

By the Fury of the Storm

by Lyra A Schneider

PENNY:

The dust storm howling outside matched the furious beating of my own heart.

Some of that was due to the adrenaline of survival. Arabellis and I had been out on the prairie when the storm hit. We'd had to high-tail it into a nearby canyon, the storm only a few feet behind us by the time we found shelter. The wind and dust weren't so bad by themselves, of course, but even with breather masks, the alien bacteria could kill an unlucky body in minutes. Even now, our survival was no sure thing.

But truthfully, that was nothing next to the real reason for my hammering heart - that being the fact that, after seven years apart, Arabellis and I were now within a breath's touch of each other. A giddy, girlish part of my brain had insisted on daydreaming about this moment almost every night, even though I knew full well how much Arabellis had done to hurt me in the past. She'd joined the Followers, those religious fanatics from space, and then she'd broken the law to deliver them a convert. As the Sheriff, I'd had to try to stop her, but she was the faster draw that night, and she shot me down. Until necessity demanded that I deputize her for my current mission, that had been the end of our life together.

Yet for all the suffering she'd given me, I knew she was just as hurt; she'd made that abundantly clear only moments ago, laying out my own sins in language I couldn't argue.

And now we were trapped in a small crevice together until the storm passed, with no guarantees of even surviving the night. That kind of uncertainty has an effect on the mind; it gets a girl thinking about reconciliation. I, for one, did not intend to risk dying without telling her how I felt. I'd almost said it, right before the storm interrupted us. I just needed to muster the courage to say it now.

I turned to look at her, curled up in a corner and drilling holes in the wall with her bright green eyes. Those wicked emeralds had cast a spell on me from the moment I first met them, and right then, I was prepared to let go of all the resentment I held for her just to have their favor again. I licked my dusty lips, and it was only partially to help them speak.

“Bel...”

PENNY:

She turned her head towards me in alarm, obviously thinking something was wrong from the tone of my voice. Nothing could have been further from the truth; I

could feel the momentum building up in the pit of my stomach, and I knew that whatever else might come of it, this one action was right. I leaned forward, crossing the narrow space between us, and took her hand in mine.

ARABELLIS:

“Penny..?”

PENNY:

Her hat was off, wild red curls strewn about her pretty face. I stared at her intently, following the curve of her jawline up to her cheeks, where her dark brown skin had a few irresistible freckles pointing to her impossibly veridian eyes. I took a long, shaky breath, and I gave her hand a squeeze.

Our eyes met, then, and all of the barriers in my heart that told me not to fall for her evaporated in an instant. I smiled - I actually smiled, and she smiled back, and it was like a grace from the universe itself. I knew it couldn't last, but I didn't care. All I wanted was to be with her again. I needed to tell her.

PENNY:

“Arabellis McVanth, I...was wondering if you would do (me the honor of...)

[ARABELLIS interrupts PENNY's speech with a deep, wet kiss]

PENNY:

It was even more perfect than my daydreams: for a second, I thought I might actually melt, so powerful was the heat that flooded my body. Her lips were just as soft and sweet as I remembered, but the yearning, the desperate heartache I could tell we were both striving to claw our way out of, that somehow made her kiss completely overwhelming. My stomach fluttered, and I kissed her back with everything I had.

(ARABELLIS gasps, moaning a little)

PENNY:

I breathed her in like oxygen. All these years, my need for this woman had waited, biding, and now it was striking out with all of the ferocity of a dust storm. My hand found its way to her face, and then to the back of her head, fingers running through her thick, fiery locks *[ARABELLIS gives a satisfied “mmm”]* even as her own hands found their way to me. I felt her short, delicate fingers touch the skin at the base of my neck, an electric shiver crawling up and down my spine, before her hand started weaving its way into my own hair.

[PENNY gasps in pain and delight and ARABELLIS gives a devious, satisfied chuckle]

PENNY:

She grasped a handful at the bottom of my skull, yanking me back with a strength you'd never guess from her slight body. I couldn't have resisted even if I'd wanted to, but I didn't want to. This was how it was with us, and it was something I always relished. I was so relieved to feel her touch me this way again after so long that I nearly cried.

Nearly.

[PENNY starts moaning and gasping as ARABELLIS pulls and starts biting her]

PENNY:

Her grip in my hair sent ripples of excitement through me, and with my head pulled off to the side, she had easy access to my neck. Her lips graced my skin, and then her teeth, biting into me hard, holding back just enough not to draw blood. It was as much a challenge as ever not to urge her to bite harder, to take more of me into her, to let me give her all that I was. I resisted that goading in my mind, though, and lost myself in the sound of her breathing.

