**Freshman Week**

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**Freshman Week Ch. 01: Move-In Day**

Move in day is never easy for the freshman at Canterbury University. While most of the on-campus student living facilities are fairly modern and up-to-date, the freshman dorms are virtual relics. The buildings are taller than they are long, have too few elevators to accommodate their large student populations, and the staircases are barely wide enough for two people to pass each other. For anyone living above the first floor, moving a life's worth of clothing, food, and amenities can be a nightmare.  
  
For all these reasons, Tiffany was glad she had recruited her big brother to help with the process.  
  
Even for an eighteen year old girl, Tiffany was small. On top of being barely five feet, she was also a mere ninety-five pounds. It was not uncommon for people at a distance to mistake her for a younger girl. Up close though, Tiffany was quite attractive. Her breasts were still slight, but she did have womanly hips and dressed to accentuate her features. Her blonde hair with red highlights also worked to draw people to staring her into her striking green eyes.  
  
If Tiffany had had to move in by herself, she most likely could have accomplished most of the task, given enough trips. However moving objects such as the television set and desk would have been far beyond her. Fortunately she had her brother Glenn.  
  
Where Tiffany was slight, he older brother was massive. The twenty-four year old weighed in at six-and-a-half feet and two hundred and twenty-five pounds of solid muscle. His highschool and college years had both been spent on wrestling, and his accomplishments had not gone to waste as he had moved on to work as a personal trainer.  
  
While at face value the siblings couldn't have possibly been more different, Tiffany held a deep respect for her brother and his commitment to physical fitness, a commitment she had sought to honor in her own way.  
  
On the third floor of the freshman quarters, in suite 318, Glenn dropped the desk to the floor. The man groaned, trying to make sure his sister couldn't hear. "Will this do, T?"  
  
"Oh yeah, that's fine," Tiff said. "I'm going to get everything adjusted later anyway. The important thing for today was just getting it all up here."  
  
Just the memory of how herculean such a simple task had become made Glenn start to sweat. All around the room were backpacks full of clothing, housing necessities, school supplies he had carried, many three or four at a time. Here and there in the midst of them were larger items which had required individual attention. His muscle began to sing as he recalled the horrible climbs he had made when the elevators were claimed and he just could not wait.  
  
While Glenn worked hard to deny it, the strain he'd put on his body the last eight years was starting to catch up with him. Injuries and strains which would have once amounted to nuisances were gradually becoming something worse. He tried not to think what havoc that could cause in his professional life, but gradually it was becoming clear. He would need professional help, and soon.  
  
"Well, looks like we got all of it," said Tiff, "And none too soon. I feel like we just got here, but the sun's already going down."  
  
"Which I guess is my cue to scram," said Glenn. "Don't need your big brother here cramping your style on the very first night at college."  
  
"What? No," said Tiffany. Glenn felt her hands grab his arm. He looked down. He'd seen that look before, the puppy dog eyes and mix of adoration and admiration that almost always got him to do as Tiff asked. What he noticed in that moment though was how she no longer seemed childish. In her crop top and almost-too-short skirt, his sister looked like a woman.  
  
"Somehow I don't think your roommate will take too well to you have a boy overnight on the first night of school."  
  
"No, it's fine. I got a text from Rebecca earlier and she won't even be here till Sunday. Stay the night. It's the least I can offer after you did most of the unpacking. You have to be tired anyway."  
  
Glenn thought it over. He did feel immensely tired. Driving home might be dangerous. Reluctantly, he agreed.  
  
"Yay!" exclaimed his sister. She wrapped her arms around him and pressed her face into his chest. "It'll be like a sleepover."  
  
Tired as they were, the two went on getting ready for bed. Tiffany took the first turn to the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her face, Glenn took the second. When he got back to the dorm room, it was dark. Expecting his sister to already be in bed, he rounded the corner to the bedroom.  
  
But Tiffany was not yet in bed. Instead, Glenn found her standing beside her bed. Her skirt was removed revealing yellow undergarments. The white crop top was pulled up so that the girl could reach the strap on her light blue bra. Not noticing her brother, the girl quickly unsnapped and removed it.  
  
Glenn hastily turned. "Sorry! I didn't mean to see that."  
  
Tiffany jumped when she heard, letting out a high squeak. Realizing it was only her brother, she laughed and placed her crop top back over her body. "It's cool! Didn't mean to scare you Glenn, just getting ready for bed."  
  
"You didn't scare me. I just didn't want to invade your privacy. I should have knocked."  
  
Tiffany rolled her eyes. "Your mybrother.How many times have you seen me in a swimsuit over the years? Seeing me in my bed clothes is hardly worse than that."  
  
Unwillingly, Glenn's eyes returned to her. Her hands rested on her hips, drawing the eye back to her panties. And even though her breasts were slight, somehow they looked very different without a bra under her shirt. It was hard to tell in this lighting, but did her nipples seem to point? It wasn't that cold in here...  
  
He forced himself to look her in the eyes. "Yeah, whatever. I guess it's not a big deal. Lets just go to bed."  
  
The girl went to her bed soon after, and Glenn could swear she was unconscious before her head hit the pillow. He was jealous. It was high school the last time he slept that well. For a moment he watched, to see if she was really asleep. The blanket rose and fell slowly with her breathing. After a minute, Tiffany rolled and kicked a bit, removing the blanket from part of her lower region and exposing her left leg up to the thigh.  
  
Smiling, Glenn replaced the blanket and covered her up. Lucky kid. He hoped his sister would never experience the issues he had with sleep, or with his body in general.  
  
Assured his sister was slumbering, Glenn got changed. Being a simple man, he removed his shirt and pants to sleep in his boxers. Since this was a two-person room, he had his own mattress to sleep on, and Tiff had provided a second set of sheets and blankets he could use for the night.  
  
Glenn laid himself down, hoping maybe the exhaustion from the day would hit him all at once, sending him into a deep slumber. Instead, as soon as he tried to rest, every ache and knot in his body seemed to turn up to full blast. No matter what side Glenn rested on, he was laying on something painful. He turned and twisted, but no position provided relief. If this would be like most night, he would eventually succumb to exhaustion and fade from consciousness. He hoped it would come soon...  
  
Tiffany woke to groans and moans. Her first, semi conscious thought was that her roommate better not be having guys spend the night already. The second reminded her that it was actually her brother in the room with her. Those two thoughts at the same time were unsettling. Tiff sat up to find the reason for her disturbance.  
  
Rather than anything deviant, what she saw was her brother, rolling and twisting, clearly in pain. At first, she felt embarrassed. Her brother had always been big and strong. She relied on him. Seeing him weak like this felt like a betrayal on her part. Maybe she should go back to sleep, pretend like she hadn't seen anything?  
  
This option did not linger long in her mind. How often had Glenn volunteered to help with a matter she could not handle on her own. How much time and energy had he sacrificed for her? Now he needed help, she could just turn her back on him now.  
  
Tiffany pulled off her sheets and got out of bed. "Glenn? Are you okay?"  
  
Glenn stopped rolling and looked toward he. "Oh. I didn't meant to wake you. Go back to bed, I'll quiet down."  
  
"You're hurting," she said. She walked across the room to his bed and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Is it because of all the stuff you moved for me?"  
  
"No, not really. Don't worry about it sis. Its like this every night."  
  
"Every night?" Tiffany was aghast. "Have you told anyone?"  
  
"Who's to tell? It's my problem." said Glenn. "I've dealt with worse. I can handle this too."  
  
Tiffany sighed. "Sorry, I can't let you do this alone." She grabbed his blanket and pulled it off of him, exposing him in his boxers.  
  
"What the heck, T?"  
  
"You're getting a massage, okay? Maybe that will help you sleep."  
  
Like Glenn had spent years physically training and getting strong, Tiffany had pursued physicality in her own way. While she was not officially licensed, though she hoped to be someday, she was very well trained. And for once she'd get to put her skills to good use.  
  
"No, you really don't-"  
  
"Glenn? Shut up and let me get to work." Tiffany cracker her knuckles. "Now, is there any specific place it hurts? An area that feels especially tight?"  
  
Glenn contemplated the question. "Honestly, it kind of hurts everywhere. Always does."  
  
Tiffany nodded. "Alright then. I'll just have to get all of you and undo every knot. Now take off your boxers."  
  
Glenn blinked. "Excuse me?"  
  
"Take them off. Get naked. I can't give you a real massage otherwise."  
  
Her brother, usually so confident, sputtered trying to come up with a coherent response. "Now Tiff, that isn't- I mean- you can't just see me- you know..."  
  
The girl rolled her eyes. "DoIneed to take them off?"  
  
"No, no, that's okay." Without further argument, Glenn stood up, making sure to face away from his sister. He pulled off his boxers and promptly laid down in bed, facedown. Hopefully in the dark she wouldn't see his flushed face.  
  
Tiffany really didn't have much of a reaction to her sibling's nudity. Being a massage amateur, nudity wasn't a huge deal for her and she'd seen plenty of assess. What did strike her was that, in this cramped dorm room, it was going to be hard for her to get a good angle to massage her brother. The bed was pressed into the rooms corner, meaning she didn't have a very good angle on her brother's other side or his shoulder. After giving it a moment's thought, Tiffany hopped onto the bed and threw one leg over her sibling's waist, straddling him. This was the best angle she was likely to find in a room like this.  
  
Glenn tilted his head to the side so he could see his sister through his peripheral vision. "Uh, Tiff, what are you doing?"  
  
:Just finding a way I could reach your shoulders okay? If you weren't so broad and tall, we wouldn't have this problem. Maybe do a few less sit-ups?" Tiffany teased. "Now try and lie still."  
  
Glenn did as he was told and closed his eyes as Tiffany leaned forward to reach his shoulders. His sister was good at what she did, and almost as soon as she started he could feel some of the tension leave his body. But even as he tried to focus on the pleasant sensations produced by her hands, he couldn't help but also notice her panties that rubbed against his lower back as she moved, and how he could feel the tips of her breasts through her thin sleepwear any time she leaned forward to reach his neck and shoulder. Much as he wanted to deny it, those were sensations of a different variety.  
  
For the next half hour Tiffany worked on his upper body. Both were quiet, except for the slight, pleased groans which occasionally eminitated from the brother and the short order the sister occasionally gave him.  
  
After completing his lower back, Tiffany had to move from her original perch so she could tend to his buttocks and legs. She slid down from his waist to lower edge of the bed, then leaned forward to begin again. Despite her efforts to be a professional, the young woman couldn't help but take notice of that fact that, between her brother's legs, his penis could be perceived in shadow. The room was dark, but she could make it out. As an aspiring therapist, of course Tiffany had seen penises before. But even so, and even in such dismal lighting, she was forced to admit that Glenn's seemed prominent.  
  
Tiffany shook her head, hoping to jostle loose the unwelcome thoughts. Not only were such considerations un-sisterly, they were unprofessional. Tiff focused her efforts on the legs and did her utmost not to think of a pink elephant.  
  
When she had completed the legs, Tiffany spoke, "Alright Glenn, time to turn over."  
  
Glenn, how had been half in a daze before, immediately came to. "What did you say?"  
  
"I said turn over. We're only half done."  
  
"No way," he said. "You can't see me like that. It's obviously inappropriate."  
  
"You said you hurt all over, right?" said Tiffany. "Well I want to help. And if I'm going to do that, I need to loosenallof your muscles. You're already naked.  
  
"And besides, I'm your sister. If you can't count on me to help, who can you?"  
  
Glenn inhaled deeply, and whisper under his breath, "Jesus Christ." He closed his eyes tight and, without a word, flipped over. "Okay sis. You win. "G-go ahead, I guess."  
  
Tiffany just stared at him for a moment. She had known her brother was muscular. She'd seen shirtless on plenty an occasion. However she had never seen him naked. Her brother's full form seemed complete, in someway, like a mystery you knew all the answers to. His body was a road map of veins and muscles. He looked more like a boy she'd see in a magazine than the guy she'd known in real life.  
  
Of course while this was startling, it was not the major revelation. That would be the full erection he was sporting.  
  
Glenn's penis wasn't astonishing, but it was proportionate to the rest of his body. And it was standing at full mast. Tiffany couldn't help but wonder,Did he have that while I was sitting on him? Did Icausethat?  
  
But still, she had a job to do. And just like when he was on his back she had to be able to reach both sides of his upper abdomen, comfortably and equally. She tried to work the problem many different way, but ultimately there was still only really solution: Glenn's waist.  
  
Like before, Tiff through one leg over his waist and assumed a seated position, but this time she had to ensure she didn't wind up on top of her brother's dick in the process. She positioned herself to be just above it, but upon sitting down found it brushing against the back of her panties. Glenn made a slight sound and Tiff rapidly scooted forward.  
  
"Sorry bro," she said.  
  
He did not respond.  
  
Glenn had decided, in his embarrassment at this whole predicament, that now would be an excellent time to play dead. His sister could claim that him being naked and hard in front of her wasn't a big deal as much as she wanted, but the best thing he could do for his dignity was pretend to be asleep and have plausible deniability if this was ever brought up in the future.  
  
Tiff was used to patients falling asleep during therapy and decided to go ahead with the massage. Once again she had to lean forward to reach his upper chest (and once again she cursed her mother's genes for making her so short). In elongating herself, the girl realized that her ass was making contact with his penis. She shied to herself.  
  
Whatever, if I keep stressing over it this is going to take forever,she thought.He's asleep anyway.  
  
As Tiffany set about working on his shoulders from the front, vibrations traveled through her body causing her ass to jostle Glenn's dick further. Her brother almost stopped breathing, trying to prevent another groan.She really better ease up soon, or else I'm going to wind up pulling muscles I didn't know I had.  
  
Once again T worked her way down his body, releasing tension everywhere she found it. From his shoulders, his arms, his chest, and his abs.  
  
Once all of those were done, she paused.  
  
Am I done? Is that... all I need to do?  
  
Tiffany turned and considered her brother's lower half. His legs were fine, there isn't much to those you can only get from the front. She'd already done his feet also. But then there was the pelvis. Normally that was an area she would get... but it was so close to...  
  
Tiff took a breath and looked at his penis. She had been able to feel it pressing into her panties through most of the time she worked on his upper half and, sure enough, it had been expanding. If it had been at full mast before, now it was positively inflamed. She bit her lip. Hadn't she said she would loosen all of his muscles? Wasn't that her duty, as a therapist... and as a loving sister?  
  
"Hey Glenn, are you awake?"  
  
"Hmm? Yeah. Wassup?" he said with a yawn, trying to fake a groggy voice.  
  
"Well, I'm nearly done, but... Well I've hit a bit of a hard place. I don't want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable, but do you mind if I, uh, help you out? It'll help us get done quicker and it looks like maybe you need it."  
  
Glenn opened his eyes and blinked at her. In the low lighting, he could just barely make out a hesitant look on her face. This had almost no impact on his decision.  
  
While he'd done his best to remain calm, he had been massively overstimulated over the course of the last hour. A pretty girl had been rubbing against him for all of it and he felt like he was about to burst. Rational thoughts had all but fled his mind.  
  
Much as he thought he might regret it later, Glenn answered, "You're the expert sis. Do what you think you should do."  
  
Tiff nodded. "Alright then." She remained in her seated position, but turned around to face the phallus directly and then scooted up from Glenn's waist to just below his belly button.  
  
While this is not information that Glenn would have, Tiff was far from sexually experienced. She was not a virgin, but only had sex twice with her ex boyfriend. Both time through conventional, vaginal means. Handjobs were a novel idea to her.  
  
Tiffany looked at her hands for a second. Did they need lubrication? Should she spit on them? Go run them under a sink? After a moment's consideration she decided just to go for it. She wrapped both hands around her brother's penis and slowly began a different sort of massage.  
  
What tempo should she be going at? Was this too fast or too slow? Tiff's mind worked a mile a minute even as her eyes were simply transfixed on the organ before her. With the constant stimuli, it had expanded even more. She didn't realize that could happen.  
  
As she considered the situation at hand, a new mental image suddenly came to mind: Her brother's cock erupting, ruining her top and even maybe her panties. Crap, how had she not considered that before? She couldn't have that.  
  
Cautiously, T glanced over her should at her brother's face. His eyes were still closed, but he couldn't feign being asleep anymore. With her current sitting position, she could feel his lungs rapidly inflating and deflating, lifting her ass and pussy with each cycle. It was not an unwelcome sensation.  
  
For a second she had doubts about stripping entirely in front of her brother, but then she was struck by how hypocritical that would be.  
  
Glenn felt Tiffany remove her hands from his dick and gently lift off him. He immediately opened his eyes. "Oh, uh, are you done?" he asked.  
  
Tiffany smiled. "Don't worry now, I'll finish up. I just realized I hadn't taken all of the necessary precautions. Here." With no more warning, T reached down and scooped off her crop top. Glen's jaw dropped.  
  
His sister's boobs might have been small, but they were certainly there. Slightly bigger than baseballs, they wiggled when they pulled free from the shirt's tight fabric. Even in the dark, Tiff's pale skin seemed luminous and vibrant. Breathtaking.

Next Tiffany reached down and pulled off her yellow panties, gracefully stepping out of them to reveal her vagina, lightly tufted with blonde hair.  
  
"There we go. Now we can finish up."  
  
