

# The Strangest Places

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Sometimes, things happen in the strangest places.

Written for InsaneJournal's Bring Back the Porn Challenge.

## Chapter 1 of 1

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Additional Warnings: Language, anal, oral, voyeurism (of sorts), masturbation

It's entirely snegurochka\_lee's fault, as explained at the end of the fic.

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The shower was hot rather than warm, just the way she liked it. She closed her eyes as she massaged shampoo into her hair, simply enjoying the feel of it before going under the cascade of water, rinsing the fragrant suds down her body and into a pool at her feet.

And stopped.

She didn't know how they had got there, but there they were. Three people were having sex on a rotating dais.

In her mind.

She could see them, but she didn't know who they were. Didn't really matter though, not really, but she could see their bodies clearly, just not their faces. They didn't have porn star or movie star bodies either; they were real, or at least as real as people in her mind could be, but there they were.

Fucking.

Her eyes were drawn to the woman first, and her heart beat faster even as she tried to work out the scene playing through her mind. The woman was dark-haired? Yes, certainly not a blonde, perhaps brown or even brownish-red. Hair colour didn't matter because she was being fucked. Up the arse. By a man who wasn't a stud, but fuck, was he hot! The woman's arse was cocked back as he slid into her slowly, and the woman braced her weight on her arms as she rocked back into him. There was nothing hurried about their movements, almost as though they were doing it for pure pleasure, just for the feel of skin on skin and flesh inside flesh.

The water in the shower fell almost unheeded as a closer look revealed that, apart from the man and the woman having sex, there was another man underneath the woman's body, lying on his back on the bed or something, a pillow under his head as he licked and sucked her. *Now that's something*, she thought. The mechanics alone would have to be tremendous, and maybe that was why the other two were moving so slowly, because the guy underneath would be banged to death by the upper guy's balls. Unless he liked that sort of thing, and it *was* fucking after all.

No one ever really knew how people liked their fucking.

The man underneath had his hands on either side of the woman's hips, and he held her, partly to steady her for his own use, and partly to keep her head right where it was,

at his groin. And her lips on his cock.

Yes, *that's definitely something*, she decided. The woman was sucking the man's cock while bracing herself on her hands, but observing from her position in the shower, she felt, as the woman obviously did too, that hands were needed to lend some support to the shaft, which was slick and shiny, even from this distance. So the woman laid her upper body on top of the man, although her arse was still in the air being fucked by the top guy, while she held onto and proceeded to make quick work of the lower guy's cock.

In the shower, things were heating up. She mentally took stock.

So the upper guy was fucking the woman in the arse, the woman was sucking the lower guy's cock, and the lower guy was sucking off the woman WHILE fingering the top guy's arsehole.

Oh, my, *this has gotten better*, she thought and began to feel decidedly warm and tingly, which had little if anything to do with the water temperature. Who were these people? She still couldn't tell, and it really didn't fucking matter, did it, because they were fucking in the hottest way possible right there in her mind.

The water was suddenly the same temperature as her blood racing through her body, and she felt a throbbing between her legs. Her nipples were hard and tender to the touch, suddenly, almost painfully, as though she'd never been aroused before, and she hadn't.

Not like this!

She slid her hands down her body and into her warm, shower-moist curls, surprised to find herself slick and ready. She wanted them. She wanted to be that woman, being fucked in the arse and sucking cock, and she wanted to see and touch and taste and smell them, and she could hear them breathing and whispering to each other, not like porn stars did, full of grunts and theatrical breathy moans and squeaks, but more sighs and whispers and sounds of sex... *meaningful* sex between people who cared as well as people who fucked.

Hotly fucked.

Their pace began to pick up starting with the top man, she thought; he thrust deeper, and the woman seemed to arch her back as she rocked backwards more while sucking harder on the cock below her, and the lower man licked and sucked her clit harder while pulling her arse cheeks apart for easier access by the man on top.

