**Communal Shower**

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Ever noticed how some people just don't read signs and seem to totally ignore the simplest instructions. Then they wonder what went wrong and why are they in an embarrassing situation?

The camping place I go to has communal showers, and they're truly communal. There's only the one building and it's unisex. As a sop to prudes there are a set of rules. There's an hour in the morning and another in the evening when the showers are exclusive for women, and there's a similar arrangement for men. Between these times you take your chances.

Seeing this still produced whining from women with children the owner has supplied a little chain so a family group or similar can put up the privacy chain and have the showers to themselves for a while.

So what happens is that I walk into the showers during the open session, already stripping off and ready for my shower, and when I reach the actual showers they're occupied by three naked young lovelies.

They spot me at about the same time and they all start squealing and trying to hide their charms, which was a little hard considering the size of some of those charms.

Then one of them ordered me out of the showers but I gracefully declined. I pointed out that if they really wanted privacy they should have out up the little privacy chain.

"We shouldn't have to. This is the women only hour," one of the women politely explained. (I was making allowances for the situation, otherwise I'd have said she was screaming at me.)

I just calmly continued to strip, pointing out that the women only hour finished half an hour ago. One of the woman pointed out that it most certainly had not and was actually game enough to leave her shower and produce her smart phone to show the time.

I glanced at her phone and politely pointed out that it was an hour out.

"I take it you're all from New South Wales," I observed.

"What had that got to do with the time?" the woman with the smartphone asked.

"Well I would assume that you're all on Sydney time. If you switch to Brisbane time you'll find an hours difference."

"No, there's not," she protested. "I've been to Brisbane before and the time is exactly the same. And will you please stop taking your clothes off and get out of here. You're not showering with us."

"Brisbane time and Sydney time are indeed the same, except when daylight savings comes into effect in New South Wales. Queensland doesn't believe in it."

I saw understanding slug her hard. They'd all forgotten about the daylight savings difference. The three of them would have blushed but they were already doing that.

"That's as maybe," the young woman admitted, delicately turning her eyes away from my manly parts that were unusually prominent due to the young ladies displaying their all. "But you still can't shower with us. Please go away and come back later."

"It's just as easy for you to grab towels and leave," I pointed out. "However, if it's any help I've decided not to shower just yet."

"Then why are you still here perving on us?" came the question.

"I'd have thought that was obvious," I said. "I'm hoping one of you might be into exhibitionism and willing to entertain me and her friends."

All three women seemed to give a little jolt as that thought sank in.

"You've got to be joking," said the woman with the phone, putting it down and retreating back into the shower cubicle, as though the water coming down was a defence.

"Not really," I said. "You can see I'm quite interested in you."

I indicted where my interest was showing and all three looked at it. Actually, I should say their spokesman looked at it. The other two were already keeping an eye on it.

"That's nothing to do with us," the woman hissed. "Would you just go away?"

"Well, I would if I thought you weren't interested," I admitted, "but all three of you are pointing your nipples at me and looking very interested. I suspect if it had just been me and only one of you here, we'd already be getting a little more familiar with each other. It's that touch of exhibitionism that's holding you back."

"Do you sell tickets so people can come and admire you," one of the other girls asked. "What makes you think we're interested in you? The water is cold, that's all."

I laughed.

"Your cold water is steaming up the showers," I pointed out. "And if you care to check each other out you'll see none of you are trying to hide your charms. You're all quite happy to let me see what you've got."

That brought me some protest and abuse, the girls seeming to think I was bigheaded for some reason. I waited for them to wind down a little before I spoke again.

"It's obvious that none of you want to embarrass yourselves by offering so I'll make the decision for you. Come here," I said, nodding to the girl in the centre.

"Me? Why me?" she protested, but as I just stood there holding out my hand she moved slowly towards me, throwing helpless little looks at her friends as she came. Her friends just went silent and stood watching.

When she was close enough I drew her to me, holding her nudity flush against mine. I turned slightly as I did so, letting her friends get a better view of our bodies touching each other.

"My name's Jake. What's yours?"

"Mary-Ann," she said.

She was flushed and breathing hard, undoubtedly acutely aware of what I was pressing against her lower tummy. She was breathing even harder when I brushed my hand over her breast and the swept it down to close over her mound.

