

# The Early Adventures of Tracy and Jeannie

(By: Tracy)

Ted and I climbed into the shower first, taking time to adjust the temperature and the flow until it was perfect. Just this side of scalding, and a spray strong enough to massage your skin and muscle. I breathed a deep sigh as the hot water washed Al's sticky come from my tits. I hugged Ted's muscular body to mine and kissed him passionately. I was deeply grateful that he wasn't jealous or upset at me for sucking Al's cock. It was just being caught up in the moment I had explained. And after all, the four of us were as close to each other as friends could possibly get. We knew each others secrets and fears, their likes and dislikes, as well as we each knew our own. Tonight, we'd just taken that love and trust to another level. And I didn't want to come down! As for Ted, as he had come around the kitchen table with his reborn hard-on waving to me . . . after only two minutes ago showering Jeannie's body with his come, I knew that he had enjoyed watching me suck the come from Al's cock just as much as I had enjoyed doing it! I hugged Ted as hard as I could in the shower now, loving the feel of the hot soapy water washing over us. I was also feeling Ted's wet and soapy prick sneaking up between my legs.

"Geez," I said, "Doesn't it ever go down?"

"I guess you have the right moves to keep it up!" Ted replied. "You've got me hotter than I've ever been in my life Trace. I love what you do!"

His cock was at full staff now, and I relished the feeling of it as he slid it between my grasping wet soapy thighs. The Camay soap made him slippery as he fucked my legs. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed the overall feeling of the steam, and the spray, the aroma of Camay soap and his hard cock . . . A couple of minutes later, we were joined by Al and Jeannie. I guess they took some time to talk things over just as Ted and I had. By the smiles on their faces, I could see that everything was fine. They got their own shower head to the right temp and flow and started to soap each other down. Al's cock was flaccid now, but he was wide awake again, and feeling his oats. Jeannie, as usual, looked gorgeous with the water washing over her magnificent soapy tits. I wondered when our time would come.

It was fair to say that the bathroom was almost the largest room in the house. The only exception was the living room. Ted's uncle loved to "entertain" the ladies, and he knew that one way to impress a lady was with a bath room right out of the fantasy magazines. Well, this bath room fit the bill to a "T". Under it's greenhouse like glass roof, it was filled with large plants and tropical foliage, giving one the feeling of being in a jungle. Two walls were covered with floor to ceiling mirrors, which added to the illusion of being in a jungle, doubling in your mind's eye, the size of the room and the number of plants. The other two walls were huge sliding glass doors that opened with the push of a button, to allow access to the lawn outside and the woods beyond. Ted's uncle owned 145 acres surrounding his "hideaway", so there was never any problem with privacy or worries

about too much noise. Inside the room, you could lie back and luxuriate in the Jacuzzi tub which comfortably fit six adults, take a private bath in the smaller whirlpool tub, or, as we were doing enjoy the shower area, which could, conceivably, hold eight. It was HUGE!

The shower really was just an area in the middle of the room. Sunken about four inches, with a drain in the middle, the area had four separate showerheads with separate controls for each. These jutted out from four pillars that ran floor to ceiling. The pillars were almost covered in ivy-like vines, and at the top of each was a floodlight that shown into the shower area, and each light was controlled by a rheostat dimmer, keeping the mood romantic. Just as important as all the rest was the ventilation system. According to Ted, his uncle had spent close to ten thousand dollars installing a system of fans and ducts that, when switched on, kept the moisture away from the mirrors, glass walls, and the ceiling. The end result was such that you could look up from a steaming hot bath or shower and see a sky FULL of stars. Or, you could use the mirrors however you wanted to, or gaze out into the woods beyond, where occasionally, a deer or two would peer back at you. It was all just TOO beautiful! Amazingly, no one even came close to an orgasm in the shower.

I think we were all just enjoying the erotic feeling of the hot water on our skin. Ted's cock was hard as a rock again, and Jeannie had a hard time keeping her eyes off it, but she controlled herself and concentrated on soaping her busty body, and seriously soaping Al's cock. Soon Al, too, was back to full staff. The stamina of these guys was fantastic! Already, counting the theater, which was only two hours ago, they had both come three times and here they were, ready for action again in the soapy shower! How HOT!

