

College Life; Part One

Disclaimer: Luke Cartholm *is* a roleplay/story version of my real self. However, nothing in this story is an accurate description of my life. Neither is it an accurate representation of my personality. Although, I do indeed share the fetishes loved by the character. I wrote this story in the first-person, I generally write in the third-person, but, I wanted this to involve the reader more with a POV story. This story, in its complete entirety, will likely contain urophagia (urine/watersports), BDSM, rape (and other forms of sexual assault, either verbal or physical), pansexual sex themes, mild gore (such as gentle, yet probably bloody, scratching and biting). However, this part will neither mention nor contain any NSFW themes. All characters are the age of 18 years or over.

"**BEEP BEEP BEEP**", was the dull tone I would be waking up to every morning from now, signalling me to smash my hand on the snooze button. I reached around the back to the alarm's on-off switch, so its incessant beeping didn't continue. Dragging myself out from underneath the linen was the hardest part. I yearned to go back, but I had things to do.

In the shower, I thought of the day I was going to have; it was my first day. I was unsure of what to expect. After spending a total of five minutes in the shower, I dried myself thoroughly before putting my dressing gown on. I proceeded to the kitchen, "What's on the menu? Ah... crap cereal, terrific." I was never beyond sarcasm, but cereal was convenient, so I stuck with it. I dressed myself with some pretty standard clothing, albeit smart, yet equally casual.

I drove my little Suzuki Swift out to college. Parking was free, and I had the advantage of scouting out the place a week prior. The number of shit drivers on the highway was absurd; people zigzagging their way up as if they were busier than everyone else. People are selfish. I had planned my travel time so that I would get to where I needed to be without being late or just on time despite traffic. I would get there early enough so that I would have somewhere to park without making myself bored with waiting. Google Maps was a helpful tool.

I parked in the first convenient parking spot near the reception.

Sighing, I said, "Let's do this thing." I opened my car door to get out, closing and locking it before I went up those fateful stairs.

"My first day at college", I mumbled as I opened the door inside.

To Be Continued...