

College Is Transformative: Family Weekend
by Soul-Controller

<https://linktr.ee/soulcontroller>

When it came to figuring out who the big man on campus was, it was a no-brainer that no one in either the student body or college faculty could compete with Chase Richards. Despite only being a 19-year-old college freshman, it seemed as though the man would be destined for success both in college and after graduation. Naturally charismatic, his impressive features only added to his magnetic charm, with his defined cheekbones, plump lips, and naturally wavy jet black hair making him someone that everyone desperately wanted to look at and talk with. Adding in his bulky muscular physique given his prowess as a wrestler, the all-American man seemed as though he was Superman ripped straight from the pages of the comics and brought to life.



Although Chase's grades in high school hadn't been the best, it was due to his state-championship winning performances over all four years of high school (plus a "modest" donation from his multi-millionaire businessman father) that had allowed him to secure a spot at Oak Point University. With his future all but guaranteed to take over his father's company one day, the jock had opted to get a business degree to keep himself and his family swimming in cash.

Although Chase had initially planned on joining a fraternity when he first got accepted, it was his father Brian who had told the jock that he would be required to go through the first year of undergrad as similar to most of his fellow classmates as possible. Given the exorbitant amount of wealth that the kid was born into due to his early business moves back in the early 90s, Brian had made it a goal of his to make sure his son remained as humble as possible. He knew how wealth could corrupt the minds of men (he had seen it happen all too often with his fellow competitors who had gotten too ambitious and fallen into both financial and personal ruin), so Brian tried his best to keep his son reined in as best he could.

As a result, the jock had been given a limited allowance each month in his teen years before being forced to take on a part-time job to get a bit of work ethic ingrained into him. Now that his son was going to college though, Brian was adamant about the young man going through the roommate lottery system. The reason behind this being that the middle-aged man was hopeful that being surrounded by normal civilians rather than the snobby preppy kids Chase encountered at his private high school would be a

formative time to help keep his son grounded and emphasize the life lesson he tried to teach his son - that money wasn't all that mattered in the world.



Given the fact that his life was utterly perfect with no need to worry about common worries like other college students, Chase navigated through college life with a confident swagger. But just like Superman, the imposing athlete had his own kind of kryptonite, and for Chase, it came in the form of his roommate Tyler. The other man seemed to exist in a different world from the vibrant social circles that surrounded Chase. Rather than enjoying a good time going out and partying like normal college students, Tyler was a lanky nerd who would much rather stay in their dorm room playing fantasy video games and reading dorky books all night.

A testament to their extremely different lives, the duo's shared dorm room was a study in contrasts, with Chase's athletic gear, protein powder tubs, and half-eaten pizza boxes strewn across one side while Tyler's books and tech gadgets claimed the other in a nice and tidy fashion. There were a few times where the jock had been alone in the room and attempted to snoop to figure out the quiet and awkward enigma that was Tyler, but this only caused Chase to grow more confused. Originally the man had thought that his roommate was just super studious and reading textbooks to get ahead in his courses or something, but after noticing some books peeking out from underneath his cot, the jock began to look through this secret collection and cackling over how nerdy they were. *An Intro To Spellcasting? Natural Elixirs And How To Create Them? The Transfiguration Manual? I can't believe it, the dude's a total loser!*

Although this was initially enough to make him want to steer clear from his roommate due to just how pathetic he was, Chase was given more reason to investigate over the course of that first month as a series of incidents began to occur that made the living space feel increasingly hostile. Firstly, Tyler was quite the night owl, as he would keep a bright lamp on to the late hours of the night reading more of those fantasy "manuals". Although he had initially tried to move past this in hopes of keeping the peace and avoiding more interactions with his roommate, it quickly became too much to bear. Night after night, the room was bathed in the harsh fluorescent glow of Tyler's desk lamp, which was too bright no matter how the nerd attempted to angle it. As a result, Chase

would toss and turn, muttering complaints under his breath, while Tyler, engrossed in his books, seemed oblivious or simply uninterested to remedy the situation.

