

# Anticipating Your Arrival

(By: Karen Murray)

Sleepily I fit my key into the door of my motel room. I've been driving for 8 hours, and am aching for a bath, feeling a need to wash away the road dirt. Letting myself into the musty room, I toss my bag onto the nearest bed and look around. Simple furniture, two double beds, a small table with two chairs, the standard TV and honor bar. I walk to the window and find that it opens, drawing back the curtains to let some fresh air into the room.

My sundress feels plastered to my skin, and I think again about how nice a shower would feel, knowing it will still be another hour before you arrive. Grabbing up my bag, I enter the small bathroom. Pulling out my special soap and shampoo, I turn on the tap and run my fingers through the stream of water until its just the right temperature. My arms criss-cross in front of me, and I pull my dress up over my head. Bra and panties quickly land on top of the dress heaped on the floor. I let my hair down from its ponytail, and shake it out. Feeling the curly ends brushing my bare bottom, I shake my head gently because I like how it feels.

Pushing the curtain aside, I step into the tub; into the spray of water. The heat envelopes me, and I just stand for a moment, letting the water run over me. My hands move to my stomach, softly stroking up and down; slowly upward to just brush the undersides of my breasts. I can feel my nipples tighten in the stream of water, as I turn and reach for the new bar of Caress soap. Rubbing the bar between my hands, and sliding it up and down my arms. Over my chest, under my breasts and down along my belly; lathering my pubic hair. Bringing the soap around to smooth over my ass and up my back, I then return it to its tray.

Using my hands, I make slow circles around my stomach, widening the arches until my hands, slick with the soap brush the undersides of my breasts again. My fingers spread around and slide up over the fullness of my breasts; sliding over my nipples. They feel heavy as I heft their roundness; thinking that these are your hands. I move my fingers over my nipples again, feeling them harden under my touch; pinching them with my forefingers and thumbs. So slippery from the soap.

Smoothly my soapy hands slide up my neck and down over my shoulders and arms; back to my stomach and up to cup my breasts again. That sweet tingly feeling building up inside them, and shooting down to my womb. My palms move slowly down over my skin, around my hips and over my backside, lathering in small circles. Fingers following the curve of my ass where it meets my legs and soapy lathering my hands around the outsides of my thighs. Bringing my hands up along the insides of my thighs, just brushing against my pussy.

Fingers thread through my pubic hair, building up the lather, as one hand slips between my legs. I cup my pussy in my palm and slowly slide my hand back and forth. Lifting one foot, I place it on the

edge of the tub. Reaching all the way back to my anus, my soapy fingers slowly drag forward; feeling the hair become heavy with the lather. Reaching back again, and sliding my fingers forward, this time my middle finger sliding between my lips; dragging over my hole to the very tip of my clit. A soft shudder runs through me from the gentle touch of my finger on my clit.

My hand moves back and forth over my pussy, while the other raises up my belly and circles my breast. Hearing my breath echo on the tiles, as it becomes deeper; harsher. Juices begin to flow from my pussy, mixing with the soap.

Water flows over me as I step back into the shower stream, washing away the soap between my fingers and nipple; creating a new friction there. I cup my hand under my pussy, letting it fill with water, then splashing it up against me to rinse away the suds. My soapy hands sluice down my body, helping the water rinse the soap away. Turning my face into the steam, feeling the drops hit my lips and cheeks, I get so turned on, the soapy smell is overwhelming, I love it; pelting onto my face and into my nipples.

Thinking about you, and how your hands would feel roaming over my skin and rubbing my face with your sensual soapy hands, like we did last weekend. I was so turned on when you took the bar of soap and slid it into my mouth, I just had to relive that moment. I reach over and pick up the bar of Caress Berry Fusion and smell it to reset my memory, I rub the soap within my hands wildly, to lather them up. I reach up and lift the showerhead from its holder, adjusting it to a narrower spray. Aiming it at my neck I open my mouth and rinse out getting wet and maneuvering it so the water circles around my throat and shoulders, the water running in a river between my breasts. I take the cake of soft lathered soap and open my mouth to taste it and do I! I pushed the bar of Caress deep into my waiting mouth, recalling how you wildly turned me on last Saturday night. I clench my teeth down on the soap and wish you were here. Slowly moving the showerhead downward, I jump as the hardness of the water beats against the tender skin of my breast. Pulling the showerhead closer; almost touching me, the water forcefully pulses around my nipple, caressing it. Breathing deep, I imagine your lips suckling me. I move the showerhead to the other nipple in the same fashion, while my other hand strokes the undercurve of my breast. Delicious heat building low in my belly.

The stream of water travels slowly down my stomach, zig-zagging to kiss every inch of skin, and into my bush. Holding it there, teasing myself with the flow, as I make little circles in my hair with the stream of water. My tongue is rubbing against the bar of soap stuffed in my mouth, I open my lips and let more water in my mouth to help the lather foam up. Opening my knees a little wider, as I move the showerhead lower, letting it spray just past my pussy. Feeling myself wet with anticipation as the spray just tickles the hair around my lips. Aiming slightly upward, the flow of water runs along the seam of my lips, its warmth massaging me.

The showerhead moves closer, tilting upward just a bit more, the force of the stream entering just inside my lips, pulsing as the water shoots between them. My pelvis tilts forward, as my knees widen

further. Maneuvering the showerhead down, between my thighs, and pointing it straight at my pussy, the water penetrates my lips. Reaching down with one hand, my fingers spread open my lips. The flow of water slides up and down the length of my exposed slit, barely nicking my clit before it slides back toward my anus. My groan bounces around the bathroom tiles.

I brace my feet against either side of the tub to compensate for the trembling in my knees. Imagining its your tongue licking me so intimately. My fingers pry open the lips at the top of my pussy, exposing my clit, but not so much that it pulls back its hood. With short jerky movements, I aim the stream at my clit, and quickly away again. The staccato of water hitting and missing my clit, brings another moan to my lips.

Pulling the showerhead in close, almost touching my bud, the water flows out and surrounds my clit. Pulsing heat pounds against me, and I imagine its your lips, sucking on my clit. The echoes of my moans surround me, as the heat builds feverishly. My legs tremble, as my breasts heave and my hips jerk foreword against the showerhead. My eyes close, as the heat spreads up through my womb.

Small trembles begin in my hips, as I grind the showerhead hard against my pussy. Trembles turn to jerks and spasms as my cry ricochets off the walls. Bucking against the shower, my clit feels like its exploding under the onslaught. Frantically I ride the showerhead, grinding it closer, hips jerking as my head falls back. Waves of electricity pool in my clit and race through my body. The water washes away my juices as fast as they gush from my pussy. The jerks and spasms melt into a slow grind against the showerhead, the water flowing around my pulsing clit.

My limbs feel frozen for a moment, as the liquid washes away my juices and continues to torture my sensitive bud. In slow motion, I pull the showerhead from between my legs, and return it to its hook. I take the soap from my mouth and rinse a few times, sloshing water around making my mouth foam. Standing under the stream, the water beats down on my head, flowing over my flushed body, rinsing away the last of the soap and my cum. Chest still heaving with my labored breath, I turn off the spray and step out of the tub.

Casting a glance at my bag on the counter, I simply wrap a towel around my wet body and walk into the room. Collapsing on the nearest bed, not caring about my wet hair on the pillow, sweet melty sleepiness overtakes me. My last thoughts are of you, as my eyes slowly close, anticipating your arrival.