

The Lesbians' Tale

The RA Volume IV, Part Four

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The Slut's Tale

The RA Volume IV, Part Four

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First Edition, 2023

Sydney crunched the last of her tic tac and slipped into the room at the end of the upstairs hallway.

“Is that you over there, um, Peyton?” It felt strange hearing this stranger’s name on her tongue. Good strange. It went well with the mint.

The girl slumped facedown on the bed grunted. “Ymm.” Her dress was disheveled, hiked up nearly to her waist. A pair of dark-colored panties were easily discernible. On *that* body, it was the first thing Sydney saw, even if the darkness in this strange bedroom kept her from seeing it well. As well as she would have liked.

Telling herself she was protecting this girl from anyone walking in and taking advantage of her, Sydney locked the door and crept over to the bed and sat down. The bedspread was cool, pillowy. She brushed Peyton’s thick veil of brown hair aside, revealing that heavenly face. Her eyes were open, but barely.

“Do you feel OK?”

Her eyes opened a little more, sought out the face speaking to her in the dark. “Yeah. Just... wanted to rest.”

Sydney was still brushing that hair aside, for some reason. She just didn’t want to stop touching it. “Yeah. That was... pretty wild out there.”

A thin smile touched the recumbent girl’s lips. “You dance good, for a harpy.”

Sydney, a graduate of Harper High as of that afternoon, nodded to the Douglass grad on the bed. “You dance good, too, for a ditch digger.” Neither were very good put-downs, but when you had two high schools in one town, there was no avoiding the necessity for hurtful nicknames. Better than middle school, when her fellow students of Thomas Jefferson – TJ, it was generally called – had been harangued as “toilet jockeys.” Meanwhile the Benjamin Franklin students received a decided advantage in acronymic put-downs.

For tonight, though, she had no pejoratives to sling. Their rivalry had died at their respective commencements, and right now, Sydney wasn’t interested in anything that put distance between her and this soft, gorgeous creature.

“Can I rest with you?” Sydney asked softly. It was an undisguised euphemism, though Peyton was probably too drunk to pick up on it. Two kegs downstairs, and this party didn’t have thirty people at it. It was nuts. If this was what college parties were going to be like, she was going to have to work on building up her tolerance.

“Yeah. Big bed.”

Sydney lay down as near as she dared. God, she was hot. No. Perfect. She’d struggled for years now, trying to decide if she was bi, bi-curious, unlucky with boys. No, Sydney was definitely that last one, whatever other labels applied. Dancing with this girl, some friend of a friend’s friend from her erstwhile rival, had sold her. She never wanted anything but that, ever again. The softness of her. The fullness. The way everything on her moved, sensuous and eye-drawing and tantalizing.

Had Peyton felt the same way? She'd acted like she was only teasing the boys, but so had Sydney. "Squeeze my ass until their eyes bleed," she'd said, dark eyes glittering in the light of that cheesy disco ball. If they'd bled, Sydney didn't know. She'd been far too focused on that ass.

The two lie there, staring. At long intervals, they dared to break eye contact, stare elsewhere, but never anywhere but the other. What was this girl thinking about? Sydney didn't know her from Eve. They'd shouted their names at one another, but with the music pumping so loud they could probably hear it for blocks, she'd thought Peyton was Hayden right up until she'd started asking if anybody had seen where Hayden went, and had been corrected.

Peyton. That was a hot name. Androgynous out loud, like Sydney's own name, but the girl bearing it brought all the femininity in the world to bear claiming it for their sex.

Sydney's hips were wriggling of their own accord. It felt like every few seconds she had to make a conscious effort to still them. Was it obvious? How long before Peyton realized what that motion softly disturbing the mattress was? It would be so embarrassing. *Hi, I know you don't know me but you make me so horny I can't stop rubbing my thighs together to try to work my clit.*

So... maybe she ought to kiss her before she noticed. It didn't make any sense, but—

Mmmmm.

Fuck.

Peyton's lips tasted like strawberries and cream. Imitation, though. Better than the real thing. Had she ever even had the real—

Peyton's mouth opened – just like that – and let Sydney's tongue inside. Another taste. Cheap perfume. *Her* perfume. Peyton had licked her neck once while they were dancing. The taste was still on her. Nasty, but it was on Peyton's tongue so she could give a fuck.

Or... fuck. Fuck fuck fuck! Sydney choked down panic. Was Peyton kissing her, opening her mouth to her, letting Sydney touch her arm that way – or was she so drunk she didn't know what was happening to her? Oh *shit*. She recoiled.

"Um, are you drunk?"

"Hammered." Peyton's eyes slid open slowly, like there were weights hanging from them. "You?"

No. She'd had one cup of beer almost an hour ago, then chased it with two Capri Suns she'd swiped from the refrigerator. "Um, yeah, same." If the girl got mad, or grossed out (*god no*), it would be some small fig leaf to hide behind.

They were back to staring. Though Sydney's hand still rested on Peyton's bicep.

“You can keep going, if you want,” Peyton said after a moment. “So drunk I probably won’t even remember it.”

Sydney really liked that first thing she said. So much she decided not to think about the second part so much. So she kissed her again. Those eyes slid closed once more, leaving her to wonder if the girl was passing out or simply enjoying herself. In time, though, she thought her lips could feel the curvature of a smile on the adjacent pair.

One arm was pinned underneath her body, but with her free one, Sydney explored. It was so different from being with a boy. Boys just wanted their cocks played with. Stroke it, suck it, ride it, she could take her pick as long as she didn’t waste time on anything else. At least that had been her limited experience. Sydney liked to be touched almost anywhere. A kiss on the neck, a caress down her back, a palm on her butt. Even holding hands turned her on a little, if she liked the person.

She tried to think what she’d want Peyton to do to her, and did that. The arm first, because it was near and easy and safe. Her waist. Brushing her hair aside, first as a necessity since it had flopped back over the girl’s eyes, but then because it was soft and a little sweaty and sexy as fuck.

“Eat my pussy,” the girl said.

Sydney’s eyes shot open. “You want me to...?!” Holy shit. This was making out, but *that*... That was like... actual sex. Like, lesbian sex. Hot, insane, secret lesbian sex.

“Maybe not as much as you want it,” said Peyton, smirking. “But maybe you could change the score, if you’re good.”

“Um, OK,” agreed Sydney. *Way to talk sexy, Syd*, she chided herself as she crawled down to the end of the bed. Thankfully, she still had another tool in her belt. Kneeling at the bottom of the bed, she reached behind her. The sound of her zipper falling was lost beneath pulsing of the bass through the entire house, but there was no missing her peeling this tight, slutty dress down her body, wriggling out of it and nudging it to the floor. Sydney might not be confident when it came to this, the first minutes of what she hoped would be a long and extensive life of lesbianism, but she knew her worth. She was fucking hot, and she wanted this girl to know it.

Peyton studied her with fresh interest, the way her body sat in her sexiest matching set of underwear. She’d gotten it for homecoming, a gift for her boyfriend, but he’d just torn it off and put his dick in her hand without slowing to appreciate it.

Peyton stared. Leered. The leer she’d bought this to inspire. Sydney held her pose, chest heaving in anticipation.

The girl on the bed raised her hips. Her dress drifted up over her panties, and she waited. *For me*, Sydney realized. Oh fuck. She was about to take this girl’s underwear off. Oh, wow. She felt like her hands were shaking so hard she’d wind up scratching Peyton’s soft, slender hips with her nails, but her underwear slid off easily. Sydney

studied those panties. Gray cotton. Normal, non-sexy underwear. That was so fucking sexy. It was the sort of underwear Sydney wore when she was sure nobody would see them, comfy and casual and flattering only because her ass was indomitable. Peyton hadn't come here looking for sex, but Sydney had brought her to it. That was the narrative she told herself as she set them down and returned her full attention to the girl on the bed.

Her knees were bent, legs spread. Fearless. Her pussy, her ass, both right there, naked and available. Sydney had seen plenty of pussies before, sort of, but only in the locker room. She'd seldom even paid much attention to her own. She'd certainly never presented for her, spread open. Peyton's hips were still raised though, and she took that as an instruction to help undress her the rest of the way. Peyton helped, but Sydney was determined.

The girl still had a bra on, though. It didn't go with her panties at all, black satin that reflected the light filtering in from a street light outside. Sydney had never been much for tits, but most tits weren't this girl's tits. If she was going to do this, she wanted it all.

"Can I...?" She pointed.

Peyton smirked. "Ask me right."

Somehow, lessons learned from her stern sixth grade teacher kicked in at an odd moment. "I'm sorry. *May* I." Only then did she realize what she was being told to say, quickly adding, "Take your bra off. Please."

Peyton raised an arm, wrist arched up, and let Sydney help her sit upright. She leaned down and went after the clasp. It was surprisingly hard. Nerves, mostly, but such a different angle from taking her own off, and—

Peyton grasped her hair and roughly forced their mouths together again. With their tongues meeting, suddenly there was no rush. When the bra came off, it felt all too soon.

"Go on," urged Peyton. With agility beyond even what she'd showcased on the dance floor, she threw a slender leg over Sydney's head and fell back down to the bed. *I'm between her thighs*, Sydney realized. *My face is between the thighs of the hottest girl I've ever seen.*

And I love it.

"I've, um, never done this before," she said after she'd kissed her way up Peyton's smooth, sumptuous thighs. Their heat radiated against her cheeks, but it was a candle next to that inferno pussy melting her nose.

"I know. For tonight, just find my clit." Peyton sat up, grinning down at her between the slopes of her own breasts. "Tomorrow, I'll teach you to do it proper."

Sydney stared, entranced, at the vagina before her. It was so fucking pretty. "Does, um, this make me, you know, gay...?"

Peyton propped herself up on her elbows so they could make eye contact. She was grinning ear to ear. “Girl, this is gay as fuck.”
Sydney smiled back in kind, and dove in.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?”

“Yes, but you obviously don’t, so... why.”

Sydney held out a needy hand. Peyton took it firmly, possessively. Mm. “I don’t know. I was reading about it, and there’s so much stuff online about how you shouldn’t room with a friend in college, how friends who live together in college wind up hating each other.” She looked down at her lap. “I don’t want you to hate me.”

Peyton sneered. “Why would I hate you, baby?”

“I don’t know. Because I’m too tidy. Or too messy. Maybe I get tempted and borrow some of your clothes without permission. Maybe I fart in my sleep! I don’t know! I’m just scared.”

Peyton slid the tablet back in front of her, taking Sydney’s hand and grasping her fingertip like a stylus. “Well if you won’t do it, I will.” She murmured to herself as she typed slowly, irritably, upside down. “P-e-y-t-o-n. M-o-t-a.”

Sydney kept her wrist limp as Peyton filled in the box for the requested roommate’s address. She had to check her email to find her student ID number. “Are we really doing this?”

“Don’t be such a baby. This is college. There’s going to be lesbians everywhere. If you’re lucky, maybe I’ll let you help me pick out a playmate for us once in a while. See if you can make those other bitches come like you make me come.”

Sydney’s thighs rubbed together again of their own accord. Peyton always seemed to make them do that. “Baby likes making Mama come.”

Peyton glanced up. “Don’t call me that. My mom is a fucking bitch. It dries me up when you use that word.” Her expression softened slightly. “But ‘baby’ suits you. Precious, innocent little thing.”

Sydney slipped off her sandal under the table and extended her foot between Peyton’s thighs. They were in a crowded restaurant, but so what. If they kicked them out and banned them for life, what did she care? In a few weeks’ time, they’d be at Lakeview together, and they’d have a whole new town of restaurants to get banned from for doing hot lesbian shit to each other. To think, Sydney had only applied as a safety school. Everything was happening so fast, but that only made it more exciting. When Peyton said she wanted to go to school together, she’d abandoned any other plans instantly. Now, rooming together? Not just rooming together, but being *told* she was *going to* room with her.

“I love you,” she sighed, wiggling her toes against the moistened crotch of Peyton’s panties. “Can I call you that, then? Love?”
Peyton smiled. “I insist.”

They stopped twice on the drive to Lakeview for sex. It was only an hour’s drive, but the traffic was brutal. It stressed Peyton out big-time, but her baby was there to help relax her. At a gas station/White Castle, they went into the bathroom together, Sydney dutifully following her girlfriend into a stall and fingering her as roughly as she dared. Peyton tended to come loudly, and there was definitely someone else in there.

Forty-five minutes later, during which they hardly made it ten miles, they pulled off at a scenic overlook. Peyton led them to a picnic table in a shady little conifer grove. “Give me your panties, baby.”

Sydney looked around. “There’s people around! They’ll see,” she whispered.

Peyton didn’t like it when Sydney balked. Or at least, she liked to act like she didn’t like it. Sydney *loved* it. “Stand up.”

Knowing it was a precursor to something probably really embarrassing but probably also really hot, Sydney obeyed. Peyton pivoted on her bench to face her, then slowly reached up under Sydney’s dress and hooked her index fingers in the waistband of her panties. A thong – Peyton liked her in thongs.

People were definitely looking. Oh fuck. She pulled them down – but only so far, leaving them suspended around Sydney’s knees, in plain view of everyone. “Everybody can see me!” she whined, which only made sure anyone in earshot not already looking, began to.

“In a little bit, we’re going to be at Lakeview. I’m going to make sure everybody knows your pretty little pussy is *my* pussy. Everybody. That whole campus will know that Sydney is Peyton’s baby. If you’re not ready for people to know you’re mine – if you don’t think you can handle being out with me – then maybe I ought to just leave you on this bench and go by myself. I’ll bet some hairy fucking thug-boy will be along soon enough, let you suck his wrinkly fucking dick for a ride.”

