

# The RA

## Chapter One: Beach Day

“Brah, not trying to be a dick or nothing? But the way you’re staring? It’s gonna creep ‘em out. Just sayin’. Never gonna get girls like that bein’ some creeper, man.”

I lowered my sunglasses and looked up at the man casting a shadow over my beach chair. “Thanks for the warning. I’ll keep it in mind.”

Rather than fuck off, he apparently decided our shared membership in the Brotherhood of People Who Have Penises meant he was invited to sit down beside me. There was an open chair to my left. It had something growing on it, like mine, like the ones Allison, Addison and Maddison were occupying on my left. We’d at least used towels to protect ourselves from the effects of the Parks Department’s diminished investment in Bear Lake amenities.

“They are hot, though, yeah?” He whistled softly.

“Eh.”

“Come on. You gotta admit, so many titties, so much ass, tastiest bitches I’ve ever seen, some of ‘em. Damn fine day to be at the lake, yeah?”

I managed to unclench my jaw enough to reply. “It’s a nice day.”

God knows why, but he dragged his chair even closer. The clod didn’t lower his volume any, though. “Nice? Look at that one with the thong. And those little half-shirts some of ‘em are wearing? Barely keep all that tit inside.”

We’d made an exemption to the Higgins only rule for the shirts today. It was an off campus trip, and I’d sort of hoped they might cover more than the sorts of swimwear the Hotties seemed apt to wear. I shouldn’t care. Marisa would have given me hell if she’d heard me think aloud that there was something wrong with a woman voluntarily showing some extra skin. Regardless, if those little red half-shirts covered more than their bikinis, they made up for it in ease of escape.

“I don’t really notice that kind of thing.” Beside me, one of the triplets snorted incredulously. She did it softly, to her credit. Besides, I still couldn’t even tell them apart, so I had no high ground to stand on.

“How can you not notice? You blind or something? Damn, brah. It’s raining 10’s out here today! Well, maybe not that one.” He pointed. Fucking *pointed*. Right at Ellie, who was sitting under a tree with her Kindle in a string bikini, reading contentedly.

“I think she looks pretty good,” I said, a bit of an edge in my voice. My authority barely extended to the six floors of Higgins, certainly not to the environs of Bear Lake. Would that it did, though. This asshole deserved a write-up if anyone ever had. Absent the cudgel, I reached for peer pressure. “I also don’t think it’s cool to put numbers on women for their physical appearance.”

It didn't land. "A 10's a 10, yo. You're pretty cut, I guess. No homo, I mean. You quit lurkin' over here and get up there, you might got a shot, ya know?"

"Thanks. I don't want a shot."

"What, are you gay?" He laughed, as if that were unthinkable.

I answered simply, "I'm their RA."

I was spared whatever misogynist dreck he would have responded with the arrival of Casey, Sammi, Andi and Lex, trotting over from where they'd been sunning themselves nearby. Casey was still tying on the string on her top, those unbelievable boobs of hers patiently waiting for her to confine them.

"This doucher bothering you, Spencer?" Casey asked, sneering down at him.

"Nothing I can't handle. Again." Earlier, a girl, a high schooler by the looks of her, had approached me and made a brief attempt at flirting before Casey and her goon squad bullied her away.

"Handle?" Even as he began to puff out his chest, he seemed to realize it was the wrong tactic. "Hey, you ladies want to handle me, all you gotta do is ask."

"Sorry, but your dick must be at least this tall to ride," sneered Sammi, holding up a pinky. Andi giggled and held up one of hers, too.

"Yeah? Well belt me in, girls, 'cause—"

"What's your name?" Lex asked suddenly.

"Kaiden. What's yours?"

"What's your *full* name?" She smiled, and if he thought it was Lex being friendly, he was even dumber than I took him for.

"Kaiden Eaton. As in eatin'—"

"Yeah, let me stop you right there. We're not interested, Kaiden." Lex said firmly. "And if you keep hanging around bugging us, or bugging our guy Spencer? We'll hunt you down online and make sure your little baby dick lives and dies dryer than you're making all of our pussies right now. K?"

