

Bath time Bondage 1

(Edited By: SoapyLisa)

When people conjure up images of bound women, they usually envision damsels in distress, securely bound on beds, chairs, or other bondage locations. Not too many people would consider bathtub bondage, but hopefully by the end of my story, there will be a few converts to the cause.

Why bondage in water? Some of you are likely pondering this question. Actually my wife and bondage partner, Francine and I never were bondage enthusiasts. We tried bondage once in our brass bed, finding it lacked erotic appeal for us both.

Our water-filled bondage fantasies began quite innocently. One day, Francine was in the shower, soaping up and washing her soft curvaceous body. I stood at the sink, naked, as I finished shaving.

"Honey would you mind sponging off my back?" Francine asked. "I can't quite reach the middle."

"Sure," I answered, climbing in behind her. I sponged her back and then as I prepared to leave the tub, I stepped right into a pair of her silky black panty hose, hanging down from the shower curtain. I'm always complaining to her about how they make me feel like I'm walking into a spider's web.

We're always playing childish pranks on one another, so I decided to do something to make her livid with anger. I would tie her hands with the panty hose, connect the panty hose to the shower rod and leave her stranded in the tub for a few minutes while I walked out of the room.

"Francie, will you put your hands behind your back for a second?" I asked her. "I want to wash you some more." She placed her hands behind her back, oblivious to my intentions. With deft speed, I wrapped the one leg of the hosiery around her wrists, knotting it securely. Then I drew the other leg over the curtain. She was immobile for the moment.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" she snapped. "Of all the stupid pranks. Only you would do something as juvenile as this. Untie me right now!"

"When I'm good and ready," I replied. "I think I'll go read the paper for a few minutes."

NO, I have another idea, I'm going to fill her mouth up with that cake of Safeguard soap she just unwrapped. She was using dirty language last night, this behavior needs to be corrected. "Honey, recall your behavior last night, all the profanities?" Well,

were going to wash out that potty mouth of yours with the soap, please hand the safeguard soap over to me.

"NO, she replied!" Oh, well then, Ill get it myself seeing your hands are tied, haaaa ha.....

Soon afterwards, Francine, has her mouth stuffed with soap, she is absolutely humbled. I decide to scrub that dirty mouth and make her tongue sparkle. I soaped her mouth and made suds roll down her chin, as I scraped the soap on her teeth while removing it to re-lather the bar.

Francie was perturbed to put it mildly. The veins stood out in her neck, while the misty water sprayed her. I left the room and returned a mere five minutes later, since my mischievous games are generally short lived.

When I returned, I removed the soap from her mouth and went to untie her, she was the one who shocked me by saying, "Don't untie me, just Fuck me." And she bent over as far as possible, leaving her perfect butt cheeks sticking up in the air.

My cock was rock hard. I didn't need any lubricant since my shaft was already wet from the water. I parted her butt cheeks, easing my throbbing prick up her tight chute.

A soft bubbly, "ahh," escaped from between her lips. It was interesting how she no longer protested about what I had done to her. Her anger had turned to pleasure.

Anal sex is a favorite activity of ours, but here in the tub with my wife's hands tied together, it took on a new meaning. Francine was really starting to get into this bathtub bondage scenario. She undulated her hips wildly as her anal muscles tugged frantically at my shaft. I slid rhythmically in her soapy asshole, as I grabbed her pendulous breasts, fondling them gently.

"Yes!" she gasped breathlessly. "Come up my soapy ass." Then a half minute later she cried out, "HARDER, FUCK ME HARDER!" Her pelvic movements had intensified, fanny shaking like a bowl of Jell-O while my pounding pistol kept driving in and out of her dark hole. After another thirty seconds, I had passed the point of no return. I came with a violent ejaculation, spraying a volley of sizzling semen deep toward her bowels.

