

The Snow Chapter Two

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Next chapter in the story

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/the-snow-chapter-two-1.aspx>

Henry lowered himself slowly into the deep hot bubble bath. Slowly because Xena, always liked the bath at least several degrees hotter than he was comfortable with. He had this theory; no actually he was quite sure, that women could tolerate water much hotter than most men. Or maybe it just him being a wimp as Xena would often say mischievously. As Henry's body started adjusting to the heat, he watched her climb into the bath, immersing herself in the hot water without even the merest suggestion of a wince. "Nice?" he asked teasingly "Gorgeous," she replied, as she sat with her back to the other end of the bath, her legs bent with her feet resting just under his knees. She loved his big bath with taps in the middle instead of end, and the fact it was so huge that it comfortably took both of them, despite the fact that Henry was a sliver off six foot tall. He stroked her legs, marveling for the umpteenth time just how incredibly soft her skin was and how she kept them so smooth. He smiled to himself; of course he knew how she did it. It was the fact that she took the time to always keep her legs smooth that he appreciated. "Penny for them?" she smiled "Your lovely legs are worth considerably more than a penny. In fact I'd say the whole package is priceless," Henry replied with a mischievous smile. "Cheeky man," she laughed softly, gently pulling the hair on his shins "Ouch!" he exclaimed "Wimp," she laughed "Wimp am I?" he countered, pulling her towards him and putting one hand tenderly behind her head as he deeply kissed her. "Hmmm, you're insatiable," she said softly "Ah, only because you make me so," Henry replied equally softly. He reached for the jug that was by the side of the bath. Xena turned around so she was sitting between Henry's legs, Facing away from him, leaving enough room to tilt her head back so that he could soak her long hair. Her eyes closed, not that he ever got water or shampoo in her face. He loved washing her hair, not just for the pleasure that it clearly gave her but because he loved the feel of her hair sliding through his hand. Making her happy made him happy, content even. He felt her hair fall into his lap, heavy enough now to fall below the water line and come to rest softly against him, soaked by the hot water cascading over it. Pouring

half a palm full of shampoo into his big hands, Henry gently scooped her long tresses upwards out of the water. He worked the shampoo in, his touch getting steadily firmer. Her sigh of happiness made a smile run across his lips. For several moments just the steady sound of their breathing and the soft sounds his hands made in her hair filled the warm steamy air of the bathroom. He gently rinsed her hair. Then, starting at her bangs, his hands worked their way to the nape of her neck, gently flattening her hair as they slid down its length. This was the only time he ever came close to pulling her hair, when he squeezed the moisture out of it. Pouring a generous amount of conditioner into his hands, he worked into her hair before pulling her to rest against his chest for a few moments. After rinsing it, he squeezed the last of the moisture out. His strong hands were gentle as he twisted her hair into a loose bun at the nape of her neck in the way she had taught him. Hair washed he turned his attention to soaping her back and shoulders, massaging her soft skin with firm gentle strokes. His hands moved down to cup her gorgeous hips before massaging back up again. Turning her around, he began to soap the front of her body. His big hands made her feel even more petite than her 110 pounds. His slow, sensual, unhurried strokes whispered promises to her skin of more delights to come, knowing they had nowhere to go and no one to please but themselves till the following day. "Sweetheart?" Henry started to ask "Yes, Sweetpea," Xena replied. Henry grinned at her affectionate name for him. The gentleness of the name at odds with his height and frame. "Have you everything for your Ball tomorrow or is there anything left you need to get?" He was referring to the Charity Ball Xena had arranged. She had done most of the legwork, though he and their friends had happily pitched in when needed. All proceeds would go to the foundation she had created to support those who had not had the best starts in life. "I have everything I need, thank you," Xena replied, "Ball gown, heels, perfume and silk wrap." "Lingerie?" Henry asked, teasingly. "What lingerie? What makes you think I'm going to be wearing any?" Xena tried but failed to keep a straight face and they both burst out laughing. Knowing that not only was she going to be wearing lingerie, but they would be the extremely expensive pure silk items they had bought together two weeks ago. They had spent quite a long time that day shopping not only to find the perfect dress for the ball and Henry's tuxedo, but also the sandals and lingerie to fit with the dress. Xena considered herself as very lucky that Henry not only did not mind shopping, he would sometimes actively suggest it, especially when it came to lingerie. Way back at almost the beginning of their relationship Henry had said something she had never forgotten. "Do you remember what you said that first Saturday we went shopping?" she teased reminding him of that day. "Erm, let me see, was it something like, you stick to buying the coffees and let me read the maps?" Xena laughed, loving every time they had this conversation. "No... I seem to recall it was 'you' buying the coffees and 'me' reading the maps," she said teasingly. Henry refused to buy a sat nav and had been delighted in her ability to read the map to easily get them from where he lived to the next state along where they had spent their first weekend together. Xena smiled then added, "When we'd found our hotel, booked in and got to our room you took my hand in yours." Henry interrupted her, "And I said there is one thing that's non-negotiable with me. I pay for flowers, movies, hotels, dinner and your beautiful lingerie, and you can pay for coffees and lunch and incidentals." Xena smiled, "Such unexpected pleasures your non-negotiability has led to..." she said in a voice that

