**Dana's Story**

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CHAPTER ONE  
  
The door closed behind her father, leaving Dana alone in her new room. She heard him herding her mother and siblings away. They had a long drive ahead of them and it was late afternoon now. She turned away from the door, feeling her eyes burn, determined not to cry. She was eighteen for god's sake. Legally an adult. She could deal with being left alone at college, even it meant living four hours from home surrounded by strangers.  
  
The sound of her family faded, replaced by other voices, other footsteps. Other students moving into the freshman dorm, other families carrying their possessions, talking, shouting, laughing, slamming drawers and doors occasionally. When her family drove out of town, there wouldn't be a single person she knew in the city around her.  
  
Dana sat down on her bed, which took all of four steps. It was a small room, and smaller still with two twin beds and two desks in it. Two three-drawer dressers were stacked between the beds, separating the room. Dana's bed was made, a cheerful flowered comforter adding some much needed color to the room. Her mother had insisted on making the bed before she left.  
  
A set of sheets and blankets lay folded on the other bed, evidence—along with the clothing tucked into the lower set of drawers—that her roommate had been here. They smelled as crisp and clean as they looked. Dana wondered about her. The school had provided her name and hometown, but that was all Dana knew of her. Zoe Harrison, from Alexandria, Virginia.  
  
Dana had never been there, despite growing up in southern Virginia. All she knew was that it was a suburb of Washington, DC. She wondered what Zoe would be like? Would she be friendly? Would they get along?  
  
The door opened, startling Dana out of her thoughts. A young blonde woman entered the room. She grinned. "Hi! You must be Dana."  
  
Dana nodded. "That's me. You're Zoe?"  
  
"Sure am." Zoe closed the door, then offered Dana her hand.  
  
"Pleased to meet you." Zoe was about her height and blonde, but that was the only similarity. Zoe's hair was a bright sun-bleached bob, unlike Dana's longer honey colored hair. Bright green eyes instead of plain brown. Her figure put Dana's skinny frame to shame, and Zoe dressed to emphasize it in a white halter and green shorts that contrasted with her tanned skin. Dana glanced at her own pale arms and legs, protruding from an oversized t-shirt and long shorts. She preferred reading inside to sunbathing.  
  
"Same here," Zoe said. She glanced around. "Pretty small room, isn't it?"  
  
Dana nodded. "It is."  
  
Zoe gestured at the dresser. "I hope you don't mind that I took the lower set. I'm not real tall, as you may have noticed. For all I knew, you'd be a giant."  
  
"'Fraid not."  
  
"So I see. Well, we'll manage." Zoe moved the pile of bedding to one side and settled on the mattress. "So, Dana, tell me about yourself."  
  
Dana felt her mouth dry up. "There's not a lot to tell."  
  
Zoe gave her a skeptical look. "That can't be true. Everybody has a story. You've got a family, right?"  
  
The reminder tightened Dana's throat. Her parents and siblings would be just reaching the highway about now, on their way home—without her. "Yeah, two sisters and a brother."  
  
Zoe's gaze intensified. "Younger? Older?"  
  
"All younger. My brother's the youngest. He's only ten."  
  
Zoe asked more questions. Dana answered them. Zoe seemed genuinely fascinated by her life in a tiny rural farm town. Dana only realized afterward that she'd told Zoe a great deal more than she'd thought at the time.  
  
"Wow, you really got me going. You're good at this."  
  
Chloe shrugged, but her smile revealed her pleasure at the praise. "Thanks. I like talking to people, and learning about them. And it's good practice. I want to be a reporter."  
  
"You're gonna study journalism?"  
  
"That's my plan. You?"  
  
Dana shrugged. "I don't know. English, maybe. I haven't decided."  
  
Zoe smiled. "Well, you have plenty of time to figure it out."  
  
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Dana unlocked the door, pushed it open. Fumbled for the light switch. Light filled the room just as Zoe yelped in surprise. Dana froze in the doorway, shocked beyond words. Zoe and a stranger lay on her bed naked, faces turned toward her, eyes wide.  
  
Dana's face flamed at the realization of what she'd interrupted. The boy on the bed with Zoe lay atop her, supporting himself on his outstretched arms. Zoe's legs were wrapped around his hips, her ankles laced. They stared at her for a moment longer, just as shocked as Dana felt.  
  
The frozen moment of mutual shock ended. Zoe and her partner hastily grabbed for the bed covers, pulling them up to cover themselves. Dana ducked her head, cheeks burning, horrified to have interrupted...this. She fumbled with her key for an interminable period before freeing it from the lock.  
  
"Dana—"  
  
"I'll just...go," Dana said. She ignored Zoe's cry. Responding would make it all too real to avoid. "I"m sorry I...." she didn't know what she was sorry for. "I'm sorry. I'll go."  
  
She backed out, pulling the door closed. She felt and heard it latch. She stood with her hand on the knob, shaking with embarrassment and fear, though she wasn't sure what had frightened her so badly. In the silence of the hallway, Dana heard a faint giggle from inside the room. Zoe was laughing. At her? It hurt to think so.  
  
Dana cocked her head, listening. The giggle wasn't repeated, though she thought she heard whispering. Then silence. Until it was broken by the faint squeak of springs and a soft repetitive slapping noise. Dana gasped, shocked anew by what she heard—and by her own behavior. Listening at the door!  
  
She jerked her hand from the knob as if it were hot, and stepped back. She fled the door to her room. Indeed, she fled the floor, taking the stair back down to the lobby of the building and the conversation pit there.  
  
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Dana watched until she saw the boy leave. She almost didn't recognize him. She'd caught only a glimpse, and he'd been naked. The dark haired young man in jeans and t-shirt who moved purposefully across the lobby toward the door didn't register at first. Dana wasn't sure it was him until he caught sight of her. The sudden rush of color to his cheeks and the way he ducked his head, averting his gaze, proved his identity. He hurried out into the night.  
  
She didn't return immediately. It seemed only right to give Zoe some time to clean up before she barged in. She hesitated at the door. She knocked.  
  
"It's open."  
  
Dana cracked the door. "Are you decent?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
Dana poked her head through the doorway. Zoe was dressed and sitting at her desk. Her bed had been hastily remade. Dana stepped inside and closed the door. She found it difficult to look at Zoe.  
  
"Well," Zoe said. "I guess we should talk."  
  
"I guess." Dana sat down at her own desk, studying the bare desktop. The desks were at the feet of the beds, facing them. Zoe was sitting to Dana's right, a vaguely perceived shape in her peripheral vision.  
  
"I guess we need a signal of some kind."  
  
Dana turned her head. "A signal?"  
  
Zoe nodded. "Yes, so we don't walk in on one another like that."  
  
Dana opened her mouth but didn't know what to say. It didn't matter. Before she could formulate a response, Zoe went on. "I'd have done it earlier, but I really didn't expect to get laid so soon."  
  
"You didn't...." Dana repeated, shocked by the casual way Zoe described it.  
  
Zoe took it as a question. "No. I met him at the mixer. He was cute, and charming, and, well, it's been a while. So I invited him back for coffee." She made air quotes with her fingers.  
  
