

# Hunger Part III

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*Weekend of Self-Examination and Wanton Exploraton Continues*

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I wake to the humming sound of my phone vibrating on the wooden night stand next to my bed. Groggily, I reach for the offending appliance, resist throwing it against the wall and press the button to accept the unwelcome intrusion to my slumber. It is him. "Hi," I mumble. "You woke me up." "Poor baby," he replies in a voice that I know means he is smiling at my expense. "Get up and Carpe Diem kiddo! I mean, it's past noon already. Anyway, I just wanted to tell you that I'm on the plane and about to take off. I'll let you know when I get there. Now get your ass out of bed." Without comment, I hang up by pressing the button on my phone and, lying splayed on the bed, raise my eyes to look at the clock. It stares back at me, chiding me like he did as it flashes 12:10 PM. "Shut up," I tell it. "I'm moving, can't you see?" 12:11 PM. 'Heartless bastard' I think to myself. It takes a Herculean effort but I manage to sit up and, with a lurch, actually succeed in standing and stepping naked from the bed. I stretch my arms high and arch my back to loosen my stiff muscles. I twist my head and look at my armpits and notice the slight dark stubble emerging from my pores. I walk to the bathroom and plop unceremoniously onto the toilet where I lower my head to my knees and, with a sigh, empty my swollen bladder. I don't bother to wipe myself as I quickly step into the large tub that doubles as my shower. I reach over and turn the hot water spigot until I can no longer twist it. I draw the curtains closed and huddle in a corner with my arms wrapped around my body as I wait for the water to warm and for the steam to rise and envelop me. When it does, I adjust the temperature by simultaneously adding some cold water while dialing back the hot so that I can fearlessly stride under the stream that spews from the large round shower staring down at me. I love my shower. The water pressure is intense but not harsh. Each time I am in there, the liquid comes forth with a strength that instantly awakens no matter the time of day. I stand beneath the waterfall, mesmerized, my face turned up in rapture, my mouth open to drink in the elixir that cleans and invigorates me. I turn and make sure that my back enjoys the penetrating pulse of the driven fluid and feel my hair matted against my back as a torrent runs down my spine, slides between my cheeks and then splashes to the floor. I sit on the edge of the tub and lather my sponge with soap. Starting with my feet, I quickly cover my legs with suds and rub away the collection of dirt, grime, dead skin and sexual residue that have accumulated overnight. I stand up and move to my face, neck and arms, scrubbing vigorously all around and under, drawing up a new layer of pink flesh to share the day with me. I save my tummy and privates

for last. I am alone. I have nothing I have to do. Maybe I can just relax and savor the moment as the warm water streams around me, over me, down me. I gaze at myself, at my breasts standing out from my chest; twin mounds with alert sentries being deluged by the cascade of water. I take the sponge and wash between the hillocks and watch as the bubbles slide down my abdomen, around my navel and get caught in my pubic hair before being rinsed away down the drain. I gently lift each breast in turn and wash beneath them and then graze my nipples with the soft loofa. I reach up and adjust the stream on the shower head and then lean back as I try to get the narrowed spray to splat against my pussy. I rub the sponge across my abdomen, trailing it along the contours of my muscled belly and around my narrow hips as the jet of the water hits my pussy lips. I add more soap and work the foam into my bush. I lift a leg, spread a cheek and squat slightly so I can reach down between my thighs and drag the soapy exfoliator from my tailbone to the bottom of my pussy making sure to swab the skin inside my ass and to slide my finger delicately across the puckered eye. I stand straight and attend to my labia, gently scrubbing them as I reach up to a breast and squeeze a nipple in a confused reaction to the sensations that have begun to make me tingle. 'Do I want to or not?' I ponder, now taking several fingers and working the lather into my crevasse. My thoughts drift as I weigh the increasing desire to satisfy myself again with the growing recognition that the day is slipping away. My fingers slide deep inside me and I feel the walls of my cavern, smooth over here, ridged up there. I slip a finger into my anus and reach to try and touch the tips of my fingers to each other though the thin wall of the canal that separates them. I succeed and sense a growing presence. My 'friends' are waking. With deliberation I pull my fingers out of my holes and grab the soap to wash them clean. Momentarily, I let my practical side win the battle and I determine to finish my bathing sans orgasm. I turn down the water and reach for a towel to pat dry my legs, underarms and crotch. Sitting on the edge of the tub, I grab the L'Occitane almond shower oil that I use as a lubricant when I shave. I grease my armpits and swiftly slide the razor over the stubble. Next, I apply the slippery emollient to both of my legs and intently focus as I pull the three-bladed shaver along the curves of my calves and up my thighs. My pussy sits open as my legs are spread and twisted to allow me to get the best shaving angles. I feel the steam from the slowly running water rise and bath my lips in warm dew. I feel the blood moving to the area between my legs and shake my head in amazed wonder at how my body is betraying my mind. Desperately trying to find a renewed sense of fortitude, I squirt some oil onto the savanna of curls that lie above my tunnel and massage the balm around the puffy mound and parted gates. The slick ointment feels luxurious to me and I sigh as I trail a finger around myself to ensure that every hair, whether soft and full grown or short and bristling, has a coat of this magnificent salve. The feeling of silky slickness draws forth a shiver and I see the tip of my clit emerge from its protective shelter. 'Touch me,' it urges. 'Stroke me,' it gasps as it grows and stiffens. Promising myself that I won't completely falter, I caress the demanding organ with an oily digit and immediately bend at the waist as the delicious sensation catches me unprepared and courses through me with a jolt. 'Yes' it cries. 'Again, do it again. Don't stop.' And I sense my helpers creep closer to my consciousness. I don't want to give in and I press hard on the annoying nub to keep it at bay, immediately dissipating the nascent apparitions in my head. I grab the razor again and gently

