

The RA

Chapter Nine: The Dean's List

It was something, watching Marisa begin to wipe down and sterilize everything I'd touched in her apartment. Marisa, one of the least squeamish people I knew, bordering on gross. Sweat, spit, cum... she loved it. Yet there she was, making sure not a drop of me remained.

Smart, especially considering that stuff about being switched off was pure bullshit.

Rather than head home, I made my way to the student union. It was a castle of a building, with two tall towers jutting up from its three-story limestone foundations. Floodlights shined up at the heights, a beacon visible from anywhere on campus. I'd been on numerous tours there over my five years at Lakeview, including one from a buddy's girlfriend who was interning with the building's art curation department. She'd shown me and my four Rowland guys who joined us for the program some of the interesting works, some quirks of security, and, pertinent to my business tonight, a studio nominally open to the public, except it was up six flights of stairs so nobody ever went there. Even the curators seldom went in there.

But there was dim lighting and a fantastic couch on which to view the paintings, old and plush and velvety soft. I'd brought dates up here in the past. It was the sort of cool, classy thing that scored easy points. The stairs didn't help, especially for this one girl who'd broken her foot between our first and second date but wouldn't let me cancel the destination I'd promised her on night one. She'd been in agony by the time we got up here, and then I'd had to carry her back down. The taste it had left in our mouths left both of us relieved not to have a third date.

Tonight, I was alone. I slept fitfully, but uninterrupted.

It was so hard to know what to make of everything Marisa had said. All I'd wanted was to give Casey a little respite. She was acting like some kind of cock addict, which was a lot hotter in concept than I was finding it in execution. Ramona, she really *liked* my cock, but she liked it for fairly normal reasons. I was young, good-looking. We had chemistry. It was a little wrong, and I dommed her close enough to what she craved. Savannah, she'd been pretty fixated before break, but she'd quit cold turkey, no problem. Even at massage night and its aftermath, the Hotties had been horny, licky, slutty, but not having actual withdrawal shakes.

Instead, I got a science lesson that even the scientist explaining it to me barely understood. The Spencer effect, which I'd been glibly reducing to horniness pheromones, was so much more. Party drug, social conditioner, memory editor and

sleight of hand artist. In everything I touched, everything I put in my mouth, everything that breathed the steam in my shower. I was pissing it into the goddamn water supply.

Then there was this nonsense of switching it on and off. Was there some fucking wifi bluetooth shit inside me or something? That question was its freaky little nightmare, but if they expected me to believe women acted like my Hotties had been this past week without the Spencer effect prompting them to, they had another think coming.

Unless the effect had spawned their crushes, and circumstance gave them the chance to once more express them.

But Casey! Marisa had said some stuff was “orders of magnitude” stronger. Had I dribbled snot in that bump on her head?

Or was this whole thing just bullshit they’d fed Marisa to keep me on the ropes? Sons of bitches! I demanded one, just *one* goddamn thing, help for one of my girls, and instead they come at me with this bullshit about switching on and off, and do I want to be done with it for good.

I mean, I did, of course. Yeah, yeah, I’d lose the blind adoration and unbridled lust of a bunch of hot college girls. I’d have to go back to landing dates the old-fashioned way. Big deal. I’d managed before, and I’d manage again. For crying out loud, I’d started this school year intending not to date at all.

I’d done enough damage to Casey, and to Lexi, and Tori and who knew who else. There were only two ways to fix it. Use the Spencer effect in all its hamfisted, guileless chicanery, or don’t. Do it the old-fashioned way, with words and actions. Regain Katrina’s respect. Show Tori I wasn’t some sexual predator lurking in the showers. Prove to Casey she was going to be all right without her ex. Tell Lexi that...

Fuck. I sighed. I’d figure that one out eventually.

Had they really shut anything off? Would they? *Could* they?

I shook my head. No. I could only control what I did. What they did, what my residents did, that was up to them. Today, I was going to go back to Higgins and start putting things back the way they belonged.

“I swear, I’ve never gotten turned on just from having my tits fucked before,” Danielle confided, dragging her finger through the cum I’d deposited on them and giving it a taste. Her nose wrinkled and she didn’t sample further. “Kinda fucked up. Don’t see what everybody made such a big deal about it for.”

“It was your idea,” I reminded her. “You wanted your choker, so now you’ll get one.”

“Yeah, yeah.” She snickered as she began mopping up the rest with my sheets. Normally I’d complain, but... Well. “Honestly I just wanna see the look on Dana’s face when she sees me in it. She’s been wanting hers sooooo bad. It’s kind of pathetic, honestly. Don’t get me wrong, she’s an OK roommate, but god, what a little priss.”

“Why doesn’t she just come ask me for one? Not like I’ve been extorting anybody for them.”

“Pff, I heard what you pulled with Shauna.” She giggled, and not especially kindly. “Besides, Dana’s worried about her mommy and daddy finding out. Like she’ll get tagged on facebook wearing it and they’ll pull her out of school and lock her in a closet until she’s menopausal or something.”

“Your parents don’t care about seeing you in that thing?”