"He's not your boyfriend?"  
  
Zoe looked surprised by the question. "Oh no, I just met him today."  
  
"Today?" She'd had sex with someone she just met?  
  
"Yeah. So it was kind of a surprise. Anyhow, we should agree on a signal. I'd hate to walk in on you that way."  
  
Dana didn't know how to respond. The thought that she might be caught in bed with a boy—that she'd be in bed with a boy in the first place—was novel. Her cheeks warmed again. "That's...not necessary," she said.  
  
Zoe looked puzzled. "Of course it is. You'll want privacy."  
  
Dana couldn't meet Zoe's eyes. "I don't...."  
  
"You don't what? Have a boyfriend?"  
  
Dana shook her head, still not looking at Zoe.  
  
"Well, the term is just beginning. There's plenty of time to find one."  
  
Dana didn't answer. She felt terribly uncomfortable, her cheeks burning, her throat tight. Sex wasn't a topic of conversation she felt comfortable with. Especially as it applied to her.  
  
Zoe remained silent for a minute. Then, "Dana, are you a virgin?"  
  
The surprise in Zoe's voice caught Dana's attention. Surprise and something else. Dana glanced up, suspecting amusement. Mockery. But all she saw in Zoe's face was surprise, and perhaps a little pity.  
  
"No," Dana confessed. "Not a virgin." She'd had sex. Twice. The first time the night of her senior prom, with her date. It hadn't been much fun for her. The second time, a month later, again with Mike. It wasn't any better for her—nor for Mike, she supposed. He never asked her out again.  
  
"But you aren't planning to have any here at school."  
  
She hadn't thought about it, frankly. It had simply never crossed her mind. She'd tried it, found that it didn't live up to its billing, and though hurt by Mike's de facto breakup with her, it relieved her of having to turn him down the next time. "No," she told Zoe.  
  
Zoe didn't reply, but her expression spoke volumes. "What?" Dana snapped.  
  
Zoe shook her head. "Nothing." She might have left it at that, but then she added, "I just...."  
  
"You just what?"  
  
Zoe pursed her lips, clearly considering whether to answer. Dana waited. Zoe shrugged and said, "I just can't imagine not wanting sex."  
  
Dana had no answer for that. It wasn't as if she didn't think about sex. It just...didn't seem likely.  
  
"Well, even if you're not going to use it, we still need some kind of signal," Zoe said. "Just so you know when I have a boy in the room."  
  
Dana frowned, not liking the idea. She'd been here for fewer than forty-eight hours and Zoe was already fornicating with a stranger. "You aren't going to do this a lot, are you?"  
  
Zoe's smile slipped. "You mean sex? Every chance I get."  
  
Dana gaped, shocked by Zoe's brazen attitude.  
  
"I like sex," Zoe said. "I like it a lot. I want to have lots of it, as often as I can." She paused to study Dana's face. Dana hadn't known Zoe long, but she knew determination when she saw it. "I'll try to do it elsewhere some of the time, but some of the time it's gonna happen here. I'll try not to inconvenience you too much."  
  
Dana couldn't look at her. She nodded as she turned away. "Okay." It wasn't okay, but she didn't want to fight with Zoe over it. What if Zoe got mad at her? Shouted, or gave her the silent treatment? Or—threw things? Dana wasn't ready to face any of that. Maybe it wouldn't be too bad.

**CHAPTER TWO**

Zoe wasn't kidding. Dana grew accustomed to the buzz of her phone announcing that Zoe was "entertaining" again, or coming back to the room two or three times a week to find a note from Zoe written on the whiteboard mounted on their door. Please do not disturb, written in Zoe's hand, followed by the time. Afternoons and evenings were prime times for Zoe's assignations. Dana could only rely on the room being empty—or at least not being off limits—in the morning, when Zoe had most of her classes.  
  
Dana suspected that the notes were as much a way of bragging as a warning that she was occupied. How else to explain the times written in and then crossed out, sometimes several in an evening? She could just have texted Dana when she was going to be using the room—which, to be fair—she did. But she also used the white board. She wanted Dana—and everyone else on their hall—to know just how often she was getting laid.  
  
Dana got into the habit of staying away from the room most of the time. She came to know the library, the local delis and coffee shops, and the conversation pit in the dorm lobby very well. Fortunately she found some friends on campus, fellow science fiction fans and gamers. She spent a couple of evenings a week with them, at a weekly club meeting and playing role-playing games in the room shared by a couple of the gamers. That still left plenty of nights when she couldn't return to her dorm until Zoe gave her the all clear.  
  
Her frustration and annoyance grew as the weeks went by, all the worse for not being voiced. Aside from her obsession with sex, and the way she monopolized the room while in bed with someone, Zoe was a great roommate. She was neat, friendly, helpful, and fun to be around. She could be a good friend if Dana wanted. That made her behavior in this one area that much more aggravating.  
  
Dana tried to talk to her about it, but Zoe was unyielding. She refused to pass up an opportunity for sex—and said so in so many words.  
  
"Why?" Dana asked after another attempt at discussing the issue, without really intending to. It just slipped out. She understood, intellectually, that sex was enjoyable, though her own experience of it left a lot to be desired. But lots of things were enjoyable—and Zoe didn't obsessively pursue those things.  
  
Zoe looked down at her hands on her knees. When she spoke her voice was low. "Well, I could tell you that I had cancer when I was young, and didn't think I'd live to be old enough to date, much less marry. That after I finally beat the cancer, I determined that I was never going to pass up a chance to live, or an opportunity for pleasure, because I knew how short life could be."  
  
When she looked up, Dana saw the teasing smile and realized she'd been had. "I could tell you that," Zoe said, "but I'd be lying. I was never sick. No more than any other kid."  
  
She shrugged. "I don't know what to tell you, roomie. I just really like sex. Can't get enough of it. Given a choice between sex and just about anything else, I'll choose sex every time. I guess I've just got a very high libido."  
  
"I guess so." There didn't seem to be anything to say to that.  
  
Zoe sighed. "I know I've been monopolizing the room, and you've been staying away a lot. I'll try not to be quite so selfish in the future. But I gotta be honest, whenever I can arrange to have some guy between my legs giving me orgasms—I'm gonna do it."  
  
And that was that. Zoe wasn't going to let an opportunity slip away. She'd go to the boy's room if possible, but they had roommates too. If Zoe found the room empty when she arrived with a boy in tow, she used it.  
  
The maddening thing about it was that otherwise Zoe was a great roommate. She was neat, she did her share of cleaning the bathroom, and she allowed Dana to make use of the mini-fridge she'd brought to school. They spent a lot of time talking, getting to know one another, and Dana liked her. She was even a good role model for studying—and Dana needed one. The first two tests Dana had in her classes were a shock.  
  
"You failed them?" Zoe asked. She'd come into the room—alone for a change—to find Dana seated at her desk staring at her test results.  
  
"I failed one. I passed the other—barely."  
  
"Did you study?"  
  
Dana shrugged. "I guess. I read over my notes, and reread the chapters we covered."  
  
"That's...not really studying," Zoe said. "Not the way I was taught, anyhow."  
  
