**The RA**

**Chapter Three:**

For the second time in as many weeks, I found myself walking into the Lakeview Recreation Center’s squash courts. I was dressed for battle. I’d waited half an hour for Bob to finish a match with some man I didn’t recognize, but he wasn’t leaving until he’d dealt with me.

“You again,” he grumbled, inspecting his racket for who knew what. “Didn’t think we’d need to talk again so soon.”

“I’m only here to tell you I quit.”

“We haven’t even started a match yet, and you’re quitting already?”

“I’m not talking about squash. I’m talking about your little science experiment. My job. I quit.”

“No you don’t. Either pick up a racket, or get off the court.”

I had no interest whatsoever in squash. Not with Bob, anyway. I’d come here for a reason. Although, as the sweating 50-something director of residence life disdainfully ignored me as he checked his phone, in spite of myself, I found I actually felt like playing. Half his age and twice his physicality, a chance to kick his ass at something was oddly appealing.

There was an anticlimactic moment as I excused myself to check out equipment from the desk and made my way back, strutting as best I could. I wasn’t really dressed for it either, but so what? If I could handle those hours of running on the track upstairs, I could hustle around an old man down here, jeans or no.

“Jeans, huh. Well. Don’t expect me to go easy on you.”

I hefted the squash ball. I’d played a few times before, enough to know the rules and the physics. “Age before beauty.” I tossed it Bob’s way.

He grunted a laugh, and served. I hadn’t stretched, or at least I told myself that was the problem as I failed to intercept the bounce in time.

“Nice try, handsome. One serving zero.”

I hit it back this time. Once. “Two serving zero.”

By the time he was up 10 to 2, I’d not yet broached the subject at hand. Bob was all business, except his business was humiliating me at a game he played like a part-time job.

“Game point.”

We had a decent volley this time, and I had the satisfaction of seeing his gangly body crash into the wall right before his power swing sent the ball breezing right past me.

“Your serve. Unless you’re looking to quit at this, too. I can allow mercy rules on this one.”

“Allow’s got nothing to do with it. I already told Ramona. I’m only here to tell you because of the situation with, you know, the pheromones.”

“It’s not pheromones. And you’re not quitting.”

I served. This time, controlling instead of reacting, I could put some real power behind it. Bob’s swing was too slow. “One serving zero. And yes, I am. You’re done controlling me.”

He tied things up. “I don’t control you. From what I hear, even you barely control you. But you’re not quitting.”

I put my fervor into the game for a while. It was more even now, but he kept a point ahead of me most of the way to game point. “I hurt people. I know it doesn’t matter to you, but it does to me. One of my girls got a whole boob job just to get my attention. Only the effect dulled over break, so by the time she got back she was left wondering why the hell she’d do something like that for some guy who lives down the hall for her. She’s seen–”

“The counseling office, I know. I do read my emails. They look good?”

I snorted contemptuously, wiping the sweat from my forehead on my sleeve. “*That’s* your reaction? Do they look good?”

“It was your reaction. Why wouldn’t it be mine? At least I’m not enough of an asshole to say it to her face. She does all that for you, though, and you’re bailing on her?”

“I think she’s going to have them ‘undone,’ or whatever. Either way, I’ve done enough damage.”

“Been listening to your floor governor, huh.”

“She’s got some solid points. Eight serving nine.”

Bob dove for it this time, and missed. It felt good. He might know the game better, but I had stamina and athleticism on my side. “Bah, she’s full of shit.”

“Tell that to Casey, who got dumped by the love of her life when he found out she was throwing herself at another man. Nine all.”

“A freshman girl breaking up with her long distance boyfriend? Unprecedented, that. ‘Love of her life.’ Listen to yourself. Think love’s supposed to conquer all? That shit you’re pumping out, *that* is what conquers all, handsome.”

“Respectfully? Fuck your cynicism. These are people. I care about them. I’m done hurting them. I quit.”

“People who say ‘respectfully’ before saying something disrespectful can go to hell. Now shut up and serve.”

“I’m already there. Nine serving ten.”

