

Sultry Little Show

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A hot and humid night drives Emmy to wicked distraction...

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*** All characters are over the age of eighteen

Sweat pooled in the hollow at the base of her throat, clinging to her naturally bronzed skin before gravity took its toll and it slid downward between the shallow valley of her breasts. Her white singlet clung to her, sticky and damp. The stretchy cotton felt oppressive in the clammy heat of the afternoon. A summer storm was brewing, a hundred percent humidity and high temperatures made the atmosphere stifling. She lay half sprawled on the porch-swing on the back veranda, trying to stop the polyester cushions from sticking uncomfortably to her skin as she attempted to cool herself with a bone and lace fan. Why? Because the power was out over half the city, the grid overloaded with the populace's need to be cooled. Roiling clouds, grey and dense, hung low and glossy in the sky, fat with the distant promise of rain. She could feel the static charge in the air around her and before true night rolled in; she knew there'd be lightning cracking across the sky. The air moved like treacle against her skin as she lazily waggled the fan near her face. It did little to alleviate the moist heat and only succeeded in making her sweat even more. A fine sheen of sweat coated every inch of exposed skin – and the non-exposed skin as well – and made her long for the feel of cool water sliding over her body. She could go take a cold shower but what would be the point, two minutes later she'd be sweating again. Emmy huffed out the side of her mouth blowing a lank strand of short black hair out of her cool green eyes. She hated this sort of weather almost as much as she loved it. She couldn't wait for the fireworks to start, the storm promised to be spectacular. She couldn't wait to see that stark flash of lightning and hear that sharp crack of thunder rolling across the heavens; dark, primordial and wild. At least, that's how Emmy saw it. She really did love a good thunderstorm. Emmy doubted that her love of thunderstorms was quite the same as other people's however. Especially when it was a summer storm, all hot and humid, the air close and sticky, sliding over her skin like a lover's caress. She didn't know what it was or why it was, but weather like this, always made her want to fuck. Pity then that she didn't currently have anyone with which to fuck. She wanted to strip down naked, lay back in her porch-swing with her legs parted slightly, her arms raised and relaxed over her head and just let the subtle shift of that heated air lick over her body, caress her toned form and tease at her flesh, her nipples, her pussy... mmm. Imagine the air was a lover, strong and hard, his touch deep and smooth... God, she could feel herself getting wet only half thinking about it. She popped a leg up on the seat while the other hung

