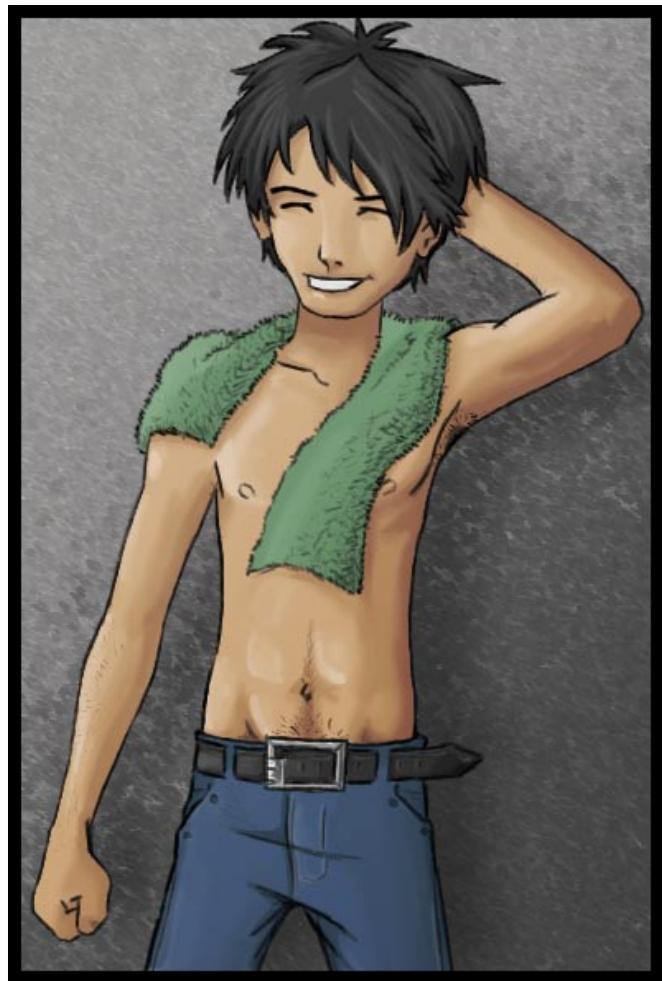


Dormitory

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Contents

Chapter 1 - Arrival	3
Chapter 2 – The Kiss	6
Chapter 3 – Harassment.....	9
Chapter 4 – The Artist	12



Chapter 1 - Arrival

It was a long and exhausting journey. Mark was both a bit dizzy and excited. He arrived at a new town full of strangers and he was all by himself to start his secondary boarding school years. He had a hard time persuading his parents to let him come for he was only 14. He could still remember the anxious face of his mother and the proud eyes of his father from the time he told them he wanted to go to a school which was so far from home and he wanted to have full responsibility over his actions.

He felt all grown up now as he left the train and breathed in the chilliest yet freshest air he had ever felt. He knew he had to learn a lot about life and how he should manage on his own but it was no time for anguish. Fully covered in his thoughts, someone had jostled him out of the way so hard he fell.

Hey! – He shouted in a girly voice. He was sitting on the cold pavement and the stranger didn't care to stop or to look back for a second. Mark hit the roof and ran after the tall man. – **Hello, mister! Don't you think you could at least apologize for hitting me?**

No. – The stranger said plainly. The tall man stopped and turned around. To Mark's surprise, the rude guy was around the same age as he was. – **You should open your eyes and watch your steps, sonny!**

How dare you? – Mark became even more furious when the tall guy had simply walked away leaving him with this insult. He was pinching his mp3 player it almost cracked.

He went back to get his bags and he tried to calm himself down a little. That tall guy was so full of himself it made Mark hate him in a minute. But now, he had other things to attend to; finding the school, for example.

