

# Steam and Seduction

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A steam filled room because a dreamscape of erotic longing.

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The sounds of a shower, of water falling and smacking against fiberglass continued well after she had stepped from the tub. Steam, wet and heavy, condensed and choked the air of the small room. Yet she let the water continue to run because she liked the ambiance. She arched her back and padded herself gently with towel, enjoying the feel of the cool fabric on her bare, damp skin. A sound from the other side of the door, the deep growl of a man clearing his throat brought a sly half smile to her face. She had kept him waiting for half an hour; long enough for him to be good and worked up. Draping the towel loosely around her, she reached for the knob and threw the door wide.

The hollow smack of the handle on dry wall got his attention. He looked up from the bed, staring down the length of his body and between his feet. She stood framed in the doorway, clutching the towel to her chest and biting her lower lip. A second to take her in before the towel dropped. An icy, air conditioned draft rushed over her body, tingling and tightening her skin. She felt her nipples pull tight and hard and she placed her hands on the door frame, giving him a full view of her naked body. The steam from the bathroom curled and licked around her body like the hungry tongues of lustful demons.

In the shadow of her silhouetted nakedness he felt the tug at his boxers as his erection gave the earliest hint of rising, pulling him towards her. She tilted her head coyly and took a quarter step back at his approach. A teasing chuckle escaped her lips when she saw the lust in his eyes. He reached for her...

Stepping fully back into the curling steam she felt the brush of cold air as his hand just missed. Slowly she shook her head "no" and pointedly looked down at his crotch. The front of his boxers were tented, his erection half grown. Without taking his eyes off her, he slid the shorts down quickly. As the waistband cleared his semi-hard shaft, she began to sway her hips slowly, rhythmically, hypnotically. In the swirling mist she became something from a dream, ephemeral and just out of reach.

The second his boxers hit the floor she extended her arms and beckoned him to her. He did not need to be told twice. Crossing the threshold to her steamy domain, he pulled the door closed and felt the thick, damp air surround him.

Again he reached for her and this time he did not miss. Snaking an arm around her waist, he pulled her close and tight. With his other hand he reached behind her neck, cradling it and rubbing it. He leaned in.

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Their mouths met in a controlled frenzy. Tongues flicked and twisted around each other in a frenetic duel. Slowly the hand around her waist slid down to her ass and squeezed tightly. In response she grinned and sucked at his lower lip, tugging it a bit.

Seconds, or minutes, or eternity passed in the span of their embrace.

He started. So caught up in the fire of her kisses, he hadn't noticed her hand sliding down his muscled chest. So when soft fingers cupped his balls a tingle shot up his spine. He was pleasantly surprised. The hand drifted up along his the shaft of his cock, the fingers brushing it lightly until it reached the head. He could feel himself swell at her touch and welcomed the tightness of her grip as she began to stroke his length.

Leaning his head back, he allowed himself to enjoy the pleasure of her touch. A quiet chuckle broke ended his revelry. Though she still continued to rub his cock, she pointed to the floor and began to rub her mound. Immediately he knelt before her and grabbed her hips. Moving into to lick slit, to taste her juices, she grabbed his head. He looked up to find her shaking her head. Still she pointed at the floor. Hesitantly, he lay back.

As soon as he lay down she straddled his head and lowered herself onto his face. Immediately she felt his tongue flicking and darting against her lips, pressing against her clit. The warmth of his breath caressed her thighs as he pressed his face deeper into her slit. His tongue worked in circles, slipping its way inside her and enjoying the taste.

She ran the tip of her tongue along his shaft, trying hard to block out the sweet shocks of pleasure from his work. He was hers to use and she would not give him the satisfaction of a moan. Taking his cock in her mouth she began to bob her head slowly, making sure her lips created a tight, wet seal. With one hand she massaged his balls, while she stroked his cock in rhythm with her bobbing with the other. For a moment she felt the urgency of his mouth hesitate and she knew she had him. Increasing the speed of her movements she began to turn her head and twist with her hand. Beneath her, his muscles tensed and he sucked hard on her clit and worked his tongue into her hole. A shock of numbing bliss crashed through her and a heavy breath escaped her lips.

She came off his cock with a pop; a bead of precum quickly rushed to the tip. Crawling off his face she swung around and straddled his cock. Taking the throbbing shaft in on hand she guided it into. Slowly she took his fullness of his erection, allowing herself to adjust to his girth. She heard him grunt quietly as his cock worked deeper and tighter. Once he was all the way in she placed her hands on his chest and began to rock her hips. Water beaded on her skin and her nipples hardened despite the heat of the room. A drop dripped from her hair to his chest. Between them, around them, the steam coiled and caressed them. It took them in.

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From beneath her he placed his hands on her hips, feeling the rhythm as she pleased herself. He couldn't resist the urge to thrust along with her, driving himself deeper and deeper. Despite her wetness, her pussy gripped him tight and he felt every movement tugging at him, desperate to make him cum. When she quickened her pace he sat up wrapped his arms around her, pressing her and her breasts against him. Together they rocked and ground, moaned and grunted, trying vainly to become one being. Steam and sweat mingled and swirled, infusing the air with their scent. She arched her back and he sucked at her neck and nipples. Rising and falling in the ecstasy of the moment.

He could feel it rising, the sweet burning tingle of orgasm. With it came the desire to take her from behind. Harder he bucked in an attempt to get from under her, but she only pressed herself tighter against him. He felt her nails dig into his back as she ground against him with urgency. His cock swelled and throbbed inside her bringing him closer and closer to the explosive release of purest pleasure. And, yet, he fought to hold it back, to keep fucking and be fucked. To hear her moans the whisper of his name.

Holding back a thousand flowing rivers would have been easier than holding back that overwhelming wave. His body tensed and he shuddered as he tried to keep thrusting. His eyes closed and a guttural moan escaped his lips as he burst inside her. She grinned and chuckled and kept grinding, enjoying the fullness of each throbbing pulse.

And, all too quickly, the wave ended. Muscles relaxed and his body grew heavy as he lay back. On top of him she still rocked her hips slowly, a smile on her lips. She fell over him and kissed his neck, listening to his breathing slow back to normal. There they remained on the floor until sleep took them both and the steamy mist carried them off to their dreams.

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