

Storm Shelter

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Storm Shelter

by [uglyfucker739](#)

Summary

A bad storm hits, knocking out the power. Carmen, Miles, and Rico end up huddled together in the basement for hours. In the flickering candlelight, Carmen's pajamas leave little to the imagination—her breasts a glowing, jiggling presence every time she moves. Miles “offers comfort,” pulling Carmen close, and Rico can only watch in uncomfortable silence as their shadows merge on the wall behind the blankets....

<https://imgur.com/a/WpgtyEV>

Non Explicit Story

It started when the lights died.

Just a flicker, a warning hum through the walls, then gone—like someone yanked the cord on the whole world. One second I was staring at the Doppler radar glowing red on my phone, the next I was blind in the dark, thunder rolling over the house like it wanted to take it piece by piece.

"Shit," I muttered, the word swallowed up by the sound of the wind screaming outside.

"Yo," Miles called from the hallway. "That the power?"

"No," I said flatly, already heading for the basement. "It's the apocalypse."

It was automatic—storm gets bad, we go down. My mom's rule. She was already down there, probably with candles, emergency blankets, maybe a bottle of wine she'd claim was "just in case."

I opened the door and the smell hit me first: old wood, cool concrete, and the soft sweet haze of her perfume. I took the stairs two at a time.

Candlelight flickered in the far corner, warm and gold and uneven. She'd lit a bunch of them, little pillars scattered around the basement like a makeshift shrine. In the middle of it all—sitting cross-legged on a folded blanket—was her.

My mom.

Carmen....

She wasn't in jeans. Not even a hoodie. Just this... pajama thing. Light blue. Thin. Fitted like sin. No bra. I saw everything.

Her tits moved when she turned her head, slow and heavy, like they needed their own moment to settle after she did. She had a hand curled around a candle jar, watching the flame like it might tell her something, and when she looked up at me, the light caught across her collarbones, the top of her chest glowing like bare skin dipped in honey.

"You okay?" she asked, calm like always.

Miles came up behind me, muttered "damn" under his breath just quiet enough that I could pretend I didn't hear it, and walked past me like he owned the place.

Of course he sat next to her.

Of course.

Not opposite her, not giving her space—right there, close enough their knees touched. And she didn't move.

I sat slower. Opposite side. Across from them. And already the candlelight was screwing with my head. Everything felt dreamlike, too soft around the edges, flickering shadows twitching across the walls. I watched his shoulder brush hers.

“We’re gonna be down here a while,” she said, adjusting the hem of her pajama shorts—not enough. Not nearly enough. Her thighs were bare, glowing warm in the candlelight, and every breath she took made her tits shift beneath that top, the fabric pulled so tight across them you could make out the curve of her underboob. And Miles?

He was looking.

Openly. Calmly. Like it was fine. Like she was his.

“Forecast said a few hours at least,” she added, glancing at me. Her tone stayed casual, but her eyes held for a second. Then they dropped. My hands were clenched on my knees. I loosened them.

“Cool,” Miles said, stretching his arms behind his head. “Could be worse.”

His shirt rode up. Show-off. She glanced—she glanced—at his stomach before looking away.

Something hot crawled through my ribs. I shifted on the blanket, trying to get comfortable, but there was no comfort. Just heat, damp air, and the sound of the storm outside shredding the trees.

The first thirty minutes were easy. Quiet. Miles cracked a few jokes, my mom laughed—that breathy kind of laugh she made when she wasn’t really paying attention but didn’t want to be rude. And those tits bounced every time. Even sitting down, they moved when she breathed, talked, smiled. I couldn’t help seeing it. I was trying not to, but they were impossible.

She turned to grab something from a backpack—flashlight maybe—and the angle made her tits fall forward, pressed together, deep and soft and so round the top of one nipple almost printed through the fabric.

I looked away so hard it gave me a headache.

And Miles? He didn’t look away at all.

He tilted toward her like a fucking moth to the flame, said something low I couldn’t hear, and she smiled—a real one this time. Then she touched his arm.

Touched him.

I swallowed. My jaw ached from clenching.

“I could kill for some food right now,” Miles said, stretching out again, arms almost brushing her shoulders. “You got anything down here?”

“Granola bars,” she said. “And a can of soup I don’t want to open unless we’re starving.”

“I dunno,” he said, laughing. “Might be fun to play survivor.”

She rolled her eyes but smiled again. “You’d be the first to die.”

He grinned wider. “Only if you let me.”

She laughed. Laughed. And leaned into him a little. Just for a second.

I wanted to punch a wall.

