**Move-In Day**

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To say I was nervous would be an understatement. It was my first day of college, and I would be living away from home for the first time. There was no denying that I was excited, but moving out scared me.  
  
Honestly, if it were up to me, I probably would've lived at home. My parents' house was only about half an hour away from my university, and I could've commuted back and forth, at least for the first semester. But my parents - my mom especially - really pushed me to put myself out there and live at school.  
  
They were probably right. I had grown up in a sheltered suburban neighborhood and had never really ventured far beyond my comfort zone. Going from a local high school to a huge university with literally thousands of students was a step in the right direction.  
  
Still, there was a lot I didn't know. Who would my roommate be? Would she be nice? Would she like me? Would I make friends easily? Would I like my professors? The list went on.  
  
I woke up early that morning, a little before sunrise. I tossed and turned in hopes of going back to sleep, but my nerves had other plans. I decided to get up so I could finish packing and enjoy one more breakfast at home.  
  
I rolled out of bed, walked down the hall, and entered the bathroom. I turned on the shower to let the water warm up and quickly discarded my clothes. I looked at myself in the mirror. My freckles complemented the reddish brown hair that fell to my shoulders, and my small B cup boobs stood out from my chest. My small nipples, which were surrounded by moderately sized tan areolas, poked out in the cool morning air.  
  
I had heard all the stories about wild blonde college girls with big boobs and tiny waists. That definitely wasn't me. I hoped I'd find a way to blend in anyway.  
  
I stretched my arms into the air as I waited for the shower to get warmer. Still looking in the mirror, I took note of the stubble that coated my underarms and reminded myself to shave in the shower. Glancing below my waist, I eyed the tangle of brown hair that covered my mons. No need to shave that now, I thought. It wasn't like anyone would see it except for me, and I didn't feel bold enough to go fully bare below the belt.  
  
I ran my fingers through the tufts of pubic hair, almost as if to comb it and make it more presentable. Feeling satisfied with the result, I pulled back the shower curtain and hopped into the shower.  
  
After a quick wash of my body, I made sure to shave my underarms and legs until they were silky smooth. I gave myself one final rinse before turning off the water, after which I wrapped myself in a fluffy dark green towel and headed back down the hall toward my bedroom.  
  
I couldn't decide what to wear. I dug through my packed bags and eventually settled on a pair of blue shorts with a matching white tank top. The day was supposed to be pretty warm, and I wanted something that would keep my body cool. I pulled on a pair of white cotton panties that fully covered my crotch and my bum. I added a white bra and donned the outfit that I had picked out. I set aside a pair of sneakers and some socks.  
  
After a quick trip downstairs for a cup of coffee and some cereal, I returned to my room to finish packing. I tossed my pajamas into my suitcase along with a few other pieces of clothing that I had forgotten about. I added a few last-minute toiletries like deodorant and body wash, and I made sure I had enough pads and tampons to last until at least January.  
  
I looked around my room for anything I might have forgotten. It was a room full of childhood memories in the form of photos, trophies, and trinkets. Nothing really struck me as essential, but I came across an old photo album on my bookshelf. I pulled it off the shelf and plopped down on my bed.  
  
It had been awhile since I cracked it open. A layer of dust coated the surface, and the cover and pages were stiff. I opened the album and thumbed through the pages. There were old family photos and countless pictures of me with Annie, my longtime best friend. After going to school together for over a decade, Annie and I were going our separate ways. She was traveling across the country to go to a liberal arts school near some of her extended family. I was going to the big university in our home state. It would be our first time apart for more than a few days since either of us could remember.  
  
I smiled as I reminisced about birthday parties and sleepovers. Annie and I had so many memories together. I had gotten busy so the last couple years were missing, but there was still more than enough to look at. As much as I tried to downplay it, I was going to miss her.  
  
"Knock knock," my dad said as he entered my doorway.  
  
"Hi, dad," I replied.  
  
"Ready to go, sweetie?" he asked.  
  
"Yeah, I finished packing this morning. We still have some time, don't we?"  
  
"We do. It's only ten o'clock. But I'll start loading your stuff into the car."  
  
Time must have gotten away from me. I couldn't believe it was ten o'clock already. Time flies when you're immersed in old memories, I guess.  
  
"That's okay," I said. "I can do it."  
  
"We can do it together," dad answered.  
  
So we did. He grabbed my heavy suitcase, and I grabbed a couple smaller bags. We were able to load the car in three trips, and the last task between me and leaving for college was now complete.  
  
"Why don't you double check your room to make sure you aren't forgetting anything?" dad asked. "I'll see if your mother is ready to go. I'm sure she's around here somewhere, though I have no idea what the hell she's been doing all morning."  
  
"Sounds good," I said.  
  
I headed upstairs and stepped into my bedroom. I looked around my room one last time, smiled, and turned around to go back downstairs. This was going to be the first day of the rest of my life, and it was about time I got on with it.  
  
Almost as soon as I got downstairs, my mom hugged me and nearly tackled me to the ground.  
  
"Happy first day of college, Sally!" she said, showing no signs of letting go.  
  
"Thanks," I said, trying to appear nonchalant despite the nerves that were eating me up inside.  
  
"You must be so excited!" she exclaimed.  
  
"I am," I said. "Dad and I loaded up the car earlier this morning."  
  
"Ready to go, then?" she asked.  
  
