**Shared Bathroom with Coed Roommate**

by[Jjonest](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2468015&page=submissions)©

My lease had just ended right before summer. My girlfriend and I had talked about moving in together, but her lease didn't expired until the fall. She had a roommate now, so it just didn't work out to live together at this time. I looked online for roommate wanted ads. Considering I was only going to need a place for the next few months, my options were quite limited.   
  
I finally found one ad seeking a summer roommate. It was posted by a girl and I knew my girlfriend would not be pleased with that arrangement. It took some convincing before I could even reply to the ad, but eventually she realized I had no other options.   
  
I got a response rather quickly. Her name was Ashley and she suggested we meet before making any decisions. I met her at her apartment the next day. When she buzzed me in I had a million anxious thoughts running through my head. I've never been a particularly social person, I just hoped the two of us wouldn't get on each other's nerves for the summer.   
  
I knocked on her door and was stunned when she opened it. She was gorgeous. Intimidatingly so. She looked to be about my age, mid 20s, 5'5" with dark brown hair, blue eyes and an incredible body. She had on tight jeans and a faded yellow T-shirt. It was a perfect look of being casual, yet incredibly stylish. She was slim and toned, but still had some nice tight curves. I was practically speechless.   
  
"Hi, I'm Ashley." She confidently said with her hand extended.  
  
"I'm Jason. Pleasure to meet you." It was already a challenge to keep eye contact and not just stare at her body. My girlfriend will hate her.   
  
"Come on in, Jason. Let me show you around." The apartment was cozy and very modern. The open concept kitchen flowed right into the living room area. Dark wood floors, marble counter tops. It looked it was like a page torn out of a Restoration Hardware catalog.   
  
"Over here is my bedroom." I peeked in her room. It had a large bed and continued the luxurious look and feel of the rest of the apartment. I saw a few items of clothes on the floor, including a pair of worn panties next to her bra. Such a small ordinary thing, but it got my mind racing. I quickly left the room so I wouldn't get caught staring at them.   
  
"This would be your bedroom." The door was right across from hers. I looked in and saw an empty room. Plenty of space for my bed and some furniture.   
  
"This will do just fine." I said surprised at the space.   
  
"And lastly here is, unfortunately, the one and only bathroom that we'll have to share." I walked in and noticed the same marble counter top from the kitchen, and two sinks. A huge shower with a waterfall faucet, and fogged glass doors.   
  
"Two sinks? That's nice." It seemed like a feature that would go unused for roommates who weren't a couple, I thought.  
  
"Oh yeah, those are super convenient. My last roommate and I were always running behind so she and I had to share the room most of the time. It's nice to not have to use the same sink when we were getting ready. Ya know?"  
  
"Yeah of course. That will be very convenient." I said, still finding it hard to believe we'd ever be in here at the same time. My girlfriend and I never even shared a bathroom at the same time. She just wanted her privacy. And considering how gorgeous and proper Ashley was, I figured she'd want even more privacy when in here.   
  
We headed into the living room to talk a little more and discovered we were both in similar situations. Each in relationships a little over a year, but due to weird leases and bad timing it just wasn't the right time to move in with them. Considering how few options there were for both of us, we agreed this was a good fit and a bit lucky for both of us that we found each other. I signed the shortened-lease and moved in the following weekend.   
  
It was Sunday evening and I had just finished unpacking most of my boxes in my room. I was surprised that I had already organized my closet. Most likely it was the properness of Ashley that made me do it. She was so put together, so neat, so pretty, I didn't want her to think I was a total slob already.   
  
I heard a soft knock on my door and looked up. Ashley was standing there in another pair of skinny jeans and a cute white tank top. She always looked like she was ready to go out. "Hey Ashley." I finally said.   
  
"You unpacked fast. Good for you!" She seemed impressed. "Anyway, I usually like to unwind on Sunday nights before the work week with a drink or two on the couch watching tv. Care to join me?"  
  
"Love to." I replied, hopefully not too eagerly.   
  
I joined her on the couch and we began chatting about anything and everything. It was so easy to talk to her. Eventually we got to the subject of our significant others. She was discussing how formal everything was with him.   
  
"What do you mean by formal?" I asked.   
  
"Well we've been together over a year, and it seems like we're not even fully comfortable with each other. When I stay over at his place, I can tell we're both still embarrassed to use the bathroom...even just to pee. We wait until the other one is far away from the room. Jesus, we've never even farted in front of each other." She said as if that was a new realization for her.   
  
I almost spit out my drink when she said that. "You might be the most put together and proper girl I know...I did not expect to hear you talk about farts." We both couldn't help but laugh.   
  
She clarified, "I'm not saying I want to be totally gross with him, but it can feel like we're still just barely dating sometimes. Lacking that intimacy that comes with time, or at least I thought it did."  
  
"No I get it, that makes total sense. My girlfriend and I can be the same way. I've never really thought about it until now, but I guess we don't fart in front of each other either."  
  
"That's so much pressure...literally!" She blurted out, excited that I could relate. "I mean how are we ever going to move in with them if we can't even deal with basic bodily functions?" She said and took another sip of her drink.   
  
"You're right. It's not so bad when we only stay over a couple times during the week, but if we did live together...there'd be no escape. I'd explode." We both laughed. "It would be easier for you though, I mean we all know girls don't poop...so you don't have to worry about that."  
  
"Oh ha, ha, ha, very funny." She said with a smirk.   
  
"Well that's what my girlfriend has led me to believe."  
  
"Well that's what my boyfriend actually wants to believe..."   
  
I could not believe this is where our conversation ended up. Especially not with her. She looked like she could be on the cover of a magazine, and yet she was openly chatting about this subject with me.   
  
"Tell ya what, you are more than welcome to fart in front of me...or whatever you gotta do, no need to hold back. I mean we're not dating, no reason to try to impress each other. Right?" I said, and was then instantly curious how she'd react to that.   
  
She laughed. "Ok, you may be sorry." She giggled a little more.   
  
With that, I finished my drink headed to my room to get ready for bed. Hours passed by talking with her; I had no idea it was so late. It was kind of cool that we just clicked like that.   
  
I couldn't find where I packed my comfortable shorts that I usually slept in, so I left on my boxers and tshirt and headed into the bathroom. I left the door open since I was only brushing my teeth. There was a soft knock on the door and Ashely walked in.   
  
"Sorry, I just really have to go, do you mind?" She asked.   
  
"Oh no problem, I'll be..," I was about to say I'll be done in a minute, but I already started to hear the sound of liquid splashing. I looked up and saw she was sitting on the toilet with her cotton shorts around her knees. She was slightly leaning forward with her arms folded and resting on her bare thighs effectively covering herself up from being too exposed. The sound of her stream hitting the water grew louder and finally ended with a soft, airy gas noise that echoed in the bowl.   
  
I tried to mind my business as I brushed my teeth, but my eyes were fixed on her in the mirror. Luckily she was staring off and didn't notice. I heard the roll of toilet paper squeak as she tore off a few squares and quickly wiped herself. She stood up and pulled up her shorts in one fluid movement.   
  
I tried to look away, but it was impossible. So much so, I'm pretty sure I wasn't even brushing I teeth, just holding the toothbrush in my mouth and staring. It happened all too fast to get a clear view between her legs, but I did notice a small dark patch of groomed hair. And then she was covered.   
  
"Do you have to go?" She asked.   
  
"What?" I snapped out of my stunned look.   
  
"Do you have to go? If you do, you might as well go now. I always like to save water and conserving flushes is something we all should do." She said nonchalantly.   
  
"Oh, uh, no. I'm good. Thanks." Did she really want to save water or was she just trying watch me go? Maybe she wanted to share in the intimacy of the moment. Maybe I'm insane for thinking that.   
  
"Oh, ok." She flushed and began to brush her teeth in the adjacent sink. I thought I detected a hint of disappointment on her face.   
  
What I just saw and the thought of her watching me go started to set in. I looked down and noticed I had a semi-chubby slightly poking in my boxers. Man, that will definitely freak her out. She'd probably never go in front of me again. So I quickly finished up and headed out of there.   
  
"Good night." I said without looking back hoping I didn't look too awkward running out of there. Now in the safety of my room, I was almost fully hard. I turned out the lights and got into bed to relieve some of my built-up tension. This was nothing new, I always did that before bed but usually my heart wasn't racing like it was now. My mind kept replaying her coming in and going in front of me. The soft sound of her fart, the teasing glimpse of her hair between her legs, the thought of her watching me go. It was all too much. I instantly erupted covering my chest and belly with cum. I caught my breath and wondered what it was about the night that got us there in the first place. I fell asleep too quickly to figure it out.   
  
The next morning I woke up and got into the bathroom before she awoke. I showered and got the hell out of the apartment before seeing her. Thank goodness. All would be back to normal by the evening. Right?  
  
Later that night we both got home from work around the same time. She looked so professional in her business skirt and suit top. "I'm ordering some takeout. Want any?" She asked.   
  
"Yeah, of course. Thanks." Success, we've moved on!  
  
The food soon arrived and we took our spots on the couch and began eating and talking about our day and other casual things.   
  
"Jason, I want to apologize." She said softly.   
  
"For what?" Where is she going with this.   
  
"For last night. I probably shouldn't have just come in while you were in the bathroom. It's clear that I made you uncomfortable. You ran out of there right away. So, I'm sorry I made you feel that way. I won't do it again." She looked embarrassed.  
  
"What? No. You didn't, I wasn't uncomfortable. I was..."  
  
She raised her eyebrows eager to hear what happened. Should I tell the truth and ruin the possibility for more? She seemed embarrassed enough by her apology, I might I as well give her a fair trade.   
  
"I wasn't really uncomfortable. I was embarrassed." I started to say.   
  
"Yeah, I'm really sorry, I know it was disgusting and I shouldn't have-"  
  
"No, it wasn't you." I cut her off. "It wasn't disgusting. Quite the opposite. I actually thought it was adorable."  
  
She couldn't hide her smile from that strange compliment.   
  
"That's actually why I rushed out of there...I was...I was starting to get turned on." Now I was blushing, but I could tell she was touched by my reaction.   
  
"It was just this intimate moment I've never seen before. I wasn't expecting to be turned on so I got out of there." I tried to clarify, but I was afraid I might have made things worse. Even if she was flattered, she might decide it's best if we didn't share those kinds of moments since we're only friends.   
  
She was speechless. I feared I upset her. But then, she hugged me. I felt her warm body press against mine. I could feel her chest squishing against mine, even through her clothes, as she held me tightly. It was not helping me stay soft.   
  
"I think that's normal, and really sweet. Already we've become such good friends and share this closeness. It's nice to know you felt the same intimacy and emotions as I did in the moment." She said somewhat relieved.   
  
Did she just admit I being turned on as well? I left it alone. I didn't want ruin the moment or relive some of the awkwardness.   
  
"I'm going to get comfortable and eat dinner in a bit." She said now with a weight off her shoulder.   
  
"Sounds good. I will too." I went to my room to change out of my work clothes. I put on some mesh shorts and tshirt, the kind of clothes I always lounged around in. I went back out to the couch and saw her nibbling on some leftovers. She was wearing the same cotton shorts as last night in the bathroom, but a different tshirt this time. Even in her relaxed clothes, she still looked so put together.   
  
Once again we chatted effortlessly. I couldn't tell you what we talked about, it was all just so entertaining it didn't matter. The time flew by and it was getting late.   
  
"Well I gotta get to bed before I pass out on the couch." I said.   
  
She agreed and started clearing her plate. I went into the bathroom and began brushing my teeth. I left the door open a crack, and sure enough she soon walked in. We both kind of giggled, bashful as if we knew we we were both looking forward to this moment. She walked over and lifted the toilet lid, and smiled at me before she pulled her pants down. She stood there for a second before sitting down. I thought I got a better glimpse of her slit, but it was still mostly a hidden mystery.   
  
She let out a louder fart than the last time and sighed deeply as her stream splashed against the water. I didn't hide my watching this time. I even turned around to look occasionally. I was getting slightly turned on, but more just in awe of the moment. Finally she finished and asked, "Do you have to go?" As she wiped herself and quickly pulled up her shorts.   
  
"Sure." I figured this was only fair to share in the intimate moment, experience it for myself. I was excited but started to get nervous. I walked over and lifted the seat. She walked over to the sink and got her toothbrush. I could tell she was watching in the mirror. I slowly pushed the waistband of my shorts down and pulled out my cock. It was plump and excited enough to be filled with blood, but I was nervous which kept it soft. If she saw it at this size while still soft, I hoped she would think it would be massive when fully hard.   
  
I stood there totally self conscious, aware of every tiny sound, movement, anything really. I was on high alert, and it was nearly impossible to pee. She turned around and walked over to me. She kept eye contact as she said, "It's kinda nerve wracking isn't it? Like a little rush of adrenaline."  
  
She nailed it. Is that how she felt too? I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly as I finally started to let go and release my own powerful stream. She smiled, and then deliberately looked downward and watched me go for a few seconds (which seemed like an eternity in that moment).  
  
"Oh, nice!" She said.   
  
Nice? My mind went wild thinking about the meanings of that vague statement. Nice, as in I have a really nice penis? Or nice that I finally started to pee? I hoped it was the former, but thought that probably just wishful thinking.   
  
Her eyes shifted from looking at my face and back down to my penis a couple times. Unapologetically she watched as the last few drips fell. I quickly shook it a few times to make sure it was dry before placing it back in my boxers. She giggled at this.   
  
After I flushed, we both returned to the sinks to finish getting ready for bed. She smiled and said, "I don't think I've ever watched a guy pee before."   
  
"Glad I could be your first." I said with a little laugh. It actually was kind of flattering. Here she was, this gorgeous girl who could have guys waiting around the block to go out with her, and I was the only one she'd ever watched pee. At the same time I realized that was also the first time a girl saw my penis who I wasn't dating. Those few thoughts swirled in my mind and soon I had to lean over the sink and counter to try to prevent my growing erection from poking out in my shorts.   
  
I quickly said goodnight and headed back into my room to relieve my built up pressure again. This was all so new to me, but truthfully I loved it. Over the next few days we fell into a nightly routine of getting ready for bed at the same time. If one of us was in the bathroom before the other, we would wait until the other arrived before peeing. It was as if we knew that was the point of these little meetings.   
  
We got more comfortable with this arrangement. I'd almost say it got to the point it was no big deal, yet we both still watched intently and it still gave me a rush to know she was watching. In the back of my mind I think we both felt slightly guilty knowing our significant others had no idea and would surely hate that we shared these intimate experiences regularly. Perhaps that added to the excitement.   
  
Our nightly bathroom meet ups started to spread into the mornings as well. We both had to get ready for work at the same time. I remember the first time she came in to pee while I was in the shower. I could see her outline through the fogged glass and I knew she could see mine. I felt extra vulnerable since I was fully nude and she was clothed. When I finished showering, I grabbed the towel that I hung over the shower door and wrapped it around my waist before stepping out of the shower. It was no big deal but it was fun and continued to push our comfort levels.   
  
We'd seem to rotate with this arrangement. One morning she'd walk in while I was showering. The next I would walk in whine she was showering. It was almost as if we purposely took turns showering first to share both sides of the experience. That didn't make it any less of an amazing tease no matter how many times it happened. The fleshy outline of her incredible body through the fogged glass got me turned on every time. I could almost make out the line of her butt crack from where the silhouette was slightly darker. I couldn't design a better teasing image.   
  
Of course we never saw much more than that. We'd both fully wrap up before coming out of the shower as if that made it completely ok. Like we didn't cross any of our unwritten rules we seemed to follow. I think we both found it a huge turn on, otherwise it probably wouldn't have continued.   
  
One morning it was my turn to be in the shower first. I was well into my shower, enjoying the steaming water flowing over my body. Right on cue I saw her clothed outline walk into the room. I had that sense of satisfaction that comes from fulfilling a regular routine. I could see she went over to the toilet and sat down. Oh good, I'll just grab my towel and then I'll get to see her go. Perfect.   
  
I shut off the water, wiped my eyes dry with my hands and reached for my towel. All I felt was the shower door. I opened and blinked my eyes a few times, there was no towel hanging over the door. Did I forget to set it there? I never forget that. It's engrained in my routine. Did she possibly take it away or move it back to the towel rack to see what I would do? Did I subconsciously leave it over there so I'd have to walk in front of her to get it? I had no idea which seemed more likely. But I thought of an easy solution.

"Hey, Ash? Can you hand me my towel?" I asked. Seemed simple enough.   
  
"Kinda busy now." She said.   
  
"Ok, when you're done, can you hand it to me then?"  
  
"If that's what you really want, sure. But fair warning this could take a while." She said in an unfamiliar, and embarrassed voice.   
  
Oh my god, is she...is she pooping? No way I thought. I mean we had never even discussed doing that. Maybe she was joking.   
  
I opened the shower door a crack and stuck my head out. She was sitting on the toilet with her work clothes on, a nice blouse and her skirt and panties pushed down to the floor. Her arms were crossed and rested on her thighs as she leaned forward. That was not her usual peeing position...and I would know.   
  
"Everything alright?" I asked.   
  
"Yeah, but seriously this will take a while. You might as well just grab your towel." Her face was grimacing a little and I could tell she was embarrassed. She stopped caring about peeing in front of me a long time ago. This was different. She let out a deep fart, followed by an embarrassed look. She was not comfortable. It almost looked painful, and I could tell that my watching was not helping.   
  
My heart beat faster and I decided to step out. Fully nude. Sure she's seen my penis before while I was peeing, but I still felt covered then...protected almost. Now I had nothing to hide behind. I was only a foot or two away from her feeling incredibly exposed, still dripping wet.   
  
I saw her eye me up and down, which was nerve wracking but a rush at the same time. Her eyes lingered on my torso for a while. Probably because I was rarely without a shirt around her. I work out quite a bit, and hoped she could tell. I was so focused on what she was thinking about my body, I forgot how embarrassed she was in the moment.   
  
She grimaced a little more and soon a deep, foul smell slowly filled the room. I had gotten quite used to the smell of her farts, but this was different. It was stronger, and impossible to ignore. I saw how vulnerable this made her. She was probably fearing that I was judging her based on the stink.   
  
I can't lie. I was surprised by how bad it smelled. The combination of seeing the prettiest and most proper girl I knew filling the room with a stench this strong. I almost didn't believe it.   
  
Finally I grabbed my towel off the rack, and began drying myself off. She never took her eyes off me as I did. As somewhat of a polite gesture, I didn't really cover myself up with the towel. My penis was mostly in view the whole time. And then I finally realized why she was staring...I had steadily been growing harder this whole time. I was nearly fully erect, sticking straight out toward her...and she was only a foot or two away.   
  
I'd like to think it was my exhibitionist side that was getting turned on. That it had to be the fact that a gorgeous girl was watching me naked was turning me on, but truthfully it was something else entirely. It was her embarrassment, the growing smell in the room, the idea of the gender norm being shattered right in front of my eyes (or nose for that matter). And most importantly, it was that this was something that she couldn't even share with her boyfriend. That I was the only guy who got to experience this incredibly intimate moment of hers. That was the real reason I was getting hard.   
  
We both just stared at each other, but neither one making direct eye contact. I was focused on her body position. The way she was crouched over, slightly struggling. She was focused on my awkward erection that was serving as a much needed distraction to her.   
  
Finally I figured neither of us could take this much longer and I covered myself up, wrapping the towel around my waist. There was an obvious bulge poking out under the tightly tucked towel.   
  
"That looks painful." She finally broke the silence.   
  
I gave her a confused look.   
  
She nodded toward my crotch. "It looks painful, pushed down like that."  
  
I didn't know what to say. Finally I replied, "looks like we're both in a little bit of pain then." I lightly joked, hoping understood the meaning.   
  
"This is true." She did understand. "But right now only one of us is getting the relief they need."   
  
I couldn't tell if she was egging me on. "Oh I couldn't do that." I really, really wanted to. The towel was barely even covering me at this point. I began to wonder if her comment was merely stating the situation or if she was hinting that she wanted me to share in this intimate moment with my own embarrassment.   
  
Silently, I reached down in my towel and felt my throbbing member, lightly teasing it. I breathed deeper letting the rush come over me as the towel dropped. I felt like I was on stage in front of a million people with an audience of one. I imagine she felt the same. The first few strokes were incredibly awkward and I was afraid she'd laugh.  
  
She stared plainly, now finally making eye contact with me. It wasn't clear if she intrigued or disgusted by that look, but it was too late to stop now.   
  
I stroked a little faster, with slight twisting circles around the head. I could have finished at any time, but I wanted to enjoy the feeling...the incredible rush.   
  
I heard the noise of her waste submerging into the water. It wasn't a plop, which made me believe it was rather large. She let out a huge sigh after. I could tell she was done. In a strange way it was as if she had her satisfying relief...parallel to an orgasm.   
  
She stood up to wipe, something I had never seen her do before. She was facing me, and this was the first time I got a full view of her tiny slit. I could clearly see the perfectly groomed landing strip that led down to her intimate folds. She reached behind and grabbed her cheek with one hand and lightly pulled so her other hand could reach behind and wipe.   
  
I continued to stroke and move my hand in smaller and more concentrated circles around my pre-cum soaked head. Staring at her, fascinated by her standing wiping method, she wiped once and looked at the nearly clean toilet paper and folded it over and wiped one last time before tossing it into the toilet.   
  
"Do you have to go?" She asked with a straight face.   
  
Speechless, I nodded and walked closer to her. She stepped to the side still with her panties around her knees. My hand stroking furiously, I could barely breathe and I did my best to aim downward as I erupted. A few streams of thick cum landed right on top of her hard work she had left in the bowl. The last few spurts were less predictable and landed on the seat and back lid.   
  
Her eyes were glued to the strange show. Finally my breath caught up with me as I shivered, shaking, and instantly aware of how naked I was. I couldn't even look at her. We've experienced several forms of embarrassing and intimate situations together, but this was too much. I grabbed my towel and darted to my room without a word. I dried off and left for work without seeing her again until that evening.   
  
All day at work I couldn't stop thinking about what happened. What her reaction would be. I left so fast, maybe it would have been better to apologize then. Now who knows what's she's been thinking all day. She might even kick me out when I get home. Oh god, how would I ever explain this to my girlfriend...that I got kicked out because I masturbated while she pooped.   
  
By the time work was over, I felt sick from worrying about this all day. I walked in the door to our apartment and prepared for the worst. Ashley was in the kitchen.   
  
"Oh good you're home." She said. "I made us some dinner, why don't you get comfortable and it will be ready for us shortly."  
  
"Sure." I said, wondering if this would be her nice send off for me. I changed into my usual shorts and tshirt loungewear and met her on the couch in our usual spots. We began eating awkwardly and not talking.   
  
"Listen, Jason..." She finally started.   
  
Oh god, here it comes.  
  
"I think we should talk about what happened." She said softly.   
  
"I'm so sorry, Ashley. I don't know what came over me. I shouldn't have..."  
  
"No, stop." She interrupted. "It's ok. I actually was really, really flattered."  
  
"What? You were?"  
  
She nodded embarrassed. "Yeah. I mean I was so embarrassed. I really was expecting you to be grossed out. I thought you'd be more likely to vomit than to..."  
  
We both laughed a little.   
  
"Well I was so afraid I offended you." I admitted and was now calming down.   
  
"Offended me? If anything you should have been offended. We were both just seeking relief. Two completely normal, and intimate functions. Only difference is yours didn't stink up the room."  
  
That helped break the tension and we both laughed.   
  
"True, yours did smell awful." I joked.   
  
"Oh shut up." She playfully slapped my arm. "You know we agreed to do whatever we needed to do in there. It's not like we both don't do those things every day. I never understood why one is an accepted function, and one comes with guilt and can't talk about it with others. Hell I do both a few times a day sometimes."  
  
Just hearing her say that was such a turn on. She really was sharing her most intimate and private moments that I knew she couldn't share with her boyfriend, and frankly it felt amazing sharing this kind of closeness and intimacy.   
  
"Anyway," she continued, "I'm glad I didn't gross you out, and I'm glad you shared your intimate moment with me."  
  
I smiled. I didn't know how to respond to that. "Well thank you for letting me see something I never thought I would."  
  
We then went back to eating, both feeling better about the situation.   
  
"Ash," a thought popped into my head. "Since I saw and got to experience something that my girlfriend would never let me see in a million years that really turned me on, is there anything you'd want to see or do that your boyfriend wouldn't do?"  
  
Her eyebrows popped up. She had a sly smile creeping up.   
  
"It's only fair, right?" I said playfully.   
  
"Well, I've never told anyone this, but there is one thing you could do..."

**Shared Bathroom with Coed Roommate Ch. 02**

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-- -- -- -- --  
  
"Name it." I said before even contemplating what it could be.   
  
"Well I need to buy a few things first, but let's plan for Thursday night. Ok?" She said mysteriously.   
  
"What is it?" I hated not knowing.   
  
She shrugged her shoulders, "Guess you'll have to wait and find out."   
  
We continued eating dinner on the couch as we watched TV. I have no recollection of what we watched; my mind was busy trying to guess what she had planned. I couldn't take much more of it. "That's it for me, I'm calling it a night." I said taking my plate over to the kitchen sink.   
  
"Have a good night." Her eyes never left the TV and she stayed on the couch.   
  
I headed into the bathroom and left the door open expecting her to join as she usually did in the evenings. Since she wasn't in the bathroom yet, I started with the mundane first. I brushed my teeth, taking an extra long time. I washed my face, and pretty much just started to kill time by staring at the mirror hoping she'd join.   
  
I glanced out of the room and saw that she hadn't moved from the couch. Maybe she just wants a little alone time I thought. This seemed strange though, since we were both normally eager to share this time together. Is it possible she was more embarrassed than she let on after our previous time in the bathroom? Was she embarrassed I saw her poop? Embarrassed she saw me jerk off because of it? Some combination of the two?  
  
I thought of a dozen possible reasons why she hadn't joined me yet and none of them were good. I finally calmed down and convinced myself I had to be overthinking the whole thing. It never ceases to amaze me how quickly I can get insecure about something, even after we just talked about how it was normal and agreed everything was fine. But was it? There I go again.   
  
My bladder painfully snapped me out of this negative thought spiral. As I walked over to the toilet and lifted the lid, vivid images raced through my head of Ashley sitting right here. I remembered the smell perfectly, as if her unique earthy scent was filling up the room now. Just thinking about it made me hard and I realized I had been standing there holding my erection for probably a minute or two without peeing. I took a long deep breath and exhaled slowly as a little urine finally started to flow out inconsistently making a rather pathetic trickling noise in the bowl. Eventually the blood flow decreased enough to turn the trickle into a satisfying and steady stream.   
  
I looked over my shoulder as the stream died down into a few drops, still hoping she would come in. But no such luck. No Ash and I had no more reason to be in here. I shook off the last few drops and tucked my now soft penis back into my boxers as I left the room. To my surprise the couch was empty, and her bedroom door was now closed. That meant she had to have walked past the bathroom while I was peeing with my back to the door. Did she really walk past and not come in?   
  
I went to my room and slowly became obsessed as to why she never came in. It just wasn't like her and frankly it kind of stung a little. I actually felt rejected in a strange way. She's just a friend. A roommate and a close friend. I shouldn't feel like this just because she didn't follow our silly routine. After undressing, I slipped into bed. A familiar tingling sensation kept me awake as my hand naturally found my growing erection. I loaded up a favorite porn site on my laptop and slowly stroked away my stress. The more turned on I got, the faster my hand moved and I realized I wasn't even watching the video. I was just reliving that strange, intimate moment in the bathroom with Ashley. The smell still strong in my head, the awkwardness, how embarrassed she was with me there, how nervous I felt...my hand was now moving up and down my length furiously. As I spewed my load all over my belly, I remembered her watching me cum last time. My breaths slowed and I fell asleep almost immediately.   
  
The next morning I awoke to the sound of loud moaning. Really loud. Was Ashley masturbating purposely loud so I would hear? My eyes finally blinked open a few times and realized I never shut my laptop. Porn was playing all night. I found that slightly amusing and shut my laptop wondering how many different orgasms I must have slept through.   
  
I pulled on my boxers and headed toward the bathroom. Ashley's bedroom door was open; that was a good sign. The bathroom door was also open and I walked in hoping to find her there. But again she was nowhere to be found. I peeked in her room and found nothing. She must have left for work early.   
  
Man that's twice we missed our normal bathroom routine. Was she doing this on purpose or is it all in my head? I just couldn't let it go.   
  
The next few days were just as bad. I didn't see her much. I got a text saying she was spending the night at her boyfriend Mark's place. The problem only grew in my head. It had to be intentional that I hadn't seen her in the bathroom since we shared that intimate experience. There was no other explanation in my head.   
  
It was actually starting to bum me out thinking I ruined a good thing we had between us when I got another text from her.   
  
"Staying at Mark's again tonight. Sorry I've been so distant. Looking forward to tomorrow night!"  
  
Tomorrow night? I had completely forgotten about that...her mysterious thing she had in mind. I was so caught up in my worrying about why she wasn't using the bathroom with me that I stopped thinking about that altogether. Maybe this really is all in my head.   
  
But that thought didn't last long. My insecurities got the better of me yet again. Here I was imagining what strange fetish she was waiting to unleash on me, or maybe she was really bad at giving blowjobs and needed some extra practice. But now I realized how ridiculous that was. It was probably apple picking or watching some girly movie or some other silly thing her boyfriend wouldn't want to do.   
  
Yes it had to be something just friends would do. Obviously. Besides I'm dating Shannon; hell, we're planning on living together in the fall and I'm worried about Ashley not joining me in the bathroom. What the hell is wrong with me? I tortured myself like this for a while before finally focusing on the positive, that I would hangout with Ashley again tomorrow night, even if it was only as friends. I did actually miss hanging out with her, not just in the bathroom, but chatting with her at night about our days. I guess she really was a good friend.   
  
When I got home from work the next day, she was sitting on the couch as I opened the door. My heart raced. I had so many insecure thoughts running through my head the past few days, but tried to play it cool in the moment. "Hey, Ash."  
  
"Jason!" Her face lit up.   
  
God it was good to see her smile. So many fears erased in an instant. Why did I fear anything?  
  
"Look, I made us dinner!" She had the table filled exotic dishes.   
  
"This looks fantastic. Wow, thanks. I don't know what to say."  
  
"Well we've gotten really close, and you're such a good friend I just wanted to do something nice for you. I'm not much of a cook and wanted to experiment with some recipes I found online." She giggled.   
  
And then I realized this was her big surprise. She had to buy a few things...those were obviously the ingredients. She's not much of a cook, so she probably didn't want to serve it to Mark in case it was awful. It all made sense. I could live with this. A good friend made me dinner! No complaints here.   
  
We got lost in conversation just like we used to and before I knew it, our plates were cleared and it was already getting late. "That was amazing. You had nothing to fear after all; you're a great cook!" I said as I started to clear the dishes.   
  
"Thanks. It was actually pretty fun. I was nervous you'd hate it."   
  
"Looks like you were worried for nothing." I said with a smile thinking how that statement really applied to me more than her. "Well thanks again. Enjoy rest of the night." I said trying not to push our friendship boundaries any further.   
  
"Whoa! Where are you going?" She said almost frightened and a little disappointed. "We didn't even do the...thing yet."  
  
"What thing? I thought that was the dinner?" My heart raced all over again.   
  
"No." She looked amused. "No the dinner was not the thing I was talking about." Then her amused look turned a little worried. "Do you still want to do it?" She asked insecurely.   
  
"I don't even know what it is. But of course I'll still do it." It was amazing to see her on the concerned end of the conversation for once. "Soo...what is it?" Now the anticipation was killing me.   
  
"Meet me in the bathroom, I'll be in there in a sec." She said as she disappeared into her room.   
  
The bathroom? My mind flooded with every emotion that I felt over the past few days, both good and bad. I went into the bathroom and looked around for any clues of what she had in mind. Nothing out of the ordinary. What the hell could it be?  
  
Finally Ashley walked into the room wearing her comfortable T-shirt and cotton shorts combo that she usually wore around the house. She set a plastic Walgreens bag on the counter. I couldn't tell what was in it from the shape. We both looked at each other anxiously. This was hard to take.   
  
"Well?" I finally broke the silence. "What are we doing?"  
  
She blushed a little, mostly avoiding eye contact. "I've always wanted to be waxed."  
  
"What?" I said more out of habit than not understanding her. Nevertheless she repeated herself.   
  
"I've always wanted to be waxed..." She said suggestively nodding and looking toward her waist.   
  