down; and ran her fingers lightly along the inside of her slick thigh. She stopped at the inner edge of her yoga shorts, her fingers lingering for a short time. Then she trailed her fingers back up to her knee, teasing herself. Emmy felt the throb quicken in her body. She pulled her kegel muscles tight, pulsing them inside her, making her clit tingle. Her nipples bunched hard under her top, two small points of aching need. Emmy's hand moved unthinking and cupped a firm breast, her forefinger flicking over her crinkled bud, once, twice. Emmy bit her bottom lip and took her hand away. It was only five in the afternoon but a false night was already falling due to the dense storm clouds. She was exposed out on her back veranda, the only thing between her and an unrestricted view was the porch banister and the odd tree in the back yard. But with the power out and likely to stay out the whole night, shadows fell darkly across her house and hid her almost completely from sight. Was she really considering this? Emmy smiled. Mmm yes she was! This kind of weather always drove her a little troppo, made her a little bit wild. She ran her fingers back along her thigh, this time dipping the tips beneath the leg of her shorts and running them lightly over her damp outer lips. She sucked her bottom lip between her teeth as she breathed in deeply through her nose. Emmy closed her eyes and let her head fall back. She raised her other arm above her head and relaxed as she teased herself for a moment, stroking lightly, dipping her fingers just a tiny bit deeper to brush fleetingly over her quickly engorging clit. She rubbed a little harder and her hips jerked forward against her hand. A soft whimper fell from her lips and she quickly pulled her fingers from under her shorts. Emmy smiled as she stroked them back up to her knee. Her body was humming, growing tighter in anticipation. She sat up slowly and squeezed her thighs together as she looked about. It was dark, shadows fell heavily on her and even though Emmy felt incredibly exposed she knew that she'd never be seen under the shrouded alcove of her veranda. Emmy bit the inside of her lip as a cheeky grin began to spread across her lips. Why not? Her inner imp chirped. You know you want too... do it! She stopped herself from over thinking it too much as her hands reached for the bottom of her singlet and slowly peeled it up her body. The fabric clung to her skin, rasping over her nipples and making them prickle as she pulled upward. Emmy let the top fall to the wooden deck as she lay back in the seat. The chair swung lazily as she slid her hands down her stomach and gripped the top of her tiny yoga shorts. Her thumbs ran down either side of her smooth mound and then outward and over the tops of her thighs as she slowly inched her pants down her legs. She was so sticky with heat and desire that the crotch of her shorts tried to remain valiantly pressed against her slick pussy. But eventually even they gave way with a damp twang as she bent her knees and removed her shorts altogether, dropping them too. Emmy breathed in deeply as she stretched and purred like a kitten in the warm, sultry air. Her skin pimpled as an all over shiver skimmed across her body at the wickedness of it all. She was sitting on her back veranda, in the dark, totally naked. An unrestrained giggle escaped her. This was the naughtiest thing she'd done in a long time. She felt delicious! She sat up, planting her heels firmly on the edge of her seat as she let one foot slip forward and gently kicked the railing of her porch. Her porch-chair began to swing again as Emmy put her heel back on the edge, feeling her damp petals opening to the night. She lounged back, as the slow swirl of air brushed feather light over the plumped lips of her slick core. She was aching and tingling, but she kept her hands well away, letting

the atmosphere and the nature of what she was doing stimulate her body. She could feel the soft breath of air that slid over her open lips. The slippery wetness of her pussy as it became more aroused, her tender lips gliding against each other as her mind floated, imagining all manner of things as she sat naked in the night. The thought that popped to the forefront of her wandering mind was of having a man – faceless in her mind – standing before her, leaning against the railing, tall and lean and as naked as she. A long thick cock in his hand, stroking it in time with the swing of her seat, bringing her pussy closer to his throbbing cock but never able to touch it. His heavy breathing an encouragement as he pushed his cock forward as she swung forward and drew it back when she swung back, fucking her through distant air, all hot and aching and wanting... but never touching, never satisfying that itch. Oh fuck! Emmy's mind moaned. She could feel her body throb at the thought. If only! Her nipples had been hard knots of flesh from the moment she began thinking of getting naked and they pulled even tighter at her new thoughts. The crinkled buds ached to be touched, teased, tweaked! She wanted to just grab them and twist them in her grip, but she denied herself, instead sliding her hands up the outside of her legs to her knees, and then running her palms down along the inside of her thighs until she felt the taut tendons of her hamstrings. Her hands stopped and she gripped her inner thighs hard before starting to massage herself there. Pushing in and pulling out against the flesh of her legs, which in turn moved the outer labia of her pussy. Opening and closing them to the night, shifting them against each other, her pussy getting wetter by the minute, she could feel the dribble of slick fluid as it slid down the crack of her ass and trickled over her puckered bud. She bit her bottom lip and whimpered sucking in breath through her nose. She squeezed even harder at her thighs as she pulled her lips further open. God how she wished the atmosphere could grow firm and push inside her, the storm become embodied and thrust forward to savagely fill her, hard and fast, making her gasp and cry out in lusty wonder. She knew it was impossible of course but shit it made her fucking hot to think about it like that. She relented and let a hand glide lower. A single digit ran down one side of her puffy nether lips and then back up the other. It skimmed lightly over the top of her mound, not quite touching the top of her hairless slit before dropping down to repeat the process. Her breathing was getting haphazard, god she was hot! Emmy slowly became aware of soft music wafting into the night. It sounded kind of brassy, perhaps a saxophone. The music mellow and slow, with the odd discordant note thrown in, making it sound achingly melancholy and sexily sultry at the same time. Almost like the music was talking to the storm, talking to her and it seemed like the appropriate accompaniment to her current performance. She let the music seep into her, vaguely wondering where it was coming from. She kicked a leg forward and set herself swinging again. The soft rumble of far-off thunder reached her ears over the top of the soft music and Emmy's eyes sprang open as she looked to the skies. The storm would be starting soon. She inhaled the thick ozone deeply, drawing it in like a drug as sweat trickled over every inch of her body, dripping down to mix with her sweet, aroused juices. Her fingers pressed harder against the outer lips of her hot, steamy pussy, but never went any further than that. She was aching so badly, she wanted nothing more than to drive her fingers inside her centre and ease that throb. She could feel the closeness of the air, inching across the fine hairs on her skin. The low,

