

Bath time

(By: Keisha J. Gray)

Belt-test at the dojo, you as tester. You come home around ten, flushed, sore, and exhausted. You sag into a soft chair, your equipment bag still dangling from your fingers.

I remove it from your hand and ask, "How was it?"

"They were all very big and very good," you mutter under your breath, "and seemingly tireless."

"Hungry?"

You shake your head. "A glass of water would be great, though." You gingerly untie your shoelaces and remove your shoes and socks. I go into the kitchen and return with the water.

"From the tap," I say. "Not too cold; don't want your stomach to cramp, dearest."

"Thanks for thinking of me," you say, smiling at me. I sit on the arm of the chair and kiss your sweaty forehead.

"I bet I taste like a salt-lick," you grouse.

"If I smeared you with butter, I'd take you out to the movies and eat you while I watched Arnold Schwarzenegger," I reply, grinning.

"Nah; it'd have to be a Chow Yun-Fat flick for me to really enjoy it," you reply, chuckling a little.

"I got a surprise for you," I say, kneading and massaging your knotted shoulder muscles under my fingers. "A piping hot bubble bath awaits you in back."

"Ooh, that sounds wonderful," you say, wincing under my ministrations. "Is it real hot?"

"Real hot." I stand and pull you to your feet. "Go soak. I'll be in there in a bit with more water. Or would you like iced tea?"

"Make it a Shiner Bock." You shuck your uniform top and wipe your sweaty chest with it. "I'm goin' to soak."

I go back into the kitchen and tidy up, rummaging around the silverware drawer to

find the bottle opener. I crack open a beer and take it into the back. You're splayed out in the bathtub when I enter, head the only thing visible above the soapy froth.

"This feels great," you say, arching your neck as you stretch the muscles in your body. "I'm glad you thought of it."

"Pshaw. I'm boiling the meat off your bones to make stock," I retort, handing you your beer. "Your libation, M'lord."

"Thank you, M'lady." You take the bottle from me and swig long and hard, then voice your approval with a hefty burp. "Ah, the pause that refreshes. Care to join me?"

"Bath or beer?"

"Either."

I shake my head and perch on the toilet. "Nah; I'll just sit here and watch you splash around, my little ducky."

"Quack quack," you say, splashing the water and bubbles with your hand, then burping again. "My musical intestines."

"Do me a favor," I say. "Close your eyes and soak, okay?"

You eye me suspiciously. "What are you gonna do?"

"I'm not gonna hurt you, okay? Just close your eyes. This'll feel really good." I take the beer bottle from you and place it on the sink.

"Okay, but I'm warning you." You sit back, close your eyes. "Any funny stuff and you _don't_ get a spanking."

"Fresh." I reach for my sponge glove, the one I use when I shower. "I may not show you my new trick."

"How'd an old bitch like you learn a new trick?"

"Hush." I submerge my gloved hand into the semi-scalding water, getting it wet and soapy. The bubbles are high, almost up to my elbow. I begin to stroke your stressed body with the glove, cleaning and massaging your skin. You glow pink and smile.

"Ah! That feels so good, sweetheart," you whisper, a little catch in your voice.

"How 'bout this?" I squeeze the soapy sponge around your cock, very gently, then slowly stroke it. The warm water swirls around your groin. "You like that?"

"That's...good," you moan, your body shifting. I feel your hips arch upwards under the water; I place the sponge against your waist and gently push you back down.

"Relax," I say soothingly. "Lie back, okay?"

You recline against the tub; I notice that your breathing is very irregular now. "Can I continue?" I ask.

"Please," you say. I continue stroking, smoothing the water and soap and sponge up and down your shaft, gently around the head, down around your scrotum. I increase the pressure, grasping you more firmly, speeding up a little.

"Want me to stop?" I query.

"No, please; no, don't," you say quickly. "Please."

Faster, harder I go, watching the delirious, delicious expressions cascading over your face. Your arm rises out of the bubbly water and grasps the side of the tub. You're breathing hard and your hips are out of control almost, moving with the motions of my gloved hand. Even through the thick sponge I can feel the rigid shaft throbbing under my fingers. I myself am getting all sticky in my panties but I'm too fixated on your cock to be distracted by it.

Suddenly your body goes rigid under the water and I feel your penis explode in my hand. Your head arches wildly back and an erotic groan escapes your lips. Then you relax and slide back under the water again; your breathing deepens. I take my hand out of the water and remove the glove. "You like?" I ask.

"Jesus," is all you can say. I bend down and kiss you gently on the lips.

"I'm going to bed," I say, flinging the sopping and slightly sticky glove into the sink.

"You can join me when you're able."

Comments and suggestions welcome.

-- Keisha J. Gray