

A HOT, HOT SHOWER

(By: Ron)

I came home a little early one afternoon, and found nobody home. I was bored, so I went out to the pool to catch some afternoon sun. Lying there in the warm sun, I began to doze and had a wonderful dream. In my dream I woke from a lazy nap, and went back inside my house. There was still nobody home, so I decided to fix myself a snack and watch TV. On the way into the kitchen I walked past an air conditioning vent, and the cold air against the perspiration on my body made me shiver. I pulled the towel from around my neck and began to wipe myself down. The rough cloth of the dry towel made my skin tingle, and when I wiped the towels against my chest, the fabric teased my nipples which were hard from the cold air. A shower was most definitely in order, so I abandoned my plan to have a sandwich and went upstairs to my room. A nice lukewarm shower seemed a perfect way to freshen up after a nap in the sun.

I stepped onto the tiles of the bath, made cold by the air conditioning, and shivered again slightly. I closed the door and turned around, reaching to turn on the shower. After a moment's adjustment, warm water rushed across my hands and arms, at once cooling my skin, and warming my muscles.

I turned away from the shower and quickly stripped off my trunks. As I looked at myself in the mirror, I thought about how lucky I was. The man I saw in the mirror was not handsome, but ok-looking. I saw my upper body slowly being masked by steam, and was proud of how good I looked. My skin was smooth and my muscles hard. I was a bit on the lean side for some people's taste, but I managed to do all right with the guys I wanted to know. As I thought about guys I reached down and lifted my cock and thought to myself that it was a decent handful.

Pretty pleased with myself I stepped into the tub and began to enjoy the warm, wet luxury of a leisurely shower. Then things just began to go wrong. Turning, I stepped on a corner of the shower curtain and tore the top end loose. As I turned to look at the damage, the lights went out. In my bathroom, where there is no window at all, this meant that there was absolute darkness. I swore and began to grope for the shower controls to shut everything off and try and figure out what happened to the lights.

With my back to the door and my hands on the shower handles, I heard the bathroom door open. I half turned and asked who it was. Was it Josh. When I got no answer, I turned and asked if it was Marc? Still no answer, and the bathroom door was closed, blocking out all light. I reached for the towel, thinking to step out of the shower and confront Josh or Marc. Instead of a towel, my questing hand encountered naked flesh. I placed my palm against the hard muscles of his belly and slid my hand downward toward his groin. His hand captured mine.

He grasped my left hand by the wrist, and with his other reached out and grasped my shoulder. He still had spoken no word to me, and now he moved his hand to grasp my other wrist. He pulled my arms up over my head, forcing me to step forward, and stepping forward himself at the same time. His hard cock pressed against mine, and our faces were close. I moved to kiss him, seeking gently in the dark, but he did not let me. He lifted me higher, almost on tip-toe, and made me step backward into the shower. He released my wrists briefly, then suddenly held them again. He pulled them down in front of me and wrapped something around my hands. It was a rubber tube of some sort, about as big around as a piece of rope, and very strong. He pulled it tight, binding my wrists, and lifted my arms high once again.

I knew now that my visitor in the darkness was Marc, because he once told me "I'd like to hang you up and fuck you wet!" He was living out a dream, and I was willing to go for it. Somehow, he fastened the rubber thing around my wrists to the shower head and there I was, tied up in the shower, helpless in the dark, mastered by and "unknown assailant" Neither of us spoke.

As I stood there, I pulled gently with my hands at the rope that bound my wrists. It was tight, and I couldn't budge it at all. I suddenly began to feel a bit fearful...I really couldn't get away. But I didn't really want to. Standing there, water cascading down my back, I felt my "unknown assailant" move close to me. He rubbed his cock against my ass, and slipped it into the crack, to rub it up and down in the rush of water. A moment later, he stepped close, and I felt his hands on my chest. He had a bar of soap and was lathering me all over. His soapy hands slid up and down the smooth skin of my abdomen, sliding across the muscles and tickling me slightly. He reached down between my legs and soaped my cock and balls and stroked me for a while, all the time rubbing his cock against my soapy ass. He move his hands back to my chest now, and covered my pecs with a heavy lather, teasing my nipples while covering them with suds.