Sydney frowned. “Don’t say that, love.”

“Then show me I don’t need to.”

Heedless of the stares, Sydney melted into her girlfriend’s lap. *Her girlfriend*. Months ago, those words would have been unthinkable. Now, after the summer’s non-stop lickathon, she couldn’t imagine *not* being gay. Ugh, to think she’d denied it for so long!

She kissed Peyton, stroking her cheek first, but as the girl began to show some enjoyment, her hand slipped down her shoulder and cupped her breast. Peyton was way

more into breast play than she was. It was weird; with boys, she'd generalized everything her boyfriend did to all boys. Now that it was she and Peyton, she was realizing how unique and exciting every separate girl's body was.

"Can I still live with you?" she pleaded as Peyton stood up from the bench sometime later. As they regained a field of vision broader than one another, their audience quickly pretended that they weren't, aside from a dour-faced elderly couple giving them a scolding kids-these-days look.

Peyton grinned. "Oh, at this point it'd be too much of a hassle to replace you." She crooked her finger, and Sydney followed along behind her. Her thong slipped down to her ankles and she stepped out of it, discarding her underwear on the bedding of pine needles.

They arrived at Lakeview a short while later, maneuvering through the lines of confused, meandering new arrivals like themselves until they were parked behind their dorm. Higgins Hall. Sydney liked the alliteration of it. The pair emerged from Peyton's SUV, stretching cramped legs. All around them, other girls were in the process of moving in with help from their dads and brothers and boyfriends. The back end of their vehicle was packed to the brim; this was going to be a real chore. Not enough to make her regret forsaking men, though.

"All right, so should we start with electronics? It's freaking hot out here, so I was thinking—"

"Can we go to our room and fuck?" Sydney whimpered pleadingly. "Ever since you took me as your roommate I've been thinking about it, and now we're here, and I want you so bad, love, and I'll do all the rest of the loading by myself if you—"

Peyton put a finger to her lips. "All right, baby. Leave the boxes. It'll be hotter up there anyway."

Her lover took her by the hand and led her up to their room. She threw Sydney onto the bottom bunk, lunging after her, hands following closely behind her mouth. She tore off Sydney's clothes in seconds – except her underwear, which was now the trophy of the little brother of another Lakeview freshman whose family had paused at the same rest stop, a boy who'd very much preferred admiring the young couple's scenery to god's.

Sydney's sweaty body stuck to the bare mattress, first one side and then the other as Peyton flipped her so she could chew on her ass a bit before diving into her pussy. It had weirded her out for a moment the first time she'd felt teeth sinking into her butt, but Peyton sold her on it without speaking a word. It felt so sexy to be so hot to someone that you transcended hotness and became *edible*. Her ass, a literal snack.

She lay there, basking in her lover's needful affections. Sydney had never thought of herself as a sub before Peyton. It was only that she'd never met somebody she wanted to submit to. It wasn't a formally recognized arrangement, but they understood it. The

best was when Peyton proved her dominance just for sport. The fucking slutty little bikini she'd made her wear to the beach when she introduced her to her friends... just the memory of the breeze on her bare ass cheeks still made her want to get fucked outdoors again.

There had to be a lake around here somewhere, didn't there? She knew exactly which box that bikini was packed in.

Peyton's tongue didn't relent until Sydney was trembling so hard she had to beg for respite. Her lover – her *roommate*, mmm – didn't concede right away, of course, but Sydney wouldn't want her to. Peyton's way was to pleasure her until *she* felt Sydney had had enough. Sydney wouldn't have it any other way. The thrill of irresistibility was almost as hot as the sex itself. A hot little plaything Peyton always wanted to play with.

Peyton climbed up beside her and rolled Sydney's body on top of hers. (They had no way of knowing that they did so right where their RA had paused during his room condition reports to take a call from his mother. They hadn't turned the AC on until that morning, so, being alone on the floor, he'd lain there while his mother chatted his ear off, shirtless, for quite some time.)

"We get to do this every goddamn day, baby." Peyton pulled Sydney's lips to hers, repeating right into her mouth. It echoed into her ears from the inside. "Every. Day."

Sydney melted into her arms. No more nosy parents wondering who this random new girl was that their daughter spontaneously decided to spend every day of her summer with. No more curfews. No more making out in the back of Peyton's SUV in the dark and hoping nobody saw. They had this whole tiny glorious room all to themselves for an entire school year.

It was the start of a brand new day, and she hoped it never ended.

"I know. I hear you. It isn't right."

"No, it's not 'not right.' It's fucking *bullshit!* It was one thing when we enrolled so late they said they were sticking us on a coed floor. But then we get here, and 'coed' turns out to mean thirty women – thirty smoking fucking hot women..." She caught Sydney's pout. "None of them as hot as you, baby. You know that."

Sydney smiled, and nodded a request for Peyton to resume venting. Sometimes she messed something up on purpose a little – a *little* – just because Peyton fucked so *good* when she was mad. Nothing held back.

"But I'm serious! How big of a donation do you think his dickhead daddy made to get the school to set him up with this? I bet they're naming a new fucking theme park after that turd-gargling gigachad!"

“Do you think that fight was real?” Sydney didn’t think it was real, but she knew Peyton would put it better.

“It was real like every cum my baby phoned in on some spaghetti noodle of a dick,” Peyton growled. Sydney *had* climaxed sometimes with boys – cocks simply felt good inside a pussy, not her fault – but she’d never tell Peyton that. “I mean seriously. He fucks that psycho chick on the *first fucking night!* Then, the very next fucking day they have a naked brawl in the shower, with him, just... flopping! and pulsing! My ass. And these fucking cock hounds around here are eating it up! Did you see that chat on the, um, what’s it called...”

“Discord,” Sydney offered, uncrossing and crossing her legs. She was already starting to get damp. Angry Peyton was such a short trip to horny Peyton. If that RA guy made her this pissed off, Sydney hoped he stayed all year, and popped in for another of his cheesy “hi how ya acclimating?” talks every morning, afternoon and night.

Peyton grunted. “I had to disable notifications, these girls writing fucking short novels, all ‘omg his peepee so beeeeg!’ *My* dick is bigger than that thing.”

Sydney nodded, trying to project sympathy, but that last bit finally broke her into a gentle grin. “I don’t know if it’s quite *that* big, love.”

Peyton dialed her snarl back a bit. “I’m just saying, a bunch of girls raving online about their *male* RA’s dick is fucking gross. It’s degrading.”

“I know. You’re completely right.”

Her girlfriend’s eyes narrowed. She didn’t like being placated, but she’d been ranting about it so much the past couple days that Sydney was a little more annoyed by the complaints about a boy RA than the boy RA himself.

Honestly? Sydney thought he seemed like a sweet guy, a teddy bear’s teddy bear. When Peyton had told him she and Sydney were girlfriends, the challenge sparkling in her eyes, he’d taken it totally in stride, like it was the most normal thing in the world. Sydney liked how it had felt, being accepted. She’d been nervous people would be crappy to her over the whole gay thing, but having an authority figure who seemed to accept them instantly and wholeheartedly had put her much more at ease.

And that video, staged or no, *had* been pretty damn hot. She and Peyton had watched it on loop while they’d made out last night, debating whether they’d rather fuck Leigh or Quinn. Sydney liked Quinn’s take no prisoners vibe, savage and commanding. Reminded her of someone she knew. Peyton, however, always had an eye for pinup girl types.

They’d resolved the argument with a mutually agreed “both,” then sandwiched their biggest vibrator – Sydney had dubbed it “The Elder Wand” – between their pussies and did their best to suck each other’s cum out through each other’s throats.

“I think we should put in for a transfer,” Peyton said.

“What do you mean? Classes just started, love. It’s too late to—”

Peyton held a finger to her lips. It was one of very few domineering acts her girlfriend perpetrated against her that genuinely pissed her off. At some point she'd have to say something – some point when she was out of arm's reach, because if Peyton decided to fuck her into submission she knew she'd wind up submitting. For now, she fell silent, and once more kicked that can down the road.

“Not transfer schools. Floors, baby. We wouldn't even have to leave the building. I was talking to that downstairs RA in line at the food court this morning while you were getting your beauty sleep. She said—”

“Which downstairs RA?”

“The, I don't know, downstairs one.”

“The pretty one, the cute one, the hot one, or the goddess one?” They'd met the other Higgins RAs on the campus tour, and decided on those nicknames during the walk. They all lived downstairs from them, except for the hate-fuckable one.

“Goddess. Baby I was talking about dorm shit, not trying to pull her into bed.”

Sydney retained her sulk. She was prone to jealousy, and she was jealous of that girl without needing a story of her alone, talking about who knew what, with Peyton. “Fine.”

Peyton decided to finish her story rather than mollify her lover. “But she said she has an open room on her floor. It's a single, she said, but I said you and I didn't care, we shared a bed anyway. She said if they don't kick out Captain Dickstick, we can take our complaints to the head dorm lady and see if we can do it.”

“But I like it here. We already made some friends here.”

“It's been like seventy-two hours! We barely know them. Plus it's just a few flights of stairs anyway! Not like we'd be going to Canada.”

“I like it here,” Sydney repeated in a despondent mumble. She did. As someone who'd been too afraid to wonder aloud if she might be attracted to women in high school, going to college completely and totally out and finding a community so accepting of it? It felt too good to be true.

More anxiety than Sydney had ever realized she'd been harboring had melted away in Spencer's casual rule discussion at their floor meeting opening night. He'd been talking about guest and visitation policies. “We don't have any hard visitation hours here, so your friends, boyfriends, girlfriends, can stay over with your roommate's blessing whenever you like.” Just like that, like having a girlfriend was no less normal. With a chuckle, he went on, “Technically the policy is that visitors can't *sleep* in your room, so if you can find a way to keep them awake...”

The girls laughed, but Sydney had to cut in. She'd been upset over his offering of genitalia even before the meeting started. “What if your girlfriend sleeps over every night?”

She'd said it to throw him off, be edgy, poke a hole in his veneer of tolerance. And to let everybody know that pretty Sydney and her pretty kitty were *hers*. Mmm. He responded so quickly though, nodding to where she was holding Sydney's hand, "Well then you are making a lot of Lakeview ladies very jealous, I'm sure," that the girls had laughed, and Sydney and even Peyton had laughed with them. It was hard to be mad when you were being politely flattered. The whole floor, laughing at the quirky idiosyncrasy of a perk of lesbianism. A thousand pounds melted off her shoulders, just like that.

What if the goddess one's residents didn't feel that way? What if they had to go back to muffling their sex for fear some asshole would overhear and be a bitch? She'd been gay, or bi, or whatever this was for all of three months. However brief, that had been plenty of time to be subjected to Peyton's educational lectures on the risks and hardships of the LGBTQ+ community.

The morning after that rant, for the first time, Sydney lied to her girlfriend. She told her she'd gone to the Lakeview housing website and filled out a form for them to transfer rooms. She had not. She wanted to stay.

"Aw, thanks baby." She kissed the top of Sydney's head.

"Do you think we have a real shot with the goddess one?"

Peyton laughed. "Gonna be an uphill battle there. Her boyfriend was with her when we were talking, some jock-looking dude. 'Price,' she said his name was. Fucking 'Price.' Got some blue collar dude job, drove up for the weekend to see her. Three whole-ass hours, which he made it a point to say twice in the three minutes we were chatting."

"Isn't this weekend like super busy for her? Spencer had a list of orientation stuff going on as long as these legs." Sydney giddily stroked Peyton's. Tall girls were so fucking hot. "What kind of d-bag visits when their girlfriend is busy working the whole time?"

"Fucking Price," grumbled Peyton. "Thief of opportunity, murderer of love."

The lie morphed as need arose, as lies will.

No, Sydney hadn't heard back. OK now she'd heard back.

Why hadn't Peyton gotten any kind of email? Was Sydney sure she'd filled it out for both and not just one of them? Yes she was sure, she'd just filled out both requests under her login. Other people had put in for that room, so they were reviewing applications.

Could they talk to the dorm manager directly? Sydney already had, but the woman had simply said to bide their time, give the system time.

If there were over ten thousand students in campus housing, how could there possibly not be a space open somewhere? Um, Sydney stuttered, she thought they'd said something about prioritizing requests by upperclassmen over freshmen. Yes, *freshmen* was a bullshit word. Yes, she was impatient, too. Yes, at least this floor was pretty chill, RA aside. No, she still wanted to go if Peyton did. If Peyton changed her mind, though, she wouldn't mind staying much. Yes, packing again would be so annoying.

No, maybe Spencer wasn't the worst thing. Bottom five, maybe, but not the absolute worst.

Yes, they'd said they could cancel their request at no fee.

Meanwhile, true to her promise, Peyton fucked her every single day. Sometimes she almost felt like it was too much, constantly being touched, fondled, kissed, licked, sucked, used. Not that she didn't love it, but surely there was some objective upper limit? She wasn't supposed to still be horny after coming her ovaries out three times in a row, was she?

But Sydney always found she was still horny. She'd never been so in love. She'd never been this happy, and as she and her love celebrated her nineteenth birthday with nineteen world-altering orgasms, she suspected she might never be again.

Higgins 3 was paradise, and Sydney got to live there with a woman who made her toes curl on cue. She never wanted to leave.

"Pass."

Peyton gaped, then swiveled the mouse wheel, zooming in on what Sydney had already acknowledged were a fantastic pair of tits. "Seriously? Jo? *Pass on Jo?*"

"She seems... selfish." Sydney wrinkled her nose. "I dunno, she just gives me a vibe, like we'd lick her until she couldn't close her legs again for a week, and then..." She giggled. "I guess she couldn't walk like that, but I dunno, she could maybe crawl away. And then not even blow a kiss behind her. You know?"