After a couple of minutes he was able to figure out which bus to take and which had taken him to a beautiful place a few miles away from town. There was a nice forested area around the narrow, winding road which led to a beautiful castle-like building: *Apollo, Secondary School of Arts*. There were some lesser dormitory buildings around the main building and a nicely kept garden with rose beds and a fountain in the middle. It was a wonderful sight as the bus stopped right in front of the wrought iron fence.

Mark got off and stopped for a minute to admire the breathtaking view. He just stood there and watched the front garden behind the iron fence, which led up to the castle. Hundreds of students occupied the area and it was even more colourful with them around.

Hi! – A nice voice said from behind.

Oh, hello... – Mark replied turning around. The owner of the nice voice was a sportive guy who vigorously shook Mark's hand and introduced himself right away:

My name is Tom. Do you mind my joining you? Well... I'm new here and I don't really know what to do or where to go... – He was constantly smiling at Mark apparently afraid of not finding his way.

It's okay. I'm here for the first time as well so I don't think I could be much of a help... – Mark said smiling back at Tom and gently pulling his hand from the forceful grip of the muscular boy. – I'm Mark by the way and I believe we should go and check in now, shouldn't we?

Yeah, you are probably right. I've heard that school will only start the day after tomorrow so we should go to the dorms first. – Tom cooled down a bit having Mark by his side. – **So let's go to the dormitories and check ourselves in.**

The garden was amazing. The rose beds formed different shapes like badges on the ground and there were some statues made of bushes and everything was so clean in spite of the fact that Apollo was an all-boys school. There were large trees along the walkway and pleasant clearings full of students. Some of them were drawing or making clay-figures but most of them were just chatting with each other.

The map by the fountain showed them where to go to the dorms so they followed the short stairs up to a massive building on a wide comb. They stepped into the main hall where an energetic, older student was awaiting for them.

Welcome to Apollo. I suppose you are new here. My name is Zack, say hello to Zack! – The tall but skinny guy was so full of energy he had almost exploded.

Hi Zack! – Mark and Tom said the same time. They felt silly but they both wanted to measure up to the guy who welcomed them so graciously.

Good! I believe you are here for a room, aren't you? – Zack giggled and left no time to answer. – **Come with me then! Quickly!**

And he ran away to another, shorter hall and up the stairs to the third floor. Poor boys were completely exhausted as they had to carry their heavy luggage and keep up with Zack at the same time.

That one will be yours. Room 609; here are your keys! Bye! – He said and the next minute he was rushing down to greet some other freshmen the same way he did Mark and Tom.

He's crazy! – Mark giggled still panting hard.

Yeah, but he is nice, too. He threw me some papers along with the keys. And wait, there's a sticky note attached to them. "You have to fill these papers by the end of the week and find me with it! Otherwise you will be in trouble and you don't want that, do you? With Love, Zack" See? I told you he's nice. – Tom said clumsily trying to hold on to his bag, the papers and the keys at the same time.

Artists are sometimes crazy, aren't they? – Mark added.

They had entered the room slowly for they wanted to enjoy this moment. They were going to spend 4 years in that room and it was the first time they entered. The bright room was nicely furnished with a small coffee table in the middle and two desks between three beds.

The bed on the right had a large, untidy bag on it and some random clothes all over the corner. There must have been another roommate who was currently out. They had no time to wonder though as

the door popped open behind them and a tall, half-naked boy walked into the room with a towel lazily thrown around his neck.

Hi! – He mumbled.

It was him, the guy from the station. Mark's blood Pressure was rising by the second. It couldn't be true. He was going to be locked up with such a moron for the next four years...

It's you! – Mark pointed at him truly in shock.

Haven't we met before? – Rick asked throwing away his towel on the mound of other clothes. – **Ah! Now I remember. You are that idiot who fell. That's right: Sonny. Well, hi there Sonny, and Sonny's friend!**

How could you be so...? – Mark gasped.

Do you know each other? – Tom stuttered.