"I thought you liked your strip of little strip of hair...I think it's really sexy." Did those words really come out of my mouth?  
  
"Not there...um, behind there..."  
  
"What?" I think I knew what she was getting at, but secretly enjoyed the awkwardness and wanted to hear her say it.   
  
"I want you to... I want you to wax my asshole, okay?" She turned bright red, which actually surprised me. How could she be that embarrassed around me after all we've shared?   
  
"Oh, uh, okay" I almost laughed at how relieved I was that that's all it was. "I can do that." I said calmly and then a skeptical thought popped into my head. "You know you can get this done at almost any salon, right?" Was there some kind of catch I was missing?  
  
"I don't want a stranger all up in my junk. I want you to..." She stopped mid-sentence like she had a much deeper thought she was trying to hold back. "Given our recent experiences, I know you won't be grossed out by doing this. I don't want some stranger regretting her life's choices as she's holding her breath waxing my ass."  
  
She continued, "Besides, I thought we had a deal?" Her eyes looked so vulnerable, so helpless. I could tell she was worked up. Had she been nervous about asking me to do this?   
  
"Of course, I'll do it." It still didn't quite add up to me why she didn't have this professionally done somewhere, but I didn't want to talk her out of it.   
  
"Good." She finally said, as she blushed a little. "I know it's gross, but I don't think I can do it to myself."  
  
"Ash, relax! I'll be glad to do it." I said as I rubbed her shoulder to calm her down.  
  
I reached in the bag and fumbled with the instructions. "Seems simple enough. No heat necessary, just apply to skin, let it set, place paper strip on wax covered area and rip it off. Repeat as needed." I say more for my benefit than hers.   
  
"Great." She said facing the bathroom counter with her back toward me. I could see her face in the mirror as she unceremoniously dropped her shorts to the ground and kicked them off to the side.   
  
I stood there in shock for a moment just looking at her beautiful round cheeks. My mouth was probably drooling for all I know. In my head I figured she'd just slip her shorts below her cheeks. "I thought you'd be, uhhh more covered."   
  
"Jason, I have to remove my shorts...how else would you do it?"  
  
"Of course." I said, still getting over the shock. Mentally I convinced myself all week that she didn't want to share any more intimate moments and now she was wearing only a T-shirt, bent slightly forward with her ass exposed to me. I could just barely see the crease of her lips poking through the bottom of her cheeks. It was a lot to take in.   
  
Carefully I slid her shirt up just above her cheeks. My hand rested on her warm lower back. I couldn't believe I was doing this. As my hand slid lower and closer to her butt, my nerves got the better of me. "Do you want to spread your cheeks?" I asked nervously.   
  
"I think you're going to have to do that, I'm bracing myself to handle the pain." She said as she stared downward into the sink and held onto the counter tightly.   
  
"Okay, sure." I forgot this was supposed to hurt. My hands slid down the sides of her round cheeks. They were so firm and yet had a gentle softness and jiggle to them as she adjusted her feet. My fingertips lightly pressed into her warm flesh and slowly I parted her cheeks revealing her hidden hole.   
  
I took in the view, noting how her soft skin got tighter with a few twisted wrinkles disappearing into a tiny hole. I saw how the skin turned smoother and stretched toward the folds of her tight lips below. There were a few short dark hairs on the sides of her intimate hole, but not nearly as many as I expected if she wanted to be waxed there. Vivid images of the last time we were in the bathroom together popped into my head. Remembering the foul contents she left in the toilet, I almost couldn't believe they came out of this impossibly tight, little hole.   
  
"Enjoying the view?" She asked jokingly.   
  
"Uhh." I stuttered. "I'm just seeing where the hairs are." I tried to recover but realized I had just been staring like a creep for who knows how long. "You really don't look too hairy, so hopefully this won't be that painful for you." I said trying to regain composure as if I wasn't getting more turned on by the second.   
  
"Well I do shave that area, but as you can see I'm far from perfect."  
  
Looks pretty perfect to me, I thought to myself as I finally let go of her cheeks and watched them jiggle as they returned to their normal position covering her intimate treasures.   
  
I took out the little wooden stick from the package and dipped it in the wax. With one hand I lightly pulled her cheek out to the side exposing her again. I felt a little bit of heat radiating off her in the air. Now her scent met my nose, light, faintly dirty and real.   
  
She jumped a little as I slid on the wax on the inside of her left cheek. It made me laugh a little and I gently rubbed her cheek that I was holding to calm her down.   
  
"Sorry, I'm a little nervous and afraid it'll hurt." She admitted.   
  
"Just try to relax and I'll do my best to make it quick and painless." I realized that was a bit of an empty promise never having done this before. I found the long, narrow wax strip and placed it over the wax-covered area of her inner cheek, enjoying the firmness and gentle give of her flesh from the pressure.   
  
"Ready?" I asked. "I'll count down from three."  
  
She nodded and braced herself looking downward.   
  
"Three..." I gripped her cheek firmly and ripped off the strip without fully counting down. She muffled her scream into her own shoulder, but her hips definitely writhed in pain.   
  
"Jeez that hurts." She whispered.   
  
I repeated the process a few more times and kept massaging the sides of her butt in between the painful removal parts. "You're doing great." I encouraged her as I found myself rubbing the meaty part of her cheeks in greater durations after each traumatizing rip.   
  
When I thought I gotten all of the hairs, I parted her cheeks with both hands and got on my knees to see if I missed any. Inches from her now red and pained cheeks, both holes were invitingly close to my face. I breathed in deeply and took in her unique scent. That distinct mix of natural body odor hit my senses like a hammer. My pants now felt painfully tight. Every natural instinct was driving me closer. It dawned on me that I had touched almost every inch of her behind without ever actually touching her slit or her tiny hole just above it. That fact alone felt like I was teasing myself, and made me crave more. Finally I snapped out of it remembering we're just friends...and more importantly neither of us was single.   
  
Not wanting to regret anything too much I got back to my feet and took a step back. "I think that's it." I said, a little sorry to be done, but knew I should quit while I was ahead.   
  
She twisted around so her butt was facing the mirror, and spread her cheeks to admire my work. "Beautiful." She said with a smile.   
  
"I'll say!" I added, laughing and shaking my head that I said that aloud.   
  
"This is going to be a little surprise for my boyfriend." She said with a smile.   
  
That brought me back to reality. A flurry of mixed thoughts ran through my head, mostly how lucky he was to have this be his surprise.   
  
"Now hopefully Mark will give that area a little attention." She said, a little embarrassed as the words came out.   
  
"You mean he doesn't already?" I asked in disbelief.   
  
She shook her head.   
  
"Yeah right...I bet he does everything he possibly can to your...to that area." I said trying to reassure her, but realized it only made her feel worse he hasn't explored her like that.   
  
"But hopefully now that it's waxed and super clean..." She shrugged and let out a soft sigh, suddenly not really up to talking about it.   
  
"Well I don't see how there's anyway he could resist." I said with a smile and rubbed her shoulder again.   
  
She pulled up her shorts and wrapped her arms around me in a grateful hug. "Thank you so much for doing this."  
  
Her body felt warm and comforting. As she pressed into me, I awkwardly kept my hips back so she wouldn't feel my growing bulge. "The pleasure was all mine." I said.   
  
She blushed a little and headed into her room for the night. I followed suit and went into my room closing the door behind me. I saw my reflection in the mirror hanging on the back of my door; my bulge was very obvious and wondered if she noticed it.  
  
Lowering my pants, I watched my member spring free with a lively bounce and crawled into bed while stroking myself without missing a beat. That perfect tiny little hole consumed my mind as I gratified myself quickly, but my erection refused to go down.   
  
After the buildup of the first orgasm was gone, I was able to enjoy a much slower pace. Thinking about how I was just inches from her sexy ass, her soft skin twisting into a perfect circle, her tight lips descending below her intimate hole. The faint smell that no matter how clean, can never be fully washed away. I was already dripping precum again and slowly worked my way to another climax before drifting off to sleep.   
  
I didn't see Ashley again until the next evening when she was heading out the door to meet up with Mark. She spun around showing off her loose, silky summer dress. "How do I look?"   
  
"Gorgeous as usual. He's going to be all over you...everywhere." I offered trying to support her as any friend would.

"Let's hope." She crossed her fingers and left for the night.   
  
Once she was gone I began to imagine how he'd react. This was hard to do never having met him before, but surely he'd appreciate the effort she went through for him. And then it hit me, the fact that she did it all for him. And not for me.   
  
Not for me? What does that even mean? I denied it for quite some time before reaching the obvious conclusion that I was a little jealous. Ash and I had shared so many intimate moments, I felt a closeness with her that I never felt with anyone, and I didn't want her to experience that with anyone else either. And that thought worried me.   
  
We're just friends, I can't be jealous I told myself. It would ruin my relationship with Ashley and my girlfriend. And what worried me even more was that I was worried about those two relationships in exactly that order...afraid of losing what I had with Ashley more than my girlfriend. That was a depressing thought, which quickly shifted into thinking about how sad I felt for Ashley. What an awful feeling to feel unwanted from the person you love, to never get the kind attention you're craving.   
  
The next afternoon Ashley came home with a straight face and dropped her purse on the table.   
  
"So, any luck? Did he explore your hidden hairless hole?" I say jokingly.   
  
Shaking her head, she looked quite sad and headed straight for her bedroom before I could even ask what was wrong.   
  
"Ash?" I knocked on her door and entered without waiting for an answer. Her face was buried in her pillow, lying on her belly with her short dress just barely covering her cheeks. I could easily tilt my head and get a full upskirt view from this angle, which normally I would do in a heartbeat, but I was too focused on how upset she was. I've never seen her look this sad. "Are you ok? What happened?"   
  
"Nothing happened." She said muffled through her pillow. It sounded like she wanted to cry.   
  
I gently started to rub her upper back to calm her down without even thinking about it.   
  
"I just don't get it. Did we miss some spots?" She said helplessly.   
  
I ran my hand down her back on her dress and lightly over her butt. "No, I don't think we missed any spots. I can check if you like?" I say jokingly, hoping to lighten the mood.   
  
She subtly shrugs her shoulders. Did she think I was serious about checking? I noticed my hand was still resting on the top of her firm butt over the dress. What right do I have to keep my hand on her ass? My conscious asked me rhetorically.   
  
"Well if there's no hair, is it the smell? Am I really that gross?"  
  
My hand slowly slid to the bottom of her cheeks, over the dress and down to the warm flesh of her thighs. Gently kneading her upper hamstrings, moving upward until I found myself rubbing the crease where her cheeks and thighs met.   
  
"I really don't think it smells." I say almost in disbelief that a girl so sexy and confident has been reduced to feel this insecure...and by her boyfriend of all people. My instinct to comfort her jumped into overdrive, and I realized I slipped a finger under her panties and was gently massaging the tender curves of her lower cheeks. Does she know I'm doing this? Does she care? I brush it off reassuring myself I'm just helping her relax.   
  
"How would you know if it smells?" She says almost defensively, "It probably smells awful, no wonder he wants nothing to do with it." She sounded so sad.   
  
Continuing to knead her behind from under her panties, my palms were resting halfway up the middle of her cheeks. I slid my hands out and pulled the elastic band down incredibly slowly revealing her crack inch by inch until her panties were resting by her thighs.   
  
"What are you doing?" She says softly and more breathy than her last sentence.   
  
"Just helping you relax, Ash." I said carefully helping myself to two handfuls of her firm cheeks.  
  
"Well don't get too close, you'll probably run away from the smell." It almost sounded like a dare.   
  
"Jeez, Ash it doesn't smell." Something in me finally snapped, and I spread her cheeks slowly, exposing her perfect little hole. "See?" I said as I dipped my head lower and lower until I could practically feel the tingle of her skin on my face. I breathed in deeply and audibly. The smell was faint, but inviting. My nose circled around her hole without touching any skin, taking in the different scents that ranged from an earthy musk around her anus to the distinct smell of her now wet slit.   
  
"Jason...what, what are you...?" She said breathing so hard she was unable to finish the words.   
  
I felt the sides of her round cheeks gently pressing on both sides of my face as she squirmed from the shock. My nose dove into her hairless, knotted hole leaving my mouth hovering above her wet lips. I breathed in deeply savoring every nuance of her intimate odor.   
  
What am I doing? I thought helplessly as I bit into the side of her cheek feeling thick, tender flesh squish between my teeth.   
  
She let out a soft moan, a confused and frustrated sigh. "Jason!?" she cried into her pillow.   
  
My brain was two steps behind my body at this point, thinking I needed to stop this now as my tongue slid completely over her forbidden hole. She let out a loud gasp as she forced her head deeper into the pillow to silence herself.   
  
Over and over I tasted her ass, sliding my tongue in as deep as I could consuming her sour and lovely taste that was not at all what I expected. My head flooded with so many thoughts...STOP I screamed to myself mentally, I can't do this, and strangely I think back to our shared moment in the bathroom...and what came out of this hole. How is that even possible she was able to push that out of this super sexy, tight and perfect hole? Why am I thinking about that now? I scold myself unaware my tongue has been diving in and out of her for who knows how long, teasing her anus, craving more of her taste.   
  
Her hips wiggled uncontrollably as she lets out an unexpected scream. My mind focused for a second, realizing what I'm doing. How long has my hand been rubbing her clit? I don't remember even starting to do that, as my fingers moved faster and harder over her aroused tiny mound.   
  
I heard more gasps as if they were coming from a tunnel somewhere else. "Oh my god..." I know it's coming from her as she's buried in the pillow, but it doesn't seem to register in my focused brain. She moaned louder, lifting her hips off the bed, shoving her ass upward toward me, forcing my tongue deeper in her anus. I realize how close I am to coming from dry humping her bed. Have I been doing that this whole time?   
  
On the brink of erupting, any tiny ounce of my conscious left screams at every fiber in my body to STOP! It jolts me out of it and I lift my face slightly from between her wet cheeks. Breathing heavily as I stare at her two holes from the most intimate perspective, I can feel my breath bouncing off her carrying her seductive scent back into me. The air tingles my face as I feel it cool over her juices covering my mouth and the sides of my cheeks.   
  
I stand up immediately disgusted with myself. What have I done? My erection painfully throbbed against my pants. "I'm so sorry." I say as genuinely and regretfully as possible and run out of the room leaving her with her ass out in the open and her face still buried in her pillow.   
  
I rushed out of the apartment before truly grasping what I've done. I'm not a cheater, I tell myself over and over again. I don't want to hurt my girlfriend; I love her. Another thought terrifies me. Did I force myself on Ashley? The guilt was crushing me. It was too awful to think about. I couldn't go back to the apartment that night. Maybe ever.   
  
The next day she sent me a text. "We need to talk. Meet me at the coffee shop."  
  
A public place for a breakup, this is bad. If she doesn't call the cops I'll be lucky.   
  
I walk into the coffee shop and find her sitting alone in the corner booth. I slid in and scooted close enough to her so that neither one of us had to make direct eye contact. The silence became too much for me to take. "Ash, I'm so, so sorry." I say with shame and guilt. The words don't even begin to cover it.   
  
"You should be." She said softly, still not looking at me. "That was really fucked up, Jason."   
  
I don't have a reply. She's right.   
  
After another long awkward silence she breaks the tension. "But I don't entirely blame you."   
  
"What?" I whisper in disbelief.   
  
"I've been going over it in my mind and I think this is my fault."  
  
"How so?"   
  
"I knew Mark wouldn't do anything even if I was waxed, but I just wanted some attention there." She said now with her own guilty look.   
  
"That's fair, and mature of you to admit. But that doesn't give me the right to..." I can't even finish the sentence it sounds so bad in my head.   
  
"No, it doesn't. You should not have done that." After another long silence she continues. "But if I'm being honest with myself, I thought it would happen, and I didn't stop it." After a long pause, "I think I wanted it to happen."  
  
Again I didn't know how to respond, and watched her own guilt begin to wear on her. "Don't do that." I finally said. "Don't take the blame for this." I added, "This is my fault. I took advantage of you while you were feeling vulnerable." I felt a little better actually saying those words, but not much.   
  
She looked sad, in a strange reflective way. "Jason. I asked you to wax my asshole." She said in all seriousness, under any other circumstances hearing that phrase said so seriously would have been hilarious. Now it was just awkward. "Not only that, I asked you to do that after I knew you were turned on from that area...from, well you remember."  
  
I nodded. How could I forget?  
  
"I asked you to wax me because I wanted someone to touch me there. Someone to be turned on from it."   
  
I nodded again. It made sense. "But still, I shouldn't have..."  
  
"No, you're right." She cut me off. "But jeez, I'm not naive. I could have told you to stop. Hell I asked you if it smelled, practically begging you to check. Face it, I wanted you to do it." She lowered her head. "And you did."  
  
I almost felt used, but that wasn't quite right. Confused and guilty was more accurate.   
  
"In fact that was why I stopped using the bathroom with you after that last time." She said softly.   
  
"Why? Because you didn't want me to get turned on? Take things too far? That doesn't make any sense. I thought you liked that I was turned on from that." I was lost.   
  
"I did like it, but that's not why I stopped. I didn't want you to get too used to it. I wanted you to miss it."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Once I knew I decided I wanted you to wax me, I wanted you to miss those private moments...so you'd," she paused, almost wondering if she should admit it, "so you'd be thinking about it, dying to see it again. So you'd be tempted to do more from the anticipation."  
  
I was speechless. She really did want me to do it. My gut reaction was to be mad. She played games, manipulated me and I fell for it hook, line and stinker. It was deceitful, but truthfully I was amazed that she put that much thought into turning me on. It was flattering in a way. Not even my girlfriend had ever put that much thought into truly turning me on.   
  
Suddenly I was overwhelmed with thoughts of my girlfriend. She may never have done anything like that, but she certainly never tried to trick me either. She didn't deserve her boyfriend to do something like this. So many thoughts fell heavy on my conscious.   
  
"So where does this leave us?" I asked.   
  
She shrugged her shoulders helplessly.   
  
"Do you want me to move out?" I asked when I didn't really see many other options for us.   
  
"One of us probably should." She looked down again. "But I don't want that." She said in almost a whisper. "I don't want to lose you." She reached over and grabbed my hand. I lightly stroked the back of her hand with my thumb.   
  
"I don't want to lose you either." I said, surprising myself that I said it so quickly. We both sighed a little, relieved and amazed we felt the same way about our friendship.   
  
"Should we come clean? You tell Mark, I'll tell Shannon...and explain everything. Maybe they'll understand." I offer as a suggestion.   
  
"NO!" She said immediately. "They'd never understand. Well at least Mark wouldn't, I don't know if Shannon would...I've never met her. This has to be our secret. We'll just leave it as a fond memory...like a fantasy and nothing more."  
  
"That will be hard to do." I said truthfully.   
  
"I know." She agreed quietly. Her eyebrows raised as if a light bulb just went off above her head. "Mark and I are going camping next weekend. We've had it planned for a while now. You and Shannon should join us." She looked optimistic and added, "in a separate tent of course."  
  
"You think that's a good idea?" I asked hesitantly.   
  
"We've never even met each other's partners. Mark has mentioned wanting to meet you, this will be a chance to get to know each other quickly."  
  
"Well, Shannon would love to meet you finally." So many thoughts ran through my head of how the trip could turn into a disaster, but the hopeful look on Ashley's face was impossible to turn down.   
  
"Besides," she turned a little more serious, "if we meet them, maybe it will make us realize what's at stake. Who we are hurting when we..." I could tell she was overcome with guilt and couldn't even finish the sentence.   
  
"You're right. It would be good to meet them. Put a face to the name. Shannon is not much of an outdoors girl, but I think I can convince her. Count us in."  
  
Ashley's face lit up. It was good to see her carefree smile again. We toasted to each other and sipped on our coffee as the mood lightened.   
  
"Talk about a first." I add holding back a laugh.   
  
"Which one?" She joked. "Waxing someone?" The she blushed and added, "Rimming a girl?"   
  
"No, not that...licking a girl's asshole before kissing her lips." I said almost undermining all that we just talked about.   
  
She blushed more than I've ever seen her before, which is saying something considering all the situations I've seen her blush.   
  
She tried not to acknowledge it, but it was impossible to ignore the sly grin she was holding back. "To camping next week!" We toasted again, but just like that, the awkward tension had returned.

**Shared Bathroom with Coed Roommate Ch. 03**

The drive to the campsite had been unusually quiet. "You alright over there?" I asked Shannon, still amazed I somehow convinced her to go camping. She was the opposite of outdoorsy.   
  
"I'm fine." Shannon said. "Just wondering what a weekend of camping will be like, that's all." She said nervously.   
  
I couldn't help but think the only reason she agreed to this trip was because I had been so distant lately, and she was willing to sacrifice her own comfort to spend time together. After my recent interactions with Ashley, I felt terrible. Shannon had always been so sweet to me. We were far from a perfect couple, but that certainly did not excuse the things I had done with Ashley.   
  
I tried to put that all out of my head and relax. A weekend away from work and stress was just what I needed.   
  
After a few hours of driving, we pulled up to the entrance of the campgrounds. You had to park at the front and then carry everything to your campsite a few miles away. Ashley had already pointed out on a map where they'd be, a mere hour walk from here. I packed everything on my back that I could and Shannon and I headed off into the woods.   
  
We arrived the campsite exhausted and dripping with sweat, but the sight of Ashley instantly energized me.   
  
"You made it!" Ashley ran over and gave Shannon a hug. They exchanged pleasantries while I met Mark. He was a little taller than me, but otherwise fairly similar. Light brown hair, toned build, blue eyes. I started to wonder if Ashley had a type, and Mark and I were it.   
  
I began to assemble my tent right next to theirs. Mark was kind enough to offer a hand. He actually was very nice and friendly. In my mind I had built him up as this selfish jerk neglecting Ashley's needs. Perhaps that was a little biased.   
  
We spent the rest of the day drinking and chatting. Before it got dark, Mark and I built fire. Our dinner consisted of roasted hot dogs and smores. I was amazed at how well this was going so far.   
  
As the night wore on and the fire died down, I politely excused myself to find more firewood. As I stood up after hours of sitting, the pressure on my bladder finally started to set in. I wandered further into the woods, and found a nice private spot behind some trees and bushes.   
  
Although late in the evening, the sky was fairly bright from the full moon. The sound of my zipper broke the silence as I started to relieve myself. The air felt both warm and cool on my sensitive skin that rarely saw the outdoor world. The sound of my urine hitting the dirt and leaves pierced the night air. I let out a soft sigh and leaned back, aimed my stream nearly straight up and watched it arc several feet in front of me. Few things felt as satisfying as that.   
  
"Looks like fun!"   
  
I almost yelled from the shock, and jerked my whole body in the direction of the noise.   
  
"Jeez, watch where you're aiming that thing." Ashley said as she jumped to the side avoiding an unwanted golden shower.   
  
"Oh jeez, I'm sorry." I said, carefully aiming my high arcing stream away from her.   
  
"It's fine. I shouldn't have startled you like that." She said, still watching me closely and smiled. "But that does look like fun." She giggled.   
  
I felt the weight of her eyes on my crotch. I actually turned away slightly to protect a little modesty; it had been a while since she watched me pee and that initial, unfamiliar self-aware awkwardness came back like it was the first time. "I thought we agreed no more watching each other go...?" I asked, as I tried to cover my flaccid shaft that had nearly doubled in length and thickness since she startled me.   
  
"You're right. I'm sorry. I didn't intend to come watch you pee." She said, holding back a soft laugh. She turned her head, but was still partly looking at me out of the corner of her eye. "I was actually coming over here to do the same thing. Just didn't know you'd be here."   
  
As my stream died down, I shook off the last few drops. After I was completely finished, I still was holding it and held off tucking it back into my boxers. Whether that was on purpose or a subconscious move to be seen more, I don't know.   
  
Assuming I was done from silence, she returned her gaze to me. She couldn't hold back her smile when saw I was still holding it. God I love that feeling, I thought to myself.   
  
With her side facing me, she quickly slid her shorts down and squatted. It was quite a teasing view seeing the side of her thigh and butt, but not much else. I could barely make out a small stream forming into a puddle between her feet. My soft thickness was now growing harder and I finally decided it was time to put it back in my boxers.   
  
Ashley looked over as I did so and smiled, clearly watching the whole thing. "We did agree to not share bathroom moments, you're right. But I think we get a free pass on a camping trip." She wiggled her hips in lieu of toilet paper to shake the last few drops.   
  
"Good point. I mean what else are we supposed to do?" I added lightly, watching as she stood up and pulled her shorts up and over her toned thighs and curvy butt.   
  
"Well Shannon headed back to the camp entrance to use the facilities there. Mark went with her to be nice since it's already dark."   
  
"What? They did that rather than just go behind a tree? That's a few miles back, both ways." I found that hard to believe at first, but found it even harder to picture Shannon squatting in the woods.   
  
Ashley and I returned to the campsite and had a few more drinks around the warm fire knowing we still had quite a while before Mark and Shannon returned from their long bathroom trek. As usual, once we started chatting and laughing, the time flew.   
  
"It's getting pretty late. I should probably start getting my sleeping arrangements figured out before Mark gets back." Ashley said as she turned on a battery-powered light to make sure Shannon and Mark had something to look for. The fired died down now to just a few glowing embers.   
  
I stood up and dusted off my pants and started to head to my tent.   
  
"You can't just leave the fire like that, Jason. It's not safe." Ashley said.   
  
"Oh, good call. How do you put out a fire?" I asked realizing I've never done this before.   
  
"I guess you can pee on it." She said with a smile.   
  
"What?" I assumed she was joking.   
  
"Isn't that what guys do when they're camping? I'd do it but the logistics involved...I don't want burn my cheeks...or worse." She looked over slyly. "Just pee on it."   
  
I shrugged my shoulders and took a few steps closer to the fire. Ashley stepped right beside me and watched as I pulled out my penis for a second time in less than an hour. Fortunately the few recent drinks were enough to make me have to go, but Ashley's staring was enough pressure to prevent me from actually pulling the trigger. I took a few deep breaths, and tugged on my soft skin to help coax out the stream.   
  
The fire felt hot on my penis and Ashley took a step closer. She was practically touching my side. A few more deep breaths, and a few more gentle tugs and I was barely able to get out a few drops. The process left me completely hard. Ashley's face lit up with a smile that I couldn't tell if it was from laughing at the weak stream, or the fact my cock was now sticking straight out without the assistance of my hands.   
  
Smoke rose as the mixture of urine and fire created a loud hissing noise. I forgot I had an erection and was completely content sharing this moment with Ashley. I looked over at her, she looked up at me for the first time breaking her gaze of my crotch and we both laughed.   
  
"We made it!" I heard a deep voice from behind.   
  
Shit! Mark and Shannon were back and I tucked my erection back in my shorts and started using my beer to extinguish the flames. I leaned forward to hide my obvious bulge in my shorts.   
  
Mark saw me pour out the last of my beer as the flame died down. "Shoulda just peed on it." He joked as he took Ashley's hand and they disappeared into their tent.   
  
Shannon and I retired to our tent as well. My erection was still pulsing and my heart was pounding from nearly being caught. Shannon looked at me with mischievous eyes. Did she know me well enough to know I was hiding something?   
  
I was a little tipsy and decided not to let my erection go to waste as I kissed Shannon's neck. My hands ran up her belly, caressing her covered breasts and quickly undressing her as I had a thousand times before. It had actually been quite a while since we were last intimate, but it still felt the same. It always felt the same. Following our usual foreplay routine, it wasn't long until I was deep inside her, thrusting and holding her tight. Her soft moans in my ear got me even harder. I felt her warm embrace as she approached her climax quickly, but what sent me over the edge was thinking about how Ashley asked me to just "whip it out."   
  
In the entire time we've known each other we've watched each other pee several times before, but that was the first time she ever asked me to do it in front of her. The thought of her wanting to see me was too much to handle as my hips moved at twice their normal speed until I felt myself shaking, lying atop Shannon as the last few thrusts drained my body, leaving any cum I had left deep inside Shannon's tight slit. I kissed her neck, now getting drowsy as I heard her soft pants of satisfaction.   
  
As I snuggled with her, I couldn't help but imagine it was Ashley I was holding as we both drifted off to sleep.   
  
The next morning I awoke to find Shannon still asleep, cuddled in her sleeping bag. Her bare shoulder was exposed; reminding me she was completely nude underneath. I kissed her on the cheek knowing she wouldn't be up for a few more hours.   
  
I threw on my shorts and a T-shirt and headed out to my makeshift outdoor bathroom from the previous night.   
  
To my surprise, Ashley was already there. Sitting on a log facing me, her ass was hanging over the back edge. She had her arms crossed, resting on her thighs as she leaned forward. I saw this position before...once.   
  
"Morning." I said as I walked toward her. It was hard to hide my excitement of catching her during her private time, but I did my best to stay calm.   
  
"Careful, you might want to keep your distance." She warned me.   
  
"You do remember you stared at me all last night when I went." I reminded her, now glad to be on the other end.   
  
"I guess I can't stop you. I'm kind of immobile at the moment." She laughed, but clearly embarrassed and not thrilled I caught her in such a vulnerable position.   
  
I walked up closer than I needed to and slightly lowered my waistband to relieve my bladder right in front of her. My stream almost reached her feet, but I was careful not to get any on her. She laughed and shook her head, aware I was doing this for her amusement, but she still watched closely until I finished.   
  
"Well I'm glad this is fun and easy for one of us." She joked. "I'm almost done. Would you mind getting me some leaves or something to wipe with?"   
  
I shook my flaccid penis a few times, feeling it grow thicker with each shake. I looked around for some bushes or something that would be useful to Ashley. I tucked away my half erection and stepped over the log on which she was perched, and walked over to the nearest bushes. Well aware of the intimate view I could have now that I was directly behind her, but I respectfully did my best not to stare at her exposed ass.   
  
I scanned the bushes and leaves closely but thought of a huge potential problem. "Ash, I can grab you some leaves, but I can't promise they're not poison ivy...and I know you wouldn't want to rub your junk with that." I turned back, now facing her forgetting she's still going. My eyes immediately gravitated downward at the large, thick dark piece of waste slowly moving out of her anus. I was completely speechless and stopped in my tracks. I saw her go once before, but not even close to this much detail.   
  
It wasn't until I saw it happening that I noticed the unmistakable smell. Even in the woods, surrounded by plants and fresh air, the stench from her perfect little body and tight ass reached my nose. I couldn't believe it was still this powerful outdoors. "God Ash, somehow you managed to stink up the whole forest." I said jokingly, partly to tease her, but really I think I just wanted to make her feel embarrassed.   
  
"Oh shut up!" She snapped and crouched over her knees further as if trying to disappear. It was a powerful feeling knowing I could cause that kind of a reaction.   
  
I stepped over the log to give her a little, very little, privacy.   
  
"Are you planning on sleeping over here tonight?" She asked with a quirky grin?   
  
"What?"   
  
"Well it looks like you're pitching a tent..." Ash said, rubbing it in in a way that made me feel more embarrassed than her actually going. How does she do that?   
  
I looked down and noticed the bulge my shorts and blushed. "Sorry, it's not every day I see a gorgeous girl do... that."   
  
"It's ok." She cuts me off. "I still think about it almost every time I go." She blushed even more, I was not sure if it because she admitted thinking about the intimate and embarrassing time in the bathroom, or if it was because she was grimacing trying to finish.   
  
"Well can you at least find something I can wipe myself with?" She asked again as if it would change the options of what she could wipe with.   
  
"I told you, for all I know these could be poison ivy. If you want an ass rash help yourself."   
  
"Fair point." She said ever so slightly adjusting her hips and let out the tiniest sigh, I imagined it was from the relief of her long and thick log finally falling from her anus. She stood up and pulled her shorts to her mid thighs, which covered her slit but left her ass exposed. She dusted off her cheeks lightly while looking behind her to smile at her pile of hard work. "I saw on a map there's a little lagoon area up ahead. I can at least try to wash myself. Can you do me a favor and make sure I don't get eaten by a bear or something?"   
  
"Lead the way." I said, glad that she gave me a perfect excuse to join her.   
  
She turned and marched deeper into the woods, and I followed closely behind her watching her exposed cheeks jiggle with every step. My mind couldn't help but wonder how dirty her ass was from not wiping. The thought both grossed me out and excited me.   
  
I didn't notice a single thing we passed along the walk. My eyes never left her mesmerizing behind. We curved around a bend and I almost walked right into her when she stopped suddenly.   
  
"It's breathtaking." She said softly.   
  