It took him a moment, cycling through disappointment, indignation, anger, and finally sulking, but Kaiden at last stalked off and let the Hotties and I have the beach to ourselves. He turned back twice, once to glare, and once to leer.

"Sorry about that," I said. "The cold shoulder wasn't doing much for him."

"Sometimes you need a cold cunt," Casey answered.

"Casey, c'mon."

"What? You got something against cold cuts?"

Sammi grinned. "Yeah, 'cause you look like you like to eat 'em. You know, as in eatin'—"

The girls broke into giggles and went back to their tanning. Casey invited me once again to help them apply a fresh salvo of lotion, and I again refused. Only Andi looked truly disappointed; the rest phoned the disappointment in as part of the on-going game

of “how horny can we make our RA before he has to jump in the lake to wash the cum out of his swim trunks?”

As a community, they were running up the score all right. Casey once again untied her bikini top as she took her spot on her towel, and once Sammi followed suit. Lex and Andi had worn their Higgins Hotties shirts, which they discarded beside them. Lex was the only one to wear a thong bikini bottom.

Well, the only one in that group, anyway. The volleyball game, which had been ongoing and score-free since I’d dropped out after game three, featured six. Seven, if you counted the way Tori’s kept creeping up her ample booty. I’d positioned my chair to avoid staring too hard; Kaiden hadn’t been wrong about the frequency of nipples making a go for freedom.

Kyu-Ri was learning the cups routine and song from *Pitch Perfect* from Destiny and Charlie over by the picnic tables. Her English skills were growing. If the eighteen-year-old Korean girl’s breasts grew any more, they’d explode that poor bikini. Charlie, sporting a rare-amongst-Higgins-Hotties one-piece that looked like a skirt too short to cover her panties, routinely assured Kyu-Ri she was doing a great job. I didn’t think Charlie had ever told anyone they’d done any other kind of job.

Terri had roped not only Toni into her latest tiktok, but also Jacqui, Peyton and Sydney. Jacqui, in her Lakeview tube top and booty shorts, looked distracted by an obvious desire to be joining the volleyball game, prohibited to her by her status as a member of the university team. I would have been surprised to see lesbian roommates Peyton and Sydney taking part, since, like most of Terri’s videos, the purpose seemed to be the titillation of the male gaze. However, they’d ridden in the back of my car on the ride over – handpicked because I was nervous being alone with the straight girls – and I’d heard them whispering about their intentions to lure Terri into a threesome.

*“Careful, ladies. Dangerous ground, hooking up with people you have to live with even if things turn sour,” I’d warned them.*

*Peyton had tapped her lip, smirking. “I think I heard that advice from someone before. Was it Andi?”*

*“No, I’m pretty sure it was Quinn.”*

*“Or Leigh? Maybe it was Leigh...”*

*“Or Tori?”*

*“What’d you hear about me and Tori?!” I snapped, immediately regretting it when I realized what my lack of objection to the other names signaled. “You know what, just... good luck.”*

Whatever rumors were floating around about my indiscretions, I was yet to hear anyone complain about it in my earshot. My earshot was pretty broad around Higgins 3 these days. I seldom shut my door when I was in. Too often it led to someone skulking in for some one-on-one time, and too often that led to my having to remind them about

boundaries. It was only this morning, a little while before departure time for beach day, that Jo had entered my room, without knocking, in her bra and panties. She'd asked if I could tell it wasn't a swimsuit, posing this way and that. I had assured her that yes, I could tell, and no, it wasn't appropriate to enter my room in nothing but her underwear. She apologized, and slipped back out with a smile. Since Ramona's email and our floor meeting revising the rules, asking forgiveness rather than permission had become the law of the land where flaunting one's body at me was concerned.

Take Angel and Leigh. I'd been surprised that they'd volunteered to work the grills, churning out burgers and hot dogs for the floor to supplement the stuff Tori and Katrina had picked up at the grocery store. They weren't dressed in anything skimpier than most of the girls. Or, well no, kind of, but only because the underside of Angel's gigantic tits were perpetually peeking out of her floor shirt, and Leigh's metallic string bikini was so close to her copper skin tone that at a glance she looked like she was naked from the tits down. Anyway, they'd been amusing themselves so much fellating some of the spare brats and laughing uproariously every time I noticed and blushed that I'd finally had to approach them directly and ask them to stop.