"Do you know what I'm going to do to you?" I asked and she nodded.

"Then if you're going to protest, do it now," I said, turning her even as I spoke and coaxing her into bending over the bench. (At a slight angle to the showers so her voyeuristic friends had a better view.)

Mary-Ann was trembling slightly as I stroked her mound, but I wasn't the least surprised to find that her lips were already swollen and gaping slightly. I eased my cock up against her, pushing just hard enough for her lips to yield, accept the head of my cock and close over it.

I glanced over at her two friends, who were watching avidly.

"Fast or slow for the entry?" I asked.

It was funny. They looked at each other and then one said slow while the other said fast. They looked at each other again, and the first girl switched to OK, fast while the second girl switched to slow. Then they just looked at each other again while Mary-Ann gave a small groan, waiting for me.

Then the first girl said slow and the second girl nodded.

Mary-Ann groaned again and I slid into her, slowly, as ordered. By slowly, I mean dead slow. I just used the smallest pressure possible, and inched my way in. I was moving so slowly you could barely see any movement, but Mary-Ann was certainly feeling it. There was a constant pressure against her passage as I crept forward, and it must have seemed to her that a never-ending cock was invading her.

She gave a small groan as I started forward, but as I kept going she started breathing harder, gasping even. Still I crept forward and she started thumping on the bench.

"Enough, already," she finally squealed at me. "I can't take any more."

She could though, squeaking and gasping as I continued to occupy my rightful place.

With one final squeal from Mary-Ann I banged home, holding her tight against my groin. Flicking a glance at our audience I wasn't too surprised to note that they both seemed to be absent-mindedly rubbing themselves.

I then dismissed my audience and started concentrating on Mary-Ann. It was only fair, after all. She was the one who was giving her all to entertain her friends.

I may have slid into Mary-Ann slowly but I had no intention of continuing at that speed. I switched gears, going from dead slow to full speed ahead. I pulled back and then drove into her hard, raising a trio of squeals, oddly enough. Two of them I ignored, concentrating on drawing more squeals of appreciation from Mary Ann.

I hit her hard, I hit her often. My hands were around her, holding her breasts and I was riding her like a jockey heading down the home stretch. Mary-Ann had no objections. She was squealing and pushing up to meet me, her bottom bouncing around in a mesmerising fashion.

The way Mary-Ann's bottom bobbed and bounced fascinated me, even though I knew it was my cock that was the driving force behind its gyrations. I couldn't resist it. As it came bouncing up to meet my drive I gave it a smack. Mary-Ann squealed and seemed to redouble her efforts to please me.

It was one of the most interesting fucks I'd had in a long time. I was banging home hard, encouraging Mary-Ann with some loud popping smacks to the bottom, my other hand massaging her breasts.

Mary-Ann was squealing and bucking, pleading for more, harder, take me harder. A touch of masochism there, I suspected. It would be interesting to find out, something to go on my to-do list.

For some reason I was overexcited and I couldn't time my climax the way I like to. I just consider it good manners to let the woman come first (and it tends to bring them back for more).

This time I struck it lucky, but that was all it was. I was coming home like a steam train and I just crashed into Mary-Ann and released all my steam in one explosive burst. Like I said, lucky. As soon as I sprayed her, Mary-Ann screamed and had her own climax.

Then we both just settled down, gasping.

Lucky we were in the showers. All we had to do was take a couple of steps and we were getting cleaned up.

Stepping out of the shower again I was dried and half-dressed before the girls were out. I ran an appreciative eye over them as they dried off.

"You do realise that I'll be looking out for the three of you while I'm here?" I asked. "It will be convenient to meet here tomorrow at the same time. Shall we call it a date?"

Mary-Ann didn't say anything, but the other two young ladies bridled.

"What makes you think we're going to put ourselves in a position where you can molest us?" demanded the woman who had tended to act as their spokesman earlier.

"Oh don't let that worry you," I told her. "I've got all day to find you and drag you and your friend into the bushes somewhere. I'm quite capable of handling you all in one day. Feel free to run and hide, I don't mind the hunt.

"No, tomorrow is a special for Mary-Ann."

Mary-Ann looked startled and I explained.

"I think Mary-Ann is feeling a little guilty, so I thought tomorrow I'd give her a nice little spanking. Won't that be fun?"