

College Buds Ch. 2

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The next part of College Buds Ch. 1

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Mark collapsed on his bed the second he got home, too tired to do anything else. The antics of the day had drained him entirely.

“Hey, it’s fine,” Brent said, “I’ll treat you to dinner since you’re so tired.”

“Thanks,” Mark said, “I don’t have enough energy to cook.”

His nerves had never calmed down after his gym class orgasm. He hadn’t dared take out the anal beads, because he had to go across the main area of the gym to get to the locker room, so he left them in and went to the locker room, but when he did, there were some people inside, and he didn’t have the courage to remove the beads there either; for the period right after lunch, people had an awful lot of energy. At any rate, his body was torn between ecstasy and frustration as longed for more stimulation, but he hadn’t dared to do anything in case anyone got suspicious.

He sighed. His body was overstressed by everything that had occurred during the day, and he was even too tired to stay awake. Propelled by the comfort of his own bed, he fell fast asleep.

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Brent hummed a bit as he cooked a hearty chicken soup for Mark. He wasn’t really sure what had happened in the gym, but he knew that it definitely wasn’t normal. And it seemed slightly sexual as well, although he couldn’t really tell.

At any rate, it wouldn’t inhibit his plans. He poured the chicken soup into a bowl, and watched as it steamed in warmth and health. He pulled the little vial of the aphrodisiac that Alice had given him out of his pocket. As he gazed at it, he hesitated a bit. He was overcome by a feeling of doubt. Was this really what he wanted to do? He wanted...he wanted Mark to love him, but...

He sighed a bit, and slipped the vial into his pocket. He would have to give it back to Alice and

apologize sometime; he couldn't bring himself to force Mark like that. He wanted Mark to love him without any outside influence, so... Alice's gift would have to leave.

He brought the bowl to Mark's room, only to find that he was fast asleep. He sighed and put the bowl on the bedside table, wondering what he was going to do. He was tempted to wake Mark up, but... Mark's sleeping face was so cute. Brent couldn't resist sitting down next to Mark and gazing at him for a while.

He wasn't afraid of waking Mark, not really. Mark slept like a rock, and he literally nothing short of pain could wake him up. Still, Brent didn't want to act too lewd; it would all be pointless if he did everything while Mark was asleep. So a kiss would have to suffice.

Bending over Mark's face, Brent lowered his lips. He had never really paid attention to Mark's lips before, since he had been thinking more down south, of when he could kiss something else that puckered tightly under a touch, but he wanted to save that for later. As their lips met, Brent was stunned at how smooth they were, how warm and inviting they seemed. And, after that, he couldn't resist gently reaching his tongue into Mark's mouth and throat.

He suddenly realized when he had gone too deep when Mark began to moan in his sleep. He moved slightly, as if being unable to breathe, and Brent quickly surfaced. He sighed again; he hadn't meant to let it get out of hand, but once again, his body had ideas of its own.

He decided that the time to act had finally come. He pinched Mark's cheeks playfully, marveling at how flexible they were. That mouth would be perfect for... no. Brent quickly shook the thought out of his head. Mark finally woke up after a few particularly nasty pinches, groaning and trying to slap away Brent like he was a fly. "Whadda you want?"

Brent laughed. "It's me. I finished my apology dinner, so you should finish it before it gets cold."

"Okay," Mark said half-asleep, "thanks a lot."

Brent only smiled innocently, and left the room.

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Mark was a bit groggy, but the sharp bouts of pain of Brent's pinches had taken their toll on him. He pulled himself off of the bed, and scooted nearer to the table.

It was over in a flash. He put the empty bowl and spoon back onto the table and lay back on his bed.

He needed the protein and energy that he had lost earlier in the day, so he had eaten really quickly. He didn't even taste it going down.

He felt his morning wood starting all of a sudden, and he felt like a cat in heat. The memory of earlier in the day was just too fresh in his mind and he couldn't forget the euphoria he had felt. He tried to go back to sleep, but he couldn't think of anything else except for his cock and his ass. He needed to get off before he could do anything else.

He tore off all of his clothes quickly until he was totally naked. He was supposed to be sleeping anyway, and the cool air felt good on his bare skin.

He clambered back into bed, and pulled the covers over himself, but it was no use. He could feel the immoral burning around his stiff cock; it was just dying to be used. He tried fisting it a few times, but it didn't even help a bit. He sighed; only anal stimulation would work at this point.

He pulled the set of anal beads that he had in his ass out. As they popped out one by one, he trembled as they stimulated his sensitive bud. He threw the beads under the bed and retrieved his biggest set, the largest bead almost twice the size of a golf ball. Only this one would suffice.

He lubed them up good and proper, till they were all slick, and pushed them in one by one, gasping as they paved his anal canal. It was good for a start...

"Is everything all right?" Mark heard Brent's voice through his doorway, and pulled the covers over himself, revealing only his head and right arm.

Brent walked in casually, chewing gum as he did. He looked quizzically at Mark, acting as if he didn't comprehend the scene in front of him.

He stood up unsteadily, pulling the covers tight around him. As he stumbled forwards, Brent rushed forwards, as if to help him, but Mark held him away at arm's length with his free right arm. Brent was startled as Mark rushed forward and locked lips with him, thrusting his tongue into Brent's mouth forcefully, one leg behind Brent and rubbing on him incessantly.