I wandered outside the bath, through the sliding glass door and shivered as the cool night air hit my nakedness. I felt my nipples harden as a chill washed over me. I'd never, in my life been outside like this . . . naked to the world, feeling the chill air skim over my tits and between my legs. As hot as I was this night, the air and the woods only added to it. I sat in one of the patio chairs and listened to my friends playing in the soapy shower.

Never had I felt so peaceful and at ease. Love and trust was flowing amongst us all and I was caught up in something I really didn't understand, but really didn't need to understand. It was easier and simpler just to let it flow. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that I had finally admitted to myself that I really enjoyed acting like a slut.

I'd certainly had these feeling before, but rarely out loud, never in action, and even thinking about them I felt a bit guilty. Tonight, I'd allowed myself to open up . . . mentally and physically . . . and found that I had friends who felt the same passions, who enjoyed the same abandon, who enjoyed acting like sluts also! I wasn't wrong after all . . . and, more importantly . . . I wasn't alone. I sat in the night with my reflections. At peace at last. Except for the burning desire I was wallowing in. There was no peace in that. Just hot desire that only sex could cool. I smiled as I thought of how much we'd changed in

the past few hours. Sex was nothing new to Ted and I, but this level certainly was. The changes, of course, seemed quite positive, and surely seemed to agree with Ted. His cock seemed to have a life of it's own. Or, maybe, nine lives . . .

The last time that Ted had come this many times in an evening was the night after our night at the drive-in. The night after I'd watched Jeannie jerk Al off in the backseat for the first time. It had been Jeannie, in the back seat of Ted's station wagon, who had been the first to pull a guys hard cock into the open and into her hand. It was our second double date with Ted and Al, and just the next night after our first date together. I'd been dating Ted for about three months, and Jeannie had been going out with Al for about two. We'd spent many nights together over the last few weeks, discussing our respective boyfriends, and what we'd done on our dates.

Jeannie and I were running pretty much on parallel tracks when it came to sexual fulfillment. If she told me that Al had unhooked her bra, and played with her tits, then the next opportunity I had, I'd allow Ted the same "privilege". That way, neither one of us got too far "ahead", so to speak. It was a game we'd been playing for years, only now, it involved real guys, and real cocks! Anyway, last night after our first double date, I'd told Jeannie that I had unzipped Ted's pants, and felt his cock with my fingers! We were parked in Ted's car. I'd been rubbing his hard prick through his trousers, and he was playing with my tits through my sweater. It was really as far as we ever went, but this night, I was feeling especially hot from Ted's hands. I fell in love with Ted's ability to caress my breasts "just the right way".

Anyway, I was in the front seat with Ted, and his hands were rhythmically squeezing my breasts through my sweater. I couldn't get the image of his cock out of my head, and without even thinking about it, I moved my hand up, and pulled his zipper down in one steady motion. I continued to rub him on the outside of his pants, but moved my thumb into the opening. Ted moaned as my thumb grazed his naked cock! He hadn't worn any underwear that night, and with my thumb I felt hair and wetness along his shaft.

I was moving my hand awkwardly, cause this was the first time for me. But as I was moving around to get my hand into his opening, I felt him tense up, and hold his breath. As he pumped his hips into my hand, I reached my fingers into his pants and felt his cock in my hand for the first time! I felt him twitching, and I figured he was coming off in his pants. I explored a bit with my fingers, and I felt his sticky come covering his pole. It felt so thick and hot! I felt so powerful knowing that I was making him come by just touching him! I was so hot! Jeannie, of course, beat me up about the fact that I didn't pull his cock out, and jerk him off.

"Chicken . . . !" , she taunted me good naturedly. "I would have at least wrapped my hand around it, Trace . . . Geez, what a wimp!"

I was getting a bit pissed off with her jeering, even if she was just playing. "Well" I said to her. "I didn't see you jerking anyone off, Miss Sophisticate. What happened to all of YOUR bravery?!!"

Jeannie looked at me as an idea formed in her head. "Well, we've got the drive-in tomorrow night don't we? Maybe I'll just show you there . . ." Her eyes got a lustful look.