



sleep from my eyes, pulling my legs over the side of the bed I let them fall to the floor, feeling the shaggy carpet underneath my foot I moved my other foot in front of the first and dragged myself to my bathroom. My eyes still partly closed I hopped straight into the shower and woke up in the process of washing the dead skin from my smooth body. Tracing fingers over my slightly defined stomach and chest. Caressing my genitals with soap suds slowly my penis started to rise but I rinsed off and hopped out before it became fully erect. Dressing for work was not difficult as I wore the same thing to work every business day of the week. I worked at a call centre and it was boring, sometimes I feel as if I'm still asleep.

I walked to the bus stop slowly. Sitting down on one of the slanted seats I waited for the bus that took forever to arrive. Paying the driver I sat down at the back and stared out the window. The bus pulled away from the stop and drove through the estate that I lived on. When I say estate I don't mean the type of estate that billionaires – or whatever they call them these days – live on. No. I mean the chavvy, unemployed, ASBO estate. I think that I'm the only one on the estate that actually works.

Two stops before my stop and the driver pulls over to let more people onto the already packed bus, I was dreading whoever got on because the only spare seat on the bus was next to me and I didn't want to be sat next to some ruddy teenager or a mum with a screaming baby. I was pleasantly shocked and relieved when the person who got on was a young looking man, extremely muscular, tanned, with blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. He payed and then looked around, noticing the seat next to me he started to walk towards the space next to me when an old lady a few rows in front of myself stood up and got off the bus.

“NOOOOOO” I screamed inside my head. The man quickly diverted his attention to the now free seat and sat down next to some young woman that was obviously happy that the old lady had gotten off and this handsome – understatement – man had sat down in her place. “Curse

my routine of sitting at the back of the bus" I thought to myself.

Two stops later and I pressed the bell to get off the bus, as the bus got near I stood up and walked down the aisle to the front of the bus. As I passed the man I overheard the woman talking to him – I know eavesdropping is a social crime – and she was being so obvious that she wanted to have sex with him right there and then – cringe – saying things like "Oh if only I had someone to go out with tonight, on my last day without the kids." Ignoring this I carried on walking and stood at the front of the bus until my stop came up, I looked up at one of the mirror camera things that they had just installed on the buses – not because I wanted to be on camera but because I could see the man clearly through the reflection – I looked at his face as the woman kept nattering to him completely oblivious of the fact that he wasn't interested. The man looked around and saw me looking at him through the mirror, I tried to look away embarrassed that he had caught me looking but before I could he mouthed the words "help me."

The woman had not seen him mouth the words of displeasure and so she carried on bantering. My mind was split, should I help the 'hottie' with his female problems or should I just stand there and wait for my stop. In an instant I had made up my mind and turned back around casually, – I did it so that it looked like I was bored of looking the other way - then I made an expression in the direction of the man – you know, the 'OMG I haven't seen you in ages look' and walked towards the man "OMG fancy meeting you here" I exclaimed to the man, thankfully he caught the drift and replied "Oh yeah, that party was awesome last week, we have to catch up." "Well I'm getting off at the next stop and heading into town so why don't you come with." I asked – all of this was of course completely true – the man looked relieved and thankful "Yeah, OK, that sounds great." He stood up and we both walked back to the front of the bus, just as it pulled over into the stop – now that's what I call timing.