dense rumble of thunder primal and dark, the eerie sound of the saxophone in the night... God! Emmy thought. Emmy couldn't resist. She slid her hands up her smooth belly and cupped her breasts. As her fingers found her tight nipples, lightning arced across the distant heavens and the sharp flash caught her off guard making her jump. Instinctively her fingers clamped down hard on her crinkled buds and she gasped as sensation burned along her nerves and found a home in her throbbing clit. Her kegel muscles spasmed, pulling deeper into her body, wishing they had something hard and hot and throbbing to wrap around. Fuck, I wish I had a cock inside me right now! Emmy moaned inwardly. Hard and thrusting, thick and hot and pushing deep inside. Fuck! Oh God! And even as she thought it, she was fully aware that she was completely exposed to the world and that only heightened her need. What if someone could see her? What if someone was spying on her right now? Emmy's mind jumped at the thought but she found her body only getting hotter. Emmy's moan, low and wanting, reached her ears as her fingers restlessly tugged and squeezed at her tight nipples. Her hands pulped at her breasts and she chewed on her bottom lip as she felt each pulse rush down her torso and hit that throbbing bud between her legs. She was wet, slicked and dripping, her juices running almost freely down the crack of her ass. She rolled her hips in little circular motions, sliding the lips of her heated pussy against each other fractionally. Her heels were still planted on the edge of her swing seat, her yoga flexible body easy to twist into position. She constricted her inner muscles again and again, pulling them inward and up towards her navel, each time imagining that she was being invaded by a thick pulsing shaft of hot meat. The thoughts were enough to make her arch her back and Emmy's hips rolled forward, the bottom edge of her slippery pussy grazing lightly against the cushions. That tiny bit of friction was the last straw as thunder rumbled loudly, making her jump and her hips jerk, mashing her open pussy against the cushion. Emmy slid her hand down her belly with purpose now. She needed to feel that release. The storm roiled over the top of her now. The lightning strikes bright, the thunder claps loud and heavy. Emmy could feel the vibration of the thunder tremble through her body with every second of sound as her hand dipped lower. Her nimble fingers danced over her flesh, stroking lightly at her supple skin in search of her ultimate pleasure button. She tormented herself first, gently rubbing her fingers along her wetted lips, teasing at the smooth plumpness of her nether region. She sucked in a breath as a thrill ran through her. Her pussy was practically drooling with hot need, and it was all Emmy could do not to dive right in. She stroked herself softly, slowly. She wanted to prolong the sensation for as long as she could. She had all night, she was in no hurry even though she felt the urgency. Lightning arced again, lighting the world – and Emmy – up for a brief second. She was almost completely lost in the moment, the sensations in her body bigger even than the storm. However, for some reason she noted that the music had stopped. She flicked that observation aside with a half formed thought of the musician not wanting to compete with the thunder. Had she been truly aware of her surroundings, Emmy would have heard the surprised squeak that had issued from the instrument at the point where the music stopped. Had she been capable of progressive thought, she'd have noted it as unusual and wondered at the cause. Had she even suspected that in the brief flash of light, two hazel eyes had been looking out the window and had seen her in all her naked glory, Emmy might have stopped and run into her house, alarmed

