

The Shower

(By: Suzan)

She stepped into the shower. The temperature was just right, very warm but not scalding, and she luxuriated in the feel of the fine spray on her shoulders, as her neck muscles relaxed. She arched her back, and stepped back a little, letting the water soak her hair, and run down her face and across her breasts. She reached down for the shampoo, and started massaging it into her hair, working up a fine lather.

As she stepped under the spray to rinse her hair, she suddenly felt his hands on her shoulders.

"Mmmm", she mumbled, and leaned back against his strong chest, as his hands rubbed soap along her shoulders and down her arms. She could feel his hardness against her buttocks, and wiggled against it playfully as his sudsy hands roamed up her sides, finally encircling her and moving up to her breasts. He playfully tickled the edges and the undersides, but eventually his fingers found their way to her nipples, which had gotten hard almost at his first touch. He squeezed her nipples as his lips found her neck, and he nibbled his way up to her earlobe, biting it rather hard, and she jumped.

She turned around then, and their lips met. He pushed his tongue inside her mouth, his arms encircling her, and she reached down to touch his maleness. She took it in her hand, caressing it gently sudsing and rubbing the shaft, moving a finger down to caress the his testicles. He arched his back, pushing himself against her belly as his erection grew. She knelt down and planted a kiss on the soapy tip.

He moaned, and ran his fingers through her hair as the water of the shower rained down around her, and she took his penis into her mouth. She could taste the soapiness of it, and she ran her tongue around the head, feeling his flavor in the whole of her mouth before she started to suck on him. Her right hand encircled his shaft, and she began to rhythmically stroke him in time with the action of her mouth.

She could feel his excitement grow, as the water ran down her face, and she took more of him into her mouth. She moved her hand back to caress his testicles and drew almost his complete shaft into her throat. She generated as much suction as she could, and started to use her mouth to move him in and out, taking his entire length into her throat on the deep stroke. Rhythmically she stroked, faster and faster, and finally with a groan, he reached orgasm. She took him out of her mouth then, and let the water of the shower run across his penis to clean it.

He pulled her up from her knees and smiling, lifted her in his arms and carried her from the shower. He took a large, fluffy bath towel and began to dry her shoulders and worked down to her back, then putting his arms around her to dry her breasts and stomach. Kneeling, he towed off her legs and feet, and as she stood ran a teasing finger up the inside of her leg, almost to her sex. She trembled a little at the sensation,

and even more as his finger began to trace the inside of her thigh. He moved his fingers up to gently brush the folds of skin around her vulva, massaging and kneading the tender flesh, and sending shock waves through her body with every motion. Her legs began trembling, and he pulled her down next to him. She lay on her back.

He knelt between her legs and lightly licked the inside of her thigh. She moaned, and spread her legs more widely as he licked higher onto her vulva, teasing it gently for a second before retreating and licking at her other thigh. She reached her hands down to his hair, and gently stroked his head and caressed the muscles of his neck as he blew gently on her clit. He took it into his mouth and sucked on it gently, causing her to gasp. Then he pulled back and began to use his tongue in earnest, sometimes quickly, other times slower, moving it vertically or making slow, lazy circles around her clit. He worked a quick finger inside of her and penetrated deeply, and moved it in and out in the rhythm of his tongue moving against her clitoris.

She moaned at the feelings he was inducing in her body, and as they intensified she orgasmed, writhing, on the floor.

He looked up at her and smiled, and then crawled up her body to lie on top of her. She put her arms around him and luxuriated in his maleness, his smell and the texture of his body on top of her. Soon she could feel him becoming hard again, and she parted her legs to let him enter. He slid in smoothly, and they lay motionless for a moment, enjoying the sensation of her vaginal walls around him.

Eventually he started to thrust himself rhythmically into her, moving his hips against hers, and she rose up to meet him on each deep thrust. She put her arms around his back, caressing his strong muscles and his buttocks, pulling him even more deeply inside of her. His mouth found hers, not gently, and they savagely kissed, his tongue forcing itself into her mouth in time with his strokes. He groaned, and she could feel him starting to spasm inside of her. The sensation brought her to her own orgasm, and they came together, shuddering.

He stayed inside of her as they lay together in the afterglow, enjoying the sensations of each-others' body, their arms around each other, until, smiling, she pushed him off of her, giving him one last kiss, to return to the shower that he had so rudely interrupted...