

# The Next Morning

(By lisamarx)

This is the true life continuation of "the first date" from your feedback we have decided that we would continue to give you both sides of the stories. I have found that reading each others take on things has been interesting for both of us.

It was ten O'clock in the morning when I arose to find Simon still asleep in my bed. For me this was sleeping in, but Simon works second shift at an all night copy shop, after which he usually spends all night working on his artwork. Simon is a freelance artist who does a great deal of magazine work. (I was very impressed when he showed me what he creates.) So for him ten was very early. I rolled over and gave him a kiss on the lips and he awoke. Simon looked at me the same way a dog looks at you when it's confused. So I kissed him again. This time he kissed me back, by this time I was laying on top of him, my face inches away from his. Us all being adults, I'm sure I don't have to tell you the effect that had on him. We kissed and cuddled for about a half an hour until it became obvious to both of us we wanted more to happen. As I said in my previous posting I had some apprehension about having sex with him, the main reason being his size. Eventually though, overcome by emotion and desire I reached in my nightstand and handed him a condom. (my plug for safe sex) To my surprise he was very gentle and attentive to me. I won't go in to the details, but suffice to say when we rolled out of bed at noon we were both ready for the shower.

While I got the shower ready Simon started kissing my neck. It made me tingle all over and he held me his naked body against mine. When the water was good and warm we disappeared into the steam. Standing across from him I had a chance for the first time to really look at his naked form. It was hard to believe this man was in his mid thirties. When looking at him the words supple and lithe come to mind. He wasn't muscular in the bodybuilder sense, but more fit and firm with very little body hair. He could have been a model if he wasn't 5'6" tall. While surveying his body I decided to take control of the soap first. Lathering it up I saw him smile at me as I start to rub the soap all over his chest and abdomen. All of a sudden I could see the effect this was having on him, looking at him I could hardly believe that I had him inside of me just minutes earlier. As I soaped up his body thoroughly reached around him and soaped his back and buttocks. To do this I had to press my body against his sliding around as the soap I had already applied got all over me. This was always my favorite part of my past relationships as I could my partner washing my mouth out with soap as I stood across from him in the shower, would this be the time it actually happens? I hoped so.

When I was done with his back side I moved on to his face and washed it like I was cleaning a family heirloom. Softly caressing his face with the bar of Ivory in my hand. When I was done I kissed him about the lips and neck, the taste of Ivory soap on my lips. He then took the soap from my hands and started lathering it I was almost skaking with anticipation. Strangly He started low with my feet rubbing my calves then up to my knees. I just about melted as I ran the bar up the back of my knee and around to my inner thigh. I didn't know if I could last another minute, I wanted to make

love to him again and again. Then he started to wash my backside his strong hands conforming to the shape of my body, Moving up around to my back he pulled me to him Pressing Our soapy bodies together. I could feel his manhood against my belly hard and warm he backed me into the corner And started to wash my face. I closed my Eyes and just felt. I felt his hands rubbing my neck, Soaping my cheeks, and when I felt the bar of Ivory Against my Lips I was like, "Yes! Here it comes I opened my mouth A little, and then... Nothing happened. I opened my eyes just in time to see him put the soap back in the soap dish. I looked at him as if he'd just forgotten my birthday. He didn't seem to notice as he shut off the water and started to dry me off. I was thinking did he want me to do it To him first or was he still not in the mood. Well any way I stepped out Of the tub and was drying him off as he reached over to shelf where I kept the twelve pack of Ivory soap. From the other night. He grabbed a bar from the pack and handed it to me. He smiled a huge grin and said "unwrap it". I smiled back.

"I don't Know why you're smiling young lady," He said "you're in Big trouble'.

"I'm in trouble? For what?" I asked.

"lets see," he said in mock contemplation. "you slept with an older man on your first date, Used very dirty language during sex earlier and You didn't warn me about your music last night."

"I can explain..." I started to say, Pretending to try to get out of my punishment, Even though at this point I was almost ready To wash my own mouth out.

"Don't try to talk your way out of this," He said cutting me off mid excuse, "your mouth has gotten you into trouble, and you will only make things worse if you try to talk your way out.

"What are you going to do to me?" I asked. I desperately wanted to hear him say it.

"What we always do to girls who cuss. I'm going to wash your mouth out with soap." I almost orgasmed right there on the spot. We were both still naked, and he was going to wash my mouth out. OOOOOOOOH!

I unwrapped the soap and handed it to him. He took what seemed forever to lather up the soap. He had a sink full of bubbles by the time he was ready. He approached me and I felt his still soapy left hand grab the back of my head. and his fingers tangle into my hair. He held the bar of soap mere Millimeters from my lips and said "Open up."

as soon as I did I felt the bar of Ivory pass my lips and fill my mouth. slowly methodically he scrubbed back and forth pulling the soap almost out of my mouth before shoving it all the way to the back, feeling the soap build up on the front of my teeth with every thrust.

Then he start scubbing side to side vigorously. My cheeks bulged with every movement. Then he did something unexpected. He did this circular motion that dug my front teeth deep into the soap.

When he finished he left the bar of soap in my mouth and looked at me with a bar of soap protuding from my mouth, and rinsed his hands.

I pointed at the soap and said, "mmmffff!" which meant Can I take this out yet? Amazingly he understood with clarity what I asked.

"Not yet." he said as he exited the room. he returned a moment later with a polaroid camera. "this is to remind us of our first date." he said as he snapped the picture. He then removed the bar of soap from my mouth. And allowed me to spit twice. But when i reached for the faucet to rinse he held my hand and said No rinsing young lady I want you to remember the taste. then he leaned forward and kissed me on the neck and then On the lips. That kiss was so intense, my lips still covered with soap. As his tongue entered my mouth bubbles formed in it's wake it was like it was still getting washed out and so was his. I lead him back To my bed.

There is more to come let me know if you liked this. I hope the sexual content doesn't offend anyone. If it didn't let me know maybe next time I'll include more details. Again these are true life stories of simon and our relationship Simon had some traditional fiction stories also that we might throw in on occasion. love and lather,  
Lisa.