Danielle scowled, dabbing more targetedly at her big soft tits. “My parents lost their bitching rights the moment they blew all the college savings on my dipshit older brother who was too fucking dumb to apply for loans on time but still wanted to live it up at his expensive-ass out-of-state college. Fuckwad.”

“Fair enough.” Danielle picked up her shirt and tugged it back on. No bra. She’d come down here with a purpose, and that purpose had been well-suited to an assist by a shirt that didn’t want to accommodate her bust. “Are we really getting new floor shirts? I heard somebody saying we needed to hold a meeting to remove Tori and Katrina if they won’t get the fuck out of everybody’s way. Is that like step one, or...?”

“We’re not ousting Tori and Katrina,” I said, more heatedly than I’d meant to. “They raised some legitimate points and made their case with integrity and passion. We could use more of that in this world, if you ask me.”

I didn’t have to turn my head to hear her eye roll. “Right, so can we pay for the new shirts with integrity, or does the shirt shop accept a down payment in passion?”

“We’ll figure it out, but not right this minute. I’ll keep everybody in the loop. OK?”

“Fine, whatever. Now if you’ll excuse me, it’s chokerin’ time.” Danielle hopped up to her feet and began singing to herself as she made her exit. It carried down the hallway. “H, is for the way he humps, on me... O, is for the other girls, he’s pleased; TT’s, damn right I’m smirking, big and proud and perky; E, is EZ to break down his guard and make him hard...”

Switched off, my ass.

I decided to take some time that afternoon to conduct some RA business – normal, sexless RA business. I’d gotten more than a few queries about the Halloween program, and the date was fast approaching. So I emailed Tori and Katrina to get the conversation going. No sense trying it face to face considering how my previous attempts to talk to them had ended, with a tantrum and an existential crisis respectively.

The girls wanted to do costumes, that was clear. I could only imagine what they'd pick, considering the necessary disclaimer at massage night that they had to wear at minimum their bras and panties. So, to make sure everyone was comfortable, chokers and brokers alike, I suggested we include a disclaimer to keep it PG-13 or less. From there I simply made suggestions and invited them to decide – like whether we would have a costume contest, play games, watch a scary movie, and so on.

Tori replied in minutes, writing simply: *You know what would really freak the girls out? If you resigned. oooOOOoooOOOooo!*

Katrina, however, took the high ground, and soon they were writing back and forth, with Katrina repeatedly adding me back into the cc list in each of her replies. Before long, we'd made a plan. Tori still insisted girls wanted to go out and party, so we slotted our event for the night before. Low-key, just punch and candy, costumes optional. Tori offered to make fliers, which we both understood would emphasize not to over-sexualize them. They'd cobble together some spooky events – stick your fingers in the pot of noodles we'd pretend were brains, and so on, and that would be that. Not at all ambitious, but that the three of us had reached an agreement, worked together however loosely, felt like my biggest achievement in weeks.

In the meantime, there were a couple of work orders needing filing. A burnt out lightbulb in the triplets' suite, and the keyless lock on Kendall and Georgia's room kept failing to lock correctly. Ah, the joy of solving simple problems. I passed them onto Marcus, who would nominally pass them onto Ramona, who would rubber stamp them because her master decreed it so.

Speaking of Ramona, there was an email from her making a vague reference to an incident the night before she'd like to talk about if I had time. The post Spencer effect equivalent of "something came up, come downstairs and see me."

It was still early enough to catch her in her office – or so I'd thought. Marcus said she'd headed out early. He was on his way out himself, with Janis soon arriving to cover the desk until duty started. I texted my boss a picture of her office door with the words *Come. Now.* Two minutes later, she literally ran into the center building.

"Whoa, didn't expect to see you so soon, Miss Ramona. Everything OK?"

She laughed, a bit winded. "No, I realized I had tickets to a show tonight and I almost forgot them in my office. Oh, Spencer. Did you need something, or...?"

I smiled. "If you have time."

"For you? Always." There was some playful sarcasm to it, enough to make Marcus laugh it off as he packed up his things and bade us a good evening.

"You left before I could get down here and talk. About the email?"

She nodded. "I was just across the street grabbing an early dinner. I hope I didn't make you wait, master."

“You did. Now bend your sweet ass over, and I’ll see if I can’t find a way you can make it up to me.”

To be clear, I was not the biggest fan of anal sex, for lots of reasons. Hygiene issues. Comfort issues. The simple controversy of broaching the prospect of it. To be honest, I wasn’t small, and at least one girl I’d been with said it was simply too much. Not a brag, just the way we’re made.

Ramona wasn’t a fan, either, which ought to be have been plenty excuse for both of us to simply get each other off in alternative ways. I was new to being someone’s “master,” but I didn’t like the idea of using sex acts as punishment. Except then she brought it up over break one night. My supervisor had never tried anal before me, never desired to, but once we’d done it, we’d both found something to like. She liked that I had the power over her to make her do things she didn’t like doing. I liked that I could make her like something she disliked. It made no sense, but it was pleasing nonsense.

We heard Marcus greeting Janis as I was easing myself into her. Fuck, it was tight. Even with all that lube, it was imperative to go slowly. “Tell me what you are,” I said softly.

