

B-Level

by Pan

Chapter 1:

“Oh cool,” Mike said. “You got a dorm on B-level.”

“What does that mean?”

As I threw my bag onto my new bed, I hoped that I didn’t sound too...I dunno, dumb. I’d only met Mike a few minutes ago, but he seemed like a cool guy. Friendly. I just wanted to fit in, but it seemed to immediately be obvious that I’d never done this before.

*No one has, I reminded myself. It’s the first day of college. No one has done this before. Duh.*

“You don’t know?” he crowed, and I felt my cheeks starting to get red. “Oh man...you are going to have a good time. Here she comes now.”

I turned to see who he was talking about - in came a plain-looking girl with her hair in a bun.

“Hi,” she said shyly. “I’m Libby.”

“What’s B-level?” I asked again, and Libby’s eyes widened as Mike explained it.

“Oh,” she said quietly when he was done. “Oh, I hadn’t realized.”

“Have fun,” Mike said with a wink.

We didn’t talk for the next half-hour. Unpacking our stuff in silence, I thought about what Mike had said. I mean, it didn’t *sound* right...but he’d been so confident, and Libby hadn’t objected. If he was making it up, Libby would have objected, right?

*She’s new as well, I thought. Maybe she thought he was kidding and didn’t know how to deal with it.*

*But...what if he’s not?*

“So,” Libby eventually said. “Looking forward to college?”

“Of course,” I replied. “Yourself?”

“Yup.”

The silence returned, and eventually I had to say something.

“What Mike said...”

“Who’s Mike?”

“Oh, the guy...the guy who was in here earlier.”

“Friend of yours?”

“Yeah, kind of. I mean, we just met. Anyway, what he was saying...”

Libby interrupted me, carefully avoiding eye contact as she did.

“I get it.”

I paused, not sure if she was saying what I thought she was saying.

“You...get it?”

“Yeah,” she said, and turned to look me directly in the eye. We were both blushing furiously, but her voice didn’t waver. “It’s B-level. I get it.”

###

For the next few days, I didn’t do anything, I just watched. I watched Libby a *lot*.

Like I said, she was a fairly plain-looking girl. Not ugly or anything like that, but...I mean, if we weren’t roommates, I probably would never have noticed her. She had brown hair and an oval face, and her eyes were a bit too wide-set to be truly attractive. She had a big mouth, too. I don’t mean she talked too much - her mouth was just kinda wide.

She wasn’t chubby, exactly, but she wasn’t really that thin either. As you’d expect, I spent a

lot of time looking at her boobs - I don't know much about cup sizes, but I'd guess she was a B, B-plus? She didn't really wear much that showed them off, but...like I said, I spent a lot of time watching her.

Here's something I never appreciated when I had it - my own room. I knew that sharing a room would be a part of the college experience, but I guess I'd never really thought about the logistics of it. See, at home when I'd been horny, I could just go to my room and jack off.

When you share a room with someone - even on B-level - it's weird, y'know?

It's weird.

I considered waiting until Libby went to sleep, but what if she woke up and found me getting myself off? I even considered skipping a class when I knew *she* had a class, but something stopped me.

It might have been the fact that I had another option.

B-level.

I don't know why it took me so long. I'd like to claim I was weighing up the morality of it, but honestly...that side of things never really bothered me. I mean, it didn't bother Libby, so why should *I* get upset about something that *she* didn't even care about?

More than anything, it was shyness. I was in a whole new environment - in those first few days, I met like eight hundred people, and I kept feeling this pressure. These were people I'd likely stay friends with for the rest of my life. These were people I'd build my life with - my Dad had told me (endlessly) about the connections he formed in college and how valuable they are, and so I was so intent on getting it *right*.

I wanted to meet the right people, and I wanted to make sure they liked me, and I wanted to make sure I presented myself right and it was all very stressful and I couldn't even jerk off to relieve the stress.

And so yeah, every time I saw Libby I thought about it, but there was already so much on my plate. I didn't know whether I wanted to try something.

Not yet.

But then, the weekend was upon us. Suddenly I didn't have class, I didn't have a million people to meet. I'd been invited to a party on Sunday night, but I wanted to spend Saturday relaxing, trying to get my bearings.

And by that point, I was *so* fucking horny.

###

Libby was reading on her bed when I entered. She didn't even look up - it's amazing how quickly you get used to cohabiting with a virtual stranger.

For all my watching over the last week, I hadn't really learned much about my roommate. Maybe she was shy, like me, or maybe there just wasn't that much to learn. She liked reading, she had a new Acer laptop, and she sort of kept to herself.

Generally she wore jeans and button-up shirts. When she was getting ready for bed, she had a set of flannel pajamas, which were pretty cute. They were pink and covered in cats, and didn't reveal much - but I guess that was the point. She must have known there was a chance they'd pair her with a guy.

But I'm sure she hadn't known that it would be on B-level.

That day, she was wearing a pair of black jeans and a pale blue button-up shirt. The top two buttons were undone, but you couldn't really see anything. Hanging over the back of her chair was a brown jacket, and she wasn't wearing any shoes or socks.

"Hey," I said casually, my heart racing. Was I really going to do this? What if it was a prank

that Mike and Libby had concocted? What if I got arrested, or kicked out of college? What if they told my family?

“Hey,” Libby replied, her eyes never leaving the page.

Just as I was about to make my way to the washroom and see if I could jerk off there, Libby shifted slightly. My attention was drawn to her ass, and I immediately knew I was going to do this.

“I...”

Libby continued reading as I tried to work out the best way to do this.

“I just wanted to check: you’re okay with all this B-level stuff, right?”

My roommate shrugged.

“It is what it is.”

“So if I wanted to...”

I trailed off again, and Libby’s attention moved from her book to me. I could see that the tips of her ears were starting to grow pink.

“Do what you’ve got to do, okay? It’s fine.”

She went back to reading, and I smiled.

Couldn’t get much clearer than that.

Sitting down on my bed, I removed my shoes and socks. I carefully placed my socks in the laundry hamper, my shoes at the end of my bed. Standing up again, I lowered my pants, folded them, and returned them to the top drawer - I’d be wearing them again tomorrow.

Libby didn’t seem to be paying me any attention, but I’d noticed that the rate of her breathing had slightly increased.

Since I’d begun undressing she hadn’t turned the page.

I lowered my boxers, allowing my erection to come into view. Libby didn’t say or do anything, but we both knew that she’d noticed.

For the first time in my life, I was pantsless in a room with a girl.

“Okay,” I said, her attempts to feign disinterest giving me a weird confidence. “How do you want to do this?”

“It’s up to you,” she said softly, her eyes burning a hole through the novel she was reading, her cheeks aflame with embarrassment.

I swallowed.

I guess I could have pushed the book aside and made her suck my cock, but that felt...rude, somehow. Besides, she said it was up to me.

I could do anything.

I could do *anything*.

“Pants off,” I said. Libby, to my delight, didn’t hesitate - one hand still holding the book open, she undid the buttons on the front of her jeans, and lowered them.

My roommate was laying on the bed in front of me wearing nothing but a pair of bright pink panties and a button-up shirt.

I glanced at the door, to make sure it was closed. I was increasingly sure that I wasn’t going to get in trouble, but...well, this was my first time. I didn’t exactly want an audience.

Libby went back to “reading”, and I reached down and patted her butt.

That’s right, patted. I wasn’t really sure what to do with it - until now, my relationship with butts had entirely been a long-distance one, and a strange shyness had overcome me.

But Libby didn’t react, and her indifference reminded me - I was the one in control here.

I could do whatever I wanted.

With a smile, I leaned in and buried my face between her cheeks. I could feel the cotton of her panties against my nose and mouth, and the warmth of her buttocks just served to make me even harder.

I moved my face down, and tentatively poked my tongue out. A thin strip of material was all that separated me from her teenage pussy - honestly, all I could taste was cotton, but I knew that the taste of her juices was there, lurking just underneath the fabric.

I couldn't wait any longer.

Standing up, I pulled her panties down - she shifted slightly to help me, but otherwise didn't react to my efforts. I threw her panties onto my bed - there was something hot about the idea of keeping them, and I knew Libby wouldn't object.

It was B-level.

Looking at Libby's ass made me smile. She still seemed to be entirely focused on her book, but I knew that she was as aware of my actions now as I'd been of hers for the last few days. Hell, maybe she'd been watching me over the last week as well - the news of the situation here must have been a shock to her too.

Her butt was full and round and maybe it was the fact that I hadn't jacked off in a week, but it looked like the epitome of sexiness to me. I reached down and parted her legs, and her pink peach also came into view.

My cock twitched with anticipation. It was time.

Libby didn't say a word as I clambered onto the bed and positioned myself behind her. She gasped slightly at the feel of my hand reaching between her legs and checking that she was nice and wet, but she never put the book down, she never stopped reading.

Libby moaned as I slowly slid inside her, but that was the only acknowledgement she gave that her roommate was fucking her. She felt incredible - her pussy was snug and warm and wet, and admittedly I didn't have much to compare it to, but as I pushed my entire cock inside her, I already knew that I wasn't far from cumming.

The only noises in our small dorm room for the next few minutes were my slight grunts as I fucked Libby, and the sound of her book's pages sporadically turning. Once the tension had been broken, I guess she was able to relax enough to get back into it.

Each stroke felt as good as the last; I'd been jerking off for half a decade, but I knew it would be hard to go back to that after the incredible feeling of Libby's wetness.

Not that I'd have to.

Not on B-level.

