

## Chapter 2

### Wet Balls

I changed the water in the oversized tile shower from scolding hot to pleasantly warm. When I turned back around he was right where I left him, standing in the doorway. He had however shed his clothing and displayed an impressive hard-on that didn't stop swaying.

I gave away my delight with a big smile as his erection was refusing to stay still. "You like that, huh?" he asked as he slapped the side of his cock once to make it swing like a pendulum.

I squealed some sort of excitement meets shock sounding moan. He laughed and came to the shower, reached a hand under the falling water. "That is much better, too hot or too cold will mess with my ability to fuck you!" he sternly advised.

"Fuck me, huh, I don't remember authorizing that," I teased.

"Are you going to deny that you want me to? Your body is telling me a different story," he stroked a hard nipple to prove his point.

He held his hand out to assist me in getting in the shower which I gladly took. As soon as the water hit my face, I felt his chest on my back. Oh, he felt so good against me.

"What body parts do you like to start with?" he asked as he leaned over my shoulder, rubbing his hand on my stomach.

Luckily, he couldn't see me blushing when I said I like to go top to bottom. He lightly slapped my ass and asked, "This bottom?"

I could only giggle, to which he took as acceptance to play with my ass more. He squeezed both cheeks and shocked me when he announced, "I am looking forward to the day you are begging for my dick in here."

“Dick? In where?” I asked in a most confused and concerned way.

He rubbed soap on his hands and ran them down my ass and in the crack. He started going faster and faster up and down the whole crack. Suddenly, he stopped and rubbed a fingertip at the entrance. I gasped, “Oh my, no one has ever touched there before, be careful!”

“Don’t you worry darlin, I am just answering your question,” he whispered in my ear. Then he surprised me by moving his hands and changing the subject, “Can I wash your hair?”

Grateful for the distraction, I handed him the shampoo as I rinsed my hair. “I take it that means yes,” he chuckled.

His hands felt amazing as he moved my hair around my head and the smell of jasmine and cherry blossoms filled the air. “Twirl around and face me, honey, please,” he said as he nudged me to turn.

He began cupping water over my head, creating a soapy water to run down my whole body. I was unable to open my eyes due to so many suds.

In the darkness he created, which consumed me due to the constant flow of bubbles sliding down my face, I unexpectedly felt his lips on mine. It was a brief kiss but incredibly erotic since I could not see him.

When he tweaked my right nipple, I squealed in delight. I felt his hand on my pussy next. Not entering it, just hovering with his palm applying very little pressure.

His fingers pushed into the lips of my pussy. The suds filled water ran over my face and into my mouth as I was caught off guard and moaned at his touch. I leaned my head forward enough that the water flowed off my hair not my face just in time as I felt more fingers roaming through my pussy. It felt so good, he was touching everywhere rapidly moving around and creating a buildup of anticipation that was going to get critical soon.

As his magical fingers tickled their way around, I suddenly felt him grip one of my nipples hard in his lips and teeth. He seemed to be pulling away while sucking harder.

I tried to open my eyes to see him. Dave must have been watching my face because he nudged me under the water causing me to close my eyes.

His mouth left my chest; fingers left my warm hiding place as I was forcefully pushed against the wall of the shower. His lips smashed against mine, tongue feverishly darting around inside of my mouth. I thought I might melt and go down the drain. He is such a passionate kisser.

"Can I fuck you now? Please don't make me wait, please," he whined in my mouth as he took his hand from my face.

"Do you want to go to the bed?" I asked. I have never had sex anywhere but in the bed, I could never have dreamt of his response. I thought shower sex was just touching and tasting before getting out, more like foreplay.

"No! Right here, right now, please!" he was practically screaming at this point.

"Yes, but I don't know how," I responded in such a shy voice that it made him smile.

"Put your leg up on this ledge and play with your pussy for me while I get ready," he growled while he opened a condom.

I barely had time to get started when he took my hand, put it in his mouth as he stuffed his hard cock inside me. He let out a grunt as he thrust up into me. I felt like I was going to break in half every time my body absorbed the shock of his insistent jab.

He seemed to go on for a long time, not touching me with any part of his body except where his wonderfully hard penis entered me. He had his hands on the tile, each side of my head. His eyes never leaving mine but squinting each time he was buried to the hilt.

Suddenly, his eyes got very big like he was shocked by something, "I am cumming, hold on, I am cumming," he chanted.

He pushed with his whole body, crushing mine against the wall. Lips locked on mine with that signature kiss of his, just as I began cumming. We stood still, kissing, holding each other as the juices flowed from both our bodies.

I started to slide to the floor as my breathing returned somewhat normally. He started to grab me to stop the slide when I pleaded, "Please let me do this."

I carefully took the filled rubber off his softening penis and threw it in the waste basket. I began licking his wet balls that were soaked in my juices. I reached up to lick the length of his rod and it jumped. I let out a giggle as it caused dribbles of cum to hit my face.