"It certainly is." I agreed still looking at her round cheeks hanging out of her shorts and finally glanced up to see a hidden water paradise. Lush, flowery plants, guarded by rocky walls and a tiny waterfall spilling in the distance, surrounded a small pond.   
  
I walked up next to her, placing my hand innocently on her lower back a few inches above her bare behind. "This is unbelievable."   
  
A sly grin crept up her face and she turned away, pulling her shirt up over her head and quickly throwing her bra to the side. I watched as her full backside from shoulders to just below cheeks was exposed.   
  
She kicked off her shoes, wiggled out of her shorts and dove in without ever looking back.   
  
She let out a few high-pitched squeals and giggles, crossing her arms to cover her breasts as she emerged from the water. "What are you waiting for? The water is perfect!"   
  
I knew I shouldn't join her, but I was past rational thought now. I stripped down as fast as I could, discarding my clothes behind a bush and dove in to catch up with her.  
  
The water practically electrified my body. "I thought you said the water is perfect? This is freezing!" I said shivering as the air cooled on my wet skin while I stood up in the shallow lagoon.   
  
"You never would have joined me if I said it was this cold!" She giggled, pleased her little ploy worked.   
  
I was pretty sure I would have joined her even if it was molten lava, but she didn't need to know that. We both stood shivering, crossing our arms. The water rose to her hips, depending on how she moved I could just see her narrow strip of pubic hair. I however was completely exposed being a little taller than her. The water rose to my mid thighs and I could feel cold splashes on the head of my penis.   
  
Her eyes gazed downward and she tried to conceal her laugh.   
  
"What?" I said becoming more self conscious and glanced down to see that the freezing water was not kind to my extremities.   
  
"What are you laughing at?" I said defensively as I covered up my shriveled manhood.   
  
"Nothing, nothing." She said with a straight face and then broke out in a fit of laughter. "It's just, I've never seen it so small."   
  
"Ouch!" That was a huge blow to my ego, now overly aware of how naked and exposed I was.   
  
"No! That's not what I meant. I didn't mean it as an insult. I'm used to it being huge...I've just never seen it in this state."   
  
"You think I'm huge?" I asked genuinely surprised.   
  
Ashley blushed. "Geez, don't start fishing for compliments... you know you are."   
  
I did not know that, and I had no response, but it was an amazing and flattering thought.   
  
"Besides I'm not immune, the water is making my nipples hard enough to cut glass." She said slightly moving her crossed arms to expose her breasts while still pressing her cleavage together. Her normally quarter-sized areolas had shrunk to about the size of dimes, filled with light pink bumps as her nipples poked out toward me.   
  
"Oh yeah that's the exactly the same thing...the colder yours get the sexier they look. The colder mine gets..."   
  
She laughed and blushed as she covered herself once again, playfully splashing me with her spare hand. I splashed back with both hands, no longer covering myself. She squealed and turned away from the water, and then matched my efforts with her own two-handed splash.   
  
I chased after her as she ran toward the waterfall, and dove for her as we got closer. It was an innocent tackle, but I felt handfuls of soft flesh as I pulled her into the water before we emerged on the backside of the waterfall.   
  
She stood up right in front of me, her hair dripping, she crossed her arms and shivered visibly. She had that vulnerable look I never could resist. I felt her pronounced goose bumps as I rubbed her arms gently to warm her. My hands slid down closer to her elbows and my thumbs moved closer inward gently uncrossing her arms.   
  
Her breasts rose and fell dramatically as her breathing sped up. I stepped closer and she placed her hands forcefully on my chest. Clearly she was preventing me from stepping closer, but her hands sent a different message as they lightly trailed down my chest to my abs.   
  
"Looks like it's not so cold after all." she said softly, looking downward as my tip was now practically poking her stomach. She looked back up at me with wide eyes, torn from temptation and guilt.   
  
I didn't notice as my hands shifted from her arms to her hips until I saw my thumbs almost reached the bottom of her breasts when I gripped the sides of her torso firmly. Her hands trailed down my abs further, lingering just below my belly button. Our heads leaned in closer as she closed her eyes and lightly licked her lips. It was like a magnet pulling me in, my lips were so close to hers I could feel her breath on my face as I parted my lips to match hers.   
  
"Ashley? You over here?" A deep voice called out.   
  
"Shit." Ashley and I said in unison quickly ending our embrace. I dove behind a rocky wall nearby, hoping it would be enough to cover me until they left. I had a tiny view of Ashley through a slit in the rocky edifice. Her back was arched as she rinsed her hair in the waterfall. The posture emphasized everything seductive about her body.

"I'm here. Just washing up." She called out to him calmly. I was impressed at how quickly she made it seem like this was the most normal thing she'd ever done.   
  
I could make out Mark's bare torso as he finally came into view, standing where I was a moment ago. She stepped closer, and Mark wasted no time diving in for a kiss. His hands blocked my view of Ashley's breasts, squeezing roughly. Her hands disappeared below my view, but from the repetitive motion I knew she was stroking him quickly.   
  
Gently I tugged on my own erection, teasing the tip while watching the show. Ashley disappeared below my view as Mark leaned his head back, accepting her oral gift. I couldn't see the full details, but I saw the top of her head bobbing back and forth faster and faster. Wishing it was me, my wrist motioned even faster gripping my pulsing shaft.   
  
Ashley popped back up and turned so her round ass was facing him. Mark didn't even catch the hint she wanted some attention back there and turned her around again, picking her up by the hips. Her legs wrapped around him as she slowly lowered onto him. I could only see a blurry mixture of flesh from my viewpoint, and as the exaggerated pants and moans came through intermittently over the steady sound of the waterfall.   
  
I stroked even faster, but my shaft was softening. Soon I was tugging at a completely flaccid penis. It was hard to watch this, and I felt bad for Ashley as she was denied being taken from behind. Mark never paid attention to her wants. Not like I would. What is wrong with me? They can do whatever they want...they're together, you and her are not! My mind hammered that thought in over and over.   
  
Their moans picked up quicker and louder until I heard Mark moan for a long stretch. He finished and she slid off. Ashley looked relieved. I could barely see them walk out of view, his arm around her. Once again I have returned to my shriveled state; cold and hiding from the elements. My mind helplessly raced with anger and jealousy. He did not deserve her. This was so fucked up; why do I keep thinking like that?   
  
I waited a few more minutes just to be safe before returning to find my clothes. Thank goodness I threw them behind a bush and not right next to her clothes. Quickly I got dressed and returned to my tent to hang out with Shannon.   
  
I tried to put that whole scene out of my head and make the best of my time with Shannon, but I'm clearly distracted for most of the day. When it finally starts to get dark we all met up around the fire again. I hadn't seen Ashley since, well since they were...I couldn't even finish the thought I hated it so much.   
  
"Hey Jason." Mark says in a perfectly friendly tone. "What have you guys been up to? Haven't seen you all day."   
  
Man I hate him.   
  
"We went for a walk, saw some sights, enjoyed nature. You know, camping stuff." I tried my best to be friendly. "What about you guys?" I asked even though I knew I wouldn't want to hear the answer.   
  
"Just enjoying nature as well." He said slyly as he pulled Ashley closer and kissed her neck jokingly. "Enjoying nature in a waterfall... on a hidden beach...in an open field." He tickled Ashley as he said this. She tried to keep quiet, but a little giggle slipped out.   
  
Jeez, were they fucking all over this stupid campground? That was not what I wanted hear or think about. "Glad you're enjoying yourselves." I lied.   
  
The night wore on, the fire roared and the drinks were disappearing. I spoke to Shannon and Mark for most of the evening, subconsciously avoiding Ashley besides an occasional look in her direction.   
  
It was getting late now and the fire had almost died down. Mark snuggled up next to Ashley and pulled her close. Something about it set me off.   
  
"We should probably turn in." I say, now looking over at Mark. "We can't leave the fire like this...why don't you pee on it to put it out." I say softly, but definitely as a challenge.   
  
"I would but I don't have to go." He said plainly. It annoys me how little that challenge affected him. "But by all means, Jason, go ahead and put it out." He laughs a little, probably thinking I'll never do it.   
  
"Like Smokey the Bear said, only you can prevent forest fires." I laugh at the absurdity of that statement and make no effort to move.   
  
"Well if a bear said it, you should probably listen." Ashley chimed in. That was the first thing she said to me since we were last standing face-to-face, naked as the day we were born. She gave me a playful smirk.   
  
I shrugged my shoulders and stood up.   
  
"Jason, what are you doing?" Shannon asked. Without looking at her, I knew she was rolling her eyes.   
  
"Just saving our lives and protecting the environment."   
  
We had all been sitting on the same side of the fire about five feet back to stay at a comfortable temperature's distance. I'm pretty sure they all thought I would stand closer to the fire and with my back to them all. Effectively showing them nothing. But a thought crossed my mind.   
  
"Think I can do it from here?" I took a step back, now standing between Shannon and Ashley. Mark on the other side of Ashley just shook his head, doubting I would do it and doubting I could cover that distance. I was probably seven feet away.   
  
"Jeez, Jason. Just sit down." Shannon said now definitely irritated.   
  
"What about you, Ash?" I slowly unzipped my pants. "Think I can put it out from here?" I reached in and pulled out my penis letting it dangle right in front of Ashley and everyone else.   
  
Ashley's eyebrows darted up. I was probably as large and thick as I've ever been while still being soft. Her mouth dropped a little due to the shock of me exposing myself in front of everyone, but her eyes never left my crotch.   
  
I have no idea what Mark's reaction was because I never took my eyes off Ashley.   
  
"What the fuck, Jason? Stop it!" I barely heard Shannon as if it was just background noise.   
  
My bladder was so full it wasn't hard to start even with my largest audience I've ever had for peeing. At first the stream fell a few feet short of the embers, as it strengthened I aimed my tip higher and the arched stream reached the dying embers with a loud hiss as smoke rose from the mixture.   
  
I felt satisfied, as if I won a small battle with Mark that he didn't even know he was fighting. As I looked around I noticed a variety of reactions. All were bad. Mark and Ashley seemed to be having a quiet argument and Shannon just shook her head, disappointed and disgusted as she walked away.   
  
I should have expected all of these reactions as I stood there still with my dick in my hands. I turned back and saw Mark and Ashley walk away as well. Suddenly I was alone. What have I done?   
  
I chased after Shannon, expecting to find her near our tent. But no such luck. With no idea where she went, it didn't make sense to get myself lost wandering in the dark of night looking for her.   
  
I headed to the only place I really felt relaxed, the place I had begun to think of as my bathroom. It was hidden, private and I found comfort there. Turns out Ashley did too. She was sitting on the log where I found her this morning. This time she was not handling her intimate business. She was staring at the ground and looked pretty upset.   
  
"That was some stunt you pulled back there." She said plainly.   
  
"I know. I didn't plan for that." After pausing for a long moment. "I don't know what came over me."   
  
Ashley shook her head, trying not to believe me.   
  
"It was just supposed to be a joke. Mark told me to do it yesterday. It just seemed like the thing to do." I added. "Now Shannon is pissed, wandering who knows where around this forest. You're pissed. This is all messed up."   
  
"Mark accused me of staring at your dick." She paused and added, "and liking it too much."   
  
"Well do you?" That was not the question I should have asked in that moment.   
  
"What?" She asked giving me an easy out to just forget it.   
  
But I pressed on. "Do you like looking at it?" Why couldn't I just drop it?   
  
"You know I do!" Ashley snapped. "That's the problem. I'm not supposed to like that. Hell I'm not even supposed to see that."   
  
I had never seen her this mad before. "Honestly, what did you think would happen? What was going through your mind when you decided to pull out your dick in front of everyone?"   
  
I had no response.   
  
"Think how awkward that was for me in that situation." She said. "Jeez, Mark was right there. Shannon too."   
  
"Awkward situation? Let's talk about awkward situations. How the fuck do you think I felt when I saw you and Mark in the waterfall this morning? You think I enjoyed that?" Now I finally snapped. It was the wrong thing to bring up, but it felt liberating getting it off my chest.   
  
"What choice did I have? He nearly saw us naked together. I knew it would distract him and make him stop wondering about why I was just hanging ass out in the pond." She paused and added, "Besides it's not like it was a picnic listening to you two in your tent last night."   
  
"You heard that?"   
  
She nods. "I know the sound of a mouth sucking a cock when I hear it. And then the silence after when she started to moan louder and louder...I know what your tongue is capable of..." She looked disgusted, but it wasn't disgust on her face. She was jealous just like I was.   
  
"Ash, I'm sorry. We tried to be quiet."   
  
"You shouldn't be sorry for making love to your girlfriend. And I shouldn't be sorry about fucking Mark in the waterfall. The whole point of this trip was to meet each other's partners so we'd stop having these feelings about each other. Instead I think it's only made the temptation worse."   
  
"You're right." I don't know what else to say, she was completely right. Neither of us should feel guilty or jealous, and yet that's all we felt. "Let's just try to forget about it for tonight and maybe it will blow over by the morning."   
  
"Fine, whatever." She said dishearteningly and walked off to her tent.   
  
I waited a few minutes before waking back myself. I didn't want to run into her again. Best to let her cool off for the night.   
  
Shannon was not in the tent when I got there. I was too tired and preoccupied to worry about that at the moment and fell asleep quickly as my head was spinning from the unpredicted evening.   
  
I woke up the next morning and still no Shannon. Now I was legitimately concerned. Did she ever come back? Is she ok? Did she wander off to the car to try to leave? This was not good.   
  
Fortunately that train of thought didn't last long. Shannon popped into the tent with a relaxed look on her face.   
  
"Shannon! I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me last night. I was drinking too much..." My rambled apology was quickly interrupted.   
  
"It's okay." She said with a smile.   
  
"It is?"   
  
"Yeah, don't worry about it. I know it's no big deal." She said all too calmly.   
  
Something was up. I knew I should just leave well enough alone. She said it was fine, just leave it be and move on with our lives.   
  
"What made you change your mind?" I couldn't help myself.   
  
"Nothing, really. I mean I understand it's no big deal now."   
  
It still wasn't adding up. My confused look gave me away. "Now...? Why do you know it's no big deal... now?"   
  
"Now that I've seen, I mean that he's seen." She paused. "I get it. It's no big deal. Okay?" She sounded a little anxious.   
  
"Now that you've seen what?" I ask nervously. "He saw? What are you talking about?"   
  
"Well, I was super pissed last night." She continued hesitantly. "I came back to the tent last night and you were asleep. I couldn't sleep much and got up pretty early this morning. I thought a nice shower would help me relax, so I made the trek to the facilities at the camp entrance."   
  
Where was this going?   
  
"I'm not sure if you've even seen the facilities, it's almost as if you haven't needed to use the bathroom this whole trip other than last night" She said as if hinting at something I was too obtuse to pick up.   
  
"Well there's a men's and women's toilet, and in the back it leads to a shower area. They're gross showers, but I figured I'd be done in a few minutes anyway. Just had to rinse the dirt off my body."   
  
I quickly got an image of her sexy frame under the water, and viewed her in a new light, before snapping out of it and returning my focus to her explanation.   
  
"The shower area had a small partition, but it didn't cover much. I assumed it was just to give you privacy from other women who might be using the shower. But..." She paused. "It actually is connected to the men's shower."   
  
I stared at her blankly.   
  
"Mark walked in on me. That's all. It was no big deal."   
  
"What?!" I could barely believe it.   
  
"It was a communal shower. I didn't know. Neither did he." She added.   
  
"So then what happened?" I asked knowing I should just leave it alone.   
  
"Well we both apologized. It was really awkward." She paused. "At first."   
  
"At first? What the hell does that mean?"   
  
"Well once we were both showering and chatting, it was like it was no big deal."   
  
"You stayed in the shower with him?" I couldn't believe any of this.   
  
She nodded.   
  
"Shannon, what the hell?" I said, well aware of my hypocrisy. "So you saw his...?"   
  
She nodded.   
  
"And he saw your...?"   
  
"Everything." She said softly.   
  
I just shook my head. This couldn't be real.   
  
"I was showering. He was showering. People don't shower with clothes on. Obviously we saw things, but it was no big deal. Nothing happened. He didn't even know I was in there at first. It was all innocent." She said much faster.   
  
My head was spinning with irrational and hypocritical, jealous thoughts. It made me realize how Shannon would feel if she knew half the things Ashley and I have seen and shared. The guilt was overwhelming. But it did not replace my jealousy no matter how much I knew I didn't deserve to feel jealous.   
  
"I'm really sorry, Jason. It was an accident and didn't mean anything. I'm also sorry for being mad at you last night about what you did."   
  
I look at her a little confused.   
  
"I was jealous at the time, but I know it was just a silly joke. It's not like she sees you do that every day."   
  
"No of course not." My stomach turned as I lied to her.   
  
"Let's just chalk it up to a strange camping experience and move on." She offered.   
  
I nodded silently and she kissed me on the cheek.   
  
"I'm going to go for a long run. This has been quite the morning." She added with a smile, "maybe you can walk in on me in the shower later."   
  
I laughed and watched as she playfully shook her butt at me while exiting the tent.   
  
Heading out, I walked over to my informal bathroom area for my morning bladder relief. My mind was focused on the fact that Mark saw her naked in the shower. What right do I have to be jealous about that after all Ashley and I have shared? Strangely my mind then bounced to the thought of Mark and Ashley in the waterfall. I was jealous of Mark on both ends.   
  
I bumped into Ashley as she was headed to our bathroom as well.   
  
"I was just going to..." I say awkwardly, not sure if I should pee in front of her again.  
  
"Me too." She said. We both froze as if afraid to go. My thumb was tucked in my waistband, hesitant to pull out my penis. Her hands were resting on her hips, wondering if she should pull down her shorts. We just stood there staring at each other.   
  
"This is ridiculous." She said in frustration finally pulling her shorts down and squatting.   
  
I followed suit and stood there stupidly with my dick in my hands, as my stream finally formed. We peed together, but in a strange silence, which made the sounds of our streams hitting the ground even louder. We both pretended not to watch, but looked out the corner of our eyes unable to ignore it.   
  
"Shannon is no longer mad at me." I said, making zig zags in the dirt with my stream.   
  
"Oh?" Ashley said plainly, now looking over at me, relieved that the conversation gave us an excuse to look at each other.   
  
"Yeah, kind of a strange story." I said shaking away the last few drops. The movements attracted Ashley's attention, as she watched my soft member flop in my hand.   
  
"Turns out Mark and Shannon had an interesting morning." I said, not sure how much she knew about it.   
  
"Oh. That." She said softly while shaking her hips in lieu of toilet paper.   
  
"So you know Mark walked in on her by accident? And then they still showered together?" I said, emphasizing my disbelief.   
  
Ashley was silent as she stood up, exposing the profile of her round behind while pulling up her shorts. She turned to face me when her shorts were just past her slit, leaving her tiny strip of hair visible. She still was a master at teasing me, whether on purpose or not.   
  
"Ash?" Her lack of a response worried me.   
  
"Wellllll." She said hesitantly.   
  
Oh boy, what now? I wondered.   
  
"It wasn't exactly an accident?"   
  
"What do you mean?" I said growing impatient.   
  
"I kind of, um told him to do it." She said staring at the ground.   
  
"What? How is that even possible?"   
  
"Mark and I were on a long walk, and he was still really pissed. I didn't know what to say to calm him down. We saw Shannon in the distance walking over to the facilities and I thought maybe we should talk about it with her."   
  
I could tell this was difficult for her to say, so I tried not to interrupt.   
  
"By the time we got over there, we could hear the faint noise of the shower running from outside. Mark and I waited, and he said he wasn't sure what good talking to her would do. It wouldn't undo what happened."   
  
She paused and added, "what he was really saying was he was pissed I saw...well, that I saw your dick. Talking to her wouldn't erase that image. And I realized he was right. He would be pissed at me for weeks. I needed someway for him to feel even. Tit for dick, so to speak."   
  
I stood there silently trying to soak this in.   
  
"So I suggested he, uhh, that he go in there with her."   
  
"Are you kidding me?" I didn't believe it. "What did he say?"   
  
"At first he was against it. But I talked him into it thinking it's the only way he'd ever consider it an equal exchange."   
  
She paused and stared at the ground helplessly. "After he went in I walked back to the campsite. I didn't really want to know anything beyond that."   
  
"How could you do that, Ash?" This stung almost more than if he wanted to do it himself.   
  
"I don't know. I didn't expect to be faced with that decision. I didn't expect to be accused of staring at your dick and liking it. And I sure as shit didn't expect to be explaining my every thought to you." She broke down and started to cry.   
  
I felt helpless and knew I was mostly to blame. I felt awful and I felt worse making Ashley feel this bad. "This is all my fault. I'm so sorry, Ashley." I didn't know what else to say.   
  
"I thought that was the whole point of this trip. To see it from their side." She said as her tears fell.   
  
"I didn't think it meant having them be naked together." I said jokingly, trying to lighten the mood.   
  
"Just be glad that's all it was. Think of all we've done. Hell you've even licked my..." She stopped herself from finishing that thought. "The point is they only had an innocent glimpse. And now that we feel bad, it's all the more reason we need to stop."   
  
I nodded my agreement knowing we've said that before, but have never been good at sticking to it.   
  
She rested her exhausted head on my shoulder, and I rubbed her arm softly.   
  
"This situation is all fucked up." She said hopelessly.   
  
"I know." I said as I continued to rub her arm. She turned a little more toward me, so now my hand was grazing the side of her breast from her new position. Still rubbing her arm with the same gentle motion, but now each little rub of her arm also lightly moved breast. It all happened so naturally I didn't even notice the transition as my hand was now cupping her breast innocently.

"It will be ok." I tried to console her, still not realizing what my hand is doing.   
  
"Will it?" She looked up at me with soft, vulnerable eyes on the verge of crying again.  
  
"I promise." I whispered softly and gave her a gentle kiss on the cheek. She hugged me, and I kissed her cheek again. And then again. She subtly turned her face toward me. I couldn't stop kissing her cheek as she turned, until finally our lips met. It was a gentle kiss, hardly more than a peck but it sent a shock through my body. Her lips were so soft, delicate, it was as if they were a perfect counterpart to mine.   
  
I realized I was fully holding her breast, gently circling my fingers over her hard nipple through the fabric as our mouths slowly opened. My fingers slid through her hair, feeling the shape of the back of her head as I held her closely. Her tongue lightly slid over mine.   
  
Instantly we both broke the kiss, panting heavily.   
  
"Jason..." She said, out of breath. "We can't." She kissed me one last time and ran her hand down my belly and over my shorts to my right leg covering every inch of my painfully covered budge.   
  
I'm amazed to realize I've freed her left breast and was lightly pinching her perfect, pink nipple. I don't remember doing that, but the sight got me even harder.   
  
She pulled off and tucked her breast back into her shirt. "We can't. We can't!" she repeats. "I'm going to go find Mark, and we'll head home. No more of this. It was just a fluke vacation thing."   
  
I nod silently. Unsure of how we even got here.   
  
"When we get home, everything will go back to normal like this never happened." She locked eyes with me one last time, confused, hurt, guilty and torn.   
  
I nodded again and watched her leave, not sure what 'normal' meant for us.   
  
I sat there analyzing what happened while I waited for my erection to die down. Out of everything we've ever shared or done together, somehow the kiss felt the most wrong. The guilt pounded on my insides as I headed back to the campsite.   
  
Ashley and Mark had already left, and Shannon and I started to pack up our gear and prepare for the long drive home.   
  
"Well that certainly was an unforgettable trip." Shannon said and gave me a kiss on the cheek once we were in the car. She slept for most of the ride back.   
  
"Unforgettable indeed." I replied. It definitely was for me. I could still feel Ashley's lips on mine. I don't think I've been that turned on from a kiss since probably high school. Despite all that, I wondered what Shannon found unforgettable? Was it the fact she and Mark showered together? I imagined how that scenario actually went down a thousand times. Did they laugh? Was she at least trying to cover herself up? Was he? Did she directly look at his dick, or just by accident? Did she wash herself intimately, rubbing her breasts and slit in front of him? Was he washing his dick in front of her, maybe as an excuse to stroke himself or make it hard to impress her? Each question only led to more questions. How close were they actually standing? Did they bump into each other? It bugged me the most that I would never really know the answers. And I might not want to, either.   
  
I dropped off Shannon at her place and headed back to mine. Ashley was not there. I was left alone when I really needed a distraction to get my mind off everything.   
  
My phone buzzed and I saw that Ashley sent me a pic. What could this be? I opened it hesitantly, and my heart sank.   
  
It was a picture of her hugging Mark. Showing off a ring on her left hand. She was engaged.   
  
Shit.

**Shared Bathroom with Coed Roommate Ch. 04**

I hadn't seen Ashley in a few days since the camping trip, and it was probably for the best. I was still processing all that happened. My mind was flooded with thoughts of her naked just inches in front of me in the waterfall. How far would things have gone if Mark didn't show up?   
  
Maybe I should be glad he did, or else we both would have regret what might have happened. But that thought quickly disappeared remembering the vivid scenes of Ashley with Mark, and how she ended up sucking and fucking him right there. The jealousy stung almost as much as the confusion of my feelings, which usually turned into anger at Mark. That jerk showered with Shannon, too. The two of them naked and wet, just inches from each other. How could they do that to me? Who showers with another person's girlfriend?  
  
The hypocrisy was overwhelming, and always brought my mind back to the waterfall. God Ashley was sexy. I climbed into bed, knowing sleep was a far ways away when I got this frustrated. I set my laptop next to me, tossed my boxers on the floor, and turned out the lights. This is nothing a little porn couldn't solve.   
  
I quickly scanned my favorite sites and was bombarded with ridiculous nudity, sex and pop-up ads. Girl on girl, anal, blowjobs, MILFs, butts, pussies, huge cocks, boobs and nipples everywhere. It was just too much. I hadn't even clicked on a video link and I had already seen a cock enter every hole possible in the side banners. Normally that didn't bother me...even helped me get in the mood, but tonight it just seemed so over the top it did nothing for me.   
  
I closed my laptop, closed my eyes and let my imagination do what videos couldn't. My hand slid under the covers and teased my growing thickness. I had a few go-to thoughts of old crushes who started to seduce me, but the harder I tried to focus on their faces the more it turned into Ashley. Instantly we were back under the waterfall again. I could almost feel her heat she was so close, even with the cold waterfall all around us.   
  
I imagined the kiss we shared and that got me more turned on than anything. I was already stroking furiously without realizing it. We were kissing and embracing, but I knew it was only my imagination because I couldn't feel her body against mine. I tried to imagine grabbing her round ass and pulling her closer, but it was as if I was fighting reality, as the image seemed to get foggier as I got closer to my orgasm.   
  
"Oh Ashley." I said softly followed be deep breathing and called out again louder this time. "Fuck, Ashley..." It was so out of character for me to do that. Hell I barely even spoke during sex, let alone while flying solo. And yet I heard the words come out of my mouth again. "Ashley."  
  
I was startled as my bedroom door opened and in walked Ashley. I nearly yelled from the shock and quickly rolled onto my side under the covers to try to hide my erection...I did not want to be pitching tent, she'd know I was...oh shit, did she hear me call out her name? Is that why she just walked in without knocking?  
  
"I thought I heard you come in." I said, trying to give a reason for why I might have been calling out her name, alone, in the dark, while I was naked under the sheets and sporting a throbbing hard on. The light outside room crept in and she slowly came into focus.  
  
"Yeah, I just got home. Thought I'd say hi since I haven't seen you since." And she trailed off.   
  
She hadn't seen me since the kiss but neither of us needed to be reminded of that. Ash walked over and sat on the bed next to me. She was probably only a few inches from the tip of my erection under the sheets. Could she tell she was that close?  
  
"So how are you?" I asked trying to remain calm even though my heart was beating and my cock was still rock hard.   
  
"I'm great! It all happened so fast, it was amazing. I couldn't believe it." She had a giggly smile she couldn't hold back.   
  
At first I was flattered, thinking she was talking about our kiss. But I soon realized she was talking about Mark proposing. Of course she was. How self-centered was I?  
  
"Yeah, that's amazing. You'll have to tell me all about it." I pretended I was interested.   
  
"Of course!" She leaned over and kissed my forehead. "But I'll leave you to, uh, get some sleep for now." She had a small grin she was trying to hide.   
  
Was she implying something? Did she know I was stroking myself? The thought slightly embarrassed me, but more so turned me on if it meant she was imagining my hand gripping my cock, which she had seen before and should have no problem conjuring up the image.   
  
"We'll talk more tomorrow." She said as she got up and left the room.   
  
She failed to close my door on the way out. Was that on purpose? Did she want me to continue what I was doing with the door open? And a more annoying thought popped into my head; why do I always imagine she has some sexual motive behind innocent actions? Why do I torture myself overanalyzing every single little thing that happens?   
  
But my questions did not stop there as she left the room and entered hers. She also failed to close her door and I watched her walk back and forth as she got ready for bed. With her back facing me she took off her shirt over her head and tossed it to the side. She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra and tossed that as well. Her bare upper torso was completely exposed. I couldn't help but think it was all just to tease me.   
  
She stepped to the side, slightly turning in the process. A small portion of her side breast came into view before she was no longer visible in the doorway. When she came back into view she was only wearing a T-shirt that barely went past her butt. I couldn't tell if she had on panties or not, but my brain assumed she didn't.   
  
My erection grew stronger from watching this relatively tame but sexy and teasing show. I didn't want to reach down to play with my length with the door open. And I didn't dare get up to close it considering I was completely naked.   
  
Ashley then walked into the bathroom without shutting the door. I couldn't see anything but I heard the pipes; she's brushing her teeth. Then the soft sound of her peeing echoed in the air. It was so tempting to get up just to wash my hands or some silly excuse to join her. But I figured since she was now engaged those days were really over.   
  
The bathroom light turned off and I saw her shadowy figure walk into her room and get under the covers. She didn't close her door either. I was stuck. This was either for some exhibitionist reason or she just didn't even realize she left the doors open. I probably would never know.   
  
When I awoke the next morning, both doors were still open. I quickly slipped on my boxers that were left on the floor and walked into the bathroom. I didn't see her in her room, so I didn't bother to close the door as I stood over the toilet finding relief. The stream was loud and just wouldn't end.   
  
"What are you a camel?" Ashley startled me.   
  
"Jeez!" I said as I jumped and tried to control my aim as I still was going strong.   
  
"Sorry, just thought it was funny...like you drank all night expecting to go without water for a week. You know...like a camel? And now you really had to pee...get it?" She was trying to make light of the awkward situation, but I wouldn't give.   
  
"Yeah, yeah...I got it." I said, keeping my back to her as my stream only seemed to grow louder and stronger.   
  
"Okay, I was only kidding." She said with a hint of frustration in her voice. "But seriously though, are you just pouring out a gallon of water at this point or are you really peeing this much?" She said as she walked up behind me and peeked around the side for a view.   
  
I saw her smile as she observed me holding my penis as we were both wondering when I'd be done.   
  
"Clearly I'm really going." I said now that she was not hiding the fact she was watching.  
  
She put her hand on my back and rubbed gently. "Are you okay? You seem a little stressed."   
  
Right on cue this sent a little more blood to my penis, and I could feel it begin to thicken in my hands. The fact I did not to get finish masturbating the previous night was not helping. After what seemed like an eternity, my stream finally subsided. I shook off the last few drops of urine and tucked my penis back into my boxers.   
  
"I'm fine." I said a little irritated and more confused. "Well..." I began, wondering how I was going to phrase it. "What are we doing? What is allowed? I thought we weren't going to, uh, share our bathroom time anymore."   
  
She nodded and had a sideways smirk. "I know what you mean. It feels like we've been in this spot before." She said as she dropped her cotton shorts to her knees giving me a split second view of her slit before she sat down on the toilet, now only revealing the top of her landing strip that disappeared into her closed legs.   
  
"We don't have to overthink this." She continued. "We can still...go in front of each other. But let's just, I don't know, not stare at each other when we do." She kind of giggled as her soft stream started to hit the water.   
  
"You mean like you just stared at me a second ago?" I said amused.   
  
"I was genuinely concerned for your health!" She tried to say with a serious face but laughed anyway. "As long as we don't make a big deal about any of it, I think we'll be fine." A sly grin crept up her face, "besides I'm engaged now, not blind. Or however that saying goes."   
  
"I don't think that saying was meant for this situation." We both laughed now. How was it no matter what we talked about we both ended up laughing, I wondered.   
  
"Would you ever tell him?" I asked a little curious.   
  
