

# Shower Lovin

(By: Ron)

As I enter the room, I hear the spray of the shower. Images of you standing under the cascading waters create stirrings in my groin. Smiling to myself, I shake my head and begin to change into my gown. Yet, the more I try to ignore the sounds pervasive they become.

Without warning I find myself debating in my mind my body wants to follow the sounds; my mind is saying stay. I stand outside the bathroom door; I don't even recall crossing the room. My hand reaches for the knob. Now there is a full-blown war between subconscious desires and conscious caution.

Part of me wants so very much to enter the invasion of your privacy? Whatever will you think of me? But ... even as I ponder these questions I find the door slowly swinging open. My feet betray me and I slip into the bathroom. The clouds of steam give it an unreal feeling. The moist heat surrounds me. I gaze at your outline through the opaque glass of the shower doors. Desire floods my body. The trembling in my body is a combination of fear and yearning. Fear that you will be so very angry with me and the rapture that you can bring forth in me.

You are still unaware of my presence. I can still flee. I decide to back out of the room while I can. My legs feel like Jell-O being rippled in a bowl the look of surprise on your face. Searching your eyes for any hint of displeasure, I stand just outside the shower. The water now spraying my, dampening my gown. Madly I try to think of a logical explanation for my presence of my presence. Your body gleams from the water; I want to caress you so very much. I feel your hands sliding my gown off my shoulders. It slithers down my body, dropping in a pile at my feet. You reach out for me. Your hand takes mine.

Your hand, so strong neither draws me in nor pushes me away, as though you are fully aware of my own doubts. You telegraph to me that it is O.K. I feel you drawing me into the shower with you. The trembling now shaking my body. I fear you will feel it too.

"Ohhhh, Darling." The water begins to cover me. As you draw me even closer to you, I feel the surges of emotion sweep through my body. Every nerve is now alive and signaling. You lower your head is gentle yet provocative. I'm glad for the shower spray; it conceals my tears. As you slide your arms around my shoulders to draw me even closer, my mind finds sanctuary. Your tongue now probing my lips reassures me that you are not condemning my actions. My own tongue slides out to entwine and dance with yours. Waves of desire flood my being. My breasts press against your wet chest. The water lubricating our bodies so that we glide together. The swelling of your Staff presses between my legs flees from my mind as your body reassures me that you are not rebuking my advances. Joy sweeps through me as the quivering within becomes a sensation of infinite pleasure. How I want to be one with you. Your hands stroke away the guilt and shame. Your tongue now delving into my mouth imparts reassurance that there shall be no punishment for this. How I thrive at your caress.

I capture in memory the feel of your hands as they slide along my body. How secure I feel as you draw me even closer to you. The tender memories of the first hug I ever received from you, standing in a crowded airport flood through me. From those sensations set afire that morning, so much passion has grown. Never had I dreamt that you might share the passion and desire. Or that one day, like now, we would have the chance to allow the fullness and share it with each other. My hips begin a gentle rotation ... pressing against yours.

I feel your Stiffness sliding along my mound ... and teasingly I press against it more. My hands run down your back ... my fingers gently rubbing your spine searching for each area; massaging; rubbing. I take the soap and begin to thoroughly lather your body. Working in small circles, I watch the white bubbles cover your skin in a spume. I nibble your neck as my hands labor. I feel your warm breath on my ear as you explore its surface with your tongue. You find the other bar of soap and slowly begin to caress me with it. As your hands slide across my large breasts, I hear a moan emanate from deep within you. Your fingers toy with my distended nipples.

Waves of emotion sweep through me. I press my hips even closer to you, the rocking now one of eager desires. I want you!!! Time stands loses all existence as we dance together under the warm mist of the shower spray. Each passing second increasing the desires until it would seem that our bodies must explode. I take the soap and work up even more lather. My hands slide between us as I cover your engorged ROD with the smooth, slippery scented Safeguard soap. Satisfied that your throbbing member is fully covered with the slickness of all the soap, I seek your lips for a deep probing kiss, then ... Playfully I turn in your arms. Now standing with my back against your chest ... I move my hips at an angle to allow your soapy pulsating Member to slide up and down the slick crevice.

With mock pretense that it is just the closeness of the shower limiting movement, I begin to rock back and forth. Your hands grasping my breasts, firmly massaging the nipples, I feel the rapture of physical delights that I had so fully believed were purely imagination. Think. The soap falls from my hands. I tilt my head back to kiss you. My tongue probing your mouth. Finally drawing away, I bend forward to pick up the soap ... a smile toying with my lips. I enjoy the pretense of 'just picking up the soap' as though I am not aware that your Staff is now pressed against the tight opening. You are not aware of my next move, this is why I'm smiling. I pick up the softened wet bar of safeguard soap, turn around and kiss you deeply and tell you to close your eyes. You do and I move the bar of lathered soap to your lips as I rub your cock with the other hand. I insert the bar between your resistant teeth, you allow the soap full access to your mouth.

I use my body to signal you that I want you to penetrate me will move slowly inwards until the muscles relent to the pressure of your STAFF and accept the pleasures of stimulation being offered. I derive immense pleasure from the twinge of discomfort at first being entered there. The muscles relent at your steady pressure and you slide in ... so very, very slowly. Your hands reaching from behind to caress my breasts, massaging them. The nipples pressed between your fingers send shocks through my body. I press backwards against you, wanting you fully within me. I reach down, and begin to caress myself ... igniting flames of sensations that flood my being as you begin to pump. Now, the muscles are responding to the pleasant stimulation and also sending currents of ecstasy through my body.

Mewing cries of Pleasure escape my lips, "Darling ... Dearest .... NOW!!!!!" ... you allow the passions to erupt and thrust in harder and faster wild stallion. I feel the warmth as your fluids flood me. Your moans of release filling my ears and my orgasm climbs to un-before known peaks. ... Later, as we dry each other with the large, warm towels, I marvel at the feelings I have. I help rinse out your mouth, and we smile at the soapy excursion you just had, with such complete contentment and satisfaction. Your hands on my body now just create a very deep and secure feeling. You draw me closer. Your eyes lock on mine. You hold my gaze communicating to me your acceptance of the pleasures we have just shared. As though you have found the magical keys hidden by the evil genie so long ago, you make me feel like a woman. I am encased now in a love that promises protection.

I cannot differentiate which is more invigorating to me ... the fullness of my physical satisfaction or the freedom from shame or the feeling of being accepted. Whichever, I flourish in your presence. I see the impish smile on your face. I return it with a grin. Gee. Looks like there is more to come!