

Shower Time

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I know you will soon be taking your shower.

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I hear you go into the bathroom and close the door. I know you will soon be taking your shower.

As I wait to hear the water start to run, my thoughts wander and images of you naked are projected in my head.

I hear the water start to run and I tiptoe down the hallway to the bathroom, standing just outside the door, vibrating and listening with anticipation. I hear you softly humming and know that you are now letting the sweltering water dance over your skin and massage your body.

I feel handicapped. I can only imagine what images are being displayed in your mind as your fantasy plays out.

My hand automatically reaches into my boxers to find and release my hard throbbing member from inside.

The images pictured on the canvas in my mind now have me fully aroused. I slowly stroke my cock and I feel a stream of precum escape from its opening and run down onto my hand.

With my other hand I reach for the knob, turn it slowly and allow the door to open just a crack.

Peeking through the fissure, I see you behind the curtain; eyes closed, head back, allowing the water to run over your beautiful face, down over your luscious, more than ample breasts and cascade off from curvy hips.

I know you are enjoying the way the steamy jets of water are tantalizing the nerve endings of your alabaster skin.

Your areolae are swollen and your pink nipples erect. I envision the streams are also sending little tingles of electricity the core of your womanhood.

Watching with quickening breaths and strokes, I am enjoying the way you are now touching your breasts and pussy, letting your fingers caress and heighten the pleasure that the water jets have started. Your chest now is expanding and contracting more rapidly as your breathing becomes more ragged.

I know you are very close to your first orgasmic release, by the tightening of your muscles and the pained look that has appeared on your glowing face. This is driving me closer to my own orgasm, my body tenses with yours.

I hear you moan over the sound of the rushing water. "Daaaaavve!"

Your body and mine are both shuddering in unison. I softly moan your name! But not loud enough for you to hear. Both of us reach our crescendo at the exact same time. We are both wrecked with the intense pleasure of sexual release.

My knees feel weak and rubbery as I support myself against the wall.

You are supporting yourself against the wall of the shower.

We both now start to come down and relax.

I can see that you are watching me in the reflection of the mirror, though it is a bit steamy.

You give me a cute little wink and blow me a kiss.

I quietly close the door and retreat back down the hall to the bedroom, cleaning away the evidence of my cumming and then stretching out on the bed to await your return.

Knowing that this is only the beginning of our night together, these thoughts start me fantasizing again and I stroke my cock back to hardness.

We will reach many more gratifying peaks together, before we allow this night to end and fall asleep, our bodies melted together, wrapped in each others arms, legs intertwined. Exhausted and satisfied.