Yeah, we go way back. He has been in love with me for so long but unfortunately it's a one-sided love... – He laughed with pure joy on his face and that was the first time Mark had realized that although he was a jerk, Rick had a nice smile...

Chapter 2 – The Kiss

“Mark Archer; mother’s name is Debra Young; 14 years old; address is 12 Woodcut ^{Road}, Wellton, Denndon; beginning 1st year; dormitory room 609.” Mark stopped for a moment. There were three lines on the bottom of the entrance paper. There were places for him and for the headmaster to sign the paper and in the middle there was a small line that said “medical signature”.

So we have to find the school doctor... – He sighed.

Yeah. I forgot to tell you that Zack has written a small PS on the other side of the note. – Mark didn’t realize he wasn’t the only one awake. He turned his head and saw that Tom was sitting on his bed just like him. – **And there’s a funny map he drew. The infirmary shouldn’t be hard to find.**

Can you please shut up for a couple of more minutes? Someone is still sleeping... – A grumpy voice came from under Rick’s blanket.

For a few more minutes Mark and Tom were reading their papers prudently. Then they woke up and got dressed. Mark had noticed that Tom had a rather muscular body and when he turned around; Mark could see a long scar on his back from his shoulder to his waist. He wanted to ask about it at first, but he changed his mind. It’s none of his business and Tom would tell him if he had wanted to.

By the time they were ready to leave; Rick got up too, and put his jeans on with a crumpled shirt and drowsily followed Tom and Mark downstairs. All the freshmen were there in the main hall trying to figure Zack’s map out. Mark felt himself lucky to have Tom who resolved the shabbily drawn “Apollo Atlas” in no time. The sportive boy was far more confident than yesterday.

How dare you wander around in these sacred building so shameless? – A Hard voice stopped them. It was a middle-aged man in very tight, black suit with the school badge over his heart. He had a small moustache which unintentionally made you think of Hitler. – **If I ever see you again without buttoning up your shirt and not to mention barefooted, you will be in real trouble, young sir!**

You won’t see me like this again. – Rick said calmly. – **I promise.**

He walked away taking off his shirt and lazily threw it over the pedantic man. Then he walked out the door half naked. Tom was following him quietly with his head buried in the “Apollo Atlas” and a shocked Mark couldn’t do anything else but to leave the place immediately. The only thing that saved them from fury of the suited man was that other groups of freshmen arrived and they began asking questions completely surrounding the moustache-man and made him unable to move.

Are you crazy? – Mark asked the half naked roommate of his angrily. – **He must have been an important someone! We’re in mess because of you!**

I don’t care as long as it’s not too cold out here. – Rick yawned. – **Now, where is that infirmary, Tommy boy?**

It’s the second building after that rose bed! – Tom pointed at a white building.

What's the matter with you? And Tom, aren't you at least mad at him?

I don't think that man could remember our face. Rick was the only one he marked.

He was still boiling inside but he made no sound about it again. He was quietly following Tom with his arms crossed. Although he began to cool down as they entered the building and had to climb some stairs to reach the door that had a "Freshmen Medical Check" sign. Rick entered the door casually as if he was home and the two other followed him.

What happened to you? – The nurse asked staring at the almost naked Rick.

I thought I had to take my clothes off for the check up so I didn't bother putting them on.

Ha-ha! You are a funny boy! – She giggled before calling the doctor in. – **Doctor Johnson! Your first freshen have arrived!** – She turned to Mark and Tom then. – **You should take off you T-shirts as well.**

My name is Doctor John Ellis, come and see me if you need anything! – The short doctor came in. – **Well, let's start... You would be... Let's see your paper, Richard Kempton; mother's name is Selena Weir; 14 years old; address is 2 Charleston ^{Street}, Dorham, Sweerland; beginning 1st year; dormitory room 609. Breathe in!**

The handsome doctor continued examining Rick. So he was from this country, Sweerland; and he was the same age as him. Mark thought Rick was older for some reason. He couldn't help but notice that Rick had a very nice body and a conspicuously big budge in front of his jeans. Mark shook his head; hating himself to stare so shamelessly.