I considered warning her that I was cumming, but she'd shown no sign of wanting to discuss what we were doing, and so with a final grunt, I wordlessly thrust forward and came harder than I've ever cum in my life.

After my dick finished pulsing, I pulled out (enjoying Libby's small gasp as I did) and returned to my bed.

For the next fifteen minutes, I just watched my roommate finish her book as my cum dripped out of her.

It wasn't long before I was hard enough to go again.

B-Level  
by Pan  
Chapter 2

I didn't talk about it with anyone else.

I dunno why, really. I guess there was no real incentive. Either they had a room on B-Level, in which case they'd know about it, or they didn't...in which case, they'd probably just be jealous.

Not that I really talked about it with Libby, either. What was there to say? 'Hey, Libby, I really enjoyed fucking you. Thanks.'

Hell, maybe I *should* have thanked her. The whole college experience, including B-Level, was totally new to me; I had no idea what the etiquette was.

But I didn't, and Libby and I kept on living our lives like nothing had happened.

I mean, it was B-Level. It wasn't like anything *weird* had happened.

The strangest part was that I didn't do it again.

I mean, I *wanted* to do it again. God I wanted to do it again - it was all that I thought about. Every time Libby came into the room, my dick would spring into action, picturing her laying on her stomach, sliding those panties down her legs, fucking her twice, using her like my personal little sex toy...

Every now and again, I'd pull her panties out, to sniff them and remember what I'd done.

But I didn't do it again. I was just too...nervous, I guess?

I didn't do it again, and I didn't talk about it with anyone.

Until Mike came to see how we were doing.

###

"So," Mike asked, "how are things going on B-level?"

I hesitated, not sure how to answer. My Dad's a salesman: and I know what he would have done - put on a brave face, pretend I'd been fucking the shit out of Libby on a daily basis.

"Seriously," Mike said, staring me in the eyes. "I want to know."

My bravado died in my throat, and I told him the truth.

I don't know why I was so honest with him, but I told him everything. That I'd fucked Libby twice, then been too shy to do anything about it.

Mike was a good listener. He nodded as I told him everything, and waited until I was done before offering his take.

"That makes a lot of sense," he said, surprising me. I didn't really think it made sense to *not* fuck your roommate on B-Level, but...I dunno. The way he said it, I immediately felt better about the situation. "Sex can be a lot of pressure."

"Yeah," I said. "*Yeah.*"

"Of course, B-level is about more than sex."

I wrinkled my nose.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Can I get Libby to, like, do my homework?"

"No no no," he said, waving me off. "No I mean, like, you don't have to fuck her. Just ask her for a blow-job."

My eyebrows shot up. I hadn't thought of that.

"You think she'll be okay with that?"

"Of course," Mike laughed. "It's *B-level.*"

I laughed along. Of course.

It was B-level.

###

When Libby got home that night, Mike was long gone. It was just me, laying on my bed, trying to act casual.

Trying to act like I hadn't spent the last few hours imagining Libby on her knees in front of me, swallowing down my cock and swallowing my seed.

"Hey," I said casually.

She didn't respond. Libby wasn't, like, *rude* or anything, she just...

Well, I guess she was a little rude.

She just obviously didn't see us as friends.

I had no idea what she *did* see us as.

"Libby," I said, and she turned around to look at me, blushing slightly. She wore glasses - I don't know if I ever mentioned that - and she stared at me through them, waiting to see what I wanted.

After Mike had left, I'd decided to go for it. If I beat around the bush, I knew what would happen - I'd build it up into this whole big thing, and it would never happen. I'd never have the courage to act, and I needed to act.

God I needed it.

"Libby," I repeated, before taking a deep breath. "I'd like, uh...how about, um."

"What?" she said softly, looking everywhere in the small dorm except my face.

"I want a blowjob," I blurted out.

Her eyes widened.

"Oh!" she said, but she didn't sound upset, or insulted. Just...informed, I guess. 'Oh,' like now she knew a thing that she didn't know before.

"Yeah," I said back, and there was a long pause.

Just as the silence was threatening to get awkward, Libby glanced around.

"Now?" she asked. Again, not like she was annoyed or reluctant, just like she...wanted to know. The question wasn't defiant or annoyed, it was very matter-of-fact. Like she was asking if I wanted the door closed.

"Yeah," I repeated.

"Here?"

"Yeah."

"Okay," she said, and nodded. "How do you want to do this?"

"It's up to you," I stammered. So much for the cool cat act.

For the next minute or so I watched my roommate as she flitted around the room, getting everything ready. She closed and locked the door, grabbed the pillow from her bed and put it on the floor. She pulled a bottle of water out of her bag, took a swig, and then set it beside the pillow.

And when she was ready, she knelt beside me.

"Ready when you are," she said coolly, looking up at me.

When I'd fucked her on the bed, she'd been so much more...passive. As much as I'd thought about it, that's what I'd expected the blowjob to be as well: me acting upon her, y'know?

I'd never gotten head before, but I'd seen a lot of videos. And only then did it occur to me that in all of those videos, the blowjob giver was not a passive role. They weren't just laying there, like Libby had been on the bed. They were running the show, I guess.

And when I unzipped my pants and pulled my erection out, Libby began...running the show.

Looking up at me through her glasses, she slowly began. With one hand, she grasped the base of my cock. Her small pink tongue tentatively poked out, and started licking my head.

I throbbed as soon as she made contact, and she jumped. Shooting me a nervous grin, she surprised me by speaking.

“Sorry,” she said. “I’m sort of new to this.”

“Me too,” I grunted. I didn’t know how obvious it was that she was one hundred percent of my sexual experience so far.

Maybe I was her first too.

Her tongue returned to the head of my cock, and I started to suspect that she’d done this before. Before long, her tongue was swirling around the entire length of my erection, stimulating me in ways that my own hand - and her pussy - never could.

I swear, if she’d just kept on using her tongue like that, I would have been shooting my load within minutes. But as if she knew I was getting close, she abruptly changed up her rhythm - her mouth closed over the head of my cock, and her hand began softly pumping.

As Libby enthusiastically blew me, her gaze never left mine. The entire time her mouth worked its magic, I stared into her brown eyes, enjoying sensations unlike anything I’d ever felt before.

When her mouth began swallowing more and more of my cock, I again felt like I was about to cum. But every time I got close, she’d slow down, her eyes burning into mine. I could tell that she was taking this seriously.

Not for the first time, I wondered exactly what Libby thought of the whole B-level situation. I mean, I knew she was cool with it. She had to be - it was B-level.

But beyond that. What did she *think* of it?

As if she could sense my attention wandering, my roommate brought her tongue back into the action. She was bobbing up and down on more than half my cock - in combination with her tongue swirling around my sensitive skin, I couldn’t hold back any longer.

“Cumming!” I gasped, and Libby pushed her mouth down, gagging slightly as she swallowed as much of my erection as she could.

We maintained eye-contact as she dutifully gulped down my seed. When my cock was done pulsating, she quickly ran her tongue around my shaft, then pulled her head away.

“Thanks,” I said softly, and was surprised when she smiled in response.

She took two large gulps from her bottle of water and stood up.

“Don’t,” I commanded, as she went to pick up her pillow. Libby shot me a quizzical look.

“Leave it,” I said. “Just in case.”

She obeyed, of course.

It was B-level.

###

I don’t know what strings Dad had to pull to get me a B-level dorm (hell, I didn’t even know how the system worked - it might have just been luck of the draw) but I can honestly say that it was the best thing that ever happened to me.

For whatever reason, getting a blowjob from Libby seemed to break the spell. After that, I found it impossible to stop. Any time of the day or night that I was horny, all I had to do was say the word, and my roommate would drop to her knees and fellate me until she was swallowing my seed.

After a few days of head, I got the courage back up to start fucking her again. Most days, I’d cum in her mouth before classes, and then fuck her late at night. I started thinking of her

mouth as her morning hole, and her pussy as her evening hole. Is that weird? The whole situation was so weird.

It was B-level.

I think my favorite was when she was wearing her flannel pajamas - it was so easy to jump into her bed, slide the elastic waistband down, and then grab onto her tits as I fucked her.

Libby had these long, rubbery nipples - sometimes, when I was in the mood, I'd suck on them while she studied. It was really fun, watching her try - and fail - to concentrate on Chem 101 while I was biting and sucking on her tits.

For the next few weeks, I enjoyed Libby's body whenever we were alone in the room. I don't know if she enjoyed me enjoying her - I like to think she did, but I never actually asked. I guess I was afraid of the answer. If it was affirmative, great. But if it wasn't...

I deliberately didn't think about it.

There were a few things we didn't do. We never kissed, for one. She probably would have, if I'd asked her, but...I dunno. Something about it didn't feel right.

We didn't really talk much, either. Like, occasionally I'd tell her to go faster or slower, or move to a more comfortable position, but beside that we didn't exchange more than a few words each day. Libby had made it clear that we were just roommates, that she wasn't looking for companionship.

B-level roommates, admittedly. But nothing more than that.

And unless my dick was inside her, I never went near her pussy. Sometimes I wondered what it would taste like, or what it would be like to finger her to orgasm, but...again, I was afraid of what would happen.

What if I couldn't make her cum? The thought was intimidating enough make me not even want to try.

And I never went near her butt, tasty though it looked. I'm sure she would have let me, but I didn't really know enough about it. It added a weird sort of 'forbidden fruit' feeling to the whole thing - like, I *could* cum inside her other holes whenever I wanted, but I sort of enjoyed knowing that her morning hole and her evening hole were where it ended.