Time melted after that. The storm didn’t end. Wind screamed, trees cracked, and we just... waited. Sat. Breathed the same warm air. Candlelight warped everything—every movement, every curve, every whisper of skin under cotton.

At some point she said she was cold.

Miles offered his hoodie.

She declined.

He pulled her in anyway.

Not aggressively. Not even that close. Just an arm around her back, a lean-in, pulling her toward him like it was nothing. But it was everything. She didn’t pull away. She let him. Settled into his side like it was normal. Her arm across his chest, cheek near his shoulder, body tilted in.

I stared at the wall behind them.

Their shadows were touching. Merging. His hand slid lower along her back—slow, casual—and the candle flame danced with it, their shapes stretching up like a silent film I couldn’t shut off.

My breath caught. I couldn’t speak. Couldn’t move. I was stuck watching it like I was paralyzed.

Carmen sighed. Content. Like this was fine. Like this was good.

His fingers moved in slow circles on her lower back. Her top rode up a little.

They murmured to each other. Too quiet to hear.

I dug my nails into my palm.

The shadows behind the blanket wall were a play I hadn’t asked to watch but couldn’t stop watching. Miles’s hand moved. I couldn’t see where exactly—her waist, her back, lower maybe—but it was there, and she let it. Her breath was slow. Too slow. Like she was comfortable now. Relaxed.

I was anything but.

My thighs burned from how hard I was pressing my knees together. I shifted again. Couldn't find a spot to sit that didn't feel wrong. I grabbed a bottle of water from the supply bag, unscrewed the cap like it'd done something to me, and chugged half. Cold. Pointless.

Carmen tilted her head toward Miles. Her hair brushed his chest. His smile was smug as hell.

"You good?" she asked, looking across at me.

I didn't answer at first. Couldn't. My voice might break. I was watching her tits again—of course I was. I didn't want to. I didn't mean to. But they moved every time she turned, rising and falling under that top like they were breathing independently of her. The fabric clung to the underside of them, dipped into the middle like a valley carved by weight and heat. If she leaned over even a little, her nipples would show.

"I'm fine," I said finally. Flat.

"You sure?" she asked again, shifting upright. And just like that, her tits jiggled again—a full bounce, soft and heavy, like they hadn't been supported in hours. Miles noticed. I saw the way his eyes dropped. He didn't hide it anymore. Neither did she.

"I said I'm fine," I snapped.

The silence after was short, but sharp.

Miles raised an eyebrow. "Okay, man. No need to bite our heads off."

I swallowed the rest of the water, let the bottle crumple in my fist. Carmen frowned, not at Miles—at me. Like I was the problem.

"I didn't mean anything," she said gently, like I was a kid throwing a tantrum.

I turned away. Looked at the concrete wall. The shelves. The flickering candles. Anywhere but at her or him or the way his hand was back on her hip now, closer than before.

Minutes passed.

An hour?

No way to know.

The storm didn't let up. The walls shuddered with every gust of wind. Water hit the tiny basement windows in waves. The room grew hotter by the minute. The candles were low, wax pooling like little melted mouths.

She stood up once. Just to stretch. But when she did—oh God.

The pajama shorts barely covered her ass. Her top clung to her back, tight and thin, and her breasts moved like separate creatures. She raised her arms above her head, and the hem of the shirt lifted with her. Just for a second. Just enough for me to see the underside. The full underside. Skin. Breast. Shadow. Jiggle.

I turned away so fast I almost wrenched my neck. My face burned. My fists clenched again, knuckles aching.

She sat back down. Closer to Miles this time. Not even subtle.

And that was when he pulled the blanket over them both.

“Little cold, right?” he murmured. Loud enough for me to hear.

She laughed. “Might as well stay warm.”

I stared at them.

The blanket shifted. A ripple. A movement. I couldn't see hands anymore.

“Seriously?” I said out loud.

Carmen blinked at me. “What?”

“Nothing,” I muttered. “Just weird you're letting him hang all over you like that.”

She stiffened, just slightly. Her expression cooled. “He's not hanging all over me. We're stuck in a storm shelter.”

I stared at her. Then at him. His face smug again, that little half-smile like he knew he'd won.

“Right,” I said.

More silence.

I didn't move. Couldn't. I was afraid if I did, I'd break something. My voice. The air. His fucking nose.

They whispered. I heard them.

Not the words. Just the tone. Low, intimate. Her laugh soft against his neck.

The blanket shifted again. Their legs touched. Carmen's hand was on his knee. I saw it for a second before the candle near them guttered low, then out.