That triggered another blast and in rapid succession I shot four waves of semen into her soapy backside. My cock ached from the intensity of my orgasm. I'd never felt so satisfied sexually before. Francine seemed to go insane with the ecstasy, in the throes of a terrific orgasm even though she wasn't able to touch her pussy. Her burning cunt sent a stream of pussy cream down the insides of her legs, while the last of my come flooded her backside. When I withdrew my rod from her anus, she was breathing heavy. It took awhile to recover.

"I don't know what possessed you to tie me up like that," she noted, "but thank goodness you did. After the pantyhose had been around my wrist a while, I got so incredibly horny I couldn't believe it. Or was it the soap in her helpless mouth that made her hot?"

I untied her and helped her since her mouth off. When we went into the bedroom the bondage was all we could talk about. We were so enthusiastic, like teens discussing sex for the first time. The potential of bathtub bondage has always intrigued us.

The following evening we decided to try it again. It wouldn't be so spontaneous now that we could plan things out. I began filling up the tub with water while Francine went into the bedroom. She emerged a few minutes later wearing very sexy lingerie, hardly the type of apparel for bathing.

She was dressed in a lace bra, the wispy material so transparent, I thought her massive breasts would poke through the front and around the waist was a lace garter belt with thigh high nylons reaching up to grip the garter snaps. On her feet were black leather pumps.

"You were planning on bathing?" I asked her, feeling so aroused that I wondered why we just didn't fuck in the middle of the hall.

"It's just a little something I threw together," she grinned. "Actually, I've always had a fantasy of just getting in the tub in my lingerie. I guess this is the ideal opportunity to try it out."

Who was I to argue with her? Francine had several implements of bondage already in the bathroom, consisting of nylons and pantyhose and her body was trembling, as if she was standing on a rumbling volcano. Her face was flushed almost as red as the stockings she was wearing. When the tub was half-full, she climbed in, laying on her back. The water quickly covered every inch of her body, sexy lingerie plastered to her skin.

I undressed quickly, exposing my massive cock. Francine's deep blue eyes widened when she saw it. Veins stuck out majestically. I began by taking a pair of pantyhose, binding my wife's wrists above her head, tying the hosiery to the towel holder above her. I raised her lithe legs from the water, tying a couple of nylons around her ankles. Now she was totally helpless, a bathtub prisoner. Her pussy was half submerged, vaginal lips exposed, lukewarm water splashing around her pink protrusion.

As I figured ways of going down on her, I spied our shower massager. A decidedly kinky notion crossed my mind, which would be a surprise for my wife. I tied a pair of black nylons around her eyes.

"Hey, what are you doing?" she protested. "This isn't a part of bondage."

"Don't worry," I told her. "Just relax."

She wouldn't relax. Instead she constantly argued about having her vision impaired. So to stifle her gasps, I stuffed a bar of soap past her luscious lips. I know it wasn't fair to spring a blindfold, then a gag on her, but once she calmed down I knew she would experience pleasure beyond her wildest dreams.

"You're going to thank me for this very soon," I explained, even though she was cursing me through the wet lathered soapy gag. I hooked up the shower massager to the taps. Turning it on, a misty jet of water shot from the hose. I lowered it toward her boiling box, pressing the nozzle against her pussy! Talk about wild reactions. It was as if I had pressed a 10,000-volt wire into her crotch. Her body went stiff as starch.

The pulsating stream of water spewed inside her, splashing against her cervix, clitoris, and vagina walls. It felt like millions of tiny fingers were fondling Francine's snatch. Francine was moaning with passion! I rotated the massager in circles, intensifying her pleasure. Her body was one massive convulsion. In her frenzied movements she kicked off her high heels. It floated, spike up in the water.

I sensed my wife getting closer to her release. I went and removed the soap from her luscious lips and re-lathered it, a wet bar of safeguard soap does wonders for the mouth. Open wide honey, this time she fought the soap insertion, bad move honey, your teeth will remind you of the taste for hours. In goes the soap and her teeth surely will be clean with her resistance. I kept the nozzle firmly against her cunt lips, giving her a final few tormenting blasts of water, before all hell broke loose.