“You forgot to say–” Bob put the ball on a nasty little spin, twisting right past my reach. “–game point. That’s 2-0. My serve, I believe.”

He was unrelenting this time. Every time I tried to drive home the message I’d come to deliver, he served, and there was no talking during a game like this. I might not be breathing as hard as Bob, but I wasn’t scoring like him. I was off balance, underprepared, and ill-equipped.

“Ten serving nil. Match point.”

“Hold it.” He paused. I hadn’t thought he would. “You can beat me at squash, great.”

“I haven’t yet. Unless you’re quitting.”

“I *am* quitting. Quitting this stupid game, quitting that stupid job, quitting that awful experiment. Don’t think you can threaten me this time – I’ve seen how quickly it wears off. We can talk about how we get this crap out of me another time. I’m sure the real power behind this shit doesn’t want it walking off into the world. And that’s fine. But no more. What I’ve done is bad enough.”

Bob served. The ball crashed into the far wall, then bounced back and hit me in the hip. He hadn’t put much into the swing; I barely felt it. “That’s a match. Props for seeing it through. Talk to my assistant if you want to schedule another one sometime. And wear some proper clothes – bet you’re sweating your magic balls off in that.”

“Whatever. I’m done.”

I was almost to the door when he stopped me. “Damn shame. Going to be hard to replace you.”

“You’ll find somebody. They’re good girls; they don’t take much oversight. Just love.”

“You are a piece of work. Maybe the most dedicated RA I’ve ever known, and I’ve been at this a while. I’ll bet your replacement, whoever he’ll be, won’t care half as much. A tenth.”

“He? Maybe try a woman for a women’s floor this time.”

“You think the experiment ends with you, gorgeous?” Bob chuckled. “No, I’ll have to find somebody else to fill your shoes, get that data. It’ll set things back, but I have a hard time imagining the next guy will be so hesitant about dipping his wick.”

My blood went from boiling to freezing in seconds. Bob pressed his attack. “It’ll take Ramona a bit to adjust to a new hand on her leash, I expect, but I’ll give her some leeway. The girls won’t like it, at least for a few days, but you know as well as I do they’ll fall in line. Better than they did for you. All you had was that pretty face and a big bleeding heart. I’ll find somebody on the alternate list with an ethical red flag or two, and once they’re filled up on that special sauce, finally getting to scratch that sluttish itch you’ve neglected, there won’t be a resident in Higgins who won’t be grateful for your noble sacrifice.”

“You son of a–”

“Staff, too. What’s that girl’s name on the basement floor? Grey? Bet he’ll mine some serious data out of her.”

Like that, he was done with me, walking over to his gym bag and tucking his racket, the balls, his arm- and headbands inside while I processed. “I’ll expose you,” I managed.

“No you won’t. You don’t know anything, can’t prove anything. Even if you could, you know what it would do to those girls if you did, especially when they find out you volunteered – unless you can prove you didn’t. Which, considering some of the papers you signed when you thought you were just getting your wisdom teeth pulled, would be a tough case.”

I shook my head. “What the hell made you this way?” I croaked, throat parched.

“We’ve been over this. If you can’t figure out why somebody would want what you have, you’re an even bigger pansy than I pegged you for when I picked you. Don’t think I regret it, either. You’re the right man for the job. If anybody can mollify those girls, put that mess of a community back together, it’s you. And don’t insult me further by pretending that’s not what you *really* want.”

Bob strode past me, not even slowing when he slapped me on the butt. “Good game, Spencer. Look on the bright side. Just keep practicing. I want a real challenge next time.”

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Ramona, at least, was happy to hear I’d changed my mind. She used the staff meeting that night to host an ethics training session using an adaptation of the trolley problem. It was supposed to get us thinking about whether it was better to do a write-up and put someone through the judicial system, or to let something slide and let the unaddressed actions damage the community. Really, she wanted me to think about whether it was better for me to fuck the Hotties lovingly, or to let someone else make a harem of them in my absence. It was nice of her to let me come to the conclusion without another of those high pressure sales pitches she’d tried over break.

