

# Caught in the rain

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I am sopping wet from the rain when you knock on my door. You let me in without a word. You feel a few cool drops splash on you as I pass tantalizingly close, only shooting you a precise, knowing look, for the briefest of seconds. I walk down your hallway, my hips swaying just so, as I unbutton my drenched blouse, without even a glance back. I drop the shirt on the floor and continue walking, my arms crossing, under and up, ripping off the tank top also drenched underneath. I have just had time to kick off my shoes by the time you make it to the end of the hallway. I turn around, in one swift motion, gracefully, and lean back against the couch. You take me in, beautiful, flawless, nothing but soft, wet skin, a tight black bra, and a pair of wet jeans with a single button undone. You catch up to me, stand in front of me, our bodies so close that your bodyheat begins to warm me up. You run your hands across my hips, feeling my soft skin, the drops of water on my body, before circling them back to the front, hooking them into the undone button of my jeans as you kneel down before me. You pull down the zipper, and tug them down. I shimmy my hips to help you get my tight jeans off, and soon they're at my ankles, panties and all. You look down between my legs, marvelling at how the rain wasn't all that was getting me wet. Your hands on my hips, you push me against the back of the couch, my hands scrambling for a brace. You run a hand down my hips, over my sweet, flawless buttocks, and under, pulling my leg slightly up, the better to eat me with. Neither of us are in the mood for subtleties, so you let loose your lips upon me; lapping up my juices, running your tongue up and down my slit, your fingertips reaching for my clitoral hood and pushing it back, letting your tongue flick and tease and lick, feeling my body shudder over you with each swift movement. You feel my leg wrap over my shoulder, as you push in deeper. Your lips kissing and nibbling, your tongue flicking and licking, my juices flowing all over your mouth. You hear me let out a guttural moan and you can't take it anymore. You stand up, pushing me off your shoulder, rising face to face with me. My breasts, still in the black bra push against your chest, as you feel my heavy breathing on your lips. My hands travel down, undoing your pants, getting them off, much faster than we did mine. My eyes never leave yours. Once you've been released, you grab my wrists roughly, and twist me around. I gasp. You grab them again, and pin them against the back of the couch, your chest against my back, my butt pushing against your thickened, erect member. You push my head down, and pull out my pelvis more, forcing me to present my wet, throbbing sex waiting for you. You tease me. You run fingers up and down. You run the tip of your member across my wetness. But soon, you enter me. hard and fast. I let out a sound, a cross between shock and pain and love. You pull out. you thrust in. You feel

every inch of my tightness around you as you fill me completely as only you can. You thrust, in and out, your hands on my hips, guiding me back and forth. I buck against you, grinding into you, complementing our rhythm. In and out, back and forth. faster, deeper, harder. I start letting out little shrieks everytime you enter me. That just makes you enter me faster and faster. I struggle to keep my arms braced against the couch. We fall into it, you on top of me. I try to regain my posture, but in your passion, you grab my arms and pin them behind my back. I always liked it rough. My moan signals approval. I arch my back, grinding into you again, and we continue, harder and faster, rutting like dirty animals, moaning and groaning as you enter me fully deeply, completely, and pinned I can do nothing but moan and gasp and shriek my approval, begging you to enter me deeper and harder and faster and deeper and harder and more and more and more and more and more until I let out one final long shriek, my entire body shivering underneath you in one final sweet release.... You pull out, and me turn over. I reach towards you, grabbing my favorite part of you and I tug, and stroke, and lick until you explode all over me, my hair, my face, my little black bra...I lick my lips in thanks. You suggest it might be time for a shower...