"Yup," I said. "I think so."  
  
We climbed into the car and started off toward the university. Dad was driving, with mom in the passenger seat and me in the backseat.  
  
"You're going to love it," mom said. "There'll be so much to see and do, so many clubs, so many interesting people. It'll be hard to find time for it all."  
  
"Just make sure you focus on your classes," dad chimed in.  
  
"Yes, daddy," I said. "That's my top priority."  
  
"Oh goodness no," mom interjected. "Do enough to get your degree, but don't overdo it. It's college. It's your last few years before real life kicks in. Try to enjoy it."  
  
"Yes, mom," I said begrudgingly.  
  
I saw dad roll his eyes in the rearview mirror. I couldn't help but chuckle to myself.  
  
Before long, we had arrived at school, parked the car, and begun unloading the car.  
  
"Guess this is you," dad said as we approached dorm 414 in Hunt Hall.  
  
I swung open the door. Apparently my roommate hadn't arrived yet, as the room had only barebones furniture and nothing else.  
  
My eyes quickly scanned the room. There were two twin beds on opposite walls, two small desks, a closet, and a couple of dressers. The walls were a dull white, but the view of campus out the window added a bit of excitement to an otherwise plain view.  
  
Mom, dad, and I diligently unpacked for about an hour. I unpacked my clothes while mom made my bed for me and dad made some trips back and forth to the car. We hung a few posters and added a few personal touches, but I didn't want to overdo it in case my roommate had different ideas.  
  
Dad came back from his last trip to the car just as mom and I finished unpacking. I wasn't looking forward to this part. I didn't feel quite ready for my parents to leave, but I knew it would have to happen eventually, so now was as good a time as ever.  
  
"Want us to hang around until your roommate shows up?" dad asked.  
  
"No, that's okay," I said casually. "Who knows when she'll be here. Besides, there's not much left to do here anyway."  
  
"Are you sure, Sally?" dad asked.  
  
"Of course she's sure, Marty," mom chimed in. "Aren't you, honey?"  
  
"Yes, mom," I said.  
  
"See?" mom added. "Let's get out of here and let Sally kick off her college experience."  
  
"If you say so, dear," said dad. He too was trying to play it cool but his efforts did little to hide his reluctance to leave his only daughter just yet.  
  
"Make sure you study hard and don't do anything too crazy," dad continued. "If you need anything, we're just a phone call away."  
  
"Thanks, daddy," I said. I wrapped my arms around him for one final hug.  
  
"Don't listen to him," mom interjected. "Study hard and all that, but make sure you have some fun, too. I remember my college days. They were some of the best days of my life. The parts I remember were, at least." She chuckled to herself as she tacitly reminisced.  
  
"I'll have fun, too," I said back.  
  
I leaned in for a quick hug with mom. As we embraced, she whispered in my ear, "I left you a little gift under your pillow. Don't tell your father." She winked as we pulled apart.  
  
Then, just like that, they both headed off to the car, leaving me on my own to make my way in the world.  
  
Naturally, I was curious about mom's gift, so I made my way over to my bed to take a look. Under my pillow was a pink cylindrical object along with a note. Oh God, I thought. She didn't. She couldn't have.  
  
I glanced at the note. "Thought this might be a fun little going away present for you. I don't think I need to tell you where it goes. Make sure you turn it on so it vibrates too. XOXO, Mom."  
  
Did my own mother really get me - I could barely bring myself to say it - a sex toy? She was just too much sometimes. I had never used a toy before. On the rare occasion that I did touch myself, I just used my fingers but could never get over the edge, so to speak. I hadn't been with a guy before either, not in that way anyway. Maybe this dildo, or whatever it's called, would help me out.  
  
"Hi there," a girl's voice blurted out. Startled, I shoved the toy back under my pillow and whirled around.  
  
"Hi," I said. "Are you my roommate?"  
  
"I sure am," she said. "My name's Savannah. What's yours?"  
  
"Sally," I replied. "It's nice to meet you."  
  
"Same here," she answered with a smile. "I love what you've done with the place."  
  
"Thanks," I said, smiling back. "I didn't want to overdo it before you got here, but I tried to put out a few things to make it feel like home."  
  
"Well it looks great," she said. She had an infectious enthusiasm about her that really put me at ease.  
  
Savannah was a pretty girl with long blonde hair, blue eyes, and a beautiful smile. She was about my height, somewhere just over five feet, and had perky round boobs that protruded from her thin figure.  
  
Savannah had on a yellow sundress and some fashionable sandals that undoubtedly completed the outfit yet somehow seemed unfit for the hustle and bustle of moving. A pair of designer sunglasses rested atop her head.  
  
Savannah's parents came into the dorm shortly after that. They brought in countless outfits, some furniture, and decorative lights. It almost felt like I was in the middle of a home makeover show. Everything seemed so refined and classy, but Savannah was careful not to overstep and encroach on my decoration so far.  
  
"Well, I think I can take it from here," Savannah said to her parents. "Everything's here. Now I just need to decorate. You guys don't need to stick around for that. Sally and I can figure out how we want to finish the room."  
  
"Are you sure, darling?" her mom asked. "It's not any trouble for us to stay."  
  
"No, no," Savannah responded. "That's alright. We can manage just fine."  
  
She gave each of her parents a kiss on the cheek and sent them on their way. With that, it was just the two of us.  
  
