious, though Leigh gave it an even more thorough answer than my own reflexive analysis. “You’re the only guy who lives in this entire building. If it were a boyfriend or something, they totally would have said something when I checked to see if it was you.”

“So why did you pretend you didn’t notice?”

“Sirrslee? That was a freaking golden opportunity to let you know I was feelin’ a lil’ thirsty for you.”

“Uh... I’m not sure I follow.”

Leigh scooted closer and leaned toward me. Even sitting down and several feet away, I felt like she was looming. “Your move? Ball in your court? Or how’d you put it to us last night – my door is always open?” She made a face. I didn’t know the name for the face, but it was not pleased. “Then you held me, totally nakey. I felt that baseball bat of a cock of yours motha flipping throbbing against me. If you were any shorter, it might have just climbed right on in then and there. And despite all that... I’ve been stuck in my room, alone, talking to my grandma, for hours now.”

“Wait. You thought I was going to come down there... to see if you wanted to...?”

“I already told you I wanted to. I was waiting for you to come down and do it. Instead you made me come down here and ask you like a friggin’ pleb.”

Without really knowing why, I slowly stood up. So did Leigh, and once she was up, she was coming at me. I was backing away, but the room was only about 140 square feet. “Leigh, look, I was out of line paying so much attention to that show you were putting on for me on the tour.”

“I wouldn’t have done it if I didn’t want you to look.” She grinned, though whether it was smug self-satisfaction or because my butt had hit the window ledge and there was no further I could go, I didn’t know. “That was a workout, I tell ya, swinging my hips like that for, what’d you say it was, three miles? I needed that shower. Worked up a sweat for you.”

“No, I don’t mean that, I mean...” I shook my head. “I’m your RA. I get that doesn’t mean much to you, but it means I could get in big trouble – with good reason.”

“What good reason is there why two hotties who’re hot for each others hot parts shouldn’t hook up?” She hadn’t penned me in, quite, but she was still inching closer. Soon I’d have to push past her if I wanted to escape.

“I’m in a position of authority.”

“Mmm, yeah. Wanna frisk me?”

“Um, no. And you live here. We share a bathroom for crying out loud. If an RA were allowed to mess around with their residents, there’d wind up some creep who’d abuse his authority to coerce somebody.”

All right, now I was penned in. I was half sitting on the window ledge, which exacerbated her capacity to loom. I’d never realized how those extra inches made

someone take up your while field of vision. She was close enough now that I could feel our height differential making the first effort at putting a crick in my neck.

“Didn’t seem to slow you down with little miss lunatic.”

“I didn’t plan that. She just came in and sat in my bed, and... came at me. It happened faster than I knew what was happening.”

“Like this?”

How did someone take their shirt off that fast? It was like I saw her arms shift, and then *POOF!* Tits.

Cute ones, too, though that wasn’t news.

“Leigh, what’re you doing?”

Her spine and neck twisted, snake-like, and it put her face in front of mine. “Breaking the rules.”

She kissed me. I didn’t move toward her an inch, I swear. While I was trying to remember how they’d trained me to stop something like this – and why – she was busy moving my hands to her boobs. Unlike Leigh’s casual outer clothes, her bra was sexy as hell, a filmy blue thing that let the color of her skin show through most of it. It was slick, and did nothing to obstruct my tactile impression of the boobs themselves. They were great. I mean, they were boobs – what else would they be?

The kiss ended before I came up with anything. “Are you supposed to be enforcing the rules, Mr. Resident Advisor?”

“Resident assistant,” I corrected robotically.

Leigh was swaggering in reverse, somehow. I found myself following for a few steps, but when her boobs went out of arm’s reach, my brain started working again. At least until she bent at the waist over my bed and pointed her ass my direction, grinning wickedly over her shoulder. I’d thought those jeans looked nice and comfy. Baggy. Hole-free, contrary to the fashion. Absolutely not in any way sexy.

So I’d thought. I’d forgotten to contemplate how easily such loose-fitting jeans could be eased down over a woman’s hips.

