My Shower Scene

by slagsmacker

Summary

Elliot gets (bad pun alert) slippery when wet.

Notes

Written for the livejournal femslash porn battle, so pretty much PWP

On those rare occasions when Jordan graces Elliot’s apartment with her presence (she usually avoids it, complaining the house reeks of JD’s girly hair products and desperation), Elliot tries to maintain some control by listing her house rules before letting the woman through the door. She likens it to training a tiger; Jordan is big and scary and, without boundaries, will do what (who) she wants, when she wants and ruin the furniture in the process. So Elliot attempts to set limits, whilst Jordan pushes them at every available opportunity.

This ongoing battle explains why Elliot is not surprised, not really, when her morning shower is interrupted by a teasing, taunting voice. She had just been getting into it, enjoying the feel of hot water pounding out the deep ache in her muscles from the night before, when Jordan waltzes in,

“Oh my God Stick, be more in love with your shower head...”

Although Elliot is not shocked that the no bathroom talk rule is being flagrantly ignored, she still jumps and nearly slips. Jordan often has that effect on her. She braces one hand on the tiled wall and turns around to see her, ‘girlfriend,’ whip the pink, college hoodie she borrowed (which, by the way,
looks simultaneously more ridiculous and much better on her than it ever did on Keith) over her
head. At the sight of Jordan’s breasts, pert and not nearly as plastic as they could look, Elliot almost
falls over again. However, she rallies her scattered senses for one last appeal,

“Jordan I can’t have sex in here,” her voice drops to a whine, “I go number two in this room.”
Jordan rolls her eyes and pushes her panties down her legs.

“Calm down, we can just wash each other’s hair.”

Elliot thinks she is being sarcastic.

Jordan steps into the tub, presses her bare body against Elliot’s, then brushes their nipples together
until they are hard and tight. She balances her hands on Elliot’s naked waist and leans in, licking a
trail up Elliot’s neck to her ear,

“Oh we could do something more exciting…”

Yeah, it had definitely been sarcasm.

From previous experience, Elliot knows Jordan can be obscenely persistent once she gets a sex idea
into her head. For example, right now she is doing that kiss/biting thing she knows drives Elliot
crazy, twisting forward to nip at her mouth, then pulling away before their lips can crush together.
Trying to muster a modicum of control, Elliot runs a hand up Jordan’s back and into her hair. She
grabs a fistful of wet strands in order to hold Jordan’s head still, forcing her mouth open with an
eager tongue (some of the stuff she does with Jordan would have scarred JD for life). She’ll be
fricked if she is going to let Jordan break the, ‘no, no kissing,’ rule at the same time as the bathroom
laws.

And, honestly, as long as Elliot ignores the toilet, she feels like she might be able to get over that
particular hurdle as well. Part of her decision is helped by the way Jordan is sliding down her body,
slicking her tongue between Elliot’s breasts, over her trembling stomach and below, to neatly
trimmed pubic hair. It could be the shower, but Elliot is pretty sure the wet throb between her thighs
is because Jordan is now down on her knees.

As Jordan feels Elliot relaxing under her ministrations she (of course) can’t hold back a snide
comment,

“If you scream, don’t forget to close your mouth, I don’t want you to drown on top of me.”

She looks incredibly smug and Elliot wonders if she would ever be on the receiving end of sexual
favors if Jordan didn’t like winning so much.

Jordan doesn’t really give her time to ponder this mystery of lesbian life, taking one of Elliot’s feet in
her hand and lifting it over her shoulder. Elliot wobbles and feels pretty sure Dr Cox would not take,
‘your ex-wife was giving me head in the shower,’ as a good excuse for a broken leg (he’d probably
go ahead and break the other one). However, she has to admit, balancing like a circus clown will
probably benefit her in the end. From this angle Jordan can push her tongue in just right - wet, and
hot, and deep. Elliot groans and smiles. Jordan is humming as she flicks her tongue up and down,
then out and around to taste her lips. She can deny it until the day she dies (and will), but Elliot
knows she loves doing this.

Elliot cautiously moves her hips, meeting Jordan’s mouth with each lick and suck. They begin to
settle into a rhythm, which makes Elliot feel surprisingly coordinated. Unfortunately, pride comes
before a fall. Getting cocky, and wanting to look at Jordan as her orgasm approaches, Elliot opens
her eyes, coming face to face with the toilet.

Misreading Elliot’s sudden stiffness as a good sign, Jordan moves a hand from the tub floor towards her clit.

She is intercepted,

“What the fuck Stick?”

Elliot clutches at Jordan’s wrist, partially to stop her from hitting, but mostly out of anxiety,

“I know this sounds insane, but he’s looking at me all judgey…”

Jordan turns around to follow Elliot’s gaze,

“I can not believe I have to break this to you,” she starts to speak slowly as if she is talking to a child, “but your toilet is not a person and it doesn’t care who you sleep with…”

In frustration (sexual and otherwise) Elliot’s voice begins to climb up an octave,

“I know that. Logically I know…it’s not like I’ve named him or anything…it’s just he makes me feel all paranoid,”

“Fine,” Jordan sighs in a way which manages to be both long suffering and apathetic.

Guessing any hope of getting off has fled, along with her dignity, Elliot removes her leg from Jordan’s shoulder. However, Jordan stops her from stepping out of the shower with her next command,

“Turn around,”

“Huh?”

“Did your Mom drop you on your head as a child? I said turn around. Problem solved.”

Elliot gulps. Apart from that time she bent over the boardroom table, they don’t do this very often. Elliot is a sap and likes to look at someone if they’re gonna make love. Plus, there’s something about having Jordan behind her, not able to see her or know what she is about to do, that makes Elliot very, very nervous.

Not that being nervous is unusual for Elliot. Or necessarily a bad thing. As Elliot looks at the tiles and waits for Jordan to touch her, her arousal rushes back tenfold. By the time she feels fingernails digging hard into her ass, her legs are quaking and she has forgotten about any neurosis. Jordan blows on her neck and the contrast of cool air against the hot water streaming over her head makes Elliot break out in goose bumps all down her spine. She bends forward provocatively (which is more than a little slutty, but what the hell) and, for once in her life, Jordan chooses to take the hint, skimming one hand down the curve of Elliot’s cheek before resting it between her thighs. A few, torturous seconds pass and Elliot thinks Jordan is going tease her to death as some sort of punishment. Then she feels two long fingers stretch and fill her.

Obviously Elliot’s bathroom adventure has made Jordan even more impatient than usual. Without ceremony she begins to thrust roughly, their wetness allowing her to quickly add a third finger. Luckily Elliot is more than ready. With each pump she pushes herself backwards until she can feel Jordan’s arm straining against her ass.
Elliot is not very good at vocalizing what she likes during sex, so Jordan (much like the dog whisperer, as she constantly claims) has learnt how to interpret inarticulate sounds. Right now, Elliot is moaning in a way which simply translates as - more. In response, Jordan runs a free palm down her arm, joining their hands and placing them firmly against the wall at shoulder height. Elliot briefly thinks their interlocked fingers are romantic, then Jordan goes and uses the extra leverage to bend their bodies over. Now Jordan’s breasts are pressed into her back, Jordan's breath is coming out in short pants against her neck and Jordan's fingers are slamming against the perfect spot inside her.

Elliot is kind of embarrassed because she knows she is going to come without either of them touching her clit at all.

Before her legs lock and her inner muscles spasm, Elliot manages one last coherent thought. She is glad they are in the shower because, boy, would they be gross and sweaty if they were in her bed.

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