"W-what are you doing?" Brent said, startled.

Mark blushed a deep crimson. "I'm sorry, I can't--! Please!" he said, never ceasing his body's rubbing motion.

"Eh?" Brent cocked his head to one side deviously with a grin upon his face. "Please what? You have

to be clear in your request.”

Mark looked so angry he was going to burst, and he looked almost like he was going to punch Brent. But in the end, he couldn't resist it; his body was begging him to let himself get pulled in, to let Brent possess him, to finally be able to do what he had wanted to do for so long.

“Can I... can I use your cock?” Mark said in a small voice.

“Eh?” Brent cupped his ear, feigning deafness. “What did you say?”

“I said can I use your cock?” Mark spoke, slightly louder.

“I still can't hear you.”

“I SAID CAN YOU PLEASE SHOVE YOUR GODDAMN FUCKING COCK UP MY ASS, CAN YOU HEAR ME?” Mark was really pissed at Brent now, but he couldn't hold it in any longer.

“Good boy.” Brent said, smirking slightly. “But I'm not going to give you any lube, so... you know the drill.”

Like a starving animal, Mark ran towards Brent and ripped his belt off. Brent wasn't wearing any underwear, which only reinforced Mark's premonition that Brent had planned the event, but he was too long gone to care. He could only think of one thing.

Brent's cock sprung out at him and hit him straight in the face. Mark couldn't really see clearly through his sexual haze, but it looked absolutely humongous, bigger than any he had ever seen on a porn video, and it was already dripping in pre-cum. Mark shoved it down his throat, not caring whether he could take it down in one go or not. He could only taste the sweet and salty pre-cum for a moment before it was deep inside his throat.

Brent moaned in pleasure as Mark's esophagus drew him in. The walls were pulling his cock deeper and deeper and it felt so good. The feelings seemed to be mutual; Mark was moaning around Brent's huge cock and the vibrations were amplifying the effects tenfold.

It was all over too soon. Brent emptied a huge load into Mark's throat, and Mark had to swallow several times before it all went down. Mark slowly let Brent's cock out of his throat and licked his lips.

“That can't be all you've got,” he said seductively, “wasn't that just supposed to be lubrication? Don't tell me... were you a virgin?”

Brent blushed. "Shut up. I've still got plenty more to spare, so get on your knees."

Mark was happy to comply and he crouched over like a dog. Brent patted Mark's shoulders gently and uncharacteristically. "Condom?"

"Well, I'm clean." Mark said. "And I couldn't really care less, so just shove your cock in now."

Brent growled darkly. "Well then, for that great blowjob, I'm going to reward you with some anal, so get ready."

He was just about to push in when something caught his eye.

"What's this--?!" Brent reached down and pulled on a little loop, only to see a humongous bead pop out, causing Mark to convulse and moan.

"What the--... Anal beads? I can't believe you!"

Mark turned around, startled. "No wait--!"

Brent pulled all of the beads out of Mark's ass viciously, and they came out with a pop. Mark shook and convulsed as each one came out, until they were all gone, and he fell on the ground, totally.

Brent watched, amused, but then his face hardened into an angry mask. "I thought that you wanted me, but now I'm not so sure." He raised the anal beads to eye level examining them carefully. "You seem to get enough pleasure from these already."

"No!" Mark quickly turned around and crawled in front of Brent. "Please! Give me your cock already, I can't stand it!"

Brent laughed derisively. "Well, you'll have to prove it then."

He walked to the other side of the room, with Mark following him like a little dog. He sat down on an armchair casually, with his arms at his side and his legs splayed. "If you want it, you're going to have to ride it yourself."

Mark had no objections; his sexual inhibitions were near zero, and it was what he had wanted anyways. He quickly got up onto the armchair facing Brent, and lowered himself gingerly down on Brent's cock, barely getting the head in. He moaned as the smooth flesh slid into him.

“Oh, that won’t do,” Brent said, smiling mockingly. He put his hands on Mark’s thighs and pushed him down, hard, onto his cock, engulfing it entirely on the first push.

Mark screamed out loud in agony and ecstasy; the bittersweet mixture of pain and pleasure was engulfing his entire body as he rode on Brent’s slick cock over and over. Every time that he plunged down on the huge cock, he felt it rub on his prostate, which would send him into a frenzy of motion. He moaned when he suddenly felt Brent’s soft tongue running over his sensitive nipples, and almost screamed when he felt Brent’s rough fingers tweaking them, sending him up high into the sky.

He suddenly couldn’t stand it anymore, and he leaned heavily onto Brent, shoving his tongue into Brent’s welcoming mouth, and plunging down one final time on Brent’s cock, he spewed cum all over Brent’s bare chest, his asshole clenching each spurt. Brent gave a loud, guttural grunt, and shot his load deep into Mark’s guts.

Mark sat there for a while, panting quietly on Brent’s comfortable chest in a pool of his own cum. Even as he felt the effects of the aphrodisiac wearing off, he was still riding the waves of his orgasm, and could feel his body shaking as he hung onto Brent. He felt Brent’s cock slowly softening until it finally slipped out quietly, leaving Mark with the strange feeling of an empty asshole, with air passing by it, right in broad daylight. But he couldn’t care less.

Sitting there, right with Brent and the comforts of his chest, was truly all he’d ever wanted.