"Who?"  
  
"Mark...about...this." I gestured back and forth to us.   
  
"Tell Mark that I use the bathroom? Uh, I think he knows. Well I'm sure he tries to believe I don't. I'm a lady after all." She let out a soft fart that echoed in the toilet bowl and we both giggled.   
  
"You know what I mean though, would you ever tell him?" I continued, having no idea why I kept pressing the issue.   
  
"There's nothing to tell." She said now a little irritated like I touched on a nerve. "Jeez, we're just going to the bathroom. It's not like I'm sucking your dick."  
  
My head jerked up at those words. How did she arrive there? Is that something she was thinking about? Did seeing my penis earlier give her that idea? That thought process started to turn me on, and we both got awkwardly silent.   
  
I felt something stir in my boxers, and turned back to the sink to wash my hands and hide my growing erection. This was too much for one morning. "Right, let's just forget about it." I said, not wanting to dwell on her words. I'm sure she didn't mean anything by it.   
  
"Before you go," she added, sensing I was getting ready to bolt, "I'm having a little party tonight. Just a few friends, Mark's coming, you can invite Shannon obviously." She said as she was now reaching to wipe herself.   
  
My erection was sticking almost straight out inside my boxers and I leaned forward over the sink trying my best to hide it. Seeing her wipe somehow added to my hardness. "Sounds fun, what's the occasion?"  
  
She stood up giving me another split second view of her slit before covering it with her shorts. "It's my engagement party, silly."  
  
"Right, of course." The sound of those words killed my covered erection almost instantly. "Well I gotta get to work. I'll see you tonight."   
  
I rushed out of there and didn't see her again until that evening. All day long my mind lingered on our discussion. Despite all that happened, she still wanted to share our bathroom time. And perhaps even more importantly she didn't want to tell Mark. The secrecy of it was kind of a turn on. But did that really matter? She was having an engagement party, celebrating the fact she would be with Mark forever. And I was just amused she would pee in front of me.   
  
It was sobering when I looked at it like that. Maybe there really wasn't anything between us. But that kiss...my mind replayed that moment from our camping trip over and over. How could she have kissed me like that if she didn't feel something for me? I tortured myself all day with back and forth thoughts like this until it was nearly time for the party.   
  
When I got home from work the party had already started. There were maybe 15 people I had never met before mingling in our living room, drinking wine and nibbling on some cheese.   
  
Ashley was almost always engaged in a deep conversation, so I made the best of it and slowly introduced myself to the other guests. I went into the kitchen and poured myself a glass of wine, and bumped into a woman in the hall on my way back.   
  
"I'm sorry, I didn't see you there." I said as I looked at the woman. She was breathtaking. Brown hair, blue eyes, probably in her 40s, and wearing a nice black dress that I couldn't help but notice covered a nearly perfect and proportionate body underneath.   
  
"Isn't she beautiful?" The woman asked unaware I bumped into her. Her focus was on the artwork hanging on the wall.   
  
"I'm sorry, what?" I wasn't sure how to respond.   
  
"This drawing. The model. Everything." She replied. "Isn't it beautiful?"  
  
I looked up to find that she was staring at a nude figure drawing. The girl was facing sideways with her arms crossed, looking down and most of her butt was visible to us.  
  
"Look at her pose." The woman continued without waiting for my response. "Her delicate arms crossing her heart, she's trying to hide her emotions to protect herself. The way she's looking down and somewhat sad, she clearly feels vulnerable. You can tell by how her neckline is open here."  
  
"Uh, yeah." I said softly.  
  
"She's bearing her soul, completely exposed yet barely revealing anything. Look at the way the shadows both hide and accentuate her features." The woman's hand traced the curve of her butt without touching it.   
  
"And here, look at the artist's use of blended edges. This breast furthest from us seems to disappear into the background and yet the breast closet to us, clearly she tried to cover it up with her arm, but you can still see the nipple. Is she really trying to hide, or is she being coy and pulling you in wanting to see more?"  
  
My jaw practically dropped. "I never really thought about it, but you're right. There's a lot more going on here than I realized." I replied.   
  
"There usually is." The woman said softly as she finally turned toward me and extended her hand. "I'm Melanie, Ashley's mom."  
  
"Oh of course, I'm Jason, her roommate." I shook her hand. It was soft and she stared me right in the eyes.   
  
"I've heard a lot about you." She replied plainly.   
  
What has she heard, my mind wondered. I was still stunned I was listening to her mom talk about such a sensual topic.   
  
"Well now I see where Ashley gets her good looks from." I said, not at all sure why that popped out of my mouth.   
  
"That's sweet of you to say." She said without a smile. Her gaze grew more focused on me as if sizing me up. She leaned in closer and said softly, "Don't screw this up for her."  
  
"Don't do what now?" I was not expecting that.   
  
"You think I don't see what's going on? I'm not sure how Mark has been so cool about this arrangement anyway."  
  
"Wait, what? I'm confused. What has she told you?" I pretended to be clueless, but realized maybe the answer to that question would clear some things up for me.   
  
"She didn't have to tell me anything. I can see it the same way I can read the story in this figure drawing. Don't you dare mess this up. They are good together. He's kind, caring and successful. She could do a lot worse."  
  
He also neglects her emotionally, not to mention sexually, won't let her be herself and she's afraid to go to the bathroom around him. "He's great." I said with my best, forced grin.   
  
"My daughter deserves to be happy. She deserves the best."  
  
"No argument here."  
  
She smirked. "Look," she said in a soft tone, "whatever you two are doing or have going on, just make sure it's over. They're getting married in a couple months, and they don't need any extra stress or drama in their lives."  
  
"A few months? That's so soon." That was all I could focus on despite the fact she accused us of having an affair.   
  
Ashley walked over and we quickly turned our attention to her.   
  
"You never told me you had such a perceptive mom." I said still keeping eye contact with Melanie.   
  
"Oh?" Ashley said a little confused.   
  
"She pointed things out to me about this drawing that I didn't know we're obvious to others."  
  
"And you never told me your roommate was so charming." She said without a smile as she sipped her wine.   
  
"Well I'll let you too chat. It was a pleasure meeting you, Melanie." I ducked out of there now finally able to take a deep breath. She was so intense.   
  
I saw Shannon and Mark chatting with each other in the corner. How long have they been here? I walked over and kissed Shannon on the cheek and shook Mark's hand. It was awkwardly silent.   
  
"How long have you guys been here?" I asked.   
  
"Not long." They looked at each other and Shannon said, "We actually just got here a few minutes ago."  
  
We? Did they arrive together? This was weird and getting weirder. The tension didn't last too long when Ashley finally came over and hugged Shannon and kissed Mark. I wondered if Ashley had any weird feelings toward Shannon after she and Mark showered together at the campsite. If she did, she was good at hiding it.   
  
The rest of the evening was pretty uneventful. The party died down, and slowly the guests trickled out. Ashley's mom came over to hug me goodbye before leaving. She said softly "Remember what I said."  
  
"About whether she was really trying to hide her nipple, or pulling us in to see more?" I said jokingly aloof.   
  
Melanie rolled her eyes and couldn't help but laugh as she gave me a kiss on the cheek. "Be good, Jason." She left without turning around after that.   
  
It was now just the four of us, with Mark and Shannon there. This would be the first time we all spent the night together in the apartment. We were much too tired to stay up and chat, and all turned in around the same time.   
  
Shannon and I retreated into my room and cuddled up in bed. Shannon was awkwardly quiet, even for her. This usually meant she had something on her mind. I was too tired to get into any kind of deep conversation, so I just spooned her and we both soon fell asleep.   
  
I woke up often, tossed and turned, and my mind replayed the evening several times. What did Ashley's mom really know? Why did Shannon and Mark arrive at the same time? I thought about how Ashley was in my room just the other day as I trying to get off. That thought got me a little turned on, which made it nearly impossible to relax. I slid my hand in my flannel pajama pants to lightly tease my length. It had been two full days since my last orgasm. That felt like an eternity the way my shaft pulsed and responded to my touch.   
  
Should I continue with Shannon right here? We had never really talked about our masturbation habits before. I wasn't even sure if she did masturbate. I'm sure she did, but much like her bathroom moments she probably pretended she didn't. She was far too ladylike to do such an act.   
  
I stroked a little faster now teasing my head. Shannon rolled over toward me and I froze. She was still asleep but that didn't keep my heart from beating faster. Would she care if she caught me? I didn't really want to find out so I gave up. After about five painful minutes, my erection finally subsided. I threw on a T-shirt and got up to use the bathroom. I felt a strange cold breeze through the apartment when I left the room.

Was there a window open somewhere? I walked over to the kitchen and saw the balcony door was ajar. Ashley was outside and leaning against the balcony railing looking off into the dark horizon. As I got closer, I saw she was wearing a soft robe that barely went past her upper thighs as she leaned forward. Was she wearing underwear? I was so tempted to make up and excuse to bend down and look up her robe, but I thought better of it as I got closer.   
  
"What are you doing out here?" I asked as I walked up next her staring out into the dark distance.   
  
"Couldn't sleep."  
  
"Me either. Something on your mind?" I offered.   
  
"Too many things."   
  
I could hear the stress in her voice.   
  
"Anything you want to talk about?"   
  
She shrugged her shoulders. "The sun will rise right over those hills in a few minutes. Have you ever watched it from here?"  
  
"Can't say that I have." I said softly and inched closer to her side, neither one of us making eye contact.   
  
"It's beautiful." She said, now sounding a little sad.   
  
"I'm sure it's breathtaking."  
  
"What were you and my mom talking about?" She interrupted.   
  
"What?" I was not expecting that question, but it was clearly bugging her.  
  
"Last night. She was acting weird. Did she saying anything unusual to you?" She crossed her arms from the chilly morning air. I felt the breeze through the buttonless fly of my flannel pants, reminding me there was only a flap of fabric keeping me from being exposed. It sent a chill through my body, but felt amazing and energizing at the same time.   
  
"She mostly talked about that figure drawing on the wall." I laughed and added, "I admit I thought it was a little amusing discussing a naked woman with your mom."  
  
Ash lightly chuckled. "She's always loved Mark's artwork."  
  
"Mark? He's the artist? I had no idea." I'm not sure why but that fact bothered me.   
  
"Yeah, he's quite good actually." She said without any emotion.   
  
"I can see that." A thought popped into my head that I couldn't leave alone. "Have you ever modeled for him?"  
  
"No. But he certainly has asked me before." She said finally let out a little smile.   
  
"How come?" I found this fascinating. Maybe I enjoyed the fact she said no to something involving her being nude in front of him.   
  
"It made me uncomfortable. I didn't want people seeing me like that."  
  
"I bet it would have looked amazing."  
  
She blushed. "Still, I don't want others...I don't want everyone to see me naked." She said.   
  
That was a perfectly valid reason, but it only seemed to egg me on. "But, I've seen you naked." Why the fuck did I say that?  
  
"That's different." She said softly and strangely more at ease now.   
  
"How?" What is my problem? I seemed to scream to myself after the question left my lips.   
  
"It's private with you. Like a closeness and not, not..." She sighed. "It's just different."  
  
I finally left it alone and simply nodded. Her rambling in a way made complete sense to me. Finally something did.   
  
"Look! The sun's coming up." She pointed over to the hill but we were only looking at each other now. The chest of her robe fell more as she twisted toward me revealing her cleavage almost down to the nipple.   
  
I made no effort to hide where I was looking and she made no effort to cover up. She leaned in a little closer, and her robe fell a little more. I could just about make out the slight different shade of skin starting to form the top of her nipple. She smiled slyly knowing perfectly well what she was doing.   
  
As the sun came up slowly, the light fanned on her curves. I couldn't help but smile.   
  
"What's so funny?" She asked playfully.   
  
Something her mom said about the drawing popped into my head, wondering if the model was trying to cover up her breasts, or really just trying to pull you in to see more. But I played it off, "Just watching the sunrise over the hills." I said nodding toward her half exposed chest.   
  
Her robe had slid another inch and her nipple, half hidden in shadow, grew harder as if it felt the weight of our eyes.   
  
"Perv!" She said playfully as she opened her robe a little more only to tighten it shut and cover up completely.   
  
The fun was cut short as we heard the balcony door behind us slide open. Shannon and Mark were standing there together and fully dressed. We both looked a little startled. Did they see us just now? They couldn't have from their angle. I was convinced.   
  
"We're going to take off." Mark said calmly, but there was clearly an awkwardness in the air.   
  
"Did you guys come together?" Ashley asked a little confused, and she was now holding her robe shut with both arms crossed tightly.   
  
"We shared a cab since we live in the same part of town." Mark said again and Shannon quietly nodded her agreement.   
  
How did they even know they lived near each other? They only met that one time on the camping trip. Did they talk about it then? Share phone numbers? How did they coordinate the cab ride? My mind was all over the place, but frankly I was glad they didn't comment on us being out on the balcony barely dressed.   
  
We saw them out, hugged and kissed and said our goodbyes. It was all very formulaic. They walked out and it almost looked like Mark had his hand on the small of her back as they left. Surely I made that up, I thought.   
  
As soon as the door closed, Ash looked at me with a strain on her face and trumpeted out a few loud farts. "I think I've been holding that in since yesterday." She said with a huge sigh of relief. "Thank god that's over."   
  
"What farting? Pretty sure you'll never actually be done with that." I said jokingly.   
  
"No, smart ass. The party. Those things stress me out." She said as she let go of her tightened grip on her robe.   
  
"I hear ya." I plopped on the couch and enjoyed the silence.   
  
Ashley walked over to me, bent down and gave me a kiss on the cheek.   
  
"What was that for?" I asked.   
  
"For being so cool about the party. And everything really." She said as she curled up on the couch next to me.   
  
We were now spooning, and I was amazed at how effortlessly we got into this position.   
  
"Of course." I kissed her on the side of her cheek innocently. "I care about you a lot." We sat there quietly and I slowly wrapped her up in my arms, making it a proper spooning.   
  
"So what were you and my mom really chatting about last night?"  
  
I paused for a second, wondering what I should tell her. "Oh you know, movies and favorite TV shows." I said with a goofy grin.   
  
"Please, my mom doesn't even own a TV. Now what was it?" She said jokingly but still irritated. Clearly this was bugging her.   
  
"You." I finally said.   
  
"Me? What about me?" She sounded a little worried.   
  
"Just that she wanted you to be happy." I kissed her on her cheek again and added, "I told her that's what I wanted as well."  
  
She let out a soft deep breath of relaxation. "Well, I am happy." She curled her body more into mine. I could feel her robe slide up a little on her waist, and now her nearly bare behind rested on my crotch. I wrapped my arms around her as if nothing happened. Just spooning innocently. I tried to ignore the fact my penis was beginning to harden.   
  
"I'm happy, too." I held her tighter; my hand lightly grazed the skin of her upper chest. Without even realizing my hand fell a little lower, tracing the curves of her cleavage.  
  
She wiggled her hips closer to me. "Well it's not hard to tell you're happy." She wiggled her butt playfully more into my crotch. "Well, I guess it is hard..." She said jokingly to further accentuate that she knew I was getting turned on. Strangely it was as if it was no big deal discussing my erection while holding her so close to her breast.   
  
"Well that is clearly your fault." I played along in the same joking manner. "Your robe is barely on, you teased me with your ass this morning on the balcony, your chest practically fell in my hand, and I can actually see your uncovered butt now."  
  
She laughed harder and held my arms tighter to her as if she didn't have a care in the world, and this was the most normal and relaxing behavior. She didn't seem the least bit concerned she just had her engagement party and that we were now innocently cuddling nearly naked.   
  
"And not to mention I didn't even get to finish the other night when you interrupted me." I said without realizing it and immediately wishing I could take that back.   
  
"What do you mean?" She said now a little more seriously.   
  
"Oh nothing."  
  
"Jason! We don't keep secrets from each other." She said almost offended.   
  
And she was right; we've always been honest and open...about everything.   
  
"Well when you came into my room without knocking, I was in the middle of something..." I said a little embarrassed.   
  
"Oh, that... well I figured that." She laughed.  
  
"How did you know?" I asked, not really surprised, more curious.  
  
"Well for starters your boxers were on the floor, you were flushed and you looked started when I came in. But you didn't seem to mind." And there was that sly grin again.  
  
"Well you just came in, didn't have much choice in the matter." I said jokingly, but realized it came off sounding irritated.   
  
"You know our deal, be open with each other and do whatever you need to do. You know...open door policy"  
  
I didn't know we technically had an open door policy, but the thought excited me. "You mean I can just walk in to your room without knocking?"  
  
She shrugged her shoulders slyly and giggled.   
  
"What if you're changing?" I asked.   
  
"So what?"  
  
"What if you're, uh, entertaining yourself...?" I asked teasingly.   
  
"Well if you came in because you wanted to chat, I'd welcome the company...doesn't really matter what I'm doing." She added, "Besides it's not like you haven't seen me in far more embarrassing situations."  
  
"That's true." I said as I tickled her over her robe. She giggled hysterically and it was only because I had her wrapped up in my arms that she didn't fall off the couch. It felt great to share this silly moment with her, and feel her squirm with pure joy.   
  
"How did we even get on this subject?" She asked.   
  
"When I said I was happy and you said you could tell." I laughed this time now moving my hips around, grinding into her.   
  
"Oh yeah." She laughed, "Glad to see you still are happy."  
  
"Oh ha, ha." I said as we settled down. "You know that wasn't what I meant."  
  
"Oh?" She said, and I couldn't tell if it was meant to be sarcastic or not.   
  
"I meant I was happy, because you are." I paused and heard nothing. The silence got my heart racing. "All I want is for you to be happy."  
  
"You mean that?" She asked softly, and almost insecurely.   
  
"Of course I mean that." I held her tighter, and my hand slipped in her robe and cupped her breast as my arms wrapped and squeezed her tightly. I didn't even realize I was holding her breast firmly. It all felt so natural, and strangely innocent.   
  
She didn't seem mind. In fact she slid her nearly fully exposed ass deeper into my crotch.   
  
"I'm happy you found the one." I said as I took in the scent of her girly shampoo as her hair brushed against my nose.   
  
"Yeah, I think I have found the one." She said softly as her breaths were getting heavier. She started to slowly grind more into my flannel pants. I could feel the tip of my penis had slipped out from my buttonless fly. Now my growing shaft rested softly between her two round, warm cheeks.   
  
"So are we clear now?" She asked, still slowly squirming, more of a silly tease than anything else.   
  
"Clear about what?" I asked, much too distracted to have any idea what she was talking about.   
  
"Our open door policy." She said plainly.   
  
"Oh right. Yeah, if I need something, I'll just go in." I said still barely focusing on the words.   
  
"Good. What's mine is yours." She said softly as her breathing grew heavier.   
  
"Even this?" I asked as my hand reached down and grabbed her cheek firmly, pulling it out just a little so my erection could slide further in between her crack. "Is this mine?" My heart was now beating out of my chest. Did I really just ask her if her ass was mine? I knew I took it too far.   
  
Before she could even get the chance to respond, there was knock on the door that startled us both.   
  
"Who is it?" Ash called out.   
  
"It's Shannon. I think I left my phone in there somewhere."  
  
Fuck! Ash and I both mouthed the words as she jumped off me and headed into the kitchen while tightening her robe. The shock and guilt of the situation killed my erection almost instantly. I went to the door and let her in.   
  
"Sorry to barge in, but I couldn't find it and figured it had to be here. Would you mind helping me look?"  
  
She said as she was already wandering around the living room. We both walked into the kitchen, Ash pretended as if she was looking, but really just tried to stay out of it.  
  
Shannon darted into the bedroom and announced. "Aha! I left it on your nightstand. Of course."  
  
She came out and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. "Thanks, gotta run." And she left just as quickly.   
  
I shut the door behind her and let out a huge sigh. "That was a close one." I said trying to calm down, relieved that she didn't see me grabbing her ass just a second ago.  
  
"Yeah, maybe closer than you think." Ashley said sounding irritated.   
  
"What do you mean? What's wrong?" I was clueless but still panicked.   
  
"Oh I don't know...do you normally walk around with your dick hanging out of your pants?" She pointed at my crotch.   
  
"Oh shit." I was amazed to see my soft penis dangling out of my flannel pants. "Stupid no-button fly." I said tucking the flaccid thing back in my pants.   
  
"Do you think she saw?" I asked hoping against hope.   
  
Ash shrugged her shoulders. "I really don't know. She did look like she was in hurry and wanted to get out of here ASAP. I really have no idea what she saw."  
  
"That is not comforting."  
  
"It's the truth." She came over and rubbed my shoulders. "Just relax. Worst-case scenario, you can just blame it on your pants. If she asks, tell her you had no idea."  
  
"She'll never believe that. But what choice do I have?" I said in defeat.   
  
"Let's not worry about it for now. Besides, I need your help with something today."  
  
"Oh? Does it involve my stupid cock hanging out?" I said out of frustration.   
  
Her lips curled into curious grin. "Kind of..."

**Shared Bathroom with Coed Roommate Ch. 05**

"I'll drive." I said as Ashley and I headed out of the apartment.   
  
"You don't even know where we're going." She said playfully.   
  
"True, but I like driving. Just tell me where to turn." We hopped in the car and proceeded to go to a part of town I rarely visited.   
  
"Just make a right at the next light and we're here." She said, now beaming.   
  
"Oh don't tell me, a bridal store?" I really couldn't hide my dislike for the idea. I wasn't much of a shopper to begin with, but the thought of helping her pick out a wedding dress...for Mark. "How about we just pretend this little drive didn't happen, and you can do this with your girlfriends who will be more helpful?"  
  
"Oh come on, it will be fun!" She persisted.   
  
"We have different ideas of what fun is." I was not amused.   
  
"Look, the reason I brought you and not my girlfriends is I trust you. I trust your opinion. You get me in a way no one else does." She started to plead with her gorgeous blue eyes and now gave me a sad-puppy look.   
  
I rolled my eyes. She knew I was caving.   
  
"Besides...you can watch me try on dresses...and watch me take them off..." She said in a teasing voice.   
  
I'm not sure she had ever used her body to get me to do something she wanted. It felt a little manipulative and I didn't like it, but who was I kidding...there was no saying no to watching her undress.   
  
"Whatever. Let's get this over with." I said with begrudged smile.   
  
"Yay!" She said with glee. She was incorrigible.   
  
We walked through the store and I was overwhelmed by the size. This would take hours. And it did. A while later she was finally ready to try on a few dresses.   
  
We found our way to the dressing room and I immediately plopped down in the waiting area while she checked in her number of items with the assistant. I looked around the waiting room. There were a few other sad looking men just like me. They nodded their commiserations at a fellow fallen soldier.   
  
"You guys here with your soon-to-be wives?" I asked before realizing husbands aren't supposed to see the dress before the wedding.   
  
I got a mixed bag of grunts and groans. It appears they were all too nice to say no to their friends as well. One guy muttered, "I wish I was getting married to her." I felt his pain.   
  
How did I get here? In the pinnacle of the friend zone. It was every guy's worst nightmare.   
  
"You ready?" Ashley asked as she walked past and headed into a dressing room down the hall.   
  
I got a lot of eye raises and approving nods from my newfound waiting room friends. Maybe I wasn't in quite as bad a boat as some of them, I thought as I followed her down the aisle. I couldn't help but pop my head out and smile to my friends before shutting the door. I may be killing a Saturday, but at least I was going to see an unbelievably attractive woman undress in front of me.   
  
That thought process lasted all of about 15 seconds before I saw her unceremoniously take off her shirt and pants, leaving on her bra and panties as she slipped into her first of many dresses. She stared at herself in the mirror, twisted, turned, adjusted, raised, lowered and pinched everything. This was not a fantasy. This was a chore.   
  
"What do you think?" She finally asked.   
  
"Looks good." I nodded hoping maybe that would be it.   
  
"Really?" She asked. "What do you like about it?"  
  
My guyishness came out in full force. "Uh, it's really nice. It's white. Nice lacy things, here." This was torture.   
  
She looked a little disappointed with my lack of help, but it didn't phase her too much. "Maybe I should try this strapless one." She said, holding up another. They all seemed to blend together to me at this point.   
  
She reached behind and unzipped her current dress and wiggled it down her curvy hips. She stood there in front of the mirror, now just in her pink panties and matching pink bra.   
  
"Do you think I should go braless?" She asked as she stared into the mirror holding her bra.   
  
"What?" That caught me off guard.   
  
"I always imagined I'd wear a strapless bra, now I'm reconsidering that. Do you think I could pull it off?" She asked as she squeezed her bra in the mirror, judging the weight of her breasts.   
  
"Uhh, I'm not sure what the qualifications are for 'pulling it off' but if anyone could, I'm sure it's you." That was my way of saying your tits are hot as fuck, please take off your bra. Fortunately I was able to hide some of my guyishness.   
  
She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra and inched it off her shoulders. She had just her fingertips covering her nipples. If there was anything more sexy than seeing her breasts...it was almost being able to see her breasts. I couldn't help but watch her a little more closely as she tried on the next dress.   
  
Somehow she managed to twist and turn as she tried it on to keep me from seeing her nipples, even in the mirror. How did girls always manage to do that? Are they taught at a young age to always be covered even when it seems they have no way of not being exposed?   
  
"Could you zip me up?" She asked as she had almost finished pulling up this slightly tighter dress.   
  
I placed my hand on her bare shoulder and zipped her up with my other hand. Her skin was soft and warm.   
  
"What do you think?" She asked as she turned to face me.   
  
For the first time I was speechless. "Uh, it's uh..."  
  
"You hate it. It's ridiculous. Of course I should keep the bra on, what was I thinking?" She said nervously.   
  
"Ash." I put both hands on her shoulders as she looked like she was ready to cry. I eyed her up and down before gazing into her eyes. I wanted to scream how beautiful she looked in it, how the chest line accentuated her breasts perfectly - bra or no bra - and how it hugged her hips leaving her butt looking curvy, tight and toned all at the same time. But all I could say was, "Ash, it's perfect."  
  
She still looked like she was going to cry, but now at least for a happier reason. I could never resist trying to make her happy. It finally sunk in; I was helping her find a dress to get married. Married to someone else. Not just anyone else; Mark. Selfish, uncaring, inattentive Mark. It was too much.   
  
"Well great. Pack it up and I'll meet you by the cash register." I said breaking eye contact finally.   
  
"Jason, wait." She put her hand on my forearm. "What's wrong? You've been acting weird all day." She said in a concerned tone.   
  
My fuse was short at this point and that was the only spark I needed. "What's wrong? WHAT'S WRONG?" I practically shouted. "I'm helping you shop for a goddamn wedding dress, what the fuck do you think is wrong?" I nearly whispered the last line, which seemed to make it sting all the more.   
  
Tears rolled down her cheeks as she stared at me helplessly. What made it hurt the most for me was that she was truly upset she was cause of my unhappiness.   
  
Even when I was mad at her I wasn't really mad. I caved almost instantly. "I'm so sorry." I hugged her tightly and the sounds of her sniffles and deep breaths were buried in my shirt.   
  
"I didn't mean to snap like that." I said softly. "I just can't...can't be a part of this. Helping you get married. It's..." I wanted to tell her everything right then and there, that I thought she was making a huge mistake. But all that came out was, "It's just too hard." In a way that was almost more revealing.   
  
She nodded silently while still hugging me. "It's hard for me too." She wiped her eyes. "This was a mistake bringing you here. I should have done this with my girlfriends. I'm so sorry for dragging you along, this whole mess...everything." She said helplessly.   
  
I read between the lines: I'm sorry we can never be together.   
  
"You have nothing to be sorry for." I wiped away a few fresh tears from her cheek. "I was just overreacting and being a bad friend. I am happy for you, really." In that moment I really was happy for her despite my recent outburst. If Mark made her happy, well that's all I can ask for.   
  
"I understand, though. I can leave you out of things like this." She said now finally calming down.   
  
"That's probably for the best." I said softly and continued to hold her. "Shall we get out of here?"   
  
She nodded and quickly undressed. I turned my back to her completely now giving her a little privacy. It was unintentional, but I think she was disappointed I wasn't watching.   
  
She left the dresses in the room and we headed out of the store arm in arm.   
  
When we got back to the car she reached in her purse. "I want to give you something." She handed me an envelope.   
  
"What's this?"  
  
"Open it." Her playful smile started to return.   
  
"A gift certificate to a couple's massage? Why are you giving me this?" I asked.   
  
"It was a gift from my mom the other night at the party. A wedding gift for Mark and me." She looked down nervously. "But I want to share it with you instead."  
  
"Ash, I can't. Your mom gave this for you and Mark." My mind flashed back to her warning, or maybe it was more of a threat to stop interfering in their relationship. I sighed. "Couples? I mean...we can't." It seemed all the stranger that she suggested this right after our discussion in the dressing room.   
  
"We'll exchange it so we're in separate rooms, of course." She added shyly, "Mark hates these kinds of things anyway. I'd have to drag him there kicking and screaming, and what's the point in that?" She started to smile a little, sensing I was about to break. "My mom paid good money for the gift...someone should enjoy it."  
  
I paused and rolled my eyes. "Alright, fine. You twisted my arm...I'll get a massage." I laughed a little. I wasn't particularly in the mood for a massage; I more just wanted to give her a way to feel like she fixed the situation. I didn't want to leave her upset with our recent interaction.   
  
We hopped back into the car and drove over to another corner of town. I had seen the relatively plain building several times, but paid much attention to it. We walked in and were greeted by a cute receptionist at the front desk. She looked to be around twenty, probably still in school. She had short blonde hair, blue eyes and a white polo with the company logo on the right breast.   
  
"How may I help you?" She asked with a calming voice.   
  
"We have this gift certificate for a couple's massage, but we'd like to use it for two separate massages, in separate rooms. Do you have any appointments available now?" Ashley asked politely.   
  
"Ohh, I'm sorry but I'm afraid there is a no exchange policy. It will have to remain a couple's massage." She offered sympathetically.   
  
"Is there anything you can do?" Ashley asked, now thinking this platonic gesture might have backfired.   
  
"You'll have to give me a minute, I'm new here. It's only my second day. Let me see." The girl typed quickly and stared at her computer screen. "Even if there was some way to change that in the system, we only have one room available now." She raised her eyebrows and continued. "You're in luck though. The room is actually about to open and we have two masseuses available. We had a last minute cancellation from another couple." She said cheerfully.   
  
"Well what about in the next day or two? Any openings there?" Ashley was still trying to make this work.   
  
She briefly glanced at her screen and shook her head. "Booked solid for over a month."  
  
Ash looked sad and I knew why. In that amount of time she would be married. And this would be even more out of the question.   
  
"And again, even if there was an opening, we couldn't switch out your certificate for two single massages." The girl continued. "Shall I go ahead book you guys for the next slot?" She was nothing if not persistent. I imagine few people were coming up with reasons why they didn't want a massage.   
  
Ash and I glanced at each other. She looked disappointed and ready to forget the idea, but I jumped in first.   
  
"Yes we'll take the appointment today." I said.   
  
Ash turned and looked confused, clearly not expecting me to say that.   
  
"It's fine. It will go to waste if we don't use it today." I said softly.   
  
"Are you sure?" She asked almost checking to make sure she wasn't leading me on.   
  
"We're adults, it will be fine." Which was my way of saying, Yes, I know we're not really couple just because it's a couple's massage.  
  
"Okay, sign us up." Ashley said enthusiastically.   
  
"Great. The room should be open shortly." The woman handed us each a thick, white terrycloth robe. "You can head into the changing area around the corner. You are welcome to use the sauna while you wait, most people find that is a great way to loosen your muscles before a massage. Your masseuses will come get you when your room is ready."  
  
Ashley and I looked at each other holding our robes and smiled as we headed down the hall. We found the door that said "Changing Room" and walked in. It was a relatively small and open room that had a handful of lockers around the edges.   
  
"Is this...?" I said as I watched Ashley open a locker and start to hang up her robe.   
  
"Is this what?" She asked as she pulled her shirt off over her head, standing confidently in her bra.   
  
"Is this a private changing room?" I asked unsure of the protocol like a confused kid on the first day of school.   
  
"Private, as in not open to the public? Yes...people won't be coming in here off the street if that's what you're asking." She said as she started to wiggle her jeans down her hips revealing her panties.   
  
"No, I mean, is this..." I opened the locker next to hers and hung up my robe. "Is this private, like just our changing room?" I was now even more confused but enjoying watching her undress. I had just watched her dress and undress several times this morning, but the context of it in this locker room made it much more of a turn on to me.   
  
