

The Storm

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Two Lovers meet in a storm

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The rain poured down around her as she struggled to find somewhere that would shelter her from the deluge. The darkened sky flashed bright white and almost instantly cracked with the loudest rumble of thunder she had ever heard. It seemed to reverberate around her as she ran to and crouched in the corner of her make shift hideout, a telephone box. As another resounding boom echoed around her, lighting up the sky, she tried to squash herself more against the glass wall that was her only shelter from the harsh winds and freezing rain. She was drenched through having been caught unaware in the park when the storm struck unexpectedly. Though no-one could hear she was sobbing loudly, screaming with every crash of thunder. Ever since she could remember thunderstorms had scared her. Usually she would cuddle up with her parents, or whichever was able to spare the time to stay with her, patting her hair and reassuring her that it would be over soon. Even her friends were aware of just how much storms terrified her and they all knew just how to comfort her in their own way. None would dream of leaving her alone. As the rain increased and the thunder boomed louder she tried to shrink inside herself to happier times. From the shelter of his balcony he looked over the world before him being drenched with rain. He loved the smell of it, the feel of the cold water on her arms that were stretched outside of the roof of his shelter. The lightning cracked and thunder rumbled and he sat with his eyes closed listening and feeling the weather around him. All his life he has been in tune with nature. Living in the city had been a hard adjustment for him but on afternoons like this when the sky blackened and the rain poured down with such ferocity that you could hardly see the surrounding buildings he felt at home. As the loudest thunder echoed around him he heard a noise out of place in this peaceful storm. It was a bloodchilling scream. One of pain and fear. He looked down towards the street searching for the woman in trouble, all the while wondering who would be out in this storm. With her eyes closed and hands over her ears to deafen the noise she thought about the event that led to her squatting in a phone booth, scared out of her mind. She had been walking home after spending the afternoon with her friends at their favourite hang out. She had gotten the worst mark yet on a test and knew her mother would be furious. Delaying she took a stroll around the park, noticing the darkening sky but in her mind a plan was forming. She knew the teacher had already called her mother with the news of the test so if she stayed out in the rain, tell her mum she had been studying in the library and then had to make a run for home in the rain, her mum would be more worried than

mad. She had never thought the storm coming may entail more than just rain. This must be what her friends meant by her never thinking things through all the way. Eyes still scanning the street he could see no one but still the fearful presences lingered. He scanned areas where people may take shelter from the rain, the bus station, the outside of a shop (all of which were closed), nowhere he could see held anyone. In a sudden flash a brilliance he remembered the telephone booth he always walked by as he exited his building right outside the entrance to the park. Peering straight down he could just make out some blonde hair sticking out the side of the booth. He didn't question 'til later why the second he saw the familiar hair he ran through his apartment and out the door, taking the stairs rather than waiting for the lift and passed the shocked doorman, all without a raincoat or umbrella. It only took a few steps 'til he was in front of the telephone booth and he carefully opened the door and reached inside for the soaked and crying girl. With her eyes closed and ears covered she didn't notice two arms surround her until they started to gently lift her up. She opened her eyes to see familiar kind blue eyes staring at her in concern. Just as she was about to speak another thunder clap sounded sending her into his arms. She felt herself being lifted but strangely she didn't mind. He picked her up and carefully walked back into his building, sparing only a glance of apology at the stunned doorman. He was slightly irritated that the doorman who had been closer never noticed the frightened girl only 100m from where he sat in the heated dry entrance area. He took the elevator still with the frightened girl curled up in his arms. Her chest heaved with each breath but slowly it was stopping. Once in the apartment he took her straight to the shower and lowered her onto the floor, turning the hot water on slowly. He stripped her of any unnecessary clothes leaving her in her top and skirt. He knew from his training that she shouldn't get too warm too quickly or she may be sent into shock, if she wasn't already in it. He sat in the shower with her, drenching his own clothing, to make sure she didn't fall unconscious and drown. When he felt she had warmed up enough he bundled her up in a towel, wet clothing and all, and carried her into the living room, himself dripping wet. He placed her in front of the heater, which he turned up full blast, and walked back toward the bathroom. Not a word had been said. He changed himself into something dry and gathered some of his smaller clothes and took them outside to the still quiet girl. Putting them down next to her he said the first word, "Here change into these, I'll be in the kitchen making hot chocolate, signal when you're decent." And then he was gone. She was shocked. He was being so kind and there was a part of her that had instantly warmed when he had touched her. She looked at the clothing and glanced again at the door he had just gone through. It was closed. Slowly she peeled her wet uniform off, once she was in her underwear, she came across a dilemma, keep on her soaking underwear and bra or take it off. She glanced again at the closed door and decided to discard the wet object. Quickly she was dressed, but even though it was the smallest he could find it was much too large for her. The top, an old tee shirt, came down to mid thigh and hung off one shoulder. And with the pants she had pulled the draw strings until it was as small as possible and still they barely clung. Standing up she walked slowly towards the closed door and the man that it hid. Opening the door she said her first words of the night, "Thank You."