"No?"  
  
Zoe shook her head. "Is that what you did in high school?"  
  
Dana nodded.  
  
"And you did well?"  
  
"I always got A's in high school," Dana bragged. Honesty prompted her to add, "Well, except for math. I got a lot of C's and D's in math. I'm not any good at math."  
  
"Huh."  
  
"What?" Dana asked.  
  
"You must be pretty smart. I had to study to get good grades. Did you try studying for your math classes?"  
  
"I...tried," Dana said. But not very hard. It hadn't come easily to her so she'd avoided it, which only made things worse. She didn't like admitting that—was surprised to find herself doing so, in fact. Zoe had a knack for drawing her out that way.  
  
"Well, unlike some people," she gave Dana a mock glare, "I have to study to keep my grades up. And as it happens, I need a study partner. How about we schedule some time to study together? I'll show you what I do. You can see if works for you."  
  
Dana nodded. "I'd like that," she squeaked. Why was she feeling so choked up over a simple offer like that? It took a moment for her to realize her whole body was tensed, as if anticipating a storm of accusations and disappointment. And she was. That was exactly what she'd come to expect from her parents when she confessed to bad grades.  
  
"You okay?" Zoe asked.  
  
Dana realized she'd been sitting silently for a minute or more, lost in her thoughts. "Yeah, I'm okay. Just thinking."  
  
Zoe didn't look entirely convinced, but she didn't press. They agreed on a time for their first study session. It was a revelation. Dana discovered that she really didn't have a clue about how to truly study. It was a lot more work than the desultory attempts she'd made. But it paid off very quickly, when her next test result was vastly improved.  
  
She burst into the room, eager to share the news—and her thanks—with Zoe, then backed out just as fast, eyes averted.

**CHAPTER THREE**

"I'm afraid there's nothing we can do," Mrs. Stapledon said.  
  
Dana had approached the Housing administrator without much hope. It still stung to be turned down so bluntly. "Nothing?"  
  
Mrs. Stapledon looked like she wanted to sigh. "It's early in the year, Ms. Smith—"  
  
"Dana."  
  
Mrs. Stapledon smiled. "Dana, then. It's early in the school year. All the campus housing is occupied. It's possible that some spots could open up in a few weeks or months, as students drop out or transfer to other schools.  
  
"But as I'm sure you were told, we have more students than we can accommodate in the dorms. We only guarantee a spot on campus to freshmen. It's quite likely that either you or...Zoe, or both of you, will have to find an apartment off campus for your sophomore year."  
  
"Oh." Yes, she'd been told as much.  
  
"Is it so bad?" Mrs. Stapledon asked. "Your situation? Isn't there some way you and your roommate can learn to get along?"  
  
"It's not that." Dana didn't want to give the woman the wrong impression. "We get along okay. I like Zoe."  
  
"Then I don't understand. Why do you want another roommate?"  
  
Dana looked away, unable to meet the woman's eyes. Because Zoe is constantly having sex in our room. I spent more time away from the room than in it.  
  
"Dana?"  
  
"It's just that...." Dana felt disconnected from her voice. It ought to be so easy to say, but the words stuck in her throat. "Zoe, she—"  
  
The silence stretched between them. "She's having," Dana glanced sidelong at Mrs. Stapledon. "You know...sex."  
  
Mrs. Stapledon's frown of puzzlement lifted. "Ah," she said. "And you disapprove?"  
  
"What? No." Or not much. And it really wasn't her place to judge. "But she does it"—she stumbled over it—"a lot."  
  
"A lot?"  
  
"Every day, almost."  
  
"I understand how that could be a problem. You're feeling like she's monopolizing the room? That you can't spend time there because of what's going on?"  
  
Dana nodded, relief at finally making herself understood unknotting her muscles.  
  
"I'm afraid that there's still nothing I can do. There simply aren't any openings in other rooms. I would suggest that you try to find a student willing to swap with you, but if the problem is as bad as you suggest, I doubt anyone would be interested.  
  
"I'm afraid you're just going to have to make the best of it. I can put your name on the waiting list for any openings, but I don't want to give you false hope. You'd be at the end of quite a list. The chances of your getting another room assignment are remote.  
  
"You're both adults. I'm sorry, but you're going to have to settle your differences between yourselves."

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Dana posted notices seeking to swap rooms on the university's student forum, as well as actual 3×5 cards on an honest-to-god bulletin board in the center of the campus. No one responded. Trolling Craigslist alerted her to a number of opportunities to share an apartment or a room in a house off-campus. She couldn't afford any of them, and wasn't about to ask her parents for the money. Not when they were paying for perfectly good housing on campus—and doing so at some expense.  
  
No, she was stuck with Zoe.  
  
Which wasn't true. She had told Mrs. Stapledon the truth. She liked Zoe. She enjoyed spending time with her, talking to her. If Zoe didn't monopolize the room with sex, Dana would have had no complaints. But she did.  
  
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Dana was pleasantly surprised to see a blank message board when she got back to the room Friday night after an evening in the library. She unlocked and opened the door, half expecting to find Zoe in bed with someone. The room was dark and empty. Grateful for small favors, Dana closed the door and flipped on the light.  
  
It had been a long week, and a longer day. She was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to go to sleep. Zoe's absence was a godsend.  
  
She threw her backpack onto her desk chair and made use of the bathroom they shared with the room next door. After washing her hands, she brushed her teeth, stripped down to panties and changed into the oversized t-shirt she wore to sleep in. She wondered briefly where Zoe was, then decided that she must have found someone with a room of his own. She snuggled down into the covers and fell asleep.  
  
She woke to the sound of a door slamming shut. Giggles and whispered conversation followed. Dana sighed. Zoe was back, with another playmate.  
  
Dana's eyes had adapted to the dark while she slept. The light that leaked around the blinds in the windows was more than enough for her to see Zoe and a lover standing by the door engaged in a deep kiss. They broke the kiss and stumbled toward Zoe's bed. It was clear that they couldn't see in the dark. Zoe groped her way carefully, pulling the young man along by the hand.  
  
Zoe's leg brushed the edge of her bed. She turned, pulled the boy into her arms again, and kissed him again. An open-mouthed, tongue-tangling kiss. Her hands fumbled at the buttons on his shirt while he clasped Zoe's ass with both hands.  
  
They don't know I'm here, Dana thought. They couldn't see in the dark. They thought they were alone. She really ought to say something—let them know she was there. Before, well, before they did something embarrassing.  
  
It was too late. Dana was already embarrassed by witnessing their passionate kiss. She opened her mouth to speak, but couldn't bring herself to do it. Then Zoe had the boy's shirt open. He let her push it off his shoulders and down over his arms.  
  
"Strip," Zoe commanded, and he obeyed. He toed off his shoes, then peeled his jeans and underwear off. Zoe stripped with equal speed. In moments they were naked.  
  
Dana gawked, her face hot, knowing she shouldn't look but unable to tear her gaze away. She'd seen Zoe naked many times—Zoe slept naked, naturally. Zoe's partner—boyfriend? lover?—was another matter.  
  
