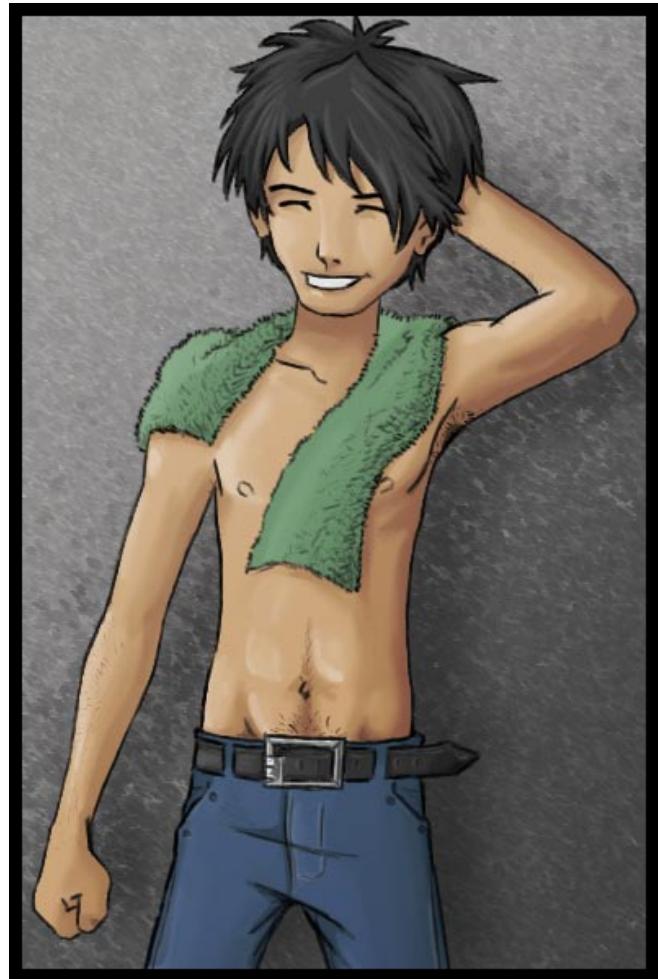


Dormitory

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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, Denland; 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 a dictator. – **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 mouted 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

Mark had spent the next day in bed. He still had a painful headache and he didn't want to meet other people. He knew he had to get himself together if he wanted to start school the next day; however it was too much for a young man like him to handle.

He had to get over the fact that he was almost raped by an older man. It was a terrifying thought at first but he managed to erase the whole memory quickly. He was able to do that because he had other things to worry about.

He wanted to find out why Rick had done those things to him. He could not figure out how Rick could be so rude and so kind at the same time. He could behave very roughly but he has a sensitive side as well. It was so confusing even thinking about it, so he decided to wake up and get some fresh air.

Both Tom and Rick were out dealing with paperwork for school. Tom had offered to take care of Mark's papers, too, so he had nothing to do but to lie in bed. He sure was not ready to go outside just yet. He needed more time.

He was just wandering around the dormitory. The nice corridors were almost empty because everyone was at the office trying to get reservation and registration papers. It was the last day to do that before school so everyone had to hurry.

It was sweet walking in the quiet corridors and swimming in the warm sunlight which was let inside by the huge windows. It was as if the sunshine had purified him and when he stepped outside the light all his problems were gone.

After the next corner he noticed that a small trapdoor which led to the roof on a narrow ladder. It was open and the all so familiar sunshine was pouring in through it. Mark wasn't thinking for a minute. The fresh air was so inviting he couldn't resist and the next minute he found himself on the roof.

The gravelled roof was a large open place with almost nothing on it. Some of the ventilation shafts were here and a small chimney at the other side. The morning air ran down Mark's spine as a shiver and he had realized that he was not alone.