and slightly embarrassed. Had she known... But Emmy was blissfully unaware and so she had no idea she was putting on such a sultry show for the musician standing in the window of his loft apartment, to the right of her backyard. He had to strain his eyes but he could see her, the natural ambient light not quite gone in lieu of true night. He too was naked and stood in front of his double window. The windows were thrown open and the curtains wide, trying to coax even a hint of cool air into his stuffy apartment. He'd set his baby into her stand beside him and now stood with bated breath waiting for the next flash of light. He'd only caught her as a fleeting glimpse swallowed back into shadow and now, well now he just wanted to make sure he wasn't imagining things. Oh, he'd seen her before tonight, noticed her in her backyard bending and twisting her body into all those wonderfully contorted poses that yoga dictates. He'd always watched with half a moan formed in his throat as those wickedly small yoga shorts pulled tight against her pussy and disappeared into the crack of her ass. Her bronzed skin glistening in the sun as she sweated and when she pushed herself into 'upward-facing dog', gawd how it made him ache! How often had he dreamt of stepping in behind her when she was bent like that, her firm ass in the air, her body hot and slick, her pussy a little damp no doubt, and just sinking his cock into her tight, young cunt? Lightning lit up his world once more and he drank in the full spectacle of her body. He only saw her for a moment but it was enough. She had a hand between her legs, her fingers driving deep into her slick pussy. He saw her other hand at her breast, tugging and twisting at the nipple. Thunder rumbled across the sky and vibrated the air around his body. The subtle shift of atmosphere against his naked skin was enough to prickle it and he felt his blood surge through his veins as his cock began to grow. He watched the darkened space on her veranda, and the even darker shadow that was her, and let his hand slide across his hip and gently squeeze his burgeoning shaft. He began to stroke himself as he waited for the next flare of light. Her body was truly aching now. Her fingers danced over her pussy, gently rubbing and stroking her wet outer lips as her other hand pulled at her nipple. She tugged on it relentlessly, pushing shocks of sensation down her belly and into her clit, making it throb even harder. Her pussy kept spasming, the inner muscles pulling inward, wanting so desperately to be wrapped around a nice hard cock. In her head she had all manner of imaginary lovers, scenarios in which some faceless stranger would appear out of nowhere and ask if she needed a hand? Or say nothing and just look at her with lust in his eyes as he stepped between her legs and pushed the blunt tip of his thick shaft against her moist little pussy. Emmy gave a small frustrated growl. She needed a hot piece of meat so badly! She thought about going to grab her dildo from her room. That at least would give her some small relief. Penetration, though from an artificial substitute, was still penetration and god did she need to be penetrated. But Emmy didn't want to give up her spot on the chair. She worried that she'd grab that plastic cock and not bother to make it back outside. So she put up with the minor frustration and stayed right where she was. Light blinded her again, bright and stark. The strike nearly directly overhead only seconds passed before the loud 'crack' of thunder made her heart rate spike and her whole body spasm in surprise and fear. The strike had been a big one, easily lasting a three second count, its effect a little like strobe lighting. But it was definitely long enough for Emmy to catch movement in the window of the loft apartment behind her house. She gasped as her sex addled brain put two and