Tiff approached the bed and assumed her previous position. As she descended upon him, Glenn realized how different this was from her panties. He could feel the cotton-like hair of her unshaved genitals and the soft cheeks of her ass (which he had a perfect view of from his current perspective) against his lower abdominals. The young man had to make a conscious effort not to cum right then. It couldn't end yet.  
  
Without thinking, Glenn lifted a hand and gently rubbed it against her ass. He just had to feel her with something with higher sensitivity than his stomach.  
  
Tiffany blinked with surprise, but smiled slightly. It was nice to be appreciated.  
  
She went back to trying to jack him off. As the seconds passed by though, she was consumed by the same doubts as earlier. How long had she done this with new results? Maybe he didn't respond to handjobs. Or maybe she just sucked at them.  
  
Say, there was an idea.  
  
With apprehension, Tiff with drew her hands. She tilted her head, examining his member from a few different perspectives. It was fully engorged now, red and standing completely upright. It wasn't a bad angle.  
  
"Okay, I'm going to try something different now. Is that okay?"  
  
Glenn nodded silently. Not that she could she.  
  
Tiffany leaned forward and carefully put her mouth around his penis. It was warm, more so than her hands had registered. Her work previously had earned her a fair bit of pre-cum. It tasted strange. Not bad, but it was certainly out there.  
  
For a moment she just stayed there with his dick in her mouth. She hadn't watched much porn, so Tiff didn't know how to perform a blowjob. Experimentally, Tiffany licked at his penis.  
  
A shiver went through Glenn's body. The ripples touched Tiffany's pussy, breaking her concentration. Both siblings gasped at the stimuli.  
  
So that was a winner.  
  
Tiff continued to lick at Glenn while slowly moving her head up and down on his cock. He could've finished then. He wanted to. But he also didn't want to. So he forced it down, clamped down to the best of his ability. He had to take this as far as he could.  
  
Once again, Tiff was starting to have doubts. This was clearly mutually pleasurable, but it still wasn'tworking. What could she be doing wrong? Well, it was her first time sucking dick. No reason to beat herself up about it.  
  
T removed her head from his crotch so that she could think. This was already so far off the beaten path of a massage. This was something else, a massage parlor stereotype. But between a brother and sister. What the fuck was wrong with her? Was she helping him or using him? Getting in some early credit hours?  
  
The only thing that pushed her onward was the promise she made. She would make her brother feel better.  
  
So what was a girl to do?  
  
Tiffany stood part way up and moved to the opposite side of the erection, turning around. For the first time since she stripped down, the sibling faced each other.  
  
After all that had happened, Glenn's eyes were wide open. He looked his sister up and down: her glowing skin, her pert breasts, her pointed and pleasantly pink nipples, her beautiful green eyes. He held her gaze, his mouth slightly agape.  
  
His sister sported a sheepish smile and ran one hand through her hair. "Well big brother, I've tried everything thing else, but I'm afraid there's only one thing I'm good at. Do you mind if I... If I give you that happy ending?"  
  
Glenn tried to formulate a coherent response. The thoughts going through his head include "You're good at all of it," "What is it you have been doing?", and "Please God yes." What actually came out was "I would love that."  
  
Tiffany broke the stare to look back at his cock. She lifted herself, using her hands and feet, and lined up with him. Slowly she lowered herself.  
  
Air caught in her throat as his member cut into her. How long had it been? Too long.  
  
Tiffany dropped all the way down, letting her brother fill her. She was seated back down on him. Already her face was red and her breathing labored. This felt different. Maybe it was all the build up, maybe it was the taboo, maybe it was just how fucking big Glenn was. Either way she loved it.  
  
She lifted up and went back down, again and again, breathing louder and louder till it almost qualified as a yell.  
  
Below her, Glenn had had it. This was the end for him, but damn if he wasn't going to make the most it. The man reached up with both hands to grab his sister by the hips, helping to pull her up and back down. Up and back down. His breathing matched hers.  
  
After minutes of this, Glenn released his sister's hips. Fighting through the ecstasy, he managed to say "Tiffany. I'm gonna- I'm going to cum."  
  
Up and back down. Up and back down.  
  
"Okay," she said.  
  
Glenn closed his eyes and it ended. Tiffany allowed herself to come down fully on his penis once more as he released. She could feel the warmth filly her. She gasped. Intense vibrations consumed her body. She hugged her chest and leaned forward, gagging to suffocate the scream in her throat. Through his own labored panting, Glenn thought he could hear a sound like kettle boiling over.  
  
And at last it was over.  
  
Tiffany sat there recovering her breath, her brother's flacid penis still inside her. After a moment she slid off, coming to rest on the mattress beside him. Glenn scooted over to give her more room. They sat there, no words being exchanged.  
  
Until he broke the silence. "That was the most amazing massage I've ever had, by the way."  
  
Tiff laughed a, unabashed, high pitched laugh. "Oh my god. That was so- That was insane! I'm-" She covered her face in her hands. "I'm the worst therapist ever."  
  
"Hey." Glenn reached up and pulled the hands from her face. Her eyes met his. "I meant the massage. It really helped. I feel so much better now. As for everything else, yeah that was awesome, but in a different way. Thank you."  
  
Tiff lightly punched him in the shoulder. "I am not saying thank you for fucking somebody. I already feel like a prostitute," but there was no real self-reproach in her words.  
  
T laid her head back on the pillow beside her brothers. "Do you mind if I sleep here?" she asked. "I'm feeling pretty drained."  
  
Glenn didn't answer.  
  
Tiff turned her head and found his eyes were shut tight, and his chest rose and fell evenly. In less than a minute, her brother had drifted to someplace far off. His sister smiled. Reaching over him, Tiffany found the discarded blanket on the floor and pulled it over her brother and herself.  
  
The sister put an arm over her brother's chest and hugged him tight, pressing her breasts into his side. There was nothing sexual about it. It was comforting.  
  
Before she closed her eyes, the girl lifted her head and planted a kiss on Glenn's cheek. "Love you, big bro." And she joined him.

**Freshman Week Ch. 02: Roommates**

It was the night before classes, and Tiffany was stressing out. She had spent the last two hours reading the syllabi for her various courses. She was supposed to have already done the first section of reading? She hadn't even ordered her books!  
  
Tiffany laid back in bed and groaned. Twisting her neck, she caught sight of her roommate's unoccupied bed. Not for the first time that weekend, her thoughts drifted back to her move-in day and how she and her brother had put that bed to use.  
  
It was something that shouldn't have happened; something that would never happen again, they both agreed. But in troubling times, it was a sweet memory to hold on to.  
  
The sound of a lock turning woke Tiffany from her reverie. The girl shot up with a guilty look as the door opened.  
  
A woman with a backpack and a wheeled luggage case stepped through the door. She shut and locked it behind her, then looked at Tiff with a smile. "Oh, hi! You must be my roommate. I'm Rebecca."  
  
Tiffany stood up and the two shook hands. "Tiffany. It's nice to meet you."  
  
Tiffany couldn't help but examine her new living mate. She was an Asian woman of Japanese descent and a little on the tall side, maybe 5'5". She appeared to be about Tiffany's age (18), but unlike Tiffany, she looked the part. She was an adult height, she wore markedly adult clothes, and most prominently there were the breasts.  
  
More than a few individuals (her ex-boyfriend, her friends, and her brother) had assured Tiffany she had a perfectly adequate bust. Sweet, even. Still she couldn't help but feel they were immature. Rebecca had no such problems. If Tiffany's rack was comparable to a pair of plums, Rebecca was more in the proximity of cantaloupes.  
  
Tiffany felt a spike of jealousy, but immediately buried it. "So how way your drive?"  
  
The pair made small talk as the new roommate unpacked and within a few hours they both retired for the evening. Rebecca was able to quickly drift off, thanks to her long drive. The other girl had a much longer night ahead of her. For hours Tiffany's brain was filled with academic dread, familial fantasy, and Asian boobs.  
  
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Whatever issues Tiffany Shook might have had with her body, you wouldn't have been able to guess them by looking at her. In her day-to-day life, the young woman's manner of dress was often down right provocative. Many of her classmates considered her a text book example of liberated feminine sexuality.  
  
On her first day of classes, Ms. Shook dressed almost entirely in black. She sported a short sleeved shirt with a tasteful but conspicuous cleave window. Through the circular opening, the tops of her tits could be seen, advertising the fact she was not wearing a bra. Though they were on the small side, they were also plenty rounded and her luminescent skin caught the sunlight in a way that drew many an eye as she walked across the quad. To match her top was a black and white striped skirt, which was sized to fit the old maxim: Short enough to be interesting, but long enough to cover everything important. This left her radiant shaved legs exposed down to her short, black socks.  
  
The only non-black article on her was a light red jacket. It still wasn't light enough for the lingering summer heat, so for most the day it remained either tied around her waist or stuffed in her backpack.  
  
Despite the dogged nature of most collegiate men, Tiffany's audacious outfit was intimidating enough to give most of them pause. She made through the first half of her day, and the bulk of her classes, without being approached by anyone.  
  
Then lunch came.  
  
Having proceeded through the dining hall and filling her tray, Tiffany frowned at the overstuffed dining atrium. Every table was already occupied by one or more students, making it virtually impossible for her to eat alone. Should she select a random student to eat with? Try and find someone who had graduated from her high school? Or maybe just retreat entirely?  
  
"Hey Tiffany, come sit with us!" a woman's voice said.  
  
The voice had originated from a table near Tiffany. From Rebecca. Automatically Tiff started walking toward her roommate, but stopped as she caught sight of the rest of the table. Three of the other five seats belonged to other young beautiful women. Like Rebecca they dressed more conservatively, had beautifully tanned skin, and graciously mature breasts. They looked almost flawless. Another seat was taken by a tall, broad-shouldered young man. Perhaps the boyfriend of one of the pretty girls? Perhaps Rebecca's boyfriend?  
  
Tiffany took a step back.  
  
"Uh, sorry," she said. "I'm actually supposed to go meet someone for lunch. I'll catch you later, 'kay?"  
  
Rebecca nodded and Tiffany fled without further conversation. The girl made her way outside and found an unoccupied bench to sit on with her tray. This would do just fine.  
  
She had just started eating when a boy her age approached.  
  
"Hey, do you mind if I sit here?"  
  
Tiffany looked up. The kid had glasses and brown frizzy hair. He wore a beige hoodie and wrinkled jeans in weather that was too hot for either garment, in her opinion. Overall, he appeared unintimidating. Tiffany shrugged, which he took as permission to sit down.  
  
The boy removed his backpack and took out a brown bag, from which soon emerged two ham sandwiches, some pretzels, and a bottled water. The two ate. Tiffany decided this was a good thing. At least this way, if Rebecca saw her, she wouldn't think Tiff was a liar.  
  
"So I'm Will. This is my first year," he said.  
  
Tiff nodded. "Mine too. I'm Tiffany."  
  
"That's a good name," he said. She did not reply. "So how was your first day?"  
  
"Stressful, I guess. Not use to the college grind."  
  
Will laughed, for some reason. "Yeah, tell me about it. This place can be quite intimidating, especially when you're on your own. Say you gotta boyfriend?"  
  
Tiff stopped chewing. She shot the boy a sideways glance, one he either did not catch or failed to interpret. "Nope."  
  
"Yeah, me neither. Ugh, girlfriend, I mean I don't have a girlfriend. I'm straight." Will took a big bite of sandwich, which he chewed very slowly for a full minute before speaking again. "Being a single freshmen can be pretty overwhelming."  
  
Tiffany shied in a dramatic fashion. "Tell me about it, right? I'm stressed by school, I get to be by myself all day, and if that wasn't enough I started my period this morning. Such a drag. I was almost late for class cause I had to stock up on tampons, my stomach feels like shit, I'm already queasy from all the school work I'm going to have to do, and my hormones make me just wanna reach out and*murder somebody*."  
  
As Tiffany wrapped up her monologue, Will's face took on an interesting pallor. "Uh, totally. That sucks bro."  
  
Will proceeded to eat his food without further efforts toward conversation.  
  
The girl smirked.  
  
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Tiffany spent most of the transition from day to night holed up in the library. This was in part because she was already behind on her reading, and in part because she hoped to minimize the requisite social contact with her roommate, at least for now. But as the eleventh hour struck, the girl decided to pack up her things.  
  
When she reached her freshman dorm a few minutes later, Tiffany was surprised to find it unoccupied. The light were on, but no one was home. Had she lucked into one of those roommates who spent the nights at the home of a best friend or significant other?  
  
Tiffany was not the kind of a girl to look a gift horse in the mouth. She counted her lucky stars and got ready for bed.  
  
First the girl discarded her skirt to reveal simple white panties. They were small and the material light, matching her frame and skin tone perfectly. Next she grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing her supple breasts to the unoccupied apartment.  
  
She had already selected an oversized grey t-shirt to wear to bed, but before the girl put it on she looked down upon her body, her boobs specifically. They rose and fell with her breathing. Tiffany lifted both of her hands to cup them. Neither was bigger than a handful. She couldn't remember them growing at all for the last two years, despite the promises of her mother, aunt, and health teacher. Tiffany tried to see if see could use her hands to make them wobble or bounce, like other girls did just by walking. But it was in vain. With such limited mass, they could not be expected to have a great range in motion.  
  
Tiff sat down at the edge of her bed, still looking down at her chest. "How much longer am I supposed to wait on you, girls?"  
  
The door opened without fanfare. In walked Rebecca. She was wrapped in a white towel, accentuating her tan skin, and wet brunette hair hung down around her shoulders, creating a provocative image. "Hey Tiff!"  
  
Tiffany squeaked and spun around, covering her chest with her hands. "You could have knocked!"  
  
"Oh, my B," said Rebecca. "Didn't know you came back yet." But she did not turn around. Instead the woman closed the door behind her and stalked over to her side of the room.  
  
As she did so, Tiffany grabbed the grey t-shirt and threw it over her body, concealing her tits and abdomen.  
  
Rebeca went to her closet and began pulling out clothing, her outfit for the following day. "So who were you seeing at lunch?"  
  
"Just a... friend. Will," said Tiffany, still recovering.  
  
Rebecca put the clothes down on her desk. "A friend from school?"  
  
"No, not really. He's someone I met today."  
  
"Wow. You make friends fast, don't you?" Rebecca unwrapped her towel. It fell to her feet.  
  
Tiffany gaped.  
  
Rebecca was evidently the sort of woman to frequent the gym. She wasn't bulky, like Glenn, but she was fit. Toned, in all the right places. Her posterior was very shapely, pleasantly rounded and prominent. As Tiffany stared, the woman turned to face her. Rebecca had less pubic hair than Tiffany, but what little was there was well trimmed into the shape of minute black triangle tucked between her legs. And her breasts. Rebecca's exposed breasts were everything her clothed-self had promised and more. They were large and firm, and Rebecca's tan skin gave them a healthy glow. She had no tan lines; Tiffany could only conclude that her roommate sunbathed in the buff.  
  
Rebecca's hair was still wet. Water from it ran down her abdomen and legs. Tiffany could not help but witness as some of the moisture ran down her boobs before accumulating on the tips of her pink nipples, and slowly dripping to the ground.  
  
"You okay, Tiff?" Rebecca asked, cocking her head.  
  
"I uh... You're naked."  
  
The woman looked down at her body, as though she had to verify Tiffany's claim. "Oh! Yeah, sorry I didn't say anything. I'm kind of a naturalist. When I get home at the end of a day I normally like to strip down. I sleep naked too. Is that going to bother you?"  
  
Tiffany had to think. Before her was a perfect human specimen. Someone she could never measure up to. This would make the next year... difficult.  
  
Tiffany shook her head. "No, you just surprised me. Carry on with whatever it is you do."  
  
Rebecca smiled. "Great! Thank you for understanding. And if you ever feel like joining me, you can feel free to strip off as well."  
  
"No, that's okay. I'm not interested," Said Tiff. "Think I'm going to hit the hay. Goodnight."  
  
Tiffany pulled the covers over herself and rolled toward the wall. Rebecca pursed her lips. As soon as Tiff had told her it was fine, she'd stopped looking at her entirely. Not just avoiding her body, but her face as well. Something was still upsetting the girl...  
  
But what?  
  
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The two coexisted for the remainder of the week. It was an uneasy peace, but a peace nonetheless. Tiffany learned Rebecca's schedule and always made sure that she was home first. By the time Rebecca arrived, took a shower, and stripped, Tiffany would already be in bed, eyes closed, facing the wall. But Tiffany did not fall asleep, not immediately. She would always be awake well past when her roommate got to bed, thinking about the goddess that shared their room, and comparing.  
  
This pattern held, until Friday.  
  
Tiffany arrived home later than usual that night due to the first meeting of a study group. The whole meeting she had hoped she would get home before her roommate. By the time she actually arrived, that hope had most dissipated. It was going to be close. Maybe, just maybe she'd have enough time to dive into bed, she'd even skip changing into pajamas-  
  
She opened the door. Rebecca was already there and naked. The woman sat at her desk on her side of the room, a book in front of her. With the angle of the book, Tiffany could not see her chest, but she knew it was there. Tan, radiant, beautiful. Perfectly shaped and proportioned.  
  
Rebecca looked up from her book and smiled. "Hey Tiffany! It feels like I haven't seen you awake in ages."  
  
Tiffany nodded back. "Hey."  
  
