

# An Evening at the Sauna

By Graham\_X

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*An encounter in the sauna leads to a wealth of possibilities: can I find the courage to persue them?*

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I had been working out in the gym for the past hour and was ready to stop. As the treadmill slowed and came to a halt, I gratefully grabbed my water and finished it in a few swallows. I let my heart rate settle before moving over to the mats and began working through some exercises. I could feel the sweat cooling on my body and the delicious pull on my muscles as I performed my cool down ritual. Finally finished, I made my way to the changing rooms, stripped off my gym kit and changed into trunks and flip-flops. Grabbing a towel out of my locker, I refilling my water bottle and headed for the spa suit. Once inside I checked the Jacuzzi where it stood silent and empty. I also glanced at the sauna and the steam room doors but couldn't tell through the frosted glass whether they were occupied. A towel hung from the peg by the bench so I guessed there was someone around. I dumped my towel and water on the bench and kicked off my flip-flops. Showering quickly, I made my way into the sauna. As I opened the door the heat hit me and I was almost blinded by a curtain of sweat. I gasped and groped my way to the wooden benches, noting that one was already occupied, before climbing to the top bench. I dashed the sweat from my eyes and sat back, letting the heat soak into my muscles, before looking around at my companion. She was a young woman, maybe in her mid twenties and she lay along one of the benches, one hand behind her head, her eyes closed. I let my eyes wander over her prone form, taking in the dark blue bikini which accentuated, rather than hid, her rounded breasts and the slight rise of her pubic mound. Her pale skin glowed under the intimate lighting of the sauna revealing a slim body with long firm legs. As I watched she ran a hand through her blond hair before wiping the sweat from her face and neck. Then, seemingly oblivious to my presence, she began tracing a pattern over the rest of her body. Her fingers caressed the milky white flesh of her breasts as they emerged from her halter top. Her hand lightly brushed across the stretched material before wandering lightly down, over the swell of her stomach, and along the waist band of her bikini bottoms. Her lips parted and she seemed to sigh as she drew her hand back up her body before repeated the pattern again. I surreptitiously watched her, feeling something tighten down

below as my body reacted to her sensuous movements. To my relief I wasn't getting an erection, that would have been embarrassing when I was dressed in nothing but a pair of trunks. Nevertheless, there was something arousing about watching her. Briefly I imagined her removing her swimsuit, seeing that lithe body in all its glory, but the images threatened to overwhelm me and I quickly closed my eyes. When I opened them again she was standing up, moving towards the door. I shifted my position to let her get past and was rewarded with a smile and a nod. I felt a small pang of regret that she was leaving but I couldn't think of anything to say to delay her. Anyway, I told myself, what did I think would happen? I expected her to grab her towel and leave. Instead, she headed for the cold shower and hit the button. Now personally, I can only stand a minute or so under the cold shower, head down, shoulders hunched, before I have to retreat, shivering, back to the heat of the sauna. I therefore watched in amazement as, for what seemed an eternity, this young woman stood under the icy water with every appearance of enjoyment. I gazed through the smoked glass door of the sauna as she raised her arms, running her fingers through her hair before bending slightly to allow the water to cascade down her back. My eyes followed the movement of her fingers as they began massaging her back, tracing a line down either side of her spine, over the two small dimples before following the curve of her buttocks. She turned and lifted her face to the spray. Her hands worked their way up the front of her body until, at last, the shower slowed to a trickle and stopped. She dashed the water from her eyes and made her way back to the sauna. As she approached I could clearly see her nipples, even through the smoked glass of the door. The cold water had made them erect, pressing tightly against the dark wet material of her bikini and, just for a second, I imagined taking one of them in my mouth; pictured my lips and tongue teasing and playing with that hard flesh as she moaned with pleasure. As she reached for the door handle I composed myself, hoping my face wouldn't betray my thoughts. I felt cold air sweep into the room as she opened the door and stepped back into the sauna. As she closed the door and turned to make her way back to the wooden bench I knew I had to say something, had to find out more about this woman. "You're braver than I am." I laughed. "I am sorry?" she said, with just a hint of an accent. "I said, you're braver than I am," I replied, indicating the shower. She appeared to mentally translate this, then a look of understanding seemed to spread across her face. She gave an embarrassed laugh, "Ah, yes! I am sorry, my English is still not good. I am from Russia." "Well your English is better than my Russian." I said, "All I can remember from school is 'Strazwutiye'" "Ah, 'Zdravstvujtye!'" She corrected, laughing. "Ztravzvutiye?" I tried. Again, she laughed at my attempt, then added, "No, that is good. You nearly say it right." My mangled attempt at half remembered Russian broke the ice and we began to talk. I tried to keep my eyes on her face as we chatted, but my gaze kept straying over her body as she sat down across from me, wiping the droplets of water from her skin. She wiped her face then, methodically, ran her hands over the rest of her body. She began with her arms, first one, then the other, before running a hand across the tops of her breasts. Both hands moved down over her stomach before, with fingers splayed, she slowly but firmly slid her hands down her thighs, her fingertips caressing her inner thighs. Finally she sat back and placed her hands behind her head, making her breasts ride up, and started telling me about her life back in Russia and her studies in England. I was enjoying the conversation but, I

