

C.A.R.P. - Part 2

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Part Two – Freshman Year, Fall Semester

Moving from Ohio to California in early August made me realize just how little shit I actually *owned* that I cared about. Sure, I had a few boxes of clothes, a few boxes of books, and all my CDs and DVDs, but other than that, I was pretty light in terms of sentimental stuff. My TV was basically the biggest thing I owned, and I just loaded everything I had into a Uhaul truck, which I ended up driving across the country out to California.

I know, you're wondering why I didn't take my crappy Geo Prism with me. Well, when all the paperwork came, there was a note from Dr. Igarashi, informing me that in addition to my scholarship, they would be gifting each student a slightly used car, so as to make the move from wherever we were from to California that much easier. The pink slip was even included with the note. Apparently I'd been given a 1994 silver Ford Taurus GL with about 8,000 miles on it.

By this point, I'd already figured out that C.A.R.P. was going to be a very different educational experience than what I would've gotten if I'd have gone anywhere else in the country. There wasn't a giant list of classes and times to pick from – I spent about two hours on the phone with another professor at CARP detailing what I thought I needed from my first year's worth of education, while taking their advice on things that I should be getting a baseline education on as well, and between the two of us, we sort of talked out what my week should look like. I'd figured that was going to be the precursor to me being a list of classes, but a week or so later, an envelope had arrived with my fall schedule. Classes, professors, room locations, class times – it was all there. And it was a four day schedule, with Fridays off. And none of the classes started before ten in the morning. All just as the good doctor had promised me before hand.

The drive to Montara was mostly uneventful, but it did afford me the chance to see a lot of the country I'd never seen before, and driving through San Francisco was a trip, let me tell you. It was nice to know I was going to basically be by a great big city without being *in* a great big city.

Once arriving on campus, I found that the CARP campus wasn't all that big, but it was still a fenced off area with a security guard at the gate who checked my ID before letting me and my Uhaul in. I wondered how the hell I was going to get pizza delivered to my dorm room with the gate, but I found out soon enough.

I was told that we were welcome to arrive any time between August 11th and August 16th, with orientation happening on August 18th, which was a Monday, and classes starting on the 19th. There would be plenty of time to explore the campus, I figured, once I moved into my dorm room and got set up, so I got to campus on the 13th. We hadn't been allowed to pick our own dorm rooms, but had been given a few basic options, like if we wanted ground floor, second floor, third floor, fourth floor or fifth floor, and a middle unit or a corner unit. I'd chosen fifth floor because I wanted the view, and the professor who had talked me through the classes had recommended I take a corner unit, because they were, in his words, a little more roomy. I remember not really knowing what to think, so I agreed to take his advice and had asked for a corner room.

One of the things we'd been told to expect was that for our freshman year the dorms would feel somewhat empty. They had considered concentrating all the students in one place, but had instead decided to give people plenty of space, and students could move in between years to consolidate into blocks if they saw fit. They weren't entirely sure how our needs were going to evolve over the years and wanted to leave themselves lots of options to make sure we enjoyed our time at CARP.

There was a good looking girl at the counter for the dorm who had my welcome package, which also included my room number (#512) and my room key, as well as a key to the building. I brought the first big box of my clothes over to the elevator and headed upstairs. There was a bit of a walk from the elevator to my dorm room, and as I walked down the hallway, I noticed some of the doors had white

boards attached to the front of them, and some did not. I'd later find out that was a way to tell which rooms actually had people staying in them, but it would take us the better part of a month to figure that out, because, well, we were all a little bit distracted.

I unlocked the door to my room and saw that the dorm room was actually quite sizable, although that wasn't the first thing I noticed about it. The first thing I noticed about it was that it was a double, and that there were two beds in the room. Nobody had told me anything about having a roommate, but it looked like my roomie had already shown up. The bed on the left had an extra pillow on it, and there was already a couch and a bigger TV than the one I'd brought with me set up across from it. Whoever my roomie was, clearly he had money, because there was also a nice stereo and very up to date computer set up at the left desk built into the wall, although I would find out a little bit later that there was a second computer in a box waiting for me, and that the university had provided those to us free of charge.