"So, I'm thinking we hang these lights around the room," Savannah said as she pointed to some Christmas-type decorative white lights. "What do you think, Sally?"  
  
"Sounds great, Savannah," I said. "Need a hand?"  
  
"Yeah, why don't you grab that chair and hold it steady?" she suggested. "I'll get up there and start hanging the lights a little at a time."  
  
"Perfect," I answered.  
  
I pulled the generic university-provided desk chair toward one end of the room and gathered some of the lights. Savannah took the lights from me and climbed up on the chair. I stood behind her holding the chair steady.  
  
From where I was standing, I could see right up Savannah's sundress. She had on some barely-there light purple undies that did little to cover her butt. I knew I shouldn't look, but I couldn't make my eyes look away. Her cheeks were almost perfectly round with visible tan lines. I envied her body. She would have no trouble finding guys in college, I thought.  
  
She had to know she was on display. How could she not? She volunteered to stand on a chair in a pretty short sundress. What did she think would happen? Then again, maybe she wanted to show off her body. It was hard to tell since I didn't know her, but no matter what her motivation, it was a pretty bold move considering she was meeting her roommate for the first time.  
  
"So are you from around here?" Savannah asked as she went about hanging up the lights.  
  
"Yeah, my parents live about half an hour away. How about yourself?"  
  
"Well we used to live closer when I was younger, but we moved to the city maybe five years ago when my dad was promoted to CEO of his company. So my parents are a couple hours away now."  
  
"Oh wow," I said.  
  
"Yeah," she answered. "I've wanted to go to school here since I was a girl, though. Ever since we moved, I've been dying to come back to the area. And now here we are: freshman roomies! Hand me some more of those lights, would you?"  
  
"Sure thing, Savannah," I said. I handed her another string of lights and some hooks.  
  
We carried on like that for a while, chatting about our families, our interests, and so on. All the while, Savannah continued to sway back and forth while on the chair, leaving her butt fully visible under her dress. I'm not into girls or anything - at least I don't think I am - but I'll admit it was hard to look away.  
  
We moved on to a few other interior design choices and decided to wrap up for the day. I sat down on my bed, and Savannah plopped down onto her bed on the opposite wall, facing me. As she did, she paid little attention to the billowing of her sundress and the way her legs spread apart. I caught yet another glimpse of her purple panties, this time from the front.  
  
Savannah must have caught me looking, as she made a theatrically half-hearted attempt to cover herself.  
  
"Oops," she said. "Must've forgotten I was wearing a dress."  
  
She winked at me. I had no idea what was going on. Living on my own for the first time after a relatively sheltered life, I didn't know what to expect. Hard as it was to believe, maybe this was normal.  
  
"Don't worry about it," I said.  
  
"Oh, I'm not worried, Sally," she replied. "We're roommates. I'm sure we're going to be seeing lots of each other in ways that other people don't. I'm not shy. I hope you aren't either."  
  
She winked again. I tried to smile politely but didn't exactly know how to respond.  
  
We chatted a little more, and Savannah occasionally flashed her panties as she fidgeted on her bed. It was almost like she was trying to tease me - or torment me.  
  
After some more chatter, we agreed to go to the dining hall together for dinner. We swiped our university ID cards and worked our way through the buffet. With full plates and empty stomachs, we selected a booth by the window. A few minutes later, some older guys stopped by our table.  
  
"What's up, ladies?" one of them said.  
  
"Oh, just enjoying our first gourmet college dinner," Savannah replied.  
  
"Well, if you're looking for something to do tonight before freshman orientation starts tomorrow, some friends of ours are having a party. If you're interested, that is."  
  
"Definitely interested. Where is it?"  
  
"One of the apartments off campus. 379 Adams Street."  
  
"Cool," Savannah said casually. Will you be there?"  
  
"Yeah," the guy said. "I'm Steve by the way."  
  
"I'm Savannah," she responded. "And that's Sally."  
  
"Hi," I said somewhat awkwardly. Savannah was clearly running the show, but I felt like I should say something.  
  
"Savannah, why don't you let me get your number for later?" Steve proceeded. He was obviously more interested in her than he was in me, not that I minded.  
  
Savannah added herself to his phone, sent herself a text, and said we'd see them later. The boys went on their way, leaving Savannah and me to ourselves.  
  
"Guess we've got plans for tonight then, huh?" Savannah said to me.  
  
"Yeah," I said. "Sounds like fun."  
  
"Glad to hear you say that," Savannah continued. "I wasn't sure if you had other plans yet, so I just sort of rolled with it. Besides, orientation doesn't start until tomorrow morning, so we might as well have some fun tonight, right?"  
  
"Yup," I said. "And that Steve guy seems to like you. He was cute!"  
  
Savannah blushed. "You think so? I don't know, Sal - can I call you Sal? Or do you prefer Sally?"  
  
"Sal is good with me. But he asked for your number! He must like you."  
  
"Maybe. Or he could be just another upperclassman looking to score. Guess we'll find out. Come on. Let's head back to the room to get ready."  
  
It was a short walk back to our dorm, but my mind was racing the whole time. I was expecting to settle in and get a good night's sleep tonight, not go running off to some off-campus party. But this is what college was supposed to be about, I guess. It would be good to get out of my comfort zone. Besides, if it really wasn't fun, I could just leave after a little while.  
  
