

An Night to Remember, Part II

By Roman

Published on Lush Stories on 28 Mar 2008

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It's not just the steam in the bathroom heating things up....

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The coolness of the marble vanity which pressed against her buttocks blended with the heat of his breath against her neck, creating a dichotomy of sensations that enveloped her with unmitigating ferocity. It injected into her spine a river of tingling electricity that tumbled over nerve endings before waterfaling into her most intimate areas with a thunderous crash.

He was leaning over and into her now, and as his muscled body bridged the last few inches that separated them, her legs relinquished their last vestiges of feigned willpower and spread open, accepting him eagerly, without restraint. She leaned back, her shoulders touching the glass of the mirror, which was now opaque from the steam in the room, and braced her trembling body against the flat vanity top with her hands. Her spread legs wrapped themselves around his back and pulled him inexorably closer, unconsciously trying to pull him deeply into her and complete their expectant union.

Their angle, however, prevented this immediate satisfaction, and his manhood instead buried itself vertically between the impatient swollen folds of her womanhood. She held him tautly there with her legs, and pierced his eyes with her unflinching gaze. Locked together like this, his searing heat and throbbing pulse transferred to her like the merciless beatings of a percussionist, his felt-covered timpani mallet beating the stretched, taught skin of the drum, sending shock waves reverberating unhindered through her body. They traveled through her womanhood, involuntarily clenching her already-tight abs, and played her rib cage like a xylophone before gripping her thundering heart,

which bludgeoned her in glorious synchronicity with his searing, swollen pulse.

Without separation of their bodies, their sex, or their eyes, his hands grabbed her ass and lifted her from the vanity, her hands moving from the countertop to wrap themselves securely around his neck. She felt now like she was floating in a sea of swirling mist, the heat lamp in the room barely penetrating the thick hot vapor, like a sun lost in a thick fog. She was suspended weightless in a dream that threatened to end with a sudden startling awake—and she didn't want this dream to end.

Their lips once again melted together in unbridled exploration. Her senses were so lost in pleasure, feeling his tongue, his lips, his skin, the heat of his pulsing manhood, that she didn't even feel him move to the shower, and didn't hear him open the glass door. Bound in a glorious union, they stepped inside, wrapped together, and the warm tingle of gentle water caressed the back of her neck, the drops running down the valleys on both sides of her spine, causing her goosebumps to rise even more, if that were possible.

He closed the shower door. This is heaven on earth . Us, together, alone, finally .

The water that traced both sides of her spine rejoined at the bottom of her perfect back and trickled teasingly between the cheeks of her shapely ass, which were spread open by his large hands. She immersed herself fully in the sensations... the water lapping at her anal rosebud and continuing lower, the water's surface tension forcing it to cling to her body rather than falling to the floor as gravity would otherwise mandate. Her skin, already in a state of elevated awareness, recorded the particulars of every drop's meanderings and sent hurried messages to her synapses, which struggled to cope with the flood of messages that barraged her already swamped consciousness. She finally yielded, and stopped trying to cope with the messages, and instead just let them wash over her, just like the water and his heat.

Her eyes had, til now, been continuously locked on his, but the visual stimuli in combination with the physical were now too much--she needed to focus solely on the feelings now. Her eyes closed as she

laid her head against his wet shoulder, her face facing his neck, feeling the roughness of his unshaved skin. With attention now focused exclusively on her sense of touch, she perceived the water continuing further, filling the valley between the walls of her sex, lapping at and circling around her vagina. Focused on that sensation, she could (and did) imagine his finger touching her there... or his tongue... either or both would be delicious , she thought.

Though his manhood was still firmly placed between her legs and lips, she sensed the water continue its steady advance between her skin and his, being pushed along by the warm ribbon that continued to pour from her back, thus exiting from the inverted bowl of the entrance to her sex and spilling over the far lip to continue its journey, where it found and intimately fondled her clitoris. Around and around this sweet spot the warm water swirled, and her breath quickened, then stopped. The feeling threatened to overwhelm her, and she escaped the held breath into a sigh in his ear before turning her head downward and burying her open mouth on the top of his shoulder, groaning deep into his soul. Though she denied where it might lead her, she felt the crescendo within her germinating, and her focus on the sensations consuming her led her into a trance-like state. He knew, even if she did not, where she was headed—he could feel the anticipatory release quivering in her. The water knew, too, and continued unabated to persuade her culmination.

The tremors that instantly consumed her came without further warning, starting deep inside her womanhood, radiating outwards and through her, washing over her, coursing through the very core of her being. After a seeming eternity of blissful waves of pleasure, as the last ripples washed over her, the water finally realized that it had reached its objective, and it let loose its gentle but almost painful grip on her clit and cascaded backwards, away from her tenderness, letting her go gently, and then dribbled away to the floor of the shower.

As she floated back to the surface, she became aware that she was biting his shoulder. She raised her head, saw the teeth marks, and started to utter an apology, but was halted when his finger touched her lips with a gentle sssssshhhh and a knowing smile. He reached behind him and helped her release her now-cramped legs, and lowered her gently to the warm shower floor, the bullets of her nipples catching lightly on his, too, before snapping over them deliciously as she slid slowly down his body. She had not the strength in her legs to support her own weight, so she leaned against his body, nestled in the crook of his arm, which was now stretched around her back, as he turned and leaned against the wall, both of them content in the afterglow of the unexpected but fantastically

glorious climax she—they—had shared.