It's never nice to pry so I decided not to go looking through my roomie's things, and just kept bringing up my stuff to the room, even my television, which I just left sitting on the floor. It only took about five trips to get all my stuff and into my room and by the time I'd gotten everything in there, I still hadn't seen hide nor hair of my roomie, but I had found the computer, so I'd begun setting that up on my desk when I heard the sound of a key jiggling in the door.

Here's where I feel like everything started going crazy. The door opened and a 6'2" blonde girl in a white tennis skirt and tennis shirt walked into the room, carrying a racket under one arm and a long gym bag in her other hand. She was the quintessential Californian beauty, bright blue eyes, golden hair done up in a sporty ponytail, not wearing any makeup, but let's be honest, she was a ten even without it. She tossed the gym bag onto the other bed as she glanced over at me. "Oh hey roomie, about time you showed up," she said with a laugh. "I was starting to wonder if you weren't going to get here until Friday or Saturday, which would've totally sucked."

"Uh," I remember saying, "are you sure you're in the same room? Or that I'm not in the wrong one? I don't think I've ever heard of a campus having co-ed *rooms*. I mean, *floors*, sure, but *rooms*? Isn't that, y'know, a little odd?"

She laughed, rolling her eyes at me as she sat down on the bed and pulled off her shoes and socks. "Welcome to CARP, my dude, where the rules don't apply. I'm Julia, by the way. Julia Lapointe. I'm from San Diego."

"Oh. Uh. I'm Josh," I said, standing up to offer her my hand to shake. "Josh Turner. I'm from Ohio. A town you've never heard of called Canton. It might as well be nowhere."

Instead of shaking my hand, she took it and used it to pull herself up, wrapping her arms around me in a very warm and welcoming hug, pressing a rather generous pair of tits up against my chest. She was a couple of inches taller than me, but the way her hand moved across my back made me feel like I could stay there forever, until she finally pulled back and smiled at me. "Well, Josh Turner from Nowhere, Ohio, welcome to California. Hopefully it won't be too hard for you to settle in."

I laughed, shaking my head a little. "I mean, I'll try, but I'm already feeling like I'm a little behind. I didn't know there would be co-ed roommates, so I'm clearly behind the curve."

She laughed, flipping a hand at me. "I'm betting a lot of dorm rooms will be having conversations just like this all over campus this week," she said. "They tell all us girls about it, but I think the dean likes surprising the dudes with it, just to see how they react to it. It's in the orientation packet, though. Within a few months, all this will feel perfectly normal."

"Yeah, I don't know that that's true," I chuckled. "I don't know how a world could exist where that could *possibly* be true."

"Well then," she smirked, "I'm just gonna have to do everything within my power to make sure you relax as much as I can. It'll be my fall pet project." She reached down and pulled the tennis shirt up and over her head, tossing it into a hamper at the foot of her bed, and I immediately looked away, which only seemed to make her laugh harder. "Josh! Stop! You're gonna see me naked all the fuckin'

time, dude, so open your eyes and look already, okay? It's okay, okay?"

I remember thinking to myself how badly I wanted to look, and eventually I realized that she was *telling* me to look, so I looked back at her, where she had her arms folded beneath her tits, which were still covered by a sports bra. She had a little gold hoop through her belly button. "You sure?"

"You look away from me again, mister, and I'm gonna come over there and sit on top of you and strip the rest off while you *can't* look away," she giggled. "Although maybe you'd like that."

"And if I would?" I teased back. There was a weird immediate chemistry between me and Julia, and I realize now that making her smile was kicking levels of dopamine up in my system.

"Well, maybe I'd like it, too, but let's not rush too fast, okay? The build up is part of the fun."

After that, I watched as she peeled the bra up and over her head, tossing it into the hamper, revealing generous C cups with silver dollar sized areola, lighter flesh running into more exposed tanned skin, clearly having gotten her share of time in the sun in a rather small bikini. Then she unbuttoned the skirt and dropped it down to her feet before pushing her thick white tennis panties down, exposing a neatly trimmed blonde bush atop of her neatly tucked in pussy, again, small patches of paler flesh surrounded by mostly deep tan. Then she took a bow, picked up her clothes and tossed them into the hamper, then grabbed a big white towel, wrapping it around her waist, grabbing a shower kit as she opened the door.

