

After The Shower

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Published on Lush Stories on 08 Nov 2009

This is my second story. Comments are all very welcome

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Sophie stood facing up towards the water, allowing it to cascade down her body; the feeling of the hot water running down her was so sensual. As the water pounded down on her she allowed herself to think to how she got to be stood here taking a shower in his flat.

She had just ended a relationship. It had been dead for a long time but they had just carried on living life together not really speaking or spending time together and defiantly not being intimate in any type of way. Then she was out one night and she met him, his name was Alex, he was so sexy and the first man she had properly been attracted too in a long time. They spent the night talking and it was then she realised she was still young; she didn't have to carry on in a broken relationship just because neither of them wanted to admit it was over so she ended it.

She had started spending time with Alex just as friends but she couldn't deny or ignore the sexual tension that sparked between them. They had kissed but nothing more than that. The sale of her house with her ex was quite stressful and was taking a long time so Alex suggested that she could stop at his flat whenever she wanted to get away from it all so she did, he had even been sleeping on the sofa so she could have the bed and now here she was stood taking a shower while he was out.

She reached for the sponge and squeezed on some of her shower gel and worked it up into lather by rubbing it over herself. The sweet, subtle smell of her honey and milk shower gel filled the bathroom as she washed. She washed her body down and then went back and started to rub the sponge slowly over her large breasts, making her nipples stand up. She reached a hand up and squeezed her nipple hard between her thumb and finger; she couldn't prevent the soft groan from escaping her lips. She missed being touched, tasted and teased; it had been such a long time. She allowed her hand to wonder down and she opened her legs so she could reach her pussy. She rubbed the sponge over it, enjoying the feeling of the rough sponge on her clit. She dropped the sponge and rubbed herself with her hand, feeling her smooth, soapy pussy, exploring all her folds with her fingers yet avoiding her clit

for now. Sophie decided it was time to get out of the shower and finish herself off in the bedroom so she turned off the water and wrapped a towel round herself. Her feet padded softly on the carpeted landing, leaving little wet patches from off her feet.

She entered his room and breathed in deeply, she loved the smell of him, it was so arousing and she felt her juices start to flow already. She lay the towel down on the bed and then lay down on her back on it. She spread her legs wide open and started to stroke herself again very softly with one hand as the other grabbed at her breast again, and roughly pulled at her nipple. She closed her eyes and thought of him. She imagined him looking into her eyes as his tongue flicked over her nipples, she wanted to watch him suck them and play with them in his mouth. The hand that was at her pussy rubbed harder now, her fingers spreading her lips while her middle finger slid down, dipping into the wetness and then rubbing at her clit.

She imagined him doing it with his hands, only his skin would be slightly rougher on her and he would probably be applying more pressure. She sighed lightly as she imagined him kissing and licking a trail down her body towards her pussy. She imagined him teasing her by bypassing her pussy and kissing down her thighs, she would have to beg him to lick her she pictured the image, her rubbing becoming faster and harder, her breaths becoming more like gasps and her moans becoming louder. She pictured him sucking on her clit, making her arch her back in pleasure, him flicking his tongue over it and then sucking it again. She slipped a finger inside of herself and allowed the hand that had been pinching and playing with her nipple to continue rubbing her clit. She had imagined him slipping a finger inside her as he licked at her pussy, sliding it in and out of her gently, just the same as she was doing, then adding another finger and then a third and fucking her with them slowly.

She wanted him so much now, it had been so long since she had any type of contact from anyone but her own hands and her pussy now ached for his cock. She tried to imagine what it would look like, how big it would be, she imagined him between her legs rubbing his cock against her opening and then up to her clit and down again, almost pushing it inside of her but not quite using enough pressure. She was teasing herself just the same as she was imagining him to tease her.

“Fuck me now, please...” she actually whispered the words out loud as she plunged her fingers inside

herself deeply. She really started to moan loudly as she fucked herself with the same speed she wanted him only she imagined him being able to do it harder than she could. Her breaths were only gasps now and she could feel herself coming close to her climax. She started to fuck herself as hard as she could with one hand and rub her clit faster with the other, she could feel it rising in her now, the powerful waves were building, ready take her over the edge. "Cum over my tits now" she said it out loud, ordering him, wishing he were there. She imagined him erupting all over her tits just at the same time as she came. As she felt her pussy tighten and squeeze her fingers she imagined feeling his load land over her tits and nipples and as the waves started to ebb away and fade she left her fingers buried deep inside her and left her eyes closed as she imagined watching him squeeze out the last few drops from his cock and letting the drip down onto her.

She was still now just concentrating on her breathing, imaging hearing his too, listening to both of them start to get their breath back but as she heard hers start to return to normal she couldn't shake the sound of his raggedy breathing from her mind. She pulled her fingers from her pussy and rubbed her own cum on her nipples, that would have to do since I can't have his Sophie thought. She slowly opened her eyes properly and sat herself up still unable to shake the images of him from her mind and the sound of him breathing, it was really strong.

Oh God, she froze as a thought came to her, she really could hear breathing!! She slowly looked up towards the door and there he was stood!! He was rubbing an obvious bulge in his jeans. "Thinking of me?" he asked and he closed the door behind him as he started to walk towards her...