

Feels Like Rain

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There's something about a rainstorm that floods me with passion.

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We stand together on your porch, looking out across the prairie. Green signs of spring are just beginning to show in the late afternoon light of this March day. I sigh as your arms settle around mine, and you breathe into my hair. It has been too long since I was able to relax in your embrace, share a bottle of wine, and just listen to the sound of your voice. I can feel the tension melting away, as the heat from your body seeps into my skin.

In the distance, the sky is darkening, and we peer into the clouds, anticipating the promise of rain. You know how I love to watch a storm approaching. Our bodies tense slightly as we wait for the first rumbles of thunder to roll over us. We whisper quietly, of work and the things that fill our hectic days. I love the way you talk---the way your voice at the back of my neck travels down my shoulders and makes my fingers tingle. I love that it doesn't matter what we discuss, or even if we sit in silence, as long as you are near, I feel at home. The wine is tart in my mouth and it rolls over my tongue, the flavor reminding me of our first kiss. I turn in your arms and gaze into your eyes. I am so relaxed, so content here, that I can't help but smile. Your lips on mine are as warm and soft as that first time.

Thunder echoes in the distance.

Lightning splinters the dark sky.

Wind-blown strands of hair cross my cheek; and your fingers are warm as they brush the hair aside, tangling at the back of my neck. The air smells damp, of dust and rain and the scent of your skin. There is electricity in it, too, from the storm, and from the desire flashing between us. The temperature is dropping and the wind picks up, but I don't want to go in yet. I want to wait for the rain. Your arms tense around me possessively and pull me closer. I shut my eyes and lose myself in the nearness of you. Nothing else matters, except being here.

The first drops take my breath.

Your mouth is warm on my skin as the cool rain falls around us in sheets. I kiss your face as it washes over us, soaking into my hair, my clothes---like a million fingers massaging the stress from my body. A tingle ripples through me. You grab my hand and pull me laughing into safety, shutting the door firmly behind us and pressing me against it with your body, as your mouth and hands roam freely over my exposed skin. Our soft moans echo off of the walls, and I swear I can feel your heart beating in my chest.

We drip on the tile floor.

Lightning flashes in your eyes, reflected from the windows. As you realize I'm shivering both from the chill of the rain and the heat of your skin, you lift me from the puddle I'm standing in, and carry me to the rug---our rug---in front of the fireplace. Laying me gently down, you kneel beside me, pressing your forehead to mine, and looking into my eyes. The intensity of your smoldering gaze takes my breath from my throat. Your lips brush mine ever so softly, and you smile. I can feel your breath on my face, and hear the soft chuckle in the back of your throat. I know I must look a sight, drenched from head to toe, but I don't care.

As thunder echoes against the house, my impatient fingers tug at the buttons on your shirt. The rain has made it difficult to slip them through their buttonholes, and I must force my trembling hands to still and concentrate. Unbuttoning one button at a time, I press my lips to each patch of warm wet skin as it is exposed. I can feel your fingers in my wet hair, on my face, beneath my blouse, pulling the sticky, damp fabric aside to caress my stomach, my back. Finally peeling your shirt away, I find that your hands have freed me from my blouse as well, and the only thing between your warm chest and my

nipples is the sheer black lace of my bra. Sensitive from the cold, wet lace, they stand at attention, reaching toward you.

Your fingers knead my skin, smoothing their warmth into my arms, and you reach for the straps of my bra, sliding them down my shoulders. You kiss the full flesh that threatens to spill out of the cups, and slip your tongue beneath the fabric, searching for that hard nipple. A tingle courses its way through my body as your tongue connects, and I arch my back, sinking deeper into the rug. My hands flutter over your chest, your shoulders, your arms, like fireflies, not sure where to land. I can feel your warmth everywhere, and I want you closer to me. I fumble with your rain-soaked jeans, and feel your hands doing the same frustrating dance at my waist.

I raise my hips, and you slide the wet clothing from my body, rubbing my skin in your warm hands, and watching the light of the flames dancing over me. I smile up at you as I finally get your pants undone, and push them down your legs to your knees. You stand, step out of them and your shorts, and then stretch out beside me. I reach for you, as you reach for me, our skin hungry for the warmth in each other. Your love settles over me like a cloud as your flesh meets mine everywhere. This is the sensation I've been waiting for, since the last time we were together---this losing myself in your skin, the feel of your breath in my chest, your warmth penetrating to the core of my being.

I open myself to you, body and soul, and wrap you around me like a blanket. Your fingers trace every inch of my flesh, competing with your lips in a fevered effort to possess me. Together they trace a line of fire down my shoulder to my breasts, caressing and kissing alternately until I cannot think. There is only you everywhere, with the sound of the rain on the windows, and the feeling of delicious tension building inside of me. Your mouth follows your fingers down my chest to my belly and then to that secret place between my thighs. I shudder as I feel your breath against my skin. You lightly touch with your fingertips, my lips, my inner thighs, and the hardness of my clit, peeking out at you. You move slowly at first, pressing your lips against me and then moving your tongue like an arrow between the wet folds. I bloom for you like a hothouse flower, and raise my hips toward you, hungry for the pleasure you offer me.

Soon I cannot tell whether you are touching and tugging and caressing with your fingers or your tongue and teeth. You are everywhere, and the sensation is overwhelming. An avalanche of pleasure builds inside and comes crashing down over me in waves. My legs tense, and my hips buck against you, but you don't even slow. You continue to touch and taste me, until I am so overwhelmed by the sensation that I can only collapse and whimper. At that sound, you relax, take a deep breath, and lay your head on my stomach for a moment, listening as my heart races back to its place in my chest

and my breathing catches up with itself.

I tangle my fingers in your hair, and trace circles along your temple, your ear, the line of your jaw. I float my fingertip across your bottom lip, fascinated by its color, its warmth and softness. You snake your tongue out and wrap it around my finger, sucking it into your mouth. Pushing yourself up on your elbows, you press the head of your erection against my still throbbing lips. My muscles contract and pull you deeper, and you slowly begin to move, in and out, with long, smooth strokes.

I arch my back to meet each thrust, and our groans echo with the thunder that rattles outside the window. We settle into a perfectly timed rhythm, the pleasure building in each of us. I can feel your hands on my hips, your erection thickening inside of me; I see in your eyes that you are captured as I am in this moment of loving passion. We move as one, toward the promise of sensual salvation, reveling in every moment that draws us closer to that place.

Soon I feel your muscles tensing and releasing against my skin, your hands grasping, your mouth kissing, licking, and tasting. Every bit of my consciousness is wrapped in you, as you take over and possess me, body and soul. I lose myself in the depths of your eyes and every nerve ending in me explodes. Thunder rolls across the sky above us and here in your arms, I am carried away from reality on waves of pleasure.

There is nothing else, but you.

Moving in and out of me, over me, through me, I can feel you tremble and explode. Your breath on my skin and in my ears is hot and ragged. The room, the fire, the rain, everything is lost in the feeling of you next to me. I close my eyes and float on the sound of you softly whispering my name again, and again, and again; while the storm outside whispers against the windows.