We didn't talk or kiss, and I didn't finger her or go near her butt. Besides that, most anything went. I came on her face on more than one occasion, and I enjoyed trying different positions. Doggy-style was a firm favorite, as well as the one where she methodically rode me from on top.

But the best was when she lay prone, and I lay on top of her and fucked her while she read. I couldn't help but get hard thinking about our first time, and I recreated it whenever I got the chance.

Life was pretty good. Any time I wanted to get off, I could just come home and fuck my roommate, or enjoy her mouth as she blew me like a pro - not that I had anything to compare it to, I guess. Maybe she was terrible.

Sure didn't feel terrible.

And yeah, I didn't know exactly how Libby felt about it, but I knew she was okay with the situation.

I mean, of course she was. It was B-level.

So - as you can imagine - I was pretty surprised when I came back from class one day to find Libby sitting on her bed, making out with a girl.



B-Level  
by Pan  
Chapter 3

“Hey,” I said awkwardly. Libby and her friend - girlfriend? Lover? - pulled apart, and stared at me red-faced.

“Oh god,” Libby said. “I’m so sorry. I thought that...”

“It’s fine,” I interrupted. “Just, uh...needed to get a book.”

“Right,” she blushed. “Yeah. Of course.”

“Hi,” the other girl said, a smirk on her face. She looked older than Libby, probably about Mike’s age. “I’m Kat.”

I shook her hand and introduced myself, and soon all three of us were smiling. Kat was clearly more amused than embarrassed by the situation, and that diffused the tension completely, y’know?

“Anyway,” I said. “I’m gonna, uh, go to the library.”

“Have fun,” Kat sang out, turning back to Libby. “Now...where were we?”

A part of me wanted to hang outside the room and listen, you know? Lesbians. Like, real life *lesbians*. But I didn’t want to be disrespectful or creepy, so I did as I’d said I would, and made my way to the library.

When I got back to the dorm room that night, Libby was alone.

“Sorry about that,” she said, her face turning red when she saw me. “I must have, um, lost track of the time. I guess. Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” I said, trying to wave it off like the image of her lips pressed against another girl’s hadn’t been stuck firmly in my head all afternoon.

“Cool,” she said, avoiding eye-contact. “Thanks for being cool about it.”

“No problem,” I responded, her awkwardness starting to make me feel awkward. Where was Kat when you needed her?

We sat in silence for a minute, until Libby broke it with a surprising request.

“Anyway,” she said, still not looking me in the eye. “Do you wanna...”

Her offer surprised me for two reasons. Firstly, Libby had never, ever made the first move. I’d figured that was a part of the B-Level system, y’know - you’re active, they’re passive.

Secondly, the discovery that my roommate was a lesbian had made me wonder if we were even going to go back to that.

“Do you want to?” I blurted out in response.

“Whatever you want,” she shrugged, then turned to look me in the eye for the first time that evening. “It’s B-Level.”

I fucked Libby twice that night. I’d never had any real experience with lesbians outside of porn, and seeing her lips pressed against another girl’s lips...god, it had got me really worked up.

Like I said, I don’t think Libby’s ever cum from me fucking her, but that first time...well, I had to wonder. She was certainly more vocal than she’d ever been.

Maybe my roommate was into more than just girls.

Or maybe she was thinking of Kat while I fucked her. I’ve no idea why *that* turned me on, but it did.

“Thanks,” I said after the second time, as a wave of fatigue overcame me. Like I said, when we fuck, I tend to be the more active participant, and it can be a little tiring.

Not that I’m complaining, of course.

“Any time,” she said, and I knew that she really meant it.

###

After that day, Kat became a fixture around our room. I'd like to say that they made out in front of me all the time, but it was nothing like that - I started to knock whenever I entered the room, so it wasn't even like I ever accidentally walked in on them or anything like that.

They'd give each other a peck on the lips hello or goodbye, but I didn't get to watch them wrap their arms around each other and really go to town (as much as I would've loved that).

Pretty much any time Kat left the room, I'd immediately use Libby. Partially because it turned me on like hell to imagine what they got up to when I wasn't around, of course, but mostly just because...Libby really seemed to enjoy the sex a lot more when it was straight after her girlfriend left.

Not every time, but on average - definitely way more.

I started pushing things a little further, too. I still didn't go anywhere near her ass (though I often thought about it), but I pulled her in for a kiss one time, and she seemed to have no problem with it.

I mean, why would she? It was B-Level.

So yeah, making out became a regular part of our 'foreplay', not that I really needed much. Making out with Libby was fun - she'd join in, not just lay there like a dead fish. And of course kissing her reminded me of her kissing Kat, which meant that we pretty quickly moved to me fucking her, or watching her head bob up and down as she blew me.

Kat continued to be cool and chatty, and she actually helped break the ice between me and Libby, weirdly enough. We still weren't, like, 'pals', but we definitely talked way more than we ever had before Kat came on the scene.

One night, after I fucked her (and I *swear* she came), I couldn't help myself, and asked some questions.

"No," Libby admitted, red-faced. "I haven't told her."

"Why?"

"She's not on B-Level," she said with a sigh. "I don't know if she'd think it was weird, or what."

I nodded. I still hadn't talked about the situation with anyone else, so I definitely understood her hesitation.

"If things with you two get more serious, do you...do you think we should stop?"

I didn't even realize I was holding my breath until I let it out in relief at Libby's answer.

"Of course not," she said, as though shocked that I'd even ask. "No, it's...it's B-Level. It's not like that at all."

"Yeah," I said. With the hardest question out of the way, the next one seemed relatively easy. "So are you, like...bisexual?"

"No," she said, again seeming confused by the question. "No, just gay. I mean, you know. A lesbian."

"Oh," I said. "So then why..."

"It's B-Level," she said, looking at me as though I was an idiot. "My sexuality has nothing to do with it."

###

The next time I saw Mike, I was playing cards with Libby and Kat. Kat was super into card games - not stuff like Rummy or whatever, weird games, stuff that I'd never heard of. The one we were playing involved passing pieces of sushi left and right. It was pretty fun, though I'd not yet managed to win.

“Hey,” he said, holding his hand out. “I’m Mike.”

“Kat.”

Mike looked at me, impressed. “You stud,” he purred. “Where’d you meet this one?”

“Libby’s girlfriend,” Kat said pointedly, and Mike’s eyes widened as the penny dropped.

“Ohhhh,” he said, his grin widening as he turned back to me. “You lucky duck.”

All three of us looked at him confused.

“How so?”

“B-Level,” he said, jerking his thumb up to point to the ‘B556’ sign on the dormitory door. “It extends to partners as well.”

Libby’s eyes widened as she realized what Mike was saying, but Kat’s look of confusion never dropped.

“What’re you talking about, bucko?”

Libby’s face grew redder and redder as Mike explained B-Level to her girlfriend. By the time he was done, she could easily have been mistaken for a freshly-picked tomato.

“Oh damn. I had no idea!” Kat said, looking at me apologetically.

“Me neither,” I said, waving it off. More than anything, I was just glad that I hadn’t mentioned B-Level to anyone outside the dorm - Kat was in her final year; if *she* didn’t know about it, everyone else would have thought I was stark raving mad.

Thank god Mike had been there to explain it.

“I’m so sorry,” she said, and Libby nodded.

“Seriously,” I said. “It’s no problem.”

“Well,” Mike said with a waggle of his eyebrows. “I guess I’ll just leave you three to it.”

“Thanks Mike,” the two girls chorused, and he grinned as he left, closing the door behind him.

Unsurprisingly, Kat got straight to the point, but without being at all awkward about it.

“So what do you want to do first?”

“Let’s finish the game,” I stammered, not used to being put on the spot. I had always figured Libby’s passive attitude towards B-Level was just part of it, you know, but it seemed to be more of a personality thing.

“Sure thing,” Kat said.

“And don’t feel like you need to let him win,” Libby said quickly. “It’s not like that at all.”

“Of course not,” Kat laughed. “I get it. It’s B-Level.”

###

This may surprise you, but I didn’t do anything that day. Or the next, or the next.

I couldn’t even tell you *why*, either. Like, Kat was attractive. And more than just ‘the first time I saw her, she was making out with another girl’ - she was genuinely a very attractive woman. She had olive-colored skin, big brown eyes, and the kind of curves that you only ever see on Latina women.

But I’d spent the last few weeks trying to be super respectful of her relationship with Libby, trying not to sexualize her. And so while I was still very, very attracted to her, it took me a few days to get it all to line up in my brain, y’know?

Fortunately, Libby was super cool about it. Like, she could have been jealous, or weird, or annoyed that I was going to share her girlfriend.

Instead, to my surprise, she sort of helped me work through it.

“I bet you can’t wait until Kat joins me in this,” she said playfully the next time she sucked me off. That was all she said, but that was all it took - with a moan, I closed my eyes, and I could

practically see it - the two girls kneeling in front of me, sharing my cock.

Normally I just let Libby swallow my cum, but that time I made her take her top off when I was getting close, and I finished on her chest.

“Kat’s tits are twice the size of mine,” she whispered with a smile, as my cum slid down onto her long nipples.

Within a few minutes, I was hard again. I came three more times that night; a new record.

I was pretty much spent the next day, and I think Libby was as well. I’d spent more than an hour pounding her, and while I knew she would never complain - it was B-Level, after all - I’m sure she appreciated the relief.

The next day, I knew Kat was coming over, and...god, it sounds so sad, but I avoided the room until after curfew. Even when I came in, I half-expected her to be there, waiting for me, asking if there was anything she could do for me.

