Raging Storm

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Damien was driving home from another uneventful day at the office. It was a very snowy December evening and he knew it was going to be a night on the couch with a beer, alone, again. Maybe he'd catch a game, find a movie, then go on the computer for a bit. Tomorrow would probably be the same, especially with the harsh snowstorm expected to arrive soon... It was days like this that he almost wished he wasn't divorced. Not that he really missed his ex-wife, that cold-hearted woman... but at thirty-seven years old it would be nice to have someone to come home to. His buddies tried to get him dates at the bar, and some had worked for a little while, but they all still failed.

You couldn't blame his looks, for he was 6'2", light blue eyes, tanned just the right tone, and brown hair that was perfect for running hands through in a moment of passion. He was a nice guy, friendly and warm, but not so passive he'd let girls step all over him.

Well, whatever the reason was, Damien just couldn't find someone he felt a connection with. As his thoughts returned to the present, he remembered he was out of beer and had to pick some up. Groaning inwardly, he turned right into the packed parking lot of the local supermarket. He could barely find a spot, and he felt his frustration rise when he saw a van which took up two spots because of the awful way the person parked. It was snowing harder, and he almost thought of forgetting the beer and just getting home before the roads might close. But at the first sight of an empty spot he thought otherwise and quickly parked his red truck.

The store was crowded with people stocking up supplies for the storm ahead. *Glad I did that earlier in the week*, he thought as he grabbed a basket and opened the freezer of beer. He grabbed two six-packs and placed them in the basket. Wanting to get in line before somebody with a whole shopping cart of things, he hurried toward the shortest line, completely crashing into someone, their own basket falling to the floor. He was about to mumble an "excuse me" and be on his way, when he actually got a look at the person.

A young, distressed looking, redheaded female stood in front of him with an embarrassed expression on her face. Her glassy green eyes told him she was having just as awful of a day as him, and immediately he knelt down to help her gather her things.

The woman, touched by his kindness, began grabbing what she could as well and putting it back into her basket. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Don't be sorry, it was my fault," he laughed. "I wasn't watching. I'm the one that should be sorry."

She slowed for a moment and looked up at him. He looked no more than thirty, soft brown hair, with the most intense eyes she had ever seen. She forced herself to look away from them, only to notice he was smiling at her. She felt something rub against her fingers, and looked down to see they had both reached for the last item, a can of vegetable soup. The tingling of his fingers touching hers made her heart flutter and her face feel hot. She laughed nervously, then picked up the can - they both picked it up, and slowly put it in the basket, without looking away from each other.

"Thank you," she said shyly.

"You're welcome. You, uh..." he cleared his throat, "don't look like you're having such a great day."

She laughed again. He liked her laugh. Her green eyes sparkled when she did. Together they approached the next available cashier. "I already lost my electricity, and my car isn't doing well in this weather."

"Damn, that sucks," he said, helping her unload her stuff onto the counter. "It takes a while to start, you mean?"

"Yeah..."

She couldn't believe he was helping her, again. She hadn't seen a ring, but she figured he had to have a girlfriend. Who would let someone as sweet as this man get away?

She paid for her groceries, then turned to the man. She didn't even know his name but felt she had to do something to thank him.

"Thanks again," she just blurted out.

The man smiled. "No problem. Take care."

"You too." She smiled, not showing her disappointment at losing her chance, and walked out of the store toward her crappy old blue car. *What a great way to start out your new life*, she chided herself...

Damien wanted to follow her, but forced himself to forget her, paid for his beer, then walked outside.

Snow was everywhere now, and the wind was blowing it around so hard it made it difficult to see. Good thing it was only a short ride to his house. He made it back to his truck and put the beer in the back seat. He started the engine, and was just about to pull out, when he noticed who was in the car next to him. And she seemed to be having trouble. He stared entranced at the unforgettable young woman, waiting for her to notice him, when she suddenly pounded her fists against the dashboard and lowered her head. He looked more closely, and saw her body shaking slightly. He was already out of the truck and knocking on her window before he realized she was crying. When she looked up, surprise registered in her eyes first, then a relieved smile came and she opened the door.

"Hey," he said.

"Hello again," she said, wiping the tears from her blushing cheeks.

"You, uh, need some help?"

"It's not going to start," she said, then sighed hopelessly.

"How about I give you a ride?" he smiled, unable to hold in his excitement.

She paused, as if in disbelief. *Could this man be any nicer?* she thought.

"I live kind of far away, though. On Grant."

"You could stay with me until the storm passes. I live right down the block on Jackson."