"Man. No wonder you were a virgin lesbian when I found you. All right, swipe left on Jo."

Sydney nestled deeper into her lover's lap, keeping her tits right at mouth level. Peyton clicked to the next image, but gave her a little lick in recognition of how much she liked Sydney recognizing that Peyton loved her tits. To think, she'd been uncomfortable when guys used the term "tits." But with what they did to Peyton, she had to concede, "tits" was fucking tits. She'd contemplated taking "titties" out for a spin, but there had to be a line somewhere.

"Laura...?" Peyton sneered. "Why the fuck is she in here?"

“You said, one of everybody on the floor, love. You said.” The slide was set to random order so they didn’t get to thinking ahead alphabetically or by roommate. To focus on one Hottie body at a time.

“Yeah, well. Swipe left, next.” She clicked; the next shot brought up a bikini pic. Peyton had asked her to find flattering photos, so bikinis were well-represented. Just about every girl of their caliber had at least a few bikini pics somewhere in their socials, even the ones who acted like they were above it like that girl Toni a few rooms down who always acted offended if somebody brought up something from the Higgins 3 discord. Still, abundant bikini pics or no, Sydney had slipped some sexy dresses and booty shorts into the mix. This particular shot was one of the more top-heavy girls, weighty tits oozing out of a bikini top she’d long since outgrown.

“Danielle. Hmmm. Danni, Danni, Danni.” Peyton studied the image, then zoomed in and panned around, looking for flaws. Sydney doubted she’d ever find any detail that might sway her vote. It just made her horny to look at them. Sydney could hardly blame her. She wasn’t sold on her girlfriend’s conspiracy theories of how this much prime girl-flesh landed on the same floor, but she wasn’t going to look this gift horse in the mouth.

Danielle, though... “She’s got kind of an RBF thing going on.”

“Yeah, I see how you mean, though I think it’s just the light.”

“No, I meant like all the time. Every time we cross paths it’s like she’s thinking something petty and judgy about me.”

“So a pass for you on Danielle, huh?”

“No! No, I actually kind of like that. Like, she looks like you’d make her come and it would explode that bratty look right off her stupid face. Smash.”

Peyton smiled. “You’re such a bad little bitch, baby. God I fucking love how that twisted brain of yours works.”

Sydney bent down and licked up Peyton’s neck until she hit mouth, then kissed her hungrily. This game was making her insanely horny. More so than usual. It felt like ever since they’d gotten here, her pussy never stopped rumbling for more. “Back at you. How ‘bout you? Danielle: go.”

“Eh, smash. For you.”

“We promised! No voting just to make the other happy.”

Peyton nodded. “Sorry. Fine. Pass. She’s fine, but... meh.”

“Next!” she clicked. Kyu-Ri. Kyu-Ri hadn’t had any swimsuit pics online; Sydney had gotten the sense that she was rather modest, at least in what she posted. The picture was her on a bridge somewhere, probably back wherever she came from since all the comments were in those incomprehensible squiggles. A turtleneck, not especially tight but what could possibly be loose on that frame. She was making a dorky face, her eyes crossed and her nose and mouth scrunched in an ugly way.

“Smash,” the girls said in unison, laughing and fondling and sucking each other’s tongues.

Next up was Nikki, her picture showing her playing chicken in a swimming pool with some friends. Not as clean a shot as most she’d put in the folder, but Sydney had wanted a little variety, not just a bunch of hot girls looking hot in the same hot pose. Double smash. Peyton for Nikki’s “lesbian vibage,” whatever that meant, and Sydney because Nikki had let her borrow this super hot top for a party they’d gone to at the Kappa Nu house last weekend.

Shauna, clad in a tight white sleeveless top that clung to her chest like a second skin. Smash, no discussion. Talking about all the things they wanted to do to Shauna had been what had started this whole game in the first place. Sydney had dubbed it “fantasy fuckball.” Her dad was fanatical about the football edition. Peyton thought it was too butch, but Sydney kept pushing the term when she had her love good and horny. Peyton was much more agreeable mid-coitus.

Peyton clicked for the next shot as her fingernails traced up and down the soft skin of Sydney’s back. When they saw who it was, her fingers froze, nails suddenly digging into Sydney’s skin. “What the fuck is this.”

“You said, *everyone*. He’s part of everyone.”

“He’s a fucking *he*.”

The image of Spencer on the screen was a still from that video of his “staged” – Peyton never let Sydney refer to it without including “staged” – shower fight. The video quality had already been reduced to accommodate the discord file size maximum, and the screenshot was even worse. Still, no mistaking those glistening pecs, that turgid rod frozen mid-swing between leanly muscled thighs. She’d almost gone with one of the scores of AI-generated shots the girls had uploaded, inspired by that day. Leigh had shared some really hot ones, plainly inspired by her own perspective looking up at that cock thrust forth proudly above her. In the end, though, she’d settled for a pic of the real thing. Not like he was a viable contender for smashing, but Peyton usually rewarded strict obedience. Sydney liked being rewarded.

“So... pass, for you.”

“No, not pass for me,” Peyton snapped. “Pass means I’ve thought about it and decided no. I don’t even need to think about *that*. Are you trying to suggest something Sydney?”

Sydney. It felt like she hadn’t heard Peyton say her real name in weeks. “No, love, I swear I was only–”

“Because if you miss being penetrated so much, we can go back to the frat house, let those sasquatches run a train on you. Sound fun? Cock cock cock, dick dick dick. Yeah? That what you want?”

Sydney eased off of her girlfriend's lap and down to her knees. "What? No! Peyton, I didn't mean anything! I know you like to blow off steam about him is all, and—"

"Of course I blow off steam! He's a man, lording over a floor full of girls. Fucking *hot* girls, girls like us, like some fucking medieval baron going all prima mother fucking nocta!" Peyton shot to her feet, the chair skidding backwards. "But here's a question: why is it I'm the only one with anything to complain about where this jagoff is concerned?"

Sydney shook her head. "What do you...? I don't..."

"Damn right you don't. Just admit it. I won't be pissed, but I want to hear you say it."

"Say what?"

"Say you miss guys! Say you want to drag that big, purple, veiny man-dick into *our* fucking bed!" It was hard to use a mouse wrathfully, but she did a decent job of it, zooming the shot in on Spencer's cock, in and out and in again.

Sydney started to cry in spite of herself. "I don't! I only want you, Peyton, I swear!"

Like that, they were somehow fighting. This was their first real fight. They disagreed all the time, argued occasionally, sometimes passionately – but never over anything important. Never over something Sydney wasn't grateful to get to lick her way back into Peyton's good graces. This was different.

"No, it's fine. Let's go ask him! Hey, stud, wanna put a couple lesbian notches on your bedpost? Because damn, I bet those are hella braggable down at the lodge. Let's not even bother getting dressed, you know? Really sweeten the pot for him, see if you can't score yourself a little pity fuck!"

"Why are you being like this?" Sydney moaned. "I love you – I only want you, just you, I love you..." She rambled on between sobs.

"You love getting your fucking cunt stuffed! I was a fucking vacation for you, a little break from the dickheads at your high school. But hey, we're in college now, so I guess it's time to trade up, yeah?! You fucking backstabbing—"

There was a knock at the slightly ajar door – Peyton's idea; easy recruiting for anybody who overheard their game transpiring and took interest – but it wasn't nearly loud enough to interrupt Peyton's vitriol. "Whoa, hey ladies, what's going OH SHIT sorry sorry sorry!" Spencer's voice, however, did the trick. Seeing the girls naked spun him about. He blushed easily, for an alleged fuckboy.

"You want to ask him, or should I?" Peyton thundered coldly. Sydney was beyond words, weeping openly. Peyton pushed past him, heedless of the way her breasts brushed against his chest as she forced her way into the hall.

Spencer stared between the two for a moment. "Sydney, are you all right?"

She shook her head. “*NO!*” she whined piteously.

“Hey, why don’t you throw on some clothes, and... let’s talk. I don’t want to get involved in a lover’s quarrel, but... um...” Suddenly he noticed the dick filling Peyton’s monitor. There was no sign he recognized it as his own, though, and there was nothing in the background to provide context for what looked to be low-grade porn. “Whoa. Sorry. Um, but yeah, why don’t you and I—”

“*GET OUT!*” Sydney didn’t want to be mean to him. Still, right now she was naked and alone in a room with him, and all she wanted was to make Peyton believe that that was the last thing she wanted. Sure, he was plenty hot, and sure, she hadn’t forgotten the allure of men when she first made love to a woman. Sydney had, however, forgotten anyone else but her Peyton.

She darted past Spencer even as he stumbled back into the hall. A moment later she found Peyton, huddled on the floor in the corner of a shower stall. The water wasn’t even running, except down her cheeks. Sydney had never seen her cry before. She seemed so strong, so fearless, that seeing her peering up at her through bleary eyes in the gap between her knees...

Sydney rushed down beside her and threw her arms around her. “I’m sorry, love. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

Peyton tolerated the hug for a moment, then melted into it and reciprocated it with twice the intensity. “No I’m sorry. You’re so good and perfect and, and good, I’m sorry baby, don’t leave me baby...”

It was Sydney who first recovered enough to realize they were cold and naked and didn’t even have towels. She resolved the cold issue first, turning on the water and helping Peyton stand, holding each other under the steamy stream. Peyton was still crying, hard, so it was again Sydney who tasked herself with solving the towel problem. She kept her ears perked for the arrival of someone, anyone. She finally heard someone latching the adjacent stall. Peyton didn’t react, but right before she could check who it was and if they might be willing to do a favor, the third and final stall door latched audibly.

“How traffics the riff raff, homie?” It could only be that stoner chick, Casey. A split smash/pass. She’d tried to sell them drugs the second day they’d been here. Sydney didn’t like living down the hall from a drug dealer but Peyton was a sucker for anything blonde with huge tits. (Not that dark-haired dark-skinned B cup Sydney was threatened. Her love made sure she knew where she stood in the rankings. First pick in fantasy fuckball, every time. It was part of the game, now.)

The occupant of the third stall had been addressing the prior arrival, though. “Uh, what...?” Spencer. Crap. Had she been lurking in here, waiting for him to come shower? Heck of a coincidence otherwise, arriving together like that.

“You were checking on the lezzie squabbles, right? They fight loud for such a fine-ass couple.”

“Casey, sometimes couples argue. Nothing wrong with that, and I hope everybody on this floor knows I’m happy to help them work through any troubles they might be having – or if I can’t, then I’ll find someone who can.”

Sydney frowned. Great. An answer that delicately crafted meant he knew damn well they were in here. Not a hard guess, she supposed, two naked girls storming off the way they had. Not like they could go finish their argument sharing fries at the food court, not without clothes. Still, it was sweet of him to pretend otherwise. Peyton, however, glared through that divider between their showers.

“I got some troubles you could come help solve, homie,” Casey teased.

“Slut,” mumbled Peyton, her voice soft enough to reach Sydney’s ears alone. “Change my vote to pass.”

There was nothing to do but wait it out. Sydney didn’t mind. She wanted to be held, and to hold, and to never let go. Peyton had some trust issues; Sydney would prove that she was deserving.

So they stood there, soaking, breathing in the thick mist of the triple-occupied shower area, the steam as it melted off of Spencer’s body and carried what it carried into the air, into their lungs, into their bodies. For his part, he was playing a waiting game with Casey, who in turn was biding her time for him to make his exit. They showered side by side by side for over half an hour, breathing in, and out, and in again.

It was Sydney who finally put an end to their little game of shower chicken. “Let me take you to bed and show you you’re the only one I’m gonna smash, love.”

“I’m sorry. Smash me, baby.”

“OK, next question... They write, ‘Is “gay for the stay” a thing?’” Spencer’s ex-girlfriend nodded. She did that for all the questions. Unfold it, read it, laugh a little if it was meant to be funny, but always the nod. It signaled she was thinking. Whether it was a deep question – *“does the morning after pill always work, and are there long-term side effects?”* – or more of the frivolous and nosy questions about Spencer – *“did you ever get him to do any cosplay, and if so, of what?”* – this woman gave real answers.

Sydney had been drawn in by her early in the process. Her hand had been shaking when she wrote her question, folded it and put it in with the rest. It was anonymous, but a lot of the girls had been pretty obvious when theirs came up. Others had just asked questions that made it clear. (“How are Spencer’s feelings about the

women of Asia?” and “Is constant, casual nudity something you two ever tried?” asked Kyu-Ri and Lex respectively.)

Sydney was glad she'd taken the small risk of asking a hard question. The girls looked around, wondering who had asked. Plenty started with her and Dawn, the two known lesbians among them, but the question sounded more bi-curious, so as Marisa began to answer, there was no sense of people watching for her reaction.

“Right, great question. So we're getting a little bit into the whole LGBTQIA area here. Some of you have probably been in that area for a while, I bet. You might have heard people talk about sexual preference as a spectrum, like some people are a hundred percent gay, some a hundred percent hetero—”

“Heyo,” called out Sammi, earning a rebuking look from Spencer.

“And then there's this sliding scale in between where most of us are. Now, thinking of it as a line is reductive in a lot of ways,” Marisa went on. How many times had she used the word *reductive* tonight? It felt like a lot. “Like if I were *here* on the line, I'd hook up with a girl, but if I just scooched over a smidgeon to *here*, I'd be dtf with her fat friend, too.”

The girls laughed. Hooking up with fat people! Hilarious. What had ever happened to the Three? Sydney didn't see any of them here.

“But there's a lot more to our sexual identities than just sex and gender. Things that turn us on irrespective of those things. Raise your hand if you've ever slipped into a nice hot bath and felt turned on.”