A boy sat near the edge of the roof and he surely didn't notice Mark coming up here. And his hands were poking about for something around his lap. Mark could not imagine what the boy had been doing and he stepped closer. With every step he became more and more suspicious. The strange boy seemed to be concentrating very much. There were only meters between them when the boy introduced himself suddenly.

My name is Will – Said the boy still in deep concentration.

Hi, I'm Mark, Mark Boyd. – Mark was flushing a little. – **Well, I don't want to bother you.**

You are not bothering me. I'm drawing. No one can bother me when I'm drawing. – Will sounded very calm, as if he was watching the world from above. – **And I'm almost done. Want to have a look?**

Sure! – That was what Mark had waited for. He was so curious.

He stepped closer and sat down next to Will. He could now have a look at the boy's face. Will was kind of handsome, but he wore his hair shabbily and he was dirty all over. Mark had noticed that Will had wonderful emerald eyes. They were like porcelain, so shiny and so unlike his body.

Mark started to get embarrassed again so he moved his gaze to the drawing. It was an amazing pencil work. Breathtakingly realistic with only black lines; it looked dramatic and real the same time. Will had sure got talent. It took a second for Mark to realize that Will was drawing the view he saw from up here. The trees and the school building was a concrete copy of the real life. Even the smallest of details were worked out.

It's amazing! – Mark gasped.

Thank you! – Will smiled. – **You know...** – At this, his voice changed to a nicer tone. – **I don't usually show my scratches to anyone. I don't know why I'm showing this to you now.**

Well, I appreciate it. I think it is a rare talent you have. I wish I had so much talent in what I'm interested in.

I'm sure you do. And what are you interested in?

Writing.

Do you like poems or novels?

Both, I suppose.

You live in room 609. Will you show me some of your writings?

How do you know I'm in room 609?

I've seen you. – Will put his hands on Mark's shoulder. – **Can you give me a hug?**

What?

A hug; I'm so far from home and I feel a bit alone, so you would help me a lot with a hug.

Well, okay, I guess.

And Will wrapped his arms around Mark and hugged him tight. They were sitting there in the orange sunset hugging each other closely like old friends. Mark felt a bit uncomfortable hugging another boy so tenderly and his mind was glinting with images of Rick kissing him on the lips.

They stopped hugging and stood up. Mark helped Will packing his papers and pencils. When they were ready, Will grabbed Mark's shoulders and kissed his neck saying:

Thank you! I'm fully charged now!

Will had left the roof so quickly Mark had no time to say goodbye. He was standing there astonished and as his head was clearing in the nice fresh air he realized a strange feeling. His penis was so hard in his trousers that it hurt.

He looked around and unzipped his jeans letting his cock out. It was standing hard and its head was oozing with his desire. Mark wrapped his hand around it involuntarily and started to rub it softly. It was a nice sensation and his hands soon became slick as well. His speed had increased quickly and with a hot, throbbing sensation from deep inside, he shot out so much juice it covered the gravelly roof.

Although he had got up just an hour ago, he felt exhausted. It was a good thing that the images of the doctor had never again haunted him. It was like a bad dream that couldn't even happen. He just stood there alone and he was feeling the more and more powerful wind with his fingers. A storm was about to come, he knew it, so the first day of school was going to be a rainy one.

He went back to room 609 and found the worried Tom there. Tom was sitting on his bed anxiously and clearly couldn't wait a moment to ask:

Where were you? I was worried about you!

Can we please not talk about it... – Somehow, Mark felt that it was a token for him alone. – **I'm over things, it wasn't that serious anyway.**

He's still in his office. He has severe injuries. Could you tell me what exactly happened? I can't get a word out of Rick. But I know something's on, so will you tell me, please! – Tom sounded desperate.

Nothing that matters. I'm okay, and that's it. Please don't ask about it anymore!

Okay. I'll leave it for now, but you're going to have to tell me everything sometime, okay?

It's a deal, Tom, it's a deal.

They went to bed early. Mark was still weak but he knew that the next day it was going to be an all new life.

