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Jack looked down at his phone. He zoned out of the noise of the pouring rain and just stood, staring at the device. He had received a message from the university – Hayed City University, among the most prestigious in the country. He desperately wanted a place there. Jack applied months ago to study software development, but his application was ambitious. HCU did not accept just *anybody* – you were either the best of the best, or you were rejected.

Jack didn't have time to look at the message though. The heavens had opened and drops of rain plummeted from them. With thunder and lightning in the distance, it mirrored the anxious mood surrounding Jack. He rushed home to get out of the rain and to read the message. The city centre was a neon-lit canyon of concrete, metal and glass. Advertisements rolled across screens several stories high for products of all varieties, from cars, to guns, to clothes, to drugs. Every corner Jack jogged past would trigger a notification for single people in the area, and every time he'd ignore it.

The tallest tower in the city was owned by MX Industries, an influential organisation that narrowly escaped being wiped out after a scandal surrounding an underground sex club in the heart of the city. Jack had heard of it – Perseus. It's where his parents had met, 18 years ago, in 2028. But the world had changed since then.

2046 was like a different world entirely. Advancements in technology had blurred the lines between fiction and reality. Healthcare had become the best it had ever been. But culture had changed for the worse – greedier, consumeristic, and hypocritical. Hayed City University would be an escape for Jack. In a world cut off in many ways from the rest of society, he could live in a world that he wanted to live in.

Home. Jack's older brother was playing video games online – he didn't want to interrupt him, so he ran up the stairs to his bedroom. Jack's heart pumped and adrenaline filled his blood as he set at his desk overlooking the city. He unlocked his phone, opened the message, and read it.

"Dear Jack,

Thank you for applying to Hayed City University to study an undergraduate course in Software Development. Taking into account your past achievements as described in your application and your previous qualifications, we are happy to inform you that you have been selected for the course. You will be required to attend on Monday the 17th of September to be introduced to your course, the campus and for final checks to be completed. That is, of course, if you decide to accept our offer, which we're sure you will.

Whether you join us or not, thank you for applying anyway. Being accepted into HCU is an achievement in itself, and those brave enough to apply are the very people who are keeping us around – thank you.

The team at Hayed City University”

Obviously, Jack was going to accept the offer. His dream had come true. Once his parents arrived home he announced the good news to his family – naturally, they were overjoyed. That night Jack dreamt of what he'd get up to. While he wanted to study, he also wanted the idealistic university lifestyle. Parties. Casual drug use. Lots of sex. With any luck it would all come together, and fresher's week would be the time for that to happen.

And not too long after that evening, it was the 17th of September. An early start for Jack, he woke up to the sunrise over the skyline. The roads slowly filled with cars, the monorails getting busier and busier. And speaking of monorails, Jack had to get ready to get on it. The monorail trains were driverless. Each carriage was a glass dome hung on rails above the ground, but Jack couldn't see much out of the windows – he was standing, surrounded by people all getting to work. Travelling in the rush hour was never pleasant. Certainly not on a first day.

HCU had its own monorail station – you know an institution is important when it has its own public transport infrastructure. Jack and a few other people alighted the monorail train and left the station, to be greeted by Anita, who was helping to introduce the new students that day.

Anita led Jack and the other new students to have the final checks done. Forms signed; it was time for a tour of the campus. While it was an old institution, HCU had been rebuilt from the ground up several years ago due to a fire destroying much of the old buildings. The new buildings were stunning,

a true showcase of what could be done with the materials available to the designers. Jack couldn't help but be impressed by the use of glass and concrete to create something truly special.

Four other people joined him, excluding Anita. First was Len, another 18-year-old boy starting university. He wasn't doing the same course as Jack, but he'd be working near him, so if they got along it would be a reliable friendship. Listening to Anita speak was Sam, a 19-year-old on the same course as Jack. She was quiet, but Jack wanted to try to become friends with everybody he could, so he'd definitely try to speak to her later on.

