

Plumbing

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Leaky plumbing -- the perfect contraceptive. Last night, Friday, in bed, I'm feeling amorous.

As we're snuggling she hits me with, "Did I tell you it's wet under the kitchen sink?"

Fuck.

"No. How bad? When did you notice?"

"Oh, Wednesday morning when I took out the trash. It looked worse this morning."

Double fuck. And you waited until now?

"How bad?"

"Oh, it can wait until morning."

No it can't. An hour later I'd emptied under the sink, turned off the valves, towed things down, set up a fan to dry everything, and she was asleep.

"I have to meet Janey to pick out wallpaper," she said the next morning

I got to work. The faucet was leaking internally. I called her cell and gave her the news -- buy a new one.

So all I had to do was pull the old one. Right. If it wasn't installed by a gorilla, it must've been a siamang. The faucet nut was jammed and the threads screwed up. Have to cut the damn thing out -- more things to drip on me.

I threw the old faucet in the back yard as she got home.

"Did you get one?"

"Yes," she smiled, "It's so pretty!"

Miracle -- the fittings were useable. "Hold this right here."

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Back under the sink for me.

“Hand me the fucking wrench.”

She giggled. “Which one is that?”

“The one with the green handle.”

She handed it over. I tightened fittings.

Until I felt her unbuckling my pants, then sliding them and my boxers down. My hands were full of plumbing -- so were hers. Her mouth -- oh my God. I want to spread my legs but my pants were in the way. Oh God -- the edge of the cabinet's digging into my back. So close -- release the wrench so you don't strip the damn fittings -- release....

“Is that better, darling?” she asked after sucking me dry.

“I love you,” I panted. Something else dripped on my face.

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(336 words, thanks to Dryad)

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