realised, I was beginning to get too hot. I made my apologies and quickly left the sauna. I hoped she would follow me as I grabbed a drink of water and showered before getting into the Jacuzzi, however, the sauna door remained firmly shut. I turned on the air jets and lay back in the frothing pool, closing my eyes and enjoying the feel of the turbulent water on my tired muscles. I was still hoping my new friend would join me when I heard the click as the sauna door opened. I looked up in time to see her emerge, grab her towel and head for the door. Again I felt the pang of regret; I had enjoyed our brief conversation as much as I had enjoyed admiring her body. Alone now, I allowed myself the luxury of fantasising about her; imagining her standing at the steps to the Jacuzzi, reaching behind her to untie her bikini top before shrugging her shoulders and letting the straps tumble down her arms. I pictured the sight of her breasts as they came into view and felt my cock give a twitch at the images I was conjuring. In my mind's eye I saw her sensuously reaching down, removing her bottoms until she stood naked before me. Almost unconsciously I began stroking myself over my trunks, imagining her stepping down into the Jacuzzi and coming towards me, our bodies and lips meeting. As my erection grew I fantasised that it was her hand touching me, that the caress of the water on my skin were her fingers. The click of the timer switch turning off the air jets broke into my reverie. With an almost rueful sigh I stopped what I was doing and acknowledged that it was nothing more than an enjoyable fantasy: a chance encounter that had fired my imagination. I shouldn't pretend it was anything more because, in reality, I was alone and she was gone. I waited a few minutes while my erection subsided before returning to the changing room and showering. Opening my locker I dressed and, wrapping my trunks in the damp towel, stuffed everything into my gym bag before heading for the exit. Outside it was raining heavily and I noticed my companion of earlier huddled in the doorway, staring mournfully into the darkness. "Do you have a car?" I asked. She shook her head, "No, I am having to walk, although I am not liking the idea very much!" "Do you want a lift?" I asked solicitously and she agreed eagerly. I pointed out where I was parked then we both paused, waiting for a break in the weather, before making a mad dash for the car. Splashing through puddles we finally made it, laughing at the ridiculous picture we made as we unceremoniously tumbled into the front seats in our eagerness to get out of the rain. We drove in companionable silence. Part of me thought I had been given a second chance and I wondered whether to ask her for a drink, or at least suggest we meet again. The other part of me told myself not to be a fool, she was a beautiful young woman and out of my league. While my mind was engaged in this wordless debate, my friend announced we had arrived. I stopped the car and my companion turned to me with a slight smile on her face, "Can I ask you something?" I could feel my heart beating faster as I imagined her inviting me in, maybe the two of us spending the night together. "Of course!" I managed to stutter. "Did you like looking at my body?" she asked. I could feel my face growing red in the darkness and my first reaction was to deny everything. However, her tone was curious rather than accusatory, and she was still smiling: I decided on honesty. "Very much so." I admitted at last. "Good!" she declared, "I like men looking at my body." With that she lent over, laid a hand on my arm, and gave me a peck on the cheek. "Thank you. I hope to see you again." she whispered. I turned my face towards her hoping to turn the kiss into something more, but she had already opened the door and was getting out. Once out of the car she turned back.

"Spokojnoj Nochi!" she called then disappeared into the dark. As I started the car my mind raced. Part of me cursed myself for missing an opportunity; part of me was relieved that I hadn't made a complete fool of myself. My overwhelming emotion though was curiosity: were her parting comments mere politeness, or did she really hoped to see me again? As I drove off I began looking forward to my next visit to the gym.