two together and finally realised that someone was watching her. She felt her stomach clench with shock and apprehension as she yanked her hand away from her pussy. Briefly she thought about covering herself and going inside. But as her hand moved she found it cupping her other breast and her wet fingers pinched at the nipple instead. She bit her bottom lip and swallowed down a breath as she realised... she wanted to be seen. She was so hot; the knowledge that some faceless person was watching her masturbate was such a fucking turn on. She didn't even know if it was a man or a woman. It could have been either, as she hadn't been able to see much more than shadowy movement. Still, the knowledge sent a thrill through her. Emmy needed to get off and soon. She slipped her hand back between her legs and began rubbing with purpose. She was aching; Emmy knew it wouldn't take her long. She slid a finger down low, teasing at her little puckered asshole and moaning at the sensation before drawing her hand back to her sopping core. She was so wet, so hot, so fucking horny! God! She spread her lips apart and jammed two fingers inside her wetness. She groaned out loud as she threw her head back. Her other hand tugged and twisted at her nipples as her breath tried to figure out if it was trying to suffocate her or let her live. She was gasping loudly as her fingers pumped inside her. Deep, hard thrusts that made her hips shove upward to meet them. Oh fuck now more than ever, she needed a cock! She pressed her palm against the top of her mound, grinding it down against her clit, the hard button was unsheathed and ready for its destruction. She began thinking of the stranger in the window as a 'he' as she fingered herself closer to climax. And the thoughts that stormed through her mind drove her faster toward her end. Was he up there with his cock in his hand? Was he turned on by what he saw? Did he want to walk out into the night, jump the fence and come to her so he could fuck her like the hot little slut that she was? Her fingers strummed over her pussy now, flicking furiously back and forth across the soft pearl that gave her pleasure, before dropping back to dive inside her clenching centre. Her kegel muscles kept jerking tight, spasming inside her as her fingers continued driving deeper, faster. Another flash of light, another glimpse of the shadow in the window, and the distinct impression that his eyes were glued to her and his arm was cranking along his hard shaft in time with her. It thrilled Emmy to think that whoever he was up there watching her, was gaining pleasure too. She groaned as her body jerked and lunged, her spine snapping and bending in time with her fingers. Emmy's bosom heaved with her sharp breaths as the storm inside her matched the one above her. The heat seemed to intensify; the air became closer, clinging to her body like a second skin. She could feel his eyes burning over her, raking across her flesh like a hand. Emmy couldn't control the small sounds of pleasure that issue from her throat. She was hotter than she'd ever been in her life knowing that someone was up there watching her as she touched herself. More light, longer lasting, enough to see his body was straining towards hers. The loud rumble of thunder overhead, enough to drown out her moans and gasps as her fingers kept torturing her body. Her eyes were riveted to that window. Wanting to see; just as much as to be seen. Her body rolled and rocked, breasts heaving, hips thrusting, her fingers pumping hard and fast as she put on a wet and wild show. The storm was about to break, and so was Emmy, as she felt that tightening in her belly. Her eyes never left that window, never for a second relinquished their lock on that shadowy figure as he stroked himself in time with

her. Was he close? Was his cock thick and aching, and throbbing for release? Did he want to jam it inside her tight cunt and fuck her until she screamed? Would he, if he had the chance? All these thoughts swirled through her mind as that fog of euphoria began to gather at the edges of her vision. The musician in the window's hand was cranking madly along his shaft. He was rock hard and throbbing for release. Begging the storm to light up the sky again and again so he could see the hot little yoga minx as she finger fucked herself on her veranda. Even though he knew it would never happen, he let wild thoughts of abandoning his post in the window and somehow making his way down to her swing chair in the blink of an eye rush through his head. How desperately he wanted to shove his cock deep inside her clasping tunnel. He just knew that she would be vice tight and would milk the cum right out of his smooth balls. His hand squeezed tighter along his cock as he pumped faster, the tip dripping wet with precum. He fancied that he could hear her moans and gasps of pleasure over the rumble of the storm. He couldn't of course but the thought brought him that much closer to fulfilment. God, how he wanted to pump her full of his sticky seed, to shove his cock so deep inside her and empty his balls into her wet and willing pussy. Oh fuck! He groaned inwardly as he felt that tell tale tightening in the pit of his stomach as his balls literally began to tingle. It wasn't going to be long for him! He wondered... would they find their completion at the same time? Emmy's hand was a blur between her legs. She'd seen him in the flashes of lightning and figured him to be male simply from his shape and the action of his shadowy arm as he pumped a hand along his cock. Knowing he was up there watching her made her insides tremble and she was so turned on she felt herself losing the fight to hold off just that little longer. Her nipples were tighter than she'd ever felt them, the warm air about her body caressing their tips like a lovers lips. Emmy ached to explode, wet and wild on her fingers but she was trying with everything she had to hold off for just a little while longer. She wanted to cum when he came, wanted to know that even from across her backyard she'd made some faceless stranger cum for her. How she wished he was down here with her! How she wished his cock was ramming inside her instead of her fingers. Driving deep and hard into her tight pussy, until even the thunder wasn't enough to drown out her screams of pleasure. Or standing over her, pumping himself fast and tight until he exploded and sprayed his thick, creamy cum all over her smooth, bronze skin. Thoughts like that drove her faster and faster toward her end. It was building like the storm overhead. Sparks of electricity travelled along her skin and nerves, hot and demanding as her fingers jerked and pumped inside her young pussy. The feeling in her clit was getting tighter and tighter, the hot throb maddening and all the while her eyes were riveted to that window and that shadowy figure. His jaw was clenched tight and he could feel his balls and they pulled up closer to his body. He was on the cusp. He knew that any moment now he was going to lose his battle and spew the life essence from the tip of this engorged cock out the window and onto the roof below. It was as inevitable as breathing and he only hoped that she would cum along with him. The musicians legs began to tremble as his arm action became jerky and sporadic. He could feel his toes trying to curl against the floor boards of his loft apartment as his butt cheeks clenched tight, his hips beginning to strain forward. His breath was catching in his chest, the feeling tight and close, and his head felt like it was going to explode from the pressure. He managed to suck in one last needed lungful of air before

