

Nighttime Soaps

(By: Unknown)

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Water. Hot water that pours down in a steady stream over my back. Hands, his hands, running a bar of Camay soap over my skin, slicking suds all over my body. Slippery bodies, wet and soapy, sliding against each other.

"I've always had a fantasy about showers" I remark conversationally as I adjust the water temperature. "Okay, love. Come on in so I can close the curtain. He steps in and I pull the curtain. "I do you first" I say.

"Okay. Just let me get my hair wet." He bends down under the showerhead. It is short and he is tall, and the contortions he goes through to soak his hair are amusing to watch. I don't understand why he doesn't simply bend his knees, but I decide not to bother suggesting that. Instead I get down on my knees and kiss his cock. I pay it some friendly attention for a few moments, then stand up again. "Okay. I wash you now."

I pick up the bar of sweet smelling Camay soap and run it over his chest, then change my mind. "No. Turn around. Your back first." He turns, and I begin by soaping his shoulders. I lather his long, pale back, then each of his arms. I soap his sides and his hips. One soapy hand casually kneads his ass, first just the plump flesh of his buttocks, then between them. "Yeah" he says.

This is a sure-fire way to get to him, and I know it. Know it, and I love it. In our short time together, I have learned of many things that he can't resist, but this one is absolutely undeniable. "Oh, stick a finger in me" he requests. I'm getting used to this. I comply, and enjoy how hot it gets him. He reaches behind him and finds my tenderest spot. I press myself against his fingers, and in distraction lose track of what I'm doing. "OWW!" he exclaims suddenly. I pull away. "What is it?" I ask in slight alarm. He turns around and pulls me back against him. "It's okay" he says. "You got a little rough with that fingernail." "Oh, baby, I'm sorry!" I've forgotten my fingernails before, once causing a slightly unpleasant sore in a delicate place. "I'll cut them off." "No, don't do that." "Well, I don't want to hurt you like that." "Just be more careful." I giggle. "I'm sorry. It's sometimes hard to...I forget."

"Don't cut them off. Then you wouldn't be able to scratch my back." "How about if I cut the nails off one hand so..." "That would look silly."

"Well...maybe just off certain fingers. Anyway, let me finish washing you." I take up the bar of Camay soap again and make suds in the hair on his chest. I wash his belly and then hesitate. His cock bobs a

little, as if saying 'Me next!' I nonchalantly begin soaping his right leg. "Hey, you skipped..." "Don't worry" I assure him, working on his calf. "I save the best part for last." "Oh. Okay." I finish the right leg, proceed to the left, then finally arrive at the area he's been waiting for me to arrive at. I soap it between my hands, the soap slippery in my palms around his hard shaft. I drop the bar of soap and slide my soapy hands around in all that lovely slipperiness. I spread the lather all through his hair, all over his balls, between the cheeks of his ass. He sighs and claws at my back and I get on my knees again.

I press my face against his beautiful soapy crotch, which being freshly washed doesn't smell pretty. I take his soapy cock into my mouth, and it tastes like the smell of Camay. The water is pouring down over me, dripping on my head. I close my eyes and suck his soapy cock wildly, getting a mouthful of suds turned me on so much.

I imagine my mouth as another vagina and fuck him with it energetically. I can taste soapy love-drops. "I love to have my mouth full of this soapy cock" I say, pausing for a moment. "I bet you do" he says, running his hands through my hair. He thrusts his cock against my cheek. I grab hold of it lovingly and rub it on my face. I moan, and so does he as I pull back and slide my lips over it again. I suck until he starts getting too excited. I straighten up.

I rise from the floor and stick my tongue in his open mouth, he is so hot from the soapy blowjob he was getting, now he too has a soapy mouth.

"You wash me now." "Okay." He washes my shoulders and my arms and my breasts, then turns me around and starts on my back. "Nice," I say. He washes my rump, one hand soaping, the other exploring my pussy. He puts his middle finger in me while he washes my pubic hair. I moan and bend over a little. This gives him an idea, namely to replace his finger with his prick. I moan as it goes into me at an entirely different angle than I've ever felt it. I bend over further, holding on to the hot and cold dials for support. Water is running into my eyes, and when I open my mouth to make an appreciative groan, my mouth fills with it, but I don't care, it rinses the soap from my mouth. It's good, so good, the shower beating on my back and his huge, hard cock pounding into my body. My legs are getting too wobbly to stand on, so he holds my hips and I lean back on him as he thrusts in and out of me. He moves slowly and gently for a time, then all of the sudden slams against my ass, driving his cock in me as deep as it can possibly go. The impact is so stunning it makes me yell. "I'm sorry!" he says.

"For what?!" I pant. "Didn't I hurt you?" "Oh, God, no, it felt...uhn!" I grunt, thrusting back against him..."amazing!" "In that case..." he says.

He does it again, then renews fucking me at a reasonable rate. "Oh, look at that" he says. "Look at my hard cock sliding in and out of your cunt."

Just look at that." "I wish I could." "Oh, it's beautiful. I'm so big and hard and you're so wet and juicy...oh, your muscles are contracting around me and it feels so good..." "Oh, fuck me! Fuck me hard!" Our words deteriorate into wild noises and the world is nothing more to me

than water pouring down and a soapy cock filling me up. I can't even move, the best I can do is stand there and receive. "Can I come?" he asks, pausing for a moment. "No. I want to watch. I want to watch you when you come, and I want you to watch me. How's that sound? That sound good?" "Oh, yes! Please." He thrusts once more. I grunt and push against him again.

