

The RA

Epilogue

“Hey Spencer, I think the party’s getting started soon. You coming or what?”

“I’ll be down in a few minutes, Kendall – try not to have too much fun without me.”

She scampered off, Georgia hot on her heels. I didn’t know what to expect from whatever Tori had cooked up, but I expected it would be a night to remember. I’d had a lot of those around here with these incredible women.

Whatever it was, I hoped it would be something low-key. That had been one heck of a physically and emotionally taxing day already. Was this what life was going to be now, bouncing around from room to room, bed to bed? It was, finally, what I’d not dared to imagine it could be when I decided to proceed with it over fall break. Open doors, open hearts, open legs. A free love paradise.

I knocked on 303. A moment later, the door swung open. There was Ramona – and behind her, there were boxes in various states of packing.

“Um... what’s up?”

She didn’t miss my look at her room. “Come on in.”

I wended through stacks of boxes, almost knocking over one full of clothes. “So... What’s going on?”

“I’m preparing to move out. With your blessing, of course, master.”

“What? It was so nice, having you right here with me. I mean go if you want to go, but... why?”

Ramona slithered into my lap, straddling me, her arms wrapped around my neck. It was a maneuver she’d had a lot of practice at. “Aside from the cramped conditions – you’ll understand once you get out of the halls yourself someday – I think this gambit has played out. The experiment can continue, and there’s no more need for the façade of me pretending to be your stern overseer. I dare say that the longer I remain, the greater the risk that your girls develop the same suspicions you did. ‘Why doesn’t his boss seem to notice all the hanky panky? Doesn’t she care? Why not...?’”

I frowned, but those were good points. “I guess so. Do you have a place lined up yet?”

“I’m meeting with a realtor this weekend to look at some places. Until then, I’ll treat myself to a few nights in a hotel. Room service and someone to clean up after me sounds nice. Perhaps I’ll even get lucky and my master will come and give them some sheets in need of laundering.”

“I’d be happy to come on your sheets, boss.”

We kissed a little bit. “I’m going to miss you, though. And, you know, not to try to change your mind, but...”

I reached into my pocket. It took a little work with her wrapped around me like that, but after a moment I found what I was after and fished it out carefully. With a little grin, I clasped the choker around her neck.

Ramona gasped in pure delight, clutching at the symbol of ownership. “Master!”
“You like it?”

“I *love* it! I have the sweetest, most thoughtful, most domineering master. Why, I’d beg you to let me suck out every drop of your cum right this moment if not for the party. I... have a suspicion you’ll need your strength for this one.”

Then she started laughing, though, quite non sequitur. I shook my head, uncomprehending, and after a moment Ramona hopped back up and started setting a couple boxes aside.

“What? What’s so funny?”

She made me wait for it, though, and came back after a moment and set a cardboard box in my lap. The flaps were folded shut. “I got you something, too. I was going to deliver it to you at the party, but here you are. Besides, I’ve always thought of myself as a solid gifter. I didn’t want to be outdone.”

“Huh. Can I...?”

She nodded, and I tore into it. It only took a second. “Oh my god. Oh my *god!* I can’t believe you...!”

I reached into the box, and pulled out the topmost item: a piece of red fabric that unfurled as I held it up, but barely. A shirt, not even a foot from base to collar. I spun it around, and there on the front was a familiar logo, two H’s sharing a central beam, represented as a trellis on which grew a thorny vine. At the top left corner bloomed a single flower bursting with petals. Only after we’d put the order in at the shop had Katrina educated me that this was a dahlia, and that it symbolized devotion, beauty, and dignity. It wasn’t the flower Jordyn had originally drawn at the floor meeting, but she’d made a suggestion and our artist in residence had been happy to modify her design.

The box was stuffed to the brim with them.

“I thought you hated these!” I exclaimed, grinning ear to ear.

Ramona settled onto her knees beside, pleased with my pleasure. “Officially, I do. Off the record, however, while they’re a bit risqué for my tastes, I think they suit your girls perfectly.”