"I'm gonna head down to the showers and get cleaned up, but I'm not taking my key with me, so leave the door open a little, will you?" she said. "Maybe knock on a few of the other doors and meet some of the neighbors, although I think they're a few doors down in either direction."

Then she headed down the hallway to the shared bathroom the floor had in the center of it, leaving the door partly open behind her, and me with a hard on stiff enough that I could've let a dozen acrobats do balancing acts on. I cannot tell you how badly I wanted to go and beat off right then and there, as Julia was *way* hotter than any girl I'd ever seen naked in person before. But I also somehow thought that it would involve me having to hide it.

With Julia gone to take a shower, I left the door open a bit so that if she came back while I was in the hallway, she could still get into the room, making my way down the hallway, knocking on one door, then the next, then finally the one past that, which had a white board on it, and a rather fit looking dude answered the door. "Oh, howdy neighbor," he said to me, a touch of Southern drawl to his voice. He was a few inches shorter than me, but more than a little bit stronger than me, built much more like a football player. I could tell that because he was wearing a sheer black mesh shirt that did nothing to hide his physique. "Arrived good and early, huh?" He offered me a hand, which I shook. "I'm Blaine. My roomie Blair hasn't gotten here, yet, but I'm guessing she'll be along in the next couple of days. I think most of you alphas were expected to arrive later in the week, after we betas had been here a few days, but hey, you get here when you get here."

"Alpha? Beta?"

"You haven't had a chance to read through the orientation packet yet," he said with a nod, as if he was just realizing it. "Got it. You should probably head back to your room and read that before you do anything else, although you're always welcome to come by and hang out. But go do that now, otherwise you're gonna have that same confused look on your face no matter who answers their door, man. Don't worry. It's all good. I'll see you later, yeah?"

With that, he stepped back into his room and closed the door, as I headed back to my room, immediately making a beeline for the orientation packet, because clearly I had a lot to learn and fast. And, just as Blaine had told me, there was a section entitled "you and your new roommate."

It was here where I started to get an idea of just how *radical* CARP was going to be.

One of the problems many students had when they went to college, the packet told me, was that they would inevitably find themselves put into one of two groups, almost immediately upon arrival. One group were the intellectuals, the people whom had far more brains than brawn, and saw things through a logical lens. The other group were the athletes and beauties, who had often self-selected their

crowds based on finding people of similar physical prowess or outward appearance. This also led to a high degree of friction, as one group was often seeking mental validation from the other, and the other group was seeking physical validation from the first.

CARP, the packet said, was going to fix all that.

Everyone attending CARP had been categorized as either an alpha (an intellectual) or a beta (a physical), and each had been given a roommate of the opposite gender and opposite group. This, it insisted, would stop one group from putting the other on a pedestal, and stop the other group from dismissing the first for a perceived lack of intrinsic worth.

Roommates weren't *required* to become lovers, but it was *highly* recommended. The packet insisted that students should think of it as a sharing of skillsets. The alphas would teach the betas how to learn, how to study, how to be better students, how to acquire and apply knowledge, while the betas would teach the alphas how to socialize, how to acquire and apply status, how to communicate better. All students were better learners, the packet claimed, when their full hierarchy of needs were being met – mental, physical, emotional and sexual. That was why it was strongly suggested that each pair of roommates explore each other sexually, and why the school had gone out of its way to pair up students who would be compatible on nearly every level.

The packet stressed that roommates shouldn't necessarily be considered as life long partners, but that if that happened, it happened. Being ethically non-monogamous was definitely going to be part of the long term agenda at CARP, though, so students were urged to keep that in mind. I remember it, because it was a phrase I had to look up, which actually became a research project I had on the side for the first month or so there.

When Julia came back to the room, she closed the door and took a good long time toweling herself off directly in my line of sight, a confident smile on her face. "Feel any better after reading the orientation paperwork?" she asked me.

"A little? But mostly a whole lot more confused."