The girl went to her closet and picked out the shirt she would wear for bed. Facing away from her roommate, she kicked off her skirt, removed her shirt, unclipped her bra, and placed the new t-shirt over her body. She was about to climb into bed when-  
  
"I wanted to ask you about something."  
  
Tiffany stopped moving, but did not turn around. "About what?"  
  
"I just want to know, what do you have against me? I haven't known you for long, but it almost feels like you hate me."  
  
"I don't hate you."  
  
"Is it the naked thing?" Rebecca stood up from her chair and gestured at her body. Tiffany looked out of the corner of her eye. She pursed her lips and looked away. "We live together. We're partners. If I'm doing something that bothers you, I need you to tell me. This doesn't work another way."  
  
"I don't*care*that you're naked," Tiffany insisted, her voice taking on an edge she hadn't intended. "It's just-..."  
  
"Just what? Tell me already. This has been bothering me all week."  
  
Tiffany shied. She turned to face Rebecca, her eye examining the woman up and down. Every inch of her sun-kissed skin.  
  
"It's just that, you're beautiful."  
  
Rebecca didn't say anything. She didn't move to cover herself. She just looked at Tiffany's face, watching any subtle movements that might give something else away.  
  
"You're beautiful, and I'm not."  
  
Rebecca's eyebrows furrowed. She tilted her head slightly to the side. "What?"  
  
"You heard me," said Tiffany. She was looking at the ground now. She could feel tears forming in the corners of her eyes and she had no way to stop them. "Most of the time, I don't like the way I look. Seeing your body, how beautiful you are, makes it harder."  
  
Rebecca's face seemed to melt. "Aw, sweetie..." She thought for a second, then sat cross-legged on the floor. Rebecca patted the ground in front of her. "Come here. Sit."  
  
Reluctantly Tiffany assumed the same position as her roommate, sitting a couple feet in front of her. Rebecca responded by scooting forward until their knees were touching. Tiffany's face felt hot. This beautiful, naked woman was so close to her. Tiffany could smell the shampoo she had used in her shower. When Rebecca exhaled, she could feel the breath on her face.  
  
Rebecca placed a hand on Tiffany's knee. "Why do you feel that way about yourself, Tiffany? What is it you don't like?"  
  
Rebecca's voice was kind, almost motherly. Of course it would be, a perfect voice to match a perfect body. Still, she was trying to help, and the least Tiffany could do was try and be honest. Tiffany shrugged. "I don't know. A bunch of things? I'm pale. I'm short, people mistake me for a kid sometimes. And I don't have boobs like yours. I barely have boobs at all."  
  
Rebecca's hand had moved from resting on Tiffany's knee to rubbing her leg. "Has anyone ever seen you naked, Tiff?"  
  
"A few people. There was my ex-boyfriend and my- another boy."  
  
"And what did they say about your boobs? Did they say you looked like a child?"  
  
"No. They, uh, they said they liked them."  
  
Rebecca smiled. The hand she was using to rub her roommates leg had gradually increased its area of movement. She was almost rubbing her hip. "Have you ever spent much time naked Tiffany? Even on your own?"  
  
"And see more of myself than I need to? No. No thanks. I only strip down when I need to: changing, showers, or sex."  
  
"Maybe it would help you," said Rebecca. "Spending more time nude helped me realize that my sexuality belonged to me. It was a part of me no matter what, not determined by what other people see or how I compare to them."  
  
Tiffany didn't say anything to that. She was too busy trying not to cry.  
  
"Why don't you try now?" asked Rebecca. "Here with me."  
  
Tiffany opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out. She looked Rebecca in the eyes. An emotion was exchanged between them.  
  
Without any further input, Rebecca grabbed the hem of Tiffany's shirt and pulled upward. The girl didn't even fight her raising her arms and letting the article come loose.  
  
Tiffany's arms jerked into place to cover herself, but Rebecca reached out and stopped them. "Uh-uh. None of that. Let me see."  
  
Reluctantly, Tiff returned her arms to her side.  
  
Rebecca marveled at Tiffany's exposed breasts. Yes, they were smaller than hers, but they were also equal and perky, with her shining white flesh creating an appealing contrast with her pure pink areolas.  
  
"Tiffany, you are beautiful," Rebecca insisted.  
  
"Shut up." Tiffany moved to stand up, but before she could Rebecca reached out and gently caressed her right breast. Tiffany froze.  
  
"Look at you. Your skin is so pristine, full of life. You don't need a tan. You don't need bigger boobs." Her hand was placed against the outer curvature of Tiffany's right breast. Slowly, she allowed her thumb to brush against Tiffany's nipple. She heard the girl take a sharp breath.  
  
"It breaks my heart to think that, for all these years, you never looked in the mirror to see how beautiful you are." Rebecca wrapped her entire hand around the boob and gave it a slight squeeze. She could feel Tiffany's warmth, her pointed nipped at the center of Rebecca's palm.  
  
Rebecca smiled.  
  
Tiffany watched in amazement as Rebecca lowered her head till it was just in front of Tiffany's left breast. The woman's tongue flicked outward and brushed against Tiffany's nipple. A shiver went down her spine. Rebecca looked up into Tiffany's eyes and delivered a playful smile. Then she opened her mouth and inserted the end of her roommate's breast.  
  
Tiffany could only groan. She placed her hands on the back of Rebecca's head as the woman put her lips and tongue to good use. Tiffany had never felt so stimulated before. None of her lovers had so properly understood the female body. Meanwhile, Rebecca's hand was still caressing and massaging Tiffany's other breast.  
  
After almost five minutes of this, Rebecca withdrew. Tiffany's face was flushed and her breathing labored. She was surprised that she hadn't finished amidst all that. Rebecca, for her part, was merely smiling and seemed quite pleased with herself.  
  
"I'm not a very good actress, Tiffany," said Rebecca. "I wouldn't play with your body like this if I didn't find it..." She deliberated on her choice of words. "...delicious. You cannot convince me the boys you've been with haven't felt the same way."  
  
Tiffany looked down and examined the carpet. "I-I-... Maybe?"  
  
Rebecca shook her head. "No maybes about it." She looked down at her roommate's crotch. "You know, Tiffany, we aren't exactly equal here. I'm completely naked and you aren't." She gestured to her own exposed vagina. "Don't you think you should balance this out?"  
  
Tiffany had her doubts, but she was in no state to argue. She stood up while Rebecca remained seated. Cautiously, she took held her panties by the sides and began to lower them.  
  
From the floor, Rebecca had the perfect view as Tiffany's underwear slipped off. She watched entranced as Tiffany's patch of short, blond fuzz came into view, her vagina just passed it. Her pubic hair was not as neatly trimmed and combed as Rebecca's, but it was radiant and remarkably true to her.

Tiffany let her panties drop to the ground and stepped out of them, slightly closer to Rebecca. "Tif, you look stunning," Rebecca said. She lifted a hand and gently brushed it over her friend's small bush.  
  
Scenario flashed into Tiffany's head as she watched how close her roommate was to her vagina. Tiffany didn't have any fantasies about being with another woman. She was straight, for all intents and purposes. She wasn't sure she want Rebecca to try and anything. But then, the woman had put her tits in her mouth a moment before, and that hadn't been bad...  
  
But Rebecca didn't try anything. Instead she rose to stand before Tiffany. She looked the girl up and down before making eye contact. "You are an absolutely beautiful woman, Tiff. I hope you accept that soon." And then she wrapped the girl in a tight hug.  
  
Tiffany Shook was speechless. Not so much due to the act of intimacy, they were passed that point, but because her roommate's mythical boobs were pressed into her. Given the height difference, they were above her own boobs and closer to her collar bone, but they still felt as good as they looked. They were firm, heavy, and soft. For a second she merely stood transfixed in the physical sensation, but then she returned the gesture, wrapping her own arms around Rebecca's back. It was a thank you, but she also wondered if Rebecca could feel her own breasts pressing into her body.  
  
Rebecca could, and she was pleased.  
  
Soon after this the two girls did retire for the night, to their own separate beds. For the first time since she came to Canterbury, Tiffany drifted into sleep with nary a delay nor a bad dream. She only experienced one bit of a trouble...  
  
In the dead of the night, a steady noise started up and gradually shook Tiffany from her slumber. For a time, she could not determine the source. But then she had inkling.  
  
Tiffany looked across the room, being careful not to sit up or do anything else to indicate she was awake. There in the other bed was Rebecca, very much awake and fitfully touching herself. In the dim moonlight, all of the woman Tiffany could see was her elbow moving in a circular pattern as her hand presumably did something similar quite a bit lower. She could also seem the woman's other hand, twisting and poking at her nipples, grabbing at her own breasts.  
  
All Tiffany could do was smile and, quietly, move her hand to insert a few fingers into herself.  
  
Though not a word was exchanged, the two roommates grew a bit closer that night.  
  
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The weekend passed in a flash and before Rebecca Hent knew it, it was Monday again.  
  
Monday meant classes. It meant wearing clothes. It meant hardly any free time or fun time for another whole week.  
  
When lunch rolled around, she merely picked at the green beans on her tray.  
  
"Doing okay, Rebs?" asked Sam, the singular male of her group. "You feel a bit off today."  
  
She shrugged. "Yeah, sorry. Guess I'm still just run down from last week. I'll pep up soon."  
  
"You better," said Sarah, another of their table's occupants. "If you're out of commission, you know that I'm not carrying us through chem-lab."  
  
"Um, excuse me?"  
  
Suddenly everyone noticed a new girl had approached the table.  
  
She had pale skin, green, and a short head of blonde hair with red highlights. Her dress was near obscene; she was wearing a black v-neck deep enough you could see the edge of her blue bra and matching shorts that didn't reach far down her thighs. She was a little on the short side.  
  
Rebecca thought she was beautiful.  
  
"Do you mind if I sit with you?"

**Freshman Week Ch. 03: Best Friends**

September 23rd:  
  
Charlotte hadn't had many friends before she left for college. It was a common problem among homeschooled children. There had been her sister, her cousins, and a few kids from church, but that had been it. Her mom had promised her that would change with time.  
  
For the first time, she was starting to believe her.  
  
"Do you want to grab any popcorn before we go in?" asked Sarah.  
  
"Uh, yeah. Sure!"  
  
Damn, a little too much enthusiasm. She would have to dial that back.  
  
Sarah was a girl from Charlotte's speech class, which they had first thing in the morning. Over the course of the first few weeks, they began exchanging notes and meeting up to collaborate on homework. At the start of week four, Sarah asked Charlotte if she wanted to come to a movie with her.  
  
"I'll have a medium popcorn, a Diet Pepsi... What do you want, Charlotte?"  
  
"Hmm... Why don't we just get a large and split it?"  
  
"Not a bad idea," said Ross, Sarah's boyfriend. "But let's make it an extra-large."  
  
Charlotte hadn't been the only one invited. Sarah's boyfriend had come, as had their friend Will. Charlotte didn't know Will, but if Sarah liked him he couldn't be too bad.  
  
"Do you mind if I doctor the popcorn a bit?" Sarah asked.  
  
"I guess not."  
  
"Great! It isn't movie theater popcorn unless it's positively swimming in butter."  
  
Sarah made for the butter station and began abusing their concessions. There were some other people in the way, so she had to really lean forward to reach the salt shaker. That particular angle caused her already form fitting shorts to caress her curves.  
  
Charlotte couldn't help but notice how Ross and Will both leered at Sarah. Frankly, she couldn't blame them. Sarah was a very pretty girl. She was maybe two inches taller than Charlotte, roughly five-and-a-half feet, with light brown hair that she kept short, just long enough to cover her ears. She had a runner's build, trim but muscular. It was most obvious in her calves. Her breasts were not exceptionally large, if Charlotte had to guess she would say B-cups, but they were present. And any lacking in the bosom area was made up by her proclivity for shorts that emphasized her posterior.  
  
Charlotte didn't look bad herself, but she wasn't quite in Sarah's league.  
  
The four of them made it into their theater and found seats as close to the center as they could. They sat Ross-Sarah-Charlotte-Will. Sarah volunteered to hold the popcorn since she was in the center and "I'll probably be eating most of it anyway."  
  
"You can switch me spots if you want some," Charlotte offered to Will, hoping he'd decline.  
  
"That's okay. Not a fan of popcorn. So, do you like scary movies?"  
  
"Mmm, they're okay. I've never been a huge fan, but I'm not against them."  
  
"Well I love them, and I heard this is pretty intense. If it freaks you out, just know I don't mind if you need to grab onto me."  
  
Charlotte burst out laughing. "Oh! Thanks for the offer. I'll keep it in mind."  
  
Will made a face before quickly pulling out his phone. He stayed on it until the trailers started, not saying another word.  
  
As the ads played, Charlotte noted movement out of the corner of her eye. Ross had put his arm around Sarah and the girl was leaning into him, though still staring at the screen. They'd left their armrest up so the two could sit closer together. Charlotte had never been this close to a couple her own age before. She couldn't resist the urge to watch.  
  
At a moment when the trailer music had gotten too loud for anything else to be, Ross leaned over and kissed his girlfriend. Sara put her hand on the back of his head to pull it closer to hers, which to Charlotte seemed like a physical improbability. The room was dark, but something moved under Sarah's shirt. It took Charlotte a second to realize it was hand. Sarah was only wearing a camisole top, so Charlotte could see how her bra strap fell to the side when he slipped his hand under her bra's left cup. Sarah made a soft noise only Charlotte heard.  
  
Charlotte felt something strange. A tingling in her lower regions, or something in her stomach. It was similar to when she had liked a boy in church or when she'd seen sex scenes on TV, but significantly more intense. Maybe because this was rooted in reality. She had a sudden urge to slip a hand under her waistband, if for no other reason than to check and see if the moisture she was feeling was real or imagined, but stopped herself. She couldn't have Sarah thinking she was a weirdo.  
  
When the music died down, Sarah pushed Ross away from her. The boy promptly removed his hand and sat back in his seat. His smile made him look like a kid that robbed a cookie jar.  
  
Sarah glanced toward Charlotte, remembering the girl was there. She mouthed the word "Sorry."  
  
Charlotte smiled and mouthed back "It's okay."  
  
Will had been right about one thing, this did feel intense.  
  
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October 4th:  
  
Sarah groaned lightly, lowering herself into the warm water. Already in the hot tub, Ross smirked at her. "That good, huh?"  
  
"Oh yeah. It has been too long since I've visited home." she said as she took the seat beside her boyfriend. "Too bad though. If we'd come a few weeks earlier, it would still have been warm enough to get in the actual pool."  
  
"I think I prefer the Jacuzzi," said Ross. "It's more... intimate."  
  
Ross didn't try to hide the fact he was staring at her chest as he said it. Maybe that was part of why Sarah liked him: Ross appreciated her tits. Sarah didn't feel bad about her boobs, but she knew they weren't competitively sized. There were plenty of attractive things about her, but dating someone who didn't have to qualify "You're hot despite your Tiny Titty Committee membership" was a nice change of pace.  
  
She was wearing a pink bikini top with a floral pattern and light blue bottoms, a thrown together pair from the collection in her closet. Seductively, Sarah slid her bikini top's strap off of her shoulder. "That's a good word for it," she said, her voice low. "So what are you going to do with that, boy?"  
  
Ross smirked and shook his head. "You're very funny."  
  
Right then, the back door opened. "You guys out here? I found one that pretty much fits."  
  
"We're over here!" called Sarah.  
  
Charlotte turned the corner and waved.  
  
After deciding to drive home for the weekend, Sarah thought it might be fun to bring Charlotte as a tagalong. The girl had immediately agreed. It felt good for Sarah to be making new friends. Being athletic, smart, and musically inclined, Sarah had been very popular in high school. She had many close friends, none of whom had been accepted to her college. Being alone for the first few weeks, other than Ross who drove up to visit her when he could, was an unpleasant experience. Making a friend in Will had been a good first step, but she really needed a close girl friend. Hopefully she had found that in Charlotte.  
  
"How's it look?" Charlotte asked, sounding bashful.  
  
"It looks hot, girl," said Sarah. "Isn't that right, Ross?"  
  
"Uh, yeah," said her boyfriend, eyeing his girlfriend with suspicion. "It fits you."  
  
In the literal sense, that was a lie.  
  
While Charlotte had been happy to ride along, it had slipped Sarah's mind entirely to mention that they would be getting in the hot tub, so her new friend didn't know to bring a swimsuit. Fortunately, Sarah happened to own more swimsuits than she had ever worn, and was happy to let Charlotte borrow one.  
  
The problem, though, was that Charlotte was significantly more "endowed" than Sarah. Charlotte had found a matching pair, both yellow with white polka dots. Sarah had bought that bikini when she was a younger girl, and still aspirational about her development. That was the only reason the top wasn't quite bursting at the seams from Charlotte's impressive bust.  
  
You can never really tell what another girl's cup size is, but Sarah would have put Charlotte at a D. That she was a little shorter made them stand out even more. Sarah felt a mite of envy toward the girl. Besides her chest, Charlotte had long blonde hair, a slender frame, and rounded, pleasant facial features that simply made her look inviting and kind. All of that was beside how cute her personality was.  
  
Sarah was pretty attractive herself, but she wasn't quite in Charlotte's league.  
  
"Get in! The water is perfect."  
  
Charlotte approached the tub holding her folded towel in front of her, as though embarrassed by how developed she was. After dropping it on to the back of a chair where Sarah and Ross had left theirs, she climbed in and lowered herself into the water.  
  