“Did you buy these yourself? That’s thirty-some shirts! Did you get everybody’s sizes? How did you even get the logo? We never—”

“They’re the originals, master.”

I blinked. “What? Tori threw those away, right after break. How...?”

“I kept her after the meeting and explained to her that she didn’t have the authority to confiscate her floormates’ personal property. Honestly, she’s a floor governor; she barely has the authority to choose her own clothing. We went back and forth, and I told her I would hold onto them until such time as she felt the ladies of Higgins 3 could wear them with pride, rather than to be objectified by the patriarchy.”

I grinned. “Yeah, they do kinda do that.”

“She stopped by my office this afternoon and begged me to return them. I asked what had changed her mind, and she said that upon further consideration, she decided that she would be proud to be objectified in the name of her beloved patriarch.”

“Aw.”

“You’ll want to keep an eye on her master. If you’re not careful, she’s going to attempt a transition from the governor of your community to the high priestess of your cult.”

“Aye, separation of church and state and all that.”

Ramona chuckled, but let it slide. “We can talk later, master. I’m not leaving tonight – someone has to keep the RAs on duty from disrupting the festivities, after all. And you have a party to get to.”

“That I do. Man, they’re going to be stoked. I can’t believe you didn’t tell me!”

“You know, they offered to let me use the formal lounge as an office. Much larger, and exterior windows to boot. I wanted the one off the mail room, though. I’m a bit of a voyeur, as you know, and I’ve always said that the greatest thrill in life is an unexpected package.”

“Well you can expect *my* package–”

“Har har. Don’t stoop to mediocre wordplay, master. You’re better than that.”

I was humming tunelessly to myself as I made my way down the hall. The floor was quiet, everybody already down in the lounge. What had Tori cooked up, I wondered? Last night had been cheesy games and cheesier music, the only real pizzazz coming in the form of beverage offerings. I reminded myself not to let any disappointment show if she’d dropped the ball, or if most of the girls had decided to party off campus. Nobody had planned on this, after all. Like so many happenings on Higgins 3, we were playing it by ear.

The specifics of the party were a secret – probably dispersing info via their discord. I had been told I didn’t need a costume, which was intriguing, but a relief. My sexy fireman costume worked fine, once, but those rubber pants were hot as hell, and besides, repetition bred apathy. Maybe Tori was going to stuff me into one of these floor shirts as a gag? I wondered how we’d even be able to sort out whose was whose.

I was nearing the bend by the lounge-side bathroom when I heard movement behind me. Figuring I'd walk with whoever it was, I turned with a smile.

It was Lex.

Or rather, the hottest imaginable version of Lex.

Whatever Jo said, the girl had never been hard on the eyes. Petite, which wasn't for everyone, and with a tendency to stuff her hair into pigtails or a topknot or some other simple restraint and let its naturally frizzy tendency struggle to assert itself. She was pretty, and with a hell of an ass, though, and if she dressed plainly and didn't bother with a lot of makeup, there was no doubt she belonged here amongst the Hotties.

This girl approaching me from the far end of the hall might have to be put on her own floor, left in seclusion until we could find anyone to match her.

She'd gotten a haircut. My latent boyfriend senses told me she'd *just* gotten it, too, as in she was just now on her way in from it. It was shorter, perhaps a tad lighter in color, chestnut rather than dark chocolate. It was shorter, shoulder-length at most, and rather than straightening it, she'd leaned into its chaotic tendencies with piles and piles of adorable curls.

It was a cute do, but my *god*, the rest of her. She looked to have scored a makeover as well. Every part of her was so pristine it was like I was looking at her through some camera filter. Her eyes shined beneath long, dark lashes, heavy lids dark and sultry. Her lips were ruby red, almost sparkling under Higgins' harsh fluorescent lighting.

