

Wet and Hungover

(By: SoapyLisa)

Something wakes me. Water, running water, the shower. I can't open my eyes... I rub them, and look up, blinking, at the ceiling, blurry without my glasses. Wait... I'm not in bed... Where am I...?

And remember: Coming home late. She's mad at me. We meet on the couch... Which is where I must be. I look for my glasses, and find them on the end table. I get up, and follow the noise upstairs, through our bedroom, into the bathroom.

There's a familiar, beautiful form behind the shower door, and I feel a stirring in my groin remembering last night's lovemaking, and imagining future possibilities. I'm still naked, and slightly sticky from last night, so I drop my glasses on the counter, slide open the door, and step in behind my life-mate.

She turns suddenly, and practically throws herself into my arms.

"What took you? I've been in here nearly ten minutes... I'm turning into a raisin!"

"Oh, I hope so! You know I love raisins!"

I pick her up, and put her against the back wall of the shower. Still holding her, I lean forward, and we kiss, her tongue slipping past my teeth to touch the inside of my mouth. I release her tongue and stick out mine.

I slowly move down her body, leaving a furrow through her fur. I slow down even more passing between her large breasts, pause to poke my tongue in her navel, making her jump, and stop just before reaching her pubic hair.

"Hey, you bastard! Don't stop!" she says. She slaps me gently on the side of my head. I take the bar of Caress soap and soap her pussy hair, lather it real well making it drip of soap. I snicker, then dive forward again. She gasps as my tongue touches her, then leans back with a slow sigh as I continue to taste her, sucking the soap from her pussy lips.

Her breathing speeds up, and soon, as I kneel before her, she comes, legs trembling on either side of me. I stand up and hold on to her as her breath and heart both slow. She licks my soap mouth lips, tasting herself, soapy and smiles.

"That was nice, but now it's my turn." she says.

I smile back: "You're the boss!" She turns us around; my back is against the wall. Her smile turns mischievous; her tongue begins running down my soapy chest.

I groan in anticipation, knowing she'll soon be doing to me what I have just done to her. Even though I'm expecting it, her tongue touching my navel still makes me jump and her giggle.

She doesn't stop moving down, though, and takes me in her mouth, the length of her muzzle easily taking my length completely. Her tongue moves around me, and I'm quickly panting, in the same state she was just in.

She swallows as I come, leaving me weak-kneed. She slowly draws back, completely draining me. I slide down to the floor, into her arms. She holds me as I held her, my heart slowing down to an almost-normal rate.

She leans back; our lips touch. "I gather you had a good time?" she asks.

"Incredible!" I reply, "but I think I need to rinse my mouth and then we should get out of the water and dry off before other important parts start turning into raisins!"

She laughs as we stand; I turn off the water. We get out of the shower and towel each other off; I manage to get all her wet spots.