**Bathtime**

by[morethananeyeful](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=578337&page=submissions)©

Bathtime, decided Jenny. It was coming up to 10 p.m. and she would lack the energy to make her way to the bathrooms in her hall of residence if she left it much later. She had rather been looking forward to the bath since returning from the bar, where she had spend the early part of the evening in enjoyable flirtation with Greg, a back row forward in the university rugby team, who lived on the same floor as her.   
  
Greg was definitely not relationship material and she wasn't going to have casual sex with him- or anyone so she thought- but since returning to her room her mind had several times wondered what it would like if she was the kind of girl who did have casual sex with rugby players. It was a thought she would enjoy reliving as she wallowed in the bath. Although she was pretty, with wavy dark hair and sparkly eyes and a naturally slim figure and generally reckoned to be good company it was some months since she had had a boyfriend and thoughts of this sort were increasingly occupying her mind. She sorted out her dressing gown, towel, shampoo and underwear to put on for he walk back to her room after the bath. It was a mixed hall, and like most of the girls there, Jenny was anxious not to provide anyone with an unintended eyeful.   
  
She put her things down under the stool in the bathroom, only one seemed to be available, and started running the taps. She took of her sweater, under which there was loose a grey teeshirt and her 36c bra and realised she had forgotten her conditioner. With a muttered "Oh shit" she left the bathroom, back to her room where she found it and less than a minute later reached the bathroom.  
  
Everything was as she had left it except now there was a man in there. Not just a man, but Greg the rugby player about whom had things been going to plan she would shortly be starting to fantasise. He was standing there bare footed seemingly having just removed his shoes and socks. "What are you doing in my bathroom?", she asked.   
  
"YOUR bathroom?" He replied.   
  
"Yes", said Jenny, "I was running a bath. In case you hadn't noticed those are my clothes lying under the stool" She pointed at them. It might have been better if a very brief, lacy and sexy thong had not been on top of the pile.   
  
"Oh I didn't see them I thought the bathroom was empty and some idiot had left the taps running," he said.   
  
"Well" Jenny pointed out, "now you do know, so perhaps you could leave and let me have my bath." She intended this to come over in an authoritative, no-nonsense manner, without any doubts and certainly not flirtatiously. Greg hesitated. Jenny knew she could not keep up her stern look for long.   
  
Then he said "I really don't see why I should be the one to go. You left the bathroom and I've already started undressing, and I've run the water to my temperature, and I've put my cologne in the bath. It's mine now."   
  
"It is so not," said Jenny. She already had a shrewd idea where this was going and her inhibitions were starting to fade. Greg looked her in the eye and pulled his shirt over his head. The chest was as firm and muscular as she expected, that along with his cheeky grin, untidy dark hair and brown eyes did not make it easy for Jenny to tear herself away. To go now would leave her in a state of the highest sexual frustration but she was not sure how far she should go. "I am going to get in that bath, and if you are a gentleman you won't stop me".   
  
"Of course I won't stop you" he said, pulling down his jeans.   
  
"That's not what I meant" said Jenny but she couldn't stop herself giggling. He stood on the edge of the bath. He made no move to take his boxer shorts off; which, thought Jenny, was rather sweet, although she was most interested in their contents, she wasn't ready yet for his nudity. She took her teeshirt off.   
  
"Aren't you going to lock the doo?r" he asked "There certainly isn't room in there for anyone more".  
  
"This" she said mock seriously, "is your last chance to show how well behaved you are and leave the bath to me"   
  
"Sorr-ee can't be done" he said sliding into the bath still in his boxers. Jenny had little choice. She flicked the bolt on the door, kicked of her slippers and then pulled down her jeans, doing her best to make sure her already embarrassingly moist panties did not come off with them. They, like her bra, were white and unlikely to do little to preserve her modesty once she got in the water.  
  
"I am a gentleman really," said Greg standing up as she turned and stepped towards the bath. Jenny was not as pleased as she ought to be when momentarily she thought he was going to climb out and leave her to bathe alone. "I will take the tap end, so you can have more space".   
  
"Thank you. How gallant" she said in her best sarcastic voice.  
  
