

Thinking about the fat, sex-obsessed tenant next door — and the noise of the portable air conditioning unit that vents out her window, and the little run-off tube that dribbles water all day long. And the guys, all serious young uni students, waiting in a small cue on the stairs to her door. Not in the spirit of freeloaders but of indirect friends helping out, something done with a brotherly sense of obligation for her condition — is it a physical problem or a psychosexual one? She is moderately obese and not unattractive; she is rounded and curvy-obese rather than disproportionately lumpy and tubey. She keeps her bush in discrete trim so it still looks half natural. Her breasts are perfectly average size. Voice and eye clear and direct. Prefers the missionary position, possibly because it's a bit easier for the guys. But once every three months she needs a steady stream of sexual stimulation or she gets acutely nervy and insanely irritable, like quitting smoking raised to the power of ten. She considers it part of her health and wellbeing routine. Masturbation doesn't cut it for her. She doesn't have a regular partner or steady relationship, but a developed and reciprocal sense of camaraderie that the guys groove on. Some of these male friends help her out on her difficult day. There isn't a trace of slutty or sleazy exploitation or drugs or desperation. She has intercourse with an average of ten guys in an afternoon. Some guys do a second or even a third stint in a day. They've all been cued to arrive in staggered fashion, but some hang around and read or chew the fat over beers with the other flatmates. The guys don't brag about the service they provide; and they don't worry about contraception and even less about VD. She's not a big talker but is loyal and generous with small loans and considerations if asked. When she is done with one she washes and drinks herbal tea and sometimes smokes a herbal cigarette, does some yoga stretches and then greets and welcomes the next guy at the door. Always in a spirit of old friends. But as she's naked, it's usually straight down to business with a minimum of foreplay. Some guys blurt out the occasional over-intimate term of affection and she smiles, but offers no response in kind. Despite efforts and intentions, she never fully comes. Her colour rises a little, but her final satisfaction comes from a small glass of frozen gin later in the evening. For the flatmates who've witnessed and felt the storm of her rages, the stream of male visitors every quarter seems a small price to pay. And that is why, with all those sweating male bodies and the effort of repeated couplings, she needs that little air conditioner on full all day.

— Hey. Been waiting long?

— Nah, about twenty. I was early anyway. Gotta go over some course notes.

— Is that a 3GS?

— Yeah, it's great. Check this out. Downloaded it yesterday. And when you tilt it... down it goes. All the way... down.

— Cool. Trust you to use it just for porn.

— It's a great phone too. Reads PDFs like a charm.

— I've been thinking about upgrading but still have six months on the plan.

— Do it. I pay less on my bill now than before. And the apps are cheap.

— Are you still in Analytics or have you dropped out?

— Deferred.

— I can't understand the rationale for that course.

— I'll bet they made it for the OS students. Give them a truly "broad education" like.

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- The book fair's on tomorrow.
- You still read books then.
- I like the smell.
- Really. I like the mean old bastards they get to patrol the place and tally your stacks. They get *into* their jobs. Same bastards they rope in to administer exams.
- I haven't read anything from last year's batch. Fuck off NarcyBugger.
- Same old shit as last year. Same price. A whole table of DaVinci Codes.
- Yeah, I might go.
- Never know.
- "First Editions."
- "Leather bound."
- Double plus yawn.
- I got this silver pen set last year. Heavy as lead, antique-like. Fobbed it on the olds for Christmas.
- That cunt. You know who NarcyBugger is, don't you? He's been spamming everyone with that shit of his for weeks. Whatever you do, don't follow.
- That frustrated tutor, the one who's always asking girls to his "parties?"
- Yeah the skinny one. Running shorts.
- What a laugh. I'm surprised they tolerate him.
- What, the girls.
- No, the faculty. Surely they know about him by now.
- He better keep those skinny chops to himself.
- Unsubscribe.

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- So then write an app to track everyone's wankerscore.
- Wanna be the test case?
- Original high score, bud! Top of the leader board.
- Toppermost of the wankermost.
- With a hand for everyone.
- And a mouth full of... fuck there he goes again. Same old shit. Yeah, yeah.
- "The authentic essence of Twitter lies in conversation, not broadcasting."
- We're gonna flame his ass. That fucker's been fouling up the interwebs...
- Does. Not. Get. It.
- Ask if someone still has that party video of him.
- Consider it executed and done.
- Let's see?
- Fucker.

The door opens with a chafe of carpet and a guy in shorts only comes out. The door closes quickly.

- Fellas.

He trundles off down the stairs, flushed. Two minutes pass and the low hum of air conditioner creeps into the quiet hallway. No other noises are heard.

The door opens again and a friendly face observes the two guys looking at their phones. The first looks up and greets her familiarly:

— Hi Nora.

He goes in and closes the door again. There is the sound of chugging, doofus-like laughter from downstairs. A woofer flares up with subby beats for a minute, and then (mostly) silence returns.

... she... feels... good. fourth time a charm. her hands. the way she looks and what she doesn't see. does it matter to her. she doesn't quite meet the eyes. just a little off... to the eyebrows. doesn't want to meet. to look. a guy's a guy and a dick's a dick. just mindless pumping. her mouth... opensweet. but only the breathing changing. wet breathing. no sound. does she no she never gets off. never heard or seen. just another john. I could hate myself. but it's... good. she's still the same and in no way afraid. is this helping is this really helping her. how come we never get to talk. she's doing this for herself. I'm doing this for her. doing this for myself. doing this... to talk on stairs. same thing every time. fourth time this year. back then how soon. is she then doing this for us. a service and relief service. does she get off on all that splooge up her system. something about all that hormone. just a mood thing. some chemical imbalance. mood imbalance. just for the hell of those around her. the idiots downstairs. they don't get a look-in. or just not on the chosen list or... she's got... that concentrated squeeze. damn. I gotta take it. she loves it like she needs it. oh, hold it. all right, that way. never asks. just another guy. but she knows. she knows what it does. she knows we talk. she knows we don't. all right help, let's help. lucky number four. all of us together. help a student out. and help us back with rollies and herbals. god that sweat is everywhere. her hands. I've got... all... in that time. and when she feels it. and when she looks back. and yet it's her control. it's all on her... permission. and when she came and sat, that time, no money or bloody food, she spoke my name like a bestest from way back. then why not see me now. it's her control. it's her body. it's hers and ours. all ours. she's wet now. on the sheets. AC does nothing here. she never talks when. I can feel it oh no hold it. I'm a sap but getting off. hell no what no problem. if I hadn't known. if I'd seen her out in. or chatted with online. or fighting in a tute. sticking up for feminism. then I don't know if. not my kind of face. not my kind of can. but so what who's now done and got the looks. all of that's got nothing on feel. and who knows what she does. can't tell from a walk. could be cold as kosher. nothing alive. but this and now I know, just another john but I know her. no talk no huff no problem thankyou next. what I see. what I feel. it's more than just convenience, just another. call em up and SMS, in they come, one on one. sweat it up. wet the bed. damn... and almost... that time. she is good and she is special and she. could be the fattest chick and all. shit don't matter when you know. never would've thought. never saw it coming. but now we're helping it's all a different story. still don't know. still won't look. but I've got to. I've got to, make her see. that some idiot... some john... is gonna love her... like an idiot... .. oh.

— Great. Thanks.

An Undergraduate Story.