

There's nothing like a hot shower on a cold night. I always feel like my shower before bed helps all of the stress and troubles of the day away. But on cold nights, there's something extra special about them. I can't really be fucked plunging deep into my psyche to give a concrete explanation as to why, but I could probably guess that it gives me some sort of feeling of protection. The hot water slivering, sprinkling and coating my body like a barrier against the harsh chill of an Australian winter night. Sadly, no matter how long I want it to last; the hot water always has to run out when I'm the most comfortable.

Feeling the warm water slowly fade away, I turned the taps off and reached for my towel hanging off of the nearby hook. I dried myself off as quickly as I could, making sure I could reach my clothes in the next room before the cold air reached me. With my towel wrapped snugly around my waist, I opened the bathroom door, expecting to be met with my boring, old apartment bedroom and my unmade bed with my clothes lazy thrown on top. This time however, I was met with a sight I never would have expected.

The room was pitch-black, save the dim light of lit candles dotted around what seemed to be my shelves and bedside table. Cautiously, I stepped out into the darkness, closing the bathroom door carefully behind me and shutting out any unnatural light that was entering the room. As I surveyed the room again, I could feel a small smile form on my face. There was a stranger in my house, for fuck's sake. If this was any other occasion, I would be so freaked out that I would consider bolting for the front door with just my towel to cover my naked body as a sane decision. But this felt different; it felt right.

Just as I was about to take another step forward, a pair of arms wrapped themselves around my chest and pulled into a hug with a figure that had somehow gotten behind me. I let out a warm giggle as I relaxed into the hug, pressing my back against the figure. I could tell he was male from his firm, flat chest, along with his clearly exposed, half-mast member pressed firmly against my thigh. His firm grip prevented me from turning around to see his face, but somehow he felt so familiar that I could tell who he was.

Before I could speak, one of his arms quickly slipped off of my chest and reached down, cupping my right ass cheek and giving it a firm squeeze. I could hear him chuckle teasingly as a shy whimper escaped from my lips. His stubbled cheek brushed against my ear as a gruff, yet soothing voice whispered into my ear.

"Shhhh, you don't need to say a thing," the voice chuckled, pressing his member a little harder into my leg. "You want this badly, don't you?"

I nodded slowly in response; I could feel my face burning as it turned bright red. I was embarrassed that I made myself seem so desperate to someone who could make me feel as warm and safe as this. He chuckled again, the hand cupping my ass cheek ripping away the towel around my waist and leaving me completely exposed. The cold air danced across my damp, bare ass and slowly growing hard on, standing to attention from the spontaneous act and the warm, naked body pressed against me.

"Don't worry," he whispered again. "I'm going to give it all to you tonight!"

As he raised his voice on the last word with a loud grunt, I felt myself being pushed hard towards my bed. Stumbling over, I landed belly down on the mattress, my body pushing my dirty clothes onto the floor. Regaining my senses after another unexpected act, I rolled onto my back to face the man behind me. The candles were bright enough that I could see his toned body slowly walking towards me. I watched his firm pecs and abs jiggling ever so slightly with each step, holding his now rock hard and dripping member as he stopped and stood over me. Even now, there still wasn't enough light in the room for me to see his face.

He bent down to the candles on my bedside table and quickly blew them out, covering himself and in darkness again. My heart sank for only a moment before I could feel his hands hold my wrists, pinning them above my head. I could feel his warm body hovering over mine as his cock dripped pre onto my bare, trembling belly. His warm breath wafting closer and closer as his weight shifted, bringing his lips closer to mine. His body was now pressed against mine, our throbbing members brushing against each other and radiating an intense, burning heat. Another shy whimper escaped me before it was cut off by his lips locking with mine and...

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ! BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ! BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

I jolted awake at the loud noise coming from my bedside table. Looking around my room, my heart sank as I found myself alone. The bright light of another warm morning beat in through my windows. I turned to the buzzing alarm clock next to me and gave it the dirtiest look I could muster for 8am, slamming it hard to make it shut up.

I hate you. I hate you with such a burning passion. All of those exams I wanted you to work, but nooope! You decide that you wanted to work just this one, goddamn time.

Letting out one last huff towards the clock, I slowly dragged my lazy ass out of bed and towards the bathroom for my morning shower. I needed to take care of the throbbing morning wood poking out from under my boxer briefs.

"Happy fucking morning, Chris" I muttered to myself.

I had the feeling that this was going to be a long day.