

Sex after the Storm

By Clarabelle

Published on Lush Stories on 29 Apr 2011

Sometimes the best part of breaking up is steamy make up sex

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/sex-after-the-storm.aspx>

We're still shouting, it makes my heart hurt. And then, BANG the door slams shut. In the corridor, I'm suddenly alone. The walls reverberate with nothingness. And my tears chose to fall. Great racking sobs. For the love that we'd had, that I shattered; for my big mouth, for your sharp retorts and the shreds of our relationship that are left in this sullen silence, made all the more conspicuous by your absence. I picture you, striding towards nowhere. Your docs hitting the pavement in a steady rhythm, noticing no one. You plunge through people. The same invisible crowd that examine your ardor out of the corner of their eyes, wondering what made you so angry. The anger translates into your mood, your beautiful eyes flash, your lips have thinned and the cigarette in your hand trembles. 'Cool off. Cool off Babe and come back to me'. By now I've descended down the wall into sitting position, until sorry arse is resting on the polished boards of the hallway. Normally this would be my favorite time of day. Outside, filtering into my miserable hallway, it's dusk. The sky is falling slowly. Inside, the charged silence nearly succeeds in driving me crazy. I can hear the clock tick in the kitchen, three rooms away. By now, my face is dry and salty. My tears have cleared. My skin feels hard from the sheen of sadness that still coats my face. I want you. Where are you? Will things ever be the same? Later, I hear the scrape of your heel on the stairs leading up to our doorway. It's a foreboding sound. I almost crack a smile as the doorbell rings. In your haste you stormed out and didn't take your keys. We're forced to confront one another. I don't want to shy away. A coward would unhitch the latch and disappear into the bowels of our house. It's one thing I'm not. I swing the door open and search the look you're wearing for signs of life and love. I harden my heart and look again for signs of possible rebuttal. Aside from ready anger, directed at me in the flint from your blue eyes, you give me nothing. Your face is hard. It scares me. "We have to talk" You flick the last of a cigarette out into the front yard and push past me into the room. "I thought we did that." My voice is flat but it cracks anyway. I ache to touch you, to make us forget. There's a yawning distance between us and all of a sudden I don't feel so brave. "Yeah." You look at your shoes. I want you to watch me. I will your selfish, downcast eyes to search my face, as I was searching yours. Does our love amount to so little? "Obie, maybe if you weren't a radio host..?" The words come softly. I can feel the phrases brewing in me as I talk. If I can keep speaking, I have the bizarre sensation that I'll know what to say. I pick invisible lint off the sleeve of my green jumper. I can tell I have your attention, mostly because of the pause I've