Instead, I hid out in the library, trying to study, unable to think of anything but the two women in my dorm, knowing that I could do anything I wanted to with them. To them.

Anything.

When Kat came around on the fourth day, I knew that it was time.

“Hey,” she said, smiling when she saw me.

“Hey,” I said in response.

“Do you wanna...”

“No,” I said, holding up a hand. “Like, I do, but...I don’t want things to be weird, you know?”

“How could things be weird?” she asked, looking perplexed. “It’s B-Level. It’s like, the most natural thing in the world.”

“I know,” I said, “but...we’re friends, right?”

“Yeah,” she said, her smile returning. “Of course.”

“Cool. So let’s make sure that doesn’t go away, of course! B-Level or not, we’re friends first.”

“Okay,” she nodded. “Well, lemme know if there’s anything you want.”

“Of course I will,” I said, rolling my eyes. “It’s B-Level.”

B-Level  
by Pan  
Chapter 4

We started things pretty slow.

I mean, I think. It's hard to say exactly what's slow and what's not on B-level. Compared to Libby, I mean.

Looking back, I sort of did the opposite of your normal progression with Libby. Like, making out was one of the *last* things we'd done. And she never jerked me off, not even once.

That's where I started with Kat though. Making out and jerking off. Like I said, I wanted to do things a bit slower with her - when Libby and I started, we were just roommates. Me and Kat were friends. It was different.

Don't get me wrong - it still wasn't a romantic thing.

It was just B-level.

And so (in a weird reversal of the first time I'd met Kat), when Libby came back from class, she found Kat and me making out on her bed, Kat's hand wrapped around my cock.

God my life was good.

I didn't have a like, crush on Kat or anything. I knew we weren't going to end up married or anything like that. For one, she was a lesbian, and secondly, she was religious. No flame, I'm just not into the whole God thing.

Plus, she was dating my roommate. And...look, there were a *lot* of reasons I knew we weren't going to end up together.

But that didn't mean I wasn't going to enjoy the privileges offered by B-Level.

Unlike Libby, Kat had made out with a guy before. She wasn't bi - she'd just wanted to see if there was any chance she was straight. Turns out, nope; she'd gotten absolutely nothing out of it. You'd think that would make me self-conscious about locking lips with her, but I didn't.

It was B-Level.

Like Libby, she'd never gone any further with a dude, but she wasn't nervous. So after like twenty minutes of making out, when I'd told her to pull out my cock, she hadn't hesitated. I don't know if she'd seen porn or practiced on a dildo or what, but god damn. The feeling of her soft hand running up and down my cock felt almost as good as my own.

I was right on the verge of cumming when Libby walked in. She didn't say anything; she just smiled at the sight of me and her topless girlfriend (I'd had Kat take her top off) making out as she stroked me.

"Harder," I moaned, and she obeyed. "Faster!"

"He's gonna cum," Libby whispered, watching us from my bed. I guess after however many weeks, she'd really learned the signs.

"Uh huh," I said. "Gonna...cum..."

Kat didn't slow down for a second, and soon I was shooting my stuff all over Libby's bed. She wasn't annoyed, of course - she actually looked really excited to see Kat's first time making me cum.

"How was that?" Kat asked, after she could tell that I'd come down from cumming.

"Amazing," I beamed. I wasn't lying, either - despite all that I'd done with Libby, that was my first hand-job. And while in a vacuum, I'd probably take a blowjob over a handjob, just the fact that it was my first time made it super hot.

Libby watching probably helped, too.

I zipped my pants back up, and asked the girls if they wanted to play card games. Libby

shook her head; not taking her eyes off Kat for even a moment.

Like I said, I *think* I've seen Libby cum before. But I can definitely recognize what it looks like when she's turned on, and so just like she knew what it looked like when I was close, I could spot the signs of her arousal.

Maybe the polite thing to do would have been to leave the room, let them have it for a while. After all, I'd just used Libby's girlfriend to cum - on her bed, nonetheless - but I was excited to explore the possibilities of B-level.

Besides, it only worked on partners. Maybe they were about to break up, and this would be my last chance until Libby got a new girlfriend.

I rolled over, and sat up on my elbows. "You two should make out," I said.

"Uh huh," Libby smiled. Kat grinned back at her.

They weren't getting it.

"For me," I said.

There was a pause, then Kat's eyes widened. "Oh!"

"Yeah," I grinned. "I wanna see you two make out."

"Of course," Libby replied, her response firm. "Whatever you want."

"It's B-Level," Kat said softly, as though in a trance.

To my disappointment, Kat got up and joined Libby on the other bed. I could have told them to come and make out right next to me, but something stopped me. Not nervousness, or shyness - I'd just cum, so I was basically feeling on top of the world.

No, it occurred to me that now I'd be spending the rest of the semester sleeping on a bed where two lesbians had made out for my enjoyment.

The show was great. It was interesting - I'd only seen a few seconds of them making out 'for real', but I could immediately tell the difference. The way they angled themselves to face me, the volume of their moans...it was obvious that they were performing.

It was almost hotter, if I'm being honest. Like, these were two actual lesbians - a real-life couple - making out, like I'm sure they did a lot, *but* at the same time it was a performance for me, for my pleasure.

To top it off, sometimes they'd sort of, like, 'lose themselves' in what they were doing. It was a subtle difference, but every now and again they'd basically forget I was there, and make out like it was just for their pleasure. Then one of them would realize, and they'd go back to displaying their female form for my male gaze.

Before long, I was rock-hard again. A part of me wanted to just jerk off while I watched them, spray my cum all over them (I knew they wouldn't mind), but I hadn't had to get myself off in so long; why start again now?

And so when I was ready, I just got up and stood next to them.

"Suck me off," I said, enjoying the lustful look the two girls shot me.

"Who?" Libby asked, biting her lip. Her hands were on Kat's boobs, and even as we talked, she was still playing with them, kneading the flesh and pinching her nipples.

"Both of you," I instructed.

"Mmmm," the two girls replied in unison. Again, I *knew* it was fake as hell - they were both lesbians, after all - but I think the B-Level stuff had mixed a little with their arousal from making out, maybe confused things a little for them.

I loved it.

Kat had never sucked a cock before, of course, but Libby was a great teacher. To this day, I still have no idea if it was natural talent or if she'd, like, done some reading online once she'd

learned about B-level.

To be honest, even if they'd both been *terrible*, just the sight of the two girls sharing my cock, then making out, then turning their attention back to my cock would have been enough to make me shoot off in record time - I did the porn thing where you alternate between the girls as you're cumming. It kind of worked - Libby got most of it on her face, with Kat just getting whatever was left. I'd been hoping to cover Kat's face as well and watch it drip down onto her boobs (something which is just not as effective with smaller boobs) but believe me, I wasn't complaining.

I had the girls make out a little more, enjoying the sight of them sharing my cum, before letting them clean up and leaving them to have the room to themselves.

Like I said, it's hard to tell what's 'starting slow' when it comes to B-level. Getting a handjob followed by a double blowjob - was that going faster or slower than I had with Libby?

###

To my relief, Libby and Kat didn't break up. To my even greater relief, the sex stuff didn't ruin the friendship. I had friends outside of those two, of course, but...well, not many, if I'm being honest. B-level meant that I didn't have as much incentive to leave my dorm as most college students had, I'm not great at parties (probably because I don't drink), and I really was trying to focus on my studies.

Fortunately, the girls started spending more time in the dorm. We kept on playing weird card games (my favourite was this game about a fox in a forest - it was only two-player, so we had to rotate whenever we played) and hanging out... and of course they were happy to get me off whenever I wanted.

Maybe 'happy' wasn't the right word for it, but they certainly weren't complaining. It was B-Level, y'know?

It was about another week before I first fucked Kat. She spent a bunch of time in our dorm, even when Libby wasn't around (she didn't really get on with her own roommates), but our first time was when Libby was there as well.

Over the past few days, Kat had watched me fuck Libby a few times. She'd then...I dunno, sort of gone out of her way to let me know that she'd be fine if I wanted to do that to her.

I guess she wanted to make sure I knew that she'd be accommodating. Like, it was important to her that I knew that she *got* it.

"Thanks," I'd replied, not sure if I should be weirded out by the way she'd put it. 'Doing that to her'.

I mean, I guess that was what was really happening. She wouldn't be fucking me for her own pleasure (because lesbian), so it really was something I'd be 'doing to' her.

Maybe that was why I waited until Libby was there before doing it for the first time. I really liked Kat's boobs (they were big, I was a guy, you know how it is) and so I pretty much got her topless whenever she came around, even if we were only playing cards. I was pretty sure Libby liked it as well - I was starting to think my roommate must have had a voyeuristic streak, or maybe she was some kind of...proxy-exhibitionist?

I'd started to have Kat blow me whenever we were alone. Maybe it was a little weird, but I'd often fantasize about fucking her while I came in her mouth.

Of course, my sense of what was 'weird' was now just all over the place. B-Level can really do that to you.

I couldn't wait to fuck her. Don't get me wrong - Libby was great, but Kat had the kind of body that I'd lusted after since I'd hit puberty. She was curvy - but not fat - and she was so *soft*.

Every part of her...her hands, her mouth, her tits.

I couldn't even imagine what it would feel like to fuck her. Well, I could, but I didn't want to. And I didn't even have to, not really, but...I dunno, the anticipation was kind of hot.

A part of me wondered if it was shallow, to want Kat so bad, to want her body so much. Again, there was nothing wrong with Libby - I certainly wasn't complaining - but Kat was like a fantasy come true.