"Uhh, no. This is not our personal changing room. Others may come in and use it as well, silly. We're not that important." She laughed as she turned her back to me and unhooked her bra.   
  
"Others? You mean like guys and girls?" I asked looking at her bare upper back.   
  
"I don't know, maybe." She said without a care in the world as she bent down to remove her panties, angled in such a way I saw the curve of her breast and the perfect round curve of her behind without really seeing detail of either.   
  
"What is your deal?" She asked as she slipped on her robe and tied it tightly. "How is this any different than our bathroom at home?"   
  
Once she was covered in the robe it was as if the spell wore off. I snapped out of it. "Guess you're right." I said as I opened my locker and arranged my things before removing my shirt. To speed things up I slipped off my boxers with my jeans in one motion.   
  
And now I was on display for her. I did my best to turn to the side and maintain some modesty like she did, but every move I made felt like my dick was visible no matter what.   
  
The air in the room tingled on my sensitive skin, making me self-conscious of my every action. As I reached into the locker to get my robe, my dick shifted a tiny bit, but it felt like a swinging pendulum in slow motion. This hyper awareness was like a drug, and I was clearly an addict.   
  
Most of all I could feel Ashley's eyes weigh on me as she continued getting ready, but peering over at just the right times to get an unobstructed view of my penis. She did it so casually you almost couldn't tell.   
  
I finally wrapped myself in a robe and tightened it. "Shall we?" I said, a little more at ease as the hyper awareness wore off now that I was covered.   
  
She smiled and raised her eyebrows. "We shall."  
  
We walked down the hall, made a turn and walked past what I assumed were the showers, and a nice waterfall next to some extravagant marble sinks and counters. Finally we reached a large wooden door. "Sauna - Towels MUST be worn at all times."  
  
We walked in and there was a mini room surrounded by log cabin like wood. Hooks were all around the room, with shelves below them for any of your personal things.   
  
We slipped off our robes, and each grabbed a towel off the shelf and quickly covered up to follow the rules of that ominous sign on the door. Finally we entered the much smaller door and were welcomed by an overwhelming blast of hot air. It didn't even feel like air, just an intense hotness that seemed to envelop your body.   
  
We sat down on the bench. I had my towel wrapped around my waist to my knees, and she had hers covering her upper chest down to the top of her thighs. It took a few minutes of slow breathing to adjust to the heat, but eventually it started to become manageable. Thick beads of sweat continually fell from our bodies giving temporary relief of coolness.   
  
"You're lucky." Ash said.   
  
"Why's that?" I asked a little amused.   
  
"Because you're a guy and can wear your towel around your waist. Probably feels better than being wrapped up like this." She said pointing to her torso.   
  
"Sooo lucky." I said mockingly as I leaned back on the wooden wall. "Ouch!" I said startled by how hot the wall was.   
  
"That's what you get, smart ass." She chuckled.   
  
I slowly tried it again and eased my way back onto the wall. It actually felt amazing once you got used to it. As I relaxed, my legs naturally spread a little wider. I could feel a mixture of hotness and sweat on my soft penis. The warmth from the room was keeping it thick and full of blood without actually ever being hard.   
  
Again Ashley appeared jealous at how comfortable I looked and sighed.  
  
"What?" I asked.   
  
She just shook her head.   
  
"You know you are going to do it eventually, quit messing around and just take off your towel already." I said rolling my eyes, knowing that was exactly what she was trying to get me to say.   
  
She giggled. "What if someone walks in?"   
  
"How is it you care about this now but a few moments ago in the locker room you didn't have a care in the world when you undressed?"   
  
"You're supposed to undress in the changing room, giving it any more thought than that is a waste of your time!" She said with emphasis.   
  
I suppose she had a point.   
  
"Besides..." she continued, "what if a worker comes in and we get caught? What if they kick us out?"  
  
"You're being ridiculous." I finally unhooked my towel from my hips and pushed it to the side leaving me completely uncovered. "You're supposed to be nude in a sauna, giving it any more thought than that is waste of time." I said in a snarky voice mocking her recent statement.   
  
She hit my arm and I knew that was coming. "You deserve that." She said as she finally unhooked her towel and pushed it to the side.  
  
I took in the view of her perfect breasts that fell just a little lower than normal since she was leaning forward, still a little closed off.   
  
I eased back on the wall and braced myself for the extreme heat on my skin.   
  
Ash followed my lead, but now without the towel between her and the wall she let out a little yelp. "Don't you dare laugh!" She said.   
  
We both chuckled silently. I scooted a little closer and she rested her head on my shoulder. That lasted for all of about three seconds before she burst out laughing.   
  
"What now?" I couldn't help but laugh.   
  
"Nothing..." Interrupted by her own giggling. "I mean I'm..." She pointed to her herself, "and you're.." Her hands pointed up and down at me and finally pointed at my dick. And that was almost too much for her as her giggles broke out uncontrollably.   
  
"Are you laughing at my dick?" I pretended to be offended, but I was laughing the whole time. I lifted my penis up as I asked. "Is that what you're laughing at?"

She curled her lips shaking her head, holding back more laughing. "No, no that's not what I meant." She laughed again.   
  
"Good." I joked back as I let go of it and let it rest where it was. "Because if you were..." I said jokingly as a threat and laughed again.   
  
That set her off again. "No! No! You know I love your dick."  
  
Suddenly all the laughing stopped. I raised my eyebrows and gave her a curious grin.  
  
"I mean, I think you have a normal..., I mean I love that you... we, are comfortable enough to..." She was really trying hard to get her foot out of her mouth.   
  
"Relax, Ash. I'm just giving you shit." I put my arm around her and pulled her closer while that thought really sunk in. She loved my dick. There are only so many ways to take that statement, and they all turned me on.   
  
"I just think it's funny we're both sitting here naked. That's all I meant." She shook her head playfully, "I'm never gonna live that down, am I?"  
  
"Nope." I smiled back.   
  
With my arm around her side, I lightly rubbed her shoulder and down her arm. I could feel her calming down, but that didn't last long.   
  
The door opened and in walked a man in with a towel around his waist. We both jumped, immediately grabbing our towels to cover up.   
  
"Oh I'm terribly sorry, I didn't mean to startle you." The man said as he sat on the bench facing us only a few feet away. "Please, don't cover up on my account."   
  
Normally my perv alert would have been sounding off if a man asked Ashley to uncover herself, but he really didn't give me a creepy vibe at all. He looked to be maybe 40, in relatively good shape, short brown hair a friendly smile.   
  
"My wife and I always go nude in here." He said as if it was no big deal. Shortly after that a woman walked in and proceeded to take off her towel. I'm not even sure she knew we were in the room as she treated us to a pretty clear view of her butt in our faces as she bent down, carefully placing her towel on the bench next to him.   
  
The room was steamy and dim, but not dim enough to conceal everything. As she leaned forward I could just begin to make out the slit between her crack and legs. I found it a little amusing that this might be the first time I ever saw a woman's vagina in person before seeing her face.   
  
I looked over at Ash and she was watching the show as well.   
  
The woman finally turned around and sat down, leaving her legs open as if to let the hot air in everywhere. She scratched her breast that looked to be slightly larger than Ashley's and pulled her dark brown hair just behind her shoulders.   
  
"Oh I didn't even see you there." The woman chuckled. "Hope I didn't scare you with my full moon a moment ago." She said realizing we probably had quite the view.   
  
I was going to play dumb and pretend we didn't see anything, but Ashley jumped in. "You've got a great butt!" She said with a smile.   
  
The woman chuckled, "Why thank you." Not at all embarrassed.   
  
The man added, "I'm afraid I gave them a bit of a start when I walked in. I was just telling them that we always go nude in here." He said as he shed his towel now exposing his legs and penis.   
  
It was difficult to make out the detail, but it looked like he too was sporting a full, but flaccid penis.   
  
"Of course we do! Feel free to do the same. I'm sure our view will be better than yours." The woman added with a genuine laugh.   
  
We looked at each other, shrugged our shoulders and then shed our towels as well. It did feel so much more relaxing and freeing.   
  
"Goodness you're both beautiful." The woman said sweetly. "What I wouldn't give to be 15 years younger again. Although my breasts never looked that good even on my best day."   
  
I wasn't sure how Ashley would respond to a stranger complimenting her body like that, but she loved it.   
  
"That is so sweet of you to say. I'm a little jealous of your curves." She returned the compliment. "I'm Ashley by the way. This is Jason." She said warmly.   
  
"I'm Lauren, this is Doug. Pleasure to meet you both."   
  
"Likewise." Ashley responded. "You guys sound like you come here often."  
  
"About once a month." Doug said and Lauren finished, "It keeps us young."  
  
"And frisky!" Doug chimed in and we all laughed.   
  
"How long have you two been together?" Doug asked us casually.   
  
"Oh, uh we're not..." I stuttered.   
  
"We've only been together a few months, but it feels like we've known each other forever." Ashley jumped in and gave me a wink.   
  
"Aww that's so cute!" Lauren exclaimed. "How did you know he was the one?" She asked Ashley directly.   
  
"Yes, Ashley. How did you know I was the one?" I asked with a sly grin, curious to hear her response. If she was going to role-play, I would make her work for it.   
  
She placed her hand on my thigh and lightly squeezed. Her fingers were probably only an inch away from my penis that now started to stir.   
  
"Honestly?" Ashley paused and then continued, "When I knew I could fart in front of him and he still wanted to be with me."  
  
"HA!" Lauren nearly choked she laughed so hard. "You said it girl! Can you imagine spending the rest of you life with someone and you couldn't even relieve yourself? Sounds like torture." Lauren chuckled as she looked at Doug.   
  
Ashley laughed along with them, but her smile faded as she realized that might be her whole future with Mark.   
  
"It's always the little things." Doug said cheerfully.   
  
"Oh they're not always little..." Ashley said.   
  
"Trust me on that." I chimed in and we all enjoyed the moment as we calmed down. So far this was about a thousand percent not what I expected.   
  
The door opened a little and we could immediately feel a change in the temperature. A head popped in trying to keep the door as shut as possible. "Lauren, Doug, we're ready for you now." Said a soft female voice.   
  
They stood up making no effort to cover up as they left.   
  
"Hey, best of luck to you both." Doug said as he had his hand on Lauren's lower back.   
  
"It was so great to meet you." Lauren added as she jumped when Doug's hand trailed a little lower down to her ass.   
  
I couldn't help but notice her breasts jiggle as she jumped. I couldn't explain it but watching his naked body move in unison with hers was equally fascinating to me.   
  
They both chuckled as the headed out.   
  
"I told you." I said softly as soon as they left.   
  
"Told me what?" Ash asked.   
  
"That they don't care if we wear towels. That masseuse saw us all and didn't say anything."   
  
She just rolled her eyes. "They were cute."   
  
"Yeah, they really looked happy." I added. That seemed to quiet us both down a little. I wondered if we would ever truly be that happy with our current partners, and I wondered if that thought crossed Ashley's mind as well.   
  
We didn't have too much time to dwell on it as the door popped open and another head peeked in. "Ashley, Jason, we're ready for you now." Said a polite voice softly.   
  
We stood up together and grabbed our towels, but neither one of us covered up. Perhaps it was an unconscious decision, but it just felt right to stay nude. Ashley walked out first and after nearly a full day of only teasing glimpses, I finally got a full view of her behind. God I missed seeing those perfect cheeks bounce with each step.   
  
My attention completely shifted from her butt to the fact that the masseuse was holding the door open for us. She gave me a little smile as I walked through the door. Was she being polite? Was that her way of saying she liked seeing me naked? Or that she thought it was amusing I was just staring at Ashley's irresistible behind as she walked in front of me? I hoped it was all of the above.   
  
My hyper awareness kicked in again and I could feel my cock dangle in slow motion as it hit the sides of my legs as I walked out, all in the presence of this cute stranger.  
  
"You can grab your robes and follow me." She said softly.   
  
The robe felt exquisite on my skin, soaking up the dripping sweat as we headed into our private room. There were two massage tables in the middle of a very dim room. Peaceful waterfall sounds and relaxing music played lightly and the smell of soothing oils filled the air.   
  
"You can hang your robes on the wall here, and help yourself to a fresh towel if you need it." She politely and added, "Is there anything else I can get you?"   
  
"We're fine, thank you." I replied as I slipped off my robe.   
  
"Very well." She gave me a nice smile and said, "Feel free to get under the sheets when you're ready. Your other masseuse and I will be in shortly."  
  
As soon as the masseuse left, Ashley yelled, "Jason!"   
  
"What?" I was clueless...why was she mad now?  
  
"You're not supposed to undress in front them." She said, sounding a little irritated.   
  
"What? Why? She just saw us butt-ass naked in the sauna. What's the difference?"   
  
"There are rules and protocols at spas. You don't undress while they're in the massage room with you." She laughed at my ignorance. "Everyone knows that."  
  
"That's absurd." I still didn't get it.   
  
"Well that's just how it is at a nice spa. Now make sure you're covered by the sheet during the massage...there are laws about that sort of thing." She climbed onto her table and pulled up the sheet about half way. The top of her two round cheeks poked out from the sheet as she was now face down. The sides of her breasts lightly spilled out a little as she relaxed on the table.   
  
"Your butt is showing. Is that illegal?" I said mockingly.   
  
"No, that's allowed." She said as she looked up with a playful grin, still keeping her breasts down on the table.   
  
"There are too many rules." I muttered to myself as I got under the blanket. I left a little of my ass showing too, following her lead.   
  
There was a soft knock on the door and two masseuses walked in. They introduced themselves as Kelly and Katie. I think my masseuse was named Katie, but I wasn't positive. They both had on matching uniforms of khakis and a white polo. They might as well have been the same person.  
  
They wasted no time as Ashley and I both oohed at the same time when their oily hands slid down our backs in unison.  
  
I felt her hands move in one fluid motion stopping right at the top of my butt. Her fingers swirled just under the sheet on the tops of my cheeks and back up again all the way to my shoulders and neck.   
  
It was absolutely heavenly and over way too quickly. Before I knew it, we were asked to turn over onto our backs. I looked over at Ashley and she gave me a euphoric smile as the sheet now covered her front side.   
  
Katie, or Kelly, might have even been Kimmy at this point I was so out of it, placed the sheet down to my waist leaving my torso exposed. She started on my upper chest in large circles around my pecs. I glanced over and saw Ashley was getting the same treatment, but the masseuse had left a towel over her breasts to conserve her modesty.   
  
Time flew as she worked her way down my legs and back up again. As her fingers lightly pressed on my thighs I couldn't help but think that this complete stranger was now just inches away from my penis. The thought alone started sending more blood there, and her rubbing only added to the effect.   
  
I started to wonder if she could tell I was nearly hard under the sheet. Could she see an outline of my growing cock down my left thigh as she massaged my right leg? The thought certainly did not help matters. I was officially starting to stick up above my leg now. It would be impossible to miss the tent forming. The self-fulfilling prophecy only got me harder the more I thought about it.   
  
I'm sure Kelly, (or was it Katie, Kitty maybe?) had noticed by now, but was clearly trained to avoid such issues. When she finally made her way over my left thigh she whispered in my ear, "Could you please adjust yourself?"   
  
She gave me a smile like it was no big deal. I lifted the sheet slightly and moved my engorged penis from my left thigh to my right, slightly exposing myself in the process.   
  
"Sorry." I mouthed the word to her. I felt bad; I wasn't trying to ask for a happy ending, her massage just felt really good.   
  
"I'll take it as a compliment." She gave me a wink as she proceeded to massage my left inner thigh.   
  
I was painfully reminded of the fact that I hadn't masturbated (or at least finished masturbating) in three full days now. That explained why I was so overly sensitive. By the time she had finished, I was sticking straight up. Even I knew it looked ridiculous, but I was enjoying it too much to care.   
  
She finished with a peaceful temple rub and jaw massage.   
  
"Thank you." She said softly as I opened my eyes. I had no idea how long they were closed. "You guys can take your time and head to the changing room when you're ready." They left the room to give us some privacy.   
  
For a few moments neither of us said anything; we were still in ecstasy. "I'm never getting up again." I finally said as I laid there still pitching a tent.   
  
"I see you enjoyed your massage." She laughed seeing me poking the sheet up for the first time.   
  
I had no reaction; just continued to breathe deeply and enjoy the feeling.   
  
Ashley got up and I watched her perfect body walk over to the corner. Her butt was glistening with oil, as the dim light danced off her shiny curves. She put on her robe and looked over to see I still hadn't moved an inch.   
  
"Come on, we should get going." She said as she walked up to the side of my table, now looking down at me.   
  
Her robe was on, but open in the front. My eyes traced down her chest and took in the inner curves of her breasts just poking out of her robe. Following the same path I looked at her flat but soft belly, down further until I saw just a hint of her landing strip that disappeared below the table.   
  
"What's the rush?" I asked slowly, unwilling to let go of this dreamy state. "Didn't you like your massage?"  
  
"It was amazing." She paused and added, "but left me wanting more. They never seem to focus on all of the areas you want." She placed her hand on my chest lightly and looked down at my lingering erection under the sheet.   
  
I was expecting some snide remark about me being a pervert, or that it wasn't that kind of a spa, but none came. She continued lightly rubbing my chest. Unlike the masseuse's deep and soothing strokes, these were soft and almost featherlike, which had a completely different effect on me.   
  
"Isn't it funny how in a spa some things are allowed in some instances and not in others?"  
  
She was on some other wavelength right now, and I didn't dare interrupt.   
  
"We both had this area massaged," she lightly rubbed the middle of my chest, "but I had to have on an extra towel...you didn't."   
  
I watched as she grew a little more serious and spoke even softer. "And isn't it funny how they can touch here," she traced circles around my nipples without actually touching them, "but not here?" She gave a little pinch to my nipple that had tightened up completely.   
  
I let out a soft moan without realizing it as she continued down my belly. "And isn't funny how they can massage here..." Her hand pressed lightly down my abdomen and over my belly button stopping just at the top of my pubic hair. "But any further and it's illegal?"  
  
My hips moved slightly, I was lost in her world now. I closed my hand and felt warm flesh. I'm not sure when I reached in, but my hand was now resting on the side of her hip under her robe.   
  
"And isn't it funny how they can see everything in the sauna," she slid the sheet down ever so slowly until my fully erect penis bounced free, "but if they see it here, they could be fined?"  
  
My hand slid a little lower on her hip, finding its way to the top of her behind. I mimicked her soft touches, causing her now to breathe slower and deeper.   
  
"And isn't it funny how they can massage here and here," her hand rested on my pubic bone while the other gently massaged my upper inner thigh, "but if they go any further they could lose their license?"   
  
I could feel the weight of her butt cheek in my hand as I squeezed and pulled it upward, and I could practically feel the heat from her hands on my scrotum she was so close.   
  
My hands continued further as I started to feel the curve of her other cheek as I crossed over her crack and returned back to pull her cheek out more to the side. Her eyes were closed and she let out an audible gasp as I teased her right back.   
  
She slowly moved her hand now as if she was ready to grab my nearly pulsing shaft.   
  
'Knock, knock' in walked Ashley's masseuse. Or was that my masseuse? "Oh my god, I'm terribly sorry." she said looking away slightly, but still watching.   
  
"We're going to need a minute." Ashley said calmly with a gentle smile, and made no effort to hide what was happening.   
  
"I really am sorry for interrupting. Really I don't have a problem with this, but I'm afraid we do need the room for our next appointment." She offered as a condolence, "You're welcome to use the showers by the changing room...you can, uh, wash up there...but it is communal, you may not be alone."   
  
Ashley's face looked a little disappointed, but she nodded. The masseuse grabbed my robe from the wall and held it open for me as I walked over, still sporting a raging hard on. She clearly glanced down and back up and had a friendly smile on her face.   
  
I cinched up my robe as Ashley and I made our way to the showers and once again disrobed as we headed in. I heard the showers running before we entered, so I knew we wouldn't be alone; thus killing my hopes of picking up where we left off.   
  
"There they are!" Said a familiar voice.   
  
"Oh hey Doug, Lauren." I replied, taking in a quick peek of their fully nude bodies on display as they stood there sharing one showerhead.   
  
We walked up to the shower next to them and turned on the water.   
  
"How was everything?" Lauren asked with a smile as she swirled a lather of soap over her plump breasts.   
  
"Good!" Ashley replied, "Almost a little too good." She added pointing toward my half erect cock that was now sticking out diagonally downward, not quite at full mast or full rest.   
  
"HA!" Lauren belted out, "Don't worry, Doug always leaves this place with boner. I swear they keep you in that perpetual wanting more stage so you're eager to come back."  
  
"And it works every single time!" Doug added as I saw he was half erect as well.   
  
"Keep the customers happy, but not too happy!" Ashley added. "But who am I to judge, I was just as turned on...just don't have a way to show it to the world like guys do." She said as she rubbed soap down her belly, just over her vagina and back up again.   
  
"Amen! I'm hornier than nymph on ecstasy when they're done rubbing my body." Lauren said shamelessly as she washed her butt and had no problem rubbing in between her crack in our presence.   
  
I couldn't tell if all of this was a turn on, or more just relaxing to be so open and free with people while discussing normal body reactions.   
  
Finally Doug shut off their shower. "Well we're going to get out of here."  
  
"And fuck each other's brains out." Lauren added with a smile. "I suggest you do the same."  
  
Doug walked over and shook Ashley's hand, giving her a kiss on the cheek before shaking my hand and wishing me luck. Lauren walked up and gave Ashley a full on hug. I watched closely as their breasts squished together. Lauren whispered something in her ear and Ashley laughed loudly.   
  
As Lauren came to say goodbye to me, I offered out my hand to match Doug's goodbye to Ashley. Lauren paid no mind to that and came in for a tight hug. I felt her nipples disappear into my chest as her whole breasts pressed into me firmly. My cock responded to the warm embrace with a little involuntary bounce and I could feel it brush against her slit.  
  
"Mmm." She responded obviously aware of the intimate touch I accidentally just gave her. She whispered in my ear. "Give her a good night...don't let this go to waste." She said softly as she pinched the head of my penis in a way that neither Ash nor Doug could see.

Lauren and Doug exited the showers, leaving us once again alone. We looked at each other, glancing up and down momentarily to enjoy the view of each other's wet body on full display. Ashley leaned her head back to rinse out her hair, which arched her chest closer to me.   
  
I took a step toward her and placed my hands on her shoulders. My heart sped up as it finally seemed like there were no distractions between us. She placed her hands on my chest, which made it hard to read if she was keeping me a healthy distance away or trying to tease me further. My hands slid down her arms and onto her hips, as my fingers lightly pressed into her upper cheeks enjoying the firm yet soft give to her flesh.   
  
She looked up into my eyes, clearly debating in her mind if she should continue. Lightly she shook her head as if to say she couldn't, but she moved closer at the same time. It was now or never. I leaned lower, slowly moving my head toward hers. She closed her eyes in preparation for a kiss, but really she was closing her eyes to what was happening between us.   
  
Our lips were about an inch away, and I started to feel a change in temperature. Just as my lips ever so lightly grazed hers, we both jumped in shock.  
  
"Jesus that's freezing!" She shouted from the now ice cold water, snapping us out of this intimate moment. Our sensual embrace turned more into a hug of survival as we shut off the water and shivered.   
  
I thought about trying to kiss her cheek, or rubbing her shoulders to warm her up, but anything seemed too forced. The moment was over and neither one of us dared make eye contact.   
  
"Come on, let's get out of here." I said trying to be a respectful friend and handed her a towel.   
  
"Thanks." She said, accepting the towel, but really the look on her face was thanking me for not taking things too far. We both dried off quickly and wrapped ourselves up as we headed out of the shower room.   
  
We walked by the gorgeous waterfall we saw earlier, and Ashley stopped in front of the mirror next to it to fix her wet hair. The waterfall was soothing. The steady flow and sounds of slowly trickling water had a calming effect. The rocks at the bottom curled up creating a lip, preventing any water from overflowing.   
  
The constant sound of running water finally got to my bladder. "Ash, have you seen a bathroom anywhere around here?"  
  
"You're looking at it." She said without hesitation as she messed with her hair.   
  
"Looking at what?" I asked totally clueless.   
  
"You're looking at the bathroom, silly. We're in it."   
  
"So where do I pee?" I asked, looking around for a toilet.   
  
"I think it's pretty obvious." She said gesturing at the waterfall.   
  
"You want me to pee in the waterfall? You're joking."  
  
She smiled, "Do you see any other options? Besides, look at these rocks making a little ledge like this, that's clearly for girls who need to sit down when they go."  
  
Well it did look like you could sit on that. "What about privacy?" I asked unconvinced.  
  
"What about this place is private? Pretty sure almost everyone in here has seen us completely naked. Besides look at that giant drain there. Normal decorative waterfalls don't have that. It's like a constant flush."   
  
I still wasn't sure, but I didn't see any other options. I looked around to make sure no one was coming in and I quickly undid the front of my towel, now holding my penis at what I was sure was not a toilet. After a few deep breaths my stream finally came out slowly at first, but eventually gained strength. I aimed up into the waterfall, about chest height and a couple feet away.   
  
Ashley watched silently until she finally let out a little snicker she couldn't hold back.   
  
"What?" I demanded and she laughed a little more. "Oh god, this is not a bathroom at all, is it?"  
  
She shrugged her shoulders. "I guess it could be, but I would highly doubt it." And she giggled.   
  
"You jerk!" I said slightly seeing the humor in it. Her little prank worked perfectly, and I had to go too badly to stop now. I made playful zigzags with my stream to show I wasn't being a poor sport.   
  
"What the fuck are you doing? That's disgusting!" An unfamiliar female voice yelled.   
  
I looked over and saw an absolutely furious woman in a robe. I didn't make out any more details other than she looked irate.   
  
I didn't know what to do, I froze standing there helpless still peeing straight out I tried to come up with some excuse but I had nothing.   
  
"What's your problem?" Ashley finally said to the angry woman. Then she did something I will never forget. She lifted up her towel above her waist, and squatted on the rocks right next to me with her ass hovering over the water. "Everyone knows that's what this is for. Now could you please stop staring at us like a pervert?"  
  
And sure enough, she starting peeing right next to me. The woman threw her hands up in the air as she walked away and muttered, "I'm never coming back here."   
  
As soon as she left we burst out laughing uncontrollably. How ridiculous was this?   
  
Shortly after that, in walked the girl from the front desk. She stared at us as our streams were still going strong. Her jaw dropped. I smiled at her politely as she clearly looked downward to my penis in my hand.   
  
"Is that what this waterfall is for?" She asked in disbelief.   
  
"Do you really think we'd be doing this if it wasn't?" I asked back as I started to shake the last few drops from my tip.   
  
She watched closely and waited until I finished shaking my penis to say, "I'm sorry I had no idea."  
  
She left without saying another word. As if she was in the wrong. Thank goodness this was only her second day and didn't know any better.   
  
Again we burst out laughing. Ashley stood up and had to use her towel to give her slit a quick wipe. "The lack of toilet paper should have been your first clue this is not a bathroom." She said shaking her head.   
  
"I'm not in the habit of looking for toilet paper when I pee." I chuckled. "I can't believe you did that."  
  
"I can't believe you believed me." She replied and we went back to get dressed.   
  
We pretty much laughed our way out of the building, and tried our best to keep a straight face when we saw the girl at the front desk. We failed. Miserably. And it only got worse once we were outside.   
  
Tears streamed down our faces until we finally calmed down. "I haven't laughed like that in years." Ashley said. "Thank you for coming with me."  
  
As if she needed to thank me for a whole day of seeing her naked and getting a free massage. "It was absolutely my pleasure." I gave her a friendly hug and a kiss on the cheek. "Tell your mom thanks. No on second thought, don't tell her about any of this."   
  
"Don't worry. It's another one of our secret adventures." She said with that sly grin.   
  
"What adventures do you have planned for the rest of the night?" I asked hoping this wasn't the end of our fun.   
  
"Oh, I'm supposed to meet up with Mark." She said casually.   
  
And like that, I was brought back to reality. Our adventures were numbered. I just didn't want to face it.   
  
"Aww, bummer" Ashley said checking her phone after being off the grid for a few hours. "Mark's not feeling well and is just going to stay in." She sounded disappointed.   
  
We started to walk out to the car, both of us a little down now, but for entirely different reasons. "Wait, did I just see...?" Ashley stopped mid-sentence.   
  
"See what?" I asked.   
  
"Look over there. That corner table on the patio of that restaurant."  
  
And then I saw. Shannon and Mark were sipping a glass of wine over a nice dinner at the restaurant right next to the spa.   
  
"What the hell?"

**Shared Bathroom with Coed Roommate Ch. 06**

Later that night when we got home from our day to the spa, Ash was so upset from seeing Mark and Shannon having dinner that she spent the rest of the night in her room.  
  
I felt awful about the whole situation, but not knowing what actually happened between Shannon and Mark was the hardest part. Frankly I was getting sick of guessing what was going on between them and decided I needed to find out once and for all.   
  
I spent the next few days with Shannon to try to find the out truth. After much poking and prodding, Shannon finally broke down and told me everything. I left there almost immediately and rushed home. I had to let Ashley know what I had found out.   
  
"Ash? You here?" I said as I walked in the front door. "We need to talk." I looked around an empty living room and glanced in her bedroom for a second, still no Ashley.   
  
Finally I saw the bathroom door closed and walked up to it. I placed my ear near the door and heard a few muffled farts echoing in the bowl. I walked in, figuring this would be as good a time as any to test out our open door policy she proclaimed we had.   
  
An unfamiliar and foul stench greeted me before I even fully entered. I had smelled Ashley's brand before, but this was different. I wondered if she was sick because it was so unlike her scent I had grown used to.   
  
Before I could even ask, I was shocked out of that thought process.   
  
"What the fuck?" Screamed an unfamiliar voice. "Get the fuck out! Jesus, don't you knock?"  
  
I looked up and saw not Ashley, but a girl just as beautiful. She had dirty blonde hair, tan skin and was covering her bare thighs and midsection as best she could with her forearms as she sat there on the toilet helpless, vulnerable and clearly freaked out.   
  
I put my hands up as if trying to calm down a rabid dog. "I'm so, so sorry. I thought you were Ashley." I pleaded.   
  
A few plops broke the silence, which sounded like tiny pebbles dropping into the water. I could picture their size and solidness instantly just from the sound. She curled up into herself trying to hide what was happening.   
  
"Why are you still in here? GET OUT!" She screamed as she now refused to look at me.   
  
"What is going on in here?" Ashley asked as she rushed in the bathroom with another girl I didn't recognize. She had dark hair, slightly pale skin and was dressed in a tight top revealing much of her impressive cleavage.  
  
"Jesus, is anyone else going to join us?" The girl on the toilet asked.   
  
"Are you alright, Emily?" Ashley asked, ignoring the fact that she was in an obviously compromised and embarrassing position.   
  
"I'm fine; I just need some damn privacy! Especially from this dickhead." She said clearly talking about me.   
  
Ashley turned and gave me curious look with her eyebrows raised. "What are you doing in here, anyway?"  
  
"I was just trying to wash my hands." I barely got out the words.   
  
"Can you please discuss this somewhere else? ALL OF YOU!" Emily screamed.   
  
With that we finally got out of there, and Ashley shut the door behind us.   
  
"Ash, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to..." I whispered to her.   
  
"This is messed up Jason." She looked furious. I wondered if it was because she had to pretend like that was an unusual occurrence for the sake of her other friend listening to our conversation. "It's probably best that we don't see you for a while. Just stay in your room or something." Ashley said discouragingly.   
  
She had never seemed so put off before. Did I really piss her off that badly? It was just an accident. I went into my room and watched some TV, waiting for their little hangout to be over. Everything on TV was stupid and annoying. It was just as well; I couldn't concentrate anyway. I hated it when Ashley was mad at me. Although, seeing her gorgeous friend Emily in that intimate way was surprisingly hot. My heart was still racing for a variety of reasons.   
  
Moments later Ashley walked in my room and shut the door behind her. She crossed her arms and just looked at me.   
  
"What?" I said. This whole thing was her fault anyway. Open door policy my ass, I thought to myself.   
  
"Well now you've done it. She is pretty pissed." Ash said softly.   
  
"Ash, you know I didn't mean to walk in on her." I said in a pleading whisper, "I thought it was you in there."  
  
"Well it wasn't. You walked in on someone else's private moment."   
  
Her words were slower than normal. Oh my god, is she jealous that I experienced that kind of moment with another girl? "Ash I'm sorry. I didn't see anything."  
  