Charlotte trembled slightly at the abrupt heat before relaxing into it. "Wow. This is perfect."  
  
Sarah's Jacuzzi was nice. It wasn't exactly large. With Charlotte sitting across from the other girl, and both lounging so that their necks were fully submerged in the water, their knees were practically overlapping. Sarah parted her legs and let one of Charlotte's knees between them, allowing each of them leg room.  
  
"Your house is amazing, Sarah. What do your parents do?"  
  
Before Sarah could answer, Ross interrupted. "Sorry, do you guys mind if I turn on the jets?"  
  
Sarah raised her eyebrows and looked to Charlotte, who shook her head. "Go ahead."  
  
The jets kicked on. There was one right behind Sarah, which felt fantastic. They made some noise, but you could talk over them with a little effort. With all the foam that the jets kicked up, no one could see below the waterline.  
  
Sarah talked a bit about her parents.  
  
"Your mom's a teacher? No offense, but how do you afford all this stuff?"  
  
Ross's hand was rubbing Sarah's thigh. His girlfriend repressed a smile as she realized what his plan had been this whole time. Clever boy.  
  
"Well my dad is a surgeon. A brain surgeon actually. A profitable business."  
  
Ross was rubbing circles, wider and wider. His fingers skimmed over her bottoms. Sarah squirmed.  
  
"Brain surgery? No wonder then! That sounds intense."  
  
He pushed his hand under her waistband. His fingers were so damned soft. He put very little pressure into rubbing over the surface of her pubis, over her barely-there pubic hair. He was still making those damned circles, only barely coming into contact with her sex. He was a fucking tease.  
  
Sarah had to clear her throat. "Y-yes. You could my dad's work is very intense."  
  
"My dad's a pastor," said Charlotte. "Not very exciting. Or profitable. But he really believes in it and I admire that. I guess I look up to Daddy."  
  
Sarah's breathing was getting husky. His circles had gotten smaller. Smaller and smaller, until he came to his intended destination. One of Ross's fingers was on her clit. It made light circles, still so damn soft.  
  
Another of his fingers was right on her opening. Not inside, but pushing. Getting closer just as his other finger brought her closer.  
  
How many times had he fingered her in this very spot? Tons. They'd fucked in the hot tub more than once. But this felt more frantic than either of those times. More exciting.  
  
Sarah made eye contact with Charlotte. Having an audience was new. It felt fresh, especially since the girl was someone Sarah knew and liked. And despite how out of control Sarah felt, Charlotte's expression hadn't changed at all. She looked so soft and doe-eyed. The poor, sheltered girl had no idea what was happening.  
  
His finger was inside of her now. Pumping lightly. His other finger was still making circles over her clitoris, but with more force.  
  
"That's really sweet, Charlotte. I know that-"  
  
Sarah couldn't hold it off anymore. Her leg muscles tightened as her pubis involuntarily pushed itself against her boyfriend's hand. She lifted herself part way out of the water, taking a deep intake of breath to keep from moaning.  
  
"-my Daddy is fucking amazing!"  
  
Sarah settled back into the water. It was the same temperature, but she felt much hotter now. Its task completed, Ross removed his hand and put his arm around the satisfied young woman. Across from them, Charlotte stared blankly.  
  
"...Yeah, that's great."  
  
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October 9th:  
  
"I can't... believe... you got me to... do all that," said Charlotte, sweaty and panting.  
  
"Trust me, I know," Sarah replied, also sweaty but more composed. "But once you start, you can't go back."  
  
Having just finished a hard workout, the two girls walked into the women's locker room. Charlotte had a really fun time at Sarah's home over the weekend, during which Sarah had asked if they could be exercise buddies. Despite having never exercised before in her life, Charlotte had agreed.  
  
Sarah had then proceeded to do unspeakable things to her body. Things like squats, pushups, jogging, and using the row machine. Before now, Charlotte hadn't even known you could work up a sweat jumping rope.  
  
Sarah took their backpacks out of her locker and passed Charlotte's to her. Knowing how much time she would spend at the gym, Sarah had gone ahead and rented her own locker on week one. "Want to hop in the showers and rinse off?"  
  
"Uh, no thanks," said Charlotte. "I'll shower when I get home."  
  
Sarah shrugged. Having been in sports her whole life, stripping down in front of other girls was nothing new. Charlotte's experience was different. While Sarah always wore sports bras and booty shorts to the gym, Charlotte had worn a tank top and shorts that almost reached her knees. Seeing how sweaty the ensemble had gotten, Sarah wondered how long it would be before the girl gave in and started dressing less conservatively.  
  
Just like the last two days they went to the gym, Charlotte made a point of facing away from her friend as she got undressed. The gesture brought a smirk to Sarah's face, but she respected her privacy and faced the opposite direction.  
  
Sarah shrugged out of her sweaty bra before opening her backpack. The first thing she found in the jumble was her phone. There was a snapchat from Ross. Feeling impish (and a little turned on, exercise did that for her), Sarah decided to send a message back.  
  
She lifted the camera up to get an above angle shot, put an arm in front of her boobs in case the bastard took a screenshot, and smiled for the camera. And sent.  
  
Sarah had most of her outfit on before she noticed there had been a reply. It said. "Wow, very nice view(s)" followed by a winky face.  
  
Sarah scrolled back to see what he was talking about.  
  
Turned out, Sarah hadn't been the only one in frame. Behind her, Charlotte was leaning forward to see into her backpack. Evidently she had decided to change bras. As such, Sarah and her boyfriend got a good view of Charlotte's panty-clad ass and a healthy amount of exposed side-boob.  
  
Sarah couldn't help but laugh.  
  
"What is it?" asked Charlotte, now fully dressed.  
  
"Nothing! Sorry, inside joke with Ross."  
  
Sarah's message back consisted of a peach and a laughing-crying emoji.  
  
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October 19th:  
  
Charlotte knocked on the dorm room door. It was opened by a short, heavy set girl with dark hair.  
  
Charlotte smiled. "Hi! I was-"  
  
"She's in there in there," the dark haired girl said, gesturing to the bedroom around the corner. Then she put her headphones back in and sat on the couch, tuning the visitor out.  
  
That was Sarah's roommate, Nadine. Charlotte had gotten plenty of opportunities to become acquainted with her, but she wasn't incredibly friendly.  
  
Charlotte walked around the corner into Sarah and Nadine's shared bedroom. She was immediately greeted by her friend, who had something for her.  
  
"So I think these should fit you, and they will be way easier to workout in. Try 'em on."  
  
A pair of grey leggings and a yellow and black sports bra Sarah had raided from her mom's closet were sitting on her bed. With a slightly nervous glance at her friend, Charlotte started undressing.  
  
The pair had continued their regular workout sessions, and Charlotte had slowly grown to enjoy it. What she had not grown to enjoy was changing around a bunch of strangers, something that became a problem anytime they went during normal daytime hours. Sarah teased her a lot, both about that and her habit of "hiding" from her friend when her clothes weren't on, but an agreement was reached. The two now changed at Sarah's apartment before they left, and changed back after. The unspoken part of this agreement, the part Charlotte still struggled with, was not being as bashful about being unclothed around Sarah. Sarah had never insisted that Charlotte stop facing away and hiding when they changed, but the implication that she needed to get over it was there. So Charlotte tried.  
  
Sarah didn't really look at Charlotte as they got into their workout clothes, but she didn't look away either. Charlotte could see her friend's face as she removed her bra, and it made her face feel flushed. But the arrangement was mutual, and Charlotte could an eyeful herself when Sarah slipped her own bra off.  
  
Charlotte tried not to think about it, but sometimes when she was around Sarah she felt like she did in the theater. She didn't feel the tingling all the time, but when she suspected that Sarah was watching her change she definitely did. It had been a bit like that when she visited the other girl's house too. She hadn't seen it for herself, but she was pretty sure she had heard the couple screwing at least once. Not that she could confirm it, and she would die before she asked.  
  
She chalked that "feeling" up to the fact that Sarah was the person she had the most intimate interaction with at all, even if it was just watching her make out. Surely it would go away once she had some of her own experiences.  
  
"So how do they fit?" asked Sarah.  
  
"Great," said Charlotte, and she meant it. Sarah's mom was a surprising match for Charlotte's bust. "Although the pants might be a bit tight..." Charlotte pulled on the ass of her leggings. "I might as well be nude below the waist."  
  
Sarah laughed. "That's the whole point of leggings! You need to show-off your ass-ets more! How else are you going to snag a hunk?"  
  
Charlotte cleared her throat. "Actually, I have news on that front."  
  
Sarah turned to her friend immediately, raising an eyebrow. "Oooohhh?"  
  
Charlotte fought the urge to look away. Sarah hadn't finished changing yet and was clad only in her pink and black sports bra and a pair of light blue panties. They were a bit shear.  
  
"There's this boy in my anthropology class, Doug. He... asked me out today."  
  
Charlotte spent some time filling in Sarah on who he was, how he'd asked, where they were going, and so on.  
  
"That is so cuuuute!" squealed Sarah. "Is this your first date?"  
  
Charlotte cringed. "My first one without a chaperone, yeah. I'm excited too, I am, but also kinda nervous."  
  
"About what?"  
  
Charlotte looked at the floor. "Well, see, I've never been on a real date before. So, of course, I've never actually, you know, kissed anybody. What if I'm not any good?"  
  
Sarah pursed her lips and thought for a minute. "Alright then," she said. She sat down on the floor with her legs crossed and patted the ground across from her. "Sit here girl."  
  
"What for?"  
  
"Because..." Sarah tucked her hair behind her ears, her eyes intently focused on nothing in particular. Charlotte had seen that look on her face before right before an especially tough exercise. It was Sarah's way of getting in the zone. "I am going to teach you how to be an A-class kisser."  
  
"You can't be serious." The handful of butterflies in Charlotte's stomach had become a menagerie.  
  
Sarah gave her patent reassuring smile, the one she used to talk people into doing things for her. "Totally am. Don't freak out on me. This is what girl friends are for. I had a friend in high school that did the same for me, and I'm a damn good student."

She was. Charlotte had seen her midterm grades.  
  
Charlotte mimicked her friend's position on the floor, six inches away. Sarah scooted forward until their knees touched.  
  
"Okay! So, umm..." muttered Sarah, sounding less confident. "I guess the best way to learn is just for me to kiss you."  
  
Sarah started to lean forward, slowly. Charlotte's heart pounded. The feeling was ten times stronger now. Even so, she leaned forward...  
  
And Sarah pulled back.  
  
The girl cracked a smile. "Close your eyes, weirdo! Rule one, don't kiss a boy with your eyes open."  
  
"Yes ma'am," said Charlotte, blushing.  
  
They tried again.  
  
With her eyes closed, Charlotte thought it would be jolting when she made contact with her friend's lips. But it wasn't. Sarah came in slowly, gently. When her lips pressed into Charlotte's, it was very soft. Their heads both tilted in complementary angles, keeping their noses from colliding. Charlotte found the experience comforting, fulfilling, even as her little feeling persisted.  
  
They remained there for almost a minute before Sarah pulled away. "See? Not so scary. Now you do me. Initiate."  
  
When it was her turn, Charlotte decided to do something a little different. As the two girls came into contact, she wrapped her arms around Sarah, holding her. The other girl reciprocated. Again, it was so comfortable. Soft...  
  
Charlotte suddenly became aware she had been lip locked with her friend for way too long and released her, pulling away. Self-consciously, she wiped her mouth. Sarah did not.  
  
"See, girl? That was great! You're a natural talent."  
  
Charlotte blushed, but smiled. She couldn't seem to make eye contact with Sarah. "Thanks. That seemed good. But, on a date, that isn't usually the kissing people do, is it? It's more like... well..."  
  
"Like me and Ross?" Sarah asked.  
  
Charlotte had hung out with the couple several times since the weekend at Sarah's, and they were very affectionate people. She had borne witness to a couple make out sessions, or at least parts of them until it had become clear they would not remain PG-13. Charlotte wondered if it was normal to pay as much attention as she did.  
  
Charlotte nodded.  
  
"Well, that's lesson two," said Sarah.  
  
The girl leaned forward and gently brushed Charlotte's hair behind her right ear. "You'll lean a bit this way, like before but more. When the kiss starts, you'll want your mouth to be slightly open. Not much, just an invitation. Enough to get their foot in the door. When they do, so do you. But not too much tongue! You don't want to be super messy... Unless you're into that, of course.  
  
"Get all that?"  
  
Charlotte had not.  
  
She nodded.  
  
Sarah tilted her head. Charlotte realized she was expected to lead again. This time, she remembered to close her eyes.  
  
This time, when their lips touched, she felt Sarah's softly part. Charlotte wrapped her arms around the other girl again. One hand went in between her shoulder, over the strap of her bra. The other was lower on her exposed back. Again, Sarah followed suite.  
  
Charlotte let her tongue gently drift into her friend's mouth. It was surreal, feeling the inside of someone else's mouth, particularly when the other girl responded in kind.  
  
Sarah hadn't gone over this, but Charlotte knew from watching her with Ross that there was supposed to be a certain "chewing" motion. The mouth partially opening and closing. Slowly, she simulated this behavior. She hoped it felt correct to Sarah. To her, all of this felt so very right.  
  
Judging from Sarah's response, it seemed to be acceptable. Charlotte felt the unfamiliar tongue explore her lips, her teeth. As the tongue pleasantly probed her, Charlotte's hands wandered. Her lower hand was gliding yet lower, brushing over the top of Sarah's ass. The other hand had come to Sarah's shoulder.  
  
Charlotte had risen from her seated position and was on her knees, looming over Sarah even as they kissed. She felt in control. She'd become the aggressor. She knew this was a strange position, but she didn't quite want to stop.  
  
Sarah's hand went to the back of Charlotte's head to bring it closer, a physical improbability.  
  
Charlotte realized they were lowering. Sarah had shifter her positioned, gone from cross legged to having her legs before her, and was laying backwards, all the while with her hand on Charlotte's head. They were laying on the ground and Charlotte was still on top. Their chests were pressed together, only separated by the material of their sports bras which now felt much too thick.  
  
Charlotte's hands couldn't be on her friend's back now, so they explored elsewhere: her arms, her shoulders, her stomach, her thighs, her-  
  
It was when Charlotte realized she had run out of anything vaguely resembling neutral real estate that she broke the kiss. She put both hands onto the ground at Sarah's side and lifted her upper body off of the girl. For a second they stayed there, Sarah laying on the ground and Charlotte hovering above her still straddling the other girl's thighs, both breathing heavily.  
  
Charlotte knew she'd lost control. That feeling had overtaken her whole body, her entire self. She hadn't been able to feel anything except for that pleasant tingling, the drive to touch and be touched and feel complete.  
  
She watched Sarah's eyes. Waited for the other girl to say something, to tell her she'd gone too far.  
  
"Wow... So that was incredibly hot," said Sara. A smile broke out across her face. "Either you are the quickest study ever or you are just the best kisser ever. Think you would be willing to give Ross notes sometime?"  
  
Charlotte laughed and rolled off the girl, landing on the ground beside her. "Oh please, you're just talking me up. It's pretty clear Ross keeps you satisfied."  
  
"Yeah he does, but he could still learn a few things. Char, I am fucking soaked!"  
  
Charlotte blushed and looked away, pointedly ignoring how Sarah gestured toward her panties for the other girl to examine.  
  
"Anyway," said Sarah, getting off the ground, "You are ready for whatever happens on your date. And since I helped you out, you better tell me everything!"  
  
Sarah went to her underwear drawer to get a new pair. There was a look on her face: the satisfaction of having helped a friend.  
  
"I will," promised Charlotte.  
  
A hard promise to keep, seeing as there was no Doug.  
  
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October 31st:  
  
"This doesn't look like my room," said Charlotte, staring in mild confusion at Sarah's dorm room door.  
  
"That's right," said Sarah, "Because it's my room. And you are staying here tonight."  
  
"But whyyy?" asked Charlotte, latching onto the other girl's arm as Sarah tried to find the keys in her purse.  
  
"Because it turns out you are a lightweight and I am not leaving you alone."  
  
The drunken blonde pouted but said nothing.  
  
For their first Halloween as college students, the two girls had attended their first college party. Being the more experienced of the two at social situations such as this, Sarah had made the plans, from what kind of clothes to wear to what drinks to bring to finding a designated driver. In all of this, she had never thought to consider whether Charlotte had ever gone to a party before, or had a sip of alcohol before.  
  
The answer to both of those questions was no.  
  
Sarah got the door unlocked and the two stumbled inside. Charlotte made a theatrical shushing noise, pointing to the bedroom door. "Nadine might be sleeping," she stage-whispered.  
  
While Sarah was by no means as drunk as her friend, she was not sober either. She frowned as she tried to remember just what the concept behind their costumes had been. She was wearing a black jacket over a red lace bra with matching red leggings. She got the feeling that was supposed to have been something on her head, a hat or a headband, but it had been lost in the shuffle.  
  
Meanwhile, whatever Charlotte had been wearing originally, she was down to a blue crop top, a pair of Sarah's booty shorts, and flip-flops Sarah was sure she'd commandeered from someone at the party.  
  
What had they been? An angel and a demon? Sexy insert-whatever-here? She had no recollection  
  
"Whatever. Let's go to bed Char."  
  