We climbed the stairs to our floor, said hello to a few other girls that we passed, and got back to our room where the last few rays of sunlight shone through the window.  
  
"What to wear, what to wear?" Savannah muttered rhetorically. She rifled through her clothes in the closet and chose a couple of outfits. "What do you think?" she asked.  
  
"I think both look good," I said.  
  
"Not helpful," she said back playfully. "But I think I'll go with this." She picked a pair of tight white jeans and a low-cut pink top.  
  
"Looks great," I said.  
  
"Now what about you, Sal?"  
  
"I don't know. I'll just wear some jeans and a polo shirt or something."  
  
"A polo shirt? No no, Sal. Here, what about this?" She offered me a sleeveless white shirt that would show a little skin but nowhere near as much as the top she selected for herself.  
  
"That's nice of you, Savannah, but you don't have to let me borrow your clothes. I'm sure I have something."  
  
"I insist, Sal. Try it on and see if you like it."  
  
"Okay," I said, grabbing the shirt and a pair of jeans. "I'll go change in the bathroom and be right back."  
  
"The bathroom?" Savannah said, puzzled. "Why?"  
  
"Well, I, uh..." I stammered.  
  
"You can change in here, Sal," Savannah said. "Like I said earlier, we're going to be seeing a lot of each other. Might as well start now. If it helps, I'll turn around, and you can let me know when you're done, okay?"  
  
Savannah spun around and began digging through her shoes. It was nice of her to accommodate my uneasiness.  
  
Well, here goes nothing, I thought to myself. After kicking off my shoes, I pulled my tank top over my head and unbuttoned my shorts, which fell to the ground. I stood there in my bra and panties, just a few feet away from a girl I met only a few hours earlier. I hadn't really thought about some of these parts of life with a roommate, but I just had to embrace it.

I stepped out of my shorts and into my jeans, pulling them up past my butt. I zipped and buttoned the jeans then moved on to the shirt Savannah gave me. I pulled it over my head. My boobs weren't as big as hers, so it was a little looser than it would've been on her, but I thought it fit comfortably.  
  
"What do you think?" I said.  
  
Savannah whirled back around. "You look great!" she said, smiling. Her smile put me at ease.  
  
"Thanks," I said bashfully. "Not just for saying that but for the shirt, too."  
  
"Don't mention it, Sal," she said. "That's what roomies are for."  
  
Savannah turned back toward her shoes and, with her back toward me, lifted her sundress up and over her head. I got a fuller look at the round bum and light purple panties I caught glimpses of earlier in the day. Savannah didn't seem to care how much I saw.  
  
I felt like I should look away, and I tried to - really, I did. But there was just something so exhilarating about her. It was like her body drew my eyes toward her.  
  
Leaving her bra on, she pulled the pink top over her head. She was about to put on her jeans but, after thinking about it for a minute, turned back around where I was staring back at her.  
  
"Oh hey," she said, smiling. "Don't mind me."  
  
She rummaged through one of her dresser drawers and pulled out a white thong.  
  
"Can't have panty lines," she said. "These jeans are too tight for that." Savannah laughed to herself. I hoped to be as confident as she was someday.  
  
She turned back around, not at all trying to hide herself from view but instead just looking for her pants, which she found in short order. She tugged down her light purple undies and tossed them aside, leaving her exposed butt on display.  
  
At this point, I didn't know if she just liked showing off her body or if this was normal for roommates. Honestly, I didn't care. Savannah was, dare I say it, sexy. Her body was breathtaking, and I'd be lying if I said I didn't find her attractive.  
  
Savannah pulled up her thong, followed by her nearly skin-tight white jeans. She turned around and, without missing a beat, asked how she looked.  
  
"You look great," I said. I meant it.  
  
"Thanks, Sal," she answered. "I think it's time to kick the night off right, don't you?" Savannah turned on some music and continued getting ready. "Want a drink?" she asked a few minutes later. "My parents gave me some wine. Or we could do a shot if that's your thing."  
  
"Sure," I said, not wanting to put a damper on things.  
  
"Which?" she asked.  
  
"Up to you," I answered.  
  
"How about some wine now then maybe a shot before we leave?" She didn't wait for me to respond, as she poured some white wine into two red plastic cups.  
  
We clinked our plastic cups together.  
  
"Cheers, Sal," Savannah said.  
  
"Cheers," I echoed.  
  
We went on getting ready. Savannah did her hair and makeup. I did, too, but nowhere near the extent to which she did.  
  
"Can you be honest with me about something?" Savannah asked when she finished getting ready.  
  
"Sure," I said. "What's up?"  
  
"How's my cameltoe situation?" she asked, gesturing toward her crotch.  
  
"Sorry, what?" I said.  
  
"I mean, can you see one?"  
  
"Uh, no I can't. You're good."  
  
"Thanks, Sal," she said. "These pants are tight. I just wanted to be sure. So, are you ready to go?"  
  
"Yeah," I answered. "I'm ready whenever you are."  
  
"Okay, we can leave in a few. How about that shot?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
Savannah poured two shots of vodka into a pair of decorative shot glasses. "To a fun night," she said, bumping her glass against mine and tossing it back. I followed suit.  
  
We grabbed our phones and left our dorm.  
  
"Do you know how to get there?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah, I looked it up," she answered. "It's not far. It should only be about a ten-minute walk from here."  
  