A few hands went up. Sydney's was one. She loved the feeling of wetness. One time that summer, Peyton had fingered her in the community pool, all sneaky like, and even with the dread of all these people noticing, those droplets Peyton sprinkled across her chest and shoulders, even cold, had felt divine.

“Hard one, but hashtag safe space,” Marisa went on. “Raise your hand if you've ever felt a little turned on petting your cat? And I'm not being euphemistic here; I mean four legs sixteen claws mew-mew-mew cat. Anybody?”

Kyu-Ri raised her hand, but she'd raised her hand in every single question Marisa asked. Sydney wasn't convinced she was following it well enough to know what she was responding to. She seemed to be having fun engaging, though. Sydney had heard Dawn and some of the girls were tutoring her in English. She'd been kicking herself for not thinking of it first. Peyton was still dead set on that international threesome. Sydney wished she were here tonight.

Marisa flashed a knowing smile. “All right, we'll pretend it's just the one. If you wanted to raise your hand but felt weird about it, rest assured you're not a weirdo. The brain doesn't do the best job disassociating our feelings and expressions of physical love for a cat, and for a person. Likewise, it tends to process smallness, softness, reciprocity

of affection in a similar way it might to, say, a gentle pat on the shoulder from a boy we're attracted to.

"Coming back to the question at hand, my point is that our sexual appetites are always fluid. You find me a woman who says she's craved her husband's touch alone since the day they met, and I'll show you a lady who's gonna be the first one to catch the clap in the nursing home once dear Winston has passed."

She eyed the crowd of awkwardly giggling Hotties. "Take a moment, imagine the first person you remember being attracted to. A celebrity, your fifth grade teacher—"

"Our cat," interjected Kendall to broad laughter.

"Boopsie, sure." Marisa grinned. "Now raise your hand once you have the person in mind. First person to really get you turned on."

Sydney thought. She wanted to be romantic about it and tell herself she'd never really known what lust was before Peyton, but truthfully, there had been plenty. She picked one and put her hand up.

Once most of their hands were up, she went on. "All right, now keep your hand up if you're *still* attracted to that person."

Every hand went down. Even Kyu-Ri's. Sydney suspected that, like her, they'd been imagining someone from a very different stage of life. Hers had been a kid she'd sat in a desk cluster with in fifth grade. Every day when the class came in from recess, he rushed ahead so he could pull out Sydney's chair for her. Such a stupid, wonderful little gentleman.

"Right?" said Marisa. "My point is this. Tastes change. What feels incredible to us today might hold no appeal at all in another decade. 'Gay for the stay' is just a very visible example, and for many people a tricky thing to wrap their head around. Like if you kiss a girl, and you like it, it's somehow changed something about you. Which, to be fair, it might. But it also might just be that you really had a connection with someone and their sex played no role in that feeling. Your mood, a pretty fall day, the arrangement of the stars in the heavens, a woman on the Lakeview Dance Team heel-toeing down the sidewalk in front of you in skinny jeans – factors aligned to create a response."

"My advice, as always, is to experiment, explore, and give yourself freedom to tell Robert Frost to go fuck himself and go back to where the path split whenever you want. So sure, gay for the stay is absolutely a thing."

Spencer chimed in, something he had generally not been willing to do as the girls used this exercise to probe his own sexual history, repeatedly, relentlessly. "And while I hope we're creating an inclusive, supportive community here, if you're struggling with urges or feelings—"

Casey interjected. "Oh I'm strugglin', homie. Big damn feelings over here, and some hella urges." Sammi and Lex high-fived her on either side as the girls cackled.

“Hysterical. But seriously, Lakeview has support for you, and so do I. Talk to me.” He cut it there, gesturing to invite Marisa to draw another question.

A short while later, Sydney returned to her room. Lots of girls had stayed in the lounge to giggle and gossip over Marisa’s myriad salacious revelations about her ex-boyfriend. The question about whether or not a penis could be so big it hurt had been a particular hit; they seemed pretty excited to be told that yes, since their pussies were also designed to eject a freaking baby, they could all almost certainly accommodate a cock like Spencer’s. (That was, she noted, reductive, and she hadn’t put it exactly that way. Not quite.)

Peyton was sitting in bed, textbook in her lap and a notebook in hand. She didn’t look up. “Have fun? I could hear you all giggling and gasping from down here.”

Sydney sat down across from her and said nothing, waiting for Peyton to look up. Peyton could sense it, and like any other time Sydney was trying to get her to do something, it made her dig in her feet. It was minutes before she finally gave in.

“What.”

“You have to be a little nicer, my love.” Sydney’s voice was quiet, but firm.

“What, your boy and his pet slut didn’t like my question?”

“No, he didn’t. And I didn’t. I don’t think ‘Hey Spencer, did you ever want to fuck a dyke’ was a productive discussion topic.”

Peyton smirked, though Sydney saw a tinge of regret in her eyes. “Well, did he? Asking for a friend.”

“He just made this awful sad face and didn’t answer. Marisa – that was her name, not ‘pet slut’ – tried to say a few words, but it was just awkward for everybody. If it makes you feel better, I think most people thought it was Dawn’s question, and she looked incredibly embarrassed.”

There went the smirk. Good. “Shit. I’ll talk to her. I didn’t mean to... shit.”

“These are our neighbors and our friends, love. We decided to stay, so we need to accept the whole situation. Neither of us like the boy RA thing as a concept, but I’m telling you, he’s not a monster. Maybe he’s kind of a man-whore, sure, but the way half these girls hit on him day and night, I can’t believe he hasn’t slept with a dozen of them yet.”

“That you know of.”

Sydney gave her a dubious look. “Really? You don’t think *these* girls would be crowing about hooking up with him at the top of their lungs? They’d be pausing to take selfies mid-coitus just to brag on the Haven. Which I know you say you don’t pay any attention to, but you know I’m right. Do you think if he really was some lowlife, he wouldn’t have slept with Casey? Or Leigh? Or Charlie?”

“Like the blondes, do you,” muttered her light-brown-haired girlfriend.

“You have to be nice,” Sydney repeated. “This is our home now. We’ve been in here fucking like little interracial lesbian bunnies for weeks, with these thin-ass doors and thin-ass walls, and has anybody said or done a single thing to complain or criticize or even tease? These are really nice people, and this a really nice place. I like it here. I want you to like it here with me.”

“It’s... not right,” Peyton insisted sullenly after a moment.

“You know what I think?” Sydney scooted closer, took Peyton’s hands in hers. “I think you like him, and you don’t like that you like him.”

Her girlfriend’s eyes blazed at the accusation. “I do *NOT*—”

But a gentle pressure from Sydney’s hands compelled her silence. “Sometimes you forget to be mad about it. Like remember when he did that roommate agreement thing? And we were laughing, he joked about how with us it was almost more like couple’s therapy? Oh my god, that one question about having opposite-gendered overnight guests – you freaking lost it, remember?”

In spite of herself, Peyton laughed. It had been so absurd, sitting there, lesbian as hell with her lesbian-leaning bi girlfriend, discussing with this anomaly of an RA about how they’d feel about having a boy over. Practically an SNL sketch.

“You wear that anger like armor, love, but I’m telling you, you don’t need it here. It’s safe. *We’re* safe. I know, safe isn’t what you’ve known. I know people have misunderstood you and judged you and hurt you. Just because it wasn’t the same for me doesn’t mean I don’t hear the things you mutter in your sleep. I hear *all* of it.” She squeezed those trembling hands gently. “But we’ve started over. It’s not where you were any more. You can let go, and start over, with me.”

Peyton sniffled. She didn’t cry – she wouldn’t, not again – but the sniffle was necessary to keep it that way. “I’ll be nice to him,” she said at last.

Sydney drew her into a hug, drew her down onto their big shared bed and held her and kissed her until Peyton well and truly felt like being very nice, to one Higgins 3 resident in particular.

“Maybe he’s not the devil,” Peyton relented.

“Hey now, is it *my* turn to start yelling at *you* not to fuck him? Because—”

“Oh shut up and get that dress off before I tear it off you, baby.”

It was a cheap dress, and Sydney was not fond of it. She let her tear it off.

Sydney was so proud of the way her girlfriend rose to the challenge. With only a little goading, she started coming to movie nights, joining groups for dinner at Penderdast or off-campus, making friends with Sydney’s friends. Some of it, Sydney knew, was her ongoing quest for the apparently elusive lesbian threesome. (They could

always fetch Dawn, of course; that girl was so much bottled lesbian horniness that a wink would shoot the cork off of her and right through the roof. But there was no prestige in Dawn.) When Sydney speculated that they might want to consider looking around outside of Higgins 3, Peyton dismissed it handily. Higgins 3 was full of gorgeous, frantically horny girls. Wouldn't it be better, her girlfriend argued, to only have to walk down the hall to find another playmate, instead of trek across campus? Peyton liked to fantasize that by the end of the school year, hooking up with the hot couple in 313 would be considered a Higgins 3 rite of passage.

The more she obsessed over what had at first been nothing more than a game, no more serious than, say, fuck/marry/kill, the more Sydney felt like she'd be happier having Peyton all to herself. Still, Peyton did want this, and the prospect wasn't entirely unenticing. She'd learned to trust Peyton when it came to having a good time being gay. Sydney walked around turned on basically all the time, it felt like. Peyton aroused her *that* much.

In hindsight, their summer had actually been pretty humdrum. Sneaking off to hook up with her girlfriend two, maybe three times a week had made her feel like a nymphomaniac, then. Here at Higgins? "Daily" didn't come close. It wasn't abnormal for them to both wake up to find they'd started making out in their sleep. They touched each other constantly. Whenever Peyton wanted tits in her hands, or her mouth, she walked across the room and took them. That girl who'd been bold even during their first night together at that party wouldn't believe herself now. There was never a need to ask permission. Just lick. Caress. Suck. Strip – if their girlfriend were even wearing clothes to begin with, which was more and more often not the case.

For a while they'd had to be careful opening the door, but by mid-September it was clear nobody cared. Girls changed with their doors cracked open all the time. They brushed their teeth in bra and panties. Word had it that Lex had almost gotten herself written up for walking to and from the shower with a towel wrapped around her waist and nothing more, but everybody just laughed it off. Lexi gonna Lex, they giggled.

Sydney was as bad as Peyton. "Love...?" and a little pout was usually all it took to get Peyton's teeth nibbling commandingly on her nipples. "Harder, pwease?" had been enough to get her pounded so brutally with her favorite dildo that she'd had to take a few days off to let her poor little pussy recover. If one of them wasn't in the mood, it barely mattered. Sydney could keep doing her homework while Peyton's hands mauled her tits; if Peyton was late to work at the library because Sydney caught her at the door to raise up her dress and eat her ass, they agreed that it was a college town, and a new job would be easy to come by if it came to that.

One weekend, Sydney had to return home, a family health thing that involved family she didn't know. Sydney had been adopted as a baby, and while it had never mattered to her or to her parents, the extended family had had mixed reactions to the

little brown-ish infiltrator. Some, not so mixed. One such was her Great Aunt Whatsername, who was presently not doing well, and not expected to do at all for very much longer.

While her folks visited the hospice, though, someone had to take care of Muggle, though, and Sydney missed her little man. Peyton declined to accompany her, but loaned Sydney her vehicle. Neither of them wanted to deal with the whole dramatic “Mom, Dad, this is my lesbian girlfriend” drama just yet. Peyton’s parents wouldn’t be surprised, but neither would they approve, so that meeting may or may not ever happen. Sydney’s parents could acclimate, but they had enough stress on them without having to nail the Loving and Accepting Parent of a Gay reaction.

So Sydney had dinner with her family Friday night, told them about how much she loved school and how much fun she was very vaguely having. Then they left to go tend to her great aunt, leaving the house to herself. Two whole days where nobody complimented her tasty pussy. Nobody seized her by the nipples and dragged her to bed because they couldn’t wait for her to obey a summons. She showered... *alone*.

She lay there in her old bedroom, masturbating fretfully at just how inadequate she was to replicate Peyton’s affections, sulking up at a twelve year old poster of a unicorn splashing across a creek under a rainbow. (Maybe her parents wouldn’t be so shocked.) She didn’t just miss the sex. She missed having someone who was so completely obsessed with her. Her body, her pleasure, her happiness.

It was love.

The following weekend, the floor planned an outing to Bear Lake. She asked Peyton to dress her, and she put her into one of her own bikinis, strapless and bound with a big ring in the middle that really showed off her titties. (“Titties” had at last been added into Peyton’s latest salvo of dirty talk. They used to giggle at how Pubescent Boy it sounded, but increasingly they found they really liked for Peyton to dig deep for vulgarities. Dirty was hot was cum. Mmm.) Peyton must have been sparing Spencer the brunt of her foul mouth of late, because he even invited them to ride in his car to and from the lake.

“Wow, looks like somebody’s been a good girl,” Sydney teased as they made their way down to the lot.

“No I’m... wasn’t!” Peyton squeaked.

Sydney let her off the hook, and to show she appreciated it, even went to continue working on grooming Terri, who was hustling down the stairwell behind them. “Terri! Hey, I saw your latest TikTok. You looked *amazing*. That was so fun. Are you going to do any at the lake today? Because Peyton and I were saying how we’d like to help, if we can.”

Peyton’s dark eyes glittered at the sight of their comely neighbor swishing giddily down the hall in her own skimpy bikini. She dragged Sydney back into their room for a

quickie; she said she didn't want to get overwhelmed by how horny she was for her baby and fuck her in the backseat of Spencer's car.