Ramona had been clenching her jaws to avoid making any telltale noises as I stretched out her asshole. “Yours,” she grunted.

“Yours...?” I pushed just slightly harder, enough to go all the way in, enough that she felt it.

“Yours, *master*. Your ass slave, master. Use me, master. Take everything from me but my obedience, master.”

She was really laying it on thick today. “What happened last night?”

The woman managed to keep her voice low and steady as I began a slow, steady butt fuck. I was impressed. “Oh, nothing serious. Casey was causing a commotion again. She kept banging on your door, calling for you. I could hear her all the way down in my room. We ignored it until quiet hours, at which point I asked Carmen – secondary last night – to stop by and talk with her.”

Meek little Carmen, forced into confrontation. “How did she do?”

As Ramona replied, I started setting objects on her bare back. Her mouse. A picture of somebody and their baby. Her pencil cup, which fell over and spilled everything almost immediately. Childish and a bit demeaning, maybe, but I think she liked being reminded that she was only one more desk toy for me to play with.

“Not well enough, evidently, because Casey woke up half the floor at close to two in the morning. I handled it myself, which is why you didn’t see it in the duty log. I... I... Oh, god...”

I didn’t want to risk spanking her, not with Janis right out there, so I settled for a nice hard pinch, jiggling her padded ass around and against my cock. “Focus.”

“Yes, master. Yesssss...” She took a deep breath, steeling herself as I expanded her ass. “So I threw on a robe and brought her down to my room. She was drunk. Distraught. Crying, incoherent aside from your name, or one of those pet names she devised for you.”

“Sounds like Casey, all right.”

She started pushing back into my thrusts, groaning softly at the added friction. “I wasn’t sure if you were out or in another bed, but neither suggestion quelled her pleading. She asked me if I could let her into your room, to make sure, and maybe wait for you in your bed.”

“Shit. In the future, if I’m not in, feel free to let her. She’s not gonna steal from me or anything, and if it calms her down.”

Ramona tried out a few wide sways of her hips, with mounting vigor. Her reflection in the dimmed screen of her monitor showed eyes squinted shut, and a mouth slightly ajar. “She’s worse than you described, master. Perhaps it was only the addition of alcohol that pushed her limits, but the girl has a fondness for the stuff.”

“It sounds like you’re saying I need to figure out a solution.”

“I wouldn’t dream to issue orders to my master, master.” Ramona craned her neck, looking up at me with a strained grin. “Nor any man with his cock quite so far up my ass.”

I gave her a few loving pats and a few moments to acclimate before I resumed. “Well, you’re not wrong. And I think I might have—”

There was a rap at the door. “Ramona? Ramona, can you gimme a hand?” Janis’s voice.

“She knows we’re in here,” she whispered. “I need my clothes!”

But I held her in place. “See what she wants.”

Ramona trembled in anxiety, then realized what she was trying to resist. Her fantasy made real. “What do you need, Janis?”

“One of the foreign kids needs to buy a book of stamps but I don’t know how much they cost.”

Ramona and I groaned softly and in unison, and not from the delirious tightness of my dick up her butt this time. “Foreign kids...?” I mouthed incredulously, right as Ramona called back to her, “They’re 58 cents apiece, Janis. It’s written on the stamps.”

“I know,” said Janis with a great deal more disdain than most people would show their supervisor. Even I wouldn’t, but only because I wasn’t an asshole. “But I don’t know what to charge for tax. I’m not going to defraud the government so they can keep not teaching their families about email.”

Something occurred to me somewhere in the midst of that horrible, horrible thing Janis was saying. I grinned, then hastily clamped a hand over Ramona’s mouth. “Answer her face to face,” I whispered.

“One moment, Janis,” she called, then much more softly, “My clothes, master?”

Instead, I hauled her to a standing position. She gasped, loudly, at the sudden shift of my gear inside her. Hands clamped firmly on her exquisitely decorated hips, I marched her toward her office door. It wasn't pretty and it took a long, awkward minute, though I'd be lying if I said the vibrations were entirely unpleasant.

Then I opened the door.

Ramona peered around the crack, breathing heavily, her skin flushed. Janis cut her off before she could speak. “Um... am I interrupting something...?”

“I was getting a workout in before I head to my room for the evening,” Ramona lied smoothly.

“Oh. So what's the state sales tax? I thought it was 7%, but they're trying to convince me they've got some kind of tax exempt status.”

“All I said was we don't pay sales tax on stamps! As in we, all of us, nobody!” called an Australian accent from down the hall. I felt a little ashamed to be relieved she hadn't been speaking that way against a person of color for a change. Not *that* relieved, though.

“See?” said Janis.

“Then they're due an apology, becau-HAUSE...!” I wished I could see the look on her face as I reached around, probing her clit, my cock listing hard to the left so I could reach.

“Uh, are you OK...?”

Ramona nodded vigorously, her voice shooting up an octave. “Yes! Ahm, yes. Yes. Sorry. Yes.” Her legs tried to seize my questing fingers, but that was on her for maintaining that thigh gap. “I, um, pulling a muscle in my shoulder. Very... very painful.”

“Oh.” Her voice carried all that disappointment the untested harbored for the struggling.