Was he serious? She could not believe how caring this man was. He was offering her his house to stay in during a snowstorm, after he just met her... Taking a deep breath, she stepped out of her car, involuntarily shaking at the rush of the freezing air. She wrapped her arms around her shivering slim body.

"You sure you wouldn't mind?"

Mind? Damien would love to have her stay in his house for as long as possible.

"Of course not," he laughed. "Come on, we can put your things in my truck. I'm Damien, by the way."

She smiled. "I'm Hannah."

They shook hands, and that tingling feeling returned at just the touch of his fingertips.

* * *

Twenty minutes later, they were sitting on his couch in front of the fireplace, with two steaming cups of hot cocoa, and a warm, red comforter around them. Damien had helped her put her food in his refrigerator, along with his beer. Though by now, he didn't feel any need for a beer. There was a gorgeous young woman, sitting in his living room, waiting for a snowstorm to pass, and they were sitting so close their thighs were touching. Her red hair smelled like sweet strawberries freshly picked in the summer. Nope, he didn't need a beer right now at all. At first they just made light conversation. Then the warmth from the fire started easing the tension, making it less and less difficult to talk. Hannah couldn't stop thanking him for letting her stay in his home until the storm was over, and it was making him chuckle.

"Really, it's quite all right. I wasn't about to let you just sit there in the freezing cold with no way home."

The ends of her lovely lips slowly curved up. "You're so gracious and thoughtful. I can't believe you're not married," she said quietly.

Damien grimaced and put his cup down. "I-I was... She was a really selfish woman," he added, mentally kicking himself for even mentioning it. Now what will the angelic redhead think?

He looked down at her when she gave his shoulder a comforting squeeze, and his heart nearly skipped a beat. She really was an angel... as if she had come to save him...

He picked up his cup and brought it to his lips, when she said something else that made him stop. "How old are you? If you don't mind me asking," she added quickly.

"...I'm thirty-seven," he mumbled. She was silent, and he was afraid to see what her expression might be. After a moment he finally turned to meet her patient eyes.

"Do you think that's old?" she asked.

A flirty smile stretched his lips. "What do you think?"

Hannah returned the playful grin. "Well, I'm twenty-one, and you're not old to me."

Outside the snow was almost raging, raging like the desire he felt in his heart for the divine creature right beside him. Only twenty-one?! And she didn't think he was old... Damien's mind was whirling

with questions and possibilities. His heart was racing. He started to wonder what the irresistible young woman was thinking about as he stared into her shimmering green orbs. His own eyes moved to her red hair, and he began thinking about running his hands through it... He thought about what it would feel like to kiss those tulip-like lips... He could not help but imagine them together in a garden of strawberries kissing in the rain...

Stop thinking about this... She probably has a boyfriend...

But he couldn't stop. He couldn't stop thinking about how hard she was making him. He couldn't stop wondering what it would feel like to run his hands all over her body... what it would feel like to stroke her creamy thighs, and up further... He couldn't help but wonder exactly how she would feel inside... He couldn't stop thinking about tangling his hands in her long, beautiful red hair... as he took her soft lips in a hungry kiss... as the rest of the world was forgotten behind them... He could not stop thinking about how nice it would feel to have her hands around his cock... He wanted to taste her badly...

He didn't realize he was leaning closer to her until he felt her quickening breath against his lips... Without looking away, she shakily placed her cup on the coffee table next to his, almost dropping it. Unfortunately, that broke the moment, and Hannah searched for something to say to bring back to the comfortable air.

"Um... how long do you think the storm will last?"

Damien thought for a moment, looked out the window at the vicious blizzard, then reached for the remote control sitting on the coffee table and turned on the news just in time to hear the weather report... It would be a few days before some people would even get their electricity back... which meant the storm was absolutely not going to be over by tonight, or tomorrow night. The roads had been officially closed as well.

"Well... it looks like you'll be staying here a few days."

Hannah blushed heavily. "I couldn't - I don't want to be a burden."

Damien took her hand in his and whispered, "Trust me, you absolutely will not be a burden."

She looked into his blue eyes, melted at the feeling of his hand holding hers again, and relented. Outside the snowstorm raged.

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Damien was nervous. He had a beautiful, sweet angel who would be staying the night in his house, and he was so tempted to simply take her to his bed and hold her and kiss all night long. And to think, he never would have met her if he hadn't have stopped to help her... if he hadn't have been rushing... if he hadn't have stopped for beer...

Dinner was quiet and awkward, as both were still thinking about the almost-kiss. Damien heated up the vegetable soup Hannah had bought for both of them, a perfect winter meal...