The couple didn't say a single word on the ride over that wasn't either a question or a compliment. Terri took the bait, ate it right up, and squeezed into the backseat with them. Watching Peyton's hip pressed against Terri's, she couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to see her girlfriend touching another girl. It troubled her a bit, but she trusted Peyton not to do anything to hurt her. She and Peyton just chatted the girl up, sitting without realizing that only the night before, Spencer had snuck out of Higgins for some much needed alone time, and, tired of his Hotties thronging him day and night, abusing his open door policy like they'd paid for a space in his bedroom, beat off in the back seat. He'd popped off suddenly, so suddenly he'd missed most of it, but he was unearned and inaccurately confident that he'd mopped it all up.

At any rate, Sydney and Peyton both liked the way the cool imitation leather seats felt on their bare behinds.

Hours of dancing – really just jiggling and bouncing – to help Terri generate fresh content took its toll. (Toni helped, but mostly only when she seemed to think Spencer might be watching.) Back at Higgins, they rushed into the first available shower stall. The discord hive mind had long since uncovered a way to check if Spencer was in there. The shower area was separated by a short divider to make sure water didn't flow into the main bathroom; so long as you weren't especially short, it was enough to let you see his hair over the tops of the stalls. (Technically, it worked on Leigh and Jacqui, too, but who cared.)

Spencer was in, rinsing away a morning of particularly relentless flirtation. Even the lesbians, who seldom troubled themselves with the urges and moods of men, instinctively assumed he was in there jerking it. Since Toni had insisted on filming where he could see them, the girlfriends were as guilty of driving the guy to it as any. Sydney would never ever say it out loud – if Peyton were in the room then not even at gunpoint – but he really was attractive. The other girls took it pretty far sometimes, but so long as he didn't object – and how could any man object to *that* – it seemed like a victimless crime.

She made sure Peyton noticed, too, then joined her in the shower. They didn't often do shower sex, usually only at weird hours three or four times a week. (Was that often? It wasn't as often as she wanted to.) They might be eternally horny for one another, but it wasn't fair to ask everybody else to be comfortable with it in a quasi-public space. Today, though, their pussies were absolutely on fire. Sydney credited that tasty little micro bikini and what it did to Peyton's libido to parade her around in it. It was so *hot* being dressed up and shown off.

They turned on the water. (God bless these new shower heads! even with Peyton making her come five times a day, it was nice to take care of her pussy herself sometimes.) “Shhh, he’s *right there*,” she whispered.

Peyton handed the nozzle to Sydney, who began rinsing down their bodies. “I have something for you,” she murmured.

Sydney grinned, bouncing excitedly on the balls of her feet. “Mmm, lezzies like prezzies.”

“You’re so bad. And shh.”

Peyton spun her around, gently, and pushed her up against the stall wall. An inch of heavy duty plastic between her and the object of adoration of almost every beautiful babe on Higgins 3. Almost. What was Peyton...

“OH MY *FUUUUUUUUUUUH...*” she groaned as Peyton slipped the phallus inside her. In her head, she’d anticipated the feel of the Elder Wand, but as her pussy strained to accommodate it, she dimly remembered. She hadn’t felt this full even with an actual cock. Not even close.

“Baby likes?” teased Peyton’s voice in her ear as she gave it a twist.

“Everything OK over there?” Spencer asked from the other side of the wall. He sounded distracted.

“Yeah sorry, just, um, stretching,” she lied. Sort of. It *was* stretching her out. Big-time.

Peyton started working the dildo inside her. If Sydney didn’t know better, she’d think the girl actually knew what a cock was supposed to do to a pussy. *THRUST*. Back. Wiggle, adjust, make her want it, make her fucking beg for it, *THRUST*.

“Is... is this the, um...”

Peyton’s laughter rumbled in her ear. “The Spencetronic 3000? Why, so it is.”

That wasn’t its brand name, only the name by which it was best known to the women of Higgins 3. It was endorsed by Andi herself (who was credibly alleged to have actually managed to get him to fuck her) as the dildo on the market that best replicated the real Spencer. Sydney very much had her doubts – like, had the girl just bought a thousand different dildos and tried them all and decided on this one, or what? – but it had put one in every room on the floor. (Or two, in some.) And now, in theirs.

Sydney would never have believed it, but as she gasped and clawed and grinded there in the shower, breathing in that sweet musky steam misting in from Spencer’s stall, she wasn’t about to complain.

Suddenly it was gone, though. She waited, spread her stance wider, whimpered pleadingly, but nothing doing. Turning, she saw Peyton braced against the far wall, her high, round ass jutting outward in invitation. The dildo was loosely held in one hand, waiting for Sydney to take it. Which she did.

“Um, do you... want me to...?”

This was a twist. It couldn't be. Peyton beckoned her with a finger, keeping her voice to a whisper. He was still there. He had to know what they were doing on this side of the divider, didn't he? There was an intensity, a cadence, to the breathing of the hot lesbian mid-fuck. Sydney simply couldn't be quiet enough to avoid it. Still, if Peyton wanted to be coy...

Sydney put her ear by her lover's mouth. She was so quiet, it was hard to hear her. "You're the one who said I should be nice to the guy, right? Well, what's nicer than this?"

"Are you sure? You usually get mad if I even suggest using my—"

A handful of wet black hair jerked her to Peyton's side, and there, thrust the synthetic cock into her hand, squeezing her fingers closed around it. "Fuck me, baby. If I'm gonna be a bitch about letting you have your threesome, we can at least invite his cock to play."

If Sydney didn't know better, she would have thought Peyton hated it. Her cheek pressed to the wall, lips drawn back in what was almost a snarl as Sydney strived to execute the same level of cock aptitude Peyton wielded against her. Her body, however, said otherwise. If she'd seen Peyton bouncing on any man's dick half so enthusiastically, her thighs trembling, her ass clenching and unclenching, her nipples hard as daggers as she savagely squeezed her tits like they both knew gentle Sydney never would... Sydney never would have imagined the girl could want anything but dick, dick, dick forever.

"Thank you, Spencer," said Peyton as she slid down the wall sometime later, landing on hands and knees under the stream.

"Don't mention it," said a dry voice from the other side of the divider. The water over there turned off, and a moment later, they heard him leave.

Peyton laughed between heaving breaths. "Baby, you've been holding out on me."

"You guys! You *guys!*"

Sydney opened the door, recoiling as the harsh light of the hallway hit her in the eyes, eyes which had only opened seconds earlier. It was Destiny, she realized when she could see well enough to make out details. Destiny in her bra and panties, which was worth waking up for to be sure, but nevertheless a surprise.

"Um, Destiny? What's... What time is it?"

"I don't know. But everybody's going. Come on!"

That was all the girl said before Charlie tugged on her arm and pulled her around the corner, both suppressing giggles with hands over their mouths.

Peyton slept through it. She slept through almost anything. Sydney liked to tickle her in her sleep. Not gitchie-gitchie-goo tickling, but running her fingertips over bare skin tickling. She adored every inch of that body. Touching it would never, ever get old.

Sydney grabbed her faux silk robe, cinching it over her naked body, and followed, shutting the door as quietly as possible. It didn't take long to find out where everybody was – a small mob had formed outside of room 310. Spencer's room. Twenty-some Hotties were gathered around. Casey had her ear to the door, as did Sammi. Some of the girls were standing, but most sat. Whatever was happening, the girls were staking the place out.

Sydney shook her head, rubbed sleep from her eyes. Charlie and Destiny were closest to her, near the back of the pack. Nobody was making any noise, so she kept it to a whisper. "What's going on? Is this, um, a... protest?"

Charlie's head flew back, her body shaking with silent laughter. Her roommate shook her head. "No. He's, um, in there. With company."

"What? Company?" Her eyes flitted to the door. "You mean a girl?"

She nodded. "Not just any girl. One of the other RAs. The one from the bottom floor, the really pretty one."

The goddess one, Sydney thought. She'd only seen her a handful of times, usually doing their rounds – snitchscapades, the girls called them – but she had never actually spoken to her. There was no forgetting perfection that casual, though.

"So, what are we—"

"What are they saying?" Tori stage whispered.

Sydney knew full well that noise would be audible in his room unless he was wearing headphones or was otherwise thoroughly occupied. She and Peyton had turned in early after a long day of breaking in the Spencetron 3000. Long, and thick, and vigorous. Hero, Peyton had taken to calling him – it – in recognition of what she still believed were the staged heroics of their RA in the bathroom that August evening. She had no clue what time it was.

Casey turned, cupping her hands and addressing the Hottie assembly in kind. "She has some kind of scar."

"Look who's mortal after all," muttered Danielle.

Charlie addressed the girls at the door. "What about him? Is he grossed out?"

Sammi answered, irritated. "Nah, he's being chill about it. It's *Spencer*." She rolled her eyes.

"Shh!" hissed Lex. Sydney gaped – was she... touching herself? In the freaking hallway? Sure, the idea of what was happening behind that door, or about to happen, was hot. This whole day, surrounded by gorgeous women prancing around in bikinis, flaunting every ounce of their sensuality, had made her hornier than she'd ever felt in her life. But this was... nuts. Could she...?

“Would you guys shut up out there?” yelled Spencer from inside his room. Not angrily, quite, but not far from it.

Sydney took a breath. No. Absolutely not. No. If Peyton even knew she’d stood here listening to this, she’d go berserk. Rightly so. No. Whatever the other girls wanted to do was their business. Sydney wasn’t about to get involved in whatever this was, no matter how hot it made her seeing Tori slip a hand down her panties as she watched. Tori, always so tough and kickass and no-holds-barred, reduced to a quivering puddle of girly needfulness, helpless to restrain herself.

Maybe they were more alike than Sydney had previously considered.

She turned and fled back to her room, quick and quiet as she could. When she arrived, she found Peyton awake, grasping the Hero, studying it. She looked up at Sydney after a moment, squinting at the light from the hallway as if only just noticing it. “What’s going on? What did they want?”

“You heard.” She shook her head. “It’s nothing. It’s gross, actually. C’mon, let’s go back to sleep. I’ll tell you all about it in the morning.”

Peyton bopped her on the nose with the dildo, the still pussy-wet dildo, as Sydney tried to sit down. “What? Casey barf in the bathroom sink again? Nasty druggy bitch.”

“You think girls are going around waking people up because Casey drank too much? No, it’s just...” She glanced at the dildo. Frowned. “He has a girl over.”

Peyton grinned. “Oh yeah? Me, too.”

“Yeah, but, um, it’s the goddess one. From downstairs.”

The amused grin dissipated instantly. “Oh yeah? What happened to old whatshisname?” Peyton remembered Price’s name, and Sydney knew she did, but they didn’t like mentioning it when they pleased each other to fantasies of reeling in what had to be the hottest girl at Lakeview. They didn’t like the reminder that she wasn’t eligible for their fantasy fuckball drafts.

“I don’t know but she’s in there with Spencer as we speak. The girls are being... ugh.”

“What’s ‘ugh?’”

“They’re camped out in front of his room. Sammi and Casey are freaking listening at the door, whispering updates.”

“And he hasn’t noticed...?”

“He noticed.”

“And he’s allowing it...?”

“Well, if the alternative is risking blowing things with the goddess one...” Sydney shrugged. “But they’re taking it way too far. Some of them are, you know...” She tapped her pussy through the robe.

Peyton’s eyes narrowed. She looked down at Hero, back at Sydney, at the door. “Well now...” She hopped up, Spencer’s dick in hand. “This I gotta see.”

“No, love. No. Come on, it’s not right. Just straight girls being way too straight. Look, if they want to mess up his date, that’s on them, but let’s not... Peyton!”

Peyton was in the hall, tugging on boxers and a t-shirt as she went. Sydney had no choice but to hurry after her.

“Fuck, she’s *begging* him to get her tits out!” Sammi was announcing, in what was barely still a stage whisper.

Neither she nor the rest of the girls were bothering to whisper. “Tits out!” bubbled Lexi, who – surprise, surprise – had lost her shirt somewhere between her room and Spencer’s, a mere three doors down.

Destiny’s jaw dropped at seeing Peyton, dildo still in hand; Charlie was sitting beside her, eyes closed or at least her lids so heavy they may as well be. She was rubbing her thighs together and murmuring something Sydney couldn’t make out over the din. Peyton shrugged, sliding down the wall to sit beside them, and like it was the most natural thing in the world, plunged the dildo up the leg of her boxers and started to fuck herself.

The girls on her end of the hallway were looking the other way, but down the opposite end, they saw the staunch lesbian smiling, slack-jawed, as she fucked herself with their RA’s cock.

Her girlfriend, it seemed, was a trendsetter. If the “gay” chick was diving in, well... why not?

“She’s *begging* for it you guys!” someone close by the door was reporting.

“I knew I liked her,” said Peyton, laughing, before her pleasure response won out and she focused back on Hero, heroically plunging in and out of her cunt.

A moment later, Spencer’s door flew open. Hands recoiled out of panties as if scalded. Most of them. Some, anyway. Peyton grunted as she forced that beast in as far as it would go and jerked her boxers over to hold it inside her.

Their RA herded his humiliated Hotties down into the lounge and tore them a new one. It was hard not to feel embarrassed. Sydney had only just managed to resist the impulse to sit there and close her eyes and imagine him, glorious him, in there fucking her, glorious her. Another minute and she didn’t doubt she’d have given in and succumbed to that throbbing hotness of the Hotties. Instead she only felt chagrin, even though she’d only gone back to try to stop Peyton.

All the while, Peyton squirmed in her seat. Edging herself. To *him*. Her lesbian girlfriend, riding a facsimile of their RA’s dick even as he chewed them out for trampling his privacy. His cock throbbed through his boxer shorts in time with the bullet points of his excoriation.