And where's he now? – Mark whispered just a minute later.

I don't know, he said not to wait for him.

But tomorrow is the big start... Well, it's Rick, isn't it?

Yeah. He can be strange sometimes.

Yeah. Good night, Tom!

Good night!

Chapter 5 – Introduce Yourself

A busy day had begun. Mark was up early. He had a quick shower in the bathroom at the end of the corridor and dashed back to grab some breakfast. He was looking out the window which was covered with raindrops. It was still raining.

He was eating his slice of bread with sour crème on it, gazing the waking Dormitory grounds. The previous day had slipped into his mind. Will's hug was so intense; Mark had done a thing he never did before. He remembered rubbing his shaft while on the roof and the bare thought had made his desire grow again. It was the nicest feeling he could have and he had read about it before but it had been his first time doing it.

He forcefully ordered his mind back to the topic of Will. It was strange to ask for a hug, but Mark was not sure about that as he grew up in Denmland, a country consisting mainly of farming areas. He would rarely meet other boys there, and his father was always away in the fields, working.

The sharp sound of Tom's alarm clock pulled Mark back to reality. He turned around and sat on his pillow finishing the last bit of his breakfast and watching his two sleepy roommates getting up.

You are a morning person, are you, sonny? – Rick asked huskily.

Yeah, and you should be happy about it, because I've made you breakfast. – Mark complained.
– **And if you ever call me sonny again, I'll never bother making your meal again.**

Like I care, sonny...

It sure looked like nothing had happened. Rick and Mark were arguing for about a quarter of an hour and Tom was just sitting there, eating his breakfast silently. After they finished, Mark watched them packing their school items together and they were ready.

What class are you in? – Tom asked. – **I'm in class 1C.**

I'm 1A, sorry. – It would have been so much easier if Mark was in the same class with Tom or Rick. – **And you, Rick?**

Same as you, sonny.

I've met Zack yesterday and he said we should look for a sign in the main hall and it will tell where we should go. I wish I were in the same class, but there's nothing can be done now.

How do they order people into classes? – Mark sighed as they were walking down the stairs.

We won't have specialized classes until second year but now, they're putting us into classes according to our entrance exams. It means you two did a great job!

There you are! – A harsh voice stopped them. – **I have finally found you, mister...** – It was the same man who stopped them the other day, the man with a very tight suit and thick, little moustache on his square-like face. He grabbed Rick's arm and hissed: – **I'm watching your every step from now on! There won't be any trouble-makers in my dormitory, so I hope you won't try anything stupid! I've met your kind and I know how to handle you!**

Ah, Mister Davis! – Zack cut in who appeared out of nowhere. – **I've been wondering if you had some minutes for me. I have to discuss a very serious matter with you.** – Zack was smiling brightly as always and energetically pulled Mr. Davis out of the way, cocking his eyes at the boys.

They had a peek at the message board by the main door then they ran out of the dormitories. They kept running because of the rain and they crossed the gardens quickly to find shelter on the other side in the main building.

There were at least a hundred students waiting and chatting in the main hall. They all seemed to be freshmen. They were a bit lost and a bit wet just like Mark and his friends. Tom craned his head for signs and bid farewell to Mark and Rick as soon as he learned where he had to go.

Mark had no time to look around because a tall man popped up behind a corner and guided the crowd into a nice and airy classroom. Mark was looking at the paintings hanging on the wall as he entered the room when he had suddenly lost his balance and fell on the boy ahead of him.

I told you that you should watch your steps. – Rick giggled. It was he who floored Mark by leaving his foot in the wrong place.

Sorry, it wasn't my... – Mark tried to apologize.

Get off, bastard! – The boy said and threw Mark off of himself rashly. – **And keep your distance from now on. I don't want to get involved with scum like you!** – He said standing up and moving his long fingers through his golden hair. He didn't care to show his face to Mark or Rick.

