

College Buds Ch.1

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The prelude to an unnatural friendship.

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The below story is entirely fictional. Any resemblance to real people is totally circumstantial. This is my first story, so sorry if it seems less than par, and please give me your criticism! I'm insane. That's the only explanation. Mark paced around his room frantically, trying to figure out just what in the world had happened. * * * It had started out as a regular day of college. Mark had slammed his phone alarm into oblivion and pulled himself out of bed, collapsed halfway to the bathroom. After perfunctorily splashing some water on his face, he walked into the miniature kitchen to get something to eat before he had to leave. He cooked a simple cheddar omelet and put it between two pieces of toast. As he turned from the counter to return to his desk, he suddenly realized that his roommate's head was hovering right by his shoulder. "Holy sh—," Mark flinched away from Brent. "Don't do that! Make some noise or something; don't just creep up on me." Brent gave him a lazy grin. "Why? It's always so fun to see your reaction." Mark grumbled a bit. "Yeah, well, you'd better make sure you don't attack me when I have a knife in my hand." "I wouldn't worry. Knowing you, it would probably be a butter knife." Mark walked past Brent, ignoring his smug smirk. He was utterly pissed; he hadn't expected Brent, obviously, but to have him so close... it was just too stimulating. "So... are you going to make me breakfast?" Mark grumbled. "I thought about it, but no thanks." "Aww, come on," Brent said coyly, leaning on Mark's shoulder pretending to paw him like a cat, "you know it was only for fun." Mark blushed, and swatted Brent lightly. "Get off me and maybe I'll consider it." He rose from his comfortable seat reluctantly. "I should charge you for this. You'd better learn how to cook soon or I'm going to whack you with a frying pan." Brent just smirked. Mark decided on another omelet, since it was easy to make. He found it difficult to focus, however, while Brent's head hovered by his, breathing down his neck. He was so disconcerted that his finger slipped and he touched it lightly on the edge of the hot pan. "Ow!" Mark hollered and flung his hand back. He swung it around in the air to try to cool the terrible burn on his finger. "Let me take care of that," Brent said. He held on to Mark's arm to stop him from flailing, and lightly touched his mouth to the reddening area of skin. Mark instantly blushed, with a startling crimson lighting up his face. "St-stop it!" he tried to retrieve his arm from Brent's grasp, but Brent held on with an iron grip. "Come on, you know we don't have a choice, the water filter broke last week so it's not safe to use the water." "It's good enough, just stop!" Mark was furiously blushing at this point, desperately trying to stop Brent from doing something so

embarrassing in broad daylight. Finally Brent let go of Mark's arm, and it looked like all of the redness from the burn had transferred to Mark's face. Mark backed away a few steps and tried to calm his facial muscles down, but to no avail. "I—I um..." Mark stuttered a bit, trying to recover from his confusion, only to notice that the food was starting to smoke. "Oh god, it's starting to burn!" He ran past the smirking Brent and turned off the heat. He slid the omelet onto a ceramic plate and handed it to Brent. "Here," Mark said, avoiding direct eye contact. "I have to go to class, so..." Brent laughed. "You haven't even finished eating your breakfast." "Well I wasted my time cooking for you," Mark retorted, slightly annoyed. "Anyways, I have to go." He rushed out the door without a second word, before Brent could respond. * * * Mark walked slowly on the concrete path. There was plenty of time for him to think about what had just happened; he had lied about class. He didn't have math for ages, and he didn't need the class either; on matters of intellect, he didn't need very much. He did have a bit of a problem when it came to emotions, however. College was Mark's safe haven in life, but it didn't help with his life problems very much. He had grown up in a well-educated place, but because of this, he hadn't really had any experience with a significant other. College was sort of the first place that he had been able to think about a future partner in any way. And then there was Brent... Mark had had a crush on Brent for as long as he could remember. They had known each other since middle school, when Brent moved into his neighborhood and attended the same school. From his impression, they couldn't have been more opposite. Mark had a streak for academic achievement, while Brent was possibly more average than most, participating in private projects rather than spending time on schoolwork. While Mark was more of an antisocial, Brent got along well with other people and had a very easy-going nature. It had started out as nothing simple, really. Mark helped Brent on academics, and they remained casual friends. Mark didn't realize it then, but over time, it began taking over his life. He was almost becoming obsessive with his need to talk with Brent, do things with Brent, and be with Brent in general. He had struggled with his issues for a long time. Even though most of the people at his school were open-minded, there were some who wouldn't forgive him for being gay. He had trouble even convincing himself that it was true at first, and had to steel himself to see a psychiatrist. And the psychiatrist had said that he didn't have obsessive compulsive disorder, he merely had a crush. There were some occasions that Mark thought he would really lose it though. Sometimes he had wondered if Brent actually knew, the way he acted. Still, he had no clear evidence to believe that Brent would ever accept him. Still, today had been way over the top. See, after Brent and Mark had become roommates in college, the pranks kept on escalating. By this point Mark was even afraid to act himself around Brent. He couldn't even wank in privacy. He had become so sexually frustrated he had become used to having a set of anal beads or a small cylinder in his ass so that he wouldn't have to take off his pants to do anything and risk getting caught by Brent. Although it had led to some awkward situations where Mark wasn't able to control his behavior very well, and he had to take a bathroom break between classes to lubricate it after it had dried, it had helped him keep his lewd emotions to himself. Back to the present. Mark could feel his nerve cells frying just thinking about all the perverted stuff he had done. It was giving his ass a nice tingly feeling as his anus tightened around his new set of anal beads. It was giving him a flash of ecstasy every few