A head taller than Zoe, he was lean and muscular, with dark hair on his head and between his legs. His cock...was huge, bigger than any Dana had ever seen. Which, admittedly, was a sample of one. It was long, and thick and it was hard. It pointed up at Zoe's navel.  
  
As Dana watched, Zoe ran a hand down his torso to clasp that monster. He groaned and threw his head back. Zoe stroked the length of it several times. Her teeth flashed as she grinned.  
  
"Wanna fuck?"  
  
"Fuck, yes," he replied.  
  
Dana couldn't believe what she was seeing. It was shocking, embarrassing, and exciting beyond words. Zoe carefully sat on the bed, then stretched out, never releasing her hold on the boy's cock. He leaned down, groping for the bed until he found it, then crawled onto it.  
  
Zoe settled on her back, moving one leg so that her lover was kneeling between them. He walked his hands up on either side of her until he was supporting himself on his hands and knees above her. Dana held her breath, waiting and watching. Her nipples were hard, sensitive enough to respond to the feel of her nightshirt rubbing against them as she turned—oh so quietly—onto her side. She ignored her flaming face and peered intently at Zoe and her lover.  
  
She watched Zoe guide his cock between her legs. They paused for a moment, then he pushed his hips forward. Zoe groaned. "Oh Jesus," she muttered.  
  
"Oh fuck," he replied.  
  
They lay motionless for a moment before he drew his hips back, then pushed them forward again. Zoe moaned. Her hands caressed his sides, then slid down to cup his ass. "Oh yeah," she crooned. "That's what I want. Fuck me, Bobby. Fuck me good."  
  
Bobby fucked her. Dana watched avidly, arousal overwhelming her embarrassment. Her experience of sex was nothing like this! It had been a brief, uncomfortable encounter. She'd lain motionless, passively accepting her boyfriend's frantic thrusts, which had ended in a mercifully brief time. He'd gotten hard again and fucked her a second time, but hadn't lasted much longer.  
  
Zoe was anything but passive. She clung to her lover—Bobby—and moved against him. She planted her feet and rocked her hips, matching him thrust for thrust. All the while she made sounds of pleasure, moans and groans and whispered words of encouragement and excitement. Above her, Bobby moved tirelessly, supporting his weight on his hand and knees.  
  
It excited Dana like nothing ever had. Like her only experience of actual sex never had. She slipped a hand down between her legs, rested it there, on her thigh, as if she didn't want to touch herself. As if she were fooling anyone.  
  
She watched Zoe rock and writhe and caress every inch of her lover's skin she could reach. Dana's fingers slid up her thigh, up under the hem of her t-shirt and inside her panties like they had a mind of their own. She liked that thought. Liked the thought of surrendering responsibility for her wayward fingers.  
  
Across the small room, Zoe was breathing heavily, her whispered words fewer and farther between now. Bobby was breathing hard too. Dana would have panted with excitement too but she was terrified that they'd hear her. Her fingers brushed her pubic hair, a delicate touch that made her shiver. She slid her fingertips through her bush. She was open and wet. Her fingertips glided across the slick flesh, sending a thrill through her body.  
  
"Ohhh god," Zoe moaned. She wrapped her arms around Bobby's torso, pulling him close. She captured his mouth with hers, thrusting her hips upward with increasing speed. Bobby matched her pace, his ass bobbing between Zoe's knees.  
  
Dana turned on her side, hand trapped between her thighs. She didn't want to miss this.  
  
Zoe broke the kiss, gasped for air—and shuddered. She arched her back, throwing her head back, wailing. She convulsed, legs flailing. Bobby wrapped his arms around her and held on, his face buried in the crook of her neck. Zoe ran out of breath. For a moment the only sound in the room was Bobby's breathing.  
  
Then Zoe drew a loud, ragged breath. "Oh god, Bobby," she cried. "That was so good."  
  
"Glad you liked it." Bobby's voice was muffled. He lifted his head. "I aim to please."  
  
Zoe moaned. "And you do." They kissed again, passionately.  
  
Dana raised one knee, giving herself room to slip a finger inside herself. It felt so good. Moving it back and forth felt even better. She concentrated on breathing slowly and quietly as she fingered herself.  
  
"What can I do for you?" Zoe asked Bobby.  
  
Dana missed what Bobby said. She'd discovered that pressing her palm against her Mons while she worked a finger in and out added to her pleasure. It added a lot. Abrupt motion on the other bed caught her attention.  
  
Zoe and Bobby changed positions. Bobby settled on his back. Zoe crouched between Bobby's legs, leaned forward—and wrapped a hand around Bobby's cock. Dana gaped as Zoe leaned forward with an eager grin, mouth open, to lick the tip like an ice cream cone. Bobby gasped.  
  
Zoe grinned even wider, then took the tip of it into her mouth. Dana had never imagined doing anything like that. It looked too big, for one thing. But Zoe wasn't having any trouble with it. She lowered her head, swallowing more of it. Dana watched, torn between fascination and alarm.  
  
Would guys expect her to do something like that? Could she? Dana closed her eyes, conjuring the image of Zoe and Bobby fucking. That was a lot more exciting. She resumed fingering herself as she remembered the sights and sounds. Bobby's hard muscled arms flexing, his equally attractive ass thrusting. She couldn't see it, but now she imagined how his cock looked, driving into Zoe's pussy.  
  
Dana's free hand caressed her thigh. It slid up beneath her t-shirt to stroke her belly or even cup a breast. Her other hand, buried between her thighs, didn't move—save for two fingers now, thrusting in unison. She was terribly excited, more so than she could remember being before. She'd masturbated, of course. But it had always been a quick, guilty affair; workmanlike effort resulting in a quick, mechanical release.  
  
It was nothing like this. She felt a pressure building inside her, a tension she'd never experienced before, pleasant but incomplete. Dana thrust her fingers faster and harder, careful to breathe silently despite the building tension. She fingered herself faster, wanting to reach the climax she felt approaching.  
  
Bobby interrupted her thoughts with a sudden plea. "Don't stop. Don't stop... don't—"  
  
Dana turned her head. Bobby writhed on the opposite bed, arms and legs flexing and straightening. His hands fluttered in the air before settling on Zoe's head as it bobbed over his crotch. Dana watched, fascinated, her fingers continuing to piston in and out of her pussy.  
  
Bobby went rigid, head thrown back. His hips twitched rhythmically. He groaned, a deep, loud noise that went on and on. Zoe rode him through his orgasm, her mouth never leaving his cock. He was coming inside her mouth! And she swallowed it.  
  
Dana watched and fingered herself frantically. Her fingers, along with the sight of Bobby coming, sent her over the edge. The pleasurable tension rose to unbearable heights—then broke over her like a wave. Dana held herself rigid, motionless save for her pussy contracting repeatedly around her fingers; every contraction sent a pulse of pleasure rolling through her body.  
  
She never forgot that Zoe and Bobby were only a few feet away, or the necessity of remaining still and silent. But she lost all awareness of what they were doing as her own ecstasy demanded all her attention. When her peak had passed and the pleasure was only a pleasant memory, Dana belatedly noticed the whispered conversation going on in the next bed—and that she had closed her eyes during her orgasm.  
  