chosen. You haven't moved. "I gotta grow a thicker skin, I guess. I wish you didn't talk about me. About US on your show" "Yeah." I can feel my eyes narrowing as you echo your previous monosyllabic response. "I won't do that so much any more." To my ears the words sound ominous. You stumble on. "I'm sorry I mentioned your tits. I'm not sorry I criticized your dress-sense but someone had to say something..." I should have been angry, right then. I should have been inconsolable. But one side of your mouth twitches in place of the ability to grin. You reach for me with skinny arms that I call home, encircling my waist. I exhale as though I have been holding my breath for ten years, leaning into your embrace. We're so close I can smell your skin. I nuzzle your neck. "You shouldn't do those things." I reprimand. Another pause. "Babe, you do bad things too. This would never have started if you hadn't stripped naked at the pub." I'm listening. One impertinent finger lifts my chin so we have eye contact. "In future, don't ever shout at me. I hate shouting." "You wouldn't listen?" And you silence me with a kiss. A searing, heated, nasty-hot, grazing kiss that makes me want to clutch you and devour your head. Your five o'clock shadow burns me. You lash my softness with the intensity of your viper-tongue. It's the same tool that less than two hours ago was hurting me. You dared to you insult me with your two-bit philosophy and your young-white-boy prose over the airwaves no less, so my humiliation was complete. Now I'm dining on our discontent. There's a desperation in the union of our mouths. You're clutching my shoulders and pressing your warm chest into mine. Our shuffling and the noise of our breath takes up space in the stagnant hallway. You thrust your hips and I step back. We stumble. My back comes to rest pressed against the wall. You unbutton my work shirt with shaking fingers. I make a noise in the back of my throat and pull your t-shirt over your head, exposing your chest to my hungry fingers. I kiss you collar-bone. I gasp as you stuff your hand up my shirt and fight the under-wire of my bra to catch my breast. I can hear your shoes clumping heavily onto the floorboards as you kick them off. I almost bang my head on the wall as your keen lips recapture mine. Without your belt I can easily wedge my hands past the elastic of your boxers, into the warmth of your groin. As I grasp your madly erect cock, we both stop. Panting, looking at each other for the briefest of moments. Then I'm kissing your lips and wrapping my free hand around your neck, on tiptoes, pulling you closer. You meet me there, in the middle, surrounded by a dark haze of indecision and need. 'Oh Obie' my heart calls. I don't want you to hate me. We kiss as though after this last exertion we'll have nothing left to give each other. Maybe there is nothing left to hope for once this moment passes? Cities have been lost for less. The surrender makes me whimper and you mistake it for lust, pulling me into your embrace, smothering my voice with your tongue. As I love I am lost. As I give, I am disappearing into the apparition that you wish was me. It has to be enough for the now. I'm reeling. Backing away from you, I can't see your eyes and if I could, your pupils would be dilated so much they would obscure the blueness. You're as vulnerable as I am at this moment but neither of us draw breath to commiserate. I hastily help you out of your jeans and your socks. There's lots of panting and shredding of clothes. We're so clumsy as we rush, it's almost laughable. I'm hungry for your cock. Your naked. We're hot, wet, sloppy. You're hiking up my tiny skirt and touching my clit through the lace of my knickers. I'm squirming against your fingers. You're sliding a brutal hand around my breasts, grasping, rubbing. You're pushing the materials of my clothes out of

your path, there's no thinking. I get a sharp pleasure from the feel of stretched cloth. I'm at new heights of feverish arousal and I want you to fuck me in the impending doom of twilight, on the floor of our unlit hallway. I want to feel you moving inside me, when the only sound will be your rasping breath and my mewls of ardor. I get my wish. With your knees bent and my back flat against the wall, I can feel your cock about to enter me. My knickers are pulled to one side. We both tip and you use your knees to lift and pin me up. Cock meat slides into my-not-quite-ready pussy. I open to you but not without a bite of pain. You like it tight. Your grunt assuages my tiny grudge. I enjoy the fulfilling feeling of you sliding home. Our eyes don't meet. You're tongue is on my neck, in my ear. You're lost in softness, thrusting. It's hard to manage like this, despite the anger. The pleasure is too great and your knees might buckle. You move us. Clamoring down the hallway with your impaled load. Next, we're fucking in the kitchen. I'm splayed on the dining table and you take me. I can't quite reach your chest although I stretch my fingers to touch you. The thrusts of our fucking makes my back arch. Your dick nods at my g-spot. "AAAh" I sit up, shuffling my arse towards you. We both watch your meat sliding in and out of me, sleek with juice, thick and pink. I lean back on my hands and you come towards me. I can feel the heat from the wall of your chest but we're not touching. You continue to work at a frenzied rhythm, driving us both to the edge. I brush the hair out of your eyes and our lips meet. You're raking your tongue over my teeth, plunging it into my mouth. I'm sucking it, against the backdrop of squishy noises from our sexes meeting. We're still kissing as I cum all over your blissful pole. I'm moaning and thrashing. I'm a danger to us both in my mind-numbing orgasm. You're tongue retreats and you hold me. After the shuddering subsides I can feel the pulse in your neck, close to my face. But you haven't come. You keep thrusting at me and my body is more pliant now. I lie back, enjoying the rushing feeling of your dick coming and going. I imagine your little arse cheeks clenching as you stroke. You pull me up, I get stuck to the plastic table-cloth as I move. I almost laugh. You flip me over. I bend over the table. The urge to laugh leaves me swiftly as I take what you have to give. Your pace increases and the depth of your strokes make the back of my eyeballs hurt. "Oh. Obie!" There's a guttural noise from your exertion. I can feel you growing inside me. I feel the shuddering mini-tempest of your cock as you unload wads of spoo up my insides. I sigh and start to giggle. It's a breathless, massive noise. I don't know what we'll do now. Kiss me. It doesn't matter, kiss me.