(It would have been nicer if she hadn’t split the staff into two discussion groups, placing me alongside Vickie and Savannah while she talked with Vanessa and Janis. Nominally, it was a test that we could honor our pledge to continue to have work relationships after our romantic ones fell to shit. One more lie.)

When I told Tori, she was less supportive. Ellie was there; I took the opportunity to ask how she was holding up. She was fine, thankfully. It was her great aunt who had died, and while they weren’t close, she’d stuck around to be there for her mom. That was as much as I learned before Tori told me she wasn’t comfortable having a man of my character in her room.

What to do, then? My commitment to data collection was forgotten. This was about Higgins 3. Our community. Our home. So I went to my strong suit. Face to face conversations, small scale. I knocked on doors, ready to make apologies, listen to grievances, and start us all thinking about how we could mend things. I was ready to make concessions, to grovel if needs be.

After the first half dozen doors refused to open to me, I decided another tactic was warranted.

It had been stupid to start on Tori’s end of the hallway. Her door was open, if barely. I had to hand it to her – that was real solidarity. She’d no doubt heard me trying to get Amy in 300 to open her door and warned them off. It was like a labor union of pissed off Hotties. How the hell was I supposed to figure out how to make it up to them if I couldn’t even talk to them? And how had she gotten the word out so quickly?

For once, I figured out the answer to my riddle quickly. All I needed was a weak link.

*Hey. I need to talk to you. To someone. Please.*

*We’re not supposed to talk to you. Some people are really mad.*

I frowned. Not what I’d hoped for. But then the text window said she was typing again.

*Are you OK?*

*No.*

*Do you have somewhere we could meet privately? Not here at home.*

I waited ten minutes in the formal lounge, where the scent of Ramona’s coffee from our staff meeting still tickled my nostrils, before Charlie entered. It seemed a bit too cloak and dagger, but it seemed important to her, and she was taking a social risk. She came right up to me and hugged me, resting her cheek against my shoulder and patting my back until she brought the tears out. Once they’d stopped, she finally let me go, and curled up beside me on one of those too-formal couches they stocked this place with.

“Thanks for coming to see me, Charlie. I know things are tense. It means a lot.”

“What are friends for?” Her smile was fleeting, though. “Not that I’m not… Um..”

She couldn’t bring herself to say the word. “It’s OK to be mad. I don’t blame you. I really made a mess of things. That’s what I wanted to talk about, actually.”

She nodded. “I figured. I knew you would, even before you texted me. I’m glad you did, though. Things are so bad now. I hate it. I didn’t want to sign that petition, but Destiny was right there, and it looked like everybody else had, and… I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. How are you, Charlie? I’ll bug you about my junk soon enough, but tell me about you.”

She brightened. “I’m… OK. Going back home, seeing my kitty and my family and my friends, it was like… Man. Things are like, *really* horny around here. Which was fun! Don’t get me wrong. But I think we let ourselves get carried away. You’re such a cutie patootie, and the way you never took advantage when somebody flirts I think just made some of us try harder…” The way her cheeks colored, clearly she considered herself among that number.

“You don’t have anything to be embarrassed of, Charlie. I’ve been as bad about it as any of you.” I considered. “Well, except maybe Leigh and Casey.”

“Oh, Casey.” She frowned. “I’m really worried about her. If I tell you something, do you promise you won’t get anybody in trouble over it?”

“I don’t get people in trouble. People make decisions sometimes that get themselves in trouble, and…” I cut my rote line short. “Sorry. Yes, I promise. Though if I were guessing… Drugs?”

Charlie nodded. “And alcohol. *Lots* of alcohol. She’s been kind of… upset. Nikki crashed in Emma’s spare bed last night because she couldn’t sleep with Casey, and the crying, and the yelling and everything. Plus I think she was kinda afraid you’d come over and she’d get busted for all the booze and stuff.”

“Good for Nikki, and good on Emma. I heard some of it myself, through the wall.” I cleared my throat. “Actually, that’s kind of what I was hoping you could help me with. I need to know what’s going on with people, and they’re not talking to me.”