“So.”

“Yeah.”

“Anyway, they're correct. Postage stamps aren't subject to sales tax.”

“Oh.”

“Yep.”

The two stared for one last moment, and then I closed the door in Janis's face. I followed by thrusting Ramona hard up against the door.

“Are you OK?” I whispered, gently.

“Are you OK...?” Janis asked, annoyed.

“Yes. Just... stretching... strrrretching...” Ramona moaned into the wood.

“Hey, Janis.”

Ramona waved. It was a little vigorous for a girl who’d been instructed not to let my cum dribbled out of her ass. “Well hello, Spencer.”

“Spencer? When did you get here?”

“Uh, a minute ago?”

“We were in the computer lab for like ten seconds.”

“What can I say? When I move, I move fast.” I smiled what I believed to be my most charming smile without overdoing it. (Any charmer and it would just be douche.)

Ramona took a moment to pick up a couple things from her office and made her exit while I feigned looking through the contents of my mailbox and Janis sat there frowning at the mailers she ought to be stuffing in our residents’.

I eased myself down on the desk beside her. “You know, we haven’t hung out much since fall break.”

“Um, we didn’t hang out *before* fall break.”

“Weird, you know? It doesn’t feel that way, but you’re probably right. So how was your break? You get to spend time with your family and all?”

“Um, yeah. Why?”

“You probably have a lot of friends back home, too, I bet.”

She folded her arms. “I have the amount of friends I want to have.”

I laughed. “I’ll bet. Do you, um, have a boyfriend back home? Get a chance to see him?”

Janis shook her head. “Spencer, don’t. I know what you’re trying to do, but don’t.”

“Whaaat? Don’t be ridiculous. I’m not ‘trying to do’ anything. Just trying to get to know the girl upstairs better.”

She shook her head as if this were a tired old speech she’d delivered many times before. “Spencer, I know I’ve been giving out signals to you that I might be interested. Frankly, I’m ashamed of how I’ve behaved on occasion.”

“You are...?” No, seriously. She was...?

“Maybe I’m not as shameless as some of your residents, but we both know lines were crossed.”

“Maybe some lines were meant to be crossed.” God, to think once upon a time I’d thought those “maybe those things you said were meant to be done like you said” lines worked wonders with girls.

(Maybe those lines *had* worked wonders...?)

“Come on now. Think about it. It would never work! You’re so old, and your field of study is going to leave you destitute into your 40’s. Plus I actually value my reputation – I don’t want people thinking I’m yet another staff mattress for you to lie on.”

“She’s–! They’re not–” My jaw clacked shut and I forced the smile back. “That’s one thing I’ve always respected about you, Janis. Your integrity. Hard to come by, it feels like.”

“Tell me about it.” Her expression softened. “Look, I think you’re a sweet guy, Spencer. Really. And very handsome. Maybe almost too handsome.” Her eyes strayed, but barely. “But I think we’ll be better off just being friends.”

I had to be sure, so I leaned down and kissed her. It felt wrong almost immediately. Like I was kissing a rubber doll, only one that was particularly unaware of what its lips should be doing. Except it wasn’t pushing me away. Did I need to meet some threshold of discomfort before I could withdraw? Was she waiting for me to apologize? Surely someone should have to apologize for this!

“I’m sorry,” I blurted, pulling back.

Janis was smiling, though. “No, don’t be. That was nice. Not amazing, but... nice.” She patted my knee. “Maybe someday though. I’m still young, so who knows?”

“Yeah, someday. Sorry again.” So sorry.

As I extricated myself from that mess, Janis smiling pityingly after me, I felt like I could at least trust one thing.

I was switched off.

I went right upstairs and straight into Casey’s room. She was naked except for her choker, aggressively humping what I deduced by the lack of case was Nikki’s old pillow. I kicked the door shut behind me and shucked my pants as I approached, sliding into bed and right into Casey’s willing, buttery pussy.

“I’m going to make you whole, OK? I’m going to take care of you, for as long as you need me.”

Casey was already melting around me. “Mmm, never not gonna need *this*, homie.”

Savannah had gone down on me once, and been so excited to keep doing it that we’d had an actual fight over it. Ramona, when I’d stirred a blob of it into her coffee, had thrown herself at me within days. For Janis, it had been weeks and... nada. She might be an obnoxious prig, but it wasn’t like she was physiologically frigid. Two weeks, and not a sly text, a planned crossing of paths, and that flirtation and that kiss just now... If the Spencer effect was doing anything, I’d be wincing through a sandpaper handjob in the hall manager’s office right now while Janis told herself she was Aphrodite.

Whatever had happened to Casey, whatever fluke had given rise to this fixation, it came from the Spencer effect at its weakest. It would pass. Casey could snap out of it,

realize I was way too wholesome for her, and we could be next door neighbors who blushed a bit when we walked past each other in the bathroom.

From here on out, things would just be... normal. No more random sucking and fucking, no more casual nudity and spontaneous shower sex. Just me, and some nice young women, doing our best to get an education and have a little fun. Normal fun, with our genitals separated.