"Holy shit! Is that your roommate?" Bobby's whisper cut through the silence.  
  
Dana kept her eyes closed and concentrated on keeping her face blank, her breathing even. Her face grew hot and she hoped her crimson blush wasn't visible in the dark.  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Is she...asleep?"  
  
"I think so."  
  
"I didn't know—"  
  
"Neither did I, silly." Zoe giggled. "It was dark."  
  
"Are you sure she's asleep?"  
  
"What, you want an audience?"  
  
"No, but—"  
  
"She's asleep," Zoe said with surprising confidence. "Watch. Dana? Dana, are you awake?"  
  
Dana felt her blush deepen and spread. She didn't know what Zoe was doing. Did she want Dana to respond? Did she suspect Dana had watched them? Uncertain of Zoe's intent, and fearful of doing the wrong thing, Dana did nothing. She continued to feign sleep.  
  
"See? She's asleep. She'd sleep through a fire alarm."  
  
"Good."

**CHAPTER FOUR**

Zoe and Bobby made love several more times that night. Dana watched through slitted eyes, remaining as still as possible. Now that they knew she was present, Zoe and Bobby each glanced her way at times. She played dead—or at least deeply unconscious—each time. Much as she wanted to masturbate again, she didn't. She'd never get away with it now that they were conscious of her presence.  
  
And she badly wanted to masturbate. She'd never even seen a porn video before, much less witnessed sex with her own eyes. It was arousing beyond imagining. And there were so many possibilities she'd never even considered. Zoe and Bobby's first coupling was in the missionary position. It was the only position Dana had ever experienced, and at that Zoe had enjoyed it more than she ever had.  
  
But that was only the beginning. She'd watched Zoe use her mouth on Bobby's cock. She watched Bobby return the favor. She saw Zoe kneel astride Bobby while he lay on his back, rocking her hips. She watched Zoe on her hands and knees with Bobby kneeling between her spread legs, entering her from behind. They'd even used their mouths on one another at the same time, lying on their sides.  
  
Hearing Zoe's cries of pleasure was educational. She'd never thought a woman could have as much fun as Zoe had, or enjoy so many orgasms. Bobby was a very talented young man. Much more talented than Mike had been. Dana realized at four a.m., when she was briefly awakened by the now-familiar slapping of flesh on flesh, and the incredibly arousing moans and whimpers Zoe made, that she was jealous of her roommate.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Dana woke again just after dawn. Light filtered around the edges of the curtains. She'd turned over in her sleep, lying sprawled face down, her head turned away from Zoe's side of the room. What had wakened her? She listened, expecting to hear more sex happening. She heard whispered voices—but from the door.  
  
She turned her head. Zoe's bed was empty. More whispering. The door opened and closed. Dana heard the deadbolt click. She lowered her head and feigned sleep once more. She listened to Zoe climb back into bed and settle the covers. Zoe said, "Good night, Dana."  
  
Dana froze. Did she know? Or was she guessing? Safer to assume the latter. Dana remained silent, pretending once more to sleep. She heard Zoe shift position, fiddle with her pillow, then settle down again with a faint sigh. Very shortly her soft, regular breaths suggested that she was asleep again. All too aware of her own pretenses, Dana didn't assume that was the case. She continued to lie still, pretending sleep until it became a pretense no longer.  
  
When she woke next, Dana heard the shower running. A quick look showed Zoe's bed abandoned. Her alarm clock read 10:34 a.m. It was Saturday, a day when Dana liked to sleep in. But not today. The last thing she wanted to face was discussing what had happened with Zoe.  
  
It would have to happen sometime. But not this morning. She threw off her own bed clothes and rolled to her feet. She dressed as fast as she could manage. She heard the shower shut off as she was jamming textbooks into her backpack. She abandoned the last one, threw the half open backpack over one shoulder and fled the room.  
  
The bathroom door opened as she pulled the hallway door closed. She had the hall to herself. She bolted for the stairwell, heart racing. Zoe called after her—or Dana thought she did. She ignored the sound and clattered down the echoing stairwell and out into the bright cold morning.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
"I thought I'd find you here."  
  
Zoe's voice set Dana's heart racing. Embarrassment, guilt and relief at an end to the waiting swept through her. She looked up from her Doc Savage paperback. Zoe held a breakfast tray in her hands. She looked normal rather than angry. Around them the Commons swarmed with students getting a late breakfast or an early lunch. Dana had a table to herself.  
  
"Mind if I join you?"  
  
"Sure," Dana said.  
  
Zoe took a seat across from Dana. "Haven't seen you all weekend, roomie."  
  
"I've been busy." Hiding from you. Avoiding this conversation. Fortunately Zoe had apparently stayed in Bobby's room Saturday night.  
  
"So I gathered." Zoe picked up her silverware, then frowned. Lowered it. "Are we going to talk about this, or what?"  
  
Dana's face felt hot. She knew she had to be blushing visibly, and that knowledge only made it worse. She stared at Zoe, unable to think what to say. Zoe seemed equally lost.  
  
"I'm sorry," they said in unison.  
  
"What?" they chorused. Both of them drew breath to speak. Dana waited.  
  
"I'm sorry about the other night," Zoe said. "We didn't know you were there."  
  
"I know." Zoe colored a little, which made Dana feel a little better. At least until she realized that was because she didn't think Zoe could be embarrassed. That was an uncharitable thought. Zoe had been nothing but kind.  
  
"I told Bobby you were asleep," Zoe said. "I even called your name."  
  
Dana stood mute.  
  
"You were awake, weren't you?"  
  
Dana looked away. Her cheeks felt hot enough to catch fire. The room felt warm, and it was never warm. She let her gaze slide sideways. Zoe watched her closely. Her face lit in a big grin. "You were awake!" Zoe said. "I knew it!"  
  
"I couldn't help it!" Only as the words left her mouth did Dana realize she'd confirmed Zoe's suspicions. She clamped her hands over her face, wishing she could vanish.  
  
"It turned me on."  
  
Dana wasn't sure she'd heard Zoe right. She lowered her hands. Zoe sat with both elbows on the table, leaning forward. She lowered her voice. "I was surprised at first, and afraid you'd be upset. But when you didn't say or do anything, I thought maybe you were watching us. Were you?"  
  
Dana looked away again, wanting to deny it. Truthfully, she wanted this whole conversation never to have happened. She didn't want to answer. She didn't want to lie, either. Remaining silent seemed like a good compromise. It was a compromise she made a lot. All the time, in fact.  
  
She met Zoe's eyes. It took her a full minute to work up the courage to reply. A minute in which she was painfully aware of the heat in face, of the way her pulse throbbed in her temples and fingertips in time to the rapid beating of her heart. Butterflies writhed in her stomach.  
  
"Yes," Dana said. It was damned difficult to push the words out. "I watched you."  
  
Zoe smiled. "I thought so. Thanks for telling me."  
Dana wanted to say, "You're welcome," but the words wouldn't come.  
  
"I know that was hard to say. We haven't been friends for that long, but I know you're a very private person. Thanks for telling me the truth."  
  
Dana dropped her gaze even as she nodded.  
  