Margot stood next to Jack. They had been chatting while Anita was leading them between locations, and Margot and Jack seemed to get along. Perhaps a romance could grow out of it, or perhaps not. Lastly Alpha (that was his real name) had been quite vocal during the tour, asking question after question about the university and life there. But with the tour done, Jack wanted to get to his new flat in the halls and relax for the rest of the day, getting to know everybody. He took the numbers of Len, Sam, Margot and Alpha and made his way to the halls.

The Xavier Frost Centre was the largest of the student accommodation buildings on campus. The centre was also one of the few buildings still in its original form, with architecture at least three hundred years old. The long building was built out of red brick, with details throughout, like the little birds carved into the limestone above the doors at the front. Frost's room was on the top level of the three-story building.

Through the thin corridors, Jack squeezed through to find his room, number 361. Every person he bumped into he'd have a conversation with, so by the time he did reach his room he had already got to know a little about most of the people on his floor. When he reached his room, he opened the door to find his roommate unpacking. Her name was Brooke. Breathing heavily because of the work unpacking, she greeted Jack. It was the first time they'd met in the real world for a while, but they already knew each other, having been friends as teenagers, plus having talked over text the past few weeks and arranging to share the flat in the halls.

"Where's your stuff?" she asked.

Jack's stuff had been delivered to the university ahead of time. Jack just had to bring his bags up, which wouldn't be easy given the tight and busy corridors. He enlisted Brooke's help and the pair walked downstairs. The two bags were large, heavy, and worst of all lacked wheels. They heaved to lift them. Jack and Brooke had to walk slowly to not drop the bags or hit someone with them by accident.

Panting, the trip became a blur. This could have been the most difficult job either of them had ever done. Or at least that's how they felt. However, Jack's urges were kicking in. Brooke was attractive but not in the conventional way – she was blonde but her petite figure and gothic style of dressing may have turned some people away, but Jack was a fan. He hadn't chosen to be roommates because of her looks (they'd been friends for years beforehand) but surely this was one of the upsides.

Outside the door to room 361 Brooke invited Jack to use his keycard to open the room. Inside they both left the bags to be unpacked later. His roommate laid on Jack's bed and undid the button of her ripped jeans. She closed her eyes and sighed.

"Tiring?" Jack asked.

Brooke only nodded. Without speaking, Jack laid next to her and closed his eyes and sighed too. The excitement of moving to Hayed City University came with a realisation. There would be a lot of effort. There would be hardship too. But if he could make it work, his time there would be the best time of his life.

Jack felt something fleshy on his cheek. He opened his eyes to look at Brooke retreating from a peck on his cheek. Jack gave her a funny look. She laughed for seemingly no reason.

"What's funny?" Jack asked, confused.

"That's £10 for me!" She excitedly proclaimed.

"What?"

"I had a bet with my friend," Brooke began, "if I kissed you she'd give me £10."

"You know we've kissed before, right?"

“Yes,” she said with some embarrassment, “but that doesn’t really count. I mean we had only just become teenagers, and we did it as a bet. There’s a theme here, I’m sure.”

“Come on Brooke, your fourteenth birthday party wasn’t the only time.”

Brooke looked as if she was going to curl up. Despite her embarrassment, a smile slowly drew across her face. Brooke and Jack had drifted apart two years ago when they changed schools. But before then, they had an on-and-off relationship that lasted for four years. Neither of them were sure of what they wanted, and both of them were too young to know better anyway. The two knew they were attracted to each other – they always had been – but life got in the way. Over their time together they’d spent lots of time together, some sexual, some platonic, some neither, but their time at HCU was a reunion and neither of them had come to rekindle their relationship.

Putting their past into context, the £10 bet seemed odd at best and insensitive at worst. Yet by the time Jack came to this realisation Brooke had got up and continued unpacking her bags. Jack chose to do the same. He unzipped the suitcase to unveil article after article of clothing, a couple of magazines for when there was no internet available, and an oddly large letter. He did not remember putting a letter in his bag – let alone one that said “To Jack, from your loving parents” on it.

Jack curiously opened it. On a sheet of paper was a message.