Rick had already sat down by the time Mark managed to gather himself. He looked around to see if Will was there but he wasn't so he sat down next to Rick.

I knew you won't be able to resist my charm. – Rick whispered and got hit by Mark in the arm.

Welcome to Apollo, my dearest freshmen! – The professor started. – **My name is Warwick Jones, Professor Jones for you. I will be responsible for you until you leave the school and this duty of mine starts now. I'm going to make sure that I'm always available to you and you should feel free to come and visit me with your any problem. Now, I suggest we introduce ourselves. I'd like each of you to stand up for a minute and say a couple of words about yourselves. We should start with you...**

Hi. – A very slim boy stood up. He was shaking a little bit, but he seemed to have controlled it. – **My name is Trevor Barnes. I'm from this town and I like to draw. Is that enough, Professor Jones?**

Mr. Jones nodded and the next student stood up. After two or three introductions, Mark had found himself to gaze the boys with an analytical eye. He looks at the boys from top to bottom and he started to get excited because of it.

Hello. I'm Frank Ulysses. – It was a tall boy with large hands, big nose and a strange haircut. – **I'm from Uyland and I'm pleased to be able to study with you guys. Ah yes. I'd like to specialize later in martial arts.**

My name is Rolph. Rolph Sturgess. – The golden haired boy stood up with his head high. He had a very handsome face with bright blue eyes. He also had a very nice body, slim but elegant and his noble movements made him look like he wasn't from this world. – **I'm a member of the Sturgess family; I suppose each of you has heard of it. I'm here because my parents think I can still learn something here, but I don't think these codgers will be able to show me anything new...**

Yes. That would be enough, mister Sturgess. – The professor made the boy finish and nodded to the next one.

Mark became so excited about the boys he didn't realize the next one was him. His penis was rock hard and he had to stand up in a minute. He was terrified and got redder and redder by the second. He looked from left to right to find an escape route but the professor's voice could be heard the next second:

It's your turn mister...

Excuse me, professor. – Rick said suddenly. – **Can this poor thing remain sitting? He's too shy to ask but he has the runs if you know what I mean. And if he stands up... God knows what will happen...**

Oh. Of course, yes...

Everyone burst out laughing. It was embarrassing for poor Mark but he had so much to thank to Rick. Mark's unpredictable roommate must have seen the growing bulge in his pants and only tried to help him out. Mark was still unable to understand Rick's feelings about him.

I'm Mark Archer. – He shouted to talk down the laughing class. – **I'm from Dennland and I want to become a writer.**

Interesting; and what kind of thing would you like to write?

Well, I haven't decided yet. I want to try myself out in various genres and I want to write novels and poems, too.

I think you will be able to learn a lot from my colleagues. Okay. Now it's your turn, mister funny.

Rick stood up slowly like an old man. He scratched his rough, brown hair and sighed. His shirt was half untucked and as usual, some sizes bigger than his. His old belt kept his lazy trousers on.

I'm Rick. – The emphasis of this sentence let everyone know that he had nothing else to say.

Well, can you please say just a few more words about yourself?

I'm an orphan.

That shocked Mark. Rick was an orphan and he had absolutely never mentioned it to him. The shadow of the unpredictable boy became more and more distant. Mark sank into his thoughts and

didn't notice the class was over. He must have been thinking all the time and he regained his consciousness only when the other students were leaving the room.

He stood up and saw the board that said: "Timetables (Zack) No class today because Mr. Namura is ill." He completely missed the second half of the lesson.

He involuntarily moved his feet and followed Rick back to the dorms. The rain had stopped and they were walking on the school grounds when Mark finally gained his courage to say:

Thank you.

There was no answer. Rick pretended not to have heard it and moved on but Mark knew he heard it. It was an embarrassing minute of silence between the two but they haven't stopped for a minute. They were walking side-by-side without saying anything but they knew what the other felt without a word anyway.

