

Tub for two
by Carol Sandford

Deanna ran her fingerings along the now smooth line of his jaw, the action sparking an instant response to not only her loins, but his.

Capturing her wrist, Will's eye's looked longingly into her's as he tenderly kissed her palm, dispersing the bubbles that still clung to its softness.

It was like a magnet had been switched on as they leaned towards each other for the soul-searching kiss that they could no longer delay. As their lips touched, the tremble began; a tremble that told them just how much their hearts had longed for this moment.

The teasing bet they had made only this morning had been the most dramatic dare that either of them had contemplated. A dare that could only mean a drastic change in their relationship. A dare that was almost desperate in its completion, on either side, for the bet had reached stalemate, neither one had one, so both now had to pay the forfeit.

And Will had just paid his; the removal of his beard and moustache. Her choice of venue had startled, but thrilled him. There was only one ending to this particular night, win or lose.

The frothy water sloshed over the deep bath's edge as Will pulled Deanna atop of his long body, settling her against his slick body, her own just as slick too as they deepened the kiss, hands left to trail intimately along the silky smooth skin.

The kiss broke but it was just the start as they gently rocked back and forth beneath the water, Deanna's breasts half submerged beneath the creamy bubbles. Will's chest, covered in tiny saturated curls disappearing below the surface to a place that Deanna could feel against her smooth tummy, the roughness creating an erotic whirl of anticipation.

The water rushed over the edge, cascading like a waterfall as Deanna forcibly pushed herself down so that she could nuzzle his tiny nipples, now tasting of peaches. Will moaned as his head fell back against the porcelain bath edge, his eyes drifting shut as he let her ministrations wash over his senses, the warm steam making him even headier.

But he came alert when he felt Deanna move to straddle him beneath the water, positioning her hot satin centre against his as she prepared to culminate a joining that promised one of the most erotic moments of his life, and hers.

Deanna gasped with shock as Will suddenly sat upright, removing the tempting temptation away from his more than willing pulsating erection that bobbed just beneath the water's surface like a tethered buoy.

Will grinned knowingly at the woman now sitting high on his lap, her breasts now level with

his throat, the steam rising from her like a geyser about to burst forth. The glint in his eye, the smirk upon his face slammed home that William Riker hadn't forgotten the other side of the bet.

"Ah ah, naughty naughty, Counselor" as he waggled his finger before her face, "You know the bet."

He reached out to the tiny shelf beside the bath and picked up the lethal looking blade that only a short while ago had scraped off every whisker perfectly from his face. Deanna's face drained, and she swallowed painfully as Will picked up the canister of foam, squirting a huge dome of it into his palm, his eyes glinting wickedly at what was about to occur.

"My turn, Darling..."