In need of further respite, her weakened legs buckled slightly, and with her arms wrapped around his torso, she lowered herself to her knees. He considered joining her on the floor of the shower, enjoying the warm waterfall from above, but she sensed his movement and stopped it with a firmly implanted flat hand against his rock hard stomach, pinning him to the tile shower wall. Her gaze arced upwards to meet his, and the glint in her eye and smile that crossed her lips teased the same duality of expression from him. Parroting his earlier admonition, she placed her finger across his lips and whispered sssssshhhh ... he wisely obeyed, closed his eyes and laid his head back against the wall. Eyes served him no purpose now: he could feel her hands on his legs and hips, and he enjoined his mind to full participation in any cruel, sweet wickedness she might choose to visit upon him. He could not have imagined what would prove to come next...

Her kneeling position placed her at eye level with the full unharnessed evidence of his deep want for her. She looked up once more, and confirmed that he was not watching what she was about to do. Her fingers rose up onto their tips and her nails imperceptibly scratched his skin as she ran her hands up his inner thighs. His legs were powerful, muscular, and tan... she wondered if he was enjoying being touched by her as much as she was enjoying touching him. The guttural groan of pleasure that escaped his clenched teeth was the satisfying reply to her unuttered question. Her fingertips approached his sack from underneath. She didn't actually touch his skin—her fingertips just brushed the hairs. She could see the sack contract as though it were cold, despite the fact that it was very warm in the shower. Inside, like alien twins in some space egg sack, but not nearly as frightening, she observed his testicles squirm and wriggle under the power of her touch.

She wanted to feel them. Her hands cupped and supported his balls of seed, the surface of the skin surrounding them tight yet intersected by alternating miniature valleys and cravasses that trapped and channeled the shower water as it fell from his broad shoulders, down his chest and into her hands. The sack relaxed gently, trustingly, into her warm soft embrace. She could feel the movement inside the sack now, of the origins of his seed, as they lay on her encircling palms. Trapped inside, they writhed and yearned to get out, to be with her. She brought her lips close and gently kissed each one, individually. He shivered involuntarily, a vertical shudder that started at his toes and serpented through his body, escaping his mouth as a whimpered gasp. Nobody had ever kissed his seed before! Yet she had more with which to surprise him...

With pursed lips, she blew a stream of gentle cool air against the cradled package, and it contracted again. Eyeing a restless member within, she touched it with the tip of her tongue. It jumped away, so she immediately pursued it, grabbing it gently with her voluptuous lips and drawing it gently into her warm wet mouth, her tongue now swirling around the trapped ball. This too, was new to him... he could not help but lift his head forward and gaze downward to confirm that what he was imagining was occurring was, indeed, what she was doing . Once confirmed, his head lay back once more, eyes closed and lips full of smiled satisfaction. Damn, she is good .

After equal attention to the other, her mouth's desire turned higher. Her hands moved to pin him to the wall, both palms flat against either side of his pelvis. She tilted her head sideways so her moistened lips could trace up the soft underside of his hard shaft, occasionally drawing him partially into her mouth, her lips surrounding half of his girth. His legs now threatened to give way, but joining her on the floor now would be inopportune timing, indeed, so he braced himself against the wall and willed himself to remain standing.

The endless hot water still poured from the large raindrop showerhead as she reached the tip and tilted her head back upright to take him in. Her hands moved from his hips to grasp him, to maneuver his manhood towards her lips. As she felt his throbbing heat in her hand, her fingers barely able to encircle his engorged girth, his anticipation was plainly evident to her. She could see his breathing had become fitful, his stomach muscles quivering in expectant relief. She loved the power and control she had over this man right now, just as he had demonstrated over her scant minutes ago.

As she drew her lips close to his glans, she paused, and he groaned in anticipation. She wanted to take him in, to satisfy him, but she was not ready... not just yet. She took a deep breath, opened her mouth in a wide circle and placed her mouth over the tip without touching it, and took him as deep into her mouth as she could without touching his skin. Steady and controlled, she exhaled a warm long breath of her sweet air over the length of his shaft and glans, pulling his shaft out of her mouth with narry a touch other than her breath.

He quivered, completely out of control. His skin prickled into numerous goosebumps, hairs standing

erect in their follicles in a silent accord of vertical salute. Her breath, though warm and moist, was at the same instant cool and chilling against the heat and humidity of the shower. Though she had not touched his skin at all with her lips, he felt her completely with her breath, and it was amazing.

"Please, do that again...." he whispered. She obliged, more slowly this time, and celebrated his resultant secondary quiver with a smile of victory. She knew she had him now. Completely, and with relentless vigor, she took him now, with a superlative combination of gentleness and roughness. Her lips encircled his full circumference and worked him like a piston moving vigorously in a tight cylinder, lubricated not by oil but her moist warm mouth. Moments before he gasped suddenly and leaned forward to look her in the eye, she felt him uncontrollably swell, signaling his imminent release—she knew he was about to come even before he did. She finished him by hand so she could look into his eyes as he came, and she witnessed them well up with tears as he was consumed by an orgasm so strong it literally tremored his eyeballs.

He slumped to the floor now, completely and utterly spent, and sat heaving beside her as he cradled her in his arms and kissed her with passionate appreciation of her gift of touch, and her presence here with him today.

They sat there together in the hot steamy water for what seemed like hours, touching, laughing, kissing, stroking, and exploring one another. Their wrinkled water-soaked skin signaled the need to finally leave their steamy sanctuary. Turning off the water, they stepped out into the cool air of the adjacent room, dried each other gently but deliberately with the Egyptian Cotton towels, and slipped together between the cool high thread-count sheets of the bed. Although they had still not been fully together, they spooned together in exquisite satisfaction and drifted off to sleep. They both knew that waking up would be intimately delightful.

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