

# A Sensual Bath

(By: SoapyLisa)

You're sitting in the bath, soaking in the heat, relaxing after working the weekend shift and feeling beat. Now it's your moment. Hubby will be home soon but this time's for you. HHHmmmmmmmm...

You hear the front door open. "Honey, is that you?"

"Yeah, sugar. I brought you something' special." He enters the bathroom. Through the steam you see he has flowers! Better yet, he's naked and his cock is wagging before him proudly.

Yummy.

He sets the flowers on the counter, says "That's not all, babe. There's more." He's smiling as he kneels. You reach over the edge of the tub and massage that pretty thing. It throbs under your touch. You kiss one another deep.

He reaches for a wash cloth and soaps it, reaches down with it and gently scrubs your pretty crotch with long strokes as his mouth sends shivers down your spine and his free hand pulls at your slippery nipples in the most charming way. The soft-coarse material of the cloth sends your clitoris singing. He strays at your bottom and tickles your darling soapy rosebud knowingly.

The bath was good but it just got better.

You hear a noise in the other room! "What's that? Did you bring company home??" His eyes sparkle.

"Sort of, sugar."

A young woman enters. She too is naked. And Black. She introduces herself. "I'm Becky. I work with your husband at the office. He's always telling us about you. I thought it was time we met..."

The mood is right. She brought champagne and three glasses. What the hell? Becky's pretty. Her breasts aren't as large as yours but her pubis is trimmed prettily and she has the nicest little navel in the room She seats herself on the edge of the tub, soaks her feet alongside your own as she fills the glasses and passes them around. She takes a real interest in your husband's attention to your crease, watches intently as he continues wiping you up and down. Your knees spread, you slip down further in the hot water and sigh seductively, inviting her to watch his moves up and down your underwater pretties.

She strokes your inner thighs with one foot, tickles your pretty thatch with her toes. Hubby grins, then soaps her feet and guides her big toe to your tightly clenched anus. You're startled at first but the pleasure's

overwhelming as it slips in. He resumes massaging your vulva in slow, even circles. You whine low and hot. Becky smiles as swiggles her toe just at the entrance to your bottom. It's very nice...

Carl's cock is soapy and wet in your hand. He runs his fingertips up and down Becky's thigh as her toe tickles you deep. You feel warm and nicely penetrated as your spouse washes your kitty with loving sensitivity and the pretty stranger does her thing to your bottom. She withdraws. The three of you sip your champagne and wait for something to happen.

"I know," Becky smiles. "Watch this." She stands and places her feet on either side of the tub, perches herself over you, squatting so that you can see her crotch spread open and pink before you. She steadies herself against the tile with one hand, reaches down with the other and dips into her lovely mouth. She wets her fingertips with her juices, then rubs her clitoris to standing. The hot little nub peers out at you as she gazes down into your eyes sultry and sweet.

Carl's erection throbs in your hand. She stretches her labia wide, then pisses onto your breasts!

You're a little taken aback, but her stream feels good, even hotter than the soapy bath that almost covers your titties anyway. It rains down out of her in little uneven spurts at first. Then it comes steady and hard. She strains. Her crotch opens and releases itself wide like a flower. The amber squirt splashes against you, her stomach muscles tighten and expand till her flow subsides and stops. She pushes a time or two more.

Then she's finished. Her smell mixes with the scent of Carl's cock in the steamy atmosphere of the little room.

You both giggle as Carl tongues your ear and whispers, "Pretty".

Becky descends, careful not to slip on the wet porcelain. Her next trick brings Carl in on the fun. She crouches behind on the tile floor. You're not sure what she's up to, but by the way your spouse's penis is jerking in your fist, you realize that the little vixen is tonguing his anus and balls, running round his dangling scrotum. It's making his dick dribble under your touch. It's got him massaging your clit in tighter, faster circles. It's making both of you nervous as hell.