reminisced of sweet memories. "Darling, you've always been my unexpected pleasure." He leant forward and softly kissed her nose loving the way it always made her so giggly. They finished their bathing and Henry got out first, quickly toweled the excess water off his skin, wrapped a towel around his waist and held his hand out to his girl. "You are beautiful you know" he smiled, as she climbed out of the bath. He took a big towel from the warming rail and wrapped her up in it. "Sweet talking guy, carry on like that and I won't be able to resist you." "What makes you think I want you to?" he laughed kissing her nose. As he gently toweled her hair, he asked, "Are you warm enough now? You were out in the snow a long time." Xena had the grace to look a little sheepish. She stalled her answer for a few moments as she brushed her teeth. "The snow didn't seem to be that bad when I started out on my walk. After all it hadn't snowed for two days, so I thought it'd be okay. You know me, big ruffy tufty, I figured what's a bit of snow, I didn't think it was frostbite weather so I wasn't worried." "Bit of snow, that's nothing. A lot of snow like there was today. Now that's something. Frostbite weather, maybe not. But what if your cell phone had gone dead or I couldn't find you? You'd definitely have been an ice princess for real and one with hypothermia, sweetie. Our winters can be quite harsh compared to what you're used to." "I am sorry, honey," Xena said looking into Henry's eyes. "I know I'm way too independent sometimes, and the weather forecast didn't mention more snow. Though I hadn't intended being out that long". She stood on tiptoes and kissed his cheek. "Forgive me?" "Always, my stubborn, beautiful woman." With Xena's hair toweled dry, Henry took her into his arms, wrapping one arm around her waist as the other cupped the nape of her neck. Tilting her head back a little, he kissed her lips, teasing them with his own. He pulled her to him, loving the taste of toothpaste as she returned his kiss. His hand entwined itself gently in her hair as her soft breath filled his mouth with desire, her breath quickening with his kiss. Henry felt himself growing hard again. With a low soft growl he kissed her deeper, pressing her towel wrapped body against his skin. His hand stroked down her back and over her ass, loving the way her curves felt in his hand. He gently removed her towel as her arms wrapped around his waist. Her hands trailed up and down his spine with long lazy strokes of her finger tips, soft feather light touches that were almost a tickle. When the feather light touches alternated with her nails teasing his skin, Henry's towel lost the battle to stay wrapped around him. It dropped to the floor leaving Xena in no doubt as to exactly how much he wanted her. Tilting her head back a little more, his mouth kissed its way down her neck, along her collarbone to her shoulder. Trailing back up again to the point where her shoulder met her neck, a place he found almost impossible to resist. He blew warm breath against her as he gently grazed his teeth against her skin in a gentle bite.