Shower Time

By Mistress_of_words

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I hope you're sitting comfortably, this show is for you.

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/shower-time.aspx

I imagine you're watching me and close my eyes as the hot water hits my naked skin. What are you thinking, standing right there in the room with me as I lather up my hair and let the suds drip down? Excitement races through me. I imagine your eyes wandering up and down my body, following the falling suds as they slide over my breasts, down my stomach and on down my legs.

The hot water feels nice on my skin, soothing and relaxing my tired muscles. I imagine what it would feel like to have your body pressed against my back, your arms hugging my waist, the water tumbling over your skin as well as mine.

It starts with a tingle in my nipples and a flutter in my stomach. I want you to be watching me. I rinse my hair, leaning back in rapture to let the water warm my face. I put both hands up into my hair, wanting you to see the way it lifts my breasts up. With my eyes closed I can almost hear your heavy breathing, but it's only my own.

For a minute I just let the water caress my skin, sliding my hands across my stomach and down to my hips. My nipples tighten thinking about you and I move my hands up to hold my breasts, imagining it's your hands.

Then I reach for my shower scrunchie, a little pink one, and lather it up. I hope your sitting comfortably now, this show is for you. I start tracing slow circles around my stomach. My free hand spreads some of the suds round to my side and then I move both hands up to my breasts. I imagine the scratchy feel of the scrunchie is the stubble on your chin as you kiss my skin.

My hands are starting to shake and my knees tremble; I know what's coming. I smooth my hands down over my hips, down my thighs and back up again. I tilt my head back, eyes closed as I envision

you watching me. Your eyes make my skin tingle and burn. I put one foot up on the side of the bath, spreading my legs to give you a good view, and then I draw the soapy scrunchie over my inner thigh, just letting it tickle my mound at the top. I move both hands down my leg to my ankle, leaning forwards. I'd look you in the eyes, if you were here.

I swap legs and give you the same show again, leaning forwards until my breasts touch my knee. This time, as I move back up, I stroke my soapy hand just once over my pussy. I'm swollen and wet, more from the thought of you watching than from touching myself.

I turn my back to you and run the soapy scrunchie over my ass. Then I spread my legs and lean forwards as far as I can. I like to think you moan as I present my soapy, wet pussy to you. Are you hard yet? I put my hand between my legs and draw my fingers through the suds. Can you see me? I hope so.

I turn again and lean back against the wall. I put my leg up again and angle my hips forwards. I slide my soapy fingers over my clit and gasp, imagining it's your hand as I rub in slow circles and slide my fingers around my opening, pressing against my swollen lips.

My other hand returns to my breasts, kneading and massaging. I flick my nipples, imagining you biting them. Can you taste my skin? I need more. I don't want to be touching myself, I want it to be you. But you're so far away. I step back under the water and wash the soap from my skin then I take the shower head down. I turn it to massage and crank the flow up so the water shoots out in a jet.

I close my eyes and direct the water at my nipples. It tickles and teases, like your tongue. Bite me! Suckle me and make me moan. I move the jet down and lift my leg again. I tremble in anticipation as I expose my clit with one hand. I know the water will make me come, like you would. I angle the jet and let out a tiny cry. I can feel your tongue on me; teasing, sucking, nibbling. Make me come.

No! No, it's still not right. I want my hands free, so I can let myself go to the fantasy. I set the shower head back up in its holder. The water falls in a small circle and I lay myself down in the bath, moving until I am positioned under it. Then I spread my legs and let the falling torrent patter onto me. Hands free now, I'm out of control. Now I can really believe you're here. The water laps my clit, pounding and tormenting, and I imagine you sucking and nibbling on me.

I whisper your name, over and over and keep my eyes shut so the reality of what I see cannot intrude. I'm with you. Suck me, bite me. My whole body shakes and little cries escape my lips. Give me what I need. Take my control away. Make me yours. Make me come. Make me, make me…

"Oh God yes! Yes!"

I pull my legs together, suddenly too sensitive to take the water’s harsh pounding. I hug my body tight as I shake and convulse; my breath ragged and uneven.

You were amazing baby. Was it good for you?