"It all seemed pretty sensible to me," she said with a shrug. "It's hard as balls to focus on an education when you're constantly thinking about trying to get laid, so why not just take it out of the equation entirely and let students focus on their studies instead of how they're gonna convince someone to fuck them."

"Sure, but that's... well, that's not how it's generally done."

"A lot about this place is not how it's generally done, my dude, but the sooner you get your head around that, the happier you'll be." She giggled, shaking her head a little, and pulled her wet hair back, putting a scrunchy around it to keep it in a ponytail before walking over to me. "Here, let me clear your head a bit," she said as she dropped down to her knees in front of me, turning the swivel chair I was sitting on so that my legs were parted and she could slide between them.

"Whoa!" I said. "You don't–"

She reached a hand up and pressed one lone fingertip to my lips to silence me, as her other hand moved to unbutton my jeans. "You've been rock hard since I walked in the room the first time, Josh, much less before you saw me get naked not once but twice. I'm kinda surprised you had the self-control not to beat off the moment I went to take my shower, so that kind of resolve should be rewarded. Now shut up and let me work," she giggled as her hands fished out my rock hard cock. "Jesus, that's a good looking dick."

I was about to say something, but before I could summon the worst and try and get them to my lips, she wrapped her lips around the tip of my shaft, purring a little as she slowly worked her head down my prick, her tongue layering my flesh with saliva.

My last previous blowjob had been Miranda in the spring, and while I thought she was good at it, she wasn't even in the same league as Julia. Miranda's parting gift to me had been remarkable, but Julia, it turned out, had pretty much *studied* how to be an excellent cocksucker, and between her's tongue's careful patterns, her lips strong suction and her fingers cradling my balls in ways I didn't know

they could be stimulated, Julia made it pretty clear with her first go that she could get me off in seconds or in hours, depending on what she (or I) wanted.

I'd been struggling to warn her, and had managed to stammer out "I'm gonna I'm gonna" a few seconds before I was unloading my very pent up nuts into her throat, but she hadn't seemed at all put out by my cumming in her mouth, and when she finally pulled her head off my cock, she made a point of letting me see her licking up any stray cum from her face and fingers.

While she smiled at me.

And all of this shit was before classes even *started*.

A few days later I met Blair – a rather mousy but *very* smart girl who said that mathematics and physics were her passion, but mentioned how Blaine had done *everything* possible to make her feel welcome at the college, and I cannot tell you how deeply red her face turned when she said that, although the smile on her face was wide enough that it almost wrapped around her head and touched again at the back.

That weekend, the four of us went up to see San Francisco for ourselves, and while Blair and I were both taken aback by the high, rolling hills and the endless collection of giant buildings stretching out in any direction. Blair was from a small town in Kansas I'd never heard of, and Blaine was from Atlanta, so it seemed like our betas had way more experience with big cities than either Blair or I did. Still, we visited Amoeba Music, and the corner of Haight & Ashbury, and saw the Golden Gate Bridge, and walked down Lombard Street, and all the rest of that touristy shit, but I also found out where all the places to see live music were, and picked up fliers with their schedule for the next several months on them, because I wanted to make a point of catching live music any time I could. I'd grown up in a shitty little town where nobody ever fucking came to play live, and now that I was by a hub for live music, I wasn't going to let a single fucking thing pass me by if I could help it.

The first week of classes were certainly a bit of an eyeopener, as it turned out my classes were mostly filled with alphas, and the betas seemed to generally be on a second path of classes, taught by different professors, without a whole lot of overlap. This isn't to say any of my classes were exclusively alphas – in fact, a couple of them were more betas than alphas – but of my eight classes I was enrolled for in the fall semester, over half of them had only two or three betas in them in contrast to the eleven or twelve alphas.

None of the classes were all that big, something I found wonderful, as all the professors were attentive and eager to help us understand not only our coursework but our labwork and research as well, as each student was told to pick an influential person in the field they wanted to get into and write a long-form paper over the semester on how that person had gotten to where they were today.

Julia made it a point to blow me any time she thought I was getting too stressed or needed to unwind, which turned out to be every couple of days for the first few months. And she made a point of learning what I liked and what I didn't.