Damn, it sounded boring, after where we'd been. Still, it sounded like I wouldn't be shouting into hidden microphones to set up covert briefings for my ex-girlfriend to deliver before she sterilized my corruptive influence, too. Win some, lose some, I guess.

We'd ease back out of it, I told myself as I assured Casey she could stay the night. (She'd asked if we could have a "fuck-in" which I assumed is what that meant. She woke me up in the midst of mounting a cock she'd been nursing to erection covertly for half an hour, grinning as she proclaimed she was "waking with the sun god." This was the sort of adorable gesture I'd miss, when things got back to normal.)

The following night was duty, once more with Savannah. Things hit a little harder that night. It stung to realize she'd only been into me because of the Spencer effect, and as soon as it wore off, she'd gone back to Price.

"Were you aware there are two girls in... let's call that their PJs, waiting in your bed...?" she asked when we met back up on the far side of the split on our midnight rounds.

"Yep." Kendall and Georgia had knocked a little while earlier and asked if we could have another slumber party. They'd done so already dressed for the occasion, each in a set of pajamas that looked like they were sized for girls half their ages. They wouldn't fit over their asses without riding deep up the crevice, and the way their pussies were outlined, there was no chance of panties under there. Their breasts surged and heaved at splits at least three-button deep, bulging out. Better yet, the pajamas looked like that's exactly how they were made to fit. Kendall's were cut from a cookie monster pattern, and Georgia's deep red with pink hearts.

Really, really going to miss these days when things went back to normal. Not many chokers left to be earned out there.

"I'm aware."

Savannah's lips pursed, but she said nothing more. If Ramona tolerated this, there was no point in her wasting her own breath on lectures.

Kendall and Georgia turned out to be a little bit shy, and at the last moment pulled up short of a threesome. So I had sex with Georgia in my room, then went down to theirs where Kendall sucked her roommate's cum off my shaft. Then I went down on her, though then she went down on me again. With that out of the way, we all went back to my room to cuddle and watch cartoons.

Hope surged for a moment that we'd get to have that threesome after all when they took turns kissing me, but it turned out to simply be giggly goodnight kisses, after which we all slept soundly in our respective PJs. (Naked, in my case; they hadn't objected to that.)

I had to hand it to Jean. She really went the extra mile. It opened with a text: *there's something oozing out of that door behind the showers???* There was a literal bathroom back there, with a tub and everything. It was locked, so nobody really used the thing, which made her warning all the more worrisome. I hurried down to the center desk to get the key, then back up to Higgins 3.

There was Jean, kneeling in what looked like a tub full of blood, buck-ass nude and sporting a choker which, to my recollection, she was yet to earn.

I should probably address the two score gallons of blood first.

"It's a bath bomb," she said before I even asked. "Get in."

A few sniffs were sufficient to verify her claim. Not that I thought... Anyway, here we were. I made sure my clothes were very secure on the little shelf in the corner of the tiny room, imagining having to leave her soaked in what people might misconstrue in the same way I nearly had.

It was dark in here, too. There was a light bulb hanging from the ceiling next to a pullstring, but either Jean hadn't pulled it, or she hadn't wanted to. The only light was a thin sliver under the door, and what I surmised was the flashlight on Jean's phone, except filtered through her panties, which she'd discarded atop it. All I could see was Jean's ghostly white body, and her eyes, basking in the pale light but ringed in darkness.

Really just a trick of heavy eye shadow, but very theatric, I had to admit.

Jean squeezed into the narrow space between my legs and fixed those haunting eyes on mine. "I was starting to think you didn't like goth girls."

I helped myself to a couple handfuls of those stupendous tits of hers. The water trickled down their slopes, coating them in darkness that looked like the tongues of black flames rising up to engulf them.

"I was starting to think you didn't like your RA."

Her lipstick – black, or as good as in this lighting – smiled at me. "I like some parts of him better than others." With that, she dove down and sucked me into her mouth, her lips engulfing me snugly enough that it almost felt like her mouth could hardly fit me. After a moment of harsh tongue-lashing, Jean emerged, the red waters flowing down her body, slow motion black lightning. If she'd planned this, she had a future in special effects. If not, she ought to consider it.

"I'm going to put your dick... right *here*," she announced, guiding my finger to her lips. "And you're going to make me make you cum, until I can't breathe."

This was escalating quickly. "Um...?"

She took that same hand and repositioned it on the back of her choker. By touch, I suddenly realized this wasn't the same one everybody else was wearing. Those were cloth, with metal letters glued or sewn on. They were... cute, by choker standards.

Jean's was all metal, and it felt like there were spikes jutting out. In the dark, I couldn't tell. There was scarcely room to fit my fingers between her neck and the chain links, but she forced it, then twisted my hand to make it tighter yet.

"I'm going," she said, pausing every few words as she proceeded, "to drown, to suffocate, or to learn, to breathe..." She slid down, her tits grazing my shaft, mouth only just out of the dark water. "... through your dick."

"Just... be careful, OK?"

"Oh I'm a fast learner." She forced my hand to twist just a little bit tighter. It reminded me oddly of trying to hold back the Kraken, our family dog, from jumping on visitors by his collar. If it felt that tight, I'd have let him go.