"You look good in my cum, honey, someday maybe more can find its way to land there and I will lick it off of you," he said with more than a hint of naughtiness.

With a grin, I went back to satisfying my urge to suck his balls and penis. It was so much easier now that he was soft. When I looked up, having completed my task, he was shaking his head at me with a Cheshire grin.

"Now, we are both clean and satisfied; how about breakfast? I am starving," he announced, stepping backwards and putting his hands out to help me get up.

"I am so hungry, breakfast sounds fabulous and thank you for going to get it," I grinned.

Wrapped in towels, we made our way to the kitchen. He stopped abruptly causing me to run into him. "That explains why we are so hungry," he managed to say during his laughing fit.

He stepped to the side to allow me to go around and I was equally as stunned. "Our dinners! Neither plate looks touched!" I gasped. "Yes, it is no

wonder we are so hungry, it is not just the great sex after all.” I stood shaking my head, “But we did manage to finish the wine!”

He wrapped his arms around my waist and asked, “You enjoyed our time then? I was a little concerned, sometimes you get that scared look like you floated away from me.”

“I am not a virgin, but my experiences are very limited. This is all a bit overwhelming at times, but yes, I enjoyed our time immensely,” I answered with more shyness than I wanted to.

“I am happy to be your guide through your sexual journey, young lady, but I have to warn you,” he said with a devilish grin, “I don’t teach cliff notes or short cuts!”

Laughing, I slapped his ass with my hand, “Good to know, glad I will learn from such an expert.”

“I also don’t give references, no kiss and tell from me,” he said staring into my eyes. “Do you want to keep this between us until we know where it is going, or tell the world, I will leave it up to you.”

“How about we keep it between us,” I tried to smile sweetly and not hurt his feelings. “As soon as people find out, the unwanted advice will start flying at me so fast. You are not known for your long term relationships,” I added.

“Ouch, hurt a guy with an empty stomach,” grabbing his abdomen and doubling over. “Maybe I just haven’t found the right woman yet, until then I am just perfecting my skills,” he smirked.

I was not sure how to take that. I decided to take it in jest as it was probably intended. I do tend to over think things, as I have often been criticized for doing, plus I was not looking at Mr. Right so who was I to judge.

I watched as Dave reheated the breakfast in the microwave and set out plates on the breakfast nook off the kitchen. My focus shifted to looking out the

window at the butterflies circling the flowers in my garden, when he tapped on the table.

“Orange juice or coffee?” he questioned apparently for the third time.

“Don’t laugh; I would like chocolate milk, please.” I said with a squeak.

He leaned over, kissed the top of my head and whispered, “I love your little unexpected quirks. Chocolate milk it is! You really are my secret little wallflower.”

We sat by the window for almost an hour watching the birds and butterflies flutter around while eating and talking. “I should get going, now that we have eaten. I did only ask to consume your time through breakfast,” he said with a hint of sadness that I was not sure was real or faked.

I tried to be casual as I asked, “What do you have planned to do today? It is a beautiful Saturday to be out doing something fun.” Seeing his face light up and his whole mood change was quite unexpected for me.

“I made no plans today, as of yet, do you have any ideas of something we could possibly do together,” he raised his eyebrows and began to take off his towel.

“I hadn’t thought about it, all week I was too nervous about last night to think past it,” I chirped, staring at my empty plate and not his open towel.

I felt his fingers lifting my chin up before his lips touched mine for a very sweet kiss. “And how do you feel now that last night is over? Let me rephrase that, how do you feel now that our first night and first morning are over?” he was smiling down at me having again secured his towel around his waist.

“I feel great, I had a really good time, you still take my breath away when you get in my personal space though,” I had to laugh when he cut me off.

“Your personal space! Honey, I am gonna be all over that personal space of yours for a long time to come if you will let me!” he pulled me in for a tight hug while sliding me down off the barstool.

Without letting go, he whispered in my ear, "I act like a tough guy most of the time, but I was nervous about last night too. I hear the rumors about me, they are greatly exaggerated."

He was rubbing my shoulders as he began to further explain his plight. "I have never found it worth it to argue when I hear I was with someone, too often it is someone that I have never even dated," he explained sounding rather distraught. "It makes dating a challenge because people add their own spin to rumors that have already been altered," he let out a deep laugh as he flexed his muscles. "It makes me one hell of a stud among the guys though! They believe I am getting all this action!"

With one eyebrow raised he asked, "If you are free, I would enjoy spending the day with you. More "us time" later, if you will allow it."

"Do you have anything in mind? I am pretty much a homebody, my gardening keeps me busy on weekends," I announced as I began to remove both our towels.

"Easy girl, I am gonna need my batteries recharged, you are wearing me out," he laughed as he twisted away from me.