"So can I tell you something?"  
  
Dana looked up. "S-sure."  
  
"I liked it when you watched us. Or when I thought you were watching us."  
  
"You did?"  
  
Zoe nodded eagerly. "It turned me on. A lot."  
  
Dana didn't know how to answer that. She didn't have to. Zoe wasn't finished confessing.  
  
"Not because it was you. Just—being watched. By anyone. When I was having sex." Zoe's eyes shone. "I liked it a lot. I guess...I guess I have some exhibitionist tendencies."  
  
Well, I could have told you that, Dana thought. She recalled the whiteboard on their door. The one covered by crossed out times, each a bread crumb leading anyone paying attention to the knowledge of just how often Zoe had sex.  
  
She imagined telling Zoe that. "Really?" Zoe would ask.  
  
"Yes," Dana could say. "It's pretty obvious you want everyone to know."  
  
Zoe would blush a little, her eyes darting here and there as she considered the idea. Then a little grin would spread across her face. "I guess you're right," she'd say.  
  
Dana said nothing. It was too personal, too intimate.  
  
"Are we okay, then?" Zoe asked.  
  
Dana nodded. "We're fine."  
  
Zoe smiled. Dana recognized the teasing aspect of it. "I'll try not to do it again," she said. She paused to watch Dana closely. "Unless you want me to."

"Zoe!" Despite her protest, Dana felt a thrill sweep through her at the thought. Watching Zoe and Bobby fuck, fingering herself while she did, was the most exciting sexual experience she'd ever had. For all the embarrassment she'd experienced since, all the effort spent to avoid this conversation, she'd recalled it often. And with great pleasure.  
  
"That's not a no."  
  
"No, it isn't."  
  
The words came unbidden. Dana couldn't believe she'd said them. Judging by Zoe's expression, she couldn't either. "I see. Did you like it too?"  
  
The heat rushed into her face again. It was getting to be a too-familiar sensation around Zoe. Nonetheless, Dana held Zoe's gaze as long as it took her to muster the courage to nod. The moment she did her courage deserted her. She dropped her eyes.  
  
"Wow," Zoe said. "We're quite a pair."  
  
She said nothing more, content to eat her breakfast in silence. Dana went back to her book. When she looked up again some time later, Zoe was gazing into the distance, lost in her thoughts. Then she blinked and focused on Dana. "I've got some studying to do," she said. She stood and picked up her tray. "Catch you later, roomie."

**CHAPTER FIVE**

Dana woke to the sound of keys in the door. The time glowed from her alarm clock: 2:14 a.m. Light from the hallway spilled into the room when the door swung open. "Come on in," she heard Zoe say.  
  
Dana's heart thudded heavily as she realized what Zoe was doing. It had been a week since their conversation in the cafeteria. If Zoe had had any assignations—and Dana had no doubt about that—she'd had them elsewhere. But she'd given Dana fair warning, standing by the door in a pair of painted-on jeans and a low-cut red top, "I'm planning to bring someone back to the room tonight. You know. Just FYI."  
  
And then she was out the door.  
  
Dana had studied for a while, then attended a basketball game in the arena. When she'd returned, the room was dark—and empty. She'd considered going out again. But she was tired and Zoe might not be back for hours yet. Besides, it was her room too—and if she were honest with herself, the thought of spying on Zoe and a lover was intensely exciting. So much so that she'd lain awake for what seemed hours, replaying the memory of Zoe and Bobby fucking just a few feet away. But eventually she'd slept.  
  
Now she was awake again. She lowered her head, shifting to lie on her side facing Zoe's side of the room. The room darkened. Dana heard Zoe lock the door. The faint smack of kisses filled the silence. Dana swallowed heavily, aroused and alarmed by what Zoe was doing.  
  
By what they were both doing.  
  
Last time it had been an accident. Tonight Dana was complicit. She knew why Zoe had brought a boy to the room. She wanted to be seen having sex. And Dana, god forgive her, wanted to watch. Just the thought of what she was about to witness excited her. She forced herself to breath slowly and quietly, to keep her eyes closed.  
  
She tracked Dana's progress with her ears. She heard Dana and her lover kiss again. Heard a male voice ask, "How about some light? I like to see who I'm doing." He spoke in a normal tone of voice.  
  
"Sorry," Zoe said. She spoke quietly. "My roommate's asleep."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Don't worry. She's practically deaf, but if we turn on a light she'll wake up."  
  
"I don't know about this." He sounded uncertain but Dana had no doubt Zoe could convince him.  
  
They were silent. Dana risked a peek at them. Zoe was on her toes, arms around him as she kissed him again, very thoroughly. "Where else are we gonna go?" she asked when they came up for air. "We can't use your room—and she'll sleep through it."  
  
"You're sure about this?"  
  
"Yes. I'm sure I want you." Her lover gasped in surprise, then made a faint sound of pleasure. Dana was pretty sure Zoe was stroking the front of his jean. "And I'm pretty sure you want me too."  
  
The two of them crept toward Zoe's bed. Dana closed her eyes again, feigning sleep. She kept her eyes closed through the sound of zippers, of fabric sliding against skin, and the clink of a belt buckle hitting the floor. Zoe's bed creaked.  
  
Dana dared a quick glimpse. The boy sat on the edge of the bed, with Zoe kneeling in front of him. He groaned softly. "Oh god, Zoe...." He leaned back on his elbow, head lolling, eyes closed and mouth slack. "Oh fuck."  
  
Zoe's head bobbed slowly as she blew him. Dana wished she had a better point of view. It wasn't nearly as exciting as seeing her give Bobby oral sex. Not that it wasn't still thrilling. But she looked forward to seeing them fuck, to hearing the sounds of pleasure they made, and watching them come.  
  
Dana glanced at the boy's face frequently, checking that his eyes were still closed. He probably couldn't see her even if they weren't, but his vision would adapt to the dark eventually. But for now, she watched openly. She felt deliciously naughty and the feeling only heightened her arousal. Her skin felt too tight, sensitized beyond endurance. Heat gathered between her legs, drawing her fingertips.  
  
She slipped a hand into her panties. She was wet, her labia swelling and parting, more aroused now than she'd ever been when having sex. The thought shocked her. Perhaps guilt and shame and inexperience weren't all there was to it; maybe Mike wasn't much of a lover. Maybe he'd been as inexperienced, guilty and furtive as she herself.  
  
Zoe was none of those things. She was confident, sexy, gorgeous. She straightened up, the blow job at an end. Dana closed her eyes and forced herself to relax into the pillow again. She heard Zoe's bed creak again, and the mingled sighs of Zoe and her lover.  
  
Dana peeped through slitted lids. Zoe knelt on the bed now, clasping her lover close as she sat on his lap. She rose slightly, then lowered herself with a groan of pleasure. Then again, a little higher this time, before—before impaling herself on her lover's cock. She was fucking him!  
  
Dana had never even considered such a thing. She thought she'd seen Dana exhaust all the possibilities with Bobby. Not so! She rode her new lover faster now, rising and falling like a rider on a horse. But no horseback ride ever gave anyone such pleasure.  
  