Is it wrong to objectify someone in a purely sexual relationship? I figure if it's ever okay to be shallow, that's probably when the time. Girls are probably okay being sexualized during sex, right?

Not that it really mattered if they weren't. It was B-Level.

Anyway, Libby and I had been playing the fox game (like I said, we'd started to actually become friends) when Kat had come over. As she watched, I told her to take off her shirt. She'd pretty much stopped wearing a bra when she came over, because she knew I'd just have her take it off, but she must have come from class or something, because instead of her beautiful bare tits coming into view, her shirt slipped off to reveal one of her (sadly plain) bras.

"Take that off as well," I instructed.

"Your turn," Libby said. "And you can't claim I won because you were distracted by Kat's boobs."

"Yeah yeah yeah," I laughed.

Kat threw her bra onto Libby's bed, and watched as we finished the game. Sure enough, Libby won, and sure enough, I claimed it was because Kat's boobs distracted me.

"What do you want to do next?" Libby asked, and I couldn't help but wonder if I'd sensed a hopeful note in her voice.

"I think I want to cum," I said, very matter-of-factly. That might have been my favourite thing about B-level; sex wasn't this mystical, mysterious thing. We could talk about it like we would about any other basic biological function, like sleep, or food. On B-level, "I think I want to get something to eat" was just as natural a sentence as "I think I want to cum on your tits". "Me or her?" Kat asked, and again, I felt like there was a hint in her voice, like she *wanted* me to choose her. I knew she could be competitive - maybe her competitive nature was greater than her lesbian-ness, y'know?

"Why not both?" I said with a shrug, imitating the taco commercial.

The girls laughed, and I quickly shucked my pants. They dropped to their knees, and I couldn't help but marvel at the wonder that was my life. Two months ago, I never would have believed that I could have taken off my pants almost any time of the night or day and gotten a double blowjob, but...well, here we were.

As always, Libby's hands moved straight to Kat's tits. If I were a betting man, I would have guessed that like thirty percent of it was to turn me on, and the rest was just because she liked Kat's tits. Not that I could blame her - since that first bee-jay, I'd probably spent hours watching my cum drip from Kat's face onto her ample tits.

"Take your top off, Libby," I instructed. Kat was more shy about Libby's tits, but I could tell that she liked them. She wouldn't touch them without my direct instruction, but she couldn't tear her eyes away from my roommates long, rubbery nipples.

After Kat had stopped wearing a bra to our dorm room, Libby had pretty much foregone them entirely. I'd heard someone say that was a pretty typical college thing - it was pretty hot, seeing her nipples through whatever shirt or sweater she was wearing, like a little signal as to when she was turned on.



Or cold. That had been pretty confusing for a while, until I'd worked out nipples hardened when they got cold.

"Take your pants off, too, Kat."

She didn't hesitate, although I saw a strange expression cross Libby's face. I'd never stripped Kat down this much before - I'd thought about it, but just seeing her tits was such a treat. I didn't really feel the need to push much past that, y'know?

As Kat pulled her jeans down, I saw that she was wearing a black pair of panties that matched the bra on Kat's bed.

And they were soaked.

For the first time since I'd met Kat, I was speechless. She was so *wet*. Was she always this wet?

Don't get me wrong, I definitely wasn't complaining about Libby's...I dunno, 'fluid levels'. Ever since she'd started dating Kat, she was pretty much always wet enough for me to enter without issue. After making out with Kat, or playing with her boobs for a while, I could tell the difference - she'd get pretty wet.

But even without seeing Kat's pussy, I could tell that she was juicier than Libby *ever* got.

Libby's mouth fell open too, which surprised me. Was Kat *more* wet with me than when they were alone?

"God," I said, awestruck. "Come here, I want to touch your pussy."

"I want to taste it," Libby muttered. I don't think she even realized what she was saying.

Kat, uncharacteristically shy, didn't say anything - she just nodded, and sat down next to me on the bed. She spread her legs, and I gently stroked the outside of her panties.

"Fuck," I whispered. "Kat, you're soaked..."

"Am I?" she asked, a strange quaver in her voice.

"Uh huh," I nodded. "I...god, I really want to fuck you."

"Well," she said, before swallowing loudly. "If you want to, go ahead."

"I mean...it's B-level."

B-Level  
by Pan  
Chapter 5

I glanced at Libby. She met my gaze and nodded.

“Do it,” she said, in hushed tones. “I want you to.”

Somehow, I knew that she meant it. More than just like, ‘it’s B-level’.

Libby wanted me to fuck her girlfriend. And I sure as hell wanted to. And that just left...

“Are you sure?” I asked Kat, and she shot me a smile.

“I’m sure,” she said gently.

I looked at my roommate once more. She was staring at Kat’s soaked gusset, her tongue running around her lips.

“I’m going to fuck you,” I said, my confidence rising.

“Good,” Kat said, her voice no louder than a whisper.

“And while I do, Libby’s going to lick you out.”

Kat swallowed. “Okay,” she said, a strange note in her voice. We’d never done this before - sometimes while I was fucking Libby, I’d make out with Kat, or suck on her tits, but I’d never had her go down on her girlfriend while I fucked her.

“I’m going to cum inside you,” I continued, and Kat relaxed once more.

“Mmmmm...”

It was a performative ‘mmm’, but I pressed on.

“And then...Libby’s going to lick it out of you.”

Two sets of eyebrows went up, but neither girl hesitated.

“Uh huh,” Kat said, wiggling her hips slightly. In excitement, or nervousness? I couldn’t tell.

“Can’t wait,” Libby said. She licked her lips once more - for my benefit, I could tell.

“Okay,” I said. “Let’s do this.”

I’d never gone through a play-by-play of what we were going to do before, but this felt different. There was a weird energy in the room, and I couldn’t quite work out what was causing it.

Maybe there’d been the same energy the first time I’d fucked Libby, and I just hadn’t been able to recognize it. But it was...I dunno, weirdly tense? Tenser than I would have expected for B-level.

“Take off your panties,” I instructed. My hesitation began to disappear as Kat obeyed.

Libby’s a blonde, and her pubic hair was very light. Kat, meanwhile, had a thick patch of hair between her legs - most girls in porn are shaved, so there was something super hot about seeing this big hairy thatch. I let out a groan, and was surprised to hear Libby do the same.

“Go down on her,” I instructed, and Libby didn’t hesitate.

At this point, I’d gotten pretty good at telling when the girls were faking. Like, they never faked an orgasm with me or anything like that - I’d never ordered them to cum - but sometimes when I told them to make out or play with each other’s boobs, I could tell that they were doing it for me.

More Kat than Libby, I guess. Libby was *super* into Kat’s boobs. But even then, sometimes I’d spot her like, sticking out her tongue and pointing Kat’s nipple at me.

I’d sucked on Kat’s boobs, more times than I could count. And from what I could tell, that wasn’t how she liked it - having her nipple tongued while it was pointing to the side. I mean, it wasn’t even particularly *fun*. I tried it once - it felt more like you’re trying to give your tongue

muscles a workout than anything. It's not sexy to do...but, I have to admit, it's pretty hot to watch.

This wasn't like that. When Libby dove between Kat's legs, I could immediately tell that I was an afterthought. I may have been the instigator, but I wasn't why she was doing this. Libby was going down on her girlfriend because *she* wanted to, and with the possible exception of the way she wiggled her butt, I could tell that she had all but forgotten I was there.

Kat was even worse. Or better, depending on your point of view. As soon as Libby started going down on her, she closed her eyes - when the girls are 'performing' for me, they always have one eye on me, making sure I'm enjoying what they're doing.

Not this time. Kat was in this for herself.

And she was *loving* it.

I'm pretty sure Libby has cum before, while I've been fucking her. Kat? I *knew* Kat was cumming, because within just a few minutes of Libby's tongue exploring her folds, her hips started bucking. She grabbed Libby's hair with both hands, and started to moan.

For a moment, I was even worried for Libby - it almost looked like she was trying to get away, but I think she was just excited. When Libby reemerged from between Kat's legs, she had a sheepish look on her face and her face was dripping wet.

"Wow," I said. "I want you two to make out for me."

There was no hesitation - the two of them started making out as soon as the words were out of my mouth. This time, it was more of a mix - sometimes a minute would go past where they were just completely lost in the moment, but then they'd remember I was there, and turn their bodies to face me.

Normally when they made out, Libby's hands never left Kat's tits. This time, it was her pussy - the entire time they made out, Libby had one hand in her girlfriend's snatch. The other hand alternated between roaming across Kat's olive skin and her own, groping tits, or spending some time between her legs. Libby still slept in that set of pink cat pajamas; I guess the bottoms were thin enough for her to get some pleasure from touching herself, because she'd twitch with arousal every time she rubbed her pussy through them.

After five minutes of this, I felt like I was going to burst.

"Lay down," I said to Kat. "I'm going to fuck you now."

"Okay," she said, the nervousness in her voice completely gone. I guess an orgasm had been what she needed to calm her down. I was glad I could help, even if it was through Libby.

Positioning myself above my roommate's girlfriend, I slowly entered her.

I hadn't been wrong; her entrance was much, much slicker than Libby's had been. It was so warm, so *soft*.

Despite the fact that I was her first, it only took a few moments before I was completely buried inside her, and from what I could tell, she didn't even seem to feel any pain.

"Are you okay?" I panted, and Kat nodded, her eyes fluttering.