“Dear Jack,

You have made us so proud. You will love university, but make sure to study as well! I know what you can be like, so I’ve given you some things you’ll find useful in the envelope.

From mum and dad.”

The short message was heartfelt. Jack smiled until the moment he looked at what else was in the envelope. There were six condoms, a small vibrator, a set of cock rings and two dental dams.

Jack laughed under his breath. He didn’t need condoms. He’d already packed a box of them.

"You look like you're planning a fun time." Brooke said, leaning over Jack's shoulder.

He jumped.

"Bloody hell Brooke, that's twice you've got in my personal space in twenty minutes."

"With what's in your bag you seem like you're going to be getting in the personal spaces of a lot of people!"

"No," Jack responded, "my parents put those things in the envelope. I didn't ask for them. If I needed them, I would have got them myself."

"And what about that box of fifty condoms you've tried to hide next to your briefs?" Brooke questioned.

Jack looked down at the floor.

"I've been too harsh." Brooke commented, having calmed down. She giggled. With a lighter tone, she continued... "With those, what are you planning to do with me? I know what you can be like."

Jack slipped into flirt mode as if there was a switch. He stood up and slowly approached Brooke, wrapping his hands around her torso like a constrictor snake. Seductively, he spoke to her.

"The last time we did anything was two years ago... That's a lot of time we have to make up for..."

"Well, I do wonder what you've got planned for me..." Brooke replied, equally flirtatious.

Jack moved in for a kiss, but Brooke blocked him with her hand. He pulled back, confused.

"Jack," she explained, "If you're looking for a quick fuck, please don't try it with me. If you seriously want me again, you'll need to try harder than that."

Jack had been humbled. Brooke continued.

"Look, I know you've come here at least a little bit to have sex. That's fine, so have I. So how about we make a deal?"

Curiously, Jack enquired about this deal.

"I have lots of friends who go here. I can set you up with girls, but you need to set me up too. Men, women, anybody."

"What's in it for me?" Jack questioned.

"Firstly, you're not chasing after me the whole time, although that's more of a gain for me. And secondly, we both get part of what we came for."

Jack spent a moment considering the offer. His answer was obvious.

"I'll admit I don't know that many people here yet so you'll have to wait a while for my half of the deal... But I'd like to accept anyway."

"That's good isn't it." Brooke grinned. "I know somewhere you can get naked and have some fun, but you need to agree to something first."

"What's that?" Jack asked, not knowing what was about to happen.

Brooke dug her nails into Jack's crotch, hurting him. She used it to pull herself right in front of Jack's face. Quietly and creepily, she gave him a warning.

"Do your part of the deal or I will cut that penis of yours off. Do I make myself clear?"

Despite how much of a cliché her threat was, Jack was a bit scared. She had made herself very clear.

"Yes."

"Good," she began to inform Jack of what was going on, "as you know the photography students go in a week early and they're doing a shoot about the nude form. They need models and you could be the perfect fit for the job."

"When is it?" Jack asked curiously.

"In an hour. You'd better get going."

Jack put on his jacket and began to leave, but before he could leave Brooke told him to stop.

"Hold on Jack..."

Jack turned around.

"I haven't seen it in a long time."

"Seen what?"

"The thing I'm going to chop off." Brooke said with a grin.

"Are you saying you want to see it?"

Brooke's grin extended. She nodded once. Cautiously, Jack unzipped his trousers and dropped them, soon followed by his pants. Because of his minute fear of Brooke he was soft, much to the disappointment of Brooke.

"I thought my Bond villain acting would have got you horny. I guess I was wrong. It certainly turned *me* on."

"Are you seriously not going to give me anything in return?" Jack half-jokingly asked.

"I've just set you up to be a nude model. You can piss off. You've done nothing so far."

Jack apologised and once again began to leave. As he unlocked the door, he heard something and turned around to see Brooke lifting up her pants, holding a tissue in her hand.

"What's that?" He asked.

Without speaking she walked over to him. She handed him the tissue.

"I felt harsh again," Brooke said bashfully. "I rubbed it on my vagina. You can smell it if you want to. Now go on, you need to get to the shoot!"