“How can I help? Name it. I just want things to go back the way they were, when everybody was getting along and happy and having fun.”

I took a slow breath. This was going to be a big ask. “I need to see the discord.”

She stiffened instantly. It was harder not to notice the way her nipples were jutting out with that rigid posture. Oh, Charlie. “Um… what discord?”

“Terri and Toni told me about it. It’s OK. I don’t want to do a deep dive or anything, but I need to know what people are saying, and they won’t talk to me. I know some of the issues, but I think a lot of us had time and space to clear our heads over break, and I suspect you’re not the only one who regrets how far we let things go.”

“I’m not. But… That server is sacred. It’s Hotties only. Andi let it slip that she’d been showing some of my – I mean, some of *our*, um, doodles, and, um, scribbles? To her friends from home. And she got banned, hard. She had to *beg* to be let back in. They made her tell everyone about…” Her cheeks flushed deeper. “They made her earn it.”

They’d made her tell about having sex with me, I surmised. Valuable currency, until this past week.

“Please, Charlie. You can watch me, point me to the hot spots. All I want is to know how my Hotties are doing. I screwed up bad. Maybe I can’t fix what I did, but I need to know if there are other fires to put out, and to just make the floor livable again.” I grunted. “Have you ever seen so many doors closed?”

Charlie smiled slyly. “Sure. On all the other floors.” The smile faded then. “But… look. I can’t just… People would be *so* mad. Like, however mad you think they are now, times a hundred. They’d be less mad if they caught you peeping over a shower stall than peeping on the Hottie Haven.”

“It’s called the Hottie Haven…?”

“Don’t hate!”

“No, I love it. It’s perfect.” I flashed my most pleading smile. “So… can I?”

After a final moment of consternation, just to drive home how big of an ask this was, Charlie plucked her phone out of… I wasn’t actually sure. Her shorts didn’t have pockets. She swiped in and brought up the discord app. I couldn’t help but notice the channel names. Normal sounding ones like #gen-chat, #gamer-girlz, #calc-support and #comp-support and #study-buddies. I knew plenty of RAs who had a floor discord they’d created for their residents, and that was about what I’d been given to understand they were for.

The rest, though…

#spence-scribbles.

#ra-writes.

#spence-sightings.

#dicky-doodles.

“I’m sorry, is that… dicky doodles…?”

Charlie winced. “It’s not what it sounds like! Um, Jordyn, she likes to, uh, draw. Um, you. Um… naked? Ish? Sometimes just you. Sometimes she draws you, uh, you know, sort of… doing… stuff? With, you know, some of, like… us.”

“Charlie, that’s exactly what it sounds like.”

“You are not allowed to look in there, understand? I would *die* of embarrassment.”

“So you’re saying she drew you and me.” I smirked a bit. Who wouldn’t?

“She said she needed a model! I was only posing to be nice!”

I put an arm around her and gave her a half hug. Before I could remove it, she took my hand in hers, locking it around her. Then she put the phone in my spare hand. “Tori made a new channel. It’s… yeah.”

I’d tapped before she needed to name it. #ra-revolution. The both of us fell silent as I began to peruse. It was easy to ID the Hottie from her handle. Most either used their real name or an obvious nickname. They’d probably set it up before they knew each other, so ease of identification had been important.

There wasn’t as much as I feared; perhaps unsurprisingly, most of them were more occupied with their own classes and problems and social lives than they were with Tori’s fixation on my removal. Tori herself had authored easily half the posts. Mostly familiar beats: that I was a lecher, that it was sexist to have only one women’s floor on campus with a man RA, Lexi, Casey. There were less vociferous mentions of Andi, Terri and Toni, Kyu-Ri, even Quinn. She recapped points from the forum, the issues raised and solutions decided upon, which were noted as stop gaps until she could persuade Ramona to fire me should I refuse to resign in disgrace.

All in all, nothing surprising. The depth of her passion aside, I agreed with most of it. I couldn’t exactly tell her my resigning would usher in the perviest asshole Bob could find. A bluff, probably, but I wasn’t so humble about being a relatively decent dude that I held out hope that my replacement would have even the crumbling restraint I’d had.