Let's see the second young man! – The doctor went on with Tom. – **There you are Mr. Tom Hall; mother's name is Diana Dobbs; 14 years old; address is 14 Night ^{street}, Kingleton, Sweerland; beginning 1st year as well; dormitory room 609.** – The doctor made him breathe and he did the same stuff he did with Rick until he noticed the big scar on Tom's back. – **What is that? Who did this to you?**

Just some boys back in the orphanage. It was a long time ago. Let's forget about it.

Very well, I can see it's a sensitive subject for you, but don't you go around and get hurt like this anymore! This scar will be with you for the rest of your life. – The doctor said calmly.

So he was an orphan. He must have had a hard time being able to get so high marks he could come to Apollo. Mark admired him for that but he didn't want to talk about that with him if it was such a sensitive matter.

After a short while Mark stepped forward changed places with him. He was examined carefully by the doctor who had nice warm hands. When he breathed in the doctor accidentally touched his private part through his pants. The older man flushed for a moment and went on with the check up. Mark was sure it was an unplanned mistake but still felt a little awkward.

Each of them got the medical signature on their papers and that was that. Mark and Tom got dressed and they left the room. They had just reached the still empty entrance hall with the stairs when Tom stopped.

Shit! I left my paper on the couch when we dressed up! I have to go back! – He said and faded away at the corridor a second later.

He touched you as well, didn't he? – Rick asked.

Rick's casual words were so outrageous for Mark that he couldn't watch his step; he suddenly slipped and rolled down the stairs hard. It was at least a 3 meter fall and he didn't move. Rick dashed down to see if he was all right.

Are you okay, Mark? – He said sounding frightened to death. It was as if he had changed into someone else, a boy who cared about his friend.

Yeah, I suppose so... – Mark whispered softly. He had his knees skinned and his shoulder was aching but he was well otherwise. – **I don't think I have broken anything...**

Rick helped him up and suddenly kissed him on the lips. It was so rash; Mark couldn't do anything about it. Rick was moving his tongue so passionately inside his mouth it felt amazingly warm. He was trying to resist at first, but after a second or two he became completely numb he couldn't even move. He felt the whole entrance hall fading away and then came a white blur before he passed out.

Chapter 3 – Harassment

The pure, white light began to fade and a clean room had taken shape. He was lying on a bed in the Infirmary. He was all alone and the bright sunbeams of the setting Sun lit the room. He had just realized that his clothes were taken so he couldn't go anywhere.

He heard some people speaking and a minute later, Tom, Rick and the doctor entered his room. They were all smiling widely except Rick. He acted as if nothing had happened in the hall between him and Mark.

I'm happy that you're okay. – Tom sighed. He seemed to have worried much about his new friend.

Well, let's see! – Doctor Ellis said stepping close to Mark and examining his face and neck for a moment. – **I think it's nothing serious. However I'm going to keep you under observation for the evening.**

I thought so. – Rick grunted.

I let you talk to your friends now. – The doctor said seemingly not hearing Rick's comment before leaving the boys alone.

A minute silence came. The boys were speechless as if they were waiting for something then they burst out laughing loud. It was a kind of moment only true friends can have.

He's quite fond of you, don't you think? – Tom giggled. – **Did he touch you two during the examination? He touched my dick at least three times. I thought it was an accident until the third time.**

You shouldn't ignore this kind of stuff. – Rick cut in. – **He might be a sick bastard like a pedo or something...**

Let's not talk about the crazy doctor! – Mark sighed.

I don't care, sonny. Anyway, I'm off. I have to hand in my papers.

Oh. Could you please take mine, too? – smiled Mark.