Zoe's building excitement revealed itself in the way she groaned and panted. She grew louder, the sounds coming faster. Dana watched avidly, her hand between her legs now, stroking herself in time with Zoe's movements, aware of Zoe reaching a crescendo, excited by the knowledge and slightly embarrassed that she knew what to expect.  
  
Zoe bounced rapidly on her lover's cock, with such speed and force that it looked uncomfortable and fraught with danger. Twice she rose high enough that his cock came free. Each time, Zoe grabbed it firmly and impaled herself again. She regained her rhythm, riding harder and faster, groaning and panting until she stopped abruptly. Zoe shuddered, her hands clasping her lover's face, shoulders hunched and head bowed. Her ragged groan of pleasure filled the silence.  
  
She drew a shaky breath and laughed softly. "Oh my god," Zoe murmured.  
  
"Liked that, did you?"  
  
"It was lovely." Zoe's voice was muffled. She lay with her face pressed against his chest.  
  
I sure did, Dana thought. She'd stopped masturbating when Zoe reached her climax, still well short of her own, frustrated—but afraid to draw attention to herself even under her covers. Surely they'd see or hear something now that they were no longer concentrating on one another.  
  
Without another word, Zoe's lover wrapped his arms around her, one hand spread to support her ass. In a surprising—and arousing—show of strength, he stood, turned, and then lowered Zoe onto her back on the bed. All without letting his cock slip out of her. Dana marveled, realizing that she'd underestimated them, and briefly imagined what it would feel like to be in Zoe's place.  
  
He began to fuck Zoe hard and fast. "Oh Jesus, Dan," Zoe cried. "Yes!"  
  
They coupled furiously, Dan driving his cock into Zoe's pussy with deep, rapid thrusts. Zoe raised and spread her legs, eager for more. She continued to cup his face in her hands, gazing into his eyes. Dana could see the glimmer of sweat on Dan's face even in the dark, evidence of just how hard he was working.  
  
Dana picked up where she'd left off, fingertips gliding across the swollen, slippery lips of her pussy before easing inside. She fucked herself slowly, one thrust for every three of Dan's while her thumb teased at her clit. It was all too much. The sight of Zoe and Dan fucking only a few feet away, the liquid squelch and the slap of flesh against flesh, the smell of sex—and god, when had she learned to recognize that?—and the slippery friction of her fingers within and her thumb on her clit excited her more than she could say.  
  
Zoe cried out, trembling all over, as she came again, adding to Dana's excitement. Zoe thrashed, impaled on Dan's cock, all control of her body lost in those moments of absolute ecstasy. An instant later Dan drove himself into Zoe in a final, convulsive thrust. He went still, arms stiff, body arched and head thrown back, mouth open in a long, low groan of wordless bliss. It was by far the sexiest sight Dana had ever witnessed: a handsome young man in the throes of orgasm, helpless and vulnerable.  
  
The sight of Dan experiencing such pleasure while nearly close enough to touch drove Dana over the edge. A final caress of her clit sent a firestorm of pleasure roaring through her body, burning away her control of her body. She quivered beneath her bedding, unable to remain still despite the risk of discovery. She retained the presence of mind to bite her pillow, stifling the wail of pleasure that rose from her breast, though not the ragged breaths she could not control.  
  
The room fell silent then, save for heavy breathing from the three of them. Dana lay motionless, eyes closed, enjoying the aftermath of a phenomenal orgasm—and feigning sleep. She did her best to breathe deeply and silently. She wasn't entirely successful, but she felt confident that Dan couldn't hear her over his own gasping breaths, or Zoe's.  
  
Utterly relaxed and content, Dana opened her eyes—and found herself staring into Dan's.  
  
His eyes mirrored the jolt of shock Dana felt, growing so wide that even in the dark Dana could see the whites of his eyes all around his irises. He flung himself up into a sitting position, staring at Dana. "What the fuck is this? She's awake!" Dan's voice was rough, like he wanted to shout but was trying to keep the noise down. "She was watching us!"  
  
Dana's good mood evaporated, washed away in the flood of adrenaline that chilled her—all except her face, which burned with acute embarrassment. In her imagination, she'd been discovered watching Zoe and Dan, but in her imagination it had been exciting and arousing. It had led to all sorts of possibilities, each one more deliciously naughty than the last. But the reality was nothing like that.  
  
She felt no excitement now, no arousal. Just humiliation. She'd been caught watching furtively, spying on them as they made love with no knowledge—on Dan's part, at least—that she was awake and peeping. She lay there unmoving despite the way she longed to throw the covers over her head, or flee the room. Anything to escape Dan's gaze.  
  
Dan.  
  
Dan, who continued to stare, though his gaze went from wide-eyed to narrow as his face darkened. Anger had supplanted shock and surprise. Dan, sitting naked little more than an arm's length away, his deflating cock completely exposed to her. Dana glanced at it, unable to resist. Even now it was impressive, larger than Mike's at its biggest.  
  
He noticed, and tried to casually flip a sheet over his lap but it was wadded at the foot of the bed with the comforter. He finally succeeded in covering his nakedness, but it wasn't at all smoothly done.  
  
"Dan." Zoe's voice caught Dana's attention. From her tone, it wasn't the first time she'd spoken. While Dana had stared at Dan, Zoe had assumed a casual pose, propped on one elbow, utterly at home in her bare skin.  
  
Dan started and glanced at her. Apparently he hadn't heard her either. "What?"  
  
"It's okay," Zoe said.  
  
"What?"  
  
"It's okay."  
  
Dan shook his head. "What are you talking about? She was watching us!"  
  
Zoe shrugged. "We woke her up."  
  
"You said we wouldn't."  
  
"I was wrong." She looked down for a moment, smiling. "We did get kinda loud."  
  
Dan looked at Dana for a moment, then back at Zoe. Anger still clouded his expression but now uncertainty diluted it. "But—she was watching us."  
  
Now Zoe met Dana's gaze, silently sharing their secret. She looked at Dan again. "Wouldn't you?"  
  
"No!"  
  
Zoe cocked her head, conveying skepticism with a look. "No? If you woke up and found your roommate fucking some very hot woman? You wouldn't watch?"  
  
Dana watched Dan's eyes dart back and forth between them. "I—no, I wouldn't."  
  
"Liar," Zoe said.  
  
Dana caught her breath, shocked by Zoe's blunt language. It wasn't totally unexpected, she'd lived with Zoe long enough by now to know that she didn't believe in mincing words. But it was something Dana could never have said, even if it were true.  
  
Dan met Zoe's gaze, a little taken aback himself, to judge by his expression. But then he smiled wryly, his eyes dancing between Zoe and Dana like he was watching a ping pong game. "Maybe," he said.  
  
Zoe didn't hesitate to press her advantage. "Maybe what? Maybe you're lying? Or maybe you'd watch your roommate fucking a hot chick?"  
  
"Maybe I would," he said, his gaze settling on Dana. "But that doesn't mean I should."  
  
Dana looked away, unable to meet his eyes, her face warming again. He was right. As tempting as it was to watch Zoe and Dan together, she knew it wasn't right. She was just too weak to resist.  
  