Perusing the reactions to Tori’s screed, I saw Casey had been fanatical. Lots of devil horns, and she’d dredged up a guillotine somewhere. I told myself she was only acting out of pain. A few others had been cheering her on, some maybe only because they were friends, but others… Peyton, Jean, Sammi, Danielle, Emma, all vocally in lockstep, echoing Tori’s rants.

*We ought to tell the police!!!* wrote a livid SammisAran, who evidently hadn’t gotten over the slap on the wrist she’d received from Ramona for what she’d done to Kyu-Ri.

*we oughtta chop his dick off and stuff it up his fuckin ass*, countered KC. That certainly upped the ante.

Jo – just Jo – took the cake with, *We should bury up to his ball sack in fire ants and feed whatever they don’t eat to Preacher Dan so he can choke on the only bigger asshole on campus*.

Oof. Preacher Dan was a Lakeview institution, probably schizophrenic but definitely disturbed. Whenever the weather permitted, he’d find a spot on campus and heckle students. Godless whores, all of us, so sayeth whatever Biblical-sounding thing he was claiming to quote that day. He’d pulled that shit on Marisa once. She’d stopped and told him she agreed completely, and offered to suck his dick for a hundred dollars. She kept it up, shouting over him shouting over her, until he retreated to another nook of campus.

She probably wouldn’t look on it favorably if I fed the guy.

Charlie snuggled in beside me. Every so often I caught her glancing up at me, monitoring me, making sure I could take it. Whenever she looked too distraught, I gave her a little squeeze, which kept me from getting too distraught.

The rest were the classic silent majority. Where I could pick up comments, they painted a picture of girls who were upset about recent events and embarrassed they’d gotten so worked up over their camaraderie in their quietly competitive collective crush. They just wanted to go home for winter break and be able to answer their parents’ questions about how they were liking college without blushing. Having avoided my own family last week, I empathized.

It was a relief, at least, to know my Hotties were only mad for the right reasons, and for the right amount. Janis was wrong. They didn’t hate me. I could work with that.

By the time I finished reading and analyzing, Charlie had nestled in and fallen sound asleep under my arm. I gave her a little squeeze.

“Mmm,” she purred, snuggling in tighter. One of her hands found my thigh, rubbing it softly in her sleep. I let her keep at it, and it wasn’t long before it drifted higher and she was clumsily pawing at my crotch with a beatific smile spreading on her lips. Before I could stop myself, I found my finger drifting toward them. When it tapped that glossy pink entrance, it parted and sucked me right in.

Charlie stirred, barely, but that ounce of awareness only made her suck harder.

I could probably fuck her right here, tonight, in the formal lounge. The girl who’d I’d noticed on move-in day, helping her up the stairs, following that tight, beautiful behind of hers in those tight, beautiful shorts, who’d first made me wonder if I could be trusted to watch over a girl so flagrantly sexy. Then I found out there were dozens more.

None quite like her, though.

I wasn’t about to be that stupid, though. With effort, I made myself withdraw my finger. Her neck followed as far as it could. She’d only woken up that little bit, though, so after a pouty noise, she drooped back down against me. Her hand at my crotch didn’t stop. Her other took my hand and placed it softly on her breast. Then, like that, she fell right back asleep. The scent of her shampoo filled my nostrils.

I couldn’t bring myself to wake her. I’d seen all there was to see about the state of my community. I’d left my own phone in my room.

There was only one thing left to do.

I tapped on #dicky-doodles, and soon gave Charlie something to fill her hand. Jordyn really knew her stuff. As she felt me growing, her hand made its way down my pants. The good old Spencer effect, triggering unconscious handjobs. Finally, something was going right.

Charlie was a sound sleeper. By the time she stirred, it was going on two in the morning. I’d navigated to #ra-writes and was finishing the most recent chapter of *Hearts of Fire*, a serial by C.A.Rebear, a user name that could only be Charlie’s. It was about a devoted CEO and widow who was being drawn into a passionate (and incredibly graphic) love affair with a noble hearted investor Lawrence Svenster.