Afterward, he offered her some nightclothes to change into to be more comfortable. She graciously accepted. No one had ever been this kind to Hannah. That's why she left her broken family behind to start a new life. Never did she think that something like this would happen. Never did she think she'd meet a man with such a warm heart, so loving and honest. He was handsome, he was sexy, he was thirty-seven... She still couldn't believe he was thirty-seven! She had originally aged him to be no more than thirty. Sixteen years didn't make a difference to her anyway. She was taken by him. In the bathroom as she dressed herself in the flannel pajama pants and shirt he gave her, she imagined herself laying in his bed with him, his arms around her tightly, like a shield protecting her, as he whispered in her ear...

Hannah snapped herself out of her reverie and walked back to the living room. Damien wasn't there, so she checked his bedroom. She found him sitting on his bed slipping into another shirt. He had already changed into flannel pants as well. From the angle she was at she could see his bulge, and her fantasy from before returned. When he noticed her he stood up and smiled. "Is it too big?"

She sharply looked up at him, before realizing he was talking about the shirt he gave her. Her face was burning red.

"Yeah, but it's fine," she said happily. She took a few steps forward so she was right in front of him. "Thank you so much for-"

He put his hands on her shoulders and grinned. "You don't have to keep thanking me, sweetheart. It's no problem. You're not a burden... I like your company."

He expected her to thank him again. He didn't expect her to wrap her arms around his waist and bury her head against his chest. His knees almost buckled beneath him. God, she made him weak. He embraced her, and immediately loved the feeling of her in his arms. His hands began gently rubbing her back, and were about to travel under her shirt, before he realized what he was doing, and pulled away from the temptress. Her lovely smile made it hard to remember what he was going to say when she came in.

"Um..." He ran a hand through his hair, which captivated Hannah. She wanted to run her own hand through his soft brown hair... "What would you like to do now?..."

...Fifteen minutes later they were in the same position as before; on the couch, under the blanket, in front of another fire Damien had set, drinking more cocoa, only this time they sat closer. It was becoming easier to talk to each other, partly because they were both still thinking about what happened before. At first it was awkward, but there was something between them that neither could ignore... some attraction. Words would just start pouring out of their mouths before they could try to contain them. There was a sense of trust that made any bit of tension disappear.

"...So, you live alone?" he asked. Hannah nodded, taking a sip of cocoa. "Boyfriend hasn't crashed in yet?"

"I, um... don't have a boyfriend."

It was Damien's turn to look at her. He had thought she had to have had one. This knowledge was going to make it harder for him to resist thinking about her, but it made him smile gently. "Really? A knockout girl like you?"

At his whispered question, Hannah's face turned almost as red as her hair. Clearing her throat, she smiled and shook her head. "No."

He couldn't stop his smile from widening, and her eyes showed that she knew exactly why it had. Her playful grin made him harder. He didn't know Hannah noticed.

They both took a sip of their cocoa. It was quiet again, and the storm outside raged on.

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...A warm feeling filled Damien when he realized Hannah had fallen asleep against his side. He placed the stray red strands hanging in her face behind her ear, and watched her chest rise and fall with her breathing. He couldn't help but notice her nipples poking at the shirt of his which she was wearing. He spent a few minutes debating whether or not to act upon his feelings and kiss her. In the end, he kissed her forehead softly, then took their mugs from the cocoa into the kitchen and washed them. As he dried them slowly he thought about what he should do next. Should he carry her to his bed? He didn't want her to have to sleep on the couch... He also wanted to be right by her when she woke up...

Sighing heavily, he returned to the living room. Hannah had awakened, and was sitting up, staring out

the window in awe. The dimming firelight gave off a glow, which was reflected in her eyes, and the contrast of the red and orange against her green orbs awoke a deep lust within him that he never knew existed. He imagined their naked bodies against each other, dripping with sweat, smelling of come...

Reluctantly putting aside his sexual fantasy, he walked back toward the couch. Hannah smiled upon noticing his presence.

"What time is it?" she asked as he sat down next to her.

He pointed up at a white square clock on the wall, which she hadn't noticed the whole time she was there. "Almost ten o'clock."

She nodded. It was awkwardly silent again... but she softly broke it.

"Have you dated since your divorce?"

"Yeah... but I never found anyone I really... connected with."

"I understand. I have the same problem."

What? He stared at her incredulously for a long moment, then looked away. "I can't believe that," he muttered.

"...Why?" She sounded almost hurt.