Without another word, I slowly began to fuck her. Despite what I'd told Libby earlier, she didn't dive in and tongue her girlfriend while I did - I guess she felt like she'd already played her part by getting Kat off. Instead, she just sat back and watched as my cock dipped in and out of Kat's pussy. I glanced down to see what she could see - despite the fact that we'd just started, my cock was already covered in Kat's white juices. Sometimes it would look like that after I fucked Libby, but only when she was *really* turned on.

After I was done, I'd get one - or both - of the girls to lick Kat's juices off me.

I shuddered with pleasure at the thought, and was surprised by how close I was to cumming.

I'd been deliberately trying to slow myself down the last few times I'd fucked Libby - partially just to enjoy the experience, but also because I'd heard how embarrassing it was to be too fast with a girl. But I guess that wasn't so much a factor here.

It was hard to imagine anything I'd feel embarrassed about on B-level.

Maybe it was because of how insanely wet Kat was, or maybe it was just because it was with a new girl, but I could tell that I was going to blow my load any second.

"Gonna cum," I panted. I rarely warned Libby, so I wasn't sure why I felt the need to do so with Kat. Again, maybe just because we'd been friends first? I didn't think too hard about it.

"Okay," she panted, and for some reason, *that* was what got me off. She sounded pleased for me, like I'd told her I found twenty bucks...but she wasn't *excited*. She wasn't even pretending to be. She was acknowledging the information, not celebrating. Not reacting emotionally in any way.

The sound of a pleasant (but nonchalant) 'okay' was, in that moment, the hottest thing I'd ever heard. Within moments, I began twitching with pleasure as I pumped my second load of the day (Libby had sucked my cock before Kat came over) into the hot, naked, Latina girl beneath me.

When I was done, I rolled over and shot a grin at Libby and Kat. They grinned back.

"Libby," I said, licking my lips. "I want you to lick my cum out of Kat."

"Uh huh," she said, her smile growing even more.

"While she does that, Kat - I want you to clean me up."

"Sure thing," she said.

It was a strange feeling - I softened in Kat's mouth, then hardened again as Libby gave her another orgasm. After she was done, I fucked her for a second time - doggy-style this time. I had her eat Libby out as she did.

###

"That was your first time??"

Three weeks passed, and I had to admit - I was totally addicted to Kat's pussy. To her body. She was so warm, and wet...I'd learned that she was a 'squirter', which was why Libby's face had been so wet after she went down on her.

That was an educational afternoon of googling, I'll tell you that.

The feeling of Kat's warm pussy around my cock, or the way her boobs bounced as she rode me. Again, I don't want to sound like I didn't enjoy fucking Libby - I definitely did - but Kat was the woman of my dreams.

Physically, that is.

In the past twenty-one days, I'd fucked Kat probably more than fifty times. She'd even cum, once - admittedly, it was while Libby's hand was also between her legs, fingering her as they made out - but since I was the recipient of the pussy-squeezings that resulted, I wasn't annoyed.

It wasn't like I was in any position to be jealous. She was Libby's girlfriend. And a lesbian. And it was B-level.

I very much doubt that Libby had even been remotely upset that I was spending less time in her mouth and pussy. She had checked in a few times to see if I wanted her to make me cum, but she'd been, like, zero percent bothered when I'd said no.

If I'd ever had any doubts that she really was a lesbian, that had dispelled it.

At one point, Kat had gone away for a weekend, so I'd fucked Libby (and had her go down on me twice). And again, I really don't want to sound like I didn't really like it; it was great.

It just didn't even *compare* to fucking Kat.

So you know how, like, your family has some dish that they make? For us, it was lemon chicken. I have no idea why, but Mom would always make lemon chicken, and it was always really good. And I have such fond memories of it - I grew up eating it like, twice a week. I probably complained about it as a kid, but even now it's something that I'll happily eat any time.

I really do like it, and it's so *reliable*. You know what you're getting, and what you're getting is always good.

But no matter how good it is, if I have the option of lemon chicken or, like, a steak from a fancy restaurant...I mean, there's just no competition.

I love lemon chicken. I love my Mom's cooking. I'm always happy to have it.

But no matter how much I love it, it's just *nothing* compared to a meal prepared by a top-tier chef.

That's what fucking Kat was like, y'know?

Anyway - three weeks after I fucked Kat for the first time, we were talking about it - again, just casually. In our dorm, sex was a topic as taboo as...well, as lemon chicken.

So that was when I learned: it hadn't just been my first time with Kat.

It had been Libby's first time, too.

And it had been Kat's first time with *anyone*.

Remember how I said Kat was religious? Well, it turned out she was, like, 'saving herself until marriage'. I had no idea that applied to lesbians as well. I'd had no idea, but we'd knocked out a lot of firsts that day - Kat's first time going down on someone, the first time someone went down on *her*...

The first time she came.

Yeah, that's right. Kat was a lesbian - a *college* lesbian - who didn't masturbate. She had no issue with making out (as I'd discovered the first time I'd met her), but anything beyond that was not, according to her beliefs, okay with Jesus.

Except, of course, on B-level.

That was why Libby had been so excited. She wasn't going to be the type to pressure her girlfriend into anything, of course, but that didn't mean she didn't *want* to fuck her. To finger her. To taste her. To feel her tongue between her legs.

And so having a dorm on B-level suddenly had a *very* big upside. It meant that - if I told her to - she got to be with her girlfriend.

But do you want to hear the weird thing?

When I wasn't around, they *still* didn't do anything. The only time they ever made each other cum was with me, when I told them to. I honestly would have guessed that once you did it once, under any circumstances, it was open game...but nope! Just like Vegas, what happened on B-level didn't count. Not even in the eyes of the Lord.

No wonder Libby was so obsessed with Kat's boobs, with her pussy. When I wasn't around, she never got to see them.

I did the math. I'd fucked Libby's girlfriend more than she had. Like, an order of magnitude more.

A part of me was tempted to give an order like "hey, it'd turn me on if you two fucked even when I wasn't around." To throw Libby a bone, y'know? And it wasn't like that would be lying - the idea of them hooking up without me *was* kind of hot.

Although to be fair, the knowledge that they *only* hooked up when I was there...that was pretty hot too.

I seriously considered it, but in the end I figured it wasn't right. I might not have agreed

with Kat's religious beliefs, but that didn't mean that it was my role to make her break them. If she wanted to abstain from sex - and masturbation (!?) - until she was married, that was her choice to make, and I wasn't going to interfere.

Except when I wanted to fuck her, of course.

That was B-level. It was different.

B-Level  
by Pan  
Chapter 6

The next month or so passed pretty uneventfully. I spent most of the semester really concentrating on my studies - one of the less obvious advantages of B-level was how great it was for focus. I was so happy that I'd ended up here, and not in some random dorm. If I'd been in a normal room, I would probably have ended up having to jerk off in the shared bathrooms or something.

Here, that wasn't an issue. Any time I wanted to get off, I could. By my own hand if I'd wanted to, I guess - neither Libby nor Kat would have batted an eye.

But since they were pretty much always around, it was just as easy (and way more fun) to use them instead.

As exams got closer, I even found myself cutting down on the number of threesomes we were having. Something I don't think my six-months-earlier self ever, ever would have believed.

I could tell that Libby was disappointed, of course, as was Kat. But they were just so much more time-consuming, compared to telling Kat to quickly strip off and then cumming inside her, or having Libby suck me off while I re-read chapter fifty-five for the sixth time.

I don't know if the girls were just smarter than I was, or if they were less stressed out about their grades, but they seemed to have way more spare time than me. Kat was pretty much always around, and she never brogught any books with her.

And neither of them ever resisted when I ordered them to stop what they were doing and get me off. Although even if they *had* been studying, I don't think they would have objected.

It was B-level.

After mid-terms, I was able to relax again. The girls were happy - I think partially because I'd been such a stresshead, but mostly because...well, with my assignments out of the way, I was able to start enjoying them as a duo again. The first day after exams, I had Kat eat Libby out. She came long and loud, again and again.

More than a few nights in a row, we slept on the same bed, naked limbs entangled. If I ever woke up hard in the middle of the night, I'd just start fucking whichever hole I could reach. Neither of the girls ever objected, of course. Sometimes Libby slept right through it - even if she was the one I was getting off inside.

And then, just a few weeks later, I found myself a girlfriend.

Everyone was a little surprised. Even me, honestly.

I guess it shouldn't have been a total shock. Having Kat and Libby sexually available pretty much twenty-four seven had done a few things. It had made me pretty comfortable around women in a way that I'd never really been back home. Like I said, B-level aside, we were all friends. B-level was just the icing on the cake.

As well as that, it had given me a certain level of sexual confidence. I'd made each of the girls cum - and they were lesbians! I'm not saying I was a stud or anything like that, but with a girl who was actually attracted to my gender...at the very least, I was pretty sure I could find my way around, y'know?

But most of all, it meant that I wasn't desperate.

On the rare occasion I went to a party, I could *see* guys (and sometimes even girls) who had that raw desperation. That *need* to get laid, like if they didn't pull at this party, they'd never ever have sex again.

I'd never noticed myself giving off that vibe, but looking back...yeesh. No wonder I'd

never had much luck with the ladies before. That desperation just sort of oozes out of your every pore; it's obvious to everyone within an eight-mile radius.

Again, I'm not trying to paint myself as some kind of James Bond figure. But my comfort and confidence combined with a lack of desperation, and so when I met Ingrid, we just sort of... clicked.

She was blonde, a little bit taller than me, and had this really cute round face. Not, like, fat, just round. Her tits were like halfway between the size of Libby and Kat's, and she was a little more athletic than either of them...so she was *way* more athletic than me.