Chapter 6 – Two Boys, Two Secrets

Mark was sitting on his bed trying not to think of Rick. In the past few days he couldn't think of anything else. Rick was a mystery for him which he wanted to solve.

The school had started, and that was the closest thing that made his mind off of his rude roommate. The classes were super interesting. He had never imagined studying could be so good. It was basically an introduction only to every subjects but each of them promised exciting syllabus.

They had studied basic subject such as Geometry, Logics, Rhetorics, Bodycare, Naturalistics and History. Of course they had artistic subjects as well, for example: Pencilart, Sculptury, Music, BA (for Body Art), SA (for Scientific Arts) and Mark's favourite: Literature.

It turned out that there were no classes in Apollo. Students were tested in every subject and they were selected and put into classes according to their skills. Class A meant that you were one of the most talented and Class F meant that you didn't do well in the given subject. This way, students were selected into different classes for every subject and they were able to move between classes if they did well or wrong.

Mark did pretty well on almost every subject. He was Class A in Rhetorics, Naturalistics, History, Music, BA and Literature; Class B in Bodycare and SA; Class C in Geometry and Pencilart; and Class D in Logics and Sculptury. It meant he attended the same classes with Rick in Rhetorics, History, Music, BA and SA and the same with Tom in Naturalistics, BA and Sculptury. He found it curious that he had not seen Will since that day on the roof.

He had just got back to the dorm room. He had a shower every morning usually alone because he woke up very early, at around 5 each morning. These opportunities of being all by himself made him think about various things. Well, most of the time it was Rick, but he had time to think about his parents and Tom's scar and other things he wanted to know more about.

He was reading through his timetable. He was to start with two Bodycare lessons which were about keeping students fit. They were going to run a lot and play some games in the other lesson to increase balance and coordination. He had Literature, double Geometry and Logics lesson afterwards. The only lesson he had with a familiar face was Bodycare this day.

He passed the remaining time with reading a poem collection which he kept close to his bed. Then the usual clock went off and woke Tom and Rick up. Rick was yawning soundly as he threw some clothes over himself and shabbily left the room with the loudest yawn of that morning.

Mark waited for Tom and they went to the other end of Apollo gardens where the class B Bodycare lessons took place. It was a large outdoor area with a small dressing room. It was the only place in Apollo where the walls were mouldy and there were bugs and the whole place looked like a rubbish-shoot. It was said to be demolished soon.

The class consisted of twenty boys and they all went into the small dressing room to change. The yellow walls smelt of frowzy mould and the flooring was always dank. Everyone changed quickly so he could be out of here. The last two remaining was Mark and Tom. Mark was ready but he waited for Tom who had just started changing.

Mark was biting his lips when Tom dropped his t-shirt to the bench. A nice muscular body with some hairs here and there; then it was the trousers. Mark's eyes wanted to look through the white briefs which had a nice bulge that could refer to the size of the thing that lay inside and it should have been quite a nice one. Then Tom turned around and his scar was showing, long and painful-looking wound that ran down from his neck to his spine.

I've always wanted to ask you about your scar – Mark heaved his thoughts accidentally.

Well... – Tom had stopped dressing. – I guess I know you enough to trust you with this. But you mustn't tell anyone about this, okay?

Okay.

You know that I'm an orphan, don't you?

Yeah. I knew about it.

I grew up in an orphanage and we lived in a big house with the owner. He used to play with us and he was kind always but one day, his best friend died. Rumour had it that he was living with his friend together in an illegal relationship.

What do you mean? – Mark was a bit embarrassed to ask these questions that showed he was so naive and he knew so little about this country.

You are a farm boy, aren't you? In our country it is forbidden to have romantic or sexual relationship with someone of the same sex as yours. You can go to jail if you are caught. So, let me continue. The day his friend died he changed. He did not play with us anymore and after a while he started to call us into his room. He was touching us and kissing our bodies everywhere. If you should resist, he grabbed his knife and slashed your back with it. I resisted.

