A Steamy Shower

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Mornings are usually hectic, but some things are worth being late for.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/a-steamy-shower.aspx

I don't generally write in "second person", but I wrote this for my husband to describe one particularly hot morning...I hope you can put yourself in his shoes and enjoy the story the way I intended it!

"A Steamy Shower"

The alarm rings at 5:15 a.m. and I smack it without even waking up. It goes off again at 5:23, and I grudgingly roll myself out of bed. You're up already, the early bird, brushing your teeth at the sink as I stagger, squinting, into the bathroom. Dodging your hand that shoots out to grab my ass (it's way too early for that), I turn on the shower. I need hot water. Really, really hot. I brush my teeth and wash my face as I wait for the water to reach the correct temperature. You keep stealing glances at me in the mirror, staring at my tits as they strain against the sheer fabric of my tank top. I know you want some sign from me that you can make another move, but I'm so tired I'm barely functional, and I just can't go there right now.

I open the shower door just a crack and test the water. The steam rolls out of the stall, creeping over the mirror with smoky tentacles. That's what I need. I strip off my tank and panties and step in to the shower. Just as I'm leaning my head back and soaking my hair it occurs to me that I didn't get a towel. I slide the door open to check the towel rack, but there's nothing there. Damn.

"Honey!" I call out. "I forgot to grab a towel, will you bring me one?"

Your smiling face appears next to the open shower door. "I'd be happy to, babe, but it's gonna cost you."

I roll my eyes. I can't possibly bargain with you at 5:30 in the morning. "What?" I whine, but you're gone. Off to get my towel, I hope. A minute later, the shower door opens again and you step in with me, naked, your erection giving away the nature of your thoughts and clueing me in to the cost of forgetting my towel.

Your cocky smile melts my resolve, but I still have to warn you… “Honey…you know I love this…but I didn’t plan for it this morning. I didn’t get up early enough for sex in the shower.”

You lean in to me and kiss beneath my ear, brushing the wet hair away from my neck, and murmur “I can be quick and you’ll still love it.”

I reach for your lips, giving in with a kiss, trapping your tongue with mine as I reach my leg up and brace my foot on the shower bench. You reach one hand under my thigh and lift it up higher, opening me up and pressing your cock against me. I continue to kiss you and let you grind into me. As good as this feels, you’re too tall to make this work comfortably. I push you down onto the bench and straddle you as the water pelts my back. Slowly, I let myself down onto your hard cock, enjoying you entering me a little at a time as I push down until you are all the way inside me. Oh, God, you feel amazing. You groan with pleasure as I move up and down your shaft, the friction building, the excitement growing for each of us. I love how hard you are. I love how excited I can get you. I love how much you want me, still, after all these years, and how much you make me want you. I increase the pace, squeezing my muscles as I feel my need increasing, my orgasm nearing as I ride you. Sliding up and down, grinding against you, using my legs as leverage as I work your dick in and out of my pussy, I finally reach my climax, shuddering on your cock, gripping your back with my fingernails, my legs quivering and my sighs escaping in one massive wave of ecstasy.

I meet your eyes and you smile at me, but you aren’t finished. I know you will drill me hard now that I’ve cum first, so I stand up and position myself with my palms against the shower wall, leaning forward as you stand behind me and thrust into me without warning. I cry out in surprise, and you waste no time in fucking me as hard and fast as you can. You reach your arms around me and grab my tits, working my nipples through your fingers as you pound me with your hard cock. We’re both panting and gasping as my hips press back to meet you. With a little shout, you announce your orgasm and I feel your cock release its load deep inside me. You continue to thrust until you are completely drained, then you slump against my back, both of us breathless and spent.

When we manage to stand up, you wash my hair for me, and we soap each other off. Turning off the shower and stepping out of the steamy stall is like exiting a world of sex. I don’t want to leave that world, but reality awaits. I grab the soft towel you brought for me and wrap it around me, then peek out the door at the clock. 6:00. We look at each other in a panic.

Dashing around the bathroom, we start bumping into each other like stooges as we struggle to make up for those extra minutes spent pleasuring each other; minutes we don’t have built in to our morning routine. But then I catch your eye in the mirror again, and place my hand on your half-dressed chest.

Stop.

Surely there’s time for a good, long, loving kiss.

That was really, really nice…oh, no…what is that pressed against my hip?

Again?

Well, I’m already late…might as well be a little later…