



MY NEW
ROOMMATE

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Content Warning: this short story contains depictions of graphic sexual interaction.

My New Roommate

I smell coffee. Opening my eyes, I look over at my alarm clock. Lucky me, I woke up just minutes before it went off. Time to get up, I've got company coming. With the sheets pulled off, I'm regretting having to get up. Today I'm going to welcome my new roommate. I can't afford the apartment on my own, besides Sam needed a place to stay. He could have told me more than he was having problems at his house with his parents, but I'm not exactly on speaking terms with my old man either.

Now that I have my coffee, I can start the day off right with-. Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong! *Shit*. He's here sooner than I thought. I haven't even had time to clean. Sulking I think back regretting those couple hours I spent playing games rather than throwing away these empty beer cans. Heading down the

hallway to the door, I grab the doorknob just as the doorbell goes off again.

“Hi! My name is Becky, and I’m going around the complex selling girl scout cookies for my unit. Would you like to buy some?” She chirps, holding a box of oatmeal cookies.

That was a close one. Walking to the kitchen, I put the cookies away in the cupboard. Now it’s time to quit slacking off and make the place presentable. Forty minutes, two large trash bags and a couple of sips of coffee later, I finally have the place how it should be. Going out into the hallway, I can see the garbage shoot. Woosh! Woosh! Back in my place, I go to sit down looking up and asking any higher power if that would be ok. Just as I fall into my seat, I hear a soft knock at the door. Just my luck. Reaching for the door a second time, I yank the door open. Shock and astonishment stops me dead in my tracks. Sam was standing there frowning at

his phone, but when I saw him, it looked like he was glowing. Like nothing else existed past my doorway. He was wearing a white and grey coat that covered his blue knee-length jean shorts. The shirt from what I could make out was white and had characters from Re: Zero barely visible thanks to the coat. This was different from when we went to college. He always wore a big bulky jacket over plain coloured shirts and usually black pants.

He looked up from his phone and fluttered his eyes. “Sorry, I’m a bit early. I just needed to get out of that house.” Looking around, you see he has only a medium-sized suitcase and a heavy-looking backpack with him. “Do you think I could maybe come in?” Sam says with a blush.

Snap out of it! “Yeah, Sorry. I’ve just never seen you dressed so...”

Sam interrupts, “Weird?..”

I nervously chuckle, “Cute... You look cute.”

Sam smiles nervously and attempts to walk inside but then trips on his suitcase. Dropping his phone, he reaches out to me for support and grasps both sides of my pyjama bottoms at the last second. I fall back with a hard thud. Propping myself up on my elbows I look to see if Sam is alright. My heart suddenly begins to beat hard. He is between my legs staring up at my cock blushing! My cock starts to get erect, his eyes following carefully as it goes to full mast. “I-I’m sorry...” Sam says. Before I have the chance to say it was just an accident, he kisses the tip of my cock.

“I’m sorry about this,” Sam says again as he licks my cock from base to head. A strand of saliva connects us as he takes my balls into his mouth. I’m too much in shock, too aroused to try and stop him at this point.

Now I want this as badly as he does. Gently wrapping a hand around my cock, he presses his face against my balls and breathes in deeply. Sams other hand wraps under my leg, grabbing my thigh to keep himself pressed hard against my hardening nuts. He whispers under his breath “You smell so good.” as he slowly tongues circles on my balls.

All of a sudden, we hear footsteps coming up the stairs! Sam looks terrified and jumps up, closing the door with a slam. I quickly pull up my pants as I hear the steps getting closer to the door. Knock. Knock. Knock. Sam steps back, nervously back to the wall as I open the door.

“Hey. Umm are these your things or something?” she says as she points down to Same suitcase and phone. Ding! Seems he just got a notification too. He runs out nervously, grabbing his phone and bag and then says, “Sorry... I’m his new roommate

and.. I ran in without thinking because it was a long trip for me and I haven't been to the bathroom since I woke up." After a few more minutes of babbling, we all say our goodbyes and close the door once again.

A tear runs down Sam's cheek. "I'm sorry I did that... I don't know what came over me and I understand if you want me to leave and." I stop him and say not to worry about it and that I enjoyed it. He tries to smile but ends up sniffing while jumping into my arms. "Thank you for having me here," Sam says. Walking into the living room i give him a quick tour of the place and finally show him to his room. It already has a bed, desk and curtains left from before I moved in a few weeks back. Bzzzz. Bzzzz. I'm late for work! I excuse myself as I run to my room to get dressed. Bolting for the door, I see Sam in his room peering out at me as we exchange goodbyes and I slam the door shut.