Jack stuffed the tissue in his pocket and finally left room 361. He was running late, so Jack had to jog to the art block. In this smaller building were a dozen rooms dedicated to art, photography and film. Jack knocked on the door of the photography studio he'd been told to go to, on the top floor of the building.

A middle-aged lecturer opened the door, greeting him. She invited him into the space – a large white room split into smaller sections using curtains. Each section had a team of two or three students photographing models, all naked and all different in some way. Some of the models were sat down. Others were posing. It was all very interesting and erotic. The lecturer explained...

“So you say your name is Jack? That’s a rhetorical question, don’t bother answering that. You might be wondering why all these people are naked? The first project I give my new students is about the nude form because it is the essence of all art. The human body is beautiful, and any future artist *needs* to be able to use it and understand it. Therefore I asked them all to come up with shoot ideas that took advantage of it.”

As the lecturer walked Jack through the studio, she pointed out what each group was doing.

“These ones... Theirs is really interesting, they’re using five people to make a human vase.”

One beautiful female model wore a flower headband as four somewhat brutish men squatted around her. It did look quite good, Jack thought. The lecturer stopped and pointed at one of the members of the next group, who was naked despite not being a model.

“Look at that guy, Rick – I told my students they could get naked if it helped them understand the task more. He’s the only one who bothered.”

As she walked by him, the lecturer gave the ripped student a pat on his bottom. He looked shocked and she chuckled. Jack felt uncomfortable. Eventually they reached the group Jack would be working with. The lecturer left them to their own devices. The two photographers said hello.

“I thought you weren’t going to turn up.” The first one said – he was in fact Alpha from the tour. The girl he was working with, Leanne, explained the shoot idea to Jack.

“As you can see our other model has been waiting a while, but it’s alright. The idea is we’re going to get you two into some sexual positions but you’re not actually doing it.”

Leanne explained the reasoning behind their idea, but Jack was too busy making eye contact with the model he’d be working with. She was naked, obviously, but was so skinny her ribcage was visible. Her dyed red hair flowed down her body, but never reaching her breasts. Her breasts were flat, as was her butt. The model was beautiful though and made it clear why she’d been chosen.

Alpha asked Jack to get naked. He took his clothes off and placed them in a pile to the side. He had an erection, roughly knowing what was about to happen. The photographers directed the other model to get on all fours. Then they positioned Jack so his erect penis rested between the cheeks of her rear end, covering her bleached hole. Jack looked forward as still as he could while the photographers snapped away. Occasionally his penis throbbed, and one time even throbbed so much it moved out of place. One of the photographers had to move it back by hand.

The next position involved Jack laying on the floor with the model sat on top of him, holding onto his penis like it was a handle on a merry-go-round horse. The model stayed silent as photos were taken from different angles. Jack was silent too, calming down, listening to the hubbub of the studio – cameras clicking, people talking, and models posing. The distraction caused him to lose focus and lose interest. He had lost his erection. His six-inch shaft and shrunk slightly and turned flaccid. With that, the model he was working with had something to say.

“Sorry-“ The model started but stopped herself.

“Yes Dee?” Asked one of the photographers.

“What am I going to do about this?” Dee asked, looking down at Jack’s penis.

Jack was back in the moment.

“Sorry, I got distracted.”

“Don’t worry Jack,” Alpha said consoling him, “It doesn’t work for this position, but it doesn’t matter overall. In fact, maybe we should go to the next one”

Leanne agreed. The two photographers positioned a large rock in front of the wall.

“How the hell did you get that up here?” Dee asked with disbelief.

“We have a large service lift to carry equipment between the floors. We couldn’t carry a boulder up the stairs...” Leanne joked. She continued... “So for this shoot I want you, Dee, to sit on the rock and Jack, I want you to stand and put your dick in her.”

“What?!” Dee looked at the photographers, not realising this was part of the shoot.

“You don’t need to do it if you don’t want to.” Alpha pointed out.