He then stepped back for a moment, and taking hold of his cock lined it up with my asshole. I felt him press the head against my hole and gently push. The tease was more than I could take, and I pushed my ass toward him, trying to swallow his cock before he could pull it away. He didn't pull away, though. When he felt me thrust, he matched it and shoved a full eight inches of steel-hard meat right up my ass.

I gasped and tried to pull away, but he put his arms around me and pulled me back. Thrusting again and again in the first seconds we were joined, he hurt me badly, but I wanted it. He let his hands roam over my belly and my chest, my hips and my ass, while he fucked me with long hard strokes. His fingers were wet, and my chest was lathered with soap so he couldn't actually get a grip on my nipples. He would try to pinch them but his fingers just slid off. It felt better than any other teasing I've ever felt. My cock was hard as stone, and slapping up and down, making a wet noise against my belly, that matched every thrust he made into my ass.

His hands ranged up and down my body, teasing and tickling and driving me crazy under the rush of the warm water. It seemed to go on forever, a gentle tweak at my nipple that would have hurt had his hands not been so slippery, a hard thrust that made my asshole twinge with pain, pulling back feeling his cock ease the pressure on my insides only to have it renewed, again and again. He'd reach down and squeeze my cock now and again, and I knew that if he kept it up for long I'd shoot a heavy load all over the shower wall. He slowed his thrusting suddenly, and his hands left me. I thought perhaps he was about to cum, but he was only reaching for something. With the renewal of the best butt-fuck I'd ever had, my "mysterious stranger" added a new twist to things. He had picked up a brush of some sort. It had a long handle, like a scrub brush, and the nylon bristles were hard...and sharp.

He reached between my legs with the brush, and began swinging it back and forth, slapping the inside of my thighs, stinging them with the stiff bristles. Then he began to rub my thighs with the brush, gently scratching at the area he had stung before. All the while he continued fucking me, never missing a stroke, every stroke filling me up like I would explode. With the brush, he moved upward, and gently began to lift my balls with those hundreds of tiny spikes. My balls and cock were bouncing back and forth with the motion of our fucking and my balls were bouncing against the brush with considerable force.

I groaned and asked him to stop. For an answer, he took the brush and began to tease the head of my cock. Brushing it back and forth, the painful pleasure of that brush, stroked across the head of my cock, and scratching up and down its length brought me to the point of no return in just moments. I began to moan softly, and he began to fuck me still harder. While I pushed my ass backward to match his upward thrusts, he held my cock in one hand and the brush in the other and dragged it rapidly back and forth, around and around across the head of my cock.

As he squeezed, and as he pumped his meat into my ass, I came a huge load. It felt like it went on forever, and it was delivered right into the bristles of that brush. He felt me shudder and he felt my cock spasm in his hand, but he never missed a stroke, he just kept pumping his cock deep into my ass, his every eight inch stroke, making me, forcing me, to meet it with my own stroke. He didn't stop though, he took that same brush and began to drag it back and forth across my left nipple. He wrapped his left arm around my waist, and pulled us still closer, and with his right he began to brush my nipple like he would polish a shoe.

The sensation was incredible. At first it was wonderful, then it began to burn a little, then it began to feel like he was sandpapering me. After that I could no longer tell if it hurt or felt good, I just didn't want him to stop. Gripping me close, teasing my nipple, he reached down to my cock and began stroking me. I was already hard again, and it took him only moments to make me cum again. This time though, he shared it with me. As I came, I felt him stop his thrusts, then give it one more huge shove. He crushed me to him,

and if it was possible he would have shoved his cock even deeper into me. As it was, I thought he would split me in two. I actually FELT his cock get bigger as he shot big streams of cum up my ass. Without a word, he pulled his softening cock from within me, my body was grateful for the release, but I wanted to keep it there. Still without speaking, he stepped out of the shower.

I heard him towel himself off, and I waited for him to untie my hands. Instead he turned and left me, helpless, tied to the shower head. I worked my hands loose, and found my way to a towel. Dripping still, I stepped out into the bedroom when Marc and Josh, fully clothed came into my bedroom to ask me why the power was off. They said I had a dream. I think they set me up. Marc smiles secretly sometimes, and I wonder how much of it was real. I know I woke up from my dream in my bedroom, not by the pool.