

Soap

(By: Paul Beckman)

They showered together. She squatted before him and soaped his legs and ankles and then his feet (one at a time) and between his toes. She rubbed her hair into his scrotum and felt him grow. She soaped her hands again and washed his balls. She positioned him so the water spray didn't hit her in the face. She soaped his cock and sucked it without washing the soap away. He tried to maneuver her out of the shower and into the bedroom, but she sucked him harder, and as she slid her mouth around his slippery soapy cock he remembered, he remembered but didn't want to...Oh God, get out of my head...he remembered his mother.

He remembered his mother washing his mouth out with soap - Kosher soap, no less -- after repeated warnings, for saying a swear word when he was young, and he could taste the soap today and believe you me he didn't want to think of his mother at this time. He was still hard and she was sucking him and playing with his balls and he leaned back against the tile -- the cold tile -- and she scooped out of the line of water and then stood and soaped his chest. She stood on her tiptoes and don't do it, no, no, don't do it, my mother, my mother, and from her tiptoes she oh please don't she kissed him and he tasted her soapy lips and thought of his mother again, and it was only a hint of soap on her lips or maybe just a mind trick that he could taste the soap, but it was enough to make him close his mouth and eyes and see his mother hovering over him in front of the sink, him standing on one of the red kitchen chairs, with her holding a fistful of his hair in one hand and pushing the bar of soap into his mouth with her free hand and no, no, that's not what I want to be thinking about. I want to stay hard, but not in front of my mother, and as long as the soap taste stayed, his mother stayed, and he opened his eyes to rid himself of his mother and think only of his hardon, and he had to chase his mother away, so he screamed Go! Go! You've done enough damage. He screamed louder, afraid that the sounds of his scream would break loose from his mind.

He turned the water off and led her out of the shower. They each had a towel, and wiped the water off one another, and he led her to the bed and patted her between the legs, and when he saw water droplets, he rubbed her mound with just the right pressure while his mother watched and he had to put his face into her to escape his mother and he inhaled her aroma and tasted her until he was sure his mother had disappeared from the room, and he did his best not to notice the faint smell and taste of soap...and then she started laughing.

"Your mustache..." She couldn't finish what she started to say. She tried again -- "Your mustache..."

She was laughing because his mustache was tickling her, but he ignored her laughter and kept on with his lips and his tongue and all the while he was breathing in her essence, and then she giggled and moaned and then invoked God, and then with all the blasphemy she could muster invoked God's name again, and pulled his head deep into her with both hands and thrust herself up into his mouth even more, and then she fell back on the bed and started to laugh uncontrollably, and despite his frustration at the turn of events he began to laugh, and tears streamed down his cheeks, and she

said, "Don't make me look at that face right now or I'll lose it again."

She helped him turn over onto a fluffy pillow; she had pushed a big fluffy pillow under him to lie on, and then...the thought of the word "fluffy" made her laugh once again, and he asked her what she was laughing at and she could only get out the word "fluffy," and then to stop herself from laughing she bit his cheek that was lifted up by the big fluffy pillow, then she bit him again and he had to adjust himself as he lay face down, because he had gotten hard again, his erection pushing into the big fluffy pillow, and for a nanosecond the words "fluffy pillow" ran through his head, and she began taking more and smaller and harder bites and he was hard and couldn't lie still and wanted to turn over and do her, he wanted to turn over on the fluffy pillow and do her, but her tongue was so busy and - oh that tongue -- for the briefest of thoughts, truly the briefest, he wondered what his mother would wash her mouth out with.