"Feels so good" I sigh. "Yeah, but stop or I'll come now, inside you."

"No. Don't do that." I straighten up and tear myself away from him. My legs are so shaky I fall back against him. Then I stand up straight and turn off the shower. We towel ourselves dry, then go into the bed room to complete what we've started. In the bedroom, I light a candle and turn off the lamp as he spreads the spare quilt over the bed. As I turn around, he takes me by the shoulders to kiss me, and, laughing, I throw my arms around his waist and pull him onto the bed on top of me. He yelps as he loses his balance and comes sprawling down in a jumble of arms and legs. "Hey! Would you mi..." he begins. I shut him up with a kiss.

It's so good to feel his warm weight on my body and his clean, bare skin against mine. I savor the feeling, and enjoy a slow, hot kiss as well.

When it breaks, he raises his head and looks at me. His face is beautiful in the fluttering light, and the way he looks at me is the way you'd look at someone you want to be with more than anyone else in the world. My arms go around him and my feet hook around his calves to pull him as close to me as I can. A little squirming on his part brings the hard shaft of his cock along the full length of my clitoris, and the hot pressure thrills me. "Mmmmm" I sigh into his face as he kisses me again.

I rub my crotch against him, letting the friction make me twitch with pleasure. My fingers clutch at his back as he kisses my neck under my ear, and I start to squirm in earnest as his lips move along my throat.

They slide over my collarbone, brush at my chest and finally settle on my left nipple. He licks it gently, puckers around it and sucks. "Your tongue...your tongue...please" I gasp. "Oh!" I cry when he flicks the tip of his tongue over the tip of my breast. My back arches as he, keeping his mouth on my flesh takes his cock in hand and rubs the head of it over my pussy. I feel how slippery I am and think how easily his full, thick length would slide into me. He takes my nipple between his teeth and rolls it gently. He's still rubbing his cock-head against me, and now I am not squirming, I am writhing. "Oh, give it to me, baby!" I exclaim suddenly, out of control, needing to feel him inside me. I need to feel his cock pressing into me. He raises his head and smiles at me knowingly, then taunts me by rubbing the tip of his dick against the entrance to

my cunt. I strain towards him and he rubs some more but still doesn't enter me. I hear a high whine coming from deep in my throat. "In..." I implore.

"Please...in me...put it...in me...ahh...hhh!" I open my mouth and moan low and throaty as I finally feel his solid penis pushing my muscles aside and boring into my body. "Ahhhhnnn!" I throw my hips up against him and hold onto his back for dear life while he pumps violently. The wind is being knocked from my lungs and I love it, every minute, I want more, more, more! It's too much to keep up for long, and soon he slows, then stops and we kiss again. I lie with my legs wrapped around him, not wanting to lose the closeness and the heat inside me. I grind my pelvis against him. In response, he moves his hips from side to side, the friction builds and suddenly... "Oh!" A gasp springs from my lips as orgasm creeps up on me and abruptly hits me full force. To accentuate my throes, he pulls almost all the way out of me and thrusts back in forcefully. My fingers dig into his back and my legs flop around unattractively, but it feels too good for me to be self-conscious. With him, with this man, with my cunt uncontrollably squeezing his cock, there is no room for self-consciousness. "Ohhh, darling..." I sigh, finally relaxing and lying still, breathing heavily. He brushes a wisp of hair off my forehead and gives me that tender look again. "Zat good?" he asks

playfully. "Uhhnn!" I respond. "Good?" "Uhnn!" "Good, huh." "Ahhh...good.

Real good...mmm" Our lips fall together to kiss again, and I squirm slightly beneath him to feel the last twinges. "Oh, I'm hot..." he whispers. "Hot" I remark, running my fingers over his back. "Hot for you, baby...so hot..." I scratch his back gently and start to move my hips. "So hot, darling...I've got to come..." I begin to thrust up at him, and watch the changes on his face as he builds up to his orgasm. "Let me come...make me come..." "Come on" I whisper back, wiggling my hips, jerking them up and down in just the way that always sends him off.

"You're gonna come, baby...I want you to...can you feel me? Can you feel how much I want you?" "Yes...yes I can...oh, it's good..." "Good? Can you feel how much I want your come? How much I want to feel your hot...cream...fill me up...?" Encouraging him with my voice, I thrust up against him at every word. This goes on for only a couple of minutes before... "Oh, I'm gonna come, baby, here I come, here...comes...my hot...AH! AH!" His face contorts and his mouth falls open as a strained noise of ecstasy is wrenched from his throat. His hands press down on my shoulders and he pins my hips solidly to the bed with his own, his torso curving backward with the intensity. I concentrate on my lover's pleasure, enjoying his climax as much as I enjoyed mine. He collapses on me heavily, and I put my arms around his sweaty back. We lie there together, his head over my shoulder and his hair tickling my face until the sweat starts to dry and the air-conditioned atmosphere of our bedroom begins to encroach on the thermology we've created around us. When his heart slows and his breathing returns to normal, he does a horizontal stretch, then reluctantly pulls out of me and gets up to go use the bathroom. He comes back,

and then I take my turn. When I return, the spare quilt is on the floor, and he is curled up beneath our sleeping-blanket. I get in bed and fit my body against the curve of his back. "Blow out the candle, love" I request. He does. "Is the outside door locked?" He grunts an affirmative. I kiss his neck. "Good night, sweetheart" I say.

"Good night" he replies. We sleep.