Then there was her outfit. Her chunky sandals gave her a few added inches, leather straps wrapped around her calves. That aside, there was... a dress. I'd bet good money that even the largest of these Hottie half shirts, even the one Kyu-Ri somehow managed to stretch over her laudable bosom, weighed more than that whole dress. If you could call it whole. It was so thin I could see the wall behind her through the space between her thighs – not only because it only came down an inch or two past her pussy, but even that scant length was translucent, even through the front and back combined. The floral sheathe clung to her body like spandex. Unlike spandex, it didn't even try to restrain the tendency of all those curves to jiggle with every step. The neckline was so low, I'd seen bikinis that showed less titty, and then there were the cuts in the fabric to show off the inner, under, and side slops of them as well. A little string knot cinched it together, or maybe just solidified the impression that she was a tasty little package.

Those tits. Good *god*. For the first time since I'd blurted that awful question, I wondered if asking to see them hadn't been entirely my fault. They were so big, so perfectly round, so perky and for all their complete lack of bra, bounced less than they would have even before the surgery. It wasn't natural, more like some hentai girl ripped out of the pages with her impossible proportions left intact.

She looked so incredible I didn't manage to grunt out a single solitary word until she was standing right in front of me.

"Hey, Lex." Oh man. I managed to not compliment her titties. I mentally patted myself on the back for my restraint.

"Hi, Spencer. Um, can I..." She gestured her desire to get past me.

"Right, sorry. You just... wow. You look amazing. I love your hair." I barely remembered to add that last part. When was the last time a woman had me this tongue-tied? Quinn?

It made her smile, though, and if there weren't teeth, I was more than happy to look at those soft red lips. "Thanks." She waited. Raised an eyebrow. Finally, "So, do you mind...?"

I rolled my eyes at myself and stood aside. She swiped her card in the key reader, and right before the door closed behind her I finally remembered who this vision of radiance was. I shoved my foot in the door, but otherwise didn't open it wider.

"Say, do you have a second?"

She looked back, surprised, but gave a nod. "Yeah, sure."

I let myself in, setting the box on the floor beside the entrance. "Thanks. I stopped by earlier, but you were out."

"Ah." She waited, expectant. Or maybe annoyed.

"So... I'm sorry," I blurted. "I don't know if I ever really apologized for the way I treated you."

"You did. Remember, you came by, and Jo tried to keep you out, and you said you liked them." No need to explain the antecedent of that pronoun.

"I... I did? Right, I guess I did."

"Seven thousand bucks to score a compliment from my man-whore of an RA," she said dryly. "Yeah, a semester's tuition well spent."

I frowned sympathetically. "I could probably find some other guys to come by and compliment you if it'd help...?"

After a moment, a tense, terrifying moment, she grunted a single chortle. "Kind of you. I'll wait here then."

"So can I ask... why'd you decide to do them in the first place? I, um, heard some people say you were trying to, I dunno..."

"To impress you?" She snorted. "No offense, Spencer, but there's having a schoolgirl crush, and there's being complete lunatic. I mean, when I made the appointment back in September, was there some part of me that was like, hey, maybe my tasty, slutty RA might wanna...?" She shrugged. "Sure. But you were one name on a list of people I wanted to lord them over, trust me."

"Why did you want to lord them over anybody? I mean, um, I talked to Jo earlier, and she told me she was giving you a hard time, but..."

“What do you care? What’s one more set of huge tits on the floor, right?”

“I care. I mean, you’ve always been so nice to me. You’re one of the reasons I love this floor, this job. I’d care even if you were just some random girl I knew because I’m nosy and I’m a sap. But it’s you, so I really care.”

The speech didn’t look to have landed, but she didn’t look any less welcoming, I supposed. “My therapist says I don’t owe anybody any explanations.”

I nodded. “That makes sense. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to pry.”

“Then again, she also said I should try to look for things to occupy my time that don’t relate to my appearance, but...” She ran her fingers down the length of her. “She’s not the best therapist, I don’t think, because this is the best I’ve felt in weeks. The way your jaw dropped...”

Lexi’s grin was for herself alone.

“I’m glad. I mean, not just because...” I ventured a very brief look at her body before resuming eye contact. “But it’s great to see you smiling.”

She nodded, still looking pleased with herself. “Yeah. Feels good.”

I waited a moment to see if she’d say more, open up. She was watching me, though, waiting for me to speak. There was that smile, though, and I didn’t have it in me to start a conversation that could jeopardize it.

