

The Journey Part A

(By: SoapyLisa)

In the quiet softness of the morning light, she opened her eyes.

He was there, sleeping still, his arm draped across her body. His deep, slow breathing a softly joyous sound. She touched his hair, feeling its silky texture under her fingers and palm. She watched him lovingly; A beautifully sleeping man. He rolled away from her, snoring quietly. She rose from the bed and went to the bathroom.

His eyes opened to the shaft of light that was streaming from the bathroom's open door. He could hear the shower, as gentle wisps of steam sauntered softly across the ceiling. He rolled over and could smell her on the pillow. He breathed deeply and hugged it tightly.

As his eyes adjusted to the softness of the morning light, and the fuzziness of sleep left his brain, he heard her showering, the water making splashing sounds against the curtain. His curiosity aroused, he quietly tiptoed to the door and looked in. He could see her reflection in the mirror that was opposite the tub, watched her intently as she bathed. He saw her soap her bath sponge rubbing it across her shoulders and down her arms.

She squeezed the sponge so that the soapy lather slid down the front of her, little bubbles clinging to her breasts and stomach. She laid her head back into to the stream of water from the shower head to wet her hair. She opened her eyes ever so slightly and through the clear vinyl curtain caught him in the mirror, his face lit by the bathroom light. She raised her arms over her head and squeezed the sponge again, the soap running down her neck in between her breasts, in a river of slipperiness.

She entwined her fingers in the loop of the sponge and cupped her breasts in her hands, squeezing soap bubbles between her fingers, as she massaged them. Her nipples hard with anticipation, her hands ran down her stomach and stopped at her navel, making a 'v' shape on her body. She pushed downward, her hands closing together, leading the soap bubbles to cover the hair of her sex. She turned and bent slightly, adjusting the water temperature, giving him a glimpse of her ass. She raised the sponge again and soapy bubbles slid down her back, disappearing into the crack of it. She grabbed both cheeks in her hands and squeezed them, her fingers pressed firmly into her flesh. She lifted and parted them slightly, to rinse the bubbles from herself. Even above the rush of the water, she could hear him breathing.