[Deep, sensuous, satisfied breaths from ARABELLIS as PENNY continues having slightly subdued but still intense sonic reactions to the touch]

PENNY:

It suddenly stopped when she got to my shoulder, where my duster, and beneath it my vest, impeded her progress.

ARABELLIS:

“Lose the coat, Sheriff.”

PENNY:

“Yes’m.”

PENNY:

I didn't have room to properly stand in the crevice where we'd holed up, but I could get up on my knees, which gave me enough play to shrug off the heavy duster and toss it aside, revealing the tailored leather vest clinging tightly to my upper body. With lean, muscled arms, I reached up to begin unbuttoning the vest, but Arabellis

stopped me. Her slight, dark hand rested atop my long, tan fingers, and she clutched them like she meant to break them.

[PENNY whimpers in delightful pain]

ARABELLIS:

“No. I’ll do this.”

PENNY:

The sound of her voice made my heart rate skyrocket. I nodded, speechless, and let my hand lower out of the way as soon as she released it, rolling my shoulders back so she would have easier access. She made short work of the buttons, and in mere seconds, my vest was off, tossed into a pile with my coat to leave my breasts bare for her inspection. Or not, as it turned out; she remembered the sight of their petite curves well enough, and she set her mouth to them all but immediately. She always had felt a certain sense of ownership over them, and I couldn’t blame her for it; she was the one who’d stolen the patch from the Followers that twisted up my blood so I could grow them. She started with the right breast, then the left, a pattern she’d settled into early in our old life together and that I’d come to rely on. Her teeth were gentler here, much more deliberate in their coaxing and teasing against the sensitive flesh of my nipples, her tongue aiding the process in vicious little laps and flicks *[gasping from PENNY]* that made me wriggle beneath her.

ARABELLIS:

“Stay still.”

PENNY:

Her free hand reached up to give my hair another yank *[whimpering from PENNY]*; it hurt, and I wanted to move so badly, but I did as she asked. It was all part of the game we played with one another, and while I was the law in Ortis, I was all too happy to let her be the law in our intimacy. I shuddered as her other hand went back to massaging my breast, the contrast of her rough, groping caresses with the delicate twists of her tongue enough to make me scream. I held it all in though, riding waves of sensation until she’d had her fill. She pulled away from me, leaving one last lingering kiss on each furiously hard nipple, and took a moment to observe my face.

I could tell from the heat in my cheeks that I must have been extremely flushed, and it felt like there might even be a little moisture gathering there from an errant tear or two, but I genuinely couldn’t be sure. I had been too lost in the feeling of release that I got from being with Arabellis. My own awareness was hardly the point, anyway; I had

stayed still, as she'd asked, and that made her smile in golden delight. The sight of it made my heart absolutely sing.

So it was almost a shock when she *[sounds of exertion, pushing, even a dull thud]* pushed me hard onto my back, my head knocking against the rocks in the corner of the crevice, a new, blistering pain exploding into my awareness. Yet this, too, was within the bounds of what we knew, and well within my tolerance. She knew as much, and I knew she knew as much, so I relaxed my body entirely as she climbed on top of me. I knew what was coming next, and I tried to stay still; she might deliver a harsher punishment if I acted without her signal.

It was terribly difficult. She took her time removing her blouse, each button lasting an eternity, but I remained patient. I could do that for her. Eventually, it paid off; the blouse disappeared to mingle with my vest and coat, and her round, supple breasts were free to feel the hot air between us. I yearned to put them in my mouth, as she had done to me - to wet my parched soul with her. But not without her command.

That command never came, though. It seemed her own patience had been taxed by testing mine, *[rustling fabric as ARABELLIS undresses]* as she then hastily removed her riding pants and britches, hiking her skirt up around her ample hips and scooting forward on her knees to hover over me. Heat emanated from between her legs, her pussy visibly slick, and my tongue almost rose to meet it of its own accord. *[sounds of desire through shut teeth from PENNY]* But I clenched my jaw and refused to give in, even as every muscle in my body screamed and ached for me to taste her.

She found the last scrap of her resolve there, I figure, because a horrible moment of waiting stretched out in front of me like the endless horizon of the prairie. I balled up my fists and curled my toes in my boots and tried to think of anything other than the prize in front of me. I could feel my pulse in my throat, my back arching involuntarily, but still I held fast.

Then, finally, the relief of her voice.

ARABELLIS:

"Tell me what you want, Sheriff."

PENNY:

"I want my tongue in (side of you, please, please...)"

PENNY:

I was never able to finish that sentence, as she lowered herself onto my mouth, and my tongue all but leapt out past my teeth to greet her, any notion of speech or thought obliterated by the desperate, longed-for taste of Bel's pleasure. It was sublime, feeling the tip of my tongue glide in and out of her tender folds, but such active

participation from me never lasted long against Bel's appetite. She pushed hard with her hips, pinning my head to the stone as she ground her clit against me. It was all I could do to keep tension in my tongue, muscles in my neck and throat straining to provide her with what she needed, what I needed to give her.