"What bed? Whose?"  
  
"My bed, Char. Who else's?"  
  
"Wait, wait." Charlotte lightly pulled away from Sarah. "I don't know about that."  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"I just..." Charlotte paused, considering. "S'only a twin. I don't think it'll fit us."  
  
Sarah rolled her eyes. "Trust me, if Ross and I can fit, we can fit. Let's go."  
  
Charlotte bit her lip, but didn't resist.  
  
Sarah opened the bedroom door. Nadine, who was lying in bed in the dark but still had her headphones in, opened her eyes and halfway setup. "What's going on?"  
  
"Nothing, Nadine. Just heading to bed."  
  
"Well stop being so loud." The girl turned up the volume on her phone and turned to face the wall.  
  
"Fuck you too, bitch," Sarah whispered under her breath. She led Charlotte by the hand to her side of the room and sat her down on the side of the bed. "Alright, I'm getting changed. You get ready for bed too."  
  
"What am I supposed to wear?"  
  
"Whatever you want, I don't care. You can borrow some of my leggings or t-shirts if you want."  
  
Sarah shrugged out of her jacket, unclipped her bra and tossed it in the hamper, then sat beside Charlotte to slide off her leggings. Her friend watched her the whole time, looking as though she were evaluating or considering something. Sarah didn't mind being seen naked by another girl, but this was kind of weirding her out. What was in her drunken mind?  
  
When Sarah stood up, Charlotte stood up too. "This needs to come off," she said, grabbing her crop top at the base and peeling it off her body. "And this too." She unclipped her bra, then handed both items to Sarah. The girl leaned forward to grab the waistband of her shorts and slid them off of her body, leaving them on Sarah's bedroom floor. The only piece of clothing left on her were a pair of violet panties.  
  
"Do you want a t-shirt to put on?" Sarah asked.  
  
The other girl shook he shook her, sitting back down on the bed. "Nope, I'm already too hot."  
  
Sarah couldn't help but grin at her friend. Normally Char was too embarrassed to even look at her with her shirt off. With alcohol loosening the rigid control her parents had ingrained in her, the poor thing couldn't overcome her curiosity and stared straight into Sarah's tits.  
  
Not that Sarah wasn't taking the opportunity to catch an eyeful. She had always found her friend's tits intriguing, especially since their make out when they had come so close. That was strictly in a girl-power-mutual-appreciation way, of course.  
  
And Charlotte's boobs were pretty fantastic. They were perky, round, with small pink nipples. The skin below her neckline and up until her stomach was milky white. She'd need to take the girl tanning sometime.  
  
Sarah felt her own boobs. She had tits big enough to claim she had tits, basically. At least Ross liked them.  
  
Sarah realized she had been having this existential crisis in front of the drunk girl and turned back to her closet. "Do you want anything, Charlotte? Sweatpants? Leggings?"  
  
"Nnnnn... No!" declared Charlotte petulantly. She flopped back onto the bed, causing her tits to bounce. "Don't need 'em. Tired of fucking sleep shirts."  
  
Sarah stifled a laugh. "Alright, girl. You do you."  
  
Sarah slid off her panties and selected a t shirt she had stolen from Ross to wear for the night. Looking at the grey shirt with the logo for the factory he worked at plastered at the front, Sarah started thinking about her absent boyfriend. She wished he had been there that night. Getting drunk made her horny (much like exercise, camping, concerts, cycling, steak, and a few other things).  
  
She sniffed the article and frowned. It didn't even smell like him. Sarah wished she hadn't washed it.  
  
Sarah put the shirt on and went back to the bed. "Move over," she said to Charlotte. Her friend was lying on the close end of the mattress, blocking her entrance. Charlotte groaned and rolled to face the wall, but didn't actually move from the edge.  
  
"Okay, whatever." Sarah crawled over the girl onto the open half of the mattress. When she landed, Sarah was only a few inches away from her topless best friend. Charlotte had her eyes clamped shut, but Sarah could tell she was only pretending to sleep. The most obvious tell was the speed at which her breasts rose and fell with her breath.  
  
It took Sarah a minute to realize she was staring at her friend's naked body. She shook herself out of it. This was just an intimate situation. She was horny from drinking. Her fixation had nothing to do without how resplendent Char's tits were, or how full her lips were. The lips she had kissed not all that long ago. Did drinking make Char horny too?  
  
Sarah decided this would be a great time to see what people were doing on Instagram. She reached over Charlotte to grab the phone she had left on the nightstand. There was a notification, a text from Ross: "Hope you girls got home safe. Love you" followed by a heart emoji.  
  
He was so thoughtful. If only she could do something to show her appreciation.  
  
An impish smile crossed Sarah's face. She pulled off his shirt and then grabbed the blanket, raising it so that it covered Charlotte's nipples but not her cleavage. She scooted up so that her breasts were fully exposed above the blankets.  
  
"Hey," said Char, no longer feigning sleep, "I said I was too hot."  
  
"I know, but I want to take a pic for Ross. You don't want your tits on the internet do you?"  
  
"Guess not. Would Ross really do that?"  
  
"I doubt it, but you know boys. Can't be too careful. Now smile!"  
  
Sarah lifted her phone over the two. She stared into the lens with a seductive smirk on her face, her breasts fully exposed. Usually she wouldn't be this daring, but it felt right in the moment. She laid flat on her back puffing her chest out to try and make her boobs look bigger, the blanket that mostly hid Char's tits at her navel. Beside her, Charlotte squeezed in to be more in frame. Her exposed cleavage brushed against Sarah's side. Beneath the blanket, Char could feel how her nipples brushed bare skin. Her face was almost level with Sarah's breasts. Char kept her face pointed to the camera, but her eyes couldn't help but tilt toward her friend's assets.  
  
Sarah sent the pic with a caption: "Safe and sound. Love you boo"  
  
Almost immediately the text screen displayed the three dancing dots of a response being composed. The naked girls giggled as they waited. There was an energy in the room they were sharing, Sarah felt. Part of it was having fun messing with a boy. But there was an undeniable sexual edge to it. She was turned on, and she was pretty sure Charlotte was too. Was it weird, she was enabling and encouraging her boyfriend to look at another girl's body? Was it a joke or an extension of the thrill she'd had performing sexually in front of Char a month ago? Sarah considered herself sexually liberated, but bringing another person into her sexual relationship with a significant other was new territory. Maybe territory she didn't want to explore.  
  
Maybe she'd just never had a friendship this close.  
  
Ross sent his reply: "Getting the full college experience?" and a laughing emoji.  
  
Sarah smirked. Her sense of humor often directed to making people uncomfortable. She could tell Ross was using humor to hide how sexy he found Charlotte. They were really ruffling his feathers.  
  
"Hey Char, do you mind if I take a photo with your boobs?"  
  
Charlotte blinked a couple times as she tried to process the request. "I thought we were worried about them being put online?"  
  
Sarah shrugged. "Well yeah. But if I take a picture with just your boobs and not your face, no one will know who it is."  
  
"I- uh, I guess that's cool. Why not?"  
  
Sarah flipped the blanket down to expose her friend. She scooted down until her nose was only inches away from Char's nipple. Sarah reached up to ready the camera, making sure her hand was tilted at an angle that would conceal her friend's identity.  
  
On an impulse, Sarah stuck out her tongue and lightly touched it against Charlotte's nipple. It was warm. Char squeaked. The camera flashed.  
  
She captioned the photo: "You know it."  
  
Ross's response was immediate. "Holy shit" with a blushing emoji. "I need to visit soon," eggplant, heart emoji.  
  
Sarah fell back onto her pillow. She showed Charlotte the photo and response and the two laughed like school girls. They talked for a minute about boys and drinks and what they remembered from the party, each trying not to be cognizant of the naked beauty beside them, and how their bare flesh kept touching as they moved and jostled in the twin size bed. Eventually, Charlotte yawned.  
  
"Sleepy?" asked Sarah, sounding a tad disappointed.  
  
Charlotte nodded. "Mm-hmm. We'll have to pick this up in the morning."  
  
Charlotte rolled to face away from Sarah. Before long her breathing had become slow and even.  
  
Sarah was tired too, but she still had so much energy. And now that she was actually expected to fall asleep, the bed felt much smaller. She couldn't lay on her back without threatening to knock over Char, she didn't sleep on her stomach, and laying on her side away from her friend would basically press her face into the wall.  
  
Sarah yawned, her eyes growing heavy. How did she and Ross share this bed?  
  
There had to be a comfortable position...  
  
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November 1st:  
  
When Charlotte woke up, her head was still a bit fuzzy. There had been the party, drinking, she stole some flip flops. Then Sarah's place. They'd taken some photos. And hadn't Sarah... licked her?  
  
Charlotte spent a few minutes sorting through her memories before she considered just how warm she felt. There was the blanket, but there was also a certain weight against her back.  
  
She opened her eyes.  
  
In the night, the blanket had fallen away from Charlotte's chest, leaving her exposed. The other bed was empty, meaning at some point Nadine had woken up and seen her like this. Charlotte flushed just thinking about it.  
  
Charlotte looked down. There was an arm wrapped around her midriff. An arm whose hand had well-manicured fingernails. Putting two and two together, Charlotte realized what the weight at her back was.  
  
They were spooning. Sarah gripped her best friend and pressed her body into her. Her petite breasts were against Charlotte's back. If Char concentrated, she could feel where two nipples rubbed just below her shoulder blades.  
  
Sarah's face was against Charlotte's neck, slightly above it so she could breathe. Strands of Charlotte's long blonde hair hung over the girl's serene face.  
  
Charlotte's right arm was constricted to her side by Sarah's embrace. She couldn't move it all at the elbow, but her wrist was free. Experimentally, she ran a finger up the girl's thigh. When she reached the point where leg became pelvis and still didn't feel any fabric, Charlotte shivered. As she had suspected, Sarah hadn't worn any panties to bed. Which meant that over Charlotte's underwear, Sarah's pussy would be directly against her ass.  
  
A treacherous part of Charlotte's unconscious wished that she hadn't worn panties either. What did Sarah feel like down there?  
  
It goes without saying that Charlotte had never been spooned before. She had seen Ross and Sarah assume poses much like this in the past. She imagined they slept like this most nights they were together. Although Sarah seemed a more likely little spoon.  
  
She could see the appeal. Being cupped like this was comforting. Safe. And feeling another person's skin against hers, this full body contact, was a rare treat. Especially with someone she admired as much as her best friend.

Charlotte's moving must have slightly stirred the sleeping girl. Sarah nuzzled her face into her neck. Still asleep, she muttered something almost inaudible, "...ove you."  
  
Charlotte smiled. She closed her eyes again and let the warmth take her.  
  
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November 23rd:  
  
It started snowing early on Canterbury campus. The temperature wasn't low enough for any to stick, but the ivory flecks drifting through the air made the world seem magical. As if Christmas had come early.  
  
Charlotte watched them fall from Sarah's dorm room window. Her first semester was coming to an end. On Monday, she would go home for the first time since arriving at Canterbury U. Only for a few days, for Thanksgiving, but it still felt strange. How quickly this place had become her home. How quickly Sarah had become her family.  
  
The microwave beeped in the living room. Its door opened and closed. "They're ready!" called Sarah.  
  
Charlotte turned to watch her friend come back to the bedroom. She could see her nipples poking through the thin material of her yellow camisole. Below it, Sarah only wore a set of black panties. In her hands were two steaming mugs. "Hotness, coming in!"  
  
Charlotte flipped back the covers so that Sarah could get into the bed. Sarah handed the other girl her hot chocolate. "Thanks, babe," Charlotte said in a gruff imitation of Ross.  
  
Sarah laughed and gave her a quick peck on the cheek. "Oh, of course dear!"  
  
Charlotte blushed, the redness running from her face to her neckline. It was a rather low neckline, which left a great deal of Charlotte's cleavage exposed. Not the sort of thing she'd have dared to wear two months ago. Sarah had picked it out.  
  
Not unlike her friend, Charlotte was very lightly clad. Other than her low cut V-neck, she only had on panties and a pair of thermal socks. Since Halloween night, the two girls had gotten very comfortable around each other's bodies. Many Friday and Saturday nights were spent at one or the other's dorm room, without bras or pants. This appeared to be Sarah's natural state, and Charlotte was learning to enjoy her friend's brand of bodily liberation.  
  
Sarah settled into her spot beside Charlotte and pulled the blanket back over them both. Charlotte pressed play on the laptop that rested in between their legs and the Netflix romantic comedy they selected earlier began to play.  
  
This was a rare weekend. Neither of them had an urgent assignment or exams to study for, Ross was too busy to visit, and Nadine was away visiting family. That meant the two really had nothing better to do than enjoy each other's company in a warm dorm room and drink holiday beverages. It was everything Charlotte had hoped for when she came to college.  
  
But some things had changed since then. Deep down, she could feel an idea festering. A drive she didn't know how to express. It wasn't semi-nudity that did it for her anymore, but sitting in a bed with her best friend awoke that sensation she'd felt in her stomach back when she first saw Sarah and Ross making out. When they were this close, when she could feel Sarah's hip against hers and could clearly smell her shampoo, it was stronger than ever.  
  
At some point in the movie, after the hot chocolate had been drunk and the meet cute had occurred, Sarah rested her head on Char's shoulder. Charlotte didn't complain.  
  
It was a pretty old movie. An early 2000s teen sex comedy in the ilk of American Pie, the type of movie Sarah had giggled with her friends about at sleepovers years ago. She was familiar with the tropes, gratuitous female nudity, vulgar language, gross-out humor, but she hadn't seen this one in particular. She was caught off-guard in the second act, when the male hero found himself in the room of a female classmate. The woman, not the primary romantic interest, was already in romantic embrace with another female classmate. The two nearly nude temptresses beckoned the hero to join them. He showed little resistance.  
  
The sex scene wasn't especially graphic. The intercourse was clearly simulated, intercut with humorous beats, and didn't show any direct sexual contact on screen. Despite this, Sarah couldn't help but pull at her collar. The sequence brought to mind the way that Charlotte had become a figure in her sexual relationship with Ross. She had talked about it with her boyfriend. They'd mostly joked about it, but her name also came up once when they were having sex. Sarah hadn't objected. Ross wouldn't suggest a threesome, she was always more than enough for him, but she knew it was a fantasy he had. She still wasn't sure how she felt about that.  
  
Sarah glanced sideways at her friend. Charlotte's eye darted away from her.  
  
Not wanting to make the tension more obvious, Sarah left her head on Charlotte.  
  
A few scenes later, Charlotte put an arm around Sarah's shoulders. The other girl wriggled deeper into the embrace.  
  
"Do you ever think about the time we kissed?" Charlotte asked.  
  
"When I was training you? Of course, that was insanely hot. I gave Ross some pointers based on that kiss. And sometimes, when I'm alone..." Sarah bit her lip, hesitated. "Well, sometimes I think about it then too."  
  
Charlotte nodded. "I think about it a lot too. Because it was hot, sure, but also because it was special to me. Because of how special you are to me. What I'm trying to say, I think, is that I'm glad you were my first kiss."  
  
Sarah lifted her head so she could turn and look Charlotte in the eye. There was a small smile on her face. "You mean a lot to me too, Char. I've never had a friend like you."  
  
"You ain't never had a friend like me," Charlotte corrected. The two cracked up. Sarah's head touched Charlotte's breasts as she hung her head in laughter.  
  
Char acted before she thought. When Sarah raised her head and opened her eyes, Charlotte leaned forward and kissed her. Sarah was taken aback at first. She was motionless. Charlotte prayed silently she wouldn't refuse her. That this wouldn't be the end of it.  
  
Then Sarah tilted her head. Her mouth slowly opened.  
  
It had been more than two months, but Charlotte found that making out with her best friend was like riding a bike. Their mouths moved as a unit. Their tongues toyed with each other. Sarah put a hand on the other girl's back, drawing their chests together.  
  
Charlotte used her feet to push the laptop onto the far foot of the bed before she rolled onto her best friend. Sarah groaned lightly, feeling Char's weight bearing down on her. The girl on top pulled away slightly, but she didn't break the kiss. She was just creating a space between their abdomens.  
  
Charlotte put her hands on Sarah's stomach and ran them up her abdomen, feeling her toned abs. She stopped when her fingers reached the base of Sarah's boobs.  
  
Reluctantly, Charlotte broke the kiss. She looked down at her friend's flushed face. "Do you want me to?"  
  
Sarah was grinning. "I really, really do."  
  
Charlotte hesitated. "Would Ross be ok with this?"  
  
"Ross has basically cosigned on this already," Sarah laughed. "Besides, isn't this why girls go to college? To experiment?"  
  
Charlotte brought her hands over Sarah's tits. She squeezed. They were soft, but firmer than hers. Maybe because they were smaller. Charlotte released them from her grip so she could see the nipples again. With her finger, she softly rubbed Sarah's right nipple from over camisole. The recipient hissed with pleasure.  
  
"God this is too much."  
  
Sarah pulled her friend back into a kiss. As they made out, Charlotte grabbed the hem of Sarah's camisole and pulled it up and over her breasts. Without looking she grabbed them again. Her skin was so warm.  
  
Sarah moaned into her mouth as Charlotte kneaded her breasts. With her fingers, she hooked the bottom of Charlotte's shirt and pulled it over her head, freeing her breasts. Without warning, she flipped the other girl onto her back.  
  