There were a lot of people out and about. For the upperclassmen, it was the first night of getting back into the swing of things. For the freshmen like Savannah and me, it was our first night of college partying. I wondered where everyone else was going. Maybe they were all going to the same party we were. I had no idea what to expect.  
  
We arrived at the address soon enough. A bunch of big, athletic-looking guys stood outside the entrance to the building.  
  
"Hey there," Savannah said.  
  
"What's good?" one of the guys at the door said.  
  
"We're here for the party," she said. "We're with Steve."  
  
"Hmmm, Steve?" the guy continued. "I don't know anyone named Steve. Are you freshmen?"  
  
"Yeah, why?" she responded. "You want me to flash you or something?"  
  
"Would you do it?" he asked.  
  
"If it'll get us into the party, then yeah," Savannah replied boldly.  
  
"What about-" he continued, until Savannah cut him off.  
  
"I'm not touching you," she answered. "That's where I draw the line."  
  
"I'll tell you what, then," he said. "If your friend here licks your pussy, I'll let y'all inside." He gestured toward me as he said it.  
  
I was shocked. Was this some kind of freshman hazing or something? And why was Savannah playing along? It was almost like she was enjoying this. I didn't have much time to think about it before Savannah jumped in.  
  
"You don't have to do that, Sal," she said. "Don't worry."  
  
"I guess we don't have a deal then," the guy said back.  
  
"What about him?" Savannah asked, pointing toward a skinny guy with glasses walking by on the opposite side of the street. "What if I get him to do it? Then will you let us in?"  
  
The guys looked at themselves and nodded. "Yeah," one of them answered. "Go for it."  
  
"Savannah, you don't have to do this," I tried to interject. "We can go somewhere else."  
  
"Don't worry, Sal," she said. "It's not a big deal. These guys want a show, and I'm going to give it to them."  
  
She winked at me in the same way she had a few times that day.  
  
"Hey, you!" she shouted toward the guy across the street. He stopped and looked at us. "Come over here."  
  
To my surprise, he complied and trotted over. He was a thin guy with dark, curly hair and round glasses. His plaid shirt and khakis weren't exactly high fashion, but the look suited him.  
  
"What's your name?" Savannah asked him.  
  
"Tommy," he answered. "What's yours?"  
  
"Savannah," she replied. "It's nice to meet you."  
  
"Nice to meet you too," he answered. "What's this about?"  
  
"Listen, these guys won't let us into the party unless you eat me out," she said.  
  
Talk about being direct. She wasn't wasting any time beating around the bush.  
  
"So can you do that for me?" Savannah asked.  
  
"I, uh, sure," Tommy replied.  
  
"Have you ever eaten a girl out before?" she asked him, more softly this time.  
  
"Well..." he began. He didn't get a chance to say more.  
  
"Well, get ready, Tommy," she interjected. You're going to see my twat in a second."  
  
I was surprised that someone so sweet and sophisticated would use a phrase like that. Then again, what was she supposed to say instead? You're going to see my vulva? That didn't really fit either.  
  
Savannah unbuttoned her jeans and pulled down the zipper. She tugged her jeans downward, taking her thong with them, until they were at her knees. Her sex was fully exposed for all to see. Savannah had no pubic hair to speak of, leaving her mons bare.  
  
The upperclassmen and I looked on in amazement. I couldn't believe she was doing this. Apparently, neither could they.  
  
"What're you waiting for, Tommy?" she said. "Go ahead."  
  
Tommy closed his eyes and moved his head toward Savannah's crotch. After a few inexpert licks, Savannah grabbed him by his curly hair and removed him from the crux of her legs.  
  
"How's that?" she asked the upperclassmen as she pulled up her jeans and buttoned them. "Satisfied?"  
  
"Yup," one of them said. "Come on in. The party's down in the basement."  
  
Savannah smiled and looked back at Tommy. "Thanks, Tommy," she said and kissed him on the cheek. "My hero."  
  
Savannah grabbed him by the hand and pulled him toward the door. I followed behind them. We descended some wooden stairs into a packed basement with loud music. There must have been a couple hundred people in there.  
  
"Let's get a drink," Savannah said, pointing toward a keg in the corner of the room. The three of us weaved our way through the crowd, and Tommy began filling three cups with unappetizing foamy beer.  
  
"What was that?" I asked Savannah.  
  
"What was what?" she replied.  
  
"Outside, I mean..." my voice trailed off.  
  
"Oh that?" Savannah said. "That was nothing. Some of these older guys just like to screw with people. The best way to get what you want is to beat them at their own game, so I grabbed Tommy here and that was that. I wasn't going to let them pressure you into anything, but it didn't bother me in the least. Honestly, it was kind of fun."  
  
Tommy handed each of us a cup of foamy beer.  
  
"Cheers, guys," Savannah said as she raised her cup. We clinked our plastic cups together as the music thumped around us.  
  
I couldn't stop thinking about what happened outside. It was nice of Savannah not to pressure me into joining her little exhibition, but deep down, I was kind of jealous of Tommy. Maybe it was that shot of vodka getting to me, but I couldn't get Savannah out of my head. There was something so alluring about her, something so enthralling that just drew me to her. But it was Tommy that got to taste her, not me. Maybe it was for the best. We were roommates, after all. I didn't want to make things weird between us or anything.  
  
"Sally!" Savannah said.  
  