Oh, dear! And what happened to him? – Mark gasped.

He's in jail now. – Tom's voice turned softer and sadder with this sentence. – **And I wasn't molested, so I'm one of the few who can say they are lucky.**

What a horrible man!

He wasn't that bad. – Tom sounded defensive. – **He raised us up in love and it was only madness that turned him into that monster. I still owe him so much and I'm only thinking about the good memories.**

You are strong. – Mark smiled. –

I think we should be going now. This place reeks.

The lessons flew by for Mark and he couldn't think of anything else but Tom's story. He was unable to understand the lessons, not even Literature. He forgot to eat after all his lessons his stomach reminded him to get back to the dorms and eat something.

He had lunch minutes before the cantina closed, he almost skipped this meal. Being stuffed he walked up the stairs to room 609, but he stopped. He knew it for sure that he couldn't go inside and pretend as if nothing had happened. He had to clear his mind.

He wandered around the corridors and he found himself at the ladder to the rooftop. He didn't know why he came here, he wasn't thinking about it. But now there was no turning back, he felt like he had to go out to the roof and breathe some fresh air.

Is that you? – A familiar voice welcomed Mark.

Will, is that you?

Who else? – The friendly boy helped him up to the roof. – **I've been out here every day and you haven't come.** – Will's voice changed word by word. It was strange. He pronounced one word with anger and the next one softly with a friendly tone.

Are you okay? You sound strange.

I'm tired a bit. – Will was surely hiding something.

I haven't seen you around. – Mark started another topic. – **Aren't you first year? How come we are in separate classes in every subject?**

Okay! – Will shouted out of nowhere. Mark's heart almost stopped. It was frightening. – **You got me!**

What's wrong? – Mark tried to calm the boy down.

I'm not the student of this school! – Will shouted. – **My freaking father is the headmaster and he thinks I'm not good enough of this school! I have to waste my time with those stupid private teachers! I'm not allowed to be seen in school because I might bring shame on him.**

But... – Mark was shocked. He wanted to say so many things but he couldn't say a word now.

Please, don't tell him that I come out here sometimes. He would lock me into my room.
Please! – His shouting changed into begging.

I would never betray you like that. – Mark patted Will's shoulder. He was all psyched out. – **We are friends, aren't we? Friends do no such thing to each other.**

Will looked up straight into Mark's eyes desperately longing for some understanding which he clearly couldn't get from his father. He jumped into Mark's arms and he cried out loudly on his shoulders. Mark was surprised at the sudden emotional bursts but he hugged Will back. They were standing there for a couple of minutes speechless, and Will's crying had stopped after some minutes as well.

I'm so alone... – Will said still in a shaky voice.

You know what? – Mark tried to cheer him up. – **I have a little free time around this time every week. I'm going to come out here and hang out with you, okay?**

You are such a nice guy! – Will was smiling widely now. – **I love you!**

Will hugged Mark again tightly and after suddenly licking his neck, he ran away and back to the building. Mark couldn't help but laugh at the poor boy's craziness.

Mark was just standing there for a couple of more minutes stunned. He was watching the afternoon sky and he felt a shiver starting from the small wet area on his neck which reminded him of Will and how innocent he was. Like a little child, he ran away after doing something he shouldn't have done.

He thought over how much he learned about his new friends. He felt he could understand Tom and Will more from now on. The only big mystery left unsolved was Rick now. He couldn't help but smile on the bare thought of his rude roommate, and after a minute he climbed down the ladder and walked to room 609. He felt strong again getting to know more about his friends and getting closer together with them.

Chapter 7 – Dear Mister Davis

More than a week had passed since Mark found out the secrets of Tom and Will. They days went by quickly as Mark had so little time. He had to study hard for the first tests which were coming up in almost every subject and the only day he would have had some free time, he spent his time with Will on the roof (not that it wasn't fun, Mark enjoyed these secret meetings).