As if these late-night reading and study sessions weren't enough, Chase became increasingly aware of another peculiar habit of his roommate. On more than one occasion, he caught Tyler stealing glances in his direction, particularly when he was in the midst of changing out of his sweaty workout clothes or getting ready for the day after his shower. Despite his immense physique and thus easy ability to intimidate the nerd so he stopped gawking at his body like a piece of meat, the man tried his best to remain calm. Back in high school he had gotten a bit too physical with a few of those homos with overly wandering eyes during gym class, which had resulted in his father offering a significant cash offer to keep things hushed and the young jock being forced to attend therapy. Although he had no real issues with gay men, it was the feeling of being objectified by them and having to deal with their lingering stares that always set him off.

One evening though, his restraint was finally broken after getting home and attempting to change out of his wrestling gear. Undergoing his first ever loss was humiliating enough, but then to start taking off his singlet and suddenly feeling the presence of eyes staring intensely at his broad back and buff and plump ass was enough to get the man to snap.

"Can I help you with something, Tyler?" Chase asked, irritation evident in his tone as he remained turned away from the nerd.

Tyler, startled by the question, stammered, "Oh, no, sorry. I was just... uh, lost in thought."

"Uh huh," Chase replied, rolling his eyes as he finished pulling on a pair of athletic shorts and tank top. After making sure he was dressed enough, the jock finally turned to stare intensely at the nerd's wide eyes. "I don't care if you're a fag or whatever, but if I feel you checking me out one more time, we're gonna have problems. Got it?"

In response, a loud gulp came from Tyler's throat as he attempted to speak. "I- I'm sorry Chase. Won't happen again," he exclaimed, nodding his head frantically before suddenly turning away and engrossing himself back into the book he had been reading.

At first, the confrontation seemed to work as Tyler's lingering stares had immediately halted since that chat. In fact, the nerd now seemed to avoid direct eye contact entirely and although he certainly didn't want to make the guy terrified of him (he only meant to put a little bit of fear into him to make sure the message was clear), Chase wasn't

necessarily opposed to having the man so afraid of him. This was especially true as Tyler began to offer his help in getting the duo's laundry all done given his homebody nature. Although it certainly felt a bit awkward for Chase as the notion of Tyler doing his laundry made him feel like the equivalent of a housewife, the jock wasn't willing to refuse such help. With the wrestling season ramping up in tandem with exams and big projects, Chase honestly didn't care if the man sniffed his dirty singlets or jockstraps as long as it meant having one less thing to worry about!

However, issues began to arise once more when Chase would return home to his laundry resting all folded on his bed. In hopes of dropping off his backpack and changing quickly into his workout attire for wrestling practice, the folded tower of clothes initially seemed like an absolute blessing. But as he grabbed onto a compression shirt and a pair of athletic shorts, pulling them onto his muscular body caused anger to permeate through Chase's mind and a frown to crease his forehead. The stretchy and shimmering clothes were now too small, as his shorts now rested above his upper thighs and his shrunken compression shirt revealed several inches of the jock's exposed tanned cobblestone abs.

"Tyler!" Chase bellowed, his voice booming through the small room. "What the hell did you do to my clothes?"

Tyler, engrossed in a particularly interesting chapter in one of his books, looked up with a look of pure confusion and innocence. "What? I didn't do anything."

Chase scowled, his anger simmering just beneath the surface. "Look at me," he cried out, pointing his bulky finger at his new attire. "My shit is way too small now! I look like a fucking idiot," he exclaimed, pulling his finger away from himself to instead clench his hand into a tight fist. Knowing how eager Tyler was to sneak a peek at him changing, the man couldn't help but stop himself from assuming the worst. "Did you shrink them on purpose?"