“Well hey, I just wanted to... yeah. But we’re having a party, in case you didn’t hear. If you wanna come, drop a few more jaws.”

“I’m actually going to a house party with a couple friends. Sorry.” She didn’t sound especially sorry, but it wasn’t sarcasm, I didn’t think.

“Oh. Well then have fun, and be safe, OK? If you need ride home—”

She nodded. “I know. I didn’t delete your number, Spencer.”

“You better not.” My turn to smile. Then I remembered what I was carrying. “Oh, and hey! Our floor shirts – looks like Tori hung onto them. Do you want to see if we can find yours, or...?”

To my relief and delight, her face lit up. “Seriously?!”

She was already rifling through the box. “Yep! Did you initial your tag or anything? I’m not really sure how we’ll figure out which one is...”

She looked up with an expression I could only translate as *Are you kidding me?* “Spencer, we’ve all taken these things off around each other so many times nobody knows whose is whose.” She pursed her lips, bobbed her head, relented. “OK, aside from Katrina.”

As if on queue, she found a shirt with Katrina’s initials on the tag in Sharpie. With a shake of her head, she seized the next XS one she found. “This’ll do. Hey, actually, is it cool if I wear this to my party tonight? I know we’re not supposed to wear them to class or whatever, but this is all the way off campus, and—”

“You mean, would you go out and provide free advertising for how awesome we look up here? Um, ya!” Heavy-handed? I winced. So did she. “But sure, go right ahead.”

She held it up, admiring it, like these three weeks with her tummy covered had been hell. I stood, waiting, but finally she looked over at me, rolling her hand. “Um, are you gonna turn around, or...?”

“Oh! Fuck, right, sorry! God, I don’t know what I was thinking. In fact let me clear out of here so you can—”

Up until the moment the door closed behind me, I really thought she’d tap me on the shoulder and pull back in for a little Tits Out time. I shook my head.

Then I heard a voice from the lounge. “Where’s Ra at? I thought this was finna be a fuckin’ *party, yo?*”

Shit, the box! I knocked hastily. “Lexi, sorry, I forgot the—”

Her door opened. She was kneeling over the box, flipping through shirts again. Her XS seemed to have proven inadequate to its upgraded charge. She’d lowered the dress over her chest, but the bottom hem of the shirt was stretched so much that it looked like if she took a deep breath it would explode. Her nipples, the same old perfect pink pebbles, peeked out the lower edge.

She grabbed a Small this time. Seeing where my eyes were riveted, she shrugged and took off her old floor shirt. It slipped off her body like it was relieved. Then she pulled on the bigger shirt. It didn’t fit her well, but it was enough to cover her. Mostly. The lower third of her breasts still squeezed out the bottom.

Suddenly there was a box being pushed into my stomach. I accepted it, blinking.

Lexi folded her arms. Her tits threatened to make a break for it, but the dam just barely held. “So... there you go. Was that little glimpse worth it?”

“Th-thank you.” For the first time in years, my voice broke.

She rolled her eyes, and nudged me back out the door. I took a moment to slow my breathing, staring through it, her smirk burned into my eyes along with the rest of her.

She was going to be OK.

As for me, I had a party to get to.

“Cute costume! Can I get you a lasagna?”

“It’s not Garfield. Name on the package was ‘Chubby Orange Kitty.’ This kitty thinks lasagna sucks. Always too much goddamn green pepper. Can’t taste anything else.”

“I was just trying to be nice. God, take a fucking compliment.”

“You didn’t even dress up. Almost nobody did. I feel like an idiot.”

“Well, you look like one. How you like that. Oh fuck, sorry. Honestly, I would’ve. Just didn’t think I’d still have a job come Halloween. By the time the new chick talked Prime back into it, I’ve been too busy to go shopping for a costume.”

“Yeah, about that... I thought we weren’t allowed to intervene. Like zero contact. Shit, I’ve seen some of them around campus. Rode the bus with 1453. She was all painty and everything, jamming to her little earbuds.”