Damien took her hand in his again, and she felt that same tingle rush through her. He looked deeply into her eyes as he replied breathlessly, "You're gorgeous, young, and sweet... I just can't believe you're single."

Again, Hannah's reaction was not what he expected. She smiled.

"That's what I think of you."

Damien's desire was almost as intense as the storm raging on and on outside. Both his pulse, and erection, were rising unceasingly. He was finding it difficult to breathe steadily. Their faces were so close. It was killing him. He felt her shift suddenly, and then he could have died.

The hand he wasn't holding had been laying dangerously close to his thigh, and when she moved it

up, her fingers brushed against his hard-on. She froze, her hand unmoving, her breath coming out shakily, and faster, landing on his own lips as the two inched closer. He was throbbing as he swallowed a moan.

She was surprised, but not afraid. Boldly, she applied slight pressure to feel just how hard he was. Damien's smoldering gaze never left hers as he slowly lifted the hand he was holding... turned his head to the right just a bit... and kissed it... She felt like she wanted to drown in his intense eyes, drown in his protective arms, drown in the sexual feelings he was making her feel. Desire flowing through her, she tilted her head as she leaned in closer. Another bold reaction. The last one he could take.

He took her lips in a passionate kiss, wrapping his arm around her. Her lips were just as soft as he had imagined... Feeling her respond to the kiss, he threw all caution to the wind and wrapped his other arm around her, pulling her against his chest. When Hannah placed her hands on his shoulders, he gently eased his tongue into her mouth. She tasted wonderfully wet and sweet... just as she should. She felt so soft against his body...

As their tongues swirled together, saliva mingling, Damien slid his hand slowly up into her long hair, and ran his fingers through it. He shivered when he felt her fingers glide through his own silky brown hair. God, she felt so wonderful in his arms. Even if he couldn't breathe he wouldn't want to stop. She tasted intoxicatingly delightful. His head was swimming. He couldn't hold himself together.

He began trailing kisses down her chin, breathing just as heavy as her, and she lifted her head to accommodate him as he continued down her throat. Her fingers ran faster through his hair as he reached her collarbone, and he had to pull away to gain control of himself before he took her right there.

He abruptly stood, then held out his hand. Hannah took his hand, standing as well, not really knowing what he was doing but having a good guess, and he led her to his bedroom...

The storm outside was worsening...

...Once the door shut Damien continued kissing her as if they hadn't stopped. Only this time it was more intense. Hands reached everywhere... Damien's shirt came off first, before he pulled back to remove the big shirt he gave her to wear... He revealed her body for his eyes to take in. She shivered from the cold, and he watched in lust as her nipples hardened. He wanted to touch them, and lick them...

Keeping her eyes on his, the angelic redhead devilishly began removing the flannel pants he gave

her. When they fell to her feet, she stepped out of them, standing in just a pair of black panties. Her legs were long and her thighs were creamy white, just like he imagined. Her breasts were high above her hourglass-shaped waist and toned stomach. He copied her this time, taking off his own pants without looking away from her... until he stood in his boxers. He, too, was quite toned. He stood a full six inches taller than her.

Hannah opened her mouth to speak, but the sensual man bent down slightly, slid one arm under her legs, the other behind her back, and lifted her up. He smiled down at her admiringly as he carried her to his bed... laid her down gently upon it, then settled his own body on top of hers... Their eyes focused on each other's for a moment, before their lips slowly reconnected.

...Hands began slowly roaming again as the kiss intensified. Passion was rising in their bodies. Hannah watched Damien sit up, then slowly start to remove his boxers, looking at her with longing in his hypnotizing eyes, before doing the same with her panties...

She was beautiful. Inside and out. Her hairless mound was calling out to him to touch, and he could not refuse... Ohhh, she felt so soft. Everything about her was soft...

She took control suddenly, laying him on his back, and began slowly kissing down his throat, then around his neck. His head drifted back in pleasure at her tender lips, and he let out a soft moan. His eyes closed blissfully as the young woman's delicate kisses travelled down his chest. With a mind of its own his hand moved up from her waist and his fingers weaved through her tresses. Her lips moved back up to his own, and he welcomed the kiss. His free hand slowly slid down the small of her back... and his heart nearly blew right out of his chest when he reached the soft skin of her butt. He held in his desire to drive right into her by switching their positions so he could only feel her curves and stomach... which aroused him just as much as feeling her bum....

It was his turn to lead perfect kisses down her neck, her collarbone, and in between her round breasts, before returning upward, just like she had done... But he ended his lips' journey way before her lips...

A wetness made itself present on one of her breasts. Her eyes shot open to capture the image of the man sucking her breast.