One afternoon he was returning to the dorms after a tiring day when he found Rick waiting for him. The black-haired boy caught him and pulled him into the room so swiftly he almost fell.

There you are! – Rick whispered.

What are you doing?

Is Tom with you? – The interrogation continued.

No, but he has no more lessons today, so he should be arriving soon! Why are you asking?

Sorry, I don't feel like telling the whole plan twice. Although, until we wait here, you could tell me about your feelings for me and how much you love me!

Mark hated these pranks. It usually took some time for him to realise that Rick was just fooling with him and by that time, he usually got so embarrassed he was nearly unable to speak.

You are very funny! Ha-ha! – He tried to hide his blushing face with an awkward grin. Then he pushed Rick away and jumped onto his bed sulkily.

Don't be mad at me, honey! – Rick followed him clearly overacting the scene he made up. – **What can I do to make you happy?** – Rick touched Mark's thigh and stroked it gently.

Waa! – Shouted Mark, who got so frightened and humiliated, he fell off the bed thudding hard on the floor.

Rick couldn't help but burst out laughing. The next moment, Tom came in the door and saw the two crazy roommates of his, one lying on the floor stroking his head, the other laughing loudly at the other end of the bed.

You guys surely know how to make a tiring day better for me! What's going on again?

No-Nothing! – Mark said still embarrassed.

It's good you are here! I need to talk to you guys.

What is it? – Asked Tom who seemed to be into anything right now.

Don't you think it's boring to just sit there and study all day? Yeah-yeah, I can see your face, sonny: you want to say "But we have to study if we want to pass the tests". – Rick imitated Mark's higher voice.

But... – Mark wanted to answer, but he couldn't because Rick went on.

I say you may study in the afternoon as much as you want, but at night after lights-out, we are going to execute my secret plan.

What plan? – Tom asked.

You'll know when you will have need to know. – Rick stood up.

And what if we don't want to? – Asked Mark.

But you do! Bye! – Rick said walking out the door with a big smile.

He always does that. – Tom giggled.

Yeah. And doesn't he have to study, too?

Actually, he's doing quite well and I have never seen him studying more than a half an hour.

Yeah. To top things, he is a total genius. I hate him. – Mark sighed.

Mark and Tom were of course unable to learn anything that afternoon. Rick left them so excited that they couldn't speak of anything else. They wanted to figure their crazy roommate's plan out, but they were clueless. Rick often did this to them. He said something interesting but teased them by not finishing it.

Around 7, he returned carrying a small bag. He was at the town shopping. It was a long trip to the town which was 6 miles away from Apollo and there was no bus service in weekdays. Rick must have walked all the way to town and back.

Don't you want to tell us what we are going to do? – Tom asked impatiently.

Nope. – Rick shook his head. – **You may mess everything up. We are leaving the room at 11 PM.**

Boy, are you crazy! – Mark added.

At 9, the strict Mr. Davis went around school shouting "Lights-Off!" and to make things certain he switched the electricity down at half past 9. After that he usually went around the corridors a few times just to make sure that everyone was sleeping.

After 9:30, Rick pulled out some cards and a candle and invited his roommates to play cards to pass the time until eleven. It could be heard clearly if Mr. Davis came up to their floor being in the second room by the stairs so they had nothing to worry about.

At around 10:30, he did come up, but the boys had the time to blow the candle in time. It was strange, because usually Mr. Davis did a circle on every floor and he skipped this floor now. Maybe he was just lazy.

Ready, sonny? And you, Muscle-boy? – Rick asked the other two at exactly 11PM.

Yeah.

Sure.

Come with me and from now on, talk in whispers! Ah yes, and leave your shoes here, they make too much noise.

And they were off. Rick still didn't tell what are they up to, but they followed him. It surely was an exciting walk. Being alone in the big and empty dormitory was funnier than they could imagine. It was a strange and interesting feeling breaking the rules. They went up the stairs to the fourth, then to the fifth floor. Mark realized that he had never been to this part of the dorms. It was a bit different from the other floors.