his body hunched. His shoulders crunching forward as his hips thrust his cock as close to the girl on the veranda as he was ever going to get! The knot in his stomach pulled as tight as he'd ever felt it, until it finally snapped, and his balls clenched painfully beneath his shaft and began pumping jet after jet of thick, creamy cum out of the double windows and into the humid night air. Lightning lit him up as his howl of release broke past his lips and echoed out into the world. Emmy's body was getting tight. She could feel her orgasm reaching its final height. Her hand moved furiously between her thighs, rubbing and pumping in and out of her sweet wetness. She was squelching she was so hot. She felt that throb hit that awkward beat in her clit. Quickly she yanked her fingers from inside her pussy and began strumming them hard across the engorged button of her clit. She bit her bottom lip hard as a high pitched squeal broke from her throat. The fingers of her other hand clamped down hard on her nipple, holding it tight against her chest as her lithe hips began to jerk and buck against her fast moving hand. Her planted feet took up the weight as her toes curled over the edge of the seat and her compact bottom lifted off the chair. Her whole body tensed; her chin resting on her chest as her orgasm hit her like a freight train. It was a battle to keep her eyes open as the hot rush of pleasure bowled through her. Her body shuddered and spasmed, sensations rendering her immutably lost to the world around her, as white hot ecstasy sang in her veins. Lightning lit up the sky once more, long enough for her to see the shadow in the window's stance change and she just knew that he'd found his release along with her. She imagined that she heard his cry of ecstasy on the wind but knew it was wishful thinking. She closed her eyes as a huge grin spread across her face, her body still tensed and arching as the last vestiges of her explosion spasmed across her senses. Her thighs were shaking and when they could no longer hold her aloft, they gave out and she fell heavily back against her chair making it rock crazily. She was just lucky she didn't fall because she was too boneless to move just then and she doubted she would have had enough energy in her to actually save herself if she did. Her breathing was laboured, the thick air of the humid night making it even harder to catch her breath, but Emmy wasn't complaining. She hadn't cum like that in a long time, and it was all thanks to that faceless stranger up in his loft window. She swallowed. With a final arc of lightning, and loud crash of thunder, Emmy's body cooled, and the heavens opened up and dumped a torrential downpour on the land. The heavy curtain of water effectively cut visibility to nothing and Emmy had no way of knowing if her watcher was still there. But she sure hoped he was. She lay back in her chair, stretched out naked as she caught her breath and recovered from her wonderful orgasm, trying not to think too much. When out of the rainy night, the soft but definite sound of satisfied saxophone music floated across the yard and over Emmy's naked form. She smiled from ear to ear, knowing that the musician had enjoyed her sultry little show just as much as she had!