"Shhhhh." She said almost comically.   
  
"Ash, jeez, are you drunk?" I said now putting some of her strange actions together.   
  
"I have had a few drinks. But this is my bachelorette party; I think I'm entitled to enjoy myself."   
  
"Your bachelorette party? What? Why didn't you tell me? I could have stayed over longer at Shannon's. I don't want to interrupt your party; I'll get out of here."  
  
"I'm afraid you've already interrupted. And maybe you didn't hear me, but she is pissed." She said sternly.   
  
"I heard you, but what do you want me to do about it? I apologized a million times. What else can I do?" I asked figuring it was an empty gesture.   
  
"She's incredibly embarrassed. And frankly she wants to get even with you." She said softy.   
  
"What...like walk in on me while I'm pooping?" I said in disbelief.   
  
Ashley scoffed at that idea, "What? Good god, no. She wants to get even, not torture herself." Then added, "And for the record, she claims she only peed and wasn't pooping." Ash slightly rolled her eyes with that last comment, holding back a laugh.   
  
"Oh please...I heard it fall into the water." I said quickly.   
  
Ashley just shook her head. "Doesn't really matter. Let her have some dignity. Now as for you losing yours..."  
  
I realized there was not much else I could say. "What do you want me to do?"   
  
"Well this is my bachelorette party, and the girls and I have decided we need some entertainment." She said slyly.   
  
"Entertainment?" I asked.   
  
"Yes, some adult entertainment...from you."  
  
"Like a stripper?" I laughed uncomfortably.   
  
She nodded with her grin curling up the side.   
  
"Ash, I can't do that. What about Shannon? She'd kill me."  
  
"Ha! Shannon is only your girlfriend. I'm engaged, and Emily and Robin are both married. Technically speaking you have the least to lose." She said forcefully.   
  
"Ouch." That actually stung, hearing my relationship quantified to having less value.   
  
"All I meant was, they are absolutely not going to tell anyone...they want to keep this between us even more than you do." Ashley added.   
  
That actually made sense. "But I'm not a stripper. I have no moves." I said trying to imagine how to even begin.   
  
"Well it sounds like you would be pretty embarrassed to do it. That's the idea!" She said triumphantly.   
  
"I'm guessing I don't have much choice in the matter." I said helplessly. "You said their names were what? Emily and who?" I asked figuring I should know a little about them if I was going to be stripping for them.   
  
"Emily and Robin." She said almost frustrated that I didn't know that already. "Robin is the one with dark hair and the nice rack. Emily is the one who was pooping. I mean just peeing." She tried not to laugh.   
  
"Got it." I said wondering where this left us. "Now what?"  
  
"You can have some time to prep or plan, or whatever is you need to do. We'll be in the living room when you're ready to entertain us..." She laughed lightly and left the room closing the door behind her.   
  
What did I get myself into? I had been to a strip club a couple times when I turned 18, as was the custom with most of my immature friends. But that was years ago, I don't remember what the strippers did. And more importantly they were girls. I'm not sure their moves translated for a guy.   
  
I turned to the modern educational vehicle for all things sexual: the Internet. After watching a few videos of male strippers, I got a few pointers and realized an important difference between male and female strippers. Girl strippers don't want to be touched at all. If I remembered correctly, even the slightest movement toward the girl sent the bouncer running over yelling, "no touching!" In the guy videos however all bets were off. The girls felt free to do whatever they wanted to the stripper, and the male stripper seemed to do whatever he wanted right back. This could be interesting.   
  
I took my time getting ready hoping they'd be even more drunk by the time I got out there. The closest thing I had to wear that resembled anything they wore in the videos was a pair jeans and a white button shirt. My heart was racing when I finally left the room.   
  
Ashley had already turned on some music with a decent beat in the background, which definitely helped. The three of them were sitting on the couch, each with a drink in their hand.   
  
"Let's see what you got!" Shouted Robin and the others chimed in with whoops and hollers. They were clearly already drunk - thank god!  
  
It was far too bright for my liking, so I turned off the closest lights and turned a few on further away for a more flattering atmosphere. The girls oohed and awed as I pulled up a chair from the kitchen table.   
  
"Who's first?" I asked trying to hide my nerves.   
  
They all looked at each other and Emily and Robin finally pushed Ashley up off the chair. "It's your party. Get it girl!" They cheered.   
  
Ashley blushed a little as she sat down. My nerves were a mess. I actually had to do something now.   
  
A new song started and I walked up to her slowly and brushed her hair behind her ear and placed my hand lightly on her upper chest, pushing her back in the chair. That felt empowering and gave me a sense of control. Rarely did I control much with Ashley.   
  
I leaned forward smelling her hair and moving down to her neck, careful to make sure she felt my breath on her skin.   
  
The girls hollered and encouraged me on.   
  
I spun around and slowly lowered my butt onto her lap and grabbed her hands and placed them on my chest. Ashley held on tight and caressed my torso over the shirt sliding her hands down my chest and belly as I did my best to grind my butt lightly on her thighs.   
  
This was going well and even started to give me a rush. I spun around, now facing her and slowly began to unbutton my shirt. Ashley's eyes were glued to me. When I was half finished, I placed her hands on my shirt for her to finish undoing the last few buttons.   
  
She looked up into my eyes as she undid the last button and she rubbed my bare chest slowly. The song came to an end and I called out, "Who's next?"  
  
Ashley looked a little disappointed it was over so quickly.   
  
Robin was all too eager and pulled Ashley out of the chair. She cheered and clapped before anything had happened. With my shirt now wide open, I got up close to her with my flat stomach nearly in her face. She stuck out her tongue and I moved just close enough for it to grace the skin below my belly button. Again everyone cheered.   
  
Now it was my turn to have some fun. Robin had on a low cut blouse with a couple inches of cleavage showing. I placed my hand on her upper chest as I twirled my hips in a circular motion in front of her. She cheered more as my hand slowly got closer to her breasts. She wasn't stopping me, so this gave me an idea.   
  
I grabbed a shot glass they had on the table and squeezed it in between the crest of her cleavage. Robin watched and stuck her chest out enthusiastically as I poured some whisky in the shot glass and spilling some on her blouse.   
  
I bent down and licked the skin of her upper breast and grabbed the shot glass with my mouth and leaned my head back to finish off the shot. This got a loud applause of approval from the girls.   
  
I slowly pulled off my shirt and then got a little braver and pulled off hers as well. She was far too into it to stop me. She had on a purple bra and I leaned close to her body, moving my head up from her belly to her head making sure she could feel my breath on her skin, still wet from the whisky. From the goose bumps that formed on her tan skin, I could tell she did.   
  
Soon the song ended. "Emily, I believe it's your turn." I motioned her toward the chair as Robin sat back on the couch. Emily looked like she couldn't believe this was happening, and shook her head playfully going along with the show.   
  
I started with a few of my new moves, grinding my hips near her face and slowly squatting my butt onto her lap. She was noticeably less into this than the other girls, so I didn't press my luck too much with touching her body.   
  
I spun around and slowly unzipped my fly, still leaving my jeans on. Emily's eyes were glued to my crotch. The top of my red boxer briefs was showing and the imprint of my hard shaft was visible through the fabric. I grabbed her hand and placed it on my chest and slowly moved it lower over my abs, past my belly button and stopped just shy of where the imprint of my penis started. She smiled as her turn was now over and returned to the couch.   
  
I grabbed two shot glasses and placed them so they were sticking out just above the waistband of my boxers, one on each side of my cock. Ashley and Robin wasted no time and came up, kissing my belly and wrapped their lips around the shot glasses just inches from my covered penis. They downed the shots and hollered again.   
  
"If we drink, you drink!" Ashley said as she removed her own shirt and placed the shot glass between her breasts, still with her bra on.   
  
I took my time licking the top of her chest, nibbling on her tender skin. I couldn't believe she was letting this happen as I finally grabbed the shot glass with my mouth and slammed it back.   
  
Not to be outdone, Robin removed her bra and clasped her breasts together with her hands, keeping her nipples covered. "My turn!" She said with a suggestive smile.   
  
I placed the glass between her now barely covered breasts, and kissed the surrounding skin her hands weren't covering. She moaned from my touch and once again I downed another shot.   
  
I started to lose track of how many times we all took a shot and all the body parts we took them from. And the more shots we had, the harder it was remember.   
  
I walked back over to Ashley and she impatiently pulled my jeans down to the floor, leaving me standing there in my tight boxer briefs. The girls cheered as they saw the full imprint down my left thigh, which left little to the imagination.   
  
Placing my hands on Ashley's head, I moved my hips closer and rubbed my boxers lightly on her mouth. She licked the full length of my imprint through the fabric before slowly pulling down my waistband, revealing my hard shaft inch by inch until the head bounced free.   
  
"Whoa!" One of them shouted, "Damn, nice!"   
  
"I told you!" Ashley said in her drunken state.   
  
I was getting more and more drunk as time went on, but was I still with it enough to realize that she had talked about my penis with them. That thought kept me rock hard.   
  
I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around my waist as I walked up to Emily. Slowly I unwrapped the front of the towel and wrapped it around her head giving her and my hard cock total privacy from the other girls.   
  
The room was starting to spin and truthfully I didn't feel any actual contact at all, but I dipped my head back giving a moaning look as if to imply she was sucking me like a champ. After a minute she pushed me off and was laughing and clapping.   
  
Next up Robin eagerly wiggled as I stepped closer now with the towel covering myself again. She took the liberty of wrapping the towel around her head for me and again I mimicked the look of getting deep-throated. I could lightly feel her hands on my thighs, but knew she too wasn't actually making contact.   
  
Finally she emerged from the towel licking her lips. The other girls cheered, but Ashley looked a little concerned as I slowly walked over to her.   
  
"Live it up while you still can!" Robin shouted.   
  
I got closer and looked her in the eyes as I removed my towel and held it open for her. She stared at my cock closely, as if examining it. She looked back up into my eyes and reached out with her hand and placed it on my hip, just to the side of my penis. I thought she too was just doing this for show. I leaned my head back and pretended to enjoy the best blowjob of my life when I felt a little tingle on the bottom of my scrotum. I looked down as her finger continued over my tightened sack and underneath my shaft, slowly feeling the texture of my taught skin until she got to the underside of my head. Her fingernail slid over my tip as she slowly pulled away a long trail of pre-cum and brought it to her mouth, licking her finger. She smiled at me in a way she never had.   
  
I wrapped myself up in the towel and collected myself. That was a sobering moment, and I did not want to be sober. I helped Ashley stand up and turned her around so her backside faced her friends.   
  
I ran my hands down her upper back feeling the soft skin as I got closer to her bra strap. She giggled from the snap as I unhooked it and she crossed her arms keeping the bra from falling off completely.   
  
My hands continued to navigate their way down her back. Sliding my hands around her hips toward her front, I felt the tender skin just below her belly button as I made my way to her waist. I unbuttoned her jeans and waited for any sign of hesitation before beginning to unzip her fly. Seconds felt like an eternity as I lowered the zipper until it wouldn't go any further. My hand found its way to the top of her panties, sliding a finger in just enough to feel her small landing strip tickle my fingers. Her skin was warm and soft and I could have spent an hour just teasing her and myself before moving any lower.  
  
There might have been cheering at this point, but I was too focused to pay it any mind. I pulled my hands out of her panties, and off to the sides of her hips as I helped her wiggle her perfect round curves out of her tight jeans. Her light pink panties came into view with just little corners of her outer, lower cheeks poking out the bottoms. If I was hard before, my shaft was nearly pulsing at the sight now.   
  
Once her jeans were clear of her cheeks, they fell nearly on their own and she stepped out of them while they rested near her ankles. My hands found their way up the back of her thighs and over her butt, giving a gentle squeeze. The crease where her lower cheeks met her thighs drew me in like magnet as I was soon kissing the flesh that spilled out of her panties. Ashley's warm cheeks seemed to melt to the touch of my lips, and kissing led to a gentle bite. I could feel her whole cheek slightly adjust as she jumped from my more aggressive touch.   
  
Her womanly scent was faint, but getting stronger by the second. My kisses moved inward, over her panties and soon I was burying my face in the center of her covered butt doing my best to inhale her dirty aroma through the fabric. I gave a teasing lick where I hoped her hidden hole was, before slowly sliding her panties down over her cheeks. Her crack came more and more into view, as her panties finally were off the cheeks.   
  
Pausing for I don't know how long, I admired the sight that was just inches from my face. Without thinking, I pulled her cheeks slightly apart lifting them up and out, taking in the view of her most intimate hole briefly before letting go and watching her cheeks bounce together now covering up her once again hidden treasures.

I quickly filled another shot glass and squeezed it in between her cheeks, and took my time rolling my face in her outer cheeks before finding the glass in my mouth and downing it quickly.   
  
I stood up and the room was now spinning faster. Ashley turned around and let her bra straps finally fall from her shoulders and tossed it to the side. Each time I tried to focus on her and the other girls I saw more and more flesh. Two nipples, four nipples, eight nipples, how is that possible? What, nine nipples, eleventy nipples? Fuck they were so beautiful, I thought as I tried my best to keep going.   
  
Reaching down, I slowly stroked my cock to make sure I was hard as possible for the idea I had. All of the girls were sitting on the couch watching the show. I quickly filled a few more shot glasses resting on the table, and decided to get a little daring. I grabbed two of the glasses in one hand and gripped the base of my cock tightly with my other. I walked right up in between Ashley and Robin, and balanced the two shot glasses right on my hard shaft.   
  
"Better drink 'em before they fall off." I said as I watched each of their heads lean in and approach my erection. The whole idea of it was so hot I could barely stand it. I saw their mouths surround the glasses at the same time, feeling their warm breath on my penis. Once they lifted the glasses off my dick I stopped holding my cock and slid my hands down their upper chests. Neither one stopped me as I observed the differences of their tender curves. Ashley in my left hand felt warm and firm, curling up into a breast that needed little help supporting itself. In my right hand I felt a warm handful of flesh that seemed to move fluidly in between my tightening fingers.   
  
My eyes were completely closed focusing on the different sensations, sizes, weight and unique feel to each of their breasts. I felt hard nipples in each hand, one felt much harder, and stuck out like a thimble and another felt slightly softer and moved more in response to my touch. Which one was which, I couldn't have told you if my life depended on it.  
  
My movements were a little out of my control at this point. I began to notice my actions after they happened as opposed to consciously doing things on purpose. I found that I had moved the coffee table out of the way so that the girls could lie on the floor. My hands soon found their way over Robin and Ashley's soft and flat stomachs and up to their breasts again.   
  
I poured two more shots and handed one to each of them. "You place 'em, I'll drink 'em." I managed to mumble.   
  
Robin smiled and wasted no time placing the drink between her large breasts that she was squeezing together. I kissed her belly inching my way upward. Finally I kissed the skin surrounding her pointy nipples before taking each nipple in my mouth, lightly twirling my tongue around the hardened tip. I might have done that two, maybe five minutes, I have no idea. But eventually I grabbed the glass between her breasts and downed it quickly.   
  
The room was spinning at an increasing speed as I felt fingers in my hair pulling me away from Robin's breasts. "My turn." Ashley said slyly as she was the one pulling me in closer. I scanned her body quickly, kissing her slender midsection, teasing her uncovered breasts and perfect, tiny nipples, lightly kissing her collarbone. But I couldn't find the shot glass.   
  
Once again I felt her hands in my hair guiding my head. But this time she was inching me lower until I finally saw the shot glass tucked in between her legs, nestled up against her slit. I kissed her thighs and lightly bit her soft flesh, as I moved around the shot glass. Rubbing my nose through her groomed pubic hair, I took in her natural intoxicating scent. Finally I hovered my mouth over the small glass and lifted it out of the way. As I finished the shot I saw her bare pussy glistening. I knew I couldn't leave it alone. It was all happening so fast, but I wanted her too much to stop now.  
  
Everything was still spinning. I just needed a minute to catch my breath as I closed my eyes and rested my head on a pillow. I blinked a few times and suddenly had the worst headache of my life. My pillow was warm and covered in my drool.   
  
"Wake up, sleepyhead." I heard a voice call out.   
  
"What?" I said still not sure where I even was.   
  
"Get up!" Said the voice a little more forcefully.   
  
I started to recognize the voice as Emily's as I blinked a few more times and saw her sitting on a stool at the kitchen bar counter having some cereal and looking down at me.   
  
I blinked a few more times still not ready to get up. The light hurt my eyes and I buried my face in my pillow. What is that smell? I inhaled deeply and it smelled dirty, earthy and strangely familiar. I opened my eyes wider, blinded by a pale haze. Wait a minute. I shot up finally.   
  
"Did I pass out on Ashley's ass? Was my head resting there the whole night?" I asked in shock and wondered how I got there, taking in the view of Ashley completely nude and fast asleep on the floor.   
  
"Pretty much." Emily said calmly and enjoyed another spoonful of cereal. "You also haven't had on any clothes since about 10 o'clock last night."  
  
I looked down at myself for the first time. "JESUS!" I said as I reached down to cover my erection. Instantly I felt more exposed than I ever had in my life. I didn't have an ounce of fabric on my whole body, heck not even a watch on my wrist.   
  
"Oh please, now you're being modest?" She laughed. "Not much point now...I've seen your...well pretty much everything. From every angle. We all did." I could hear her crunching on the cereal. Her calmness put her in control.   
  
I stood up and attempted to cover my erection from her view, which was harder to do than I thought. I realized it looked like I just playing with myself as opposed to trying to cover up. I gave up and let my hands fall to my sides. My cock sprung free showing no signs of losing its morning wood status. "I'm going to go get dressed."  
  
"Not so fast!" Emily said. "We need to talk."  
  
"Can't it wait until I put on some clothes?" I asked.   
  
"I'm afraid it can't." She slid out the bar stool next to her with her foot while she continued to eat cereal.  
  
I walked over slowly. My head pounded and my cock bounced with each step. I don't recall ever feeling this vulnerable as I sat down on the stool with my erection awkwardly sticking up toward her. The fact she was fully clothed made me feel powerless and extremely self-aware.   
  
"First, make sure you wash that stool when we're done talking." She said relishing this moment. "Actually you're probably going to want to clean up almost every surface in your living room."  
  
"Noted." I said not amused. "Anything else?"   
  
"Here, take this." She handed me some Tylenol and some water. "It will help."  
  
"Thanks." I swallowed the pills and then got a little irritated. "This whole thing was your fault."  
  
"My fault? Do tell." She said calmly.   
  
"Because I walked in on you while you..." I didn't know how to finish that sentence politely. "Ash said you wanted to get even and make me just as embarrassed as you were when I..."  
  
"Is that what she told you?" She continued crunching away on her cereal.   
  
"Yes." I said blindly believing what Ashley told me, but now some doubts started to creep in.   
  
"I remember it a little differently." She said. "And considering I'm the only one with any clothes on now, I'm probably the only one who actually remembers everything that happened last night."  
  
Those words hung in the air. It's true I really didn't recall much after the time my cock made its first appearance.   
  
"So how do you remember it happening then? Were you not super embarrassed that I walked in...?"  
  
"Well I'll admit I was pissed. The whole thing was definitely embarrassing. But after I finished, uh, finished just peeing, I asked Ashley why you thought you could just walk in a bathroom with a closed door." She said leaving a pause for me.   
  
"I had to wash my hands. I thought it was empty." I tried to play it off.   
  
"Interesting." She said clearly not believing a word I just said. "Yesterday you said you thought it was Ashley in the bathroom when you burst in."  
  
My eyebrows popped up. I did not recall that detail.   
  
"So I asked Ashley, why did he try to walk in on her?" She said plainly.   
  
"What did she say?" I swallowed nervously.   
  
She smiled widely. "She changed the subject. In fact she said we should make him pay, she brought up the stripper idea." She chomped on another spoonful of cereal. "Truthfully I said that was not necessary."  
  
I was slowly putting the pieces together. "She said you were pissed and this was the only way to make me feel equally embarrassed?" I said more as a question than a statement.   
  
"Feel equally embarrassed? How does having three girls ogle over your naked body make you feel embarrassed?"  
  
I didn't have an answer to that, and finally started to realize the hidden message: Ashley wanted me to strip. I liked that thought even more and my penis gave an involuntary stir.   
  
"You were far from embarrassed last night. Especially as more and more started to happen." She said suggestively.   
  
Now I started to worry. "What all did happen?"  
  
She smiled again, letting me know she had all the power here. "Well I had some questions for Ashley yesterday and couldn't get a straight answer to save my life. So I'll make you a deal. If you answer my questions, I'll answer yours. Deal?"   
  
I looked down, and again was reminded of how exposed I was. That feeling was slightly wearing off from knowing she had been maintaining eye contact this whole time. Mostly.   
  
I shrugged my shoulders helplessly. "What do you want to know?"  
  
She smiled again. "For starters, the same question I asked Ashley. What made you think you could walk in on a closed bathroom door?" She was genuinely curious.   
  
I looked down wondering what to tell her. What would Ashley want me to say? How pissed would she be if I let something slip I wasn't supposed to.   
  
"How confidential is this conversation?" I asked.   
  
"Look, I have a loving husband who would be none too pleased if he knew half the things that went on here. You have my word this will stay between us. Or else you can tell my husband whatever you like about last night." She said seriously.   
  
That seemed to put us more on a level playing field. "Fine, deal." Seemed fair and what choice did I really have?  
  
"So back to my question. What made you think you could walk in on Ashley in the bathroom?"  
  
I still struggled with how much I should say. Would this be a violation of Ashley's trust? I hadn't told anyone the kind of strange intimate relationship we shared and it had been weighing on me over the past few months.   
  
"We, uh, we don't hide..." I paused and finally said, "We are completely open with each other."  
  
"Open like sharing feelings? Or like what?" Clearly my answer did not satisfy her. She wanted me to spell it out.   
  
"We try to be open about everything. Including not caring if someone else is in the bathroom." I said already fearing judgment.   
  
"Interesting." She said and then added, "Have you seen her do what I was doing yesterday?"  
  
"You mean just peeing?" I said as I rolled my eyes.   
  
"Oh cut the crap." She said sternly. "No pun intended."  
  
That broke the tension a little and finally we both shared a small laugh.   
  
"Yes. I have seen her do that." I said softly and almost ashamed.   
  
"Really?" She looked amazed. Almost amused.   
  
I nodded my head silently.   
  
"She let you see that? Why?" Emily asked in disbelief.   
  
I shrugged my shoulders. Finally I said, "I think because she knows I like it." Oh god why the hell did I admit that. I'm going to get slapped, called a pervert, or who knows what else.   
  
"Huh." Emily said softly, contemplating what I just said.   
  
She slowly opened her mouth still forming her thought. Here it comes, I thought.   
  
"You like it?" Was all she asked.   
  
I nodded again.   
  
"Huh." She said deep in thought again.   
  
I was turning red and being reminded of how naked I was. "I don't mean like I like it, like it...I just meant." What was I trying to say? "I like that she is comfortable enough to do that in front of me."  
  
"It is a very private thing." She said agreeing with that idea. "I don't even do that with my husband around."  
  
I nodded and didn't find that too surprising.   
  
"So yesterday, when you walked in on me...did you like it?" She asked curiously.   
  
I had no idea how to answer this or what she was hoping to hear. "I didn't not like it." I said cautiously.   
  
She just looked at me waiting for more of an answer.   
  
"I mean it wasn't the same as with Ashley, because she wanted me there when it happened. You clearly didn't."   
  
She nodded her head in agreement.   
  
"So did I like it? Sort of. I can't help it; I think it was endearing to see you in such an intimate moment that other people don't get to experience...not even your husband. I think it's cute." I added and wondered if I had gone too far.   
  
"You know, all girls are cute like that at different times of the day?" She said with a smirk.   
  
"Yes, I'm aware. They just keep that to themselves."  
  
She nodded.   
  
"Alright, now it's my turn for some questions." I said, not anticipating sharing so many of my personal details with Emily, someone I just met. "Ashley said this was because you were embarrassed I walked in on you in the bathroom and you wanted me to be equally embarrassed so you suggested I strip. You're saying that's not true?"  
  
"Well I certainly was embarrassed. Still am really." She paused and added, "But I never suggested you, her roommate whom I never met before, strip for us. That would be a bit ridiculous don't you think?"  
  
"So if you didn't suggest it...what made Ashley bring it up?" I asked trying to get to bottom of this.   
  
"Well Ashley was really, really pissed at Mark long before you got there. She wouldn't tell us why. But she thought this might be a way to get even with him."  
  
"I wonder why she lied to me and then blamed it on you?" I was confused.   
  
"Maybe she didn't want you to know she was the one who wanted to see you strip. Or maybe she didn't want you to know she was pissed at Mark. Who can say?" She said leaving it a mystery.   
  
"This is all my fault." I said helplessly.   
  
"What is?"  
  
"I had something to tell her about Mark. I know what she was pissed about. That's actually why I rushed into the bathroom. I wanted to tell her what I found out, but I got caught up in the commotion of seeing you...well you know."  
  
"What were you going to tell her?" She asked with a concerned look.   
  
"Doesn't really matter now." Then I added, "Okay, now help me fill in some of the details. How did everyone get naked?"  
  
"You really don't remember?" She asked relishing this power she had over me.   
  
"I remember how I got naked, and covered you guys with a towel pretending to get blowjobs. But not much beyond that." I said sheepishly.   
  
"Is that what you think you were doing? Covering us up for blowjobs?" She laughed.   
  
"Uhh, yeah? Why did something else happen?" I asked nervously.   
  
"Well you never actually covered us up with a towel. You kind of just held the towel behind you and moved it from side to side like you were drying your butt after a shower." She laughed. "And you were shaking your dick near our faces. Which was both funny and annoying." Then she added, "Okay it was kind of hot too. But I don't think any of us thought you were pretending to get a blowjob."  
  
"Well that's embarrassing." I said, thinking I actually was being pretty smooth last night. "But that still doesn't answer the question of how everyone got naked."  
  
"Well you mostly undressed Ashley, and for some reason she let you. And Robin pretty much took off her clothes all on her own." She chuckled a little as we both looked over to her asleep on the couch curled up in the fetal position naked as the day she was born. "But she probably would have ended up just as nude even if you weren't stripping. A few drinks in her and the layers start coming off."  
  
"Huh." I said mimicking her common response. "Maybe we should have her over for drinks more often."   
  
Emily rolled her eyes at that comment and shook her head.   
  
I really wanted to ask if Ashley was jealous of Emily and Robin seeing me completely naked, but how on earth could I ask that without telling too much?   
  
"Well clearly my memory of last night is not as accurate as I wish it was. But, tell me this...did Ashley really lick my..., uh...precum from her finger? Or did I make that up?" I asked now wondering how much my mind might have embellished the facts.   
  
"Oh she did more than that. You both did." She said with a look of enjoyment.   
  
"I have a vague memory of them doing shots off of my... my uh...you know..." I nodded downward to my exposed penis.   
  
"You certainly tried to make that happen." She laughed. "They kept falling off every time you set them on your dick."  
  
"Hmmm." Not what I was hoping, I thought. "Well did I do a shot from Robin's breasts and then from between Ashley's legs?" I asked nervously.   
  
"Uh, not really." She smiled.   
  
"I'm going to need more details than that." I said quickly.   
  
"Well after the shots on your dick idea didn't really work out, you kind of fell over on them. It was an uncoordinated pile of three drunken naked fools. You definitely might have been a little grabby, but you weren't with it enough at that point to do shots from anything."  
  
I nodded and wondered if it really was just all in my head.   
  
"But none of that is as important as what you and Ashley did after that."  
  
"What? What happened?" I asked impatiently.   
  
"Look, you don't remember, and I'm sure she won't either. She's getting married next week. It's probably best that neither of you remember. Then you won't even have to pretend like it didn't happen." She said plainly.   
  
"Pretend like what didn't happen?" This was torture.   
  
"Just talk to Ashley. Whenever she wakes up. Really think about her first, though and how this could potentially affect her and her marriage. If you still want to know and think it's worth risking her future happiness, I'll tell you at the wedding next week."  
  
My hopes dropped. I was stuck. And how the hell did her wedding creep up so quickly?   
  
She looked at me almost sympathetically, "I promise I'll tell you everything...as long as you've really considered her side. Just think it over." She added.   
  
"Fair enough." I finally said in defeat as I sat there naked on the barstool. Luckily my erection had finally calmed down, so I didn't feel like quite as big of a creep.   
  
"How do you remember all of this so well anyway?" I asked now starting to wonder if she was even a reliable source.  
  
"I wasn't drinking." She said quietly.   
  
"What? I saw you drinking." I said in disbelief.   
  
"You were in no state to know if I was drinking or not." She said a little standoffish. Then added softly, "Ok, I know you saw me drinking, but I was faking. It was just soda water with ice. And every shot you tried to make me do I just ended up giving it back to you, and you happily finished it." She laughed, "Maybe I'm partly to blame for your over-drinking."  
  
"Why would you go to such lengths to pretend to drink?" I was clueless.   
  
After an extremely long pause, she said, "I'm actually pregnant."   
  
"Really? That's awesome." I said enjoying how happy she looked.   
  
"Thanks. We haven't told anyone yet, it's still too early." She said quietly. "And don't you tell either. I don't care how close you are with Ashley. We want to tell everyone when the time is right."  
  
"Your secret is safe with me." I said.   
  
"And your secrets are safe with me." She said with a sly smile. She clearly was keeping the juicier end of this deal.   
  
I looked over at Ashley on the floor, and took in the sight of her peaceful, naked body fast asleep. Her gentle curves seemed to rise and fall with her deep breaths. She rolled on her side now with her butt facing us, and her round cheeks somehow concealing what hid in between. Even in her sleep she knew how to tease me.

"Jesus, you've got it bad for her." She said laughing and looking at my now nearly erect penis again.   
  
"I know." I said softly. There was no hiding it, my erection or my true feelings. Emily's news made me strangely sentimental and I wondered if Ashley and Mark would ever have kids. It was almost too much to think about.   
  
"Alright, Jason. I have to get going now." She said as if she could read my now hopeless mood perfectly. "Think about what I said. Really think about her happiness, and what that means to you." She said sympathetically.   
  
"I will." I said looking down "Thanks for chatting." This was strangely very comforting finally to talk to someone about how I felt toward Ashley. "And hey, congrats to you. Ashley will be thrilled for you...whenever you share the news."  
  
She looked so happy she could cry. We both stood and she leaned in and gave me hug, almost completely forgetting I was naked as my lingering hard on poked her midsection.   
  
"Ok, now go get some rest." She said laughing a little at the situation.   
  
"Yeah I just need to sleep it off. My head is still killing me."  
  
"I think you need to just get off." She said looking at my still erect penis. "It can't be good to be that hard for that long. You should have seen a doctor hours ago according to those Viagra commercials." She reached down and lightly placed her flat palm underneath my shaft the same way a friend would place a hand on your shoulder to express concern.   
  
"I'll keep that in mind." I said amazed at how she could touch me there and make it feel completely innocent and non-sexual. Finally I walked her out the door and said goodbye.  
  
I walked past Ashley once more taking in her breathtaking body. She looked so peaceful there. So beautiful. I found a few extra blankets and covered her up and placed one over Robin as well. I gave Ashley a little kiss on the forehead and went to my room for a nap. Truthfully I was kind of amazed at how much the past few months changed me. If I found two beautiful girls asleep and nude a couple months ago, there was no way I wouldn't take a picture for shits and giggles. Now I wouldn't dream of it; I respected Ashley too much to do something so immature.   
  
Hopefully in a few hours she would be feeling better and I'd have a chance to tell her what I found out about Mark and Shannon.   
  
I crawled into my bed with every intention of relieving some of the built up tension, but fell asleep mid-stroke as I tried to imagine just what on earth happened last night. I woke up a few hours later with my hand still gripping my cock. My headache was mostly gone and I was still in need of some relief, but all I could think about was chatting with Ashley. I wanted to see if she remembered anything, and debated if it was better to leave it alone as Emily suggested. Maybe I'd just give her a hard time that she was really the one who wanted to see me strip.   
  
"Ash?" I called out as I slipped on my boxers and headed out into the living room, getting more and more excited to see her. Well she's not naked on the floor, that's good I guess. But where is she? I wondered.   
  
"Ash?" I walked into her room and saw her closet was open with most of her clothes missing. "Ashley? Are you here?" I ran out to the kitchen now starting to have a terrible feeling about all of this. And then I saw a note on the fridge.   
  