"Huh?" I replied.  
  
"Tommy was asking you a question," she answered. I must have tuned out the conversation - if you could tune anything out with this music blaring - as my mind wandered.  
  
"Oh," I said. "Sorry about that. It's hard to hear in here."  
  
"No problem," Tommy said. He smiled warmly, putting me at ease. "I was just asking where you're from."  
  
"Not too far from here," I said. "I grew up about half an hour away."  
  
"Neat," he answered. "So this must be like going to school in your backyard."  
  
"Something like that," I replied.  
  
The three of us got to talking, though it was more like shouting because of the music. Tommy was a freshman like us. He was walking to meet up with some friends when Savannah called him over, and the rest was history. We talked about the upcoming year, our interests, and a number of other things until Savannah interrupted.  
  
"I love this song!" she said. "Come on, Tommy. Want to dance with me?"  
  
Not waiting for a reply, she took his hand and pulled him toward the middle of the crowd. I watched as she turned around and began grinding up against him while the music pounded on. Tommy just sort of let her do her thing and soaked it all in.  
  
I guess I'm on my own now, I thought to myself. I looked around to see if I could work my way into a big group so I wouldn't have to stand awkwardly by myself. Before I got a chance, I felt a hand tap me on the shoulder.  
  
"It's Sally, right?" a voice said.  
  
I spun around. It was Steve.  
  
"Oh, hi Steve," I said. "Good to see you again."  
  
"Same here," he answered. "You're not here by yourself are you?"  
  
"No," I replied. "Sally's around here somewhere."  
  
"Ah, okay. I texted her a couple times, but she never answered me."  
  
"Well, things have been pretty crazy since we got here. She probably didn't see your texts."  
  
"Crazy? What do you mean?"  
  
"Oh, I just mean it's been really loud in here," I said, trying to backtrack and avoid telling Steve about Savannah's show outside. "And there's so many people in here that you can barely move. She probably didn't notice the texts, that's all."  
  
"Oh, okay," he said. "But she's around here somewhere?"  
  
"Yeah, I think she's in the crowd over there. I kind of lost track."  
  
"That's okay. I'll catch up with her eventually."  
  
Steve and I chatted for a while. He was a junior and a finance major. Apparently the guys outside were some people on the rugby team that he had met a couple of times but otherwise didn't really know. In a way, I was relieved to know that he didn't orchestrate what had happened out there.  
  
"So you're from New York?" I asked, picking up on a comment he made about spending the summer at an investment bank in the city.  
  
"Yeah," he answered. "My family's from upstate New York, but I worked in Manhattan over the summer."  
  
"Oh, that's cool," I said. "I've never been."  
  
"Never been to New York?" he asked. He sounded surprised.  
  
"Yeah," I said, a little bit embarrassed. My whole family lived in the south, so I never really had a reason to venture up north.  
  
"Well, why don't you give me your number?" Steve continued, not missing a beat. "Then you can text me if you ever find yourself in the city."  
  
"Sure," I said, smiling. Steve was a nice guy. I knew he was more interested in Savannah earlier, but he was still really friendly and easy to talk to. Besides, Savannah seemed preoccupied with Tommy anyway.  
  
I added my number to Steve's phone and handed it back to him. We talked for a little bit longer, and he introduced me to some of his friends. Just as Steve briefly left to get a drink, Savannah and Tommy emerged from the crowd and, seeing me in a larger circle of people, came over to join me.  
  
"Hey, guys," I said.  
  
"Hey, Sal," Savannah answered. "Want to introduce us to your friends?"  
  
After a short round of introductions, Steve returned to the circle.  
  
"Hi, Savannah," Steve said. "Glad you could make it."  
  
"Hey, Steve," she replied. "Me, too. This is Tommy by the way."  
  
Tommy extended his hand, and he and Steve exchanged hellos as they shook hands. I noticed that Tommy's other hand held Savannah's. Steve noticed, too. He looked a little disappointed but hid it well. A bit of awkward small talk followed.  
  
"Steve, is there a bathroom here somewhere?" I asked.  
  
"Unfortunately not," Steve answered. "People usually just go outside behind the building."  
  
"That's okay," I said. "No problem."  
  
"Come on," Savannah said to me. "I'll go with you." Letting go of Tommy, she grabbed my hand and whisked me upstairs.  
  
We stepped outside into the evening air. It was much cooler outside than it was in the crowded basement, providing a welcome break from the party. We walked around the building until we reached the back.  
  
"Fun party, right?" Savannah asked rhetorically as she undid her jeans and pulled them down to her knees. She squatted with her back against the wall and pulled her pants and thong forward with her hand.  
  
The next thing I heard was the sound of splashing on the pavement. I could vaguely make out a steady stream from the corner of my eye but politely maintained eye contact with my roommate as she talked.  
  
"Yeah, definitely," I said. "It seems like you and Tommy are enjoying yourselves."  
  
"Yeah, he's a lot of fun," Savannah answered. "He's a good kisser too." She winked at me as she shook herself dry and pulled up her pants.  
  
"That's great," I said. "I talked to Steve for a little while. I didn't mention anything about Tommy. I figured you wouldn't want him to know."  
  
"That's fine," she said. "You could've said whatever you wanted. He's not my boyfriend or anything. I only talked to him for two minutes earlier tonight. Besides, there are plenty more college nights if I want to see him again. I doubt one night with Tommy would push him away."  
  