If Sydney had done what her girlfriend had done (and was still doing), any single part of it, Peyton would have screamed her through the floor. As for Sydney, she wasn’t

much of a screamer. At least, except when Peyton was focused on her the way she was currently preoccupied with that stupid fake dick.

“Are you mad at me or something?” Peyton asked a while later, back in their bed.

“I want to get rid of that dildo.” There. She wasn’t starting a fight. Just asking for a very reasonable favor. Lesbians ought not to need dicks. Nothing controversial there.

“What? No. This thing cost eighty bucks. Besides, you look so pretty on it.”

She tried to slip it in between Sydney’s thighs. “Stop. I don’t like it.”

Peyton was used to getting her way, treating Sydney’s body as an extension of her own, but she wasn’t so barbaric as to ignore a statement as direct as that. She pulled back. “What’s wrong? You sure seemed like you were having fun with it this evening.”

“*You* were having fun with it. I was using it. You think I need a fake cock to make my love come?”

“You seemed like you enjoyed it plenty too. Or was I dreaming that you literally couldn’t stand up when I was blasting you with this thing in the shower.”

Sydney shook her head. “You think you’re some sort of cunt whisperer because you can get a girl off with a giant rubber dick? That’s like somebody thinking they’re a great artist because they told an AI to remake the contents of the Louvre.”

Peyton sat up, still holding that thing. “I’m doing this for *you*. You’re the little bi bitch. You’re the one who’s spent all semester so far pretending she’s not drooling over the guy. ‘I don’t want to leave, love.’ ‘Be nice to him, love.’ ‘Smash, love.’”

“I did *not* say smash to him!”

“I’m doing my best, baby! You keep dragging your feet and dragging your feet about a threesome. Too shy to just come out and say you want him to be our third, but I know you. You forget, I know you better than you know yourself. So excuse me if I try to meet you halfway! And this is how you respond?!”

Sydney’s jaw trembled. Anybody else she’d dated, this is where she would have told them to fuck off. She’d dumped a guy once in the middle of homecoming simply because he’d been looking too hard at some of her friends. She was a sub in the bedroom, but she still knew her worth.

This was Peyton, though. Her love.

So instead, Sydney stood up and tugged on some clothes. “I’m going to sleep in the lounge. You two have a nice night.”

“Are we really doing this?” Sydney asked skeptically as she took off the capri pants she’d worn to the lounge.

Peyton rolled her eyes as she removed her shirt and laid it on the bed. “We’re doing this, baby. He said we could. He basically said we *should*.”

“Since when did you care what Spencer thinks we should do?”

“Broken clock, blah blah blah,” Peyton muttered, sifting through her underwear drawer. “Do you think yellow, or pink?”

“For me or for you?”

“You, of course.” Peyton flashed that entitled, one-sided grin Sydney usually loved. “Like I’m about to start letting my baby dress me.”

“Then pink.”

Peyton held up the yellow bra a moment, then a pink one. The pink was pretty much a normal bra; the yellow was sheer and, from past experience, made cleavage to rival the Grand Canyon. “Yellow,” Peyton decided. She tossed one to Sydney, then began slipping a matching one over her own shoulders.

“You’re sure you don’t want to just stay in? I know they’re calling it a lesson or whatever, but we could massage each other down here with no clothes in the way at all,” Sydney suggested, eyeing but not yet donning the provided attire.

Peyton shot her an exasperated look. “Thirty women – *thirty* – are as we speak stripping down to their underwear to rub each other down in the lounge. And not just any women. Hotties. Like us. If that’s not enough for you, remember your beloved man meat himself will be there too. Ten to one he takes his shirt off.”

Sydney could already see she was losing the argument, so she called it quits early and stuffed her tits into the skimpy bra. It was embarrassing, wearing something so sheer and so sexy, around other people, especially a guy. But it meant a lot to Peyton.

By the time she was done, Peyton was thrusting a wad of baby blue spandex into her hands. Shorts, nominally, but basically just panties it was acceptable to wear to the gym. She put them on. Her ass looked insane in these, hotness molded to perfection.

She’d won the argument about the dildo – and Peyton wasn’t letting her forget it. Oh, she hadn’t gotten rid of it or anything. It was right there in that very same underwear drawer in fact. It hadn’t seen use since that first night, though. Things *had* slowed down since their fight the other week, and Sydney missed how good things had been for a while here on Higgins 3. So she let Peyton dress her like a hot little toy, and told herself it would be fun to be seen getting played with.

“Are you going barefoot?” Sydney asked. One way in which they were usually quite similar was a tendency towards germaphobia, which dorm living had only exacerbated.

“What if we do foot massages?” Peyton took her hand and pulled her toward the door. “Come on, baby. You look tasty as fuck. I wanna show you off. Let’s go.”

Sydney dug in her feet as they rounded the corner. Ahead of them, half a dozen Hotties were traipsing back to the lounge, most of them in nothing but their bras and panties. She tugged Peyton into the bathroom. “Are we really doing this? It feels... I don’t know. Bad.”

Peyton pushed her up against the wall roughly. Sydney whimpered. God, shit like that made her too horny to think. “Anything this hot is naughty, not bad. We’re doing this. You be my good girl, and I’ll let you have the first ride.”

“I…”

Peyton silenced her with a toe-curling kiss. Somehow, while kissing, they wound up back in the hallway. They were back in the lounge before her head cleared.

The scene in the lounge was pornographic. It wasn’t naughty; this was downright *evil*. Dozens of girls wearing practically nothing, rubbing and cuddling and grinding on one another in the cramped space of the Higgins 3 lounge. They were lumped in so closely that there was pretty much no avoiding bumping elbows and feet into one another while they performed as the lady from the health center instructed. The girls apologized for it at first, but soon it was simply part of it.

As near as Sydney could tell, Peyton was the first one to make her mouth part of things. It was unbelievably inappropriate, her girlfriend swirling her tongue around her ear lobes as she distractedly massaged her back and more or less outright humped her ass. Should she say something? Looking around, most of the straight girls weren’t far from it. Their massage techniques were less oral, but their hands were at least as bold.

Up until someone asked if they could do front massages, anyway. Peyton had always *loved* her perky titties.

“Are you a hundred per—”

Peyton shut her up with her mouth. Sydney let it happen. It was too much, too depraved, but it was so *fucking* hot. Spencer admonished them for their marginally more brazen PDA, but immediately went back to being too distracted by their guest to stop it.

It wasn’t even making waves, honestly. Nobody else had gone to the level of openly making out, quite, but it was no less sensual. Terri draped over Toni, their tits squished together. Little Dawn, sitting atop Kyu-Ri’s shoulders and massaging her lower back with that soft pale ass so close to her face that the exchange student had to be able to feel her roommate’s breath on it. Casey proclaimed herself gay somewhere in the middle of it. Girls barely laughed. They were moving around so much, their hips so involved, that half the panties in the room were basically thongs, but nobody bothered to de-wedgie themselves. Asses were hot. Touching was hot. Spencer was hot. *They* were so, so, so hot. This was getting gayer by the second.

Sydney was so lost inside this ethereal lesbian dream that she barely heard him ordering her and Peyton to dial it back. She didn’t have the will to stop it. She’d never – *never* – been this horny. She’d never thought a person could get this horny. It was an out of body experience, watching herself writhe and moan and squirm and fondle and caress and lick and suck and squeeze and more more fucking don’t stop love more please

more. Except she was very much still in her body. The moment he looked away, they resumed ignoring it.

Sydney had objected to Peyton's plans on the grounds that it was too slutty, but now, their RA was standing over them, his dick trying to rip through his shorts and that massage lady's spit glistening on his neck. She'd *licked* him. Fuck. Sydney had to admit, that was pretty fucking sexy. Peyton rolled her onto her front again, which surprised her – seemed contrary to her whole plan – but then she was unclasping her bra. Her girlfriend was sucking on her neck as her hands wriggled down between carpet and girlfriend to squeeze her tits.

She didn't just look like a toy; she *was* a toy, Sydney realized. A prop for Peyton's sexual gratification, and her girlfriend harbored no shame about playing with her toy in front of all of her friends. It was so hot. *This*, she realized, was what she'd wanted, not Peyton's threesome. To be seen, Peyton's perfect sexy toy, too hot for her lover to restrain herself, too obedient for Sydney to resist being used in front of an audience. Kyu-Ri had taken a place atop her lesbian roommate, but even so their kindred cunt was leering not at the thousand tons of titty hanging in her face, but at the two of them. Her whole face slack with delirious pleasure.

Spencer was asking their guest to leave; the distraction was opening enough that Sydney rolled over to give Dawn a proper show. She and Peyton caressed one another with unabashed lust. "That's it, baby. Don't hold back. Don't you fucking dare hold back," Peyton moaned into her ear.

It was contagious. Some of the girls were swapping partners as eyes and hands wandered. Casey was openly licking Andi's breasts. There was a lot of licking, actually, like that woman had made it officially part of the experience when she'd gotten carried away with Spencer. Was it insane that the woman had done that, or would it be insane if she hadn't? Sydney was too horny to parse out what made sense any more. Peyton made sure the duo remained at the forefront of depravity; Sydney did her best to keep up.

It worked. When Spencer returned – he'd left, evidently, to escort that lady out – he finally decided to make an example of someone to rein things in. That's what an RA was supposed to do, Sydney sort of distantly remembered. He singled the lesbian couple out and sent the two of them to their room. Without dessert.

"How'd I do, love?" Sydney asked, shrugging off what was left of her bra in the hallway. Not the first time she'd been topless in the hallway, quite, but the first time she was conscious of how much it turned her on. Maybe Lex was onto something. It felt like something on the floor had fundamentally changed that night in the lounge. Was still changing in their absence. Would walking around in their underwear – or less - become the new normal? She wouldn't complain. Heaven knew Peyton wouldn't.

Peyton didn't answer, at least not in words. Back in their room, she threw Sydney down on the bed face first and dove on her. The massage continued, but with no more

pretense. It was just plain making out, but a little more emphasis on groping than usual. And ten times the intensity. Tongues and nipples and wet slippery pussies were simply a part of the technique now. Sydney was helpless, her muscles turned to butter along with her brain and melting fast.

“Is... is he coming? To... to yell at us?” she asked a few minutes – oh shit, had it been an *hour*?! – into it.

“He has to. We were fucking each other in the lounge. Are you ready baby?”

“I... I’m not...”

“Shh. You’ll thank me when he’s done with us. With you.”

Some time later, there was no longer any ignoring the constant notification sounds coming from Sydney’s laptop. Discord was on fire. Girls must be returning from the program, gossiping, bragging, sharing, or just saying random slut shit, as these straight girls seemed prone to doing.

If not for Peyton, would that be her? Horny and unsatisfied, her only outlet to vent to her fellow sufferers about how hot he looked in this, how horny she was for him because of that, starting a discussion thread of whether they’d rather ride Spencer’s face with or without a mustache.

“He’s coming,” Peyton repeated. “He’ll come down to ‘have a talk,’ chew us out for being bad lezzies and disrupting his little program. Then all we have to do is invite him in. Your hotness will do the rest.”

“The rest” was code for the two of them getting fucked all night by their RA. Sydney hadn’t liked the plan from the beginning, but she’d tried and she’d tried, but after months of denials, there was simply no convincing Peyton she didn’t want it. For one, she wasn’t a hundred percent sure she didn’t. If he’d put a hand on her in the lounge she would have let him do anything he wanted, she was sure. She’d been so horny she might have done like that sexpert lady said and fucked Boopsie the cat.

For two, Peyton was obsessed with it. Like getting double-dicked by some dude was an item on some relationship checklist. Like she needed to be sure Sydney was sufficiently gay for her.

Or... like something else. She didn’t dare give the prospect voice.

They fell asleep waiting. Spencer never came, unless he’d decided to bring a Hottie back to his room, let her rub his lamp and make a single wish.

Peyton woke first, bright and early. Very much unlike her. Equally unlike her, she was scouring the Hottie Haven channels for information about last night. Sydney rose, stretched, and then joined her. Together they learned about what had happened after they left. The whole floor, swarming him while he hand-fucked – sorry, “massaged” – Jacqui. One lick each while he played with his food, though the girls had gotten a laugh at just how garbage the guy was at counting.

“They got to taste him,” Peyton whispered. She licked her lips. Did she even realize?

“Got to?” Sydney repeated, dubiously.

“Like you’re not fucking curious,” Peyton snapped, composing herself. To the extent she could, naked, a finger at her clit and her nipples ready to cut steel.

“A little, I guess, but since when are you?”

“Why didn’t he come down?” Peyton asked no one. “We put on such a good show. He had to be thinking about me. You. Us. Why would he not come down?”

“Maybe because every third word out of your mouth around him is a reminder that you’re a lesbian? Maybe because he somehow didn’t make the assumption that the insatiably horny gay girls were looking for a cock? Maybe—”

Peyton whirled on her. “You know, I’m getting a little sick of all this judging, baby. I’m doing this for—”

“Oh for the love of *god* please don’t tell me again about how you want to get *your* pussy fucked for *me!*”

Peyton’s face darkened, thunderclouds gathering all around her mussed brown mane. “Oh right, it must be for me, that I want my sulky *BISEXUAL* girlfriend to stop obsessing over my not having a dick! You’re right! How selfish of me, to let my cock-worshipping sub slut get a little taste of what she gave up for me! But no, you’re right, it’s all me, eager to sign up for membership in the Hottie fucking harem, another drippy snatch just waiting for the thrill of getting plugged by her master!”

“Love...”