Jason,  
  
I'm not sure I can be around you anymore. If Mark screwed up with Shannon, then last night I screwed up with you. I will try to forgive him. Hopefully he will forgive me.   
  
I'm going to spend some time with my family for a while. I'm really sorry I dragged you into this. Please don't try to contact me.   
  
Maybe I will see you at the wedding next week, but perhaps it's best if you don't go. I'm not sure I can handle seeing Shannon there...or you.

**Shared Bathroom with Coed Roommate Ch. 07**

The week leading up to the wedding was torture. I tried to get a hold of Ashley a hundred times. Voicemails, emails, I even tried to contact her friends to find out if they knew how to reach her. It was all to no avail. She was completely off the grid.   
  
The words in her letter haunted me. I dissected every single sentence and each one hurt more than the last. I desperately needed to tell her the truth about Mark and Shannon before she did anything she'd regret forever without knowing all the facts.   
  
My mind was also filled with theories as to what actually happened the night I stripped for her and her friends. I imagined every possibility that could have happened before I passed out. Did we hook up? Maybe it was just oral? Hand job? Did I finger her? I really had no idea. I thought back to Emily's advice, and really considered if I wanted to know the details. As hard as it was to admit, no good could come from finding out what happened now. She was getting married and if I cared for her at all, it was better if I never knew what we actually did that night.   
  
Saturday finally came and I still wasn't sure if I was going to the wedding. Really it was Shannon who tipped the scales on the decision. She would know something was up if I told her we shouldn't go. I threw on a suit and tie, and picked up Shannon and headed over to the winery where they were having the wedding.   
  
Shannon and I barely said a word on the drive over. I didn't even bother to ask her if everything was okay. I was much too focused on what I would tell Ashley. Shannon seemed equally distracted anyway.  
  
When we finally arrived at the winery, Shannon excused herself to go freshen up in the washroom. I paced awkwardly through the room of strangers. They all seemed so happy, so carefree. I envied them.   
  
"Jason!" A somewhat familiar voice called out.   
  
"Emily! Nice to see you." I said relieved to talk to someone I knew. I leaned in and gave her a warm hug and a kiss on the cheek.   
  
"Nice to see you too...with clothes on." She joked.   
  
"I thought I'd class up my act for the special occasion." I replied remembering our last deep discussion where I was completely nude. Emily now had on a light blue strapless dress. The kind that only bridesmaids would wear, but she looked beautiful in it nonetheless.   
  
"Have you thought about what I said? Did you decide if you want to know what happened that night?" Emily asked wasting little time.   
  
I paused for a moment before saying, "Don't tell me. Nothing good will come of it." That was hard to say, but it gave me a sense of relief.   
  
"You must really care for her then." She said with a sympathetic smile. "You should come with me. I think you should to talk to Ashley."  
  
"I'm not sure that's such a good idea." I said nervously.   
  
"Jason, she's in the dressing room and is a complete mess. No one can calm her down. You need to talk to her." Then she added, "Whether it's good or bad, I think you're the only one who can make this right."  
  
I nodded and followed her to the back room. I had a bad feeling about this. Ashley didn't even want me here, let alone to see me while she's at her most stressed on the biggest day of her life. But I had to talk to her.   
  
Emily opened the door and I walked in and saw Robin trying to cheer up a frantic bride.   
  
"It will be okay. Everything's fine. You look beautiful, all your friends and family are here for you!" Robin said in her most encouraging voice. She had on the same light blue dress as Emily, but her ample cleavage was barely contained in the strapless top. I remembered Emily saying how Robin often shed her layers after drinking. Judging by how much cleavage she was showing, she certainly seemed comfortable showing off her body even in a formal situation like this.   
  
My presence stopped Robin and Ashley in their tracks.   
  
"Everyone out!" Ashley yelled as she locked eyes with me.   
  
Emily and Robin headed for the door and I followed.   
  
"Jason. You stay." She said softly and I obeyed.   
  
Finally it was just us in the room. Ashley looked even more beautiful than I could have ever imagined. She was wearing the same dress she picked out with me the morning before we spent the day at the spa. It hugged her curves the first time she tried it on, but now that it was tailored there wasn't a more flattering fit in the world. Her cleavage modestly showed just enough to appreciate her breasts without focusing on them. And her behind was emphasized just enough to realize she really had a perfect butt by anyone's standards. Admittedly there probably wasn't a dress that ever made her look bad, but this one left me speechless.   
  
Her hair was in a complex up-do with intricate braids that left her cheeks and neck exposed and made her look even more delicate. It seemed like such a cliché, but she was the most beautiful bride I had ever seen.   
  
She finally broke the tension and ran up to me giving me a hug. It almost felt wrong to hug her for fear I would mess up her makeup or her perfectly placed hair.   
  
"Ashley I'm so sorry. I know you don't want to see me, but I have to talk to you. I've been trying to get a hold of you all week." I said quickly.   
  
"No I'm glad you're here. I'm sorry I wrote that letter. I was stressed and freaking out about what happened." She said as we hugged and she buried her face in the side of my neck for comfort.   
  
Everything that happened? She must know what we did, I thought. It took everything I had not to ask about that night. It was even harder not to slide my hands down her back, grab a handful of her perfect curvy butt. What is wrong with you? I snapped out of it...this is her wedding day. Leave it alone.   
  
She continued, "I don't know what I'm doing. This is so fucked up. I'm exhausted and on edge. Is this normal wedding jitters?" She said without taking a breath finally ending our embrace.   
  
"Ashley, slow down. It will be okay, I promise." I said, almost instantly missing the feeling of her face buried in the side of my neck.   
  
She paced back and forth. "I'm not so sure. Maybe this is a huge mistake. My stomach has been in knots all week. I'm constipated. I haven't been able to poop for three days." She said holding her stomach.   
  
"Ash." I put my arms on the sides of her bare shoulders. "It will be okay. Take a deep breath." I said looking right into her beautiful eyes.   
  
She breathed in deeply and nodded.   
  
"Now for your own sake, you need to use the bathroom. This isn't healthy."  
  
Tears streamed down her face and she nodded her agreement. There was a small bathroom in the corner of the private room and she walked in. I stayed back to give her some space.   
  
"Jason, could you help me with my dress?" She said softly. "Nothing would be worse than walking down the aisle with a shit-stained dress." She laughed a little, wiping away a few tears.   
  
Only Ashley would say something like that, I thought to myself and couldn't help but laugh in the stressful moment.   
  
She reached under her dress and slid her hands down her legs removing her black panties and tossing them to the side. I helped her scoot the dress up over her hips as she lowered herself carefully onto the toilet seat. I briefly noticed the hint of a garter belt on her thigh. But soon the long dress covered her and practically the whole bottom of the toilet. If I just walked in the room now I probably wouldn't have even realized she was on a toilet and not just a regular chair.   
  
She looked up at me with sad eyes and shook her head. "What am I doing, Jason? Am I really about to marry a man who has cheated on me with your girlfriend?" She wiped her eyes as she continued. "Not to mention what we did last week."  
  
She mentioned it again, practically begging me to ask what the hell we did? My mind raced but I knew no good would come from that. I had to stay strong and tell her what I knew.   
  
"Ashley, I have no idea what we did last week."  
  
"You don't?" She interrupted, and almost seemed a little disappointed.   
  
"No. But that doesn't matter now. I have to tell you about Shannon and Mark. I know everything." I said softly.   
  
"Maybe it's best I don't know." She said helplessly and crossed her forearms over her waist as she leaned forward.   
  
"Ash, they weren't cheating on us."  
  
She looked up at me confused. "I don't believe you."  
  
"They weren't. Shannon works part time at a travel agency. They met a few times to plan your honeymoon. Mark wanted her expertise to make it absolutely perfect for you."  
  
She looked confused, sad and then in disbelief.   
  
"Really. Shannon showed me the receipt for your tickets. You guys are going to Paris tomorrow. He wanted to surprise you and made Shannon swear she wouldn't even tell me for fear I might end up telling to you...which I'm doing right now." I lightly chuckled at that last part.   
  
She had another tear run down her cheek, but she was starting to smile.   
  
"Mark really cares about you." I paused and added, "you'd be a fool not to spend the rest of your life with someone who'd go to such lengths to make you happy." That was hard to say, but felt good to finally admit it aloud.   
  
She shook her head and laughed. "I don't know what to say."   
  
"You don't have to say anything for now. Just take a few deep breaths and try to do your business." I laughed softly. "I'm sure you'll feel much better."  
  
Nodding her agreement, she let out a little laugh. As she took in a deep breath slowly, she started to grimace. Finally a low, deep fart slowly escaped and echoed in the bowl, muffled through her dress covering her.   
  
We both laughed at that and she slightly blushed.   
  
"Looks like my work here is done now that you've got the ball rolling. I'll give you some privacy." I said politely.   
  
She grabbed my hand before I could leave and looked up with soft eyes. "Do you remember the first time we shared a bathroom experience together?" She asked nostalgically.   
  
I nodded. "I was brushing my teeth while you came in and peed." I let out an embarrassed smile, "I pretended not to look, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't believe you were doing that in front of me like it was no big deal."  
  
She smiled warmly. "Oh it wasn't quite that easy."  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked as her smile made me melt.   
  
"It wasn't like I didn't have a care in world. My heart was racing. I wondered if you'd judge me or think less of me."  
  
"I thought it was one of the cutest things I've ever seen. I couldn't look away."  
  
"I think that's why I kept doing that in front of you." She said softly.   
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"I liked the way you looked at me. It made me feel...I don't know, special I guess." She laughed. "I know that sounds so lame."  
  
"Not at all. What can I say? I'm just a pervert like that who liked to watch you pee." I laughed.   
  
"I thought it was cute. I actually really liked it." She blushed. "Besides, I'm the pervert. I didn't even try to hide the fact I was looking at you when you first peed in front of me." She blushed again.   
  
"I was so nervous I could barely go." I said remembering the first time she watched me go. "I felt so self conscious. At least when you pee you're mostly covered. I'm just standing there holding my penis for the whole world to see."  
  
"The whole world? It was just me." She said warmly.   
  
"Well maybe it just felt that way because you mean the world to me." Did I really just say that now on her wedding day?  
  
She blushed and looked like she was getting a little teary-eyed.   
  
I quickly tried to say something so we didn't linger on my last statement. "Besides I was the pervert who had to take matters into his own hands that one time you were...uh doing what you're trying to do now..." Now it was my turn to blush.   
  
"I still think about that almost every time I go." She said plainly.   
  
"Oh god I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to haunt you." I had a mix of emotions as several memories of her relieving herself flooded my head.   
  
"Who said it was a bad thing?" She gave me a subtle smile, which caused me to blush again. "I don't think I ever felt closer to a person than I have with you, especially after that occasion."  
  
I was flattered, but wasn't sure quite how to respond. "I feel close to you too. I think you know that by now. Although, I'm still embarrassed I masturbated while you pooped. I probably always will be." I admitted bluntly.   
  
She gave me a comforting smile. "Do you remember what I told you after that happened?"  
  
"You said they were both natural acts that we both did every day, and you're not sure why one is considered more embarrassing than the other." I said with a soft chuckle.   
  
"That was the gist of it. And I meant it. I'm glad we shared that moment together. I really enjoy that memory." She said sincerely.   
  
"Yeah?" I asked unconvinced.   
  
"Would it help if I told you I've pleasured myself thinking about that moment?" She asked with a grin and added, "Several times, actually."  
  
All I could do was smile. I hoped she was telling the truth, but maybe she was just saying that to make me feel better.   
  
She held her breath and let out a short grimace and another deep fart echoed in the bowl.   
  
"Feeling any better?" I asked as she was tightening her jaw.   
  
"I'm getting there." She said and then a curious look crept up. "You know, it looks like once again I'm not the only one who needs some relief..."  
  
"What are you talking about?" I asked before putting the pieces together. I hadn't noticed my bulge had slowly been growing down my thigh. The imprint of my shaft was now clearly visible. "Oh, sorry...uh, I didn't know."  
  
"For the last time, stop apologizing for that." She said almost irritated. "I'm not going to be the only one getting the relief they need right now."  
  
"Ash, I'll be fine. You on the other hand might explode as you're walking down the aisle if you don't go now." I said with a chuckle.   
  
She placed her hand on my thigh, just inches from my engorged imprint. Her fingers slid over the tip of my shaft as she lightly felt my length that was hidden under the fabric. She cupped my bulge and said, "Seems like you might explode if you don't get some relief now, too."  
  
Now I was the one holding my breath as my heartbeat sped up.   
  
"Ash, this is your wedding day..." I pleaded after letting out a soft breath.   
  
"Exactly." She cut me off before I could finish my train of thought. "I'll be married in a few hours, and apparently I'll be in Paris tomorrow." She said with a smile as she traced the shape of my shaft down my inner thigh.   
  
I let out another deep sigh, unable to speak.   
  
She glanced up at me with a vulnerable look in her eye as she slowly started undo my belt.   
  
Taking in slow, deep breaths I finally uttered, "What are you doing?"  
  
I could see her grimacing again as she tried to push internally. "I'm not going be able to get any relief...unless you do too." She said as she slowly unzipped my fly.   
  
I tried to speak but was only a spectator at the moment, as she was now pulling the waistband of my boxers down slowly revealing my shaft inch by inch.   
  
With a forced breath, I desperately tried to tell her to stop. "I'm not..., we can't..." But couldn't quite finish the thought as a foul smell started to creep in the air.   
  
I felt my boxers drift lower until only my head was covered, before it sprung free and bounced right in front of her.   
  
She smiled and looked up at me as I heard a soft whoosh of gas and saw a mini sigh of relief on her face.   
  
"Ash, what are you...?" I was so confused. "Ash, I'm not going to jerk off in front of you on your wedding day." I finally found my resolve, and despite the flowing blood into my exposed penis, I just couldn't bring myself to do that right now.   
  
"Who said anything about you jerking off...?" She asked as she placed the flat palm of her hand on my pubic bone just to the side of my erection.   
  
I was in shock as I felt the heat of her hand on my skin sliding closer to my balls.   
  
"Ash, I told you...Mark and Shannon weren't cheating on us."   
  
"That's why I want to do this." She said softly as her thumb slid under the tightened skin of my scrotum.   
  
"I don't understand." That was all I could mutter as I involuntarily stepped closer to her.   
  
"I was ready to leave him. On my wedding day." She now fully cupped my sack and lightly twirled my balls with her fingers. "But you told me truth about them so I wouldn't make the biggest mistake of my life."  
  
She added softly, "I know how hard that was for you. No pun intended." She said glancing at my nearly pulsing shaft. "I know how hard it was for you to say...because of how you feel about me."  
  
I had no response.   
  
"You could have come here today telling me he was a total cheating asshole. And I would have believed you and probably even left him for you." She said looking up into my eyes ignoring my erection right in front of her.   
  
I really didn't know what to say to that, but she continued.   
  
"But you didn't say any of those things. Even right now you're trying to be a gentleman. You gave up your own happiness so I could be happy, even if it wasn't with you." She had a small tear run down her face. "And for that I want to thank you." She said as she now gripped my shaft in her hand.   
  
"You don't have to do this." I somehow managed to say.   
  
"I know. But things will be different soon. I'll be married today. On my honeymoon halfway around the world tomorrow. And I will move in with Mark when I get back. This will be our last intimate moment together."  
  
Her hand lightly slid up my erection, pulling the skin slowly over the head of my penis and back down again. "Think of this as my way of saying thanks for all that you've done, and all that you've shown me." She leaned in and gave my pre-cum soaked tip a kiss, taking in about half the length of just my head and releasing it, as if she was sucking on a strawberry. "And for being the best friend I could ever have."   
  
As soon as she finished those words her mouth took in my head. Her tongue swirled around my tip as she let out a deep moan and a loud plop came from the toilet, followed by deep crackling noises that signaled she was now starting to find some relief.   
  
I had no words and couldn't stop this train even if I wanted to. The stench began to fill the room and competed with my senses as she kissed the underside of my shaft, gripping the tip in her hand, circling her thumb just underneath the bottom cleft of my head.   
  
She backed off for a moment, and just looked at my erection, holding it close to her face without her mouth touching it, as if she was admiring every inch of it. In reality I think she was just taking a breath in order to concentrate on pushing harder.   
  
After a moment of grimacing, she took my head back in her mouth and let out another sigh and moan of relief as her tongue slid under my shaft and coincided with another loud plopping noise. Her moaning sent vibrations coursing through my erection.   
  
I would have imagined the strong scent and noises escaping would have made her increasingly embarrassed if I wasn't getting increasing harder at the same time, proving I was completely turned on. I wasn't sure if I was getting so hard because she was giving me a blowjob unlike any I had previously received, because she was the most gorgeous and amazing girl I had ever met creating a smell so incredibly foul I would have never believed it could have come from such a delicate creature.

Frankly I was too distracted to determine the reason, as I watched her kiss my scrotum and take one ball into her mouth as she slowly stroked my length at the same time. I placed my hand on her bare shoulder to brace myself from how good it felt and how lightheaded I was becoming. The touch pushed us both a little closer to relief as she twisted and let out another deep fart as I tightened my core muscles and shook as it sent a chill down my body.   
  
She leaned to her side and that clearly helped her align internally as the sounds of more hard work fell into the water.   
  
"I'm almost finished." She said taking another deep breath and looked me in the eyes.   
  
"So am I." Was all I could mutter as she took me back in her mouth, slowly, deeply, letting her lips close around my shaft as she inched closer until her nose was resting in my skin just above my pubic bone.   
  
I could feel my tip sliding down the back of her throat, surrounding me with warmth as somehow she managed to lick my balls at the same time.   
  
It was more than I could take. I started to tremble, holding her shoulder tighter as I flinched uncontrollably releasing my first tiny spurt, followed by a much stronger contraction of muscles that let loose a few continuous streams of cum. I felt my body drain itself of the built up tension, as she managed to swallow it all.   
  
I could feel my cock tighten over and over in her mouth as the involuntary spasms of my shaft died down. She looked up at me as she slowly backed off, letting my spent penis reemerge from her mouth slowly. My skin turned incredibly sensitive as it always did after an intense orgasm, and her deliberate release of my cock from her mouth was more torturous than enjoyable, no matter how sexy it was to watch.   
  
It took all that I had to not slide my shaft out of her mouth faster, but this part was mainly for her. She knew what she was doing and wanted me to feel this intense mix of pleasure and pain. My tip had finally made its appearance from her mouth as she kissed the head gently with closed lips and backed away with a little string of cum still connecting us.   
  
She looked up at me, closed her eyes with a little strain and let out one last fart. "All done." She said softly.   
  
In a way that was a very fitting statement. I was done cumming, she was done pooping and sadly we were done, in almost every sense of the word. This was it.   
  
My cock flopped lower as my erection died down. She grabbed a wad of toilet paper and leaned to the side, trying to pull up her dress out if the way. She readjusted herself and tried again unable to handle both the dress and wiping at once.   
  
Finally, she hiked up her dress and stood up. Once she was no longer covering the toilet, the foul smell grew much stronger in the room. She turned around so her bare butt was facing me with the sheer white fabric of the dress surrounding her perfect cheeks. "Will you do me the honors?" She asked as she handed me the wad of toilet paper and slightly bent forward?  
  
I was speechless at this point. This seemed almost more intimate than all the times she's gone in front of me. She was baring her most intimate spot at her most vulnerable time.   
  
I nodded that I would help, but she wasn't even looking at me when I did. I took a deep breath unsure where or how to start as I just stared at her cheeks.   
  
My heart was racing and I tried to control my breath. I slowly moved my left hand toward her left cheek, placing my pinky finger the side of her ass, then my ring finger, followed by my middle and pointer finger taking note of how each touch caused a small indentation in her firm and soft flesh. Finally I placed my thumb on the inner portion of her cheek, now clasping with all my fingers I slowly pulled her cheek outward exposing her most intimate treasure.   
  
I barely even noticed her slit once her private hole came into view. It was impossibly small, and lightly twisted into itself remaining closed. The smell reached my nose. It was similar to that which was already in the room, but it had a different twang to it. It was ripe. It was real. It was truly her.   
  
I pulled her cheek out a little more, barely stretching her hole so it opened just the tiniest bit. There was only a hint of brown visible. I took the toilet paper and slowly moved it closer to her trying not to shake before finally touching it to the plain area of skin just between her slit and her asshole. I pressed lightly and slid upward and noticed how she flinched when I crossed over the center of her anus.   
  
I looked at the toilet paper, which barely even had a hint of anything on it. I folded it over and wiped once more. She let out a soft moan as I dabbed inward when I crossed over her asshole once more.   
  
Despite the fact she just rid her body of several days worth of built up stress, her hole looked as clean and as perfect as ever.   
  
I tossed the toilet paper in the bowl and parted her cheeks with both hands to make sure I didn't miss anything.   
  
"How's it look?" She asked nervously.  
  
I took in the sight silently. Admiring the whole scene from her budding clit nestled in her folds, the sleek and smooth slit of her lips, and finally her tight little hole. I wanted to tell her it was perfect. Better than perfect actually. But all I could do was enjoy the view. I leaned in closer and the faint, earthy smell grew stronger. I breathed heavily and could feel my breath bounce off her skin bringing in more of her intoxicating scent to me.   
  
My eyes were closed and I felt a growing warmth on both sides of my cheeks as I became aware I was nestled between hers. Whether it was Ashley who moved back into me, or me who leaned into her, I didn't know.   
  
I tightened my lips and gave a soft kiss right over her asshole. She let out a little moan and I felt her legs shake as my tongue lightly glided over her most private hole. The scent lingered on my tongue and nose as I gave her one last kiss; just a peck right on her anus before releasing her cheeks and watching them bounce shut, closing her hole, and closing that part of her life to me forever. I wondered if that would be the last bit of attention she ever received in that area given Mark's aversion to all things butt related.   
  
The sight of her closed cheeks was no less beautiful than when opened. It was the perfect mix of beauty and the disbelief of what the hidden treasures were capable of. She dropped her dress, completely covering her butt from the world. Like it never happened. Like none of it ever happened.   
  
I stood up as she turned to face me. She had a sympathetic smile, but it wasn't for me. It was for her. She was struggling with this just as much as I was.   
  
She looked down into the full toilet and back at me. "Thank you for coming. I couldn't have done this without you."  
  
I wasn't sure if she was referring to going through with the wedding, finally being able to relieve herself or some combination of the two.   
  
"I'm glad I came too." We both chuckled at that realizing the duel meaning. "That wasn't what I meant, but that was nice too."  
  
"I wanted to show you how much you mean to me." She said.   
  
"You really didn't have to do that to show me."  
  
"It wasn't only for you." She looked down and saw my penis was still hanging out, but had regained some life from its dormant state. "It was for me, too." She finally admitted. With that I could tell that her mood changed, betrayed by her own feelings.   
  
I leaned in and gently placed my hand on the back of her neck, pulling her close. Pausing with just an inch between our lips, I could feel her breath on mine before we finally kissed softly. It was gentle and slow. Her breath just barely had a hint of the taste my semen. I wondered if she could taste her ass on mine.   
  
We kissed softly a few more times, each one turning into a quicker peck before we ended our embrace. "I have to go take some photos with the family now." She said giving me one last look up and down, pausing to look at my now completely erect penis. She lightly pinched the head with her thumb and forefinger as if it was a lucky rabbits foot.   
  
"It will be pretty hectic after the ceremony...greeting all of my new family, the dinner, cake, dancing. You'll have to forgive me if I'm too busy to see you." She said softly.   
  
I knew what she meant. It would be too awkward. I nodded.   
  
"Goodbye, Jason." She said before breaking eye contact and letting go of my penis as she quickly walked out the door without looking back.   
  
I was standing there all alone with a hard on and stared at the impressive contents she left in the toilet. "Goodbye, Ashley." I said as I flushed the toilet, in a weird way saying goodbye to the intimate times we shared. Her solid logs swirled around and around, refusing to go down. It only seemed fitting. When something has been built up over time, it's nearly impossible to just get rid of it instantly. It hangs around and clogs up your mind and lingers on your senses.   
  
I saw she left her panties on the ground and wondered what Mark would think of that. Would he notice she wasn't wearing panties when he removed her garter? The thought made me a little sad and I tucked away my now softening penis. I left the toilet in its full, clogged state as if it was one last memory of her I couldn't just flush away as I left the room to join the other guests.   
  
I wandered around and couldn't find Shannon, but that wasn't surprising. I was the one who had just disappeared. She was probably congratulating Mark. I found my way to the bar and sampled some of the wineries finest offerings.   
  
"Fancy meeting you here." Said a cool, familiar female voice.   
  
I looked to my right and my eyes bounced with surprise.   
  
"We met at the engagement party. I'm Ashley's mom."  
  
"How could I forget? Lovely to see you again, Melanie." I said leaning over to give her a polite kiss on the side of her cheek. Taking in the sight of her in a long, sleek dress that was cut just low enough to modestly show her impressive cleavage. I didn't hide the fact I was eyeing her up and down as I said, "I'm not so sure Ashley will appreciate you taking some of the attention from her in this gorgeous dress."  
  
"And I'm not so sure Mark would appreciate you being here at all." She said unaffected by my compliment.   
  
We clanked our glasses together acknowledging our verbal stalemate.   
  
"I really do enjoy a fine wine." She said softly. "There's so much that goes into it. So much to appreciate. So much you have to look for."  
  
I looked intrigued and my expression urged her on.   
  
She held her glass up to the light and swirled the contents around observing how the wine clung to the sides of the glass. "First you have to appreciate the legs."   
  
"I always do." I said with a sly smile.   
  
"Then you have to take in the aroma." She said staring me right in the eyes as she breathed in deeply, gently inhaling the scent.  
  
"Smells divine." I said mirroring her moments.   
  
"Lastly is the taste. The finish. The way if feels on your tongue and glides down your throat." She said sensuously as she swallowed slowly.   
  
"Amazing." I said as I finished my sip as well.   
  
"Really?" She sounded amused. "Perhaps we're sampling different wines, because mine is leaving an unsavory taste in my mouth." She said with a curious look on her face.  
  
"How so?" I asked. Everything she said kept me waiting for more info.   
  
"Well let's start with the legs. While they're completely beautiful," she said admiring the glass, "there's a small smudge that most people wouldn't have noticed."  
  
I glanced at her glass and didn't see any stain. I followed the path of her eyes; she wasn't looking at the glass. Oh god, I thought as I looked down. Sure enough there was a little mark on my right thigh that I had was no doubt a recent cum stain. Did she really see that and know what it was?  
  
"And then there's the nose. The aroma, the intimate scent." She said softly. "It's a little more earthy than I expected." She leaned in next to my ear and whispered, "I don't mean to be crass, but it smells like shit." She said as she inhaled deeply right next to cheek.   
  
Oh god, was she smelling my breath from when I kissed Ashley...there? Is that even possible?  
  
"And lastly the taste. I can't help but notice a sweet salty taste lingering on my tongue." She licked her lips, "but perhaps that was just from when I kissed my daughter hello a moment ago."  
  
Now I was starting to panic. That was a little more direct. There's no way she could have pieced all that together. Did Ashley tell her? Was she really the Sherlock Holmes of pre-wedding blow jobs and rim jobs?  
  
"All these things have left a bitter taste in my mouth." She said plainly.   
  
I decided to play along, but no longer cared about what I revealed. "I'll have to politely disagree with you. Not about your observations, they were shockingly accurate. But I found it to be one of the best wines I've ever sipped." I said almost defiantly.   
  
"Oh I don't doubt that." She said with a sly grin and condescending tone. "Do you remember what we talked about at their engagement party?" She asked directly.   
  
"How could I forget? You explained some intimate observations about a drawing of the beautiful female form. It was enlightening." I said matching her glare.   
  
"I do notice the little things." She said glancing again at the stain on my pants. "But you know that's not the part of our conversation I'm referring to."  
  
I understood completely and took another sip of the wine. "You know no matter how good this wine is, I know I will never be able to have it again. But I'm happy to have tasted it at all." I said.   
  
She looked at me with unsettled eyes. Almost impressed with my metaphorical candor. "Not all wines are meant to be enjoyed by everyone."  
  
"I know." I said, now looking downward, growing tired of all these hidden messages. I finally blurted out, "We've said our goodbyes. Your daughter won't be sharing any of her wine with me."  
  
She smiled. It was not a happy smile, though.   
  
Shannon finally appeared out of nowhere and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I was glad to see her. "Shannon! Have you met Melanie, Ashley's mom?"  
  
"We have." Shannon said and shook her hand. "Nice to see you again."  
  
"Likewise." She shook her hand as if only a formality. "Jason and I were just discussing fine wine. And how it's not for everyone."  
  
"Oh I agree. I can barely tell the difference between this and a six dollar bottle." Shannon said trying to lighten the mood.   
  
"I'm sure." Melanie smirked underhandedly. "Enjoy the wedding. I have to take my seat. It was nice seeing you both, one last time."   
  
God that woman gave me the chills. She turned and walked toward the front aisle, her hips swaying deliberately with each step. From this view I could have sworn that was Ashley walking away. Their curves were remarkably similar. Everything about them was similar; Melanie was just so much more intimidating.   
  
"Where were you?" Shannon asked breaking my train of thought.   
  
"Just saying goodbye to a friend." It wasn't really a lie, but I felt guilty from what just happened. Not guilty like how could I have done that to Shannon, but guilty like how could I have not been more honest with Shannon before. This was clearly not working. She wasn't the fine wine for me, even if I would never end up with Ashley.   
  
That would be something we'd have to discuss shortly, but I didn't want it to ruin the day. We took our seats in the back and watched quietly as the music started up. Pachelbel's cannon. A classic choice.   
  
The room stood up as Ashley entered. Everyone was seeing her the way I saw her every day. What a mysterious creature she was. I'm sure no one was thinking at this moment about her using the bathroom. But I was. That and so much more. How perfect I found her. How much I loved that she shared her most intimate moments with me. Something she could share with no one else, including Mark, who was standing up front watching her with adoring eyes.  
  
He did look happy. And so did she. The music was slowly getting to many people. The quiet sniffles in the air were turning contagious as most people were now sniffling or wiping their eyes. I looked over at Shannon and she too was getting weepy. I saw her wipe away a tear from her eyes and wondered if it was because she was happy for Mark?   
  
I was getting a little emotional as well, but I was more of an inner emotional guy than a flat out crier. I finally felt some peace accepting this was it. I truly was happy for Ashley. What a perfect way for our journey to come to an end.   
  
We all sat down as the minister began saying some words about what love truly was. "Love is putting someone else's happiness before your own." Seemed like a simple concept, but terribly hard to act on I thought.   
  
Shannon was still sniffling. I looked over to comfort her, and I noticed the cries were silently growing. Her breathing was picking up and I actually started to get a little concerned for her.   
  
"Shannon, are you okay?" I asked as I placed my hand on her knee, rubbing softly.   
  
She shook her head and looked down, wiping away the increasing tears.   
  
"Honey, look at me. It's going to be okay. It's a beautiful wedding for our friends." I said hoping that might help, but all she did was cry more, now her sobs were getting a little louder. "Please calm down. People are starting to look." I whispered to her. "It will be okay."  
  
"No." She shook her head. "It won't." She said now barely able to control herself.   
  
"What has gotten into you?" I asked with a mix of concern and annoyance.   
  
"I have to tell you something." She said, unable to look at me.   
  
"Please, can we talk about this later?" I quietly begged.   
  
"You don't understand!" She said loud enough for a few rows of people around us to hear.   
  
"Shhhh." I desperately tried to calm her down. I placed my arm around her shoulder and rubbed her arm.   
  
"Jason. Please!" She sobbed. "I lied to you." She said.   
  
"Lied to me about what?"   
  
She looked up at me slowly. Trying to gain her composure.   
  
"Shannon, what did you lie to me about?" I asked.   
  
"Everything."

**Shared Bathroom with Coed Roommate Ch. 08**

"Shannon, what did you lie to me about?" I asked.   
  
"Everything." She said as she ran out of the room, doing her best to keep her sobs from disturbing the ceremony.   
  
I quickly chased after her to find out what was really going on. She flew through the bar area and out the back doors to the patio. I found her with her elbows leaning against the railing of the balcony overlooking the beautiful vineyard.   
  
I didn't know what to say. I gently placed my hand on her upper back and could feel her body softly shaking from crying. "Shannon, what is going on?" I asked. "You know you can tell me anything..." I added hoping that might get her to open up.   
  
"You won't like I have to say." She said quietly.   
  
"That may be true. Doesn't mean I don't want to hear it."  
  
