One Morning

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/one-morning.aspx

I was so warm and comfortable. Slowly I floated out of sleep. I was snuggled deep under a heavy blanket with a warm, strong arm wrapped around my waist. Glancing over my shoulder I could see your face, so peaceful in sleep. I knew it was still early, the light coming through the window was still tinged with pink from the sunrise. Sighing, I figured I would get up and make us some breakfast before you had to get ready for work. Sliding out of bed carefully so as to not wake you up, I grabbed your button-up shirt from off the floor where I had thrown it the night before. Slipping it on, I only buttoned enough buttons to make sure it wasn't going to fall off and padded to the kitchen. Priorities, I thought to myself, and got the coffee brewing. Glancing through the fridge, I started pulling out some stuff to make us an omelet. Pausing to turn on the stove top, I started chopping veggies, humming to myself, dancing around the kitchen. I could smell you on the shirt I had picked up off the floor. Just as I was about to start cooking, I felt two hands land on my waist. Smiling and leaning back into you, I whispered my good mornings. I loved feeling your strong arms wrap around me and hold me tight. I could feel my nipples pucker beneath the shirt I had borrowed from you. Slowly, your hands ran down my front and parted the shirt, sliding beneath the hem to glide back up to cup my bare breasts.

As you kissed the tender side of my neck I could feel you moan as your fingers traveled over my hard nipples. I matched you with my own loud moan, feeling you pinch them, pushing back against you, brushing my ass against your lap. I could feel your erection against my ass, and I realized that while I had picked up your shirt off the floor, you hadn't bothered to put on any clothes at all. As you hands rubbed back down the sides of my body, you pulled the shirt up, letting your erection slip beneath the hem and push between my spread legs. Leaning forward, your cock speared right between my legs, sliding between my wet pussy lips. I gasped, and only later did I realize that you must have turned off the stove.

Stroking my hips against you, I could feel your hard, throbbing length rubbing between my swollen, dripping wet pussy lips. As I spread my wetness across your length, your fingers came down to find my clit as your other arm wrapped around my chest to help give me balance. As your fingers slid through my wet folds finding my hard clit, I reached back and pulled your hips into me, wanting no distance between us. I felt you push me forward, and I willingly walked wherever you were leading

me, until the front of my thighs bumped up against something. Looking down I saw the kitchen table, and I eagerly leaned over it, your hand pushing down on my back, pressing me into the cold wood surface.

I heard you groan as you saw my bare ass and pussy peaking out beneath the tails of your shirt, before I felt you push it up, onto my back, leaving me completely exposed. I could feel both of your calloused hands land on my ass, gently spreading my ass cheeks before the swollen head of your cock pushed between my lips to my opening. Pushing my hips back into you, I felt your cock plunge right into the heart of me. Crying out and rocking back into you, I felt your grip on my ass tighten, holding me away from you, not letting me move as you started fucking me, hard.

As your cock was brutally pounding me I felt you lean over my back and whisper into my ear, “I need you. Fuck me.” Feeling you let go of my ass, my hips started to thrust back onto you. Your cock was pushing into me as I pushed back onto you. As your hands came up to land on my breasts, my back arched deeply. My hips were flying, grinding into your every move. Your cock was pummeling me, plunging into me. We were pushing the table across the floor under us. Suddenly your hand landed hard on my ass with in a loud slap. Jerking under you, I started to shake, on the verge. Clenching and creaming, I came hard on your cock as you shoved it into me over and over. My hot juices flowed all over your hard cock as you came in me, our juices mixing together. Feeling you shudder over me, I kept thrusting back onto you until you started to slow your movements. Slowly we stood up together, your cock still buried deep inside me. Your arms wrapped around my waist and I felt myself letting out a huge contented sigh.

“Who needs lingerie when I have your shirt?” I asked, laughing as you swatted my ass.