

Storm of Desire
by Carol Sandford

I missed him. I hadn't seen my beloved husband for three, whole weeks and my entire body ached for his touch again. I blamed it on the pregnancy, I had never felt so wanton in my life as I do almost constantly now, not even when we had first got it together. When sex came along with a blinding love that constantly threatened to consume our whole life.

It still did and I missed it. I missed his huge arms around me, the whispers in my ear, of what he wanted to do to me, how he wanted to do it to me. I missed him deep inside, not only with his magnificent body, but his heart, his very soul. I loved him desperately and my body tingled with a desire that refused to be ignored anymore.

Which is why I found myself in our bedroom groping around in the back of the wardrobe for that box.

Our first months of non-stop passion was contained within that box of secrets and this had been the first time I had touched it since we had moved into our new quarters. The first time that I had needed to touch it. I needed to be sent to heaven and back and the contents of our box was the only way.

My fingertips touched the velvety material, sparking an instant warmth deep in my belly. Pulling out the luscious material, a smile touched my lips and I couldn't stop myself as I brushed the fabric across my cheek, instantly going back to the last time that I felt its softness. The sigh that left my mouth was filled with memories, and promise.

Reaching inside the box once more, I found what I was really looking for. The hard black wordless case hid its contents from the rest of the world, but for us, it held another story. One of ecstasy, hunger, raw emotions and a love that was so painfully obvious, you could almost visualise the electricity between us.

Slipping the cassette into the machine and switching the vidiscreen on, I waited until it sparked into life. The throb of expectancy began to build within me, more so as I began to strip my heated body of its confining clothes. One by one, each garment added to the pile until I was naked, and aroused. The goose-bumps sprung up from every visible pore and my hands automatically hugged my frame, highlighting even more the desire that was already coursing through my body as the images that I was about to lose myself in began to start within my mind, before the film had even begun.

Flicking the switch as I sat on the bed, I instantly heard his throaty chuckle, I so badly wanted to see him, feel him, I fell back onto the bed, groaning, but I wasn't sure if it was a groan of desire or for what I was about to do or because I missed the other half of me so badly. I did know...it was for all three. I wanted him home, I needed him home.

I needed him inside me.

I could hear Will's voice in the background as he began to strip my clothes from me. We were so young then, I would never have done this tape now even though our baby was still too tiny to see, but she was there, I could feel her flutterings deep within me and along side the laughter that bubbled up when I first felt her came a flood of tears to know that her daddy had missed it.

The room went silent and I knew that Will was kissing me, I closed my eyes and let myself remember. I remember him nipping my ear lobe and capturing my hands above my head, effectively immobilising me as he began on my mouth. Oh my God...I had never been kissed that way before. His tongue kept teasing mine, every time I went to join his lips with mine, he moved away, just hovering, and then he would start again. And then he began to thrust his tongue so deeply I thought I was going to die, but the sensation was mind-blowing, I didn't want him to stop. And then he really did blow my mind.

want you." It was enough.

I smiled at the memory, it seemed so long ago now, and here we were, married, blissfully happy and waiting for the birth of our baby daughter. It was just a shame that Will had to work away sometimes, but this one had been the hardest. Hard enough for me to have to resort to our own private video to ease that desperate ache. I heard the groan erupt from the tv screen across the room and knew it was time.

I watched Will' s head come up from between my quivering thighs. His eyes locked with mine and I knew that he was going to make love to me. I trembled with the sheer expectation as his eyes fell shut and his lips touched mine. Pulling me to the edge of the bed I felt his hardness push against my swollen softness, but I was ready and as his tongue entered my waiting mouth, that hardness embedded itself so deep within me, I felt it touch my womb. A guttural moan left our lips simultaneously as I embraced him inside and out, the sensations so strong that it was a full minute before either one of us could move.

And then it began. In and out, in and out, plunge after plunge, one breathless grunt mingled with another, bodies encased in a sheen of perspiration as we both rode the storm of desire. Locked in a timeless embrace that defied logic and understanding to intrude. A time for eternal lovers. ~*~ I couldn' t help myself, I had to touch...me, had to replace his touch, just for a minute. In the privacy of my own bedroom, I had to relieve the ache that had steadily built. I knew Will would be shocked if he could see me now, but I had to do this...for me, because I needed to feel him so badly...so desperately.

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And that was how Will found her.

Managing to wrap the job he was working on earlier than he' d expected, he had hopped on the first shuttle home to see his wife, the mother of his eagerly awaited child.

He had been surprised when she hadn' t greeted him in the lounge. He knew she was in because the radio was on, perhaps she was in the bathroom, or asleep, he knew that she had started to take naps as the child within her body began to take its toll.

Creeping towards the bedroom, Will was surprised to hear his own voice, "I love you baby...I love you." She was watching their video. He was more surprised when he opened the bedroom door.

His wife was laying on the bed completely naked, the soft velvet piece of material that they had used to bind her hands as they had ' played' , lay draped across her eyes. Her dark hair splayed across the pillow, constantly moving as she moved her head back and forth, her lips were apart as she brought herself nearer to the edge of her own oblivious pleasure.

His eyes travelled lower, admiring her silky smooth skin. Breasts that were beginning to swell along with the mound of her belly. Their child. But it was her hand that captured his full attention. Delicate finger tips barely touched the tiny bud hidden by the matching thatch of hair that kept her secrets hidden, but it seemed to be enough for her. He watched the gentle rise and fall of her body as she picked up the pace slightly. Glancing at the scene being played out on the tv he realised that she was playing along with the scenario.

Quietly slipping out of his clothes, Will smiled as his own desire sprung free of its confinement. Lord, he wanted her but he was desperate not to spoil the magical moment that was being played out on the bed.

Tiptoeing over to the beds edge, he simultaneously reached down to remove her hand whilst tracing her surprised mouth with his tongue. Capturing her other hand before it flew to her startled face to remove the cover from her eyes, Will effectively pinned her hands in the familiar position as he began to kiss her in earnest. It didn' t take long for the panic to subside once she realised that it was truly him and open herself to what ever he was offering.