I did not let Jean go.

"I CAN DO IT!" she growled when I pulled her up for air. "JUST LET ME—" She went back down. The next time I pulled her up, I buffeted her anger with a sharp command to use her tits.

She fought to take in air. I didn't make it easy, only possible. "You don't think I can."

"I don't care. I like your tits. Use. Your tits." I gave those hanging humps a hard, wet slap.

It was an act of mercy disguised as basic tit lust, but Jean let me have it. Literally. It was excruciating how hard we were finding it to get any friction, but the torturous teasing titfuck felt on brand. When I finally thought I was getting close, I plunged her face back underwater and held her there until I'd unloaded every drop I could muster.

Jean came up, gasp, coughing up dribbles of what I was pretty sure were cum.

"Are you OK?" I asked cautiously.

"We're doing that again."

I grinned. "You get one breath, so make it good."

"Just give me a—"

Down she went. Jean was humping my ankle while she worked this time, but I made sure to pull her tits up in my face and finish her off by hand while she tried to swallow my second load in time to take another breath before she passed out.

Aside: that bath bomb stuff tingled nicely in my mouth, but it tasted *awful*. She really was a trooper.

We went to rinse all the red off of one another in the showers, before she could head back to her room, I dragged her by her choker back into the tub. The water had drained out, but dribbles of thick, chalky red goo coated the bottom of the tub. I used it as finger paint, scrawling across that incredible rack of hers, HO, TT, EZ.

“You’re mine now.”

Suddenly I was slammed hard against the wall, a tongue rammed down my throat. My balls were being held in an uncomfortably tight grip when she moved her lips next to my ear and whispered, “If you ever fuck that weepy redneck cunt again before you’ve given me my due, I’ll drain every motherfucking drop from these puppies, and when I’m done with them...” She smirked. “We won’t need the bath bomb.”

I made a note to keep an eye on her and Andi’s roommate relationship going forward. “Noted.”

Brokers were down to single digits. Some girls made it a point to wear their chokers everywhere, and a few seemed to have “earned” them through less traditional means. Jordyn wore hers as a prize for her contribution of making the Hottie t-shirts and for taking point in the meeting, for instance, and Andi for sleeping with me before it had been a rite of passage. Charlie was indubitably entitled but hadn’t accepted one, though I wasn’t sure why. Still, for most girls, what I saw was what I had.

Tori. Katrina. Lexi. Jo. Peyton. Sydney. Destiny. Amy. A couple I wasn’t sure about – Sammi, who’d been on rocky footing with me since the Kyu-Ri hazing incident, and Dana, who’d sent that quietly supportive email but showed no public support. Regardless, Tori’s numbers were low, and falling. I found my mind constantly going back to how I could welcome the rest of them back into the fold. When they finally accepted the failure of their little “rebellion,” so to speak, I wanted to make sure they knew they were still respected and important members of the Higgins 3 community. I found myself practicing speeches, thinking about probable rebuttals and ways I could steer around them.

The pre-Halloween party was only a couple more days away. With luck, I could do it before then so we could all just have a good time around each other with no drama or fighting. Punch and candy and games, fully clothed. The kind of boring night we could all use. If I couldn’t get it done beforehand, though, I could still maybe talk to Tori and whoever else aside and make an impassioned plea. Let them lose with dignity, make a concession or two. It would be easy to promise to stop sleeping around now that the Spencer effect was being put to bed for good.

There was only one other thing I needed to put to rest so we could all get back to plain old RA stuff, where I didn’t get periodically duped to choke-fucking my residents in a pool of fake blood.

“Have I displeased you, master?” Ramona’s eyes were wide, upset. It felt a little weird, doing this at a Sonic drive-in, but I didn’t want to have to worry about anyone eavesdropping at home or in her office. Besides, I was hungry. Public restaurants posed

the same problem, and frankly, after months of watching my diet because I was constantly being seen naked by a bunch of absurdly attractive women, I wanted to eat some junk for a change.

“No! No no no, no. You’re amazing. You’ve been nothing but amazing. I don’t know where I’d be without you.”

“Then why—”

“Because it’s time. We need to get things back to normal before something blows up in our faces, again, or we do something that really hurts someone. Worse. Think about Lexi.”

“But what does any of that have to do with us? If you want me to move out of Higgins 3, fine. It’s been a little uncomfortable at times, and there isn’t much point of living down the hall from my lover if we can’t go down and fuck when we want to fuck. But why can’t we keep on as we have been? Don’t fuck the girls, fine, but—”

“It’s all part of the same thing, Ramona. We hooked up because of the Spencer effect. That it worked OK for us was good, but that was coincidence as much as chemistry.”

“We *do* have chemistry. We’re so alike. And the sex...! The sex has been so good, hasn’t it? I’m not wrong, you’ve enjoyed it?”

“More than enjoyed. You’re... unbelievable. I can’t believe I’m saying it, but having a slave girl to use at my leisure... Actually pretty hot.”

“Nothing compared to *being* a slave girl, used at your leisure. I’ve never come so hard in my life.”