Leigh hadn’t worn shoes. Normal enough; plenty of folks didn’t bother around the floor. Her jeans hit the floor and her socked feet slipped right out. Her panties matched the bra. Not skimpy – they covered their charge amply – but they were that same see-through material, so in effect, they obscured nothing. There was, in fact, a little bruise there. Weird that I noticed that, when I hadn’t given a second thought to the scratches on her front.

“So what do you think? Do you want to punish me?” Oh *god*. Before I could drool over my achingly confined cock over that one, I was given an alternative. Still bent over the bed, she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties over either hip, and tugged them down just enough that part of her crack slipped free.

“Or do you want to break some rules with me?”

“Leigh... I can’t,” I protested. Then I took a step forward.

“You can, and you should. I promise, I’m a really good fuck. I was kind of a big slut in high school.” Her panties slipped a few more inches down. “But if you wanna spank me instead – or first or whatever – just try not to get the bruises, OK?”

She meant it. Holy god, she *meant* it. I know it’s kind of a gauche fantasy, but it comes with the territory. You show me a man with even the most minute amount of authority over women, even if he likes and respects them, and I’ll show you a closet spanking fetishist. Not something either of my two major girlfriends to date had been into, and contrary to my very recent track record, I didn’t have the kind of game that let me get away with spanking a casual hookup.

I shook my head. No. Savannah. This was hot as fuck, but so was she, and I actually liked her. Respected her. “Believe me it’s killing me to say this, you’re so fucking sexy, but... I *really* can’t.”

“Do you want to take them off yourself? If you ask nice, I might even sway around the room some for you, let you get a better look at what I put you through on the tour.”

“Leigh, no. I’m serious.” I needed her out of here, too, ASAP. I should still have ten minutes or so before midnight rounds made their way up here, and there was no way she’d barge in without knocking after what I’d told her about Quinn last night. No sense cutting it close, though.

“I’m serious, too. Come on, you can’t tell me you don’t wanna have a bite of this lil’ snack. If you were down for whatever that basic bitch gave you, how could you not?”

“I regret what I did last night.”

“Not like you’re gonna regret it if you don’t do this tonight.”

“I–” Oh. Oh *shit*. That smirk, it had seemed flirtatious on first pass. But then I saw something, saw... *Shit!* “Are you blackmailing me?”

“What? No. Your secret’s safe with me, Spencer. And I bet I could make sure Angel keeps her mouth shut about it, too. If you want me to. If you don’t care... I’m sure it’s killing her to keep her mouth shut.”

This was happening. This girl was threatening to tell the world I’d screwed around with one of my residents. Ramona might be willing to believe Quinn was lying about our hookup, but eye witnesses had a way of vindicating even a crazy bitch like her, especially if the eye witness was someone who ought to be grateful to the accused party. This chick was seriously threatening to get me fired – from my job that provides me room and board – if I didn’t sleep with her.

Later on I’d probably muster some outrage, but... is it wrong that that made me want to fuck her *more*?

(Aside from the blackmail, that is.)

Right before I opened my mouth to reply, someone barged in without knocking. Leigh squealed and dove for cover behind my bed, but the bed was maybe twenty inches tall, and she six feet.

“Savannah, I—” I stopped. This was not Savannah, but a different RA. Vanessa.

“Hey Spencer, Sav-WHOA!” She spun away, shielding her eyes.

“Shut the door!”

Vanessa threw it shut. With her inside. Leigh used the courtesy to start throwing her clothes back on.

“Why doesn’t anybody knock around here?!” I accused her. Perhaps unfairly, considering what she’d walked in on.

“Savannah said you would be up and waiting! She didn’t mention—”

“Savannah said...? Wait, where is she? Why are *you* here?”

“If you’d let me finish, she said you’d been talking after that thing earlier, but to tell you she couldn’t make it up here and that she’d talk to you tomorrow. Can I turn around yet?”

Heather said nothing. Wriggling into the jeans was taking long than wriggling out, it seemed.

“Why, did something happen? Is everything OK? Can I help out?”

“You seem to have your hands full as it is,” she observed dryly. “And cool your jets, Ace. Everything’s fine.”

“So then what...?”

“Her boyfriend dropped by. Guess he’s back in town.”

The way things had been on Higgins 3 since move-in, I was sort of being overwhelmed by the torrent of sexuality swirling around me.