

Naughty Naked Dream-girls play in the tub

(By: Unknown)

A moment later and all three girls were splashing together in the hot, comforting water of the valentine shaped tub, enjoying a soothing soak after their long flight.

Melanie gazed at the pair of boobs on either side of her. Kimberly's were speckled with water, the result of a bout with Melanie that had wetted both girl's mammaries. But both girl's hair still flowed, almost dry, over their slim shoulders, just as if they were posing for some naughty magazine. Melanie noticed that the upper halves of Candy's large, exquisite breasts still bobbed in dry splendor, her shapely skin untouched by the churning water, which buoyed them up.

The redhead's nipples, so pink and pretty, looked like struggling shipwrecked sailors as they barely kept themselves above the moving froth. Melanie couldn't help herself. Perhaps it was the liquor she had drunk, perhaps the conversations of Sapphic pleasures with Gwen that inspired her.

Melanie took a bottle of perfumed soap from the rim of the tub and upended it over the nearest of Candy's teats. She squeezed the plastic bottle and soap drooled out its neck and fell onto Candy's bosom. Candy gasped at the unexpected tribute to her titty. She looked down and watched as the scented fluid lumped up on the curve of her breast and then, overcome by its own weight, began to roll down toward her nipple. Melanie saw Candy's nipples stiffen.

The trail of soap bumped into Candy's pink bud and curled around it, then, building up, it rolled over the top of the erect nubbin. Kimberly, never one to be left behind by her sister, joined in the girlish fun by extending a finger to Candy's soap drowned nipple. Easily, gently, she began rubbing the pad of her finger over Candy's little nubbin.

"I wonder what a man would pay to see us like this right now?" Melanie asked, looking deep into Candy's eyes.

Candy laughed, an easy laugh, her breasts jiggling slightly. "I don't know," Candy replied. "He'd pay even more to be with us."

"Perhaps we should relieve those bellhops of their wallets," Melanie said, not knowing why.

Kimberly giggled, her massage of the outermost point of Candy's breast continuing. "Come take a bath with us," Kimberly mimed. "We need our backs washed."

"And our nipples," Candy said.

"Yes, those too, we must be clean all over," Kimberly said. Grinning, she focused her eyes even more assiduously on Candy's soaped teat, as if performing a vital task for a newborn babe.

Melanie anointed Candy's other breast, and Kimberly just as quickly lent her own special touch to that teat as well. It was as if the sisters were welcoming their new friend into the most intimate parts of their lives.

"Do my tits too!" Kimberly said after a moment, sloshing back away from Candy and thrusting out her lovely, newly grown breasts.

"Do them yourself!" Melanie laughed, and aimed her soap bottle at Kimberly and squeezed it hard enough to send a trail of the stuff arching across the tub to hit Kimberly in the face. Kimberly cried out and Melanie, still squeezing, caused looping spurts of the aromatic fluid to splatter upon Melanie's neck and breasts.

Candy, joining in the act, grabbed a soap bottle of her own and inundated Kimberly with her own oily tribute. Kimberly, far from retaliating, lifted both her hands to her breasts, grinned, and began rubbing them with her palms. Soon suds were forming, and Candy and Melanie sluiced their bodies across the tub to add more soap to Kimberly's teats. Murmuring of the beauty of Kimberly's breasts, Candy and Melanie squirted yet more soap upon them.

Kimberly lifted her breasts, accepting the further oily accolade, eyes glowing as layer upon layer of fluid was mounded onto the curves of her mammaries, looking like half-built spires of some wet sand castle.

"Mmm, strawberry!" Kimberly said as some of the soap that had earlier struck her face trailed past the corner of her mouth. Her eyes were wide, the soap in them not stinging them in the least.

"Give me more!" Kimberly demanded, opening her mouth so some of the soap could be squirted into it. But Melanie interceded twixt her and Candy.

"It's not for eating, though a little bit in your mouth won't hurt," Melanie advised. Kimberly, not to be denied, lowered her face toward her breasts to lick the soap off her breasts. But Melanie's hands got there first, and began rubbing the unassimilated mounds of soap into the suds that already clung to Kimberly's tits.

Candy, perhaps inspired by Melanie, slipped behind the girl and lifted her own hands to cup Melanie's boobs from behind. "Does that feel good?" Candy asked, even as Melanie's face took on a look of wonder at the unexpected attention.

"Mmm, yes," Melanie purred, letting herself be pampered as she worked to keep her little sister from devouring the soap on her breasts. This tableau had continued

for just a little while when Candy leaned forward and whispered amorously in Melanie's ear:

"I wish I had a dildo on to fuck you with."

"I wish I had one--I'd jam it right up this little cunt," Melanie said of Kimberly. Then: "I told you, don't eat the soap!" as the obstreperous Kimberly made to bow her face to her breasts yet again.

"Help me submerge her. I'll never get her away from this soap otherwise," Melanie said to Candy. The redhead came around from behind Melanie and each of them pressed their hands upon Kimberly's shoulders. As they pushed the girl down into the foaming water Kimberly extended her tongue and flicked it at Candy's teat, just catching a bit of the strawberry soap on her tongue.