If it wasn't for B-level, I would probably have clumsily tried to close the deal right then and there. Gone in for an awkward kiss, probably been rejected. I mean, sure, maybe she would have found it cute, but it would have been that sort of sympathetic "oh yeah he's such a goof" attraction, y'know?

As it was, I just got her number, and when I called her a few days later, we ended up making out for a bit in her dorm.

And then, yeah. After that...I had a girlfriend.

Libby sounded genuinely excited when I told her. Kat, too. If they were disappointed that I was going to be spending less time in the dorm, they did a great job of hiding it. Like, I'm sure that at least part of them was bummed that they were going to have less naked time with each other, but honestly that was more fault more than it was mine. The only thing stopping them from doing it when I wasn't around was Kat's religious beliefs.

And it wasn't like things dried up completely. I'd still sometimes have Libby suck me off before a date with Ingrid, or fuck the two of them on a night when I didn't have plans with the girlfriend.

But yeah, basic supply and demand meant that I definitely spent less time with them. I mean, even outside of sex - Ingrid was way more active than I was, so I found myself going on a bunch more walks around campus with her, and watching her play volleyball and stuff.

As well as that, she introduced me to her whole friend group. We didn't, like, *super* click (they all drank waaaay more than I did), but it wasn't like I hated them. So whenever they went out to see a movie or go have dinner somewhere, I was more than happy to go along and do the boyfriend thing.

Sex with Ingrid was interesting. I mean, it was great - I want to make that clear right upfront. She was different to both Libby and Kat in a few different ways. She wasn't perpetually soaked like Kat (although I doubt I'll ever find anyone who was), but when I got her excited, she definitely gave my roommate's girlfriend a run for her money.

That was probably the best part of it - getting her excited. Ingrid was *actually straight* - she didn't just do whatever I said because it was B-level, or into it because it was the only way she could have sex with someone else, she was into me for me, and she was into sex for sex itself.

And god damn did she love cock.

I guess I'd always thought it was a one way thing. Like, guys like boobs. Fact. I hadn't realized that it worked the other way too (I mean, I knew some *girls* liked boobs - Libby made her preferences in that department *very* clear), but Ingrid was just as into cock as I was into boobs.

Before I met her, I would literally have said that was impossible.

When she was going down on me, she'd often move her mouth down and take my balls into her mouth. Not just for me - although she knew how much I liked it - but because, y'know. *She liked balls.*



Balls! I didn't think *anyone* liked balls.

And even when we weren't having sex, if we were just laying in her bed and cuddling or whatever, she'd reach down and play with my penis. Even if it wasn't hard. She just liked... holding it, I guess.

Again, much like me and boobs.

Oh, and being with Ingrid confirmed what I'd suspected: when with a straight girl, I was pretty reliably able to make her cum. So, that was pretty damn great to discover and explore.

The worst part - and again, it wasn't like this ruined it or anything - was that Ingrid insisted we use a condom. She was on birth control, but she wanted to be as safe as possible, do everything she could to avoid STIs etc. Not the worst thing in the world, but I'd gotten so used to having sex without it - I didn't hugely resent the few extra moments of grabbing a condom and putting it on, but I was always aware of it. And the one night we wanted to fuck and realized we were out...yeah, that was bit of a bummer.

Ingrid's roommate wasn't around much, so we mostly hung out at her place. Libby and Kat would have been fine with me fucking my girlfriend in our room, but I figured she'd find it pretty weird if they just sat there and watched or whatever, and that would have opened up a whole line of questioning that I didn't want to answer. So I just avoided it by hanging out at hers.

But one afternoon, the four of us were at my dorm. Libby and Kat and I had introduced Ingrid to the world of card games; she wasn't quite as into it as we were (she would probably have preferred we went outside and played tennis as a foursome or something) but she knew I was into it, so she was always down for a game.

There was a knock at the door, and I was surprised to see Mike standing there.

"Just checking in," he said, like he did it all the time. I don't think I'd seen him in a few months now, but I nodded along anyway. "Who's this?"

I introduced him to Ingrid - I didn't think I'd ever get sick of describing her to people as 'my girlfriend' - and he shot me a grin.

"I bet the three of you have been enjoying *her*," he said, and I raised my eyebrows.

Oh, shit. Of course.

B-level extended to partners.

How the hell had I forgotten that?

"What does *that* mean?" Ingrid asked, indignant, but her agitation faded as Mike explained B-level.

"Oh!" she said, turning to me and blushing. "I'm so sorry - I had no idea."

"It's fine," I said, waving it off. "Seriously."

"No," she said insistently. "I want to make it up to you."

I turned to thank Mike for clearing everything up, but he'd already left, diplomatically closing the door behind him.

Not that it would really matter if anyone saw. They'd understand.

It was B-level.

"C'mon," Libby said with a grin. "She wants to make it up to you..."

All three of the women in the room had the same mischievous look in their eyes, and I couldn't help but grin.

"Well..." I said, with a mock sigh. "If you insist. Libby, Kat...why don't you help my girlfriend get naked?"

Before coming to college, I think I'd sort of expected that every girl I met on campus would be bisexual. I don't know where it came from, but it hadn't been my college experience at all.

Sure, a few of Kat and Libby's LGBT friends were bi (that's the B, after all), but to my surprise I'd actually met more bisexual guys here than I had women.

Ingrid and I had discussed it. She'd experimented a little with girls, but - in an exact mirror of Kat's situation - quickly determined that they didn't do anything for her.

She liked cock. It was as simple as that.

Again, definitely not something I was going to complain about.

And so there was something really hot about watching the three girls in front of me get naked, knowing that none of them would have done this normally. I mean, maybe Ingrid would have been up for a threesome (it wasn't something we'd ever discussed), but she would have been doing it entirely for me. As a favor, y'know?

I guess this was entirely for me, too, but in a very different way. Ingrid looked at me hungrily as Kat unbuttoned her top, and Libby started untying her shoes. They were shooting glances at me too, making sure that I was into it.

I was very, very into it.

It wasn't long before Ingrid was completely naked. She was breathing heavily, and her blush had spread down her neck to her collarbone. I'd seen my girlfriend naked before, dozens of times - in the height of passion, she'd even get red like this - but there was something about knowing I was about to take her in front of my roommate, that I was going to share her with two other women.

"Take her to the bed," I said, a rasp in my voice. Ingrid had never seen this side of me - whenever we hooked up, I was...not 'passive' exactly, but certainly not this commanding. I guess because it was intimidating - I didn't want to look like an idiot, ordering her to do something and then having her say no, or object, or laugh at me.

I knew that wasn't a risk here.

Not on B-level.

"Libby, I want you to go down on her."

Ingrid's eyes widened as Libby immediately obeyed my command, sinking to her knees and moving her mouth to my girlfriend's exposed wetness. Unlike the two lesbians in the room, Ingrid shaved her pubic area regularly. I could tell she hadn't shaved for a few days - she probably hadn't expected anything to happen tonight, since we were hanging out with Libby and Kat - so some light stubble was visible on and directly above her pussy.

She made a strange noise when Libby's tongue began exploring her stubble. It wasn't a groan of pure passion, but it wasn't, like...revulsion or anything like that. I don't think she knew what to think, honestly.

As my roommate went down on my girlfriend, I pulled my cock out. It was hard, as you'd expect - the sight of Ingrid's naked, writhing body was more than enough to make me hard by itself, but add to that the sight of my fully-clothed lesbian roommate between her legs, licking and sucking at my girlfriend's wetness...

"Kat," I murmured. "Take your clothes off."

When Ingrid and Kat had first met, I'd had this weird moment of worry, like...what if Ingrid noticed how attractive Kat was?

What if my girlfriend somehow realized how attracted I was to another woman?

Even in normal circumstances, I knew it *shouldn't* have mattered. Ingrid wasn't an idiot - I was sure she knew that she wasn't the single most attractive woman in the world. And she'd never shown signs of like, jealousy or possessiveness. She must have known that there would be other women I thought were hot.

And as far as ‘competition’ goes, my roommate’s *lesbian girlfriend* was probably pretty low on the threat level.

But now that Ingrid knew the full situation, I knew it wouldn’t be a problem. I could have Kat strip naked, I could fuck her in front of my girlfriend. I didn’t have to hide my attraction to Kat’s curves in the slightest.

It was B-level.

Kat got completely naked, and my cock throbbed at the sight of her brown body.

“Suck me off,” I murmured, and - rather than the jealousy I’d feared - Ingrid moaned in passion at the sound of my order.

Was she turned on by this? Was she aroused at the sight of me getting head from another woman? Or was it just B-level?

I smiled as I realized it didn’t matter either way.

“Ingrid,” I said, looking down at her, laying on my bed, Libby’s talented tongue hard at work between her legs. “I want you to cum.”

Her eyes widened. She bit her lip and started moving her hips from side-to-side slightly, something I’d noticed she did while she was masturbating. (The night we realized we didn’t have a condom, we decided to make lemonade out of lemons, and do something new - jerk off in front of each other. It had been really hot, although she hadn’t loved it when I’d cum on her tits.)

Something else, I realized with a grin, that wouldn’t be a problem here.

I’d never ordered any of the girls to cum before. I was confident that they would, if told, but...I dunno. There was something about it. It had been a nice bonus when I’d seen them cum, like when Libby’s hand was between Kat’s legs as my cock sawed in and out of her dripping pussy.

But Ingrid? I’d made Ingrid cum dozens and dozens of times.

Yeah, I dunno. It was different, somehow.

I think Libby was excited by what was coming...or *who* was coming, more accurately. She redoubled her efforts, moving one hand between my girlfriend’s legs and enthusiastically guiding her to orgasm.