The throbbing between her legs echoed the blood in her ears, and it wouldn't go away. She was so on edge; so hot and bothered by the scene in her mind and with shaking hands she soaped herself hard, deliberate, not teasing to get sensations, but pulling the sensations out of her own body as the people fucked on in her mind. The slippery suds only heightened the sensations. She turned the shower head into a single pulsing jet of water and angled it towards the floor of the shower, then slid down the wet wall until she sat on the floor. She still throbbed everywhere, and the splashes of water titillated her clit in a maddening way as she fingered herself, moist and slippery and slick with her own juices and the soapy water. She slid down until she was on her back and the water poured down onto her clit, which felt as though it exploded with sensation, and her legs shook, and there wasn't enough space in the narrow shower stall, but she kicked the curtain away and got the stretch she needed, and she couldn't breathe, but who needed to breathe when people were fucking in her mind, and the water felt so *fucking good*, and the sweat was glistening on their bodies as the water cascaded onto her own fervid flesh, and the sounds of their fucking were as wet as the water around her, and she felt a building inside her, a tension, a gathering of sensation, and she could feel it approaching, but it was too far, never close enough, almost, *almost*, but not yet, and the fucking was getting wild now, and the guy underneath had one hand on the woman's clit and one hand in the other guy's arse, fucking them both furiously as she sucked his cock even as she was fucked into, and in the shower her fingers were inside her hot self, and she crooked her finger, finding the rough place which seemed to pull something intense out of her body. She massaged it with one finger while another pressed against her perineum, moving faster and harder, and then somebody came first, the guy on top, she thought, although their bodies were a bit blurry in her own mind. He groaned, a softly guttural sound of deep, deep satisfaction as the other man's hand fucked his arse deeply as well. He stilled for only half a moment and then began fucking the woman through his orgasm, and the woman shuddered even as she moaned around the cock in her mouth. The other man withdrew his finger from the man's arse and resumed licking her even as she was still being fucked, and he licked her clit and her juices, and then she was coming too, shuddering and breathing hard.

The man kept sucking at the woman, and she sucked his cock, and in the shower she was fucking herself with abandon, her legs spread as far as possible and her fingers rubbing exactly where, and the water pounded her clit, and this time, oh, yes, *this* time it would happen. She felt it coming like a freight train; *fuck yes!*, a fucking hurricane, and she shuddered and shuddered as all thought left her mind, and the sensations made her stop breathing she was sure, and her entire body shuddered with spasm after spasm as she came and came and came seemingly forever and in her mind's eye the man underneath came also, finally, pulsing into the woman's mouth as he arched and groaned, but she only swallowed for a short while before she moved back and let his come spray her face and neck and his groin, and he grabbed his own cock with one hand and jacked himself off the rest of the way, and in the shower she was still coming. Moaning didn't seem appropriate somehow, but she had to verbalize the intensity of this feeling, and clenching her teeth as she exhaled in an incredulous series of hisses of breath, she slowly came down from the height of sensation with the sound of falling water all around her.

She lay there for what might have been one or several minutes, and the water continued to pound her clit, and even after she closed her legs, the vibrations still felt so fucking good, and the three people were still entangled together in a sated mess in her mind, and she *still* didn't know who they were, but did it really fucking matter?

Finally, she got to her feet, turned off the shower and stepped out of the bath shakily. As she toweled herself off, she looked at herself in the mirror. Her skin was glowing, and her face was, too, and it wasn't from the hot water that was for damn sure and she thought...

"Fuck me! I wish I could draw that!"

~fin~

Author's notes.

One of my betas replied to my email with simply "You WHORE!" I told her it's not an autobiographical thing, but I still think she doubts me. :)

Oddly enough, it's *snegurochka\_lee*'s fault all that femmeslash that she writes, and I read some of it because even though I don't really dig the femmes together, she *writes* it so well that I'm spellbound by the images. But, back to blaming Lee; whereas I \*did\* have the images of the people during a shower last week and I \*did\* do the whole 'who ARE they' bit, enjoying their fuckage as I pondered their identities, my mindset was more along the lines of "Now, what would Lee do with that?"

And my self replied, "I know, she'd have the chick in the shower fuck herself. Yep, that's what Lee'd do."

And Lee would. Believe me. She fuckin' WOULD. Graphically. With toys.

But...

I didn't have the strength/guts for dildos or any number of other creative things to take place in a 3' X 3' shower, so I figured the character would just act on the spur of the moment, so to speak.