"Oh, sorry," Leigh said, beaming up at me. "I was just telling her how much I like it when they're overcooked, you know? They get all crunchy, and like, *hard*. I really, really like a nice hard wiener. Don't you, Angel?"

"You are *so* bad!"

"I know, right?"

"Nobody calls them that, and that's not even a wiener. It's a brat."

"Aw snap, Leigh-Leigh. He got you!"

"Oh no, I guess you're right. No wonder it tastes bad." Her coy grin returned. If it had ever left. "Do you want to punish it? That's what RAs do, to bad little brats?"

"Look, just stop wasting the left-overs."

"You can leave *me* over."

"Oh my gosh, Leigh, you're so into him you're not even making sense!"

"Kinda!" She giggled. "Kidding, of course, Spencer. We'll clean up, promise."

"He can clean *me* up," Angel said in a high-pitched mockery of Leigh's voice.

"See, that's how you do it."

It was a little funny. Much as I wanted to smack the hell out of those brats, I gave them a laugh and went to find an out-of-the-way chair. If I'd known there were Kaidens about, I might have looked harder.

The triplets had arrived a while later, saying nothing to anyone, taking the three vacant chairs to my left and lying down like they'd come here to nap in the sun and for no other reason. Maybe they had. I didn't really get them, yet. I asked one – I think Maddison? – what made them change their mind about coming to the program.

"You're having a program?" said another.

“Um... yeah.” I gestured at the dozens of laughing, bouncing, jiggling, mostly naked girls scattered around the beach area.

“Hmm. We just like to come here sometimes,” said the third. That was that. Until their snort during my altercation with Kaiden, they hadn’t made another sound that I’d heard.

“Spencer!” called Charlie. “Come see how good Kyu-Ri has gotten at cuppies!”

“Spencer!” yelled Dana. “We’re gonna do real teams again and we need a captain! Come play with us!”

“Spencer!” crowed Casey. “I keep sweating off my lotion, and these gropy bitches are creeping me out! Pleeeeeease?”

“Who wants to play ultimate frisbee?” I called out.

“Are you playing?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Meeeeeee!” called thirty voices in unison. We even snagged a triplet.

Hours later, back home in Higgins 3 after a head-turning eye-popping procession of babes in bikinis, I collapsed into my bed and tried to rub it out before it leaked out on its own. I’d never had a wet dream before in my life, but lately, if I didn’t jack off at least a couple times... Only then there were girls wanting to know if I thought they looked cute in their outfit for a house party that night; girls wanting to know if we could do another movie night in the lounge; girls wanting to know if I thought they looked sunburnt in places Ramona would fire me in a heartbeat for inspecting; girls who wanted to thank me for setting up a fun program, a program they were still dressed for, a program Tori and Katrina had done all the setup for with the insistence that I closely collaborate on them over every last detail, for hours. Those girls came down, too, to ask if I wanted to process. Alone. With the two of them.

“I need to take a shower,” I grunted, squeezing between whatever girls had been next in line.

Only two of the four stalls in the erstwhile men’s room were occupied when I arrived. I turned on the water, threw my towel at the hook and missed completely, then slid down to the tile floor, ice cold on my bare ass, and beat it like I meant it. I came in under a minute, but my erection refused to quit. So did I.

Back in Rowland, the walls on the shower stalls were obnoxiously inadequate. Cracks in the door sufficient to deny any privacy? Check. Cover nothing from the shin down? Check. Eye contact with any guy over 5’10”? Check.

Higgins at least provided near total coverage, to say nothing of a dearth of residents over 5’10”. Still, there were a few inches at the bottom of the stalls. Standing up, they were nothing. (I *had* seen hands on the floor right near the edge, making me wonder if people were trying to peek at me, but so far no eyes. So far.) As I sat there, desperately trying to get them out of my head so I could think, so I could *not* think, so I

could just *be* for a while, the fourth stall door swung audibly closed, and the shower turned on.

Under that crack, I saw not two, but four feet.