But Peyton was angry. About the failure of her plan last night; about Sydney not falling in line; about being completely, obviously, obliviously deluded about the desires of her own heart. “No, you caught me. I love dick! You hear that, world? Peyton’s a cock hound like the rest of you! Can’t wait to get her pussy pounded, ho boy! Ooooh, yeahhh, poor widdle girly me feels empty wempty without a Man inside me, can’t stop thinking about what she’s been missing out on in a lifetime of telling guys to fuck off. No, you’re right, Sydney, it’s all me!”

By the time she finally trailed off, there was a look in her eye like she was surprised not to have been interrupted. Instead, Sydney let her get it all out. When Peyton finally fell silent, hands planted on those hips she loved so well, Sydney let the reverberations of it all echo around the close confines of the walls of Higgins 313 until they too quieted.

“I mean... yeah.”

She grabbed some clothes and her purse and walked out. Fuck it. She could get dressed in the hallway. Walking around naked was less slutty than the show she’d put on for everyone last night in the lounge. For now, she’d rather anyone but Peyton get to see her body.

She walked around campus for over an hour after her last class, then got a big old hot cocoa in the union and found a quiet nook to curl up in, and cried. It was still only early afternoon when she made herself quit stalling, but it felt like ten seconds to midnight. By the time she saw Higgins Hall at the crest of the hill, Sydney still didn't know what to say. The thought which had occupied her mind, more even than her anger and her sadness, was bitterness that people had been right. Rooming with her girlfriend, a girl she'd only known a couple months, had been a mistake. The sex was incredible, but maybe... maybe that was all it had ever been.

She shuffled up the stairs, heart in her throat. There was nothing to do but fight it out. Sydney couldn't see how it was one either of them could win. She wanted Peyton. Peyton wanted Sydney *and* Spencer *and* the Hotties *and, and, and*. There was no way to reconcile not being enough.

Peyton wasn't in. She'd penned a note, though, taped it to the window. *I had to go to class, but I want to talk. I'm sorry. I'll hurry back.*

Sydney allowed herself a glimmer of hope.

A while later, after a lot of talking and crying and hugging and soul-searching, the girls emerged from their RA's dorm room, the taste of him lingering on their tongues. They marched back to their room.

Peyton's reputation as the stereotypical man-hating dyke was well-established; she'd agreed to play to her own reputation to facilitate her girlfriend being allowed to dip her toes in the pool of bisexuality. She hadn't had to act hard. The girl wanted to fuck Spencer, and there was no more hiding it. That didn't mean she couldn't hate feeling that way, though.

Sydney hadn't wanted to lick the guy. Much. Some, sure. Well, actually kind of a lot, but she would have denied herself the experience for Peyton.

She wasn't sure Peyton felt the same way, but they were talking, and not yelling. Sydney had always broken up with any guy who came even close to making her feel like Peyton had. She didn't have much experience with adult relationships, the kind you tried to fix before assessing whether to throw them away. She wasn't sure how to fix them, though. Her mom was smart about this stuff, though it might not be fair to ambush her by coming out and asking her to help her patch things up with her girlfriend all in one phone call. For now, she supposed, she was on her own.

"Well?" Sydney asked softly.

Peyton scowled. "Thank you," she mumbled.

Sydney nodded. "You're welcome, love. But I meant—"

"I know what you meant." Peyton winced. "Sorry. Just... I don't know. Big feelings, and you know I, um, don't always deal well with big feelings."

"I know."

She waited, and finally Peyton flopped backward on the bed with a languorous sigh. “OK, so yeah. I liked it. There. I fucking said it. You win world, Peyton Mota is bi. Fuck!”

Sydney curled up beside her. “But you still love me, right?”

Peyton looked mortified that the question needed to be asked. Her sneer upon hearing it actually made Sydney feel better than she had this whole horrible day. (Except maybe during the lick. They’d just... wanted it. Asked for it. And he’d just... let them. As a favor. She didn’t know how a *domme* like Peyton could have enjoyed it, but for Sydney, *fuck*.)

Peyton brushed her hair back, forcing direct eye contact. “What? Oh my god, baby, of course I do. You’re the best fucking thing in my whole stupid bi life.”

Sydney took her hand, raised it to her lips, and kissed her knuckles. She didn’t need to say it back. That had been her opening volley in their argument. She loved her. She didn’t know if that was going to be enough, but it was her foundation. It hadn’t been easy, after, watching the way Peyton’s body shuddered as she dragged her tongue up the man’s smooth, firm chest. Not just watching her do it, but feeling it, since Sydney had licked it along with her. Peyton had insisted. Nothing Sydney had said seemed to convince her girlfriend that it was possible for a girl to *not* want to fuck the guy.

“So, do you still think you need to see him fuck me? To have me help him fuck you? Or do you need, like, a hall pass...?” Sydney asked. “Talk to me, love. Be—” She caught herself. “Well, not straight, but you know. Direct. Honest. Don’t shut me out.”

Peyton shook her head. “I don’t know. I’ve only been into guys for like twenty minutes. I need to think.”

“OK.” She didn’t bother correcting that laughable timeframe. “So, um, I was thinking, I’m leaving for fall break pretty early. My only midterm that’s not online is Tuesday, and I know somebody who’d give me a ride.”

Peyton was stuck here through Friday, unfortunately. “All right...”

“So maybe we, you know, put a pin in it. Let’s take some time, process, think about what we want, and when we’re back after break... we’ll talk some more. Does that sound OK?”

“It sounds like you’re not giving me a choice,” grumbled Peyton.

Sydney wanted to point out that Peyton had had a choice about how to handle her attraction to Spencer for months now, but instead, she quietly slid down between her lover’s thighs and helped take her mind off of things. Her own, too.

It was weird how, even with Peyton’s cum splashing onto her tongue, she felt like she could still taste Spencer underneath it all.

The next few weeks were agony. Her family noticed her despondency, as did her friends. There was nothing to tell them, though. Her friends knew about Peyton, the truth of why she'd made that last minute transfer to Lakeview for her crazy hot defiantly gay girlfriend. She didn't have the strength to take the inevitable I-told-you-so's about how it seemed to be working out.

As for her family, they were blinded by a smokescreen of her own lies. She couldn't tell them she'd gone to Lakeview chasing pussy – “by the way, Mom, your adopted kid turned out to be a lesbian, would you pass the asparagus?” – and then in the next breath tell them how badly she'd failed at it. Not that they'd be cruel. They wouldn't. They loved her. It was just that if she let them commiserate with her, it would cement the fact that she was miserable. You couldn't be miserable and hopeful at the same time. So Sydney sulked, and made excuses, and rendered herself lonelier still.

She'd turned the gayest lesbian she'd ever met bi. How was that even possible? It was tempting for Sydney to lie to herself about her own story, to pretend that Peyton had been in denial over not being at that 100% lesbian end of that reductive scale Spencer's ex had talked about – like Sydney had been in denial about being 100% committed to Peyton, secretly craving her RA's touch. Except she wasn't. That wasn't the case for her, and she knew it. Peyton had never even considered letting a dick touch the same air she was breathing until she settled for Sydney.

It was a bitter pill as a sub, accepting that your most fervent effort at being the font and source of all love, joy and pleasure for someone hadn't just fizzled, but had actually driven their affection to someone else. Not even to another woman, but to a *man*. A warm, gentle, kind-spirited man Sydney adored like a brother – and not even a stepbrother like the other Hotties laughingly said, since he'd be her adopted brother and thus perfectly fair game. But still, she didn't – couldn't – love him like Peyton.

It wasn't like Sydney was made out of stone. She'd had her share of fantasies about the guy. Not that she needed to, when half of that ridiculous server of theirs was flooded with daydreams and doodles offered up by one girl or another. It was strange, the quietude on the channels over break. Sydney hadn't realized how much time she spent scrolling through it and reacting to the girls' posts until it was suddenly silent.

Not silent, quite. A few ironic posts.

DiamondJo: I haven't seen A cups in days you guys, wtf is going on

SammisAran: omfg I just heard my baby sister say she was petting her kitty and for a sec I forgot to some people that's not a metaphor (edited)

SheWhoComesWithTheDawn: @SammisAran BOOOOOOPSIE mew-mew

Jacqui44: Sooo we're on a road trip this week, and at our meet this morning (3-0 Lakeview goooooo Bears!) this dirt poor college set it up so both teams had to use the same shower. So there I was with a bunch of naked strangers soaping themselves and it made me miss you guys lol! I hope your breaks are going well.

Dana: You know what's awesome? Trying to explain to your mom why you were moaning "Spencer" in your sleep. UGH. I miss home.

TT: @Dana Beats having her catch you moaning it while you're awake, though, right?

*KandleGirl: I am so fucking BORED
I haven't seen anyone doing anything weird and skanky in DAYS
Real world suuuuuuuuuuuuucks*

Tori: Maybe that's not a bad thing...? 🤔

Sydney had nothing to say. Neither did Peyton, apparently.

She begged her mom to get back to Lakeview bright and early that Sunday when Higgins re-opened. More lies and evasions, petty ones this time about how she'd forgotten some books at school for a huge project that was due Monday. All of her books were available digitally, but her folks didn't know that. Back in Higgins 313, she immediately checked Peyton's things to see if Hero had gone home with her, which he evidently had. Peyton hadn't promised to leave it or anything, but it felt pretty tone-deaf. Not like she had a Sydney fleshlight or whatever to keep it company.

She was there when Lex shrieked for him to get out of her room; her justification soon followed, leaked online from Jo. Hero indeed. Soon after, word leaked that Casey's boyfriend had broken up with her because Spencer had thought it would be funny to cuck the poor guy.

Was that where she was headed? On her way to being the poor, pathetic loser whose girlfriend had tossed her away like garbage for a fling with Spencer? A blip on the Hottie Haven, background noise in the discussion of people wondering aloud if Peyton thought he'd been worth it, Jordyn's cute little Higgins Hotties emote certifying their solidarity as the straight girls rushed to agree that of course he was.

By the time Peyton arrived late that night, Sydney had already told Tori she had one hundred percent of her support. As their governor speechified dragged them to a meeting of her fellow concerned Higgizens, Sydney feigned support for most of the governor's talking points. Not that she disagreed. Tori was right. Spencer had abused his position, would doubtless abuse it again, should never have been given the chance to abuse it in the first place. All more or less true, in the same way it was true that seatbelts

were uncomfortable, and equally dismissive of why she liked having one. None of that was why she signed that petition. Sydney was ashamed of herself for doing it, but the simple truth was that with no Spencer, she'd have no more competition for Peyton's affection. They could go right back to where they'd started the semester, and things would be perfect again.

Peyton saw right through it, of course.

"I'm not signing that thing."

Katrina, standing just inside the door of their room, was surprised, which was itself unsurprising. She was unflappable. Every surprise was an opportunity to discover her misperceptions and incorporate new data points. "Oh. That's fine, and I respect that, but may I ask why not? Pardon my saying so, but I thought you didn't like having a male RA overseeing female spaces."

Peyton folded her arms. "I didn't. But with all you fucking straight bitches put the man through, I can't believe we're talking about ousting him for one fuck-up."

"One?" Sydney asked softly. So softly. Disagreeing with Peyton in public felt strange. She was her biggest cheerleader, always. But not about this. "You mean his sexual harassment with Lexi, or ruining Casey's life? Or hosting a massage night as a pretense to grope Jacqui?"

Peyton didn't even look at her, addressing Katrina instead. "Oh right, he's only pretending to be an affable doofus. Diabolical mastermind, that dude, invited us to a massage night where he just knew we'd all demand to strip to our underwear and grope the shit out of each other, so when Jacqui accidentally blundered in, she'd have no choice but to gladly accept what all y'all were begging him for the whole program. Fucking genius."

"Reasonable people can characterize the events of that night differently," Katrina said, diplomatic as ever. "And you're absolutely right that some members of the community have poured some gasoline on some of these fires. Do remember, though, we're not asking for him to be fired necessarily. We're—"

"The fuck you aren't."

"Ahem. We're asking that he be removed from his position on Higgins 3. It's a big campus, and there are other floors. Other coed floors, even. If they agree with you that he's not done anything unprofessional, Ramona could maybe switch him with a girl RA from one of those."

"Why don't you draft a petition to kick out all the thots around here stirring up drama? Casey cheated on her boyfriend, gladly, repeatedly, made her own slutty bed and now she has to lay in it. Boo hoo. And as for Little Miss Teflon Tits—"

"I'm sorry, what...?" Katrina shook her head uncomprehendingly.

Sydney translated. There had been a slutty girl at her high school who'd been given the nickname, and she'd (privately) introduced the term to Peyton as they'd contemplated Lex for fantasy fuckball. "Teflon – it's this chemical coating that–"

"I know what Teflon is. And thanks. Took me a second, but I get it."

Peyton rolled her eyes. "Props to you, putting the dick in valedictorian and all."

"I was salutatorian, and you should know you're not the first person to use that one. I'm also a virgin, as it so happens, so don't even."

"How about putting the sa-*lut* in salutatorian? Can I copyright that one?" Peyton shrugged. Katrina's hands slowly curled into fists. "But I swear to god, you try to get Spencer fired, I'll print off every last slutty fucking thing you cunts wrote on that porn site you call a discord server. Good luck proving sexual harassment on his part with a mountain of evidence that you loved every second of it."

Oh shit. Sydney interjected hastily, "No she won't. Thanks, Katrina." She ushered their vice governor into the hallway, ignoring Peyton's insistence that oh yes she would. In the hallway, she assured Katrina she'd talk to her, don't worry. The girl didn't look especially confident, but she moved on to the next room without threatening formal censure.

"I want you to sign," Sydney said simply once she was back in the room.