"Mmm!" Kimberly said, impishly licking her lips just before her entire head was dunked beneath the tub's miniature waves. Kimberly began struggling as soon as her head disappeared beneath the water. Melanie felt a hand attack her pussy, Candy too gave a lurch as she was bopped in the tummy by a fist. A moment later and a spluttering Kimberly was let up from beneath the rippling waters, looking like a kitten that had taken an unwelcome bath. At once Kimberly lunged at her sister, and a moment later it was Melanie whose head disappeared beneath the waves. Candy clambered atop Kimberly and managed to pull her off her sibling.

Effortlessly the girls segued into an actual bathing of their bodies. The strawberry squeeze bottles empty now, the girls turned to a cake of soap to do their actual work with. There being only one, and nobody willing to go look for more, the girls shared it. Fortunately it was a generous cake. All three girls rubbed their hands simultaneously on the bar of soap until they had raised suds. Twice the bar slipped from their joint grasp and had to be fetched from the bottom of the tub, necessitating a re-start of the entire procedure. But the girls didn't mind.

They giggled and laughed and, finally, hands caked with suds, they each began lathering their own bodies. The bathroom being a bridal suite, no washcloths were in evidence, though no doubt one could have been found if the effort had been undertaken. Instead each girl just used her hands to lather herself, aided by frequent return trips to the bar, which alternately passed between them as each claimed it for her own. (Kimberly seemed to get to hold the bar more than the other two.) At one point, about halfway through, Melanie happened to lean just far enough over the side of the tub to see an unused bath sponge lying on the floor, an apparent casualty of their earlier frolics. Melanie retrieved the sponge for herself and had no sooner wet it than it too became an object of contention between the girls.

Like the bar of soap, it also wound up changing owners with surprising frequency. Their soak and washing finally at an end, the girls stepped from the tub. Languorously their lean bodies reached for towels, their long legs and pendant teats reflecting back

at them in the room's many mirrors. Each girl bent forward, hoping to pluck a towel from a towel bar along the wall without having to step off the furry bath mat by the tub. The tiled floor beyond promised to greet their feet with a chill. Kimberly managed to pluck a towel from a bar, but in doing so she caused one of the other two towels to fall to the floor along the wall.

"Thanks a lot," Melanie said. She knew one of them would now be without, and even as she spoke Candy managed to grab the remaining towel from the rack. Melanie need not have complained. Candy, towel in hand, turned to her and wordlessly offered to dry her.

Melanie accepted.

Even as Candy's body still dripped water, beginning to feel the cold of the room, the redhead worked the towel over her, massaging her deeply with it. Soon Kimberly, wrapped warmly in her towel, was gazing forlornly at the other two, certain that she had been deprived of their fun yet again.

Finally Kimberly hopped from the furry bath mat and leapt across the cold tiled floor to the bedroom carpeting beyond.

Melanie, dry now, rubbed down Candy in turn. She admired the redhead's body as she worked. There was a feeling of electricity between them. Forbidden pleasures seemed to beckon. The curls of Candy's pubic hair seemed so neat and tight, as if God himself had sewn them on for his own personal pleasure. Her thighs were lissome, lightly tanned as if someone had gently brazed them over a fire.

Melanie stood erect, her task done. The towel slipped from her grasp. The two girls looked at each other, their eyes bright. Their hands brushed each other's hips. Their mouths seemed to linger over one another, though untouching. The nipples of their breasts grazed one another. And then, just as quickly as the passion had welled up within them, it was repressed.

The girls stepped back from one another. They had shared something there, in that moment, but had pressed it back down within themselves. Someone else was needed to bring it out. A woman like Gwen perhaps, or, better, a man.

The girls retreated across the room together, toward the carpeting of the bedroom. Somehow their feet neglected to inform them of the cold of the tiles. They walked without flinching, their minds preoccupied with other thoughts. Their hands brushed but did not clasp. Breasts preceding them, hips rolling in farewell to the tub, they gained the carpeting beyond the doorway.

Kimberly was there, sitting on the edge of the room's only bed, playing her space game. Once more the aliens were on the run. Candy sat down beside her and urged the game from her hands. Kimberly put a palm to Candy's shoulder and leaned in to

her, then pointed out the aspects of the game as Candy took command of the imaginary spaceship.

Soon Candy was engrossed in childish ways, the sensations she had shared with Melanie on the bath mat shut from her mind. Melanie too, though no fan of the space game, found herself once more preoccupied with simpler things. She found a teddy bear alarm clock snuggling behind a night table lamp on the far side of the bed. With juvenile enthusiasm she picked it up and began fiddling with it.

Next to where the bear had been was a bowl of jellybeans. As Melanie looked over the bear she began plucking beans from the bowl and popping them into her mouth.

The three girls slept soundly that night, their heads finding refuge on each other's shoulders as they snoozed away the remainder of the waning evening, ensconced in the big honeymoon bed.