steps and it was building into a very sweet sensation. He sighed in frustration and walked slowly towards class. * * * Brent sighed as he cut the omelet into pieces. He hadn't meant to let the situation get so out of hand. It was more instinctive than meaningful; Mark had just looked too cute for him to resist. He hadn't meant to make Mark angry. Still, Brent had to be careful. Even though Mark appeared to be very astute, he wasn't as good at hiding secrets; there were quite a few people in high school that had noticed his infatuation with Brent, and had teased him about it. He hadn't minded very much; he liked Mark too. Unlike Mark, however, Brent was naturally playful and so people thought he was merely messing with Mark when he acted flirtatious. So his secret was safe for the moment. Brent sighed again in his reverie. He finished the rest of his omelet, and decided he would discuss it with Alice later. He could trust her with anything. She was arguably the only person who knew about Brent's returned affection to Mark, and he had talked with her about it on countless occasions. He wondered what she would make of the latest development, and hoped she wouldn't be mad. The doorbell rang. Brent looked at the clock and realized it was probably Alice coming to walk with him to class. He pulled himself up from the table and went to answer the door. "Hi!" Alice's cheery smile radiated through the open door frame. "Mind if I come in? I ran the whole way." "Yeah," Brent said half-heartedly. Alice let herself in and slipped her shoes off. "I saw Mark moping from my apartment window... did something happen?" * * * "Oh, I see." She laughed a bit, and spoke. "You're really weird, you know." "Yeah, well, I realized that a long time ago. But what do I do now?" Alice smirked a bit. "After all the conversations you've had with me, I decided to help you out a bit, so guess what I got you?" "What, a gun so I can blow my brains out for being so insane?" "No!" Alice said, not detecting the sarcasm, "I got you this!" She held out a little bottle filled with a murky liquid. Brent took it from her and examined it carefully. "Er... and what is this exactly?" "It's an aphrodisiac!" Alice said excitedly. "Eh?" Brent started a bit. "Why would you get me that?" "Oh, you know..." Alice said. "Anyways, it's pretty weak, because it's herbal—none of that illegal stuff here—but it should get the job done. Just make sure he doesn't find it; since your only class with him is P.E. anyway, it shouldn't be a problem." Brent grumbled a bit, then sighed and accepted the gift. * * * Mark sighed again as he changed into his athletic clothing. He was too tired and over-stressed from the math test that he had forgotten about to notice when Brent came in. "Hey," Brent said with a light smile on his face. Mark had only the energy to wave at him. "Did you hear?" Brent said, "Both the P.E. teachers, Mr. Miller and Mr. Lee are absent today, so we're playing dodgeball." "What?" Mark looked up at Brent for a second. "That can't be right, I saw them going into the teachers' lounge a while ago." "I think they're only taking our period off. I wonder why they would need to miss an hour of class." They walked out to the gym to get ready for class. There was a female substitute filling in for both classes, checking people off attendance. "Hmm," Mark said, "I think I'll get out early so I can just sit on the side and chat. Knowing our class of athletic idiots, one game will take up the entire period." "Oh come on, don't be such a bore!" Brent smacked Mark on his ass with a considerable amount of force. The effect was instantaneous. Mark squealed out loud as the beads in his ass vibrated a bit with the force of the spank. His legs turned to jelly and he held tightly to Brent to avoid falling as he creamed the front of his shorts. His body shook with the force of his orgasm and he had to subdue a moan of intense

pleasure to avoid attracting attention. "Are you okay?" Brent asked with a worried frown after Mark's tremors had calmed down a bit. Mark gasped for a few breaths, and then punched Brent in the gut. "That hurt, you jerk!" Brent recoiled in pain and then laughed in relief. "Well as long as you're not permanently damaged it's fine." "Leave me alone!" Mark said angrily, and stumbled over to the substitute teacher to ask her if he could use the restroom before class began. At this point he had to run out of the gym; his cum was beginning to drip out the leg of his shorts.