

The Seduction

(By: SoapyLisa)

"Would you like to shower, Matt?" The silence in the room was broken by Brenna's soft whisper.

He nodded his head in agreement, and Brenna rose from his lap and embrace. She bent and retrieved their clothes from the floor, quickly straightening and folding them neatly. She lay Matt's clothes over the back of the low sofa and set his shoes beside it. Her naked body was aglow in the moonlight and Matt gazed over her curves.

Brenna walked down the short hall to the bath and started the shower. She lit tiny taper candles and placed them in the frosted window above the shower's splash. The cast intertwined dancing circles on the ceiling and a golden glow on the warm spray of water.

Matt followed her to the bath and watched her. The candles soft illumination brought a champagne sheen to Brenna's skin and Matt reached for her. He enfolding her warm body in his arms while the water splashed in the tub, and kissed her sweetly.

They stepped into the shower and drew the curtain closed. Brenna leaned back into the spray and wet her hair. It lay against her body smoothly, outlining every curve with its wispy black strands.

Matt reached for the Camay soap and lathered his hands. Brenna felt Matt's hands slide across her stomach in a slippery lather. He followed the outside curve of her breasts to her shoulders, and then slid across her chest. As his hands slipped down over her breasts, he felt his cock rising once more. He moved closer to her, his cock brushing against her, sliding across her stomach in the soapy bubbles. Brenna reached behind him and pulled him closer, her hands on his firm ass.

She ground against him with her hips, massaging his cock between them. Her clit grew hard as the silkiness of the soap and the warmth of Matt's hairy balls slid and rubbed against it with her motions.

The soap was running down between them, its bubbles tickling their thighs and sliding down to their toes. Matt gently eased them back under the shower's spray, and the rinsing water flowed over them, taking the soap down the drain. He stroked his soapy cock gently, feeling it fill his hand.

Brenna leaned back against the tiled wall and raised one foot to the rim of the tub. She began to finger her wet soapy cunt, as she watched him masturbate there before her.

Matt's eyes followed her fingers to her pussy, and he began to stroke with more determination. She delighted his eyes with the sight of her fingers slipping into her

slickness, her clit showing its little head to him as she dragged her fingers across it. He looked at her face and felt a rush of desire; she was watching his hand intensely; her lips parted, her tongue licking slowly, a feverish look in her eyes. His cock grew harder with each heartbeat.

Matt stepped toward Brenna and she gently placed one hand on his chest.

"No, no. Please. I want to watch you." She said breathlessly, her eyes never leaving his soapy cock.