I shook my head. “What about your career? Clearly Bob has no respect for you or he wouldn’t have put you in my path in the first place. I’ll get my diploma and then probably head off to grad school somewhere. Are you going to just... follow along?”

“Why wouldn’t I? My background is *college* student affairs. You’re going to grad school at a *college*. It’s not like I’m a zookeeper and you’re moving to the Arctic!”

“That still eaves seven months where you’re my boss and I’m your employee. The other RAs already know I’m you’re giving me special consideration. Rumors have to be all over the building about the choker vs. broker crap, all the sex the Hotties and I are having. Without the Spencer effect to make them ignore it, are we really going to try to get away with this for the rest of the year?”

“So reinstitute the Spencer effect.”

“What? No! I already told them, I’m done.”

“But your friend said it’s an on/off switch, didn’t she? The implant is still in there, so just tell her you changed your mind again. They want to study it, so you know they’ll do it.”

“I told you, I’m done having thirty-seven girls I’m fucking whenever however!”

Ramona surprised me with a grin at that, but as I tried to make sense of it, she pointed. I turned, and there on the other side of the open window was some pimply teenaged kid holding our food.

“Thanks,” I said, snatching it off the tray.

“Do you... Are you really...?”

I rolled up the window. “No, just kidding around, stay in school and study hard!” I managed before turning back to Ramona, who was slapping her knees in hilarity.

“It’s not funny!” She kept laughing, and damn it all, it was infectious. “It’s not *that* funny,” I mumbled later as I took a slurp of my slush. Mmm, high fructose corn syrup, how I missed you.

“You don’t have to keep fucking them,” she said, popping a tater tot in her mouth. Ramona had more than a fair share of disdain for American fast food, but she’d permitted her master his request. She almost looked like she liked it. “Just turn it on, and they’ll love you and support whether you occasionally ass-fuck your dutiful manager or not. And if it helps you build the most inclusive, supportive, academically successful community in Lakeview history, all the better!”

I shook my head inquiringly. My mouth was full of popcorn shrimp.

“I was going to announce it as the staff meeting Wednesday, but mid-term results are in. There isn’t a student on Higgins 3 that has below a 3.6. Your entire floor is on a path to be eligible for the dean’s list, Spencer. All because they wanted to be good students for their beloved RA.”

“Thuh ahwr...?”

“They are. They also have the lowest rate of incident reports of any floor on campus – and you know there are RAs who don’t lift a finger for policy enforcement. Marcus has even commented that custodial has asked him what we’re putting in the water, because they’ve never seen a cleaner community. That’s girls who take pride in their home, who are embarrassed to be yucky around you.”

I swallowed my bite. “So you want me to keep on driving them up the wall with infatuation so there’s less mopping to be done?”

“No. I want you to switch on so you can have me over in your room every night and melt my brain with your cock, master. Sneaking around is a child’s game. I want to wear my choker and be fucked at your whim.”

I let myself stuff my face again while I fought *that* little sentiment out of my imagination. While I chewed, though, she pressed her attack. “Don’t pretend that you don’t enjoy it. Not the sex even, but just the adoration and the positivity. Did you ever watch *Przygód kilka wróbla Ćwirka*?”

Was it wrong that hearing her switch into fluent Polish was a turn-on? “Missed that one,” I said after I choked down my shrimp. Mmm, fried shrimp.

“It was a children’s show. I used to get high with my girlfriends and watch it in college. It’s a little bird, Ćwirek, who flies around and meets other birds and learns about their families and their physiology and their culture and becomes friends, then flies on to the next. It’s... infectiously wholesome.”

“You’re saying I should go full Spencer effect, go back to girls who stake out my room for late night mass masturbation sessions, for the wholesomeness. Seriously.”

“You like to focus on the negative – if you can call that negative. I will play the devil’s advocate, then. If this implant of yours is helping you be a better RA – by any metric you could name–”

“How about ‘how many residents did you fuck?’ That seems a relevant metric.”

“Hush, master. Grades, behavior, cleanliness, hygiene, program attendance, and that *je ne sais quoi* of strong community. You did some of that, but you did it with the assistance of the implant.”

“Do I need to keep repeating: Lexi, Casey, Tori...?”

“Which, one might argue, happened only because you switched off. Otherwise, Lexi would have gladly flashed her big new breasts at you, Casey would have rebounded from her breakup with the help of her sexy RA and his habit of very oddly early morning showering, and Tori would have quickly come to accept the status quo.”

“Because it’s sexual mind control!”

“It’s technology. Your women are using discord to build community and support one another. They’re also using it to distribute pornography. Many of the girls have posed with Terri on her instagram feed, playing model for a day. You don’t think the presence of women like that, showcasing themselves living their best lives, does harm? Ask Marta, or Kim, or Laura. Or ask Terri how it feels when she checks the follower numbers of Allison, Addison and Maddison.”

“Point being...?”

“A good RA uses the tools at their disposal, even if they’re not perfect.”

She pushed a wad of tots into my mouth. I nearly choked on them. (Mmm, chili cheese tots.) “My last year as an RA, I had an apartment building, three double beds with a shared bathroom and living room. It used to be an army barracks, but–” She waved the distraction aside. “Anyway, it was a coed building, like yours was supposed to be, and it was right when those shooter games were very popular, the PUBG and the Fortnite. So, opening night, I started a game of assassination.”