In response, Tyler rolled his eyes, clearly unamused by Chase's accusations. "I didn't do anything with your laundry, Chase. I did them at the same time as mine and mine all ended up fine. Did you think that maybe you're just getting bigger because of all that takeout and other shit you've got scattered over the room?"

Chase, instantly furious at such an accusation, raised his voice. "Fuck you bro, that's bullshit! I just weighed myself last week and I'm the same weight I've always been. This is all on you and you better fucking fix it. I'm not kidding dude, you better fix this, or I'll—"

To Chase's shock, Tyler suddenly interrupted him, his tone now dripping in a bizarre and out of character bit of sarcasm as he chuckled. "You'll what? Beat me up? I don't think that's gonna be a good look for your reputation," he said, his lips pulling back into an amused smirk.

Chase clenched his jaw, the veins in his forehead pulsating with irritation. "Are you *trying* to get me to beat your ass or something? Is that what this is all about? You've got some weird homo fantasy about getting roughed up by some jock?"

"No, I've just got a low threshold for your bullshit anymore," Tyler instantly retorted, seemingly ending his conversation by turning away from Chase and continuing to go back to reading.

Dumbfounded by the nerd's sudden confidence, a quick glance at his phone revealed that he only had a few minutes left for him to get to practice. Knowing how Coach would annihilate him for being late, the man was left with no other choice but to leave. After snatching his gym bag and slinging it over his shoulder, Chase turned with a huff and stormed out of the room before slamming the door shut.

As Chase made his way to the wrestling practice, he seethed with frustration. The snug workout clothes clung to him uncomfortably, the shirt riding up to an almost comical length. To Chase's absolute shock and confusion though, the too short and borderline skimpy attire was an immediate hit amongst the other students based on the longing stares he was receiving from gorgeous women on campus. Although arriving to practice caused his fellow wrestlers to give him shit about his new look, Chase found himself coming around to the idea as the same intense stares and longing continued from women on the way home. Before long, his attire for the day became the hot topic amongst students, with ladies fawning for him even more than before as even the school newspaper did a small piece on him discussing how "fashion forward" and "brave" his new look was.

Despite this though, he still found himself pissed at Tyler and eager to make his life a living hell. With his status as a sex symbol only increased by his new attire, the cramped dorm room became even more cramped as Chase would bring home random women in hopes of teaching the nerd a lesson. Just as he thought, the sight and sound of Chase pleasuring a woman and vice versa was enough to send the virginal Tyler running for the hills as he grabbed some of his books and other things before fleeing the room to spend the next few hours in one of the vacant meeting rooms in the residence hall.

In the aftermath of these late night hookups of Chase's, the two roommates would often engage in a battle of words the day after as they yelled and harshly judged the other for how awful they seemed to each other. But on this chilly Friday morning in October, things finally reached a breaking point.

"Seriously, Chase? Are you really that fucking horny nonstop or are you just desperate to feel better about your shitty life?" Tyler's voice held a mix of frustration and disdain.

Chase shot him a nonchalant look. "What's it to you, Tyler? Mind your own goddamn business."

Tyler scoffed, a bitter smile playing on his lips. "My business is living in the same damn room as you, being unable to sleep because of your parade of one-night stands. It's pathetic, man."

Chase's eyes narrowed. "Well now you know how I felt with all your late night reading sessions with those nerdy ass fantasy books of yours. Like, casting spells and making potions? You're such a fucking loser," he dopily chuckled, feeling a twinge of amusement watching as Tyler's stern face faltered for a moment and turned into a concerned look. With this look, the man decided to go for the jugular. "Tyler, you can be totally honest with me. Are you really *that* mad about the hookups? Or are you just jealous that you'll never be able to get a stud like **me** to fuck *you*," he inquired, bursting into a hearty fit of laughter.

In response, Tyler's expression turned icy and he began to clench his bony fists to try and contain his rage. "Well at least I'm not a shallow, heartless jerk who uses people and throws them away like yesterday's trash."

