



Bath Time (ffm, bi)

by Lori Helm

This work is copyrighted to the author (c) 1997. Please do not remove the author information or make any changes to this story. You may post freely to non-commercial "free" sites, or in the "free" area of commercial sites. Thank you for your consideration.

Karrie is sitting in the bath, soaking in the heat, relaxing after working the weekend shift and feeling beat. Now is her moment -- so to speak. Hubby will be home soon but this time's for hers. Hmmmmmm...

Karrie heard the front door open. "Honey, is that you?"

"Yeah, sugar. Guess what! I brought you somethin' special."

Greg enters the bathroom. Through the steam Karrie can see he has flowers!

Better yet, he's naked and his cock is wagging before him proudly. Mmmm Yummy....

Greg sets the flowers on the counter, says "That's not all, babe. There's more." He smiles as he kneels. Karrie reaches over the edge of the tub and massages that pretty thing of his. It throbs under her touch. They lean into a kiss of one another... deeply.

Greg reaches for a wash cloth and soaps it, reaches down with it and gently scrubs her pretty crotch with long strokes as his mouth sends shivers down Karrie's spine and his free hand pulls at her suddenly erect nipples in the most charming way. The soft-coarse material of the cloth sends her body singing. Greg strays to her bottom and tickles her darling rosebud knowingly. The bath was good but it just got better.

Karrie hears a noise in the other room! "What's that? Did you bring company home??"

His eyes sparkle. "Well, sort of, sugar."

A young woman enters. She too is naked. And she looks like she could have been Karrie's sister. The same tanned hard body, long blonde hair. Karrie noticed that she even trimmed her pussy hair in the same way.

She introduces herself. "Hi baby, I'm Becky. I work with your husband at the office. He's always telling us about you. I thought it was time we met..."

Somehow the mood is right. She brought champagne and three glasses into the bathroom with her. Karrie shivered at the thought of what might happen... She thought what the hell, I trust my husband, why not?

Becky sure was pretty. Her breasts weren't as large as Karrie's but her pubis was nicely trimmed and she had the nicest little navel Karrie had ever seen. She seated herself on the edge of the tub, and began to soak her feet alongside Karrie's as she filled the glasses and passed them around.

Becky began to take a real interest in Greg's attention to Karrie's crease, she watched intently as he continued wiping her up and down. Karrie's knees were spread, and she slipped down further in the hot water and sighed seductively, inviting her to watch Greg moved up and down her underwater pretties.

Becky began to stroke Karrie's inner thighs with one foot, tickling her pretty thatch with her toes. Greg just grins, then soaps her feet and guides her big toe to Karrie's tightly clenched anus.

Karrie's startled at first but the pleasure's overwhelming, her desire to exhibit herself in front of Greg and this pretty stranger is just too much to resist, Becky's toe begins to gently push at her derriere in a most pleasant sensual way.

Greg resumed massaging Karrie's vulva in slow, even circles. Karrie starts to growl in a sexy whining low and hot and soft voice. Becky smiles and wiggles her toe just at the entrance to Karrie's bottom. It's very nice... Yes it is....

Greg's cock is soapy and wet in Karrie's hand. He ran his finger-tips up and down Becky's thigh as her toe tickled Karrie deeply.

Karrie felt warm and nicely penetrated as Greg washed her kitty with loving sensitivity, and the pretty stranger did her thing to her bottom.

Becky withdraws. The three of them sip their champagne and wait for something to happen.

"I know," Becky smiles. "Watch this." She stands and places her feet on either side of the tub, perches herself over Karrie, squatting so that Karrie can see her crotch spread open and pink before her. She steadied herself against the tile with one hand, reached down with the other and dipped into her lovely slit. She wet her fingertips with her juices, then rubbed her clitoris to standing. The hot little nub peered out at Karrie as she gazed down into her eyes sultry and sweet.

Greg's erection was still throbbing in his wife's hand as Becky stretched her labia wide, then pissed onto Karrie's breasts!

Karrie was greatly taken aback, but Becky's stream felt so good, even hotter than the soapy bath that almost covered her breasts anyway. It rained down out of her in little uneven spurts at first. Then it came steadily and harder. Becky strained. Her crotch opened and released itself wide like a flower. The amber squirt splashed against Karrie, Becky's stomach muscles tightened and expanded till her flow subsided and stopped. She pushed a time or two more. Then she finished.

Her smell mixed with the scent of Greg's cock in the steamy atmosphere of the little room was almost overpowering. Karrie giggled as Greg tongued her ear and whispered, "Pretty, very pretty."

Becky descended, careful not to slip on the wet porcelain. Her next trick brought Greg in on the fun. She crouched behind him on the tile floor. Karrie wasn't sure what she was up to, but by the way Greg's penis was jerking in her fist, she realized that the little vixen was tonguing his anus and balls, running round his dangling scrotum. It made his dick dribble under her touch. It got Greg so hot he began massaging Karrie's clit in tighter, faster circles. It was making both of them nervous as hell.

That Becky, she sure was a fun kind of a gal...

WARNING! NEVER, NEVER practice unsafe sex. In this day and age, it is just plain stupid to have unprotected sex with strangers. This story is for entertainment not to be imitated. You only have one body per life time... Take good care of it... Kristen

Kristen's Illustrated Archive of erotic stories hosted by free 2 find sponsored by offer fun

It is not the intention of this archive to infringe on anyone's copyright. We accept the word of the contributors at face value -- but if an author or photographer finds an unauthorized work within this archive -- and wishes it removed, we will do so immediately. We will not respond to hearsay or assumptions, only to originators. Thank you. *The Staff*