“Uh...” I muttered around my mouthful.

“I distributed squirt guns, just cheap ones you could get in a three-pack for a couple euros. I made everyone a list of targets, other residents but not suitemates, and gave out prizes for those who completed their list.”

“That sounds like a recipe for people scaring the shit out of each other.”

“It was, sometimes.” She smiled. “We had to pass some rules – no hiding in bathrooms, nothing in the middle of the night – but for the most part, it was a great success.”

I chuckled. “You sound like Borat when you say that.”

For once, her glare was not playful, but she quickly went on. “But my residents, they learned the campus so they could stake out targets. They met people they had nothing in common with, just so they could assassinate them for a candy bar. It got them out of their rooms and interacting and playing and forming a community. If it also gave a few of them complexes about someone jumping out of a trash can with a gun in hand, well...” She popped a tot in her mouth. “At least they live in a place where it’s only pretend.”

“Dark. Still, they came to Lakeview for an education first and a good time second. A distant second, I hope. I’m glad to hear grades are good, but none of these girls came here to be subjected to experimental sex serum.”

“You think this group of young women came to Lakeview not expecting to have sex with anyone...?”

“They expected to get a choice in the matter.”

“They didn’t expect to have the best fucking sex of their whole lives, either! Don’t you sit there and talk at me like you’re that *pizda* Janis, like you can’t imagine a spontaneous sexual encounter that exceeds anything you’ve ever dreamed of!”

“Language,” I mumbled.

“It was only one word. It means ‘cunt.’”

“I know what it meant. That’s why I... Never mind.” I sighed as I stuffed the final, shriveled, overcooked piece of shrimp into my mouth. “I get it. We’ve had fun with each other. But that doesn’t change the harm it’s done. I know you’re only fighting this because you don’t want to break up.”

“*Kobieta to rzecz bez fiuta i wielu motywów,*” she said solemnly. “A saying amongst the Traveling People. ‘A woman is a thing with no cock, but many reasons.’”

“Kinda weird.”

“Cocks connotate drive, ambition. A sexist male notion, but you get my point.”

“I do. But I still can’t.”

Ramona and I ate and slurped in silence. Aside from the slurping, anyway.

“What if I can tell you what happened to Casey?”

My head spun of its own accord to regard her with raw suspicion. “How would you know what happened to Casey?”

“Oh, spare me the whole ‘you’re in on it’ bullshit, master. You trusted your friend, and she takes paychecks from the people who did this. Trust the woman who is making a pitch to have you allow her to continue servicing your cock.”

“I’ll ask again, how do you—”

“Because I paid attention to what Ms. Marisa told you. Because I know you. Because I am smarter than the average sex slave.”

“OK, so what happened then? Exactly.”

“Switch it on, and I’ll tell you.”

“What? Pardon my French, but no freaking way. I’m done with that stuff, I told you.”

“But it happened when you were off, master. It could happen again if you don’t know how to prevent it.”

“It won’t if you tell me.”

“What if it happened next time to someone you care about? What if you subject Savannah to it one night, and she throws away her life and her affection for her boyfriend so she can be some drooling pleasure slave? When she’s having panic attacks in the middle of class because she can’t stop pining for your touch?”

My sex slave smirked. “What happens if you decide you like her that way? No more Price. Your beautiful, worshipful, hopelessly infatuated cocksucker, yours again?”

“God damn it!” I grunted. “Every time you have me close to wondering if it might be OK, you have to throw in something like that to make me feel like a fucking pig!”

“Apologies, master. Would you like to punish me, master?” She squirmed around to kneel in the passenger seat, pointing her ass at me. “So long as you recognize that wanting to fuck you doesn’t diminish my point.”

I spanked my boss’s soft round ass red, right there at the Sonic stand. Spanked her like she’d wronged me. Spanked her like her ass was Price’s smug, clueless face. Then I pulled into a nook of a nearby Walmart lot and fucked her in the back seat. Someone must have seen, because we were interrupted midway through by the arrival of a squad car.

“Let me do all the talking,” I told her as we hastily tugged our clothes back on.

“License and registration, sir.”

“Forget you saw us and she’ll hop in the back of your squad car and suck your cock until you’re satisfied she’s drained you dry.”

“Master...!” Ramona whimpered.

The officer, however, was intrigued. Sold. I’d seen the way he looked at her. The way a man with moderate authority looked at a hot slutty piece of ass he wanted to use that authority on.

I knew that look way too well.

“I’ve got a partner,” he said.

“Sure. She’s got all night, officer. And she’s a thirsty girl.”

I patted Ramona’s ass as she hopped out of the car a few minutes later. “Make me proud, boss.”

They dropped her off almost two hours after I got back home. She came straight to my room, tore off our clothes, and rode me to more orgasms than I knew I had in me. All the while, she chanted, "Please master, please master, please master." She didn't need to say more.

She never did tell me the rest.

It was incredible, in so many right and so many wrong ways. Even so, that was to be my last enjoyment from the Spencer effect.

Or it would have been, if not for Tori.