All of this made it feel a little more natural when she decided she wanted to watch a horror movie she'd rented from Blockbuster. Partway through the movie, she was snuggled up right next to me beneath the blanket. It was nice, and even after the movie was over, she'd spent much of the next hour cuddled up against me. When I went to bed to get some rest, she crawled into bed with me. That was the first night she spent in my bed, and it wouldn't be the last. And while nothing happened that first night, a few days later I felt her body slip into the bed with me, and her hands started moving across my chest. Within seconds, it was clear this wasn't just a bit of spooning, and she had things in mind.

I realized almost immediately that she'd already lost her big nightshirt that she usually wore to bed, and her stiff nipples were pressing against my side, but it took it a second or two longer for me to realize her fingertips were moving to wrap around my cock.

It was my first time, and she was both deliberate and considerate, gentle and yet also indescribably eager, and the moment her cunt slipped over my dick, it felt like our bodies were practically made for each other. She bucked her hips and I think she came at least twice before I finally

did, and while I was trying to be gentlemanly about it, she refused to slide her hips off me and made damn sure I came hard enough for my load to have practically shot up to her heart. As she started to drift off to sleep on top of me, she whispered that she was on birth control, so I'd better get used to falling asleep inside of her, because she *very* much liked fucking me.

That, it turned out, was absolutely true, as she and I started fucking at least once every weekend. Sometimes it was quiet and tender; sometimes it was rough and coarse. Usually she was talkative and encouraging, and every time she made it a joyous and informative experience for me, as if she was teaching a private class, with just one student, and my pass or fail was something her very life depended on. Maybe it did, I don't know. I was sort of nervous about asking at that point. She never said as much one way or another, although I suppose I could ask her about it now that we're out and away from CARP.

By Halloween, we were getting a bit experimental about our escapades, and Julia was trying to sort of test my boundaries a little bit, asking about some of the more fringe sexual things, seeing if I might be into any of them. No judgment, no opinion of her own about what she did and didn't want, and believe you me, I pressed quite a bit, and in ways I did *not* expect. She always kept reiterating that she'd be up for anything, and didn't want me feeling like I couldn't be myself around her. If I wanted her on collar and leash, she'd tell me, that would be fine, and if I wanted to be the one *wearing* the collar, that would be okay too. Neither held much sway for me, but I think the first time I fucked her up against the window with her bare tits up against the glass, exposed to anyone who might be glancing up towards our room, I must've given some signals that indicated I had a bent towards exhibitionism, because Julia definitely leaned into that here and there, although never so much that I could predict when it was coming.

As Thanksgiving approached, I asked her if we were dating, if she was my girlfriend, and that made her laugh a little bit, even as she kissed my cheek and stroked my hair. "Alphas deserve better than betas as emotional partners," she told me, without any sense of sadness or depression about it. "But I'll always be around to take care of your physical needs. I'm more of the fucktoy side piece kinda girl anyway, although if you want to claim I'm your girlfriend up until you find someone better, that's okay with me. I just don't want you settling for me, okay?"

I thought about that a lot over the next few weeks. By the time Christmas was coming up, I asked Julia if she wanted to go back home with me, but she insisted she was going to go back and see her folks, and that I would see her again soon enough. I was only able to be off campus for a week, so I was leaving to go home on the 20th and back to California on the 26th. Of course, when I left campus, they reminded me not to discuss what happened on campus, an instruction I basically followed to the letter, but there was one small exception, which was still well within the rules of the NDA I'd signed for the Academy.

I didn't have a direct flight from SFO to Cleveland – I had a brief layover at Denver airport, where I ran into Miranda – you remember me telling you about Miranda? My ex who dumped me? Yeah her – who was also on the same flight I was on back to Ohio. She was surprised I was in California, and while I told her that I was, I had to keep it vague, saying that I was attending a small private college up in Northern California, but it wasn't all that interesting.

I'll never forget what she said to me, though. "You look older... *better*," she said, as if she was surprised by the words coming out of her mouth. "Whatever it is you're doing, it's been good for you."

It felt that way then. It still sort of does even now, knowing what I know now.

CARP was making me a better, more confident person. It wasn't replacing anything, just enhancing what was already there and laying in wait below the surface. And it was just getting started.