"I got a taste before. Now I'm starving."  
  
Charlotte shivered as the other girl licked her nipple. Before it had only been a second, long enough to snap a pic. Now she was taking her time. Sarah was alternating, teasing. Charlotte wondered if she acted like this when she blew Ross.  
  
After a minute, Sarah clamped her mouth onto Charlotte's left breast and began to suck in earnest. The other girl didn't know what to do other than put her hands on the back of Sarah's head to encourage her and try not to cry out.  
  
"O-ok," said Charlotte after a minute or two. "Th-that's enough. I need to breathe."  
  
Sarah lifted off her friend and rolled to the side. She pulled her shirt entirely from her body as she laid down, observing her spent companion with a smile.  
  
Charlotte was laying there, her tits fully exposed, panting with a pleasant blush to her face.  
  
"Did you cum, Char?" asked Sarah.  
  
"I don't think so," said Charlotte. "That was just intense. My poor boobies need a break."  
  
Sarah laughed. "Sorry, but they were so good! I could've nibbled on you for another hour."  
  
Charlotte shivered.  
  
Sarah glanced down at her friend's panties. The front of them were a darker shade than they had started. "Maybe I can show you something else. Another way to have a good time."  
  
The long haired girl laid flat, saying nothing but inviting Sarah's advances nonetheless.  
  
Slowly, Sarah slid her right hand under Charlotte's panties. The girl tensed reflexively, but made herself relax. She trusted Sarah.  
  
Sarah closed her eyes as she tried to imagine what she was touching. She felt soft hair. Nothing very long, not enough to be curly. It felt nice. Charlotte moaned as she ran her fingers through the girl's underbrush.  
  
Sarah ran a finger up and down Charlotte's opening. Her sex trembled. In response, Sarah started making circles, those damnable circles, over Charlotte's vagina, gradually spiraling toward her clitoris.  
  
Charlotte gasped when the finger pressed against her clit.  
  
Sarah leaned toward the girl. "This is what Ross does to me," she whispers. "It drives me crazy every time."  
  
Charlotte launched herself forward at Sarah. She grabbed her by the midsection and began licking her right nipple with an uncharacteristic intensity. Sarah moaned appreciatively, but didn't let it distract her. She slid one of her other fingers into Charlotte's opening.  
  
Briefly, Charlotte detached. "Not too deep," she whispered in between panting.  
  
"Don't worry. I won't pop it."  
  
With her free arm, Sarah held the girl as she squealed and squirmed, all the while kissing and licking Sarah's tits. The front of Sarah's panties had long changed shades from her on-going stimulation. She could do this all day.  
  
But it was not to be so. It was only a few moments before Charlotte had to pull herself away from Sarah's chest. Her pelvis was desperately bucking at the other girl's hand. "Oh my god! I can't- I don't- I think this is it! Holy shit, I love you!"  
  
Sarah had never heard her curse before.  
  
Charlotte collapsed on the bed, a dripping, sweaty mess. Sarah looked her over, from her beautiful blonde hair to her damp underwear, with satisfaction. "Seemed like a big one. Was that your first orgasm?"  
  
If it had been possible, Charlotte would have blushed. "Could be. At the very least, it was my best one."  
  
Slowly, Charlotte propped herself up on her elbows. "But wait, you haven't had one yet, have you?"  
  
"That's okay," said Sarah. "Trust me, I'm having plenty of fun."  
  
"You could be having more though."  
  
On her hands and knees, Charlotte crawled off the edge of the bed. Curious, Sarah turned to follow her, swinging her legs off the best. Before she could stand, she was stopped by Charlotte grabbing her waist. There was no force in it, but the look in her eyes told Sarah to stop.  
  
Charlotte looked her friend up and down. She licked her lips. "I want to try something else with you. Is that okay?"  
  
Sarah cocked an eyebrow. "Let's find out."  
  
Charlotte kissed Sarah again, deeply, but this time mostly so she wouldn't have the other girl watching her. Her fingers looped themselves under her panty waist, and gradually she began to work the lacy garment off Sarah's body.  
  
On reflex, Sarah lifted up to assist in her undressing. The panties slipped over her butt and down her legs. She gave a short gasp as she realized what Charlotte was planning, but the sound was lost in their kiss.  
  
Charlotte pulled away from Sarah's mouth. Slowly she worked her way down. She kissed her neck, her breasts, and her navel. She stopped as she reached the girl's waist. Charlotte opened her eyes to peek upward. Sarah's eye looked down. The light in them was dancing.  
  
Charlotte closed her eyes.  
  
The skin between Sarah's legs was warm. That was the first thing she noticed. With her tongue, she could feel the rough terrain where hair might be, but Sarah's crotch was well shaved.  
  
Charlotte flicked her tongue downward. There was a gasp from Sarah. Then a giggle.  
  
Egged on, Charlotte lowered her face. She took a deep breath, collecting herself. In that inhale, she got a strong scent of her friend. Sarah was potent, and musky, and warm, and alive. The smell wasn't something that Charlotte would have found attractive under other circumstances. But in this instant, with this person, it was more alluring than any cologne.  
  
Sarah felt a tongue running up her slit. "Fuck, okay," she moaned. She leaned backward, bracing her hands against the mattress. Her eyes were wide as she watched Charlotte. Normally, she found Charlotte beautiful and kinda hot. Right now, she was the sexiest goddamn thing. She was flushed, sweaty, and her long blonde hair was an absolute mess.  
  
A shiver ran down Sarah's spine as Charlotte's tongue parted her labia. There was a pause and Sarah heard the clapping of lips as Char opened and closed her mouth a few times. Tasting her.  
  
Then the tongue was there again. Pressing, probing. Something lit up inside Sarah when Charlotte worked her way up to her clit. Her victim couldn't contain herself anymore.  
  
"Fuck!" yelled Sarah, not caring if neighboring dorm rooms heard. "There! Please Char, I love you. There! More!"  
  
Charlotte licked and kissed her clit hungrily. Unable to help herself, Sarah put a hand on the back of her friend's head, encouraging her. "Eat my pussy, Char! Oooh... We should have done this so long ago. Don't slow down!"  
  
Charlotte could feel her jaw growing numb, but Sarah's arm was much stronger than her neck. It was merciful when the athletic girl's body was suddenly wracked with spasms. Sarah cried out again and threw her head back. Her final scream was a wordless, incomprehensible explosion.  
  
The arm still supporting Sarah gave out and she fell onto the mattress. Charlotte crawled up onto the bed, curling beside the heap of Sarah's collapsed form. Communicating only through a low moan, Sarah moved to curl around the other girl.  
  
Charlotte looked into her eyes and smiled. "Did I do a good job?"  
  
Sarah could only look at the fluid that coated her mouth and chin. "Char, you are the best."  
  
Charlotte sat up a bit to reach over Sarah, grabbing the girl's phone.  
  
"Smile for the camera!"  
  
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December 9th:  
  
Charlotte sat at a table in the on-campus restaurant. Her fingers were interwoven on the table in front of her beside an empty carton of fries. They had to be woven together, or else she wouldn't stop fidgeting.  
  
Was it three-fifteen now, or still three-ten? Where was Sarah?  
  
Since that day in November, Charlotte hadn't had a chance to see her best friend. The next day Sarah was busy, and then Thanksgiving break. When break ended, finals were upon them and both girls had a lot of studying to do.  
  
Several times, in study breaks and on weekends, Charlotte had texted Sarah to see if they could meet. But every reply she got said that Sarah was busy. When she got a reply at all.  
  
At last they had made plans for after finals. As soon as finals were done, they would meet at their usual spot. As soon as Sarah's last test was done, on that day at 3:15. And then, they had something they needed to talk about. That was how Sarah said it: Something they needed to talk about.  
  
Charlotte looked down at her hands. Had she messed up? Was her first friendship over already?  
  
One semester wasn't enough...  
  
The electronic doors opened.  
  
Charlotte turned. There she was, in her purple winter coat.  
  
Sarah put her hood down. Her light brown hair had grown over the last three months. Now she wore it in a messy bun, with a black hair band to keep escaping strands out of her eyes.  
  
Their eyes met. The corners of Sarah's mouth perked up. A small smile, but not her usual mischievous one. This was subdued, uncertain.  
  
Charlotte's stomach lurched. Sarah wasn't supposed to be uncertain. What did that even mean?  
  
Sarah approached the table. She took the seat opposite her best friend. "Hi."  
  
"Hi!" said Charlotte. She took a drink from her smoothie. Anything not to figure out what to say next.  
  
"So, I've been wanting to talk to you."  
  
Charlotte swallowed. "Yes?"  
  
"Do you- Would you be interested in moving?"  
  
Charlotte tilted her head. That was not expected. "Moving where?"  
  
"Well, Nadine is dropping out. Couldn't keep up with the school work, or whatever. She's moving back home. So I thought, since I'm down a roommate..."  
  
"You want me to move in with you?"  
  
Sarah looked away. "If you want to. No pressure, but it could be fun."  
  
As her fear melted, a grin bloomed on Charlotte's face. "You could have just texted that instead of giving me a heart attack, idiot."  
  
"Who's an idiot now?" demanded Sarah. "Exactly what did you think I wanted to talk about?"  
  
Charlotte shrugged, taking another drink of her milkshake.  
  
Shaking her head, Sarah reached out and grabbed the spare straw Char had left on the table. She jabbed it into the milkshake's lid without asking. The two friends drank in silence.  
  
When it was gone, their eyes met again.  
  
"So, best friend of mine, do I have a new roomie?"

**Freshman Week Ch. 04.0: Dorm Life**

Chloe was not the kind of girl who identified as a tomboy. The term didn't make sense. She certainly wasn't a boy. So what if she had no girl friends, hadn't worn a dress since she was twelve, and avoided nail polish like the plague? It didn't make her any less female. But Chloe had learned long ago that, no matter how she thought of herself, to the rest of the world she was a tomboy. It simply wasn't a fight worth having.  
  
So Chloe didn't mind eating breakfast in the Canterbury University dorm dining hall at eleven in the morning with her face devoid of makeup and her clothes as casual as she could get without campus security intervening.  
  
She was eating her scrambled eggs when two boys took the seats on either side of her. "Good morning, Chloe," said the one on her left, William. Chloe gave him a polite smile but didn't return the greeting. William wasn't exactly a friend of hers, but he came with the group. Chloe knew that as soon as she was distracted he would be staring a hole through her chest. He was a mild annoyance, but she'd handled worse.  
  
She turned to her right to look at the other boy. His messy hair, sleepless eyes, and blissful expression told a story. As did the open Tinder app on his phone. "Still pumping and dumping, asshole?"  
  
The muscular, tank top clad freshman smirked without looking at her. "No idea what you're talking about, dyke."  
  
Chloe rolled her eyes, but with a little smile. Nick was a fuck boy, but he was harmless so long as you knew who you were dealing with. He could be funny on occasion too. There was a vitriolic chemistry between them that she enjoyed. At the very least he wasn't as pervy as William.  
  
Well, that's what she thought. In reality, Nick was just more subtle. She never noticed him eye fucking her when she was distracted with her phone or deep conversation. Nick knew better than to proposition the girl, but he appreciated her body.  
  
And who could blame him? Even in her unkempt state, there was a certain allure to Chloe. Her hair was red, curly, and short, barely reaching past her ears. Her skin was about as tan as you could expect with a red head. The freckles on her face made her feel real in a way that the girls Nick pursued did not. It was easier to imagine her on a pitcher's mound than dancing at a kegger.  
  
Chloe was tall for a girl, taller than Will actually, but her thin frame kept her from coming off as imposing. She was in good shape, but not muscular.  
  
Nick could tell she'd dressed in a hurry this morning. It was the middle of October, so a hoodie was pretty necessary.Her jacket didn't have an especially low neckline, but the material wasn't very thick either. At the apex of her breasts, Nick could see the slight points of her twin nipples. She must not have been wearing a shirt or a bra underneath.  
  
Nick felt something warm inside him. He knew she was never gonna be his kind of prey, but damn he loved a good tomboy.  
  
The chair directly across from Chloe was pulled out as the final member of the group took his seat. "Hey guys."  
  
Chloe's pulse beat faster. Anyone closely observing would have noted her nipples hardening into points. She frowned. Chloe hated the reactions her body had to him. "Morning, Sam. Glad to see you could make time for us."  
  
Sam winced. "Yeah. Sorry for skipping out on the group study last night. Hannah wanted to Facetime and you know how she gets."  
  
The eggs in Chloe's stomach did a barrel roll. She didn't like hearing that name.  
  
While Chloe got along with Nick, Sam was the reason she had entrenched herself in this friend group. He was a nice enough looking guy. A little vanilla. He wasn't buff like Nick, but he was a runner. His omnipresent shorts showed off his strong leg muscles. He had nice abs too. (Chloe had gone swimming with him once.) His neatly combed blonde hair and pure white smile screamed "nice Christian boy," and that wasn't Chloe's type at all. Usually. She couldn't say specifically what about him attracted her. His earnestness, which she found rare among people her age? His kindness? The way she imagined he only smiled at her, and hoped he didn't smile at Hannah?  
  
If she were less jaded, she might have considered it a form of true love.  
  
Or maybe she just wanted to feel those muscular thighs up against hers. Either way, the feeling was damn persistent.  
  
Chloe shrugged. "You don't need to make excuses to me. Just don't cry when you flunk out of Psychology fucking one-oh-one."  
  
Chloe arched her back over the top of the chair, pretending to stretch. In reality, her efforts were to draw Sam's eyes to her chest, to make him see the way her nipples showed through its thin material. Chloe may not have been overly feminized, but she was very aware of her body and how it could make men feel. She was nothing if not strategic.  
  
But when she looked, Sam was simply digging into a pile of pancakes. William was the one taking an eyeful.  
  
With a scornful look at the nerd, Chloe returned to her natural position. "So what do you guys have planned today?"  
  
"Class," said Nick. "Seeing if I can find someone to write this Anthro paper. Hitting the gym. Meeting some named "Cynthia" at the Gamma house tonight. The usual."  
  
William tried to throw in whatever his plans were, but Chloe wasn't paying attention. "What about you, whiz kid?" she asked Sam.  
  
But he wasn't paying attention. The young athlete was fixated on his phone. Chloe saw a specific look drift over his face. A smile. The smile. And she knew what he was looking at.  
  
Sam realized he'd been asked something a second later. "What was that?"  
  
Chloe found herself unable to speak. Nick filled in for her. "What are you doing today?"  
  
Sam's eyes widened with evident glee. "Not much today really, but tomorrow night Hannah's coming to town. There's a movie at the mall. The new one, with Tom Cruise? She's a big fan so we're going to see it together.  
  
"If any of you want to tag along, you're more than welcome. She's heard all about you guys. I'd love for you to meet her."  
  
"I'd go, but I think that would interfere with our gym plans," said William.  
  
"You're going to the gym?" asked Sam.  
  
"Oh yeah. Nick volunteered to teach me how to lift, and I figured I could use a bit of extra muscle. Soon, you won't be the only one making the ladies drool." He shot Chloe a knowing looking from the corner of his eye. She wanted to strangle the brat. This wasn't the first time he'd referenced her crush in front of its recipient. Every time it made her wonder just how much Sam knew, and why he wasn't saying anything.  
  
"What about you, Chloe?"  
  
She stood up then, grabbing her tray and pushing away from the table. "Damn, I'm late for class. See you guys later."  
  
Chloe dashed away, her stomach still upset and her mind threatening a headache.  
  
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Chloe spent the next four hours in class, crossing and uncrossing her legs under her desk. As part of her seductive ensemble that morning, she had neglected to wear panties under her shorts. She was coming to regret that decision. The extra stimulation was unbearable. Of course, this was mainly because she couldn't help thinking about Sam.  
  
What had caused her to fall for Sam so deeply? Their meeting hadn't been overly special. Both of them had attended the same touring session as prospective students. Organically they turned into a pair. Chloe stuck by Sam due to his enthusiasm and knowledge about the campus. (His older brother had also gone to Canterbury U.) Sam stuck by Chloe due to her cutting sense of humor. She had found something about him attractive then, and her feelings only grew over time. Maybe a part of it had to do with the fact he was unobtainable.  
  
But Sam wasn't the only reason for her desperately high libido. Chloe had been attending college for almost three months. In that time, she hadn't gotten off once. Her unrequited feelings for Sam precluded trying to date other people, and masturbation is a tricky thing to get away with when you have a roommate and communal showers.  
  
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Chloe's roommate looked up as the door opened. The girl was blonde, skinny and short, with breasts bigger than she knew what to do with. She had on a sports bra, something she had been too conservative to wear until very recently. It left her cleavage and stomach exposed. Chloe was almost entirely straight, but in her current condition this state of undress left her hormones growling.  
  
"Hey Chloe," said Charlotte, "You okay?"  
  
"Peachy. Can't you tell?"  
  
"Um. You just look a little... Angry, I guess?"  
  
"Trust me, you'll know when I'm angry." Chloe went to her closet and pulled out a towel and her shower kit. Fuck the communal showers. She had to get off before she jumped her innocent roommate. "Was there anything else you wanted to talk about?"  
  
"Actually, yeah," said Char. "Sarah and I are going to this Halloween party next week. I don't know what your plans are like, but it would be great if you came! We could all coordinate costumes and stuff!"  
  
