

He Whispered

(By: SoapyLisa)

Then I started running the soap up his legs, slow, teasing, playful, just missing his cock as I moved to his belly and chest... skimming it across his nipples then back down. my soap slicked hands surrounded his cock, stroking it, feeling it twitch and grow as he moaned and leaned back to enjoy this. I swear the water felt degrees warmer there as I glided the soap along his balls and back up the shaft. I watched his cock grow so that it extended well above the waters' surface, my hands and the soap working up, around the head and down the other side.

'Enough! Let's save it for later' he whispered, stilling my hands beneath his. behaving, I got to my knees, filled an empty sea salts jar to sluice water over him to rinse the soap off. as I reached further to pour water over his back I overbalanced, slipped and landed on him. master came up sputtering with rather surprised look on his face that quickly turned to one of pure devilment.

'My turn! stay up where you are, kneeling, just like that. now, tease yourself like you teased me... make love to yourself with the soap'. he sat back and watched as I smoothed the soap over my breasts, nipples poking thru the lather, then down my stomach and lower. we both groaned as I ran the soap over my mound and between the lips and spread my legs wider apart. The soap slipped out of my fingers as he reached for the jar, filling it and pouring the hot water over me, watching as it ran over my breasts chasing the line of suds downward.

We climbed out and I dried him off first then he proceeded to torture me with the mildly abrading towel. 'ah, you didn't get me dry there' I said, spreading myself with my fingers...

'No darlin, not the towel... use your tongue..'. I watched as he knelt and moved closer, shuddered as I felt his hot tongue moving over my clit. 'Mmm yes. that's so good.' I finally had to force myself to pull away, not wanting to cum yet, wanting to enjoy the tension for a bit longer. It was then I realized the elixir had tinged us both a subtle shade of purple..

'Oh, oh!'

'What?'

'We've been Smurfed!' I giggled. I grabbed a loofah and started the shower. He looked at me wild eyed and backed away...

'Uh uh... separate showers' he ordered. 'You've already tried to drown me and now you've turned me into a Smurf, but there is no way I am going to let you near me with that rough thing. oout!!' I went to the kitchen to make the mimosas and slice the fruit while he showered in safety and solitude. when he came out I hopped in while he started the fire.

After putting on the vest, thong, black stockings and heels I carried the goody laden tray into the family room and carefully set it on the hearth without mishap. Breathing a sigh of relief I settled next to master amongst the pillows scattered on the papasan cushion. I watched his eyes darken as I teasingly licked at the sugar rimming the outside of my glass.

'Want that to be you?'

'Mmmhmm!

'Good.' I couldn't help but notice some of the sugar had fallen from the rim of his glass as the liquor dried, sparkling in the firelight, caught in the dark hair of his chest and tummy. I knelt over him and started to lick and kiss away each grain of sugar starting at his lips and working my way down his throat, chest and tummy. My tongue swirled around and into his belly button chasing imaginary grains as his muscles tightened and his breath sucked in on a long hiss.

I licked along the waistband of his silk boxers, sliding my fingers beneath to lift and gain further access.

'Hey! no sugar got in there! you behave. No cock for you yet girl.' pouting, I kissed my way back up, straddling him and bringing my tits up even with his lips. I know he can't resist and on the premise of moving in tighter, reached under the throw on the couch for the handcuffs I'd hidden there. Sure enough, his hands came up to massage my breasts and I clasped the cuffs around his wrists...