“No, I’m fine, it’s just – I didn’t expect it to happen.” Dee stuttered.

“You sound like you’re not sure about doing it.” Leanne softly spoke.

Dee paused for a second and looked blankly.

“Fine, let’s do it.”

With newfound confidence, Dee sat on the rock and Jack inserted his growing penis into her vagina. He was told by the photographers not to do anything; just to let it soak in there. They directed the models to look into each other’s eyes. They stayed mostly still, except for one small problem came to stop that. Dee was sat on an inclined part of the rock – slowly she’d slip downwards and needed to reposition herself occasionally. The movement subtly pumped Jack’s penis. He’d found himself infatuated with Dee, and these movements were made much more erotic by it.

It was here fourth repositioning that was the last straw. Dee moved up before slipping down a little, massaging the tip of Jack’s penis. He clenched trying to hold in his ejaculation, but a little bit of semen leaked into her vagina. Luckily, the amount seemed unnoticeable and Jack felt he’d got away with it. Relaxed, he unclenched. Nothing more came out.

Until it did. A splurge of liquid funnelled out of Jack’s hard cock and into Dee’s soft vagina. Dee glanced at Jack’s embarrassed expression but said nothing. Not long after and the shoot was over. The photographers thanked the models and whilst they went to the computers to edit the photos, Dee told Jack to meet her outside.

Five minutes later, a fully-dressed Jack left through the back door of the building to find Dee smoking. She looked at him with anger in her eyes. Dee grabbed him by the wrist and violently pulled him into an alley between the art block and the wall of the university boundary. There, she took a swing at his face in front of one of the bins.

“What the fuck we’re you doing?!” Dee shouted. Jack apologised whilst panicking.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to do it, but you moving up and down on that rock made it all come out and I am so, so sorry!”

Dee slapped his other cheek.

“I didn’t agree to this! Neither of us were wearing any protection! What did you think would happen?”

“But you agreed to me putting it in...” Jack exclaimed with confusion.

This was true. Dee was the one who agreed to it. She wasn’t pressured into doing it, she didn’t even need to if she wasn’t up for it. However the whole situation was a fuck-up for everybody involved. It was Dee’s fault for not thinking ahead. It was the photographer’s fault for not telling the models to use protection. And it was Jack’s fault for ejaculating in a girl he’d only just met.

Dee was still angry, for good reason. She took a moment to think before continuing.

“Look, I’m not going to tell anybody about this and you shouldn’t either. I have a boyfriend and he didn’t know about this and he will be furious at both of us if he finds out. We’ll both get tested for STDs. I’m on the pill so I don’t need to worry about that. But if I ever see you again we must never, ever mention this. If we meet again we’ll act as if we have never met before, do you understand?”

Jack did understand. He felt guilty, and with those thoughts surrounding he walked home in a state of fear. He opened the metal door of his flat and entered the white corridor. To the left was his room, but to the right was a noise coming from Brooke’s room. His fingers lightly pushed open the door to reveal his roommate on her bed, her clothing half-removed and her hand slapping her vulva, both of which were sticky and shiny from her wetness. In awe he watched for a short while. She’d alternate between rubbing her clit, slapping it, and inserting her fingers inside her, all broken up by her occasionally licking her hand or sticking her fingers in her mouth.

Brooke's jeans were halfway down her legs. Her tee shirt was lifted up above her breasts and her bra was hanging off of just one nipple, revealing her medium-sized boob that had sunk into her chest. Her button-shaped nose pointed upwards to her closed eyes. The slight rolls on her body jolted with each slap. Brooke's squelching and heavy breathing overpowered her quiet Radiohead music playing in the background and the screaming coming from the porn video playing on her phone.

She stopped, opened her eyes and looked at Jack. She wasn't angry despite him watching her in this intimate moment.

"How long have you been watching me?"

"A minute." Jack stuttered.

"Want to join?"

Jack didn't expect Brooke to propose sex. She was probably just horny. However, Jack absolutely was not. Shocking even himself, he declined. He drifted to his bedroom, laid on his bed and curled up, thinking about everything that had happened.