"Well, it would be great if I came," said Chloe, "But I think I'll have to pass. The boys will want to do something, and I would hate to get in-between you and your new girlfriend."  
  
Charlotte blushed. "She isn't my girlfriend, jerk!"  
  
Chloe smiled as she closed the door behind her. Hard as things might be, at least she was less confused than that little girl.  
  
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Chloe disrobed in the shower, placing her clothes outside the range of the spray.  
  
Whatever her public image might be, Chloe was an attractive girl. She was of above average height and fairly narrow, with a bit of extra fat on her breasts and butt. Like her face, her cleavage was dotted with freckles from years of outdoor activities. Although her tits had been small for the majority of her teens, Chloe had been secretly pleased to watch them rapidly develop into C-cups over the last year. There was something invigorating about feeling your boobs jiggle when you ran or hopped.  
  
Before college, Chloe had only shaved her legs weekly, or for special occasions. Now she did it almost every day. She didn't want to put Sam off. But she refused to shave her crotch. She trimmed it and kept it manageable, but her pubic hair remained a vibrant crimson bush. Chloe liked how it reminded her of fire, and she figured that by the time a boy got that far he wouldn't want to stop.  
  
Chleo turned the water up as hot as she could and stepped into the spray. There were eight stalls in the floor's shower. In the ones around her she could hear other girls talking, singing, or humming. The only thing separating her from them were thin tile walls and flimsy shower curtains. In the past months, that had been enough to keep her from touching herself. Well, it had been long enough.  
  
Chloe hung her head under the shower's spray. She let the hot water run through her curly red hair, down her neck, and over her arms and legs. It heated her. Lubricated her. She thought of Sam.  
  
Moving one finger through her short tangle of red hair, the girl found her clit. She sighed as she made content and began to slowly swirl around it. Taking two fingers from her other hand, she slowly began pressing into herself.  
  
Chloe wasn't a virgin. She'd let a guy friend take her virginity after senior prom. They hadn't been serious in any way. She had only wanted to avoid going to college as a virgin and falling for the first Nick to bend her over. The effort had proved meaningless, but at least she didn't have to worry about popping anything.  
  
Chloe took a ragged breath. She removed the hand from her clitoris and began to fondle her breasts, letting the other hand take on double duty. Chloe pinched her nipple and shivered despite the heat. She imagined there was someone else in the shower with her. That they were nibbling gently at her chest, a hand between her thighs, desperately-  
  
Someone cleared their throat. "Excuse me?"  
  
Chloe's eyes snapped open.  
  
A girl was looking at her from the shower entrance. The intruder had pushed back the curtain and stuck their head in. "All of the stalls are taken right now. Would it bother you terribly if I shared yours?"  
  
Chloe stared at the girl. She recognized the breach in privacy this was, and deep down she was really embarrassed. But her dad had been a Marine, and if she had learned anything from him it was to never back down or show weakness.  
  
Chloe stopped masturbating, but didn't remove the hand from her snatch. "Sure, you can come in if you want."  
  
"Thank you!" The girl stepped inside and closed the curtain behind her. She took off her towel and hung it beside Chloe's. Chloe took the opportunity to give her a look over.  
  
The woman was at least as tall as Chloe and of Japanese descent. Her body was well toned and evenly tanned, with no sign of tan lines. Her breasts were large, possibly double-Ds. She had almost no pubic hair, only a scant black triangle.  
  
The space shrunk between the two of them as the new girl entered the spray of water. At most there were two centimeters between their bodies. The new girl raised a hand toward Chloe. "My name's Rebecca."  
  
With a smirk, Chloe removed the hand from her vagina and returned the handshake. "I'm Chloe. Welcome to my shower."  
  
With introductions made, Rebecca began soaping up. Despite the chip on Chloe's shoulder, she didn't quite have it in her to masturbate in front of a strange woman. Instead, she propped one leg up against the wall, lathered it in shaving cream, and began running her razor over it. In their confined space, Rebecca was pinned in by the other girl's extended extremity and couldn't help but make contact with it every time she moved.  
  
Rebecca cleared her throat. "So it seemed like you were having personal time when I showed up."  
  
"Yep."  
  
"It looked urgent. You know, you don't have to stop on my account."  
  
"There's a reason you call it personal time."  
  
Rebecca leaned forward to rub soap into her leg. As she did, an errant elbow brushed through Chloe's bush. The recipient gasped and shook from the stimulation, slightly cutting her leg with the razor in her hand.  
  
Rebecca shot back up to a standing position. "Oh my god, I'm sorry!" She grabbed Chloe by the shoulders and helped the girl steady herself.  
  
"I- not your fault. Really." Chloe couldn't help but notice how close the other girl was. Rebecca's breasts were pushing into hers. Chloe felt her sex pulse as her heart beat kicked up. She bit her lip and fought the urge to lean forward. Making a slight concession with her libido, Chloe did place one hand on Rebecca's ass, making it look as though she were still finding her balance. "I've had issues getting off lately."  
  
"Issues that I haven't helped any," said Rebecca. Her suddenly bashful expression and the way her eyes flitted toward Chloe's hand made it clear she knew exactly what Chloe was thinking. Chloe withdrew her hand as if from a hot stove. "But maybe I could help."  
  
Chloe raised an eyebrow.  
  
"Not here, or right now. But you could come by my room sometime. I have a wide selection of assistive materials, more than any girl could need. I wouldn't mind loaning some out."  
  
Chloe's eyebrow returned to its original place. "You mean toys."  
  
"One word for them."  
  
Chloe shook her head and lifted her legs back into a shaving position. "I've never needed them before."  
  
"College is all about trying out new things. This one might be for you."  
  
Chloe didn't respond and both girls lapsed into silence. They went back to their shower routines and washed and cleansed themselves. Rebecca finished first. She gathered her materials and wrapped herself in a towel.  
  
But just before she left, she turned back to look at Chloe. "Room 318."  
  
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The next evening, Chloe found herself knocking on the door numbered 318. Her hair was still wet from the shower and she was in her pajamas: a large football jersey her dad had bought her and black shorts that barely covered more than her panties.  
  
She had tried again in the showers, this time uninterrupted, but the whole time she hadn't been able to control her thoughts. She kept thinking Sam would feel better than this. This isn't enough. Maybe- maybe Rebecca's toys would be closer? She had been trying for half an hour when her consternation finally made her give up. So she'd hurriedly dressed and marched to Rebecca's room.  
  
The door opened slightly and an unfamiliar girl peered through the crack. Chloe could barely see anything of her, except that she was surprisingly short and had blonde hair with red highlights. She almost seemed like a kid.  
  
"Hello?" asked the smaller girl, looking Chloe over.  
  
"Uh, hey. I'm here to talk to Rebecca."  
  
"Is that you Chloe?" Someone behind the smaller girl pushed the door open. It was Rebecca, and Chloe was stunned to find that she was in the exact state of undress she had been in the shower, sans towel. Chloe was even more surprised to find the smaller girl, who was skinny and with almost no breasts at all, was also fully nude.  
  
Chloe stammered. "A- am I interrupting something?"  
  
Rebecca shook her head, laughing. "No no! We're just naturalists. We wear as little as we can get away with."  
  
"Right, whatever. So about what you were offering before..."  
  
"Of course! Come in come in!"  
  
Rebecca grabbed Chloe by the wrist and yanked her inside. The smaller girl, whose face was starting to look very red, slammed the door shut.  
  
Rebecca led Chloe to her closet and pushed the door open. Inside there was a smaller dresser. Rebecca pulled open the lowest drawer. It wasn't an especially deep drawer, but its surface area was filled with a wide assortment of scandalous objects. Tiffany and Chloe could only stare with dropped jaws.  
  
"Like I said, I have everything you could want and more. Pick your poison."  
  
"You never mentioned this to me," said the smaller girl.  
  
Rebecca fixed her roommate with a small smile. "Let's be honest, Tiffany, you aren't ready for all of this just yet."  
  
Judging by Tiffany's expression, Chloe reckoned that was an accurate assessment.  
  
There was a lot to sort through. Vibes, dildos, belts, strap-ons. Chloe found that Rebecca was a woman of varied interests. Finally, she settled on one item.  
  
"Oooh, that's a fun pick," Rebecca said, "I had some really fun times with that in high school. Don't worry though, it's been fully sanitized."  
  
(Chloe found something about remark less than reassuring, but she chose to ignore for the good of the cause.)  
  
The item was a long, purple dildo with a mild curve. At its base there was a protrusion meant to tickle the clitoris. With the flick of a switch further down the handle, this protrusion would vibrate at the frequency of a back massager. Not rapid, but stimulating. The dildos end was stylized to feature the telltale mushroom head of a circumcised penis.  
  
Rebecca grabbed Chloe by the shoulders and began kneading them, as if she were a coach amping up a boxer before the final round. "No more showers for you, baby girl. We have ourselves a winner."  
  
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When Chloe returned to her room, she found the bedroom light was already off. Charlotte was in bed. Judging by the sports bra she still had on, Chloe assumed she had gotten back from a hard workout with Sarah and immediately collapsed before she could even change.  
  
I should count myself lucky, Chloe thought. How many college students get a roommate that goes to bed before nine on a Friday night?  
  
Chloe removed the dildo from the bag Rebecca had provided her. She considered her options. She could take the thing back to the showers, but then she would wind up being around more people. She could do it right here and now, but that would risk waking up Charlotte and being seen in a compromising position. Last, she could wait till her roommate was away. That Halloween party, perhaps. She would only need to wait another... two weeks?

Chloe considered the body of her sleeping roommate. The girl snored softly, her oversized chest rising and falling with every breath.  
  
Chloe decided she would try and be quiet.  
  
She moved to her side of the room and discarded both her jersey and shorts into the hamper in her closet, leaving on only her lavender panties. She climbed on to her bed, using her pillows to prop herself up at a comfortable incline. With one hand she began to fondle herself, stroking her breasts and nipples. She paid attention to her own breath, trying to gauge how loud she was. She needed to regulate her volume if she wasn't going to draw Char's attention.  
  
Chloe considered the dildo in her unoccupied hand. It was longer than the dick she had taken before. No surprise there; it was designed for wish fulfillment after all. Something about it not being attached to a real boy made it less intimidating. And slightly shameful, she found. It felt like she was taking the challenge out of sex.  
  
Chloe closed her eyes. She didn't want to think about that right now. She didn't want to think about shame or easy escapes. She didn't want to think about Sam.  
  
But as she pushed her panties down and eased the implement to her lips, think about him she did. She opened her eyes, needing to watch as it entered her. Chloe trembled as she penetrated herself. She had to go more than a few inches deep before the protrusion lined up with her clit.  
  
Chloe caught herself gasping and bit her lip, looking across the room at Charlotte's sleeping form. The girl had shifted in bed slightly, but still wasn't facing Chloe's direction.  
  
Chloe's superego urged her to stop there, before she made a racket and ruined her dynamic with the smaller girl. But over months of neglect, her id had become far too powerful to ignore. Chloe had no choice but to sink in the last few millimeters of the dildo (causing her to squirm violently) and flip the switch.  
  
"Mh!" was the sound that squeezed through her lips. She cut off the sound as soon as she could, and Charlotte didn't stir. The noise of the dildo itself, which had seemed loud in Rebecca's chamber, was fortunately muffled by Chloe's body.  
  
Taking slow, deep breaths of air, Chloe eased the toy out before gently plunging it back. All the while she almost violently toyed with her nipples. Her body was wracked with jitters and spasms, begging for the release of a scream. All she allowed was the tortured groans of her bed frame.  
  
Even as pleasure pummeled her and she found herself ascending toward climax, Chloe kept her eyes fixed on the limp form of her roommate. She struggled to focus on the girl, even as stimulation took control and her eyes began to grow hazy-  
  
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There was a knock at the door.  
  
The sound was foggy and far off sounding to Chloe, but she heard it. With a reluctant sigh, she removed the dildo from herself and pulled her panties back up. Chloe grabbed a white tank top from off her chair and pulled it over herself before trudging into the front room.  
  
She crack open the door. "What do you-"  
  
The words froze.  
  
His hair was wet from rain, as was his exposed chest. He had pulled off his soaked shirt and held it wadded up in one hand, meaning all he had on were his running shorts and shoes. He was panting with evident effort as he said, "Hey. Uh, mind if I come in?"  
  
Practically brain dead, Chloe stepped back and allowed the door to drift open. Sam walked in and sat heavily onto her couch. "Thanks."  
  
Chloe sat down on the other end of the couch, leaving several feet between them. "Um, why are out here?"  
  
"Well, I was getting a run in before bed. A rain storm came in out of nowhere. It was so hard I couldn't even see. I needed someplace dry, shelter. I can't say this was the closest place, but it's where my feet took me." Sam looked up at her with a bashful grin. "Thanks for letting me in."  
  
He was right, Chloe's apartment was not nearest shelter he could have found. Their apartments were in the same building, after all.  
  
Chloe's hands absently played with the hem of her top. "Of course you're just being a weirdo again. Some of us need our sleep, y'know."  
  
"Is that what you were doing? Sleeping?"  
  
Sam hung his head back against the couch, sticking out his chest. Chloe snuck a look. The boy wasn't built like Nick, as if he could lift a tank if the need arose. He was built for endurance, built to last. He could keep going for days if he needed to. Rain or no rain.  
  
"You know, I've been thinking about you Chloe."  
  
The girl blushed. It wasn't like her. She was glad he kept his gaze on the ceiling.  
  
"You aren't like other girls. I've noticed. I didn't want to, but I can't help but compare you and Hannah. She's nice. I've liked her for a long time. But maybe that's just because I didn't know enough people. I can't help but wonder if she's really the girl for me, or if you are.  
  
"And I can't help but wonder if you're wondering the same thing."  
  
"I think," said Chloe, "That this a conversation you need to have with Hannah."  
  
"Oh I will," he said, "Either way I don't have any choice now. I care about her, and I would never hurt someone I care about. But I care about you too, and I don't want to hurt you anymore. What do you think?"  
  
Sam lifted his head, turning his eyes to his friend. "Do you think I would hurt you? Or... do you want me to try?"  
  
Chloe saw his eyes run over her body, and suddenly she remembered herself. Her excited nipples were readily visible through her white tank top and, more embarrassing, the crotch of her lavender panties had been soaked since before she even opened the door. She'd just been too distracted to notice.  
  
Chloe felt an urge to cover herself, but of course she couldn't back down.  
  
Instead she sneered. "You really think you could hurt me, toothpick?"  
  
Sam scooted halfway to her side of the couch. "I'm ready to give it the old college try."  
  
Chloe slid across the couch till their thighs were touching. With no more prelude, she lunged forward and forced her lips onto his.  
  
Far from resisting, Sam embraced her. His grip was like a vice. Chloe couldn't have escaped if she wanted to. Good thing she didn't.  
  
She ran her hands up and down his stomach. She could feel the individual muscles of his abs. They trembled at her touch. Chloe almost growled with delight as she pushed her tongue into Sam's mouth, tasting him.  
  
Sam broke the kiss and leaned down. Through her shirt he began to lick and gently chew at her nipples. Chloe fastened her mouth tight to turn a scream into a moan. She shoved him away, but only so that she could grab her top and lift it above her breasts, giving him unrestricted access.  
  
"Do it," she commanded.  
  
Sam returned to his task with gusto. Chloe moaned louder than she had allowed herself so far that night and leaned back into the couch. Sam followed her, laying across her lower body.  
  
Chloe felt his fingers light across her crotch, the wetness of her panties. She squirmed as he gently stroked her sex. His mouth movements too became smoother, slower. It was pleasurable yet excruciating. Chloe couldn't bear to be teased.  
  
Wriggling away from him, she grabbed the waist of her underwear and began forcing it off of her. "Just do it, you bitch!" Chloe demanded.  
  
Sam grinned and stood up. He didn't seem to be wearing any underwear beneath his shorts, so when he dropped trow his erect dick jumped to attention.  
  
Chloe was surprised to find that his member was nearly as long as Rebecca's purple little friend. Surprised yet vindicated. Now she had her challenge.  
  
Chloe kicked off her panties and lay back on the couch, spreading her legs wide. "Are you waiting for an invitation? The water's warm, come on in."  
  
The boy grabbed her hips and began to push his way through her mane of red hair and into her waiting body. Chloe gritted her teeth. If Sam was shorter than the dildo, he made up for it in girth. He wasn't a gentle lover and she wasn't about to show weakness. As he shoved his way in and out, she rocked her hips to meet him. That was all of the spiteful enthusiasm she could show though, as her voice was too busy moaning for her to snark.  
  
Sam made up for the silence. "You can take the whole thing? I knew you could. It's better than she could do. Mmm, you feel so much better than Hannah. You have a tight pussy, Chloe. I'm going to cum inside you. Your choice: mouth or pussy. I'm going to cum inside just as soon as you cum."  
  
If she'd had the air to speak, Chloe would have told him she already had. She'd cum twice now, and she was about to again. She was just about-  
  
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With a final deep gasp, Chloe flipped the switch and turned off the vibration. That had been amazing, and it was all that she could take for now.  
  
Opening her bedside table, Chloe tucked the dildo inside and closed it. She would give it back to Rebecca eventually. She didn't even think about cleaning it off before she placed it in the same drawer as her other possessions. Her head wasn't quite that clear.  
  