What is this floor? – He whispered.

This is the floor for the wealthy students. – Rick answered. – **And your best friend, Rolph sleeps in that room over there!** – He pointed to room 901.

We are going to prank him, aren't we? – Tom figured out.

Yes, is there a problem with that?

No, I've met him too, and I hate him as well.

Then, come with me into the restroom!

What? – Mark asked. – **But his room is here.**

Yes and our nice little trick will start working only after he wakes up.

They went into the restroom and Rick unfolded the little package he got from town. It was a brown bottle which he carefully put onto the washbasin. This restroom was twice as big as the one in the third floor, not to mention that up here they had separate room for showering while two floors below, the ordinary students shared the restroom and the showers in the same space. Of course it wasn't bad, but up here it was clearly luxurious.

What's in that bottle? – Tom looked questioningly.

It is a mixture of scouring liquid and rinsing with a small amount of household acid. We are going to daub the toilet seat with it. It's going to burn like hell if "someone" happens to sit on it.

Oh, dear! You are a seriously ill guy, aren't you? – Mark gasped but smiled at the same time.

Every genius has to start from somewhere.

Brilliant, but how do you know which toilet does Rolph use? – Tom miscredited.

There's only one made of marble.

You bastard!

Let's work. Here, I brought gloves. And slush it carefully. Every bit! – Mark and Tom happily obeyed the orders and salved the top of the toilet seat completely.

We should go now before someone sees us! – Tom said when the three mischiefs had finished working.

They could barely hold off their laugh. Being bad was so funny and that Ralph guy did deserve every bit of this. They were on their way back soon. There was a large clock on the stairway which showed them that it was past midnight when they were taking the stairs down to the third floor. They had only passed the fourth floor when they heard Mr. Davis's voice from behind.

Stop!

The blood in their veins froze in a second. They turned around but the strict dictator-like figure wasn't there.

It wasn't in our agreement, Angus! You have to stick to it if you want to do business with me!

– It was Zack's voice, but it was certainly changed. Mark got used to the nice and quick speech of the upper schoolmate of his, but now it was sharp and affronting.

Sorry, Zack! Can we talk about it? I need your ... merchandise! – Mr. Davis almost cried as he begged for something.

Come again tomorrow at midnight, dear Mister Davis and bring more money with you!

Thank you, you are a sweet boy! Thank you.

The boys had to move quickly because it seemed that Zack and Mr. Davis had finished their talk. They ran down the stairs and into Room 609. They were still panting when Mr. Davis passed by their closed door. He was in a hurry again but now he went the other way.

It was strange. What could the business be between Mr. Davis and Zack? Mark stripped down and went to bed as the others.

What was that all about? – He whispered.

I don't know, but we have to sneak out tomorrow and see it for ourselves.

Don't you think it's dangerous? – Tom quivered still in excitement.

Yes, it is. But isn't it the most fun thing you've had in this school?

I'm going with you. – Mark confirmed.

I won't be the only one staying. I'm going, too. – Tom agreed with them finally.

Mark could barely sleep that night, and he could only think of Zack and Mr. Davis. The first thing that made him think of something else was in the next morning when Ralph ran down the stairs crying in pain and two other boys ran after him in boxers trying to help him. They ran around the school crying and everyone laughed at them, particularly the loudest trio in front of room 609.

Chapter 8 – The Apollo Triplet

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

Please, give me feedback at [kovacs.endi@gmail.com!](mailto:kovacs.endi@gmail.com)

Chapter 9 – Night of the Beast

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

Please, give me feedback at [kovacs.endi@gmail.com!](mailto:kovacs.endi@gmail.com)

Chapter 10 – I love You

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

Please, give me feedback at [kovacs.endi@gmail.com!](mailto:kovacs.endi@gmail.com)