At first, I thought it was my eyes playing tricks on me, seeing one set adjacent, and another set two stalls down. That direction didn't have two more stalls, though. On my left, yep. One set close – orange toenails, that would be Nikki if memory served – and another farther, and with no obvious clues. The stall with four feet could only be two girls. Peyton and Sydney.

Apparently they hadn't managed to drag Terri in there with them after all.

I watched those feet closely as I worked. One set behind the other at first, as they tested the water temperature. Then side by side, jostling around, vying for position as they wetted their bodies, warming up, slicking themselves for what was to come.

Then the front set about faced. Their toes were nearly touching.

I picked up the pace.

My imagination was doing a hell of a job filling in the details above the ankles. Peyton's lithe, slender body. She was tall; her hair would be just visible if I stood up and really craned my neck. Sydney's wouldn't. Sydney was nothing but a sound, an odd distortion in the sound of water rolling off of a naked body, a sound I'd come to know all too well in my half decade of living in the residence halls, a sound Sydney's round, perky tits with their perpetually hard nipples was twisting just so.

The backward-facing feet took a step forward, resting right between the others. Two perfect chests pressed together somewhere far above. A pause, a little twist on one foot, and then one of the other girl's lifted the heel in bliss.

"Mm," came the faint moan. It was so delicate that if I'd been taking a normal shower, I wouldn't have heard it at all. With my entire mind focused on the happenings in that shower stall, I heard it like a trumpet blasting down the walls of Jericho.

For the second time in my life, I came so hard it was aimed at the ceiling. Only the ceilings in the bathroom were eight inches higher than in my room. I missed.

But it went right over the wall between our stalls and out of sight.

I gasped. No. No fucking way. Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh–

There was no reaction. Were my lesbian residents staring in horror? I braced myself, motionless, huddled in the corner of my stall as a prisoner of my own dread. Seconds passed like hours.

Nobody screamed. Nobody *ewwwwwed*. Nothing. Cautiously, I stood up. When the world didn't end, I peered, and there indeed was the very top of Peyton's head, aimed towards the exit to her stall. If I were a few inches taller, I knew I would see Sydney standing there pressed against her.

Suddenly, a slender, darkly complected arm reached past Peyton's head and grasped one of the newly installed shower nozzles. It fell from its perch, disappearing into the unseen realms of the stall.

"Mm."

"Mmm."

The second one came from behind me. I spun around so fast I nearly slipped on the wet tile floor. My stall was the only one with a nozzle still in its appointed place.

Lying on the floor, my towel had gotten soaked. I threw it around my waist and fled the shower area at a trot. Jordyn and Georgia were both standing right outside it, wrapped in towels themselves. Shauna, Destiny and Danielle were each taking up a sink, the first two applying makeup in bras and panties, Danielle studying her skin in a tight leather dress that showed more legs and cleavage than any woman I'd ever dated had ever worn for me. It was the most covered up I'd seen any of my residents all day.

I hurried past them back to my room, ignoring the way my cock refused to die down. Mercifully the halls were vacant for once. Doors open, but I was moving too fast to see that I was dashing dick-first down the hall of Higgins 3. Once in the safety of my room, I locked the door behind me, dropped my towel on the floor with an audible *sploosh*, and stared angrily at my cock.

"Haven't you had enough yet? They're *people*, for fuck's sake! And what do you do? You—"

The door knocked. "Hey, Spencer? It's Savannah."

Speaking of jizzing on the unaware. "Um, hey. Gimme a sec, just got out of the shower."

"Yeah? Oh. OK. It's nothing, I just figured we're on duty tonight, and I'm all caught up on homework, and laundry, and I'm super super super bored, so I didn't know if you wanted to—"

I opened the door. Hopefully my arm, holding my towel in place, was obstructing view of my cock. Savannah was her seemingly effortlessly gorgeous self. Plus, she was wearing a sweater and jeans. "That sounds great."

She looked me over, arching an eyebrow. "Um, maybe you wanna get dressed first?"

"I'll be down in five. OK?"

Savannah smiled, and I wished her dipshit boyfriend Price would spontaneously explode. "See you in five. Take ten, if you need it."

I followed her eyes down, and there was the head of my cock poking out the top of my towel. I sighed. "See you in ten."