abrade my lips, slicing away every hint of fur that I can see or feel with my fingers from the valley where my legs meet my cunt right to the edge of my clit. I regard myself and begin to think about how it looks, my partly bare pussy. The air feels closer than it ever has before and I like the sensation. I blow down on myself and continue scraping with the razor, mowing the area so that I am left with a two inch swath of dark tresses sitting above a bald mound of pouty flesh. Excited by my new look, I quickly rinse away any remaining oil and suds, step out of the shower and stride to the bedroom toweling myself dry. I grab my deodorant and quickly slide the scentless stick under my arms, put it down and reach for some moisturizer. Pausing, I decide to go back to the bathroom and seize the almond oil instead. Naughtily, I march to the closet and swing open the door revealing the full length mirror that hangs there. I lay down the towel and sit on it. I stare at the face in the mirror. My eyes look back at me disapprovingly, reminding me that I have agreed to forego the lustful craving that I am in danger of rousing again. With a shrug I ignore the rebuke and rationalize that I need to finish my post shower routine and that this involves a certain amount of touching of sensitive areas of my body. I look down at my proud breasts thinking how large my aureolae are when not aroused. I run a finger around a nipple so that I can watch the brown skin tighten and shrink as the nipple simultaneously pops forth. Involuntarily, I lick my lips. With a burst of honest introspection I admit to myself that I sat down to look at my newly shaven twat. To examine it, to admire it, to test whether it feels or reacts differently to a touch. I avoid my mirrored eyes and gaze down so that I can ogle my truly naked pleasure pot. Moving closer, I look at pores that have not been clear of growth since before puberty. My folds sit slightly parted, their crinkled edges bending inwards as if trying to hide from my leering gaze. I place a few drops of oil on my fingers and begin to polish my vulva with the viscous liquid, gently working the balm into the flesh to cool the slight burning sensation created by the shaving action itself. I tingle at the feeling; my touch feels closer and more electric than it ever has before. I shudder with tension and glance at my clitoris which, no longer having a hiding place, juts down like a root from the grassy knoll above it. Cautiously, I touch it, dragging a fingertip down its length. It hardens immediately and swells to the girth of a pencil. The hood seems to draw back as the head of my clit emerges and surveys its territory. 'More,' I hear it shout. 'Harder,' it demands. I reach beneath me and spread apart the entrance to my pussy as I twirl a greasy finger around my swaying shaft. I stare longingly in the mirror transfixed by my own gaping and hairless snatch and marvel at how its ugly beauty has so aroused me. I feel helpless and in its command; mesmerized by the overlapping folds that line the path to bliss. I close my eyes and they are there, loving me. One has managed to squeeze his head between the mirror and my pussy and he is running his tongue along the lips that I keep wide with my hand. The other has pulled out his cock and has knelt so that I can accommodate him in my mouth. He slides in and out deepening his penetration into my throat with each succeeding push. 'Look,' my sex orders and I lean to a side, open my eyes and lift a leg so that I can stare at my stretched slit and my asshole together while I frig my nub and imagine them at the same time. Something catches my eye. Moving as close as I can, I see them, a few isolated strands of hair that have escaped my barbering and now mar my fantasy of smoothly shorn perfection. And the moment is lost.