"Mmmmm, mmmmm," she muttered through the gossamer gag as she was caught in the turbulent throes of a sense shattering orgasm, which encompassed her body like a blanket. She'd never come so violently before. Bead-like drops of her secretions were spilling into the water as her orgasm ran its course. I wish I had been fast enough to capture her creamy goo before it hit the water. I switched off the massager after I was sure her orgasm had ended. I removed the blindfold from her eyes, and the soap gag from her mouth.

"That was damn sneaky," she reprimanded me in a good natured manner. "And loved it!"

"I couldn't resist that surprise," I told her.

"Well give me another. Something wet. Not water. And I want it down my throat." Honey, a soapy blow job is here for you. I winked at my wife as I

moved higher in the tub. I straddled her head with my legs, raising the back of her head out of the water. Since she had her sexual release, I needed mine desperately.

I guided my shaft past her soapy anxious lips, as she engulfed me with her mouth. It was like a prison door snapping shut around me. Her tongue darted all over my prick, like a competitive athlete, trying to beat an existing record.

She bathed my prick with her talented slippery extremely soapy tongue, licking more enthusiastically than ever before. This act of bathtub bondage had transformed her from a passive cocksucker to one who puts a great deal of energy into her work. As sensational pulsations sped through my pole, I felt lightheaded for an instant, mind swirling as if caught in a whirlpool. My cock had braved her suck crazed soapy mouth and was getting closer to exploding.

I tried to resist orgasm, wanting to draw this one out to its fullest term. But when her tongue took one more journey up my shaft, I couldn't hold back another second. I ejaculated; my love cream exiting my slit in an erratic manner.

Francie's tongue didn't let up its assault. It was persistent, wanting to draw out every drop from my prick. She eagerly accepted the last of my cream. My pistol empty, I moved off her shoulders, letting her lick down the last of my come in peace. After she finished savoring my frothy delight, I asked her if she was still comfortable or whether she wanted me to untie her.

"Don't think un-pure thoughts," she quipped. "I could stay like this the rest of the week, as long as I can rinse out my soapy cum-filled mouth. Now there is a certain part of my anatomy that needs a bit more attention. The shower sprayer was fine but I can think of something long and hard that will do the job quite nicely."

I may have come once that evening but there was more juice left in my pole. I floated between her thighs, like a submarine tunneling through water, heading for that special target. I eased my shaft past swollen pink lips, scoring a direct hit in her love tunnel. What a unique feeling it is, fucking while your shaft is submerged in water and in a pussy simultaneously.

The water beat against my scrotal sac like waves as I thrust back and forth in her vagina. Francine gyrated in a sultry bump and grind routine, the water slapping around us. The entire room smelled of our arousal, or was it her soapy breath, the bar of safeguard was substantially smaller than when we started, the pretty scent as pungent as perfume.

Francine moved her head from side to side, gasps and shrieks constantly coming from between her lips. As my cock floated in its watery cocoon, the pressure in my dick was increasing. There was no need to fight the feeling any longer. Nature had taken her course. Thick wads of semen started their ascent up my pole. Upon contact with her cunt, my come burned like fire. She let out a wild gasp as her eyes went

slightly glazed and I noticed a deep sense of calm as the last of my juices entered her.

We soon had to call a halt to our bathtub game. It was a beautiful way to end the evening and we knew that there would be many more times to practice our new fetish. Why exhaust our possibilities in one evening?

Bathing has taken on an entirely new meaning for the both of us. We don't simply clean ourselves up, though I'm sure we will be cleaner now that we are combining bathing and bondage more frequently. So here's a bit of advice from two people who have been there. "Rub a dub dub, tie her up in the tub!" Your sex life will never be the same again!

Make sure you have plenty of soap on hand.....
Soapy Lisa, off to the tub.