"That's true," I responded. I wasn't going to bring up how I gave him my number.  
  
"Aren't you going to pee?" Savannah asked. "That's why we came out here, isn't it?"  
  
"No, that's okay. I'll just go when I get back to our dorm."  
  
"Are you sure? It might be a while."  
  
"Actually, I think I might head back now. It's getting kind of late, and I was up early today so I'm tired. Can you say bye to Steve for me and let him know I went back to our dorm?"  
  
"I sure can. Do you want me to walk you back? I can walk with you and be back at the party in no time."  
  
"No, that's alright. I'll be okay. It's a short walk and most of it is on campus anyway."  
  
"If you're sure."  
  
"I am. You'd better get back to Tommy. I'll see you back in the room. Have fun, and text me if you need anything."  
  
"Thanks, Sal. I'll try not to wake you. See you bright and early in the morning when we wake up for orientation." She smiled, turned around, and headed back into the party.  
  
I began my walk back to the dorm. I hadn't gotten far when I heard a voice from behind me. It was Steve.  
  
"Wait up!" he called. He jogged to catch up to me as I slowed my pace. "I figured you could use someone to walk you back."  
  
"That's okay," I said. "I can manage."  
  
"I insist," he continued. He put his hand on my lower back and walked beside me.  
  
We chatted casually as we walked. He told me about another party that he was throwing the next night at his place. It was going to be much smaller. He asked if Savannah and I would come by. I said I'd talk to Savannah about it in the morning.  
  
Soon enough, we were outside the doors to my building.  
  
"I guess this is goodnight, then," Steve said. "Unless you need to be escorted up to your room?"  
  
"I think I'm all set," I answered, completely oblivious to the implication of his question.  
  
"No problem," he said. "Goodnight then." He bent down and kissed me on the cheek.  
  
"Oh, umm, goodnight," I blurted out. I felt my face get warm from blushing.  
  
I spun around, tapped my ID, and scurried upstairs to my room. Only once I got upstairs did the point of his comment hit me. I could've had more than a kiss. I wasn't sure I even wanted that, but I felt dumb for not realizing it.  
  
I quickly changed out of my evening clothes, took off my bra, and put on shorts and a loose t-shirt. I grabbed my toothbrush and toothpaste and headed down the hall to the bathroom. After a quick pee, I brushed my teeth and washed my hands and face. I returned to my room and plugged in the lights Savannah had hung earlier that day so she wouldn't be in total darkness when she got back. I plugged in my phone, climbed into bed, and quickly fell asleep from exhaustion.  
  
The next thing I knew, the door swung open and I heard Savannah giggling. I was going to sit up and ask how her night was until I heard a second voice.  
  
"Are you sure she won't mind?" the voice said. It sounded like Tommy.  
  
"Nah, she's cool," Savannah's voice responded. "Besides, I texted her to ask if it was okay, and she never answered. I'm sure she's already sound asleep."  
  
I kept my eyes shut and pretended to be asleep. I didn't know how I felt about the whole thing, but I wanted to be a good roommate. Maybe someday I'd even need Savannah to return the favor.  
  
I heard the door close. There was a short moment of silence. I waited and wondered what would happen next.  
  
They started kissing. The sounds of their lips meeting and their tongues tangoing filled the room. I heard zippers dropping and clothes being removed. More kissing and heavy breathing followed. I didn't dare open my eyes. I didn't want them to think I was watching.  
  
I heard them climb onto Savannah's bed. They rustled around, probably trying to get comfortable.  
  
"Do you want to eat me out again, Tommy?" Savannah whispered.  
  
"Mhmm," Tommy said.  
  
There was more rustling that gave way to a long moan from Savannah.  
  
"Oooh," she moaned. "Yes, right there, Tommy. Yes, yes, yes..." her voice trailed off.  
  
Did I dare to open my eyes for one little peek? Tommy's face would be between her legs, and I doubt Savannah would be looking over at me as Tommy pleasured her. I agonized over it for a bit longer as Tommy's sucking and slurping sounds continued on.  
  
I decided to look. I opened my right eye, ever so slightly, to watch what was happening. They weren't looking toward me. The room was dimly lit, and I realized my bed was in the shadows anyway. I let my eyes open wide to take it all in.  
  
Savannah was completely naked. She rested on her back, legs spread apart, hands running through Tommy's curly hair. Her round boobs moved freely as her body responded to Tommy's licks. I couldn't make out all the details, but I could see her hard nipples protrude from her fleshy spheres. I couldn't see below her flat, stretched-out tummy since Tommy's head was in the way.

For his part, Tommy had buried his face in Savannah's crotch. He worked diligently, pausing every so often for a breath of air. He was on all fours, causing his semi-erect penis to dangle downward. I didn't have anything to compare it to, but it seemed pretty big.  
  
After some heavy breathing and a series of long moans, Savannah switched places with Tommy and pushed him onto his back. I watched as she gently stroked him to full hardness, eliciting a couple of soft groans from Tommy.  
  
She took him in her mouth. Savannah's head bobbed up and down along Tommy's length, her long blonde hair occasionally blocking my view. I wondered what a guy tasted like, never having taken one in my mouth before. Maybe one day I would find out. For now, I just let the show unfold in front of me.  
  
"Do you want more, Tommy?" Savannah asked after a few dramatically long licks.  
  