"Maybe not," Zoe said. "But can you at least understand the temptation?"  
  
He didn't answer immediately. In fact the silence stretched out long enough that Dana looked up to find Dan watching her, and Zoe watching Dan. "Yeah," Dan said at last. "I guess I can."  
  
"Good," Zoe said. "Then you won't mind if she watches us again."  
  
Dan turned his head to look at Zoe. "Again?"  
  
Zoe grinned at him. "You don't think we're done, do you? I'm planning to fuck you a couple more times tonight. You're not a one-and-done kind of guy, are you? I hope not. That would be very disappointing."  
  
"No, I'm not."  
  
"Yeah?" Zoe asked, and Dana could hear the challenge in her voice. Zoe leaned in to reach beneath the sheet covering Dan's lap. "Let's just see."  
  
"Zoe!" Dan yelped and clamped a large hand on Zoe's wrist.  
  
"What?" she demanded. She didn't continue groping, but she didn't withdraw her hand either. Dan tugged at the sheet with his free hand, obtaining a little more coverage.  
  
Dan shook his head, unwilling or unable to say more. Dana knew the feeling. She liked Zoe, but she could be pretty single-minded at times. She'd wrung a confession about voyeurism from Dan, and now she was pressing for some exhibitionism too. If Dana had had any doubt about Zoe's exhibitionist tendencies, this would have dispelled them.  
  
"Zoe, stop."  
  
All the humor had leached from Dan's voice. He wasn't looking at either of them now, and for once it wasn't only Dana blushing.  
  
"Stop it," Dana said to her, surprising herself with the sharpness of her tone. "You're embarrassing him."  
  
"He's not embarrassed."  
  
"He is! And so am I!"  
  
Zoe glanced over at Dana, her smile losing a little wattage, though she continued pulling at the sheet Dan was grimly holding in place. "Dana—"  
  
"Stop it!" Dana shouted, shocking herself with both the volume and the anger behind it. "Just stop!" She wanted desperately to escape the situation, for her own sake as much as Dan's.  
  
She flung away her bed covers and leaped out of bed, all too aware that Dan could see her in nothing more than panties and a tee shirt, to snatch up the jeans folded on the chair by her desk. Loose coins spilled from a pocket, bouncing and rolling across her desk, the floor, everywhere. Anger washed over her, hot and uncontrolled.  
  
Dana struggled to get into her jeans, fumbling with them in her haste, stepping on one pant leg and nearly falling over. "Shit!" The curse bubbled up out of the same unexpected well of anger the had her hands shaking and her breath coming in rapid, ragged gulps. She finally got the jeans on.  
  
"Dana," Zoe called, but Dana stormed out of the room, crouching once as she went to snatch up a pair of sneakers. She hated wearing shoes without socks, but she wasn't about to waste another second to grab some.  
  
"Dana, wait!"  
  
Dana pulled the door open and blinked as the bright lights in the hallways dazzled her dark-adapted eyes. Anna, June and Kara stood in the hallway, staring at the door—and at her. A couple of door were open, other girls peeking out.  
  
How loud were we?  
  
Dana stood in the doorway, torn by indecision. Close the door and avoid their curious gazes? Or escape the humiliating scene behind her?  
  
She stepped out, drawing the door closed behind her, cutting off whatever Zoe was saying. She swallowed hard, her face burning, hands shaking, doing her best not to notice the curious looks her neighbors gave her. She walked quickly down the hallway to the central atrium and the stairs leading down and out. At the foot of the stairs, she noticed that the foyer was occupied. A couple were sitting in the conversation pit on the far side of the room, snuggled up and speaking quietly. Two girls she recognized as residents of other floors were each sitting in front of a laptop, net-surfing or watching a movie.  
  
Dana dropped onto the corner of the huge sectional sofa that dominated this side of the foyer. She yanked on her sneakers, grimacing at the feel of them on her bare feet. She hated that. But there was nothing for it except to suck it up.  
  
She glanced through the foyer doors at the night. It looked cold out there. But she couldn't stay here. She bombed through the doors before she could rethink her decision.  
  
She was right. It was cold out here. A breeze rattled the few remaining leaves on the trees for a moment, then died away. She hugged herself and strode down the walk without a destination in mind. Where could she go?  
  
It had to be after three a.m. by now. All the restaurants and shops within walking distance would be closed. Even the bars were closed by now. And really, how could she go out anywhere anyhow? All she wore above the waist was a threadbare t-shirt she'd worn to sleep in. She could practically see through it, and even if not her nipples were visible a block away.  
  
Dana slowed to halt. She looked around at the campus. There were light on in a fair number of dorm rooms, but most of them were dark. Even the night-owls started to fade at this time of night. She was alone out here. Everyone with sense was indoors. The breeze kicked up again, ruffling her hair and cutting through her thin t-shirt and even her jeans.  
  
Don't be stupid, Dana told herself. It would be stupid to stay out here and catch cold just because she was angry. And embarrassed. Humiliated. And not just at Zoe. She was complicit. She wanted to blame it all on Zoe, but that wasn't true.  
  
She'd wanted to watch them. She'd let her own lust overrule her sense of right and wrong. She'd known it was wrong to spy on Zoe and her lover. Even if Zoe was okay with it. Dan wasn't okay with it, and they hadn't given him a choice. They'd used Dan. They'd embarrassed and humiliated him.  
  
Dana turned back toward the dorm. She hunched her shoulders, rubbing her bare arms with her hands. It didn't help much. She was glad to reach the door—until she tugged at it and it remained stubbornly closed.  
  
"Son of a bitch," she muttered. It was the middle of the night. Of course the doors were locked. And her card key was tucked into her wallet, sitting on the desk by her phone. It was one thing too many. She grabbed the door handle with both hands and shook it with all her strength, rattling it in the frame.

When that didn't get any attention, she pounded on the glass with her fists. "Hey! You!" She yelled at the dark haired girl watching a movie on her laptop. "Let me in!"  
  
The girl looked up in surprise, then put her laptop aside. She walked over to open the door, giving Dana a once-over as she did, a smirk on her face. "Forget something?"  
  
Dana scowled, but gave her a grudging thanks all the same. The girl shrugged and turned away, showing just how little she cared about Dana's annoyance or her thanks. She flopped into her chair, picked up her laptop and resumed her movie. A glance around the room revealed that she was the only other person there.  
  
The couple who'd occupied the conversation pit were gone. So was the girl who'd been net-surfing. Dana stepped down into the conversation pit. She looked around, assessing it. It was round, the sunken sofa encircling a brick fire place that she'd not yet seen in use. A metal chimney hung from the ceiling, wide and high enough that people on opposite sides of the pit couldn't see one another easily.  
  
The sofa cushions were thick and comfortable, covered with fabric instead of vinyl or leather, so they weren't cold. It was designed for sitting, so the seats weren't terribly deep, but she was small. She stretched out on her side and found it fairly comfortably. She wished for a blanket, but there was none to be had. She grabbed one of the nearby cushions and hugged it to her breast. It was no substitute for a blanket, but it helped. A little.  
  
Maybe she could sleep here for a couple of hours.