Nope. – Rick turned around. – **You should ask sonny-friend. I'm not your servant even if you are in bed.**

Okay. I can take yours. – Tom said patting Mark's shoulder. His heavy and strong hands made Mark hurt; Tom was obviously not aware of his power.

See you tomorrow morning! – Mark mouthed after his roommates. Rick had already left the room and Tom had to run after him if he wanted to catch him.

At least Mark had time to think after he got alone. He was still dizzy but he could put his thoughts together at least. He was searching through his memories and tried to settle things down but he had found a very disturbing peace.

The kiss Rick gave him was so passionate and so sweet. He didn't know what to think. Rick was pretending like nothing ever happened after the incident. Did it happen? Or was it just a dream? The feeling still felt fresh and warm and even by thinking about it, Mark had felt some strange warmth inside of him.

He had never felt something like that before. He had read books about these kinds of feelings. But it couldn't be true. It couldn't be love. He should have felt that towards girls, shouldn't he? His mind was racing; he had never been so confused before.

Finally, He could find some comfort, some peace by looking out the window. It was night already and the lights of the dormitories turned off after 8^{pm}. It was so calm and so peaceful. He had realized that it was his first feeling that was almost like he felt home. He knew he belonged here with the other boys.

He had always wanted to be a writer. His head was full of great stories which were destined to get out there by writing them. He was ready to do that and it was the perfect school for him. Apollo was an art school after all. He could learn a lot and he could be touched by other arts and other artists.

He started wondering about what kind of art would be Rick and Tom interested in but his body was weak and he couldn't keep his eyes open anymore. The last image was the kiss he got; his first real, loving kiss. This feeling had brought him a warm dream but he didn't know what was to come.

A strange and dark shadow slipped into the room without letting out the faintest sound of voices. It was swift and noiseless as he approached the bed. It became larger and larger and it soon shaded the Moon that lit Mark's dreamy face.

Mature hands emerged from the darkness and they started to caress Mark's innocent shoulders. The hands moved down quickly and they reached the line of the blanket but it did not stop there. Soon they reached private areas and suddenly, Mark got up.

Doctor? What are you doing? – Mark said sleepily.

Don't worry. You will enjoy this! – Doctor Ellis' hungry voice answered. – **Tell me how it feels!**

The doctor moved his hand and touched Mark's balls. He started to play with them and the poor boy was still too weak to resist. He squeezed the doctor's arm but it was no use. He tried to collect all his strength to kick against the forced sexuality but the doctor was too strong.

The older man was like a starving beast and jumped on the bed to keep Mark down. He was panting harder and harder and managed to tear off the blanket, leaving Mark's naked and numb body exposed. Mark felt warm tears running down his face as he tried to fight against the impossibly strong enemy.

Stop it! – A loud and sturdy voice came from behind.

It was Rick. He was standing at the door with a fearsome snarl. He jumped on the startled doctor and pulled him down on the floor hitting him hard on the face. Rick did not stop at this point he just continued hitting the doctor's face until his blood was flowing on the white floor.

After he calmed down a bit he stood up and kicked a last one to the Doctor's stooping body. He grabbed the torn pieces of Mark's blanket and covered the poor boy with it.

Come on! We are leaving. – Rick's black shirt and white face were covered in blood as he gently grab his roommate and went out of the infirmary all the way back to the dormitories while holding Mark in his arms.

Rick was powerful but at the same time gentle, too. He lay Mark down on his bed and put a blanket on him. He stood up abruptly and left the room without saying a word.

Mark was still shaking and was even more confused than before. His mind was full of pictures about the incident, but not the incident with the doctor. He was remembering the moments he could spend in Rick's arms and he remembered the kiss he got from him. It made the shaking go away in an instant, that powerful feeling was so much bigger so much stronger. He slowly fell asleep and continued that sweet dream he had like nothing had happened.

Chapter 4 – The Artist

...::: Coming Soon! :::..

Please give me feedback at kovacs.endi@gmail.com!