"I don't care. I meant what I said. He shouldn't be punished because we–"

"It's not about punishing him. It's about us."

Peyton stopped. "Us?"

"I want things to be like they were, love. Peyton. I know you think I'm looking for excuses to leave you, but I do. I swear to you, I fucking swear. But as long as he's around, they can't. Look, you feel the way you feel, and I get that what you're going through is confusing, and upsetting. Maybe I'm making things worse because I won't go there with you. I don't know. All I know is that when we moved here, we were perfect. His being here, whether he's a saint or Satan himself, makes things be not perfect."

"You think I'm gonna stop being bi if he goes?"

"Of course not. But..."

She took a breath. Peyton had never liked being told how she felt or being subjected to other people's judgments about her actions. She was herself, and to hell what anybody else thought. Anybody but Sydney, Sydney hoped. She didn't take her love's hands, didn't sit with her. No affectionate manipulation, no cheap tricks. No more bullshit, no more lies.

"You're obsessed with him. I don't know how it got in your head, but you're as bad as the rest of them. Worse, maybe, because at least they own it. I don't know if he's your Boopsie or what, but I have a cat, and a kitty, and I don't need or want any more of either. I know you've been chasing this magic threesome for us since the summer, but it was always really for *you*. I never wanted anyone else. It felt important to you, so I went

along. I guess I figured I'd have some fun, but deep down? I knew it would be hard. Like *hard* hard, watching you with another girl, even if I was there, too. But seeing you with a man? I can't compete with that, no matter how big of a dildo you hand me.

"I want you. I love you. You, and only you. Maybe because I'm stupid and I got over-invested, and you just like fucking me and don't mind talking to me. But if you sleep with him, we're done. And if he stays, you're going to. I think you're right about the situation, because of course you are, you're always right love." Sydney couldn't help herself, giving that silken hair a little brush. "But right or wrong doesn't matter. You're all that matters to me."

Despite how much she'd just said, there was still quite a lot of breath to push out. "So. I'm gonna head out and –"

Peyton grabbed her wrist. "No. Stay."

"Not if you–"

"I said *stay*." Peyton pulled her firmly on her butt on the edge of their bed.

She caught up with Katrina in Emma's room. Without a word, she snatched the clipboard out of the woman's hand and marched it back down to their room. Katrina followed, squawking in panic that Peyton was going to steal it or destroy it or throw it out the window. Instead, with Sydney watching, she signed, then shoved it roughly back into Katrina's hands and threw the door shut in her face.

"I... um..." Peyton's chin quivered. Sydney took her hands and set her softly down beside her on their bed. "I'm still shitty at this. Nobody ever, I dunno, loved me. Before."

"I do." Sydney rested her forehead against her girlfriend's. "I love you."

Peyton's lips followed Sydney's down to her mattress, and showed no sign of ever wanting to leave.

"Happy Halloween!" the girls cheered as Spencer entered the lounge.

Sydney had to do some convincing not to have Peyton change her into her Hottie halter. She'd always liked the way she looked in it – even more than how much Sydney loved the way Peyton looked in hers, which was saying something. Still, they'd come in costume.

Spencer got to them early on, shortly after delegating shirt distribution to Katrina and grabbing a cupcake from the snack table. "Do you know who made these? Or, duh, stupid question, I'm sure they're store bought. Cute, though."

Peyton snorted. "It's a regular cupcake with a candy corn stabbed into the middle. Somebody's out there ruining cupcakes for sport."

Sydney swatted her girlfriend's butt playfully. "They're supposed to look like boobs, Peyton. See, with the...?" She pointed.

Their RA's eyes widened in embarrassment at having the confectionary tit in his mouth in front of them, but short of spitting out, there was nothing for it. In fact, Peyton changed her mind in light of new facts and grabbed one for herself and Sydney. She put it to her baby's lips, then licked off the mess she'd made of the frosting. Spencer pointedly looked away, as if girls licking one another wasn't something he was used to on their floor.

"So, I gotta ask..." He gestured to their orange scrubs. "Inmates?"

Sydney pushed the thick black glasses up her nose as Peyton flexed the Windows logo Terri had painted there with some stuff from one of her makeup kits. She'd supplied half the floor. They probably owed her.

"Yes, but..." He shook his head.

"Have you seriously not seen *Orange is the New Black*?"

"Oh crap! Yes! Yes yes! I love that show! Piper and Alex! That's fantastic. Though I hope not a commentary on the way I'm running the floor..." He grimaced.

"Eh, you're Caputo at worst," said Peyton.

"Didn't he have to resign after it got out that he'd sexually harassed a guard? And, um, masturbated in his office, to his inmates?"

Sydney nodded, speaking around another mouthful of cupcake. "Yep."

Spencer opened his mouth, thought better of it, and closed it. "Fair enough."

He was about to head for a less condemning conversation, but Peyton caught him by his wrist. "Hey, hold up. I need you to do me a favor."

"Oh. Sure. What kind of favor?" He was nervous, clearly. Peyton had been one of the final and staunchest holdovers from the broker girls. She'd signed that petition for Sydney, then committed to it. She said she didn't ever want Sydney to think she wouldn't burn this whole building to the ground if it made her happy. The rebellion had ended last night, officially, but grudges didn't always dissipate so evenly.

"Have a seat," she said, pointing to one of the sofas. "Middle cushion."

His eyes narrowed. "Um, can I ask why...?"

"Ya scared?"

Spencer nodded with hesitation. "I mean, a little, yeah."

"Good. Tonight's the night for facing your fears, hero. C'mon. Sit."

He hesitated, but a gentle smile from Sydney swayed him, and down he went. He was leaning forward like he wanted to be able to leap out of the way of a grenade, though. Sydney didn't totally blame him. She had no idea what the heck Peyton was doing, either.

"Lean back. Relax."

Around the lounge, girls were watching. They hadn't known what to expect from this party. Half of them had been there last night in that wild, sexy healing ritual, though the other half had all heard. The event had only grown in retelling. Sydney had heard a

rumor in the bathroom that Tori and Casey and Katrina had snowballed his cum back and forth for an hour, that he ate pineapple morning, noon and night until his cum was ambrosia, that swallowing it would burn out a girl's brain and make her Spencer's love slave. Sydney snickered and steered clear of it.

Straight girls and their straight girl fantasies. Sheesh.

Peyton made a gesture to Katrina, who seemed to be anticipating it. The soundtrack, some generic spooky white noise, stopped. The lounge fell silent. Everybody was watching now.

A song started, and on the first beat, Peyton struck a pose with lightning speed, planting a foot on the cushion behind Spencer's head. Her pussy was in face, though to his credit he very much looked like he wished it wasn't.

All you ladies pop your pussy like this, began the lyrics.

Sydney's eyes shot wide as Peyton began to dance. This was *their* song. The song they'd first grinded on each other to at that party, way back in the summer! What the fuck was she doing?!

Peyton danced. She danced like, well, a slut. A really agile slut – she'd had lessons as a kid, but didn't like to talk about it for some reason – but a slut nonetheless. Spencer soon looked uncomfortable enough that he tried to wriggle out, but Peyton planted herself in his lap and grinded her ass on his cock, lengthening between her cheeks. Sydney stared, aghast, as she watched her girlfriend toss her shirt off across the room – when had she taken her bra off?! – and kept on rocking.

It was like an unbelievably sexy waking nightmare. Some of the girls were watching her for a reaction, but most were hooting and hollering, spurring Peyton on as they danced in place themselves. They chanted along with the refrain: "*My neck, my back, lick my pussy and my crack!*" Over and over.

But... that was Sydney's pussy. Sydney's crack. Did... did his not leaving mean Peyton thought she could...? But...

The song was only a few minutes long, but not short enough for Sydney. She could do nothing but watch as Peyton forced his hands onto her bare tits, as she shook her butt in his face, peeling her orange scrubs down and shaking harder. She left her thong in place, at which Sydney could only wonder why bother at that point. Spencer was spellbound. It was hard to blame him. She'd fallen for that one herself, and fallen hard.

At last it faded, with Peyton straddling his lap with her arms draped over his shoulders, bouncing her tits right in his face. The Hotties watched, enrapt, waiting to see what would happen next. Last night he'd fed a cock sandwich to sworn enemies with cum pudding for dessert. Tonight, would his coveted cock cure the community of queer cuties once and for all?

Had it already?

“Tell me to fuck you,” Peyton said softly. The room was pin-drop silent, though, so everyone heard. She meant them to. Sydney’s heart had long since stopped beating, but even dead, it still hurt.

“I, ah, heard you were spoken for,” he said, chuckling nervously.

Peyton pressed closer, his palms overflowing with Hottie titty. “Tell me anyway.”

His eyes darted to Sydney, but Peyton caught his chin, then, with her other hand, forced it between her tits and shook them back and forth, slapping him about with them. “Don’t look at her. Look at these. Listen to *me*. Tell. Me. To fuck you.”

A faint voice burred up from between Sydney’s girlfriend’s tits. “Um, maybe after the party, we could, you know, go somewhere, and—”

He’d been going to say “talk,” probably, but Peyton didn’t let him. Instead, she threw him back against the couch cushion even harder than she’d thrust him into her chest.

“Nah fam, I’m good. This pussy don’t stray.”

The crowd’s reaction was mixed, disappointed girls who’d wanted another show like last night, and others who were tickled at what was, they’d thought, uh, sort of, a display of true love, or something? The symbolism of the act was lost on them. In any case, it had been quite the spectacle. Peyton called around to see if anybody knew where her clothes had gotten off to – Dawn sheepishly returned them when Kyu-Ri called out that her roommate was sitting on them – then slipped through the crowd to Sydney.

“And what the heck, may I ask, was *that*?” asked her confused girlfriend.

“It’s Halloween, baby,” Peyton grinned, kissing her – on the cheek, when Sydney turned her head to deny her the lips. “A little trick or treat.”

“It was a mean trick,” Sydney grumbled.

Peyton tilted her chin up at her. “Like I said, Halloween’s about facing your worst fears. And now you know, even if he asks for it, I’m gonna tell him to fuck off.”

Twisted though it was, that did bring a bit of a smile back to Sydney’s face. “You could’ve warned me, at least.”

“What’s scary about warnings? Besides,” Peyton said, smirking, “Remember when you said you put us in for a room switch?”

“Um, yeah...”

“If you’re gonna be that obvious lying to my face so you can stay here with your boy, just tell me you think I’m stupid so we can fight it out and get to that sweet make-up fucking.” Peyton said, pressing herself against Sydney, her body started to move in a more subtle dance.

Sydney’s eyes flew wide open, and only some latent instinct to not call eyes to her naked girlfriend’s gyrating ass kept her voice low. “Oh my GOD, Peyton. Is *that* why you were so freaking certain I wanted to sleep with him?! Because I lied to you about putting in for a room change?!”

Her girlfriend cocked her head. "I mean... isn't it why you lied?"

"I lied because of *them*, not *him*!" Sydney said, pointing to the girls happily dancing in and on their RA, aping Peyton, thumbs-upping her across the lounge. "I swear. If you really want me to be with him, I would, but only for you!"

"I know. Now. But you did lie to me. Can't blame a girl for making stupid inferences when you're such a shitty liar." Peyton tapped her chin up and kissed her. "But I promise, no more Spencer. No more anybody but you. Even in this bulky-ass costume I still wanna... *Grrrr*. Fuck your fucking face off."

Mmm. "You know you can always fuck me any way, any time you want, love."

Peyton pulled her tongue out of Sydney's mouth, but still spoke right into those lips. "And I'm gonna." Then she pulled back and looked around. "But I'm fucking thirsty, first. Who's got the drinks?" she called.

Sydney grinned, then burst into laughter. Somehow that stunt with the strip tease had broken the dam, and the tension drained out of her.

They were steered to the snack table. As Peyton used the dipper to pour a cup for both of them, she flashed that knowing grin again. "You remember our first night together, baby?"

Sydney nodded. "Of course. I was so scared. I was so, so turned on, but..." She took a sip. Mmm. "You were so beautiful. So perfect. Made that thing you just did for Spencer look... OK, that still looked pretty insanely hot. I didn't want to jump you while you were passed out, though. Thank goodness you weren't."

Peyton chugged hers quickly. "Yeah, well, while we're baring all our secrets... I wasn't drunk at all. I told one of my friends to make sure you knew where to find me. You were the most amazing thing I'd ever touched. I was scared out of my mind I was gonna blow it, or you'd turn out to just be some basic bitch who'd been taking a ride on the L-train for a minute on the dance floor but wasn't really into me."

Sydney beamed. "I actually wasn't drunk, either."

"I know. Unlike you, I was paying attention to what your tongue tasted like, baby. High fructose corn syrup and a poorly matched breath mint. Which, I thought, was a classy touch. I was hot for you already, but the flavor made me keep you."

Sydney kissed her again. "Hey, yeah, that high fructose corn syrup can get it."

The girls quickly helped themselves to seconds, then thirds. "I don't care what anybody says, Hawaiian Punch is good shit," Peyton observed.

Katrina, self-appointed snack and music czar, nodded from her nearby post. "Yep. Same stuff as last night, but Ramona refrigerated it for us so it would keep. Considerate, right?"

Sydney snickered. "I don't think Hawaiian Punch goes bad overnight." None of them were sure whether or not Spencer's cum, and the chemical compound it contained, went bad overnight, nor was Ramona. She'd simply thought it would be best to play it

safe. A pair of boxers she'd used to mop up an especially voluminous blast of it off her face had been left to soak in there all day. None of them knew about that, either.

Peyton and Sydney helped themselves to two more cups each before heading back to their room, where they spent the rest of the night in one another's arms. It was gay as fuck.