I didn’t notice her wake up until I heard her gasp. “You weren’t supposed to see that! Oh my *gawd* I am so embarrassed I could die. Please tell me you just started.”

As her hand tried to extricate itself from my boxers, I dropped her phone and gently took her wrist. “I’m almost done, actually. This is…”

“What? It’s what? It’s so stupid. This is why I’m studying to be an actuary. I am so bad with words. Stupid stupid stupid!”

I planted a kiss on her forehead. “I love it. You’re so talented, Charlie. This is my favorite thing. Did you really write this all on your own?”

She nodded, grinning bashfully. “Um, yeah. Destiny helped me proofread, though.”

“Do you mind, um, keeping at it while I finish? You don’t have to if you don’t–”

“It’s fine. Though, um, would you… No, never mind.”

“No, tell me! Whatever it is, I don’t mind.”

She resumed stroking, and I let go of the wrist I forgot I’d been holding. “Would you… read it out loud?”

“Of course.”

Her phone had locked, so I had to have her swipe back in. She did all this one-handed, lovingly stroking my cock all the while. As I found my place, she used the swamp in her own underwear to moisten her hand, her pussy providing nature’s own perfect lubricant.

I cleared my throat, and resumed. “‘I love the taste of you, Scarlotte,’ cried Lawrence Svenster into my tight pink pussy, which had bounced back incredibly after giving natural childbirth three times. ‘Thank you. Thank you for letting me sample the sweetest treat this tongue has ever tasted.’”

I closed my free hand back over her breast while hers sunk into her panties and began to play. “My late husband never acquired a taste for it. He made me feel like there was something wrong with me. And maybe there was. Maybe whatever sweetness you taste in the honeyed nectar of my cunt was saving itself for you.”

I paused and looked down at the budding young author until she realized I’d stopped. “Um…?”

I opened my mouth, and after a moment, she caught on. Charlie slipped her hand out of her panties and slipped the glistening digits into my mouth. My turn to suck on her fingers. She didn’t hold them there long, or maybe just not as long as I wanted her to. “Honeyed nectar,” I confirmed.

“Oh god. Go on.”

She resumed masturbating the two of us as I read her fantasy. “I couldn’t help myself. I wanted his mouth, his tongue that he could maneuver like a finger only gentler, to touch me forever. Instead, I exploded. A tsunami of hot, wet cum flooded out of me, splashing his chiseled jaw. He didn’t flinch, though. Not Lawrence Svenster. It only egged him on, proved his mastery of my pleasure. He wore a crown of my cum, proclaiming him king of my pussy. That wasn’t enough, though. He wanted to rule me as a god.”

She’d managed to lift her shirt over her chest. No bra. “You can squeeze harder, if you want. I know they’re not huge, but I can take it. If you want.”

Tit play with my left hand while I was reading and being jacked off wasn’t easy, but I did my best as I went on. “‘Please, Mr. Svenster, let me return the favor. Let me get on my knees and blow you. I want to see if you still taste as delicious as you do in my nightly dreams ever since we met last week.’

“But Lawrence laughed away my offer, though it was rich, warm laugh that filled my heart the way his tongue had seemed to fill my shockingly tight pussy. ‘Favor? Scarlotte, you’re the one who’s done me a favor – and I don’t just mean your juicy, cummy panties, which I’m keeping as a fragrant trophy, by the way. You know I’m a man who sees a woman he wants and takes her, a lover first and all else second. Between your warm, cum-soaked thighs, however, I’ve been reminded that sometimes, it’s best to slow down, savor, and learn one body until it’s completely and utterly mine to pleasure when and how I wish. I’m not done with your pussy yet.’”

Charlie’s body was quivering as she diddled and jerked us off. “Oh gosh, it’s s-so bad…”

“I love it. I *love* it.” I read on with confidence. I could see we were very nearly at the end.

“Lawrence Svenster stood over me, a tower of turgid manly desire. In that moment, I gave away all rights to my womanhood forever. It was his do with as he willed. I had no fear that he would take good care of it. He already had, but from the gleam in his eyes, I could tell he wasn’t done with me. Not by a long shot.”