"Jason, I haven't been completely honest with you."   
  
I could tell this was incredibly hard for her, so I let her speak without interrupting.   
  
"The other week you were trying to find out if something was going on between Mark and me. I told you we met up a few times to sort out the details for their honeymoon." She said looking off into the distance.  
  
I nodded quietly as I looked at the neatly patterned row of grapes that stretched to the horizon.   
  
"Well that was only part of it." She began to cry again and I rubbed her neck. This was hard for us both.   
  
"We've actually been meeting up for a while now."  
  
"Oh?" I said curiously but wasn't really surprised.   
  
She nodded. "I guess it all started when we went on that camping trip together."  
  
My eyebrows rose. I had almost forgotten about that.   
  
"No, fuck that! This all started when you moved in with Ashley." She said, gaining a little courage. "Do you remember how we were months before you moved in with her? We were so happy. It was hard to spend time apart."  
  
I nodded thinking back to the honeymoon phase of our relationship.   
  
"Then you moved in with her." She said. "Suddenly I had to compete for your time. For your attention."  
  
I looked downward taking this in.   
  
"Do you know how shitty that feels...to compete for your own boyfriend's time with another girl?" She asked rhetorically. "As you grew more distant, I tried to sort it all out in my head." And then she added, "but I still wanted to be with you."  
  
This was starting to make me feel really sad and guilty. She was completely right.   
  
"When you suggested we all go camping to get to know each other I was hesitant. But I thought I'd give it a chance for you. Ashley clearly became an important friend to you, and I owed it to you to try to be friends with her."  
  
She wiped away a tear and continued. "Ashley and Mark were so nice when I met them. So welcoming. I thought we could all be great friends. At first."  
  
She took a deep sigh. "But I saw the way you looked at her. And I saw the way you looked at Mark with envy. I felt invisible."  
  
My natural reaction would be to jump in and tell her that's not true. But it was. I let her continue without saying a word.   
  
"And then...and THEN...for some unknown reason you decided to pee on the campfire in front of everyone." She said with a laugh, barely believing it happened. "I tried to see the humor in it. I tried to appreciate the fact that you were drinking and we're all adults and maybe it was just a stupid joke. I wanted to believe it was no big deal. But it was. It was a huge deal. And I'm not talking about your stupid cock!" She said letting out a little anger.   
  
"What possible reason could you have had for doing that? All I could think about was the fact that you wanted to show Ashley your penis. Something I thought only I got to see."  
  
She shook her head and continued. "But then a worse thought crept into my head. What if that wasn't the first time she saw it? You had been living together with her for a while. Maybe you've both seen each other naked. I had no idea if that was true, but that's all I could think about." She tried to calm down and gain her composure.   
  
"I was ready to leave the campsite immediately, but had no way to get out of there. I certainly wasn't going to ask to borrow your car. So I took a long walk the next day just as the sun was rising. I decided a warm relaxing shower might help clear my mind."  
  
Oh god the shower. I thought about that often and wondered if she'd finally tell me the truth about what happened. Would I even want to know?  
  
"Ohhh that shower..." She said softly clearly replaying the scene in her head.   
  
"Shannon, what on earth happened in the shower?" I asked breaking my silence for the first time in several minutes. I couldn't help myself. My curiosity had been weighing on me for months about that moment.   
  
"A lot." She said and added, "But probably not what you think."  
  
She smiled for the first time during this whole conversation. "It's not as important to know what happened as it is to know how it made me feel."  
  
I was confused and a little frustrated. Would I ever know what happened? Did I even deserve to? "How did it make you feel?" I finally asked.   
  
"A lot of things go through your mind when you're caught completely naked by someone you just met. In a situation like that I would have expected to feel vulnerable. Feel embarrassed. Feel scared. And I was. Believe me I was. But he was so kind. So cool. Something about how he apologized and tried to be a gentleman. I can't really explain it. But he made me feel like I was visible. Like I mattered and was appreciated. Like I was a person. I'm a fucking person, Jason! I haven't felt like that with you in months. Maybe even longer." She said now sad and angry again.   
  
She was right. I really had no counter argument.   
  
"Anyway, despite it being the most awkward situation of my life, we talked. We really connected."  
  
I thought of how Ashley and I had bonded over awkward moments, and appreciated where Shannon was coming from.   
  
"To be honest it felt good to connect with someone again. It felt amazing actually. Mark thought so, too."  
  
I'll bet, I though to myself.   
  
"We met up a few times after that to talk through what happened as neither one of us felt good about how we left the situation. More meet ups led to venting about problems in each of our relationships. But what made it so satisfying was that we never dwelled on what was wrong in our relationships. We usually forgot about whatever was bothering us after we chatted. That was how we grew close over time."  
  
I was feeling a little sick to my stomach hearing all of this. But it was deserved. I deserved this and so much more.   
  
"I'll spare you the rest, but we eventually got close. Too close. Mistakes were made. But I don't think either one of us really regretted it. And think that was why it continued to happen."  
  
I could truly relate to that last point. Ashley and I both made several mistakes, but never truly did anything to stop it. Probably because we didn't want it to stop.   
  
"What about the honeymoon planning? And the tickets to Paris? Was that all made up?" I asked.   
  
"No that was real. It was a reason for us to meet up. The tickets are real. He purchased them." She said.   
  
"So all that time while things were happening, you were still helping plan his honeymoon?" I asked.   
  
"That was hard. It definitely was an awkward spot neither of us talked about." She paused. "Somehow I never thought he'd go through with the wedding." She said softly.   
  
"Did you think he would leave her for you?" I blurted out.   
  
She shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe. I'm not sure I was really thinking clearly either way."  
  
She looked down and added, "Doesn't really matter now. He made his choice."  
  
So did Ashley I thought.   
  
I gave her a hug and we both were teary eyed at this point. "You deserve to feel like the most important person in the world, Shannon. You deserve better than me." I finally broke down for how shitty I was to her and how this whole mess started from me. We hugged harder and both knew this was pretty much it. Our relationship had run its course, as strange as that course was.   
  
I kissed her one last time before ending our hug. "Don't ever settle for anything less than you deserve."  
  
"Same to you, Jason." She said with a sad smile.   
  
"Goodbye, Shannon."   
  
"Goodbye, Jason."  
  
I walked away with my stomach in knots, and tears streaming down my face. That was one of the hardest conversations I've ever had. My heart was racing and my emotions were all over the place. What the hell just happened? I was getting too lightheaded to focus on any of it.   
  
I quickly went back into the building and into a tiny bathroom in the front room. I locked the door and sobbed. I don't even remember the last time I cried so hard. I single-handedly destroyed my relationship and tainted someone else's. This was so fucked up and it literally hurt my stomach. It took me a few minutes to calm down. Breathing in deeply, I told myself it would be okay. Now I just needed to believe it. Too many of my thoughts were about me. How selfish am I? This is Ashley's day. I need to talk to her...again.   
  
I raced back into the venue, and saw a crowd of people milling around the bar and the tables, drinking wine, laughing carefree. I'm too late, she's already married I thought. I scanned the room quickly and couldn't find Ashley. Finally I spotted Emily and Robin chatting in the corner and quickly walked over to them as fast as I could without making a scene.   
  
"Where's Ashley?" I said out of breath.   
  
Robin had a smirk on her face, clearly remembering the time I was the entertainment. I wondered if she remembered she was completely nude as well? A thought for another time.   
  
"She's in the back room again." Emily said.   
  
"Is she alright?" I asked.   
  
"She's fine. Are you okay?" Emily asked with concern.   
  
"No, I am definitely not okay." I ran to the back room without waiting for a response. I was making an ass of myself all over the place, but I didn't have time to worry about that now.   
  
I stormed into the back room and found Ashley sitting against the side of a table. She was looking at an old photo album of her and Mark together. She looked calm, peaceful even. I'm too late. It happened already.   
  
She flipped the pages carelessly smiling. "Look at us. Mark and I used to be so happy." A tear rolled down her face. "What happened? How did I end up here?"  
  
I didn't know what she meant by that exactly.   
  
"It's just all so wrong." She said softly crying.   
  
"Ashley we have to talk." I said not quite sure how to begin.   
  
She looked back at the photos. "Guess it doesn't matter now, does it?" She sniffled and turned a page.   
  
Did it even make sense to tell her now that she was already married?  
  
"Ashley, look at me." I placed my hands firmly on her shoulders demanding her attention.   
  
She dropped the photo album as she looked up, startled. "What? What on earth do you have to say to me now?" She finally said.   
  
She looked so sad on what was supposed to be the happiest day of her life. I don't think I could live with myself if I ruined this day for her. But how could I not tell her?  
  
"Ashley..." I said softly, looking deep into her watering blue eyes.   
  
"Yes?" She said so gently it was barely audible. "Just tell m..."  
  
Before she could even finish, I leaned in and kissed her lips. Softly at first. Our lips just rested on each other's. My heart beat so fast I could barely breathe.   
  
She pulled away and opened her eyes wide. Shocked and in disbelief.   
  
"Oh god, I'm sorry." I said as I saw the look of panic on her face. "I shouldn't have done that."  
  
I barely got out the last word, as she was the one who now leaned in to me. Our lips were locked before I could even process what was happening. I felt her quickened breaths through her chest, as she seemed to react to what her body was doing involuntary.   
  
My hands slid down her sides, gripping her waist just above her hips and pulled her in close against my body. One hand reached around grabbing the meaty part of her curvy ass while the other slid up her belly, over the smooth fabric of her dress, as I continued up the contour of her covered breasts.   
  
Our tongues lightly danced together, feeling the warmth and wetness as our lips refused to separate. I felt an unmistakable warmth coming from my hand that had now slid over the visible part of her cleavage. Her chest rose and fell almost violently from my touch as I continued to slide my hand upward toward the base of her neck.   
  
I didn't even realize I had lightly gripped her throat, causing her to moan from my aggressiveness. Our lips finally parted as I pressed the side of my cheek next to hers, kissing near her ear. We both panted unaware of all that was happening.   
  
My hand lingering near her backside had already pulled up her dress almost all the way up to her waist. I could feel the bottom of her butt cheeks resting on my hand as I massaged her hamstrings higher and higher.   
  
My eyes had been closed and I couldn't tell which one of us had freed her breasts by the time I opened them. I kissed down her neck, over her collarbone, lightly kissing her warm cleavage until I felt the pressing warmth of her breasts on both sides of my face.   
  
I cupped the bottom of her breast with my left hand, squeezing the tender curve as I kissed the other breast just under the hardened, tiny nipple. My tongue outlined her areola, watching the smooth flesh tighten with goose bumps as I lightly breathed on my wetted trail.   
  
She shivered as I flicked the tip of her eager nipple with my tongue, before slowly closing my mouth around it, forcing as much of her breast into my mouth as I could. Her fingers ran through my hair, holding my head close to her as she leaned her head back to let out a quiet but powerful moan.   
  
As my hand lightly teased her other nipple, I continued to suck on her breast, twirling my tongue around her nipple in my mouth. I became aware that I had been grinding my hips into her hard, and my throbbing erection pulsed painfully through my pants.   
  
I finally broke our embrace, removed my hand from her breast and from her hamstring, and lightly grabbed her dress that was resting on the front of her thighs. I looked her straight in her eyes, as I slowly pulled up the fabric, inch by inch as she panted in agonizing anticipation. Up her thighs the fabric rolled and scrunched until almost everything was visible. She closed her eyes, in a mix of panic, anticipation and uncertainty of what would happen next as finally the dress had moved up just enough to reveal her slit.   
  
I got down on my knees admiring the beauty of her delicate folds. The anticipation only grew as I took my time. My hands slid up her inner thighs, my fingers rested a few inches from her landing strip, and my thumbs were pressing on the bottom, inner portion where her butt cheeks were just lightly pressing together and barely visible under her slit. My hands seemed to make a diamond shape framing her vagina as I moved in closer. My heavy breaths bounced off of her wet slit carrying her intimate aroma back into my face.   
  
The smell was beyond intoxicating. My nose found its way to the bottom of her slit, just ever so lightly grazing her skin as I inhaled deeply and moved up her closed lips, taking in her unique, almost musky scent. I could feel the dampness on my nose, and heard her let out another agonized moan as my flat tongue slid over her like a brush painting her vagina with my saliva.   
  
She shook from the shock of the touch. I gently kissed the heart of her slit, moving upward taking my time before surrounding her budding clit with my lips and making a light smacking noise as I kissed it. Gently I spread her lips with my hands, fully exposing her as I played with her clit with my all-too eager tongue.  
  
My two fingers slid in her effortlessly, as I dined on her juices. She grabbed my hair and moved her body from side to side just trying maintain herself. I slowly slid my fingers out while speeding up the pace of my teasing tongue on her clit. My hands slid down her lips and I tickled the bare patch of skin just beneath her vagina. She began to squirm with anticipation as I neared her anus.   
  
I completely removed my mouth from her vagina to focus on her reactions. She shivered from the shock of her clit not being covered by my warm tongue for the first time in minutes. She looked down at me nervously as my fingers slid under slowly, just lightly touching her knotted hole that twisted inward on itself. I looked up and she looked so nervous and yet gasping from the sensations. I lightly pressed on her asshole, noticing she was still closed tightly. Rubbing my fingers gently, I slid over the surface of her hole. I couldn't resist and pulled them away just to smell my fingers. The earthy, intimate scent got me even harder and I let out an audible moan.   
  
The fact she had relieved herself only an hour ago was not lost on either of us. I could tell she was self conscious, and rightfully so...around almost anyone else. I inhaled deeply noting the distinct, foul smell and let out a satisfied moan enjoying the aroma.   
  
Finally my fingers returned to her sensitive area and resumed pressure on her private hole. The wetness definitely helped as the tip of my middle finger lightly parted her anus. I went very slowly, only going as far as her body would let me. My finger slid in just a bit more, and I simultaneously rubbed her clit with my thumb, covering the length of her vagina with the palm of my hand in the process. She shook and squirmed at the unfamiliar sensations.   
  
My finger explored a little further, noting her natural resistance. I decided not to push my luck right now.   
  
I stood up and was met with her eager kisses as we embraced. My hands found their way back to her exposed ass as I reached around her waist and gripped her fleshy cheeks, lightly pulling them apart, feeling the gentle give in my hands as I tightened and released my grip several times.   
  
I'm not sure at what point my erection made its first appearance, but I felt her hand holding my shaft and sliding up and down over the head of my engorged penis. It felt so good I had to pause temporarily just to accept the intense sensations before resuming my kneading of her ass cheeks. My left hand grabbed her cheek firmly and pulled it to the side as my other hand swirled over her asshole. She moaned as my finger began testing the tension of the hole again and slid in slowly.   
  
I could feel her strokes speeding up on my cock as my finger slid in just a little further. And then her hand nearly stopped altogether as I reached the event horizon of her anus. One more push further, and there was no turning back. My finger slid in all the way. She gasped and bit my shoulder as she let out a muffled moan.   
  
I could feel the jiggle of her flesh on both sides of my hand as it nestled its way in between her cheeks. My buried finger explored her insides, feeling the texture tighten and grip my finger as she squirmed and moaned. Finally she reached back and lightly put her hand on mine, letting me know to stop.   
  
I carefully slid it out as she held on to me tightly. I brought my finger to my face, only and inch away from both of our noses. The strong odor hung in the air. It was hard to make out her reaction, but it looked to be a mix of being intrigued and slightly embarrassed at the aroma. I slid my finger just under my nose; the way a rich, old man savors the scent of a cigar. I moaned my delight letting her know the unique smell was an incredible turn on to me.   
  
I overestimated her embarrassment as she brought my finger to her own nose and smiled. She gripped my hand and slowly lowered the finger to her mouth, sliding it in while looking me dead in the eyes. Her mouth tightened as she slid it in and back out, licking her lips after she slowly removed it from her mouth.

It was so hot I had to kiss her again as my hands returned to her ass. Gripping tightly, I could feel her fleshy cheeks spill out in between my fingers. Kneading and enjoying the firm and gentle give, I slowly worked my saliva-covered finger inward. I rubbed her now tightly closed hole and lightly applied pressure to start the process all over again.   
  
She stopped me in the middle of my efforts, reaching behind and moved my hand off to the side. She lightly shook her head, and I understood. It probably was a bit much for her first time experiencing any penetration there.   
  
She looked up at me with vulnerable, nervous eyes and let out a small smile. And then she leaned close, brushing her cheek against mine as she whispered in my ear, "be gentle."  
  
My eyebrows rose as if asking for confirmation. She smiled a little wider and nodded her head. She took in a deep sigh and let it out slowly and then turned around, hiking up her dress leaving her bare ass exposed to me.   
  
All I could do was stare at first, taking in the sight of her prefect round cheeks. Clenched together they covered all of her intimate treasures. I dropped to my knees, so my face was just inches from her butt and gently kissed the fleshy part of her cheek. I felt my face sink into her ass cheek with each kiss, and the ripe smell grew stronger as I kissed my way toward her hidden center.   
  
I backed off as I held her cheeks open wide. I could have exploded just from the beautiful sight. I licked the bottom of her clit, up over her slit, enjoying her unique taste. My tongue continued upward over her smooth taint, and finally up to her tiny hole, the cause of all the agony, anticipation and desire. My tongue circled around her most intimate spit, feeling the textured skin and noting the sour taste. My tongue darted in and out of her tightness, switching it up with flat licks over the surface of her anus. I found myself buried in her round cheeks, shaking my face from side to side to feel her warm cheeks jiggle on my face.   
  
I stood up slowly, and gave my pulsing shaft a few strokes as I slid the tip over her clit and just barely parted her lips as I saw the head disappear into her intimate folds only to bring it back out and use her wetness to coat my shaft. My penis glistened with her juices. I deliberately slid my tip up slowly rubbing it over her tightened, knotted anus. I could feel and hear her breathing pick up as I teased the surface with my head.   
  
She braced herself, holding onto the table as she leaned forward. I pushed my head in, watching her asshole begin to part. I was met with resistance before just my tip disappeared, remaining there in anal limbo.  
  
I gently backed off and then pressed my tip a little harder into her hole, still barely entering her tightness.   
  
"Do it." She gasped. "Fuck my ass."  
  
I couldn't even believe the words came out of her mouth, but my body certainly did not hesitate. I gripped her cheeks and pulled her into me. My shaft quickly disappeared inside her with one forceful thrust as I felt her cheeks slam into my hipbones. She let out a shriek that was something between a moan and a squeal of pain.   
  
"Are you ok?" I asked as I held her tightly to my body feeling her full round cheeks squished against my body, as I was deep inside her.   
  
"Mmhm." She said with a forced breath. "Keep going."  
  
I slid my shaft out slowly, watching it reemerge from her anus. I couldn't help but think about all the intimate moments we've shared in the bathroom, all the foul and private things I've seen that came from this impossibly small hole. The thought was stupid, I nearly distracted myself wondering who on earth would be thinking about that while I was fucking her for the first time? Probably no one. Except for me, and more importantly probably her. And that thought somehow turned me on even more. I could feel myself grow even more engorged than I thought was possible.   
  
My thrusts picked up, in and out watching several inches disappear and reemerge over and over. Her intimate, little hole gripped my shaft with a texture I wasn't used to. Soon we both started to shake, and I really couldn't even tell what was happening as my legs turned weak. My whole body trembled as I felt my shaft begin to tighten. Slowly at first, the spasms picked up involuntarily as I held her round cheeks firm against my hips and unleashed my cum deep inside her ass. She screamed, or maybe moaned, as I held on for dear life finishing my release.   
  
I was so out of breath I could barely stand. The feel of her warm cheeks on my hips started to turn a little cold as the sweat from both of us cooled against the air in the room. I shook once more, still inside her, which caused her to shake again. Her spent movements tightened and died down, as I'm sure she was feeling the same cooling sensation from the sweat on our skin.   
  
I pulled out and saw my cock bounce free, surprisingly no dirtier than when we began. I leaned up against the table next to her as she turned to embrace me. We hugged and panted coming to terms with what we just did.   
  
She looked down at my still pulsing shaft and traced the underside of my length with her finger. She giggled as that made me shiver involuntarily. Her finger slid over my tip, picking up a bit of our combined fluids left on my dick.   
  
"Shit, I need to use the bathroom." She said and quickly ran off to the back bathroom and I followed.   
  
She lifted the lid and we both saw her hard work from earlier in the afternoon that was too big to flush. She giggled as she sat back down on the clogged toilet. "I'm disgusting." She laughed and waved her hand in front of her nose.   
  
God this girl was a mystery. A beautiful, sexy, honest and amazing mystery I thought.   
  
She looked at my throbbing, red cock that was still hanging out of my pants. "I can't believe that fit in my ass." She said in disbelief and laughed after the words came out of her mouth.   
  
"You've pushed bigger things than this out of your asshole before." I said suggestively.   
  
"Yeah right!" She said denying it.  
  
I rolled my eyes. "Almost everything in the toilet right now dwarfs my cock." Not sure why I felt the need to call her out on that, but I did.   
  
"Well...maybe." She finally admitted. "But that's different. That's supposed to happen."  
  
"Maybe this was supposed to happen as well." I said as I leaned forward and kissed the top of her head.   
  
She smiled as she made her grimaced pushing face. Frankly I couldn't believe she had any more to go after all that she went earlier. But this was different. She let out a few airy and wet sounding farts. She wasn't pooping, she was just squeezing out my cum I left deep inside her.   
  
She finally finished and gave herself a wipe, put down the seat cover and lowered her dress. She looked down and laughed as she pulled her dress up to cover her breasts. "I forgot my tits were still out."   
  
"I didn't." I smiled, enjoying the view just as much now that she was dressed again.   
  
Her face took on a more serious look, and I knew what she was thinking.   
  
"So where does this leave us?" I asked hesitantly.   
  
She shrugged her shoulders and added, "What am I going to tell Mark?"  
  
"Why do you need to tell him anything?" I wondered, considering he cheated on her and surely she was done with him.   
  
"Well he is my husband. He didn't deserve this."  
  
I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Didn't deserve this? You mean, you mean you're staying with him?" I practically shouted. "I thought you knew what they did? I thought that's why you did this?"  
  
"Knew who did what?" She asked with a confused look, raising her voice to match the tone of mine.   
  
"What Shannon and Mark did...isn't that why you gave in just now?"  
  
"You told me they didn't do anything!" She said in a panic. "What did they do?" She started to put some of the pieces together. "You know what, don't tell me it doesn't matter."   
  
"Shannon confessed. That was why we ran out of your wedding. I thought that was why you were crying when I walked in here - that Mark told you the same thing?" I asked.   
  
"First of all I had no idea you guys ran out during the wedding. I was a little focused on getting married." She said clearly freaked out. "Second of all Mark told me nothing. I still don't know what you are talking about."  
  
"Then why were you crying when I walked in here if you didn't know they cheated on us?" I asked in a frustrated tone. I didn't mean to break the news so bluntly that they cheated, but I couldn't take it back now.   
  
"You asshole! I was crying because, because... Never mind." She looked really hurt and I couldn't quite figure out why.   
  
"Is that the only reason you did this? Because you wanted to get even with Shannon for cheating on you?" She asked with a sad and furious look.   
  
"What? This had nothing to do with getting even." I didn't even realize that was a thought that could have crossed either of our minds. "I never would have disgraced your marriage if I thought you had any chance to stay with him. I love you too much to do that to you." The words just rolled off my tongue before I even realized I said it.  
  
She looked up and slowly smiled. "That's why I was crying."  
  
"What? Why?" Now I was lost.   
  
"I feared you would never remember what happened that night."  
  
I was so confused. "Remember what?"  
  
"The night you stripped at my bachelorette party." She paused with a hopeful smile. "You told me you loved me. I was afraid it was just drunken babble." She lightly laughed amidst the awkwardness.   
  
"I really don't remember saying that then. But I meant it now." I paused at the realization of what I just admitted. "I love you, Ashley."  
  
She had another tear running down her face. We both did, as we stood there in exhausted ecstasy barely believing this was happening. "That is why I gave in just now. Because I love you, too."  
  
"So we didn't hook up that night?" I asked playfully, but still wanted to know.   
  
"No. Well nothing like today." She had that irresistible sly grin on her face again.   
  
I kissed her again and we both giggled silently.   
  
"Obviously you were saving yourself for your wedding night." I joked. "Just to a different man than the one you married."  
  
She shook her head and laughed, but the look of acceptance came over her. "So what do we do now?" She asked. "I'm married...to someone who isn't the man I just confessed my love to." The stress weighed on her.   
  
"Did you sign your marriage license document yet?" I asked.   
  
"No, not yet."   
  
"Then you're not legally married." I smiled and she started to look a little optimistic, realizing that was technically true.   
  
There was a knock on the door. My heart raced fearing it might be Mark. God how would he react to this? But in walked Emily who quickly closed the door behind her. "There you are, Ashley. Everyone's looking for you."  
  
We were still hugging at the time, and Ashley nodded in agreement. "I should probably go talk to Mark." She said and gently kissed me on the lips, longer than just a peck and right in front of Emily.   
  
Emily had a smirk on her face and waited until Ashley left room. "Looks like everything worked out. Well for you anyway." She laughed.   
  
"Looks like. Did the kiss give it away?" I asked with almost a giddy smile.   
  
"Well that and your dick is hanging out of your pants." She laughed.   
  
"Oh god, I'm sorry." I said quickly trying to cover up my softened penis hanging out of my unzipped fly.   
  
She smiled. "Oh please, in the last week I think I've seen your cock more than my own husband's. No need to be modest now."  
  
I laughed a little and stopped trying to cover it up. In a way it was fitting, she had a way of seeing right through me. Why bother covering up when she already knew the truth.   
  
"I'm just glad to see you must have finally gotten some relief." She said glancing at it once more. "This is the first time I've seen it soft."  
  
Those words made me feel a little self-conscious, but more pressing matters popped into my head. "Why didn't you tell me I said I loved her that night?"   
  
She smiled. "You were drunk. People say all kinds of things they don't mean when they're drunk. I once confessed my love for Justin Bieber to my friends when I was drunk in college. Didn't mean I wanted to marry him. You needed to say it on your own while you were sober for it to matter."  
  
"I did." I was amazed at her wisdom and gentle non-interfering plan that actually worked out for the best.   
  
"We can chat more in a minute," she said, "but now I really have to pee since it's been about 10 minutes since I last peed." She laughed and headed into the bathroom.   
  
I had almost completely forgot she was pregnant. The thought brought a smile to my face as she disappeared into the bathroom. I heard Emily scream through the door.   
  
"What the fuck?" Emily yelled as she ran out of the bathroom. "What is in that toilet?"  
  
A lot of shit and some of my cum, I wanted to say. "It's a long story." I finally said.   
  
"One I'm sure I don't need to hear." She smiled and shook her head. "I'm glad you finally got to tell her how you feel. Life's too short not to end up with the one you love." She gave me a hug and a peck on the cheek.   
  
"Besides, there's something fun about having seen my best friend's lover completely naked." She said with a guilty smile and looked down at my exposed penis once more. "I'd be lying if I said thoughts of that night never crossed my mind."   
  
"Don't forget what I've seen you do as well...I'd be lying if I said that never crossed my mind either." I joked remembering how embarrassed she was when I walked in on her sitting on the toilet.   
  
"Shut up." She blushed and shook her head playfully. "That never happened!"  
  
"That was pretty much the only time I was sober that night." I smiled back. "That's one of the few parts of the evening I do remember clearly." Not sure why I felt the need to make her blush again, but I liked it.   
  
"Well enough reminiscing. If you'll excuse me, I really do have to find a toilet...one that hasn't been compromised. I'll see you again soon." She added with a smile, "Perhaps we haven't shared our last embarrassing moment together just yet."   
  
We both looked down and saw this conversation sparked a little life into my flaccid penis. She reached down and lightly grabbed my soft and slightly thickened shaft, in an intimate but non-sexual way. "I'm sure I'll see you again soon."  
  
And with that she left the room with a grin. My mind wondered if she meant see me again or see my dick again? I could see why Ashley was friends with her. You couldn't help but smile around her.   
  
Once Emily left I finally zipped up my pants and heard the sound of high heels echoing on the tiled floor from the hallway. Who could that be? I don't recall Ashley's shoes making such a defined noise. The door swung open and in walked Melanie with a stern look on her face. Fuck! This will not be good.   
  
She closed the door behind her and walked toward me with exaggerated hip movement with each step. Or maybe that was just her natural step. God she was terrifying. And intimidatingly sexy.   
  
She stopped just a foot in front of me and eyed me up and down. "You must be pretty proud of yourself." She said as a statement more than a question.   
  
I lightly smiled unsure of where she was going with this. "I'm not proud how all of this happened, but I'm glad it did." I admitted with mixed feelings.   
  
"They say that life is the hardest teacher. It gives the test first and the lesson second." She said softly, neither happy nor angry.   
  
"Was this a test?" I asked nervously.   
  
"Everything is a test." She replied plainly, staring me in the eye.   
  
"Did I pass?"   
  
A smirk took over her previously neutral expression. "That's not for me say." She practically laughed at my naïveté. "But I can tell you this, you have an even harder test ahead of you now." She said suggestively.   
  
"Which is?" I was almost afraid of what she might say.   
  
A devilish grin crept over her face. "The test of time." She said softly and took a step closer, and then another. I could smell her light perfume, as she was inches from me. She placed a hand lightly on my chest and leaned forward. "You see, wanting is far more powerful than having." She whispered delicately in my ear.   
  
I glanced down as I could practically feel her lips touch my ear as she whispered those cryptic words. A few more inches of cleavage fell exposed as she leaned forward. Her smell, her proximity, her cleavage, it was hard not to react to all of this. I held my breath and felt hers linger on my neck.   
  
"You are not special, Jason. What you have with my daughter is not special." She continued in my ear.   
  
I hated what she was saying but her delivery was intoxicating. Immobilizing. I stood there with my eyes closed...just waiting.   
  
When I opened my eyes she was right in front of my face, her arms were slightly inward forcing her cleavage to jut out even further as her hand was on my chest and started to trail down to my stomach.   
  
"However strong you think your connection is with her, however deep you think your love is..." Her hand was now almost down to my belly button..."you'll find in time that it fades. You see Jason, the reason I've never trusted you is not because you wanted my daughter. I could see that you loved her from the moment I met you, and frankly I would never hold that against you. It's because you simply want...what...you...can't...have..." She said slowly as her hand slid lower and lower, over my belt buckle, down the top of my pants until it traced the now hardened outline of my cock down the side of my pant leg, as if proving her point with my own erection.   
  
I shook my head and stepped back. Her words were terrible to hear. And worse yet, they gave me a seed of doubt in my mind about my future with Ashley.   
  
"No, that's not true. I love your daughter more than you'll ever know." I said finding my resolve.   
  
"I don't doubt that you believe that. But as I said, the true test will be time. Will you continue to want, now that you...have."  
  
She took a step back, removing her hand from my pants with a disappointed smirk on her face. "For both of your sakes, I hope so." She eyed me up and down and lingered on my visible erection imprint down my thigh and shook her head and left, accentuating her hips with each step a she walked out of the room.   
  
My heart was beating fast and I was nearly out of breath. What the hell was that? I stood there now pondering my future with Ashley. What would happen with us? Would this last? Were we really meant to be? Was this more than just wanting what I couldn't have? That last thought truly did frighten me a little and my erection died down just as quickly as it came.   
  
I didn't know the answers to any of these questions, but that's what life is. A series of questions you're both afraid and excited to find out the answers to.   
  
Moments later Ashley came back into the room. She was crying and could barely hold herself together.   
  
"Are you okay?" I asked as I kissed her on the forehead and rubbed her arms as I held her tightly. How could I ever stop wanting her, I wondered as I savored our embrace.   
  
She nodded. "We said our goodbyes. It was pretty mutual, he wanted to end it just as much as I did. Just awful timing." She cried again.   
  
This was a lot to take in for one day. It was hard to say goodbye no matter what the circumstances.   
  
"Let's get out of here." I said softly trying to change the mood. "Where do you want to go?"  
  
She looked up and handed me an envelope.   
  
"What's this?" I asked.   
  
"Mark gave me these before we said our final goodbye."  
  
I opened it and found two first-class tickets to Paris. The ones he must have bought from Shannon. "He just gave you these?"  
  
She nodded. "So what do you say? Care to join me on my honeymoon in France?"

"Oui, Madame." I said as I kissed the back of her hand delicately and whispered, "I'll join you anywhere, my love."  
  
The end. (For now.)