“Yeah, you told me. Like, three times. Me? Shit, during that detox I was scared to fucking death 6818 was going to recognize me from installing the new ‘sidewalk lights’ in June. Guess people really don’t pay attention to a working man, even if they have to sign off.”

“I’m just saying. Since when did the Director greenlight inviting Prime into our apartments for tea and pep talks? Bad enough he knows we’re watching, but if he knows we’re listening, and we start responding, then we’re just... talking. Like, how do you conduct a study like this when—”

“Director Tacker!”

“(Shit.) Sir!”

“Oh, sit down, both of you. Uh, what the hell are you supposed to be?”

“He’s a knock-off Garfield. Won’t stop asking for a lasagna.”

“Costume looks tacky. Have some pride, man. So. How’s the party going?”

“More fun for them than us, that’s for sure.”

“You know how it is with these big group meetings, sir. Hard to tell who anybody is. We’re sitting here looking at three dozen lumpy orange blobs. But we’ll sort it out.”

“I count three dozen and one.”

“Sir...?”

“You, Garfield. He’s talking about you.”

“So, you had some questions about our research methods, I heard.”

“Um, no. It’s not my place to, you know, ask what we’re hypothesizing here.”

“Damn right it’s not. You’re a technician, not an anthropologist. But since it demeans me to pretend I wasn’t standing around the corner listening to you two bicker, let’s talk about it. The new girl. You have concerns.”

“*He* had concerns, sir.”

“Why, you little... Not questions. I just don’t understand.”

“What is it you don’t understand?”

“Isn’t she Prime’s ex? Wasn’t she advising him on his role in the experiment? I know I’m not one of your upstairs Hancock sexpert types, but surely that muddies the waters.”

“She *was* an intern. Now she’s a researcher. She’s going to help us take all that techno-gibberish your team cobbles together and turn it into something meaningful.

And yes, they have history, but as you were noticing, we almost lost the entire damn project.”

“Forgive me, sir, but... you said that was a risk worth taking. Your exact words, if I recall. Purge the site of the compound, make sure he’s committed long haul. But when Prime pulled the plug on us, she talked him back into it. I realize she wasn’t officially on the team yet, but...”

“But... what.”

“(Dude, shut up!)”

“But I’ve been over the transcripts, sir. She said he authorized the return to pre-break compound with her, but there’s reason to think he didn’t change his mind until most of a week later after 5288 provoked him by getting caught redhanded.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning, *she* is the one who reactivated him, days before he assented. Why bother with securing his consent if we’re going to bring in somebody who can and will go outside the loop to fabricate it?”

“Not that we would ever question your hiring decisions, Director. We’re confident your people know what they’re doing.”

“Huh. That’s... hmm. Send me those transcripts. That’s... just send them. Good attention to detail. And you... mind the orange blobs.”

“Yes sir.”

“Will do, sir.”

“Phew, god he creeps me the hell out. Man, what are you even doing? All we have to do is sit here and stare at the screen and type our reports. Why would you stick your neck out like that?”

“I mean, if I’m going to spend a year of my life on this shit, I want the experiment to have some integrity.”

“Pff. Yeah, right. Because nothing says ‘integrity’ like conditioning teenage girls into a brainwashed harem.”

“We know the implant works, dumbass. Whatever our data is for, it’s not the tech. It’s something else. You aren’t even curious?”

“Not if it means pissing off Tacker, I’m not.”

“That new girl is up to something, I’m telling you. She’s playing a game. Whatever it is, she’s not on our team. Or his team.”

“Metaphors are for dickheads. It’s just a job, it’s not a team sport, so shut up and watch these blobs with me.”

“You’re a blob.”

“Shut up, blobby cat.”

“You shut up.”

“Blob.”

“At least I wore a costume.”

“Dickhead blob.”

“God I hate when we’re on a shift together.”

“OK shut up. Prime’s finally heading to the lounge. Get your popcorn.”

“Candy corn.”

“What?”

“It’s Halloween, man.”

“All right, whatever. Candy corn, then. Let’s see what 6818’s cum punch was worth.”

“Bet you he fucks every last one of ‘em.”

“No bet, Blob.”