Her hips were bucking against her fingers. She paused to refresh the lubrication on the hand servicing me, and from the same source. It came out of her panties glazed with her wetness.

“‘Tell me your pussy is mine,’ he said, as if reading my mind.

“‘It’s yours! It’s all yours!’ I wailed, but quiet enough that we wouldn’t wake my sweet, slumbering children, who had school in the morning.

“‘So do I have your permission to fuck it as absolutely mind-meltingly hard as I can?’ Lawrence asked. The request was so sweet, I fell in love with him and his massive, ember red rod of fuckthority all over again, down to the last vein.”

Charlie was coming, and she was coming slowly. I took her nipple between thumb and forefinger and pinched down, and she shrieked so loud it echoed.

“‘Always, Lawrence. Always. I love you. My pussy loves your cock. My children will learn to love you,’ I promised. ‘Now please, I beg you, stick that monster-sized dick in my snug little cunt and fuck me until I black out from more pleasure than my late husband gave me in his entire lifetime. Make me your lifelong fuck vessel, until the rivers of our ecstasy runs dry.’”

Charlie knew what she was about. When I erupted, her hand was there to catch it. Reading and coming at the same time was a tall order, so with only a small block to go, I paused until I’d filled her delicate hand and then some. She hadn’t let up on herself, though, and by all appearances was still riding a slow, lazy orgasm through the chapter’s end. Her cum-filled hand went straight to her mouth, lapping thirstily at my donation.

“Lawrence Svenster drove his purple pleasure pillar into me, his body held aloft by my delicate, freshly manicured hands. He was heavy, though, so I nimbly maneuvered him onto his back and mounted him. The delight in his eyes as he watched my body bounce atop his inverted pogo stick dick, I would never forget it. I cried out in excitement as he delivered a few firm slaps to my impressively toned ass for a mother of three.”

Charlie, still toying, still wriggling, still panting, giggled to herself. “I’m, um, not into spanking or anything. That’s just for the girls. Some of them, you know, like that kind of kinky stuff.”

I laughed with her, and read the chapter’s conclusion. “He flooded my body with so much cum that I would never doubt how sexy he found me, perhaps even as sexy as I found him. I found myself praying that it would catch, that tonight, my fourth child’s story began in the loving, commandingly spanking hands of Lawrence Svenster. Would he even want to raise a child with me? Much less four? But as we collapsed into one another’s naked, sweaty embraces, he asked me if it would be all right if I had dinner with the family tomorrow night, and read my children their good night story – before dragging me to bed, ripping off my designer suit and rocking my body as only he ever had, or could.

“‘I can’t wait for you to meet them,’ I told him, my heart swelling the way my hot wet cunt swelled for his incredible supercock. I turned then and smiled to my secretary, who had watched it all unfold patiently. ‘He’s all yours, Mrs. Queensley. But save some for me for tomorrow, eh?’”

“‘You’re the best boss I’ve ever had,’ she said as her lips descended to suck my cum off Lawrence Svenster’s swiftly reinvigorated cock. ‘I love you like a sister.’”

Still riding the final trembles of her orgasm, Charlie watched me for a reaction. “That was so, so hot, Charlie. I’m sorry I snuck a peek without asking, but I’m also really, really not sorry. That was so good.”

“You’re not just saying that? I know it’s really silly. It’s just random fantasies and stuff that I think about when I’m playing with myself in the shower.”

“You have good fantasies,” I assured her. “In fact…”

I lifted my arm off of her and rolled to my knees at her feet. Her head cocked to the side, not following my intent until I lifted her to her feet with two handful of firm, warm ass.

“Oh god. Spencer, you really don’t have to… I mean, you shouldn’t, right? Like…”

“I want to, but if you don’t want it, I won’t,” I told her, admiring her simple white cotton panties from inches away. They were a murky gray at the crotch, where she’d flooded them thoroughly. The scent of her filled the air, and if it wasn’t honey, it was damn sweet.

