

In The Shower

(By: SoapyLisa)

I am standing in the shower letting the water slowly rinse the shampoo out of my hair. Still with my eyes closed, I hear the door slide open and feel the cool air play over my wet skin.

You say "turn around,"

I do, and you direct the water away from my body.

Standing close behind, not quite touching, you reach around me for the soap in the shower tray and sponge. I wait as you lather up the sponge with the Caress soap. You lift my arm to the side and slowly lather every inch. You repeat this with the other arm, then move on to my back and bottom (which moves back towards you involuntarily).

"Patience," you say. You concentrate on the backs of my legs and I move them apart a little. Still kneeling, you shift your attention to the front of my legs, and start moving upwards. I groan in anticipation.

You quickly move the sponge over my large breasts and stomach and it drops, you have forgotten what you were doing. You let your hands work the lather instead. I can feel you now, and move back along your lengthy member wanting to feel every inch.

"Not yet," you whisper, and your tongue lingers there for just a moment. With one hand you tease my nipples while the other moves lower down, your soapy fingers sliding inside easily. Oh, god. So wet, soapy and slippery. You slide your fingers up and down and I match the rhythm, feeling your hand as I move forward, and you, so hard, as I move backwards.

Suddenly, shockingly, your hands leave my body and you direct the full force of the shower spray onto my breasts and stomach.

I turn around and kiss you, aching for you, wanting more. Instead, I drop to my knees and run my tongue along your length. I hear you moan. I take the soapy tip in my mouth, and suck, while one hand moves up and down, the other roaming at will. I alternate, using my hands, tongue and mouth, until I feel the muscles in your legs tighten with tension. I stop.

"No," you say, your voice hoarse, and I smile, with soap all over my mouth.

You wrench me to my feet, lift one of my legs and enter me in one long stroke. God, that feels good. We don't move for a few seconds, prolonging the agony - but not for long. We move together, fast and hard. I clutch at your ass, urging you deeper with every stroke - we are both so close, it takes only moments. It begins in my toes and travels along every nerve ending in my body. I cry out at the same time as you, and we come together, out of control. It seems to last forever.

Breathing heavily, we stay there for a while, holding each other so close, letting the water wash over us, we rinse our mouths out until you say "come on, I'll dry you off," and we step out of the shower.

You dry my hair a little, then my arms, stomach and breasts. You kneel down to reach my feet and I place my right foot a little higher to make it easier for you. I feel your breath on the inside of my leg and shiver. I wonder if you've noticed my reaction and look down.

You smile up at me and say "I will lick you dry."

But the things you then do with your tongue are not ever going to get that response...