

“Shower Sex”

By Jane Colt

Taking Linzey by the hand, Matt led her into the shower. When he turned the faucet, hot water shot out from every direction. It was the most luxurious shower she'd ever been in. The white marble surrounding them sparkled.

The handsome lifeguard gazed at her adoringly. He pulled her against his hard body and gave her the deepest, most loving, most passionate kiss she'd ever experienced. Their tongues entwined and their bodies—desperate to be joined—pressed into each other. She nearly swooned at his body's edges—and his large and very hard cock cradled against her lips. She loved the feeling of their wet, naked skin sliding against each other.

She gave herself completely to the moment, overwhelmed by this amazing man's love for her. He'd risked his life to save her when she was caught in the powerful rip current. There wasn't anything she wouldn't do for him. She was his—body, heart, and soul.

His face was filled with love and desire for her. No man had ever looked at her that way before. “I cannot tell you how much I love you, and how much I want you.” His dark brown bedroom eyes were intoxicating. The hunger in his voice was deliciously unsettling. There was no doubt what was about to happen. She toyed with the idea of resisting—just to see how much he wanted her. She smirked to herself. *Maybe next time.*

He ran his hands down her back and squeezed her perfectly shaped ass.

She shivered with excitement. She kissed him passionately and ground herself against his cock. She couldn't wait to have it buried deep inside her—to be penetrated and possessed by this amazing man.

“Soon enough,” he smiled. “But first, ...” He picked up the bottle of citrus scented shower gel, filled his hands with it and began lathering every inch of her body. His touch was gentle at first, then greedier.

Filled with the soapy lotion, his hands glided effortlessly over her skin. It felt like he was wearing the softest silk gloves imaginable. He made large, slow circles around her breasts—always approaching, but never quite touching her nipples. Frustrated, she pushed out her breasts hoping her stiff peaks might get at least a glancing touch.

As he completed each circle around her breasts, he'd pause for a moment, then let his hands drift slowly down the front of her torso. Each time, his fingers would travel an inch lower—until he cupped her pussy. She moaned. He massaged her lips and teased her opening. “Matt ... please ...” was all she could manage. His stoking caused her world to shrink. All that existed now was the deep hunger inside her, begging for satisfaction.

He knelt down on the white tiles in front of her and looked up with a lusty smile. Starting with her foot, he worked his way up her left leg, traced the rise and fall of her stomach as her breathing deepened, and paused long enough to explore the inside of her belly button with his tongue. As he ran his hands down the other leg, she moaned, and squirmed with desire. Her heart pounded and breathing deepened.

Warm and wet all over, she was especially warm and wet in the one spot he was ignoring. She couldn't take it anymore. Her hunger was primal and overpowering. It took over her brain. "Eat me, Matt," she said—begging and commanding at the same time. She couldn't believe those words had just come out of her mouth. Her idea of 'dirty talk' was typically a lot tamer. But this sexy man was releasing a new part of her. She let her lust take control. "Eat me, Matt. Eat my wet, pink pussy."

His face darkened. There was going to be nothing gentle and romantic about their first coupling. He was about to fuck her brains out. He roughly lifted her leg onto his shoulder and dove in. She moaned deeply as his large, warm tongue explored every bit of her pussy. Holding her ass, he pressed her against his mouth. He sucked her labia, teased her clit and even tongue fucked her. His repeated moans against her sensitive flesh were making her crazy.

Remarkably, she was already surging towards an orgasm. *God, this guy is amazing! I never come this fast!* She leaned against the wall and held his head against her pussy. "Oh, yes, Matt. Just like that. Just like that! RIGHT THERE!" Within seconds, her body shook. "OH MY GOD!" As she came, he continued eating her. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her. Her body jerked hard, but he held her tight against his mouth. "OH FUCK!"

While she was recovering, he grabbed under her legs, and lifted her effortlessly as he stood up. He pressed her into the hard white tile. His eyes said it was his turn. She loved feeling under his power and wrapped her legs around him. She felt the warm head of his stiff cock nestle against her opening. As the first inch pressed into her, she felt herself stretch like never before. Her eyes went wide, and she gasped. He was so much bigger than any man she'd ever been with. She wanted

to ask him to take it slow. She couldn't. "FUCK ME, MATT! FUCK ME HARD WITH THAT DELICIOUS DICK!"

As he banged mercilessly into her, she let out a loud, deep, primal groan. "OH, MATT!" His penis felt like it was made of steel. It hurt to be penetrated so quickly, so sharply, so fully. But it was the most delicious pain she'd ever felt. It was a drug she'd instantly become addicted to. "MORE MATT! JESUS! FUCK ME!" When he penetrated her, all she could think of was how full—how complete—she felt. When his cock retreated, getting ready for its next assault, she felt so empty she was heartsick. All that mattered was having him inside her and feeling her body respond to him like it had with no other man. Her hunger for him was so great, so desperate, she was out of control.

She shoved so hard against his chest that he popped out of her. Stunned at her strength, and surprised she was taking control so forcefully, he didn't resist when she pushed him onto the bench. As she mounted him, she groaned at how much he made her stretch. Then she fucked him furiously. Each time she slammed into him, she grunted loudly. He responded in kind. Their passionate cries echoed off the hard walls.

When her whole body began to tingle, she knew what was hurtling towards her. An amazing wave of orgasms—even more powerful than the ocean waves that had almost drowned her. She stopped fucking Matt and squeezed her inner muscles as hard as she could. His cock immediately twitched, swelled and exploded—jetting his warm cum deep inside her. "Christ! Linzey! Oh God! Oh fuck!" he yelled as he bucked against her, pushing even deeper into her. The joy-filled pain pushed her over the edge. Her pussy spasmed, clenching his erupting dick. She screamed something raw, primeval and inarticulate. Her body shook uncontrollably. She was

filled with an ecstasy of the sort she'd never experienced—and couldn't handle. She passed out.

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When she came to in a wondrously comfortable bed, she was still very groggy. She heard water running. Matt must be in the shower. She rubbed her eyes and looked around. Definitely not her place. *I hear waves. A lifeguard. Of course he lives by the beach. He must have taken me home.* She was embarrassed she couldn't remember how she got there.

The room was too bright, so she pulled the covers over her head. She felt exhausted, but also refreshed, energized. She smiled to herself. *Just the way you want to feel after a great fuck.* She sighed contentedly and decided to stay in bed and doze for a while.

The shower stopped. A couple minutes later, she felt him sit on the bed and gently stroke her hair.

“Are you OK? You were moaning and groaning so much in your sleep I was worried. One time it sounded like you were even in pain. I was about to wake you up, but then you quieted down.”

“Sorry. That must have been annoying. Actually, thanks to your pounding my pussy into submission, I had the best night's sleep in ages. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't mind an encore. So, Matt, you want to get lucky?”

She threw the covers off and shamelessly offered her naked body to her lover. She was greeted by a perplexed look on the face of her husband. “Well, ... I can't think of a better way to start our vacation. But first, who's Matt?”