She climbed in and sat at the opposite end of the bath facing Greg. There was a definite bulge in his boxers. He got the soap an started washing under his arms. To break the silence Jenny said, "You were trying to explain the offside rule to me in the bar earlier. Did you say that the player has to be behind or in front of the ball?," asked Jenny. Like she cared, but the incongruity of making small talk in such a sexually charged situation was curiously erotic. He did carry on with a rather oblique explanation of rugby's union's law 11, while using his chest hairs to build up a lather which he applied to his face and picked up his razor. Jenny had washed her underarms, feet and face. There were other bits that needed doing but she still could not quite bring herself to take off her underwear and do it in front of him.   
  
They carried on talking about rugby as he shaved. Then putting down his razor he said "Sorry about the flashing, but this has to be washed". His boxers came off. Jenny could not stop staring at his penis, semi-erect, not intimidatingly large but big enough for... She tried to stop this train of thought reminding herself that she did not do casual sex. Sharing a bath was one thing, but it wasn't going to lead to sharing a bed.   
  
He pulled his foreskin back a little and washed over the exposed bulbous head. "Interesting?" he asked Jenny with a gentle grin as her eyes fixed on it.   
  
"Well it is just that I have never seen a guy do that before" she said.   
  
"Well maybe you can show me something similar that I have never seen a girl do." Jenny had no doubt what he meant. Her vagina had to be washed, and in the light of what he had just done why she should be embarrassed about doing it in front of him. Lifting her bottom an inch she pulled off her knickers.  
  
"Aren't you going to wash your tits?" asked Greg.   
  
"I usually do them last" said Jenny. Actually she didn't have a set order for washing herself but she still didn't feel ready to be completely naked, so the bra would have to stay. She put her hand down between her legs, her bush, not trimmed for some weeks as no-one else had been expected to see it in that time, concealed her entrance. She ran her flannel between the lips, a tiny shudder emanating as it rubbed over her swollen clitoris. There were three things that were obvious about Greg. Firstly, he now had a very hard penis, secondly, he was still holding it and rubbing it although it might be thought to have been cleaned by now, thirdly he had lowered his face and was staring intently at Jenny's vagina.   
  
"Does water get inside when you are in the bath?" he asked.   
  
"A little bit" she muttered and then more brazenly "Particularly if I am aroused "   
  
"Have you washed it all?". Greg sounded disappointed, that this off-beat piece of voyeurism was coming to an end.  
  
"No" Jenny pulled back the little bit of hood that still covered her clitoris and started rubbing the length of it. "It is very important for girls to wash this thoroughly," she lay back wantonly abandoning the pretence she was doing anything over than masturbate.  
  
"Would you like me to do it for you?" he asked   
  
Ok" said Jenny, taking his cock in her hand at the same time. They carried on masturbating each other under the guise of washing. Jenny knew she was close to coming and felt his cock tightening. As it did so he slipped a finger inside her, enough to send her over the edge as he squirted over the bath, a little of his cum landing on her stomach, which he gently washed off. Through the afterglow of what was probably the most intense orgasm she had ever had a worrying thought occurred to Jenny "I think I had better get out, I don't want to get pregnant from the bathwater."   
  
"You've still not washed your tits," Greg pointed out.   
  
"I know but they're not very dirty". Her lust satiated, she determined once again she was not going to sleep with Greg, at least not tonight and picked up her dressing gown.   
  
"Where are you going?" he asked.   
  
"Back to my room," she told him.   
  
He asked as she knew he would, "Can I come with you?"   
  
"Not now, but if you would like to take me out for a drink tomorrow who knows where it might end up" She bent forward to kiss his forehead, as she did so his hand squeezed her right breast through her still open gown and bra. "Mmmmm" she purred, he slipped his hand inside her bra and gently squeezed her right nipple.  
  
"Sure I can't have some coffee in your room"   
  
"Quite sure" said Jenny pulling on her dressing gown and gathering up her other clothes. There was probably a lot more pleasure to be had with Greg and nice though a shag now would have be some the anticipation would make it all the better when it finally happened.