**Freshman Dorms**

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The following chapter is the first in a multi-part series. This chapter has no sex in it, it is merely meant as background to setup subsequent chapters. Although I have put this in the category of "Exhibitionist & Voyeur", please know now that future chapters will have scenes depicting gay and bisexual sex, straight sex and group sex.  
  
  
**Freshman Dorms Chapter 0 – Orientation**  
"Incoming Freshmen, I'd like to welcome you to Worthington University. By the end of this week, I will have seen each and every one of you completely naked."  
  
I didn't actually say those words as I sat in Freshmen Orientation, but I allowed myself a smile since I knew that they were absolutely true.  
  
Worthington is a small, private and very expensive university located in a rural area of New England. The entire student body consists of fewer than 1000 students, and this year there were just over 200 freshmen boys and girls entering their first year of higher education.   
  
During my own college days, I was a star athlete and a big man on a very small campus. I knew early on that I would never be good enough to make it as a pro athlete, so I made sure to enjoy everything college had to offer me. Besides doing pretty well with the ladies, I found myself getting a lot of attention from some of the guys at school. After some early experimentation, I realized that I enjoyed sex equally with both genders. The biggest turn-on for me was that I was always the one in charge with my partners. I controlled both their pleasure and my own – the more power I had over them, the more excited I got.   
  
Soon after my graduation, a Worthington job opened up and was a perfect fit. The fact that I had just left a school similar to Worthington made me the ideal candidate. I was hired to coach the soccer and basketball teams. In addition, I taught several Physical Education classes and volunteered as a student advisor. In the past two years, I had become a well-liked faculty member with both my peers and the student body.  
  
During the previous summer, the former Dean of Students had passed away from a sudden heart attack. Because of my popularity with the students, I was offered the job almost immediately. I accepted with two conditions. One was that I was allowed to live in the First Year dorms and assume the role of Senior Resident. Two was that I was given a budget and free reign to make some "improvements" to the dorms during the summer. The Board of Directors was delighted that someone wanted to modernize the dorms and I was given the job, along with a generous raise and expense account to pay for my modifications.  
  
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The University President stood at the podium and looked over the people seated in the auditorium below. The 200 freshmen sat on the left side of the room, an even mix of boys and girls. On the right sat their parents and siblings. We felt that it was important to separate the students from their families as soon as possible, making their transition into college go as easily as possible.  
  
"To the students assembled here, let me start by officially welcoming you to Worthington College. You've made an excellent choice to attend school with us, and we couldn't be happier to have you here. To our parents in attendance, please know that your sons and daughters will be taken care of in every possible way. We are not just educating your children in academics, but preparing them for the transition into adulthood. With that being said, I'd like to introduce our Dean of Students, Robert Johnson."  
  
I stood up and thanked the President for his kind words. After taking a deep breath, I put on my most serious face. "Parents, I want to thank you for entrusting your children with us. Know that their welfare is of the utmost importance to us. At Worthington, cheating is not tolerated. Lying is not allowed. Drugs and underage drinking are forbidden. Each resident will be subjected to random room checks in which they must fully cooperate. We have a zero tolerance policy for offenders. Every freshman here has read and signed the Worthington Code of Conduct and they know that a single violation is grounds for immediate expulsion from the school."  
  
As I said this last line, I scanned the faces in the crowd. Almost every student looked suddenly defeated. I doubt any of them had read the Code of Conduct, a long and painful document we required them to sign and submit with their admission papers. At the same time, every parent sat up a little taller and smiled a litter broader, knowing that their kids were going to be watched over closely.  
  
"So parents, thank you again for entrusting us with your children. You've made the right decision. You have my promise that I will be monitoring these students VERY carefully. Please follow our President to the Worthington Freshman Mixer which will be starting shortly. Students, please follow me to the dorms for a quick tour and orientation."   
  
With that, I turned and walked off the stage and out of the room knowing that students had no choice but to follow me. I walked quickly without looking backwards, forcing them to keep up with me. I could almost feel their hatred-filled hard stares on the back of my head, each of them wondering what they had done to deserve such a prick as their new Dean.  
  