"Uh huh," he answered, evidently unable to form a complete sentence.  
  
"You'll have to ask me for it," she said. It was almost like she was toying with him.  
  
"I want to..." he started.  
  
"Say it," she answered.  
  
"I want to have sex with you," Tommy replied.  
  
"I thought you'd never ask," Savannah said, smiling. "Do you have a condom?"  
  
"Uh..." Tommy's habit of incomplete sentences continued.  
  
"It's okay. I have a few. Let me grab one." She jumped off the bed and rummaged through one of her dresser drawers. I took in the unobstructed view of her pale white butt against her otherwise tan skin.  
  
Savannah climbed back onto her bed, tore the wrapper, and pulled out the condom. She placed it atop Tommy's enlarged penis, rolling it down his shaft. She licked her fingers, rubbed them along her crotch, then mounted Tommy who remained on his back. She let out a long "ahhh" as she slid down his length.  
  
I watched as she expertly rocked her hips back and forth. Tommy put his hands on Savannah's boobs, pinching each of her nipples in turn. Savannah let out a soft sound as he did.  
  
Almost subconsciously, I slid my hand down into my shorts. My panties were damp with moisture. I slipped my hand inside my undies, down past the tufts of curly hair. I began rubbing myself with small gentle circles, careful not to make any noise or visible movements.  
  
Savannah kept riding Tommy, picking up the pace every so often before she slowed down again. She obviously knew what she was doing.  
  
I moved my hand further down and slipped a finger inside myself. It was warm and wet. Watching Savannah have sex must have turned me on. I pushed deeper inside and added a second finger. My lips responded by gripping my fingers more firmly.  
  
Then I remembered the sex toy from mom. I didn't remember moving it, so it must've been under my pillows. I couldn't reach for it now and risk making a lot of noise. I'd have to wait for the right moment. Soon enough, it came.  
  
Savannah said something inaudible to Tommy. They began to switch places, putting Savannah on her back and Tommy on top of her. I took my chance, quietly but swiftly reaching for the toy. I quickly pulled my hand back under the covers along with the dildo.  
  
I positioned the dildo at my entrance and pushed it inside. It took everything in my power not to moan at that moment. I moved it in and out, taking in the sensation of fullness as I did. So this is what it feels like to have a guy inside of you, I thought.  
  
Tommy continued to thrust in and out of Savannah. He grunted every so often, as if some sort of primal urge had overcome him. I wondered what Savannah was feeling at that moment. I matched the tempo of my dildo with the thrusts of Tommy's penis. It was like Savannah and I were being penetrated simultaneously. In a strange way, I felt connected to her in that moment.  
  
Tommy's balls slapped against Savannah's bum. His grunts were faster now, and his pace quickened. Savannah's moaning got louder, too. They no longer seemed to care who heard them.  
  
"Oh yes, Tommy," Savannah moaned. "Oh that feels so good. Don't stop..."  
  
Tommy bent his head down to take one of Savannah's nipples into his mouth. I used my other hand to squeeze one of my own nipples, sending shockwaves through my body.  
  
"Savannah, I'm going to..." Tommy began.  
  
"Yeah?" Savannah answered. "What're you going to do, Tommy?"  
  
"No really," he said, his breaths getting shorter. "I'm not sure how much longer I can..."  
  
"Go ahead then," she said. "Finish it, Tommy. Come deep inside my tight little twat. Can you do that for me, Tommy?"  
  
Hearing Savannah's voice pushing Tommy toward orgasm sent me over the edge. My insides spasmed and tightened around the dildo. Unable to stay silent any longer, I moaned. It wasn't long or loud, but it was there. I tried to play it off as a yawn. Tommy didn't even seem to notice as he moved toward his own climax.  
  
But Savannah did. Her head turned toward me. Without saying a word, the corners of her mouth turned upward, and she winked at me.  
  
Turning her attention back to Tommy, she proceeded to bring him across the finish line.  
  
"Come on, Tommy," she said. "Fuck me. Fuck me hard."  
  
Tommy did just that. He penetrated her with rapid thrusts, groaning as he did.  
  
"Yes, Tommy," Savannah moaned as she arched her back. "Do it faster. Fuck me like you mean it. Make me come, too. Mmmm."  
  
Tommy pumped as fast as he could. Then it happened. His body erupted into a forceful orgasm.  
  
"Ahhh, I'm coming," he moaned. His body shook as he made one final push inside Savannah.  
  
"Ohhhh fuck yes," Savannah moaned. "Oh fuck, I'm coming too. Ohhhhh..."  
  
With their sexual adventure ending, I closed my eyes and tried to look like I was sound asleep. I'm not sure what happened after that. I heard some rustling of bedsheets, someone getting off the bed, and a few inaudible whispers.  
  
In the afterglow of my own climax, I drifted off to sleep. After what felt like only a few minutes, I woke early as the sunrise came through the window. I looked over at Savannah's bed. Tommy must have departed at some point since he was nowhere to be found.  
  
Savannah was sprawled out on top of her sheets. She didn't have a stitch of clothing on her body. I smiled as my eyes soaked up the view of her naked body basking in the morning sunlight.  
  
It wasn't the move-in day I expected, but I have to say my first day of college was a success. Freshman orientation was bound to be boring, but with Savannah as my roommate, my first year here would surely be anything but.