Chase chuckled, unfazed by Tyler's words. "Listen, Tyler, I don't need a fucking lecture from a loner like you. I've got a life to live."

Tyler's eyes blazed with anger. "And what kind of life is that, Chase? A never-ending cycle of workouts and meaningless hookups to make up for your poor excuse of a life? Believe me, once you're out of here and in the real world, all of those looks and muscles of yours will fade and you'll have nothing. You'll be just as pathetic and lonely as me..."

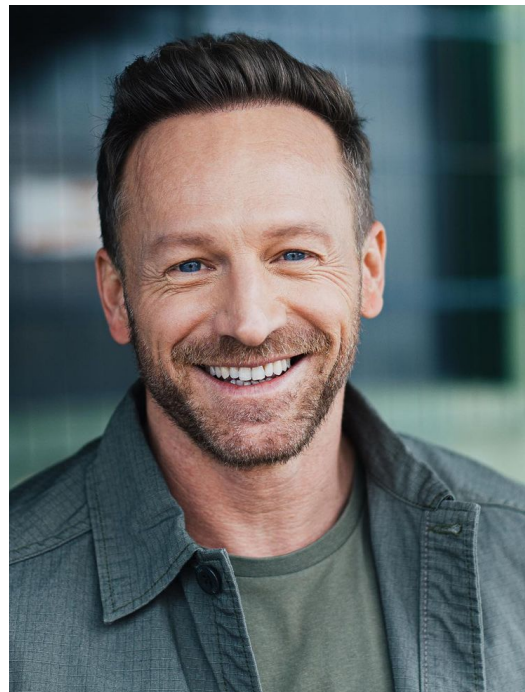
Chase, losing his patience, retorted, "Yeah, I honestly doubt that. I'm set up for fucking life, bro. While you'll be struggling to get a career higher than minimum wage, I'll be working with my dad making millions of dollars a year."

Tyler's gaze remained steady, his voice calm and cold. "You may have money, but you'll never be emotionally fulfilled," he said, his lips pulling back into a smirk as he made his way over towards his desk and began to flip through the pages of a book. "Enjoy that superficial happiness of yours though, I'm sure it's going to be a great time having to wonder if women actually like you for you or just want to be a part of your lavish lifestyle! Knowing how fucking stupid you are, I wouldn't be surprised if you ruined your dad's company. He'll be so fucking disappointed and ashamed to have a son like you continuing his legacy..."

With that chilling declaration hanging in the air, Chase wanted so badly to rush across the room and begin throwing punches into his uncharacteristically smug roommate's face. Disappointing his father and tarnishing the family legacy was the one sore spot in Chase's mind, so Tyler bringing it up was the perfect way to get the man to react. But fearing disappointment and judgment again from his dad, the man opted to contain his rage as best he could. Luckily, he had wrestling practice soon so he instantly grabbed his gym bag and left the room without another word. Given the fact that a big match was coming up, he figured his coach wouldn't mind him showing up early anyway to put in some hard work. Yet as Chase made his way to the gym and got changed into his practice attire, the words exchanged with Tyler continued to echo in his mind.

As he stepped onto the wrestling mat, the physical intensity of practice became a welcome avenue to release his anger from the emotional turmoil of the morning. So after spending the next hour and a half putting his all into unleashing his inner rage, Chase was understandably quite exhausted as he grabbed his bag from the locker room and began to exit the athletic facility.

Given how rough practice had been on top of his argument with Tyler, the jock couldn't help but pray to the heavens that there was something that could salvage this annoying and exhausting day. To his shock though, this wish was granted as he suddenly found a special individual waiting for him outside the facility - his father Brian.



"Dad?! What are you doing here?" Chase exclaimed, his surprise evident in his voice not only from the shock of seeing his dad but from the brisk autumn air that wrapped around his sweaty and ill-covered body.

In response to his son's shock, Brian couldn't help but chuckle. "Surprise, champ! You didn't think I'd *actually* miss Family Weekend right?"