# Storm of Passion

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*Unabashed electricity*

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We lingered in the tent, our bodies slightly stiff from yesterdays travels into the wilderness. We had just managed to set up our tent before the sunset faded and we had fallen exhausted in our conjoined sleeping bags. The warmth of our bodies had kept the chill from inside. I marveled at your natural beauty as you relaxed next to me, your head on my chest. The well toned arm resting across my not so well defined stomach. Moments like these made me realize the depth of our union, the oneness of our being. A truer match could not be imagined. I lightly stroked your hair and watched as your eyelashes flitted and quivered between sleep and consciousness. This was our weekend away and there was no schedule. As the sun pierced through the canopy of trees and began heating our little tent, we stirred from the warmth comfort of our cocoon. I admired how you were as comfortable in this raggedness as in the office board room. Not many would have the same confidence to hike up into the woods in search of a natural toilet log as to command the attention of their peers in a high profile meeting. We laughed as we struggled to put on our clothes while horizontal. Once dressed and relieved, we made a quick breakfast of oatmeal and bananas. Our campsite was nestled in a small cove along a tree lined lake. Across the larger expanse of water lay today's destination. A barren outcrop overlooking the entire lake.

We packed a lunch and a blanket and silently embarked from shore. The canoe slippedeffortlessly through the mirrored plate of glass. Our ripples the only blemish in the small cove. Once out of the protected shelter, the wind blew your hair back and exposed your long beautiful neck. The sun picked up highlights in your hair and sparkled with energy. Our stoking pace was insynch, another of those connections. Neither trying to outdo each other or having to carry more than our share. An equality seldom matched. I was almost in a trance, the lapping of the waves on the hull , the steady rhythm of our paddling, the warmth of the sun, and the freshness of the air. Your voice coming to me in snippets as the wind blew syllables across the water. We soon realized that the lake was longer than we had expected and finally after 2 hours of paddling we reached the base of the outcrop.

We cautiously stepped out of the canoe and stretched our muscles. Your white T-shirt outlined your athletic figure as you reached for the blue sky. A woman's body is truly a sight to behold and I thanked my lucky stars for you. We decided to have a later lunch atop the outcrop. We slowly weaved

our way up and around and over. Each offering assistance as needed. Your long lean legs making easy work of the rock climbing and traversing. We rested half way up and share some water. Perspiration was forming on our brows and neck. It glistened in the sun. We continued upward, buoyed by the scenery and anticipation of the view at the pinnacle. Your light laughter and banter filled the air between chipmunk screeches and the delicate songs of birds. As we crested the outcrop, the scene was truly beautiful. More than we had imagined. The lake spread out below us like a jeweled mirror. The bright blue in sharp contrast to the deep dark green of the surrounding forest.

The air was cool and the sun penetratingly warm, even in shorts and T-shirts. We spread the blanket out underneath the largest pine tree and rested on a mattress of pine needles. Lunch was long and light. We fed each other bread and cheese, grapes, some trail mix and conversed about the wonder of nature and our smallness in such a place. I laid back and watched small clouds pass through the pine boughs. You laid next to me, your head in the crook of my arm. The soft breezes, the warm sun, the fragrance of pine needles and perspiration soon had us both comfortable and asleep. As I drifted off, I thought that heaven could not be any better than this.

We were rudely awakened by the splashes of raindrops as the penetrated our light cover of pine boughs. As the summer storm quickly picked up, we realized that we would not be staying dry and/or making it back to the canoe. With that you ran out onto the outcrop and faced the storm. Your hair dancing in the wind, you quickly removed your clothes and stood unabashed against the storm. It was natural, raw, and primal. The sight of your taunt body, well shaped and wet was nearly more than my heart or mind could bear. I quickly undressed and stood beside you. Our hands slowly met and I pulled you into my arms. Our warmth was in sharp contrast to the wind and rain. Our mouths found each other in an awe-inspiring kiss. Rivulets of water ran down your hair, your nose, your cheeks. You tasted fresh and clean. I scooped you up and brought you gently back to the half shelter of the tree.

As I laid you down on the blanket, there was a moment of pure delight as I once again marveled at the awesome beauty of your naked body, glistening with fresh rain. We embraced, seeking warmth from each other. Our bodies melted together as if one. Our tongues teased each other, mine running along your teeth, your lightly licking my lips, tasting the rain. The contrast of your warm, sensual body underneath me and the cool, refreshing rain on my back was exciting my senses beyond normal sexual overload. Our hips ground against each other as my hardening member eased between your legs, seeking the warmth found there. You lifted your legs up and around me and I slowly slid inside you. My legs shuddered as I felt your warmth envelope my hard member. Lightening streaked across the sky and thunder rolled as a natural symphony to our passion. The intensity of the storm was matching the intensity of our love making. Our bodies in perfect union, breath becoming ragged, the storm raged around us. As the storm cresendoed we exploded with an unbridled passion. My body convulsed as thunder shook overhead. Our bodies thrusting together, finding a place of mutual

release.

As the storm subsided so did our fury of passion. We lay spent as the rain became a mist. I traced your jaw. Holding each other letting our warmth mingle a large smile of broke over me. It always amazed me how our passion could be so perfect and overwhelming. The sun came out, dappled through the branches, highlighting sections of your body. Beads of rain sparkled like jewels on your firm breasts. I lightly connected a few as they slid lazily down between your cleavage, onward to your belly button and then over the sides of your waist. We laid together, naked to the world for awhile before we realized we would need to get back to our camp before dark.

We hurried to put on our damp clothes and collected our spent supplies. The trip down was slower as we held hands to keep from sliding and sliding down the slick trial. We reached the canoe in shade as the sun lowered behind the outcrop. We shivered and embraced, remembering our afternoon of passion on the outcrop. The voyage back was shorter as we pushed ourselves to make it back before dusk succumbed to night. Although our clothes were not drying much as the temperature dropped our quickened pace produced heat from within. Once on shore, we looked back on our conquest of the day. The outcrop held new meaning for us. After a quick meal in the afterglow of sunset, we retired to our long abandoned sleeping bags for a night of passion and delights, but that’s another story!