Like I said, I’ve seen Ingrid’s orgasm face a bunch of times. But I’ll tell you, watching her cum while Kat’s warm, wet mouth slobbered all over my cock...

It was something else.

I probably could have blown my load then and there, but if nothing else, B-level had taught me patience. It’s the paradox of plenty, I guess - if you only have a little bit of food or money or whatever, you’re desperate to consume it as quickly as possible.

But if you have an infinite supply, what’s the rush?

“Okay Ingrid,” I said breathily. “Time to return the favor.”

My girlfriend gets a little spacy after she cums (I truly loved knowing stuff like that), so it took a few moments for my order to register. When it did, her eyes went wide, and she nodded.

To my delight, Libby didn’t strip off. She was wearing this black pleated skirt, so she just moved besides Ingrid on the bed, and lowered her panties. Ingrid hesitated for a moment - just a moment - before sinking to her knees, and moving her head between my roommate’s legs.

Like I said, Ingrid had told me she’d made out with girls a few times, but I knew it had never gone any further than that. Of course, my roommate and her girlfriend had been pretty inexperienced as well when we’d started, so I was pretty confident she’d quickly work out what to do.

Kat, meanwhile, had been diligently sucking on my cock, but I could tell she was starting to

get distracted by what was happening besides us. I decided to throw her a bone - no pun intended - and let her watch. Grabbing her hair, I dragged her mouth away from my cock. I brought her up beside me on the bed as I quickly stripped the rest of my clothes off.

She moaned with pleasure (and I honestly couldn't tell if it was real or fake) as I slowly slid my cock inside her wetness. Maybe because of the sensation (like I said, she's cum before while I've been inside her - even lesbians must like the feeling of something inside them, right? Otherwise why would strap-ons exist?) or maybe because of the sight before us, of her girlfriend going down on mine.

I could tell that Ingrid was now the distracted one - whenever she came up for air, she'd turn to look at her boyfriend, kneeling behind a naked Hispanic lesbian on all fours, my cock slowly sliding in and out of her very, very wet pussy.

It felt amazing. All of it. The physical sensations, of course - it had been about a week since I'd fucked Kat, and I can honestly say that there was nothing like it. She was so soft, so womanly. So friggin' *hot*.

But more than that - the room smelled of sex. The mixed scents of Kat, Ingrid, and Libby's juices, our combined sweat. It was the smell of B-level, and I loved it.

And above all, the fact that this was all for me. That the girls were doing it all for my pleasure.

"I'm gonna cum," I warned with a grunt. I didn't normally warn Kat, but I thought Ingrid might have wanted to know. Part of me expected that she would pull her head back and watch, observe the sight of her boyfriend's cum splashing into his roommate's girlfriend...but to my surprise, her head stayed glued to Libby's crotch, and she continued licking and sucking and playing with the brown-haired girl's clit.

I groaned loudly as my cock spasmed and twitched inside Kat, delighted when I noticed that Libby was cumming as well. It seemed my girlfriend was a fast learner.

Kat gasped as I pulled out of her - I could see that her matted pubic hair was coated in a mix of our juices.

"Come here," I ordered Ingrid, guiding her head to my cock as she obeyed. "Clean this off."

Like I said, my girlfriend looooooves cock. I wish I could say it was specifically my cock, but I really think she's just into cocks in general. Which is pretty much just as hot, to be honest.

So even though my dick was softening, even though it was covered in the juices of another woman, even though she was in my dorm, naked in front of two other women, she didn't hold back. She licked and sucked my cock - and balls - until they were cleaned of everything but her own saliva.

"That was fun," I said to her when she was done, and she nodded enthusiastically, sliding up beside me for a cuddle, her hand still holding my cock.

Libby was alone on my bed, so I sent Kat to go keep her company. I'd told Ingrid a little about their situation - that they were lesbians, of course, but more than that. Kat's religious upbringing, and the way it prevented them from doing what they both wanted to do.

I hadn't mentioned our sexual sessions, or the way it sort of circumvented the rules. But now that Ingrid knew about B-level, I figured there was no reason not to show her.

"You two should make out," I said. Libby's eyes lit up, while Kat's went dark with lust - despite being one of the most orgasmic people I'd ever met, she was the only one of us who hadn't yet cum.

Ingrid's hand never left my cock as we watched the two girls kiss. The contrast between them had never been more evident - Kat was naked, curvy, olive-skinned. Libby was fully

clothed, completely pale, and quite thin in comparison.

It wasn't long before I was hard again, watching the lesbians on my bed, their hands exploring each other's bodies, the soft sounds of passion emerging from their mouths.

"I'm going to fuck you," I whispered into Ingrid's ear, and she nodded without tearing her gaze away from the girls at all.

Part of me wondered if maybe Ingrid wasn't quite as straight as she thought, but I really just think anyone would find it hard to turn away from the erotic display in front of us.

Ingrid stiffened oh-so-slightly as my cock moved to her entrance without a condom, but she didn't say anything. The normal rule about condoms didn't apply here. Not on B-level. She was still wet from earlier orgasm, or maybe just from the aura of sex filling the room. Despite having just cum a few minutes earlier, I was stiff as a board - partially because of the knowledge that I was going to fuck my girlfriend bareback, partially because of the sights and sounds of the two girls in front of us.

Ingrid groaned my name as I entered her from behind, and I was pleased to see that drew the attention of the two girls on the other bed. They had understandably gotten lost in what they were doing, but as I slowly entered my girlfriend's bare pussy, their passion became much more presentational.

They were no longer making out exclusively for each other. Now, they were doing it for an audience.

For me. For me and my girlfriend, as we fucked on the bed opposite them.

"Libby," I gasped, driving my erection into my girlfriend's wet opening. "Use your fingers to get Kat off."

"Okay," Libby replied, her eyes darting back and forth between Kat's naked body and what Ingrid and I were doing on her bed.

I smiled, and moved my hand to Ingrid's left tit. I'd long since learned that for some reason, her left nipple was, like, ten times more sensitive than her right. As I rolled it around my fingers, I could feel her shudder in pleasure at the sensation.

Libby obediently moved her hand between Kat's legs, and her girlfriend immediately began to shake with arousal. It wasn't long before she was gasping her girlfriend's name, her viscous fluids gushing onto my bed as she came.

"Do you want me to cum inside you?" I whispered into Ingrid's ear, and was met with a fervent nod in response.

"Please," she gasped. "I...I want it."

My girlfriend's taboo plea combined with the sight of Kat's chest heaving with arousal was enough to trigger my own orgasm...which, in turn, made Ingrid cum, her pussy walls clenching around my throbbing cock.

After our mutual orgasm, we collapsed onto Libby's bed, breathing heavily, enjoying the feeling of our sweaty bodies pressed against each other in the spooning position.

Ingrid and I were staring at the couple on my bed, who were lovingly staring at each other. The four of us lay there in a comfortable silence for several minutes, until I stirred.

"Wow," I said with a grin. "That was pretty great."

The three women murmured their agreement.

"Now," I said with a laugh. "Where were we?"

For the next few hours, we continued to hang out as we had before Mike's visit. Well, with much more skin exposed. The girls put their panties back on, and Libby - perhaps feeling overdressed - stripped down to her bra and panties. I stayed naked, and I'm sure that my

roommate and her girlfriend noticed that Ingrid's hand never left my cock, except for when she was manipulating the cards or eating - we ordered Chinese. When Kat blushing answered the door topless, the delivery guy's face was priceless.

As the evening wound down, I felt myself getting hard once more. Three times in a day was unusual, though not unheard of, and so I sat on my bed and ordered the three girls onto Libby's, slowly stroking myself as I watched them put on a show for me. Ingrid was the center of attention...maybe because she was new, or because - in lieu of other instructions - Kat and Libby were able to use her as a buffer, to avoid interfering with Kat's religious convictions.

I could have fucked any or all of them, but after about ten minutes of playing with myself, I lined the them up and came onto all three of them, then had them lick it off each other.

As I watched, a thought struck me, and when the girls' faces (and tits) were shiny and clean, I voiced it.

"Libby," I said, and my housemate turned to me obediently. "You know...this is B-level."

"Uh, yeah," she said, sounding as though I had just told her the sky was blue.

"And Kat's your girlfriend."

"Uh huh..." she said, her eyes narrowed with confusion.

"So...you don't need me to be around in order to use her."

"What?"

Libby still looked confused, but I noticed Kat's eyebrows raise. She'd obviously pieced together what I was getting at.

"I'm saying even when I'm not around, you don't need to...y'know, stop at making out. It's B-level."

The widening of my roommate's eyes told me that she'd worked out what I was getting at.

"Oh..." she said softly, and a grin slowly spread over her face. "Oh..."

I reached out one arm, and Ingrid - recognizing the sign - joined me on my bed. The four of us chatted for a few more minutes (though both Libby and Kat seemed *quite* distracted) before deciding to call it a night, and killing the lights.

It had been a long day, and I drifted to sleep almost immediately, my arms wrapped around my girlfriend, her hand wrapped around my exhausted cock.

About halfway through the night, I was awoken by the sound of female pleasure - blearily sitting up, it took me a minute to work out what it was.

Libby, it seemed, hadn't taken long to start enjoying the benefits of having a dorm on B-level.

I lay down, a broad smile on my face. Getting this room had been the single best thing that ever happened to me, and I was glad that Libby was beginning to get as much out of it as I had.

I wondered how long it would take her to start involving Ingrid as well, even when I wasn't around...