Time passed, and I couldn't say how much, since I always lost myself in the heady scents and textures when I made love to Arabellis like this. But eventually, she reached her climax, doubling over me, hands slapping onto the rock above my head as she bucked her hips harder against me, making sounds that set my own pleasure aflame. I laid back, listening, savoring.

[A lengthy, delightful orgasm from ARABELLIS]

ARABELLIS:

"You have no idea how badly I needed that."

PENNY:

Oh, I surely did. But I could hardly say so, with her still straddling my face. I didn't mind, though; I took my time lapping up the remnants of her pleasure [*as ARABELLIS gives more sounds of sated satisfaction*], and she seemed happy enough to let me. But we both knew that there was more to this dance of ours, and soon, she scooted down, looking deviously at the belt around my hips.

ARABELLIS:

"How do you feel about losing those pants, Sheriff?"

PENNY:

That sweet girl. She may have been the one who broke the patch that had given me the body I wanted, back when she shot me in that standoff seven years ago, but she was also the one who stole it for me in the first place. The changes were winding back, now, parts of my body returning to its old state, and she actually thought to ask if I was comfortable.

PENNY:

"I'd like it very much...if you don't mind what's there, now."

ARABELLIS:

[laughs] "I reckoned it'd be there when I pushed you on your back, and I didn't mind then. Didn't stop me from cumming all over your pretty face."

PENNY:

I smirked like a lovestruck fool. Bel had a way about her that put me so much at ease, that just for now, I could ignore how much I wanted my new body back and just enjoy what I had with her.

PENNY:

“Yes’m, that’s true. And thank you kindly for it.”

ARABELLIS:

“Well then, maybe you should *show* me your gratitude.”

[The sounds of a belt being unstrapped, pants and boots being shuffled off as PENNY continues narrating]

PENNY:

I did as she asked. Working together, her fingers tracing lines of searing delight along my skin, we got my bottom as bare as my top. The organ between my legs was heedless of any embarrassment or discomfort, taut and eager for a lover’s touch, and Arabellis was quick to provide. Still wet from before, she lowered herself onto me...

[PENNY AND ARABELLIS gasping in mutual delight as Bel is penetrated]

PENNY:

...and it was silken, perfect bliss. The storm’s fury swelled outside, but all I cared about was the woman astride me. Arabellis was the most beautiful, intoxicating thing on the Klea; skirt hiked around her hips, cute little navel in the middle of her trim waist, red curls waterfalling down her breasts, which swayed with her as she began to rock back and forth around me. *[sounds of pleasure from both, gradually crescendoing throughout]* Her pussy tightened and relaxed around me with each buck and sway, and it sent ecstatic ripples into the base of my spine, working its way up my back and then down my arms again, into the very tips of my fingers. I pressed those fingertips into the skin of her thighs, urging her, begging her with my touch to ride me harder, and she took it with joy. She touched herself, as well, hands sliding across her ribs and breasts and throat, and I could see how it enhanced her delight; I only wished I could reach higher so I could do it myself, or that she would bend over me, but she remained upright, proud and picturesque.

When she leaned back, propping herself on one hand behind her, the other reaching under her skirt to rub her clit, I knew she was about to cum again, and that thought nearly did me in. I managed to hold off long enough for her to start first,

though; *[ARABELLIS cries “Penny! Oh, Penny!!!”]* but the way she clenched and squeezed and called out my name was the one thing I could never resist. I shuddered and dug my nails into the flesh of her hips, pulling her onto me as hard as I could as I called her name in return, and we rode each other’s pleasure for as long as we could stand it.

[Deep, exhausted, satisfied breaths from PENNY AND ARABELLIS]

PENNY:

Neither of us said anything as she collapsed on top of me, slowly easing herself off of my retreating flesh and curling up next to me, her head on my breast. The storm continued howling outside, but there was nothing left to fear, now; as far as I was concerned, that storm had been a type of benediction, and we were both transformed in its fury to find each other again. I could have started to worry, knowing that when the dust settled, things might go right back to normal. After all, I still had my mission - I had to stop a Follower defector from raising fires all over the Klea, and I was all but forcing Arabellis to help me. But right then, I chose not to fret; there’d be time enough to sort through the messy details in the morning. Instead, I just listened to her breathing against me, slowly settling into the greatest sleep I’d had in seven long years, content beyond imagining to be with Arabellis once again.

[ARABELLIS breathes, slow and relaxed, ending in a truly relieved and satisfied sigh]

END