

# A Lucky Guy

(By: SoapyLisa)

The sun on my face woke me up. I was so tired last night I forgot to close the blinds. I reached out for my angels but found myself alone. Now I like a good wake-up fuck. Here I was awake earlier than I planned and no one to fuck. Not a good morning. Then again, compared to yesterday most days would come up short. Since closing the shades meant getting out of bed anyway I figured I might as well start the day right now. I heard the shower running so I got up and headed for the bathroom. The only ones that could be in there were Krista or Torrie. The day took a turn for the better when I found them both in there together.

It was summer but they liked a hot shower so the stall was full of steam but I could make out the shapes of their bodies moving behind the fogged glass. They were cleaning off the residue of last night's lovemaking, one washing the other. There was nothing especially sexual about it but I was mesmerized. I turned Jane's make-up chair to face the shower stall, sat, and just watched. They rubbed a soapy washcloth all over themselves paying particular attention to their vaginas. They next shampooed each others hair. It was such a nice ordinary moment yet

how many fathers are privileged to see it. There's got to be something wrong with a society that thinks this is dirty. When they were done with the actual bathing they started playing. Torrie had the shower massager and was using it like a watergun. Krista countered by swinging her washcloth at her. The stall was pretty big so they had lots of room.

It looked like fun so I just opened the shower door and stepped in. Did I get hugs and kisses? Did I get fondled? Uhh, uhh. I got a face full of water and a wet soapy washcloth slapped across my ass. There was a

bench molded into the stall and I sat on it. At least my butt was safe. The girls pressed their attack and being weaponless all I could do was grab them. First one to get captured was Krista who had to get close to use her soapy wet washcloth. I grabbed her wrist and pulled her in. I

bent her over my knee and held her in a headlock. Now it was my turn to slap her ass. I gave her a half dozen playful spanks and let her go but was surprised when she stayed across my knee. It was just a second or two but I got the distinct feeling she wanted more. As much as I enjoy our sexplay I didn't want our relationship to be based solely on that so I gave her one more spank and shooed her away. I set my sights for Torrie but she had the range and was a dead shot. I got tired of getting a face full of pulsating water so I surrendered. Plus they were turning into prunes and I wanted to clean up. I closed my eyes and soaped up my face

and upper body and my darlings took the bar of soap and stuffed it in my mouth while they used their washcloths and washed my feet and legs. They must have been racing cause they reached my ass in no time. Last parts to get the treatment were my cock and balls. Both were tended to thoroughly but gently with lots of soap and their bare

hands. They fondled me but not the way they would have to make me cum. It was more like an exploration. It felt nice, especially with a tasty bar of Dove in my mouth. When they were finished, Torrie removed the bar of soap from my mouth.

Torrie took the massager and set it on a gentle spray to rinse me off, including my mouth.

Now they made me sit for a shampoo. It was a luxury for me. Again I say that society can go fuck itself. What better, more tender, expression of love for a father than his daughters bathe him. I am a very fortunate man.

Bathtime over, we exited the shower and dried off. There was hair to blow-dry and teeth to brush and we did it together. After throwing on some clothes it was time to eat. I walked towards the kitchen and noticed that the dining room table was set with three places. In the kitchen sat a bowl of beaten eggs, some chopped ham, cheese, onions, and green peppers. All the fixings for my favorite omelet. Seems they'd been busy while I slept. They aren't allowed to cook without supervision but they had everything ready for when I awoke. It was typical of these two. Individually Krista and Torrie were sweet and loving. Together they feed off each other and become something greater. I love them so much. While I was silently thanking God for bringing them into my life the girls pounced. I felt myself being dragged to the table and pushed into a chair. The Sunday paper was shoved in front of me and a large glass of orange juice was plopped on the place mat. Sweet and loving, yes. But they could use hostess lessons from Martha Stewart. Soon the air was filled with the sounds of cooking, and delicious aromas. Sundays were usually lazy days. City dwellers don't have to mow lawns or clean rain gutters. After breakfast into my recliner to finish my paper with a cup of coffee and catch the Yankee/Red Sox game. My girls were busy on the computer sending emails to classmates and surfing the chatrooms. Their music was thumping that annoying hip-hop beat into my brain when the phone rang. It was Jane calling from Las Vegas. It was 8:00 AM their time and they were just about to go to bed. They stayed up all night partying and hitting the tables. Jane likes to play Blackjack and she's pretty good at it. She's always at least broken even, but her best was a \$700 night. Winning at Blackjack turns her on like I get over a group of 3rd grade parochial school girls. Jane told me that they were fine and that I was right about the heat. Anyway they wanted to talk to the girls. I put her on hold and called the girls over. They talked about "Finding Nemo" and the taxi ride leaving out the rest of yesterday's adventures. They did mention that Ariana came over for a visit. Then came the usual "I Miss You" and kisses. I was glad they were having a good time. Nora especially needed it.