"Damien," the young woman moaned in pleasure. His tongue was flicking her nipple, causing her to clench her thighs together at the stimulation. He sucked and licked as if he hadn't eaten in so long, before kissing his way to the other nipple, and pleasuring that one. She arched her back as she repeatedly squealed his name in ecstasy.

He made himself stop though, because there was a much sweeter treat he wanted to taste before he could have her. Lifting his head, he watched the writhing young woman as he inserted his finger into her hot box and swirled it around. She squeezed his finger inside of her, making him smile, before allowing him to slide it out and slip it in his mouth.

"Oh, Hannah," he moaned at her sweetness. "You taste like warm honey."

Seeing the look of desire in her eyes, Damien knew it was time. He slowly lowered his body down on hers, finally sliding his hard manhood inside her treasure chest. His loins burned at the feel of her unbearably tight pussy... He had to hold himself for a moment so she could get used to his large size, and it just might have been one of the most difficult little things he ever had to do in his whole life...

Slowly and passionately, he began making love to her...

"Oh... Damien," the sweet woman whispered with desire in her voice.

Her hips collided with his as he slid in and out... in and out... in and out... Her pussy squeezed his cock so deliciously... He'd never be able to let her go. In the back of his mind he hoped the storm would last forever...

As the friction intensified, he increased his pace. Even with the temperature dropping extremely low outside, perspiration began dripping down their faces and thighs.

Hannah couldn't help but notice how sensuously Damien would kiss her, how lightly his fingers would caress her sensitive skin, how euphoric his eyes would become when he looked at her...

"Oh, Hannah... sweet Hannah..." he would moan by her ear.

Her trembling legs tightened every time he entered her, and she would moan back to him, "Damien... oh, Damien..."

...Damien could feel himself nearing his end already. He was pumping faster and faster into the beautiful soul beneath him. Her reactions were driving him insane. Her seductive moans and sweet cries of bliss made him light-headed. He knew she must be nearing her end as well... The erotic feeling of her legs tightening quicker made him so incredibly hard, he let go of his reins and drove onward toward paradise...

Hannah's body was writhing as her peak arrived, her eyes were wide, her lovely lips were spread into a blissful grin. She was contracting around Damien's pulsing manhood so fast as she rode out her

pleasure. Damien's body was filled with tremors as he journeyed right along with Hannah...

Suddenly, Damien arched his back, his cock straightening, and he called out in ecstasy, "Hannah!... Oh, Hannah, honey....!"

"Damien..." Hannah cried, her red hair all over his pillow, her face contorted in the pleasure the two were sharing, her chest thrust forward as she arched her back, "Damien! I... I... oh, Damien!...."

Feeling her entire body spasming was so erotic, and he climaxed so intensely when he felt her honey drench him. Stream after stream of his steamy cream was released, overflowing her hot box ... Struggling to hold himself up as they made their moment last, Damien gazed upon the young woman he was making climax with him, and cried, "You are so beautiful, baby... so sweet and lovely..."

He collapsed on top of her, kissing her passionately for one breathless moment. Through his effort to calm his speeding heart and breath, he turned onto his back and pulled Hannah into his arms. His warm, protective arms held her in a loving embrace as she tried to slow her pulse as well. Clinging onto him, she noticed the storm outside still raging heavily...

...With his fingertips Damien sensually caressed her shoulders, her neck, her sides, her stomach, her cheeks, and her chest... He kissed the top of her head as it rested upon his shoulder. In the passionate silence, he gently lifted her chin up and gazed into her pretty green eyes. The smile she gave him warmed his heart, and the look in her warm, loving eyes told him she was feeling the same way about him, that he was feeling about her... Grinning so happily, he cupped her face with his hands and kissed her as if they had been apart for years.

When they pulled back to gaze into one another's eyes, he held her tightly against his chest and they began drifting off... Damien wondered to himself again how long the storm would last... then simply looked at the beautiful girl he was completely taken by, and kissed her forehead. Even if the storm was over, he knew they'd be seeing each other as often as they could... He kissed the top of her sweet head of red hair, and looked at the window, his eyes eventually closing...

In the morning, the two lovers awakened to each other and grinned. Simultaneously their eyes averted to the window. The storm appeared to be far from over.

They showered together, ate breakfast naked, then came back to the bedroom. They made love all day, slowly enjoying each other. In the evening they ate dinner naked, then returned to the bedroom and made love again. For three days they did this, until the storm finally passed. But the passion never passed, the connection was already made, never to be broken, the two never to be separated...