“I… I, um… You won’t tell Tori?” I tensed, the reminder snapping me out of the moment. “Oh shoot, I did not mean to say that. Pretend I didn’t, OK? Please? I want it. Please.”

I smiled up at her. “Nice to know I’m not the only one who says the wrong thing at the wrong moment sometimes.”

“I’m sorry! I–” Her eyes shot wide as my tongue touched the space between her legs. “Oh. Oh…”

She looked so cute in those panties, I hated to ditch them. Instead I used a simple trick Marisa had taught me, twisting the waistband around her body a bit so that the clit emerged. Didn’t work on all bodies, but these were relatively skimpy panties on an incredibly tight little body. Her little pink nubbin had a dribble of cum beading off of it. I took a taste.

“Did you know how sweet you were when you wrote that, or was it just a lucky guess?”

“I… I’ve, maybe, um tasted it sometimes. Just… oh god.. oh god oh god… Just curious. Is that weird?”

“From where I’m sitting, I think you’d be crazy not to,” I said as I dove back in.

If not for my hands clenched her buttocks, Charlie never would have been able to stand up for what I did to her marvelous – and yes, tight and pink – pussy. She was still sensitive from her own ministrations, so everything I did was pure electricity. She alternated between grabbing my face and humping her slit against my mouth and positively mauling her tits. She hadn’t been kidding when she suggested they could take a pounding.

My fingers sunk into her ass, and slowly I came to the realization that squeezing her boob hadn’t been the only hint I’d been given on how to kick her into overdrive. Without warning, I slapped down hard on her ass. Panties made for a surprising buffer, I’d learned from past experience, so I didn’t hold back. Charlie’s neck whipped back, her pony tail flying, and only a firm grip on her hips kept her from falling backwards.

“Do it again!” she whimpered.

I did it again. Then she asked again. This went on for some time, Charlie pleading for me to smack her perfect ass, me lapping up her juices as fast as she could dribble them onto my chin. To think I’d spent all that time last week imagining blowjobs and handjobs and steamy shower sex, when it turned out what I wound up needing was to take one of the most beautiful women I’d ever laid hands on and lick her into sweet oblivion.

Finally, she signaled that she couldn’t take any more. I tried to ease her onto the couch, but Charlie being Charlie, she stood her ground and insisted on offering me a hand up. Then she kissed me, licking all around my mouth and cheeks for stray dribbles from her pussy.

“Save some for me,” I chided, but then her tongue was back in mouth, her arms around my neck, and I savored another flavor of Charlie.

Finally, she was steady enough that she didn’t need me to help hold her up. “Can I…?”

I shook my head. “I’m good. No, great. Thank you. I needed that. You always know exactly how to take care of me, Charlie. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

She snickered. “You call that me taking care of you? I’ve been masturbating to that story for months now, and you just blew it off the map. I know you can’t, you know, date residents, and right now it’s probably bad for both of us to have everybody know we… yeah.”

I nodded. “Yeah.”

“But once things calm down, and people remember why they adore you so much, and you figure out how to patch things up… I hope we can do that again. I mean, if you want.”

I gave her butt a playful slap. “How could anyone not want you? Gorgeous, kind, creative… You’ve got it all.”

“You really liked it? You’re not just saying that?”

“You better send me a copy of that. If you ever publish it, I want mine signed.”

She grinned. Then, without fanfare, she turned around and peeled her panties down over her hips, letting them slide down to the floor. Charlie held the pose, though. “One more…?”

I took a moment enjoying a few squeezes, as if testing for the ripest spot. Then I gave her ass one final slap. She moaned, then stood up and pressed her panties into my hand. “Your trophy, Mr. Svenster.”

I pressed the sodden things to my nose and inhaled. “Mm, fragrant, Scarlotte Andersen.”

We dressed, and I walked her to the doors to the center building. The RAs on duty had locked up the center building hours ago, but the doors still opened from the inside just fine. I promised I’d give her a head start so nobody would think she was crossing the picket line, and thanked her one last time for everything.

She kissed me once more. “I think I might like you even better as Spencer Lawrence, you know? Good night.”