When we all arrived in the lounge on the ground floor of the Freshman student dorms, I stood up on the stage in the front on the room waiting for everyone to file in. For a full five minutes, I surveyed the room, not saying a word, trying to stare briefly into the eyes of as many of them as possible. What I really doing was ensuring that there were no parents or faculty in the room, but the effect was that they started to get nervous and even more uncomfortable than before. Finally, I spoke quietly but firmly.  
  
"Would the student in the back please close the doors?" A tall and skinny boy walked over to the double doors and pulled them shut. "Thank you, now lock them please." He looked at me and hesitated, unsure if I were serious. When I nodded at him to continue, he locked both doors and rejoined the group.  
  
"I want you all to listen to me very carefully." I paused again, both to be sure I got their full attention and to help build the anticipation. "I'm not the asshole you all think I am. That little show earlier...that was entirely for your parents' benefit. I've found that the stricter your families think that the Dean is, the more they trust the school and the less they'll intrude in your lives. In fact, I'm going to do my best to make sure that everyone here has an unforgettable first year at college." That seemed to break the ice at bit and I started to feel the student ease up a bit.   
  
"So let's get a few things out of the way right now. First of all, call me Bob or Dean Bobby. 'Dean Johnson' makes me feel really old. Second, there are a few rules around here that we actually have to enforce. Drugs are a no-no, so if you're going to get high, just make sure nobody catching you doing it. Alcohol is part of college, so drink all you want just be safe about it. Don't ask me to buy you beer and if you throw up, make sure you clean up after yourself. Lastly, there WILL be random room checks. But don't worry, I almost never find anything worth reporting. And who knows...some of you may end up liking my visits – I might surprise you." I said this last line with my more sincere grin. That, combined with my little speech, finally produced some smiles from the freshmen.  
  
"Your bags have already been dropped off in your rooms. Go upstairs, take a quick look around and meet back in here in 15 minutes. Once we get that dreadful mixer out of the way, we'll returnS here and start having some real fun."  
  
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After the mixer and final goodbyes to the departing families, I went back to my room to give the students a few hours to congregate and get to know each other better. At around 10 PM, I started my first official tour of the dorms. I went to every room that I knew was having a party. I knocked on each door and said "Open up please, it's Dean Bobby." To the groups inside I presented one case of beer and one case of mixed drinks. After every shocked looked from the students, I gave the same response. "I told you not to ASK me for booze. That doesn't mean I can't buy it for you. Welcome to Worthington." Then I turned around and walked away, leaving most of the rooms speechless.  
  
As I headed back to my room, I was so excited that I had to restrain myself from running at full speed. Three months of planning and anticipation were about to pay off and I could hardly wait to get started. With a smirk on my face, I thought back to the "improvements" I had made that the university was so willing to pay for. If only they had known...  
  
The proposal I had put together called for high-speed fiber optic internet access in every dorm room. With nearly unlimited bandwidth, we now offered the fastest internet connection of any school in the country. Additionally, we had wired every lounge and common area with high-definition cameras for teleconferencing available to anyone who wanted to use it, completely for free. What was not in the proposal were the small and nearly undetectable cameras I had arranged to have installed in every single dorm room. I had even hidden some in each of the bathrooms overlooking the showers. The university had paid for the hardware and labor, and a few thousand dollars in cash out of my own pocket to my wiring vendor had ensured that the installation would be done with no questions asked.   
  
I had spent the summer mastering the software that controlled the cameras. Each one was activated when it detected motion in the room, sending a digital video across the fiber optic cables to a high capacity server that was conveniently installed in the attic above my personal room in the dorms. The server would store the video until it was deleted, archived, or moved to a cloud-based storage solution which I had purchased, but had let Worthington pay for. The server had enough capacity to store nearly 6000 hours of digital video, enough to last me an entire academic school year. I had even found mobile apps for my phone and laptop, so I could view the videos from anywhere on campus, using the school's wireless network. Login to the server was protected with a 1028-bit encryption algorithm in conjunction with an RSA key that changed every 30 seconds and could only be viewed from the digital fob I kept on my keychain. I felt pretty confident that nobody would be seeing these videos but me.  
  
I finally made it back to my room, locked the door and booted up my computer. As the crystal clear images of one dorm room after another started appearing on my screens, I realized that this was going to be the start of great school year.