

## Bathtime

Written by Smoke Signals

Saturday, 24 July 2010 02:31 - Last Updated Wednesday, 01 September 2010 14:43

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### Bathtime By Smoked

As Mark drove home, his work colleagues' comments were ringing in his ears. The subject at work had gotten around to second hand smoke and smoking in general, and everyone had voiced their opinions in one way or another. Most were negative as most of the people who worked with Mark didn't smoke at all or had quit a long time back. But Mark's manager's words were ringing in his ears the most, as he glanced at the road sign saying he was only three miles from home.. He though about the conversation as he stopped at the next light.

"Mark, you seriously need to get Susan to quit smoking, son." (Mark hated it when his boss called him son.)

"I mean, it's not as if you smoke, is it? You need to put your foot down! Take the office party last year. I was making my feelings about smoking well-known, and your wife carried on smoking right through the evening anyway. And when I started to exaggerate how the smoke made me feel by waving my hands in front of my face with a false cough, do you know what Susan did? I know I never mentioned it at the time, but she angered me that night because not once but twice I swear she exhaled right into my face."

The manager took Mark's silence as a sign to continue.

"I guess that was her way of saying my opinion wasn't needed. Well it was damn rude and made me cough, but I let it slide the first time. Then, as I was coming out of the men's room, the minute I opened the door and stepped out - point-blank my face was surrounded by Susan's thick smoke. I'm sorry, Mark, there's no way it was accidental. I gagged and coughed and she smiled. That's right, Mark, she smiled as I was catching my breath. She just stood there smoking and smiling, and do you know what she said? 'Oh, I'm sorry Peter, I didn't see you there. Please forgive me.' I was damn annoyed but again I let it slide."

"Now come on, Mark. Her smoking around the place, and you being a non-smoker, you seriously can't be happy..."

"Can't be happy..."

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"Can't be happy...happy...happy...happy..."

The words echoed in his mind as Mark pulled into his driveway, a big smile coming to his face as Peter's words faded away.

He opened the door to the house, calling "Susan, baby I'm home!" There was nothing. Just silence.

He looked in the lounge...nope. The kitchen...nope. Hmmmm, he thought, as he checked the family room, dining room and garden. Still no sign of her. He climbed the stairs, and as he looked in the bedroom he smiled; he could smell the unmistakable perfume Susan always wore. Thinking "mmmmmm" to himself, he called "Susan, my angel? Are you here baby?"

As he opened the bathroom door, the smell of lavender and jasmine met his nostrils. He saw the bathroom adorned with burning candles, soft lighting - and there she was, in the bath.

"Baby, why didn't you answer?"

"Oh relax, Mark. Babe, I knew you'd find me. How was your day, stressful as usual?"

Her soft sensual voice and her wet, naked body amid the soap and bubbles hypnotized him as he crossed over to the bath. Their kiss was long, sensual and full of love.

As their lips eventually parted Mark felt a soft searching hand on his crotch and just as quickly his zipper had been pulled down. In an instant, Susan was holding him in her fingers and was gazing into his eyes intently.

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"I love you Mark, baby. Welcome home," she said as she bent down to begin her work. But after a moment, she leaned over to the bathroom shelf and retrieved a cigarette which she immediately lit.

"Let me relieve that stress, baby," Susan said as she exhaled a thick, creamy exhale deep into Mark's face. Even before that smoke cleared, she was exhaling another thick, creamy, billowing cloud into his face, and then lowering her head throughout the long exhale so that the smoke clouded his neck, chest, stomach and crotch. Susan went back her smoky oral sex, making sure she didn't neglect a single part of Mark's body; as she finished one cigarette, she just lit another and carried on her with her smoky treatment.

Susan worked her magic with her mouth and her smoke, deeply inhaling on her cigarette and letting the smoke pour out all around Mark as brought him to climax, and then rose slightly, exhaling creamy and thick smoke into Mark's face, murmuring "I love you baby. Mmmmmmm, thank you," and kissing him deeply as he tasted everything she had done, exciting him all over again.

"God," he thought, "how I love this woman," his boss's words returning as he kissed her...

"..... you seriously can't be happy .....can't be happy ..... can't be happy .....can't be happy ..happy ..happy ...happy..."

The words faded as Susan's smoky tongue continued to dance around his mouth, as they kissed and kissed and kissed...