Chloe removed the panties from her ankles and leaned back in bed, fully naked. For a minute, she had lost track of herself. She'd forgotten the dorms, her roommate, and the rest of her stupid life and descended into a serene fantasy. There was something bittersweet about coming back to her senses. She knew nothing from that world would ever be real, but even having a taste made her feel like good things could happen.  
  
Chloe spared her roommate a glance. The girl was still inert, although her face had shifted to face Chloe's side of the room. A bit unsettling, but Chloe reasoned the girl would have said something if she'd seen. Even if she had seen Chloe's personal moment, the innocent lamb might not have known what she was watching. Chloe smiled at the thought.  
  
A tone of vibration came from Chloe's drawer. She felt a tinge of panic. Had she busted the thing? Was it going off at random now?  
  
But no, it was just her phone laying close to the dildo. She had a new text.  
  
Chloe opened it.  
  
Sam: "Hannah couldn't make it "  
  
Sam: "Want to come see a movie?"  
  
Chloe grimaced. With her post-orgasmic clarity, she knew what the answer should be. She knew that she had given Sam too much space in her head. He would never smile at her like he did Hannah. Her would never choose Chloe over his girlfriend. It would be for the best if she moved on, pushed him away and fixated on someone new.  
  
It was with a resigned laugh that she text back: "Sure thing, loser. Be right there."

**Freshman Week Ch. 04.5: Performance**

Author's Note: If you are wondering about the decimal, it's because I don't consider this a full entry. Its short idea I had for these characters and then banged out over an afternoon. A full chapter is in the making.  
  
And while I'm noting things, please keep in mind this is not being written for educational purposes. I am aware of the mangling of psychology I've performed for this story. If you would like to learn about psychology or Freudian theory, I recommend you read an actual book.  
  
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From the front of the room, Professor Michaels looked his students over. As usual, his gaze was vacant and bored. Only fifteen years had passed since he had gotten his license. He had loved teaching then. But covering the same material year after year had left him numb. Maybe it was time to switch subjects, spice up his life? Maybe next year he'd finally do it.  
  
For now though, he was stuck in Psych 101.  
  
He cleared his throat. "Alright class, we're coming up on Thanksgiving Break. We only have three weeks till you're carving up turkeys, and after that it's a straight shot to finals. Most of you are doing fine. Some of you are sucking ass. To those of you in the latter group, I'm offering you a rope. Whether it's enough to pull you to shore or just to hang yourself with is up to effort you are willing to expend.  
  
"The week before break you will be doing a performance in front of the class. The requirements are simple: demonstrate something I've taught this semester. What topic you choose and what manner you present it, I leave to your discretion. But know this, you will be graded strictly based on how entertaining I find your presentation to be. For this project, you can do whatever the fuck you want. Shoot someone in the leg for all I care, just don't bore me. As long as you don't draw outside attention to yourself, I will gladly ignore any violation of campus rules that is confined to this room.  
  
"As far as guidelines go, that's all you get. You're on your own."  
  
In the back row, Tiffany Shook's eyes were wide. She looked around the class, and saw that half of them already had gears turning in their heads. With her last name, there was no way she would get to go early. If someone before her made a strong, interesting impression...  
  
What the hell could she do that Professor Michaels would find interesting?  
  
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Tiffany met her roommate at the on-campus coffee shop. As usual, Rebecca was dressed in a professional manner. She was wearing a buttoned up blouse underneath a black, light jacket which complimented her black pencil skirt and tasteful heels. In contrast, Tiffany was dressed provocatively. While the slight chill in the air necessitated that she wear a hoodie, she left it unzipped to show off the blue crop top, exposing her navel and what little cleavage she had. And although her leggings did cover all of the skin from her hips down to her shoes they were tight enough to leave little to the imagination.  
  
Odd as it was, considering Rebecca was a proud exhibitionist and Tiffany a timid wallflower, it was their way.  
  
"I have zero ideas," Tiffany said as Rebecca stirred her latte. "I grasp the material just fine. I could write a ten page report over any of the units we've done, but I have no skills in the performing arts."  
  
Rebecca took a sip of her drink. "Okay, then let's go over what you can do. Singing?"  
  
"Nope."  
  
"Painting?"  
  
"Not well."  
  
"Rapping?"  
  
"I really hope you're joking."  
  
"Okay. Dancing then?"  
  
Tiffany shrugged. "I can move to a beat. Wouldn't call it art though."  
  
Rebecca stroked her chin and stared off into the distance. Slowly, a look passed over her face. A smirk took root and then expanded into a full grin.  
  
"Feel like sharing with the class?" Tiffany asked.  
  
"Oh. Oh I do. The question is just how much do you feel like sharing, Tiffany?"  
  
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The roommates went on an outing the next day. Mainly they went shopping for fabric. They picked their materials as a pair, but Tiffany paid for it. This seemed fair considering Rebecca would be the one designing and crafting the outfit. (Having been roommates with her for almost four months, Tiffany had come to accept the fact Rebecca had the skills to satisfy any storyline, however contrived.) They also bought some music at Best Buy and stopped by Rebecca's house for a professional grade mic she'd gotten for Christmas some years ago.  
  
"So what do I do now?" asked Tiffany.  
  
"Start writing your report," said Rebecca. "First you'll write it, then you'll record. And then we do some audio mixing."  
  
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Professor Michaels received an email from one of his students a day before presentations began. Someone by the name of Shook. As usual with student emails, he didn't read the whole thing. But he skimmed it. The gist seemed to be asking exactly how far his behavioral allowances went for the student presentations.  
  
His response was simple. "Anything goes."  
  
He wouldn't hear anything else from Tiffany Shook until the final day before Thanksgiving Break.  
  
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The auditorium was full on the day of Tiffany's performance. A girl by the name of Lucy Saner had just read a poem about B.F. Skinner and operant conditioning. As Lucy returned to her seat, Professor Michaels, sitting only a few seats away from Tiffany in the back row, read off from his list. "Next is... Tiffany Shook. Please take the stage."  
  
Rebecca, sitting in on the class to see her friend's performance, gave her an encouraging smile. "Go on! You got this."  
  
With slightly quivering legs, Tiffany walked down toward the front of the class.  
  
As she uploaded the PowerPoint and audio file onto the teacher's computer, Tiffany looked around the auditorium. The class had roughly thirty people in it. On top of them, about ten people like Rebecca had joined just to watch. And then there was the teacher. She couldn't see him through the stage lights, but she felt as though she could sense his dull stare. All of them were watching her. All of them would see what she was about to do.  
  
A chill went down her spine and reverberated in her nether regions. She couldn't tell if this was terror or excitement.  
  
The file loaded.  
  
The first image of the PowerPoint was simply a picture of Sigmund Freud. The picture was black and white and came with no accompanying text, but it made clear the reason for Tiffany's outfit. She was dressed much like the famed psychologist. She had on a white buttoned shirt with a black tie and a grey waist coat. Below that were grey dress pants secured with a belt. The immodest heels may not have been Freud's style, but his feet weren't in the photo so who can say for sure?  
  
In one hand, she also held an opera length metal cigarette holder with a fake cigarette inside. Neither she nor Rebecca knew if it was period appropriate, but it was cooler than a pipe so she brought it.  
  
The next slide came up. In bold letters were the words "Psychosexual Stages." The audio kicked in. The first bit was clip of Tiffany's voice. "Today I will be expressing for you the psychosexual stages of Freudian theory. Along with this, we will be covering the three primary structures of Sigmund Freud's psychological model."  
  
The next slide came up. It said "Psychological Model" with a downwards arrow pointing directly at Tiffany. With one hand on her hip, she gave an exaggerated wave to the audience.  
  
Tiffany had a soft spot for Sigmund Freud. She knew his theories were pretty outdated and not the end-all-be-all of psychology that pop culture often portrayed them as, but they were fun and easily digestible. She especially liked what he had to say about the Oedipus and Elektra complex, even if the "penis envy" idea was more than a little condescending.  
  
"Every person goes through these stages in development," continued Tiffany's narration, "They shape who we are as a person and how we satisfy social demands. The stages are as follows: Oral. Anal. Phallic." Tiffany pantomimed taking a drag from her cigarette. "Latent. And genital."  
  
Tiffany did a little march around her teacher's desk, moving from behind it to in front of it, where the whole audience could see her.  
  
Music started to play through the audio system. It was an electronic track that Rebecca said she had heard at a strip club. (Tiffany never got around to asking if she had been a customer or an employee.) Rebecca had said it was something you could move to.  
  
Tiffany swayed on rhythm, like they'd practiced. As she moved, her narration kicked back, playing just loud enough to be heard over the music.  
  
"The way we meet these stages decides how we seek pleasure as adults. It determines the flow of sexual energy, our libido. In each stage our sexual energy faces a conflict and must overcome frustration. If we don't overcome, we get..."  
  
Tiffany put her cigarette holder down on the desk and shrugged her shoulders back. The waist coat rolled off her back and down her arms.  
  
"Fixated.  
  
"If you do complete every stage appropriately, surpassing all conflicts, you will develop-"  
  
Tiffany's voice cut out again, leaving only the music. Not that many people had been listening. They were too busy watching as the girl slowly unbuttoned her shirt.  
  
As she reached the last two buttons, Tiffany smoothly kicked off her shoes, exposing bare feet. When the final button was undone, she unfastened her belt. The pants, being slightly too large for her, collapsed to the ground. The girl reached behind her and placed both hands on the desk's surface, then lifted herself onto it. The pants dropped off of her entirely.  
  
While the Freud costume was dispensed with, Tiffany remained in a skin tight leotard. It was a light shade of grey, and covered only her abdomen. Her neck, legs, and arms were fully bare. It was so tight, the back row could see her camel toe and the slight definition of her breasts.  
  
Written across the chest of the leotard was "Super Ego."  
  
"-the super ego. It is our sense of morality and limits our aggressive and sexual impulses. It is also the last of the three psyche components to develop."  
  
The next slide was a picture of a woman with an open mouth.  
  
"The oral stage is where a human's sexual energy is focused on the mouth: Chewing, eating, licking, sucking..."  
  
Tiffany pantomimed sucking an invisible cock and then lasciviously licked the air. This earned a few laughs from the audience.  
  
"The next stage is anal." Tiffany turned around and bent over the desk, waving her ass at her classmates. Like her boobs it wasn't much, but she felt rather confident about her womanly hips. The move also exposed a fair bit of her outlined genitals to the first two rows. From the back, she heard a loud whistle from Rebecca.  
  
"By the end of this stage, a central aspect of our psyche should have formed."  
  
Tiffany bent down to access the pocket of her dress pants. From it she pulled small kitchen knife. Normally, this would be very discouraged on school grounds. Professor Michaels said it himself though, "anything goes."  
  
The girl grabbed her leotard at the neckline and pulled it away from her body. Centering her knife at the midline she slowly began to cut downward. The sharp blade traveled smoothly through the midline, never catching or halting. Tiffany had trained long and hard at this to ensure she wouldn't hurt herself. Ending this strip tease with a ride to the emergency room would not help her score.  
  
Once the knife had safely sliced open the leotard's pubic zone, Tiffany shrugged off the lavender rages, revealing the next layer.  
  
This was the skimpiest aspect of her outfit, and it came in two parts. Both were a bright pink. The upper half was a thin strip of fabric. It wrapped around Tiffany's chest, covering her petite and perky tits and very little else. Even on her, it left some cleavage visible. The lower half looked like a string biking, though an exceptionally small one. It didn't have any ties, the straps holding it onto her body were just thin. Rebecca had made it herself, fitting the fabric to her roommates body so that it would be as form fitting as possible. As with the leotard, the outline of her sex was plain to see.  
  
Written in black on the upper half was the word "Ego."  
  
"The ego is the balance between reality and our desire," said the narration. "It molds our behavior to fit the context of society. The ego is a rationally driven thinker who finds the best way to our wants and needs."  
  
Tiffany did a quick spin, letting the audience see her from the back. From that angle, the audience of forty plus people could see how her short bottoms exposed the upper half of her ass crack.  
  
When she turned back to the crowd, it was with a smile. Though she was breathing heavily, her anxiety had been forgotten. She could feel the music in her blood. Her body had become the model of human sexuality. Tiffany was filled with pure exhilaration.  
  
"The third stage is the phallic stage. Here we become aware of our... sexual distinctions."  
  
Tiffany hoisted herself backwards onto the desk. She placed both hands on her collarbone and slowly they traveled down over her tits, across her midriff and legs, and finally rested on her sex. She paused there. Tiffany could feel her own warmth. She felt the wetness she'd generated performing for the crowd.  
  
She shook her head violently. She had to keep her wits about her. She needed to keep performing.  
  
"The fourth stage is latency," narrated Tiffany as her real life counterpart hopped off of the desk. "This is where the libido is most dormant. No sexual development happens."  
  
Tiffany folded both hands over her crotch and looked about mournfully.  
  
"But then we have the final stage: genitals."  
  
Tiffany curled the fingers of one hand under the material of her makeshift bra, and other hand's fingers under the material of her light pink panties. Her blood screamed with anticipation.  
  
"Where we channel sexual energy in its most direct form. And by sexual energy, I of course mean the-"  
  
The narration cut out again, and in one fast movement Tiffany tore both halves of the outfit from her body. No clothing remained. In front of the entire audience, she was exposed.  
  
Tiffany's nipples were razor sharp, not that anyone was close enough to tell. Just like they weren't close enough to see the moisture forming in her labia. But most audience members near the stage would be able to read a pair of letters on either tit. An "I" on her right and a "D" on her left.  
  
As soon as the remains of remnants of the ego costume were off of Tiffany's person, the music picked up tempo. It was furious and vibrant. It matched her fierce grin.  
  
"The id is our most animalistic desire. It's our deepest passion. It doesn't care about society. It doesn't care what we have to do to satiate ourselves. The id wants what it wants, no matter who's watching."  
  
Tiffany crawled back onto the desk. Facing the audience, she toyed with her nipples. The goal of this segment had been to get her body ready, but it didn't take much. She was already flushed with hormones. The girl spread her legs and showed herself in full to the class. Other than the music and the girl, the room was silent.  
  
In the back, Rebecca was controlling the presentation with her phone. They'd known better than to time how long it took Tiffany to do the final part, so Rebecca had been entrusted with activating the final voice clips to Tiffany's performance. When her roommate reached down and began massaging her clitoris, she knew to press the button.  
  
"In the genital stage, sexual energy is communicated through sex. Genital sex. Penetrative sex. Freud might have specified heterosexual sex, but when you get down to it it's all about achieving orgasm. With a man. A woman. Maybe even all of you."  
  
Tiffany kept her eyes on the crowd as she touched herself. Her breathing was loud and heavy. She could actually hear it over the music. She had one finger on her clit and another inside of her. She had to add another couple fingers as she gradually climbed the summit.  
  
Her moaning was loud. She didn't muffle it. She wanted them to hear. Wanted him to hear.  
  
Tiffany tried to fix her on eyes on the back row, but it was hard to see through the stage lights. Somewhere up there was Professor Michaels, and somewhere was Rebecca.  
  
When she was ready, Tiffany shut her eyes tightly and cried out.  
  
Rebecca received the signal and pressed the button for the final clip, but she had to admit she was surprised. She'd never heard her roommate get that loud fingering herself before.  
  
And she had never known her to be a squirter.  
  
"Should have put up some signs," Rebecca mused to herself. "Warning: Splash Zone."  
  
Tiffany slowly came down from her orgasm, but she was far too removed from the situation to listen to end of her recorded presentation. Who really cared? She'd done it. Whatever else Professor Michaels could say about her little show, it wasn't boring.  
  
This had been an A plus performance.  
  
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"He gave me a B? A motherfucking B!"  
  
It was the night after the show. Rebecca and Tiffany were in their dorm room. Fully nude, as was normal for them. Tiffany sat at the edge of her bed, laptop in lap. She was looking at the score on the school website, but she wasn't quite believing it.  
  
"How many girls have jacked off on his desk that he finds it dull? Did anyone in that class earn an A?"  
  
"Honey, it isn't called jacking off when a girl does it," Rebecca said as she idly leafed through a text book. "And you have to admit, Will's puppet show on Carl Jung was pretty awesome."  
  
"Still," said Tiffany, "I still just can't believe it. You don't think... it was because of..."  
  
Tiffany closed her laptop and set it aside before lying down on her bed. She turned to face the wall and curled in on herself.  
  
"...of my body, do you?"  
  
Rebecca didn't have to see her roommates face to know she was crying. The taller girl pushed her book away and went to Tiffany's side of the room. She crawled into the girl's bed and wrapped her arms around her, pulling her into a spooning position.  
  
Rebecca playfully squeezed the girl's tits as she nuzzled her neck. "Your body deserves an A plus in anyone's book, especially mine. Don't get it twisted, okay sweetie?"  
  
Tiffany couldn't help but smile as Rebecca pushed her body up against hers. "Whatever you say Rebs."  
  
Rebecca smiled. "By the way, you taught me a lot today. But I have a question.  
  
"If an Oedipus complex is when you get turned on by your mom, and an Electra complex is when you get turned on by your dad, what do you call it when you get turned on by your tiny, awesome roommate?"  
  
The two girls laughed.  
  
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Author's Note: I was less than halfway through this when I realized I was writing a short psychology paper for a porn website. What has my life turned into?  
  
Hope you enjoyed!