Only two candles left now. Their shadows merged more. Grew taller.

And I couldn't stop watching.

I hated myself for watching.

But I couldn't blink. Couldn't breathe. Every time the blanket moved, my mind screamed. What were they doing? Was he touching her thigh? Her waist? More?

My ears were ringing with it.

I leaned back against the wall, let my head thump into the cold cinderblock. I wanted to scream. Or puke. Or punch through the floor and crawl out of this nightmare.

They thought I was asleep.

They had to think I was asleep.

That's the only reason Miles's hand moved under the blanket the way it did. Slow. Careful. Smooth. Intimate. Carmen didn't stop him.

She shifted.

A sigh escaped her lips.

Not a normal sigh. Not casual.

My eyes shot open.

I stared at the ceiling. Candlelight danced across it, casting twisted shapes that looked like hands.

I heard the blanket shift again. Skin on skin.

Not much. Just enough.

Carmen's breath hitched.

Faint. Deliberate.

My chest caved in. My jaw locked. My hands trembled in my lap.

I imagined his hand on her thigh.

On her hip.

Rising under that too-thin pajama shirt.

Her breasts—the way they'd look spilling out if he pulled it up—

I covered my face.

It didn't help.

I don't know how long I sat like that.

Breathing like I was trying to stay calm. Failing.

Hands on my face, pressing in like I could crush the thoughts out of my skull.

But the blanket moved again.

I heard it.

That rustle—slow, weighty, like it was being pulled tighter. Or looser.

I didn't know.

I didn't want to know.

But I looked.

I always looked.

The candle closest to them had burned nearly to the base. The light was lower now, trembling, flickering like it was choking on the air. But it was enough to see shapes. Their legs, twisted together under the blanket. Carmen's thigh, bare and smooth and too high. Way too high.

She shifted again. The fabric of her top clung to her chest like second skin. The outline of her nipple was visible now—just there, a shadow on a shadow. Miles's head was tilted toward her, breath near her neck, lips maybe touching her collarbone.

And her face?

Soft.

Not stiff. Not alarmed. Just... soft. Relaxed. The way you look when you're letting someone do something they shouldn't.

I wanted to scream.

I wanted to shove him off her, drag her out of that blanket, tell her what the fuck are you doing?

But I just sat there.

Breathing.

Suffocating.

The candle sputtered again. Wax crackled. The last one behind me was burning slower, steadier, but I didn't dare move to light more. The dark was closing in and I was letting it.

And they were whispering.

Still whispering.

I caught fragments. Her voice first—quiet, low, not words. A breath. A noise. Like a whimper or maybe just a sigh. Then his—closer, lower, right up against her ear.

The blanket shifted again.

Not small this time.

Not a nudge.

A full body movement. Like someone laying down.

Like her laying down.

My stomach dropped.

I sat forward, slowly, elbows on my knees. I stared hard. My eyes were adjusting now—seeing too much in the dim. The top of her head was visible above the blanket, but everything else... buried. Her shoulders moved. One knee bent up under the covers.

Was she on her back?

God.

God.

He was probably above her now. His hands moving. Her chest—those huge tits, soft and helpless, pressing up under the shirt, shifting with every touch he gave her. She wasn't stopping him.

She wasn't saying no.

She wasn't saying anything at all.

The air felt thick. Wet. It stuck to my skin. I was sweating now, all over—my chest, my palms, the back of my neck. My breath wouldn't even go down right.

The way the blanket moved, it looked like one of them was rocking.

Just slightly.

Back and forth.

And Carmen—
Carmen made a sound.

Tiny. Barely there.

But I heard it.

A soft, open-mouth gasp that cracked through the silence like lightning through dry wood.

I looked away so hard my neck popped. My teeth clenched so tight my jaw spasmed. I shut my eyes.

I didn't move.

I didn't breathe.

They were doing something.
They had to be.

There was no other way to explain it. The movement. The way she breathed. The way he shifted, closer and closer, until the blanket stopped separating them and started swallowing them whole.

He was on top of her.

There. I said it.

I couldn't prove it, but I knew it. In my bones. In my guts. In the burning under my skin that wouldn't stop crawling.

He was on top of her and she was letting him.

Her hands were probably on his back. Maybe in his hair. Maybe lower.

Her tits—those fucking tits—pushed flat under his chest. Suffocated in the dark. Whispering promises I'd never hear.

And me?

I was sitting six feet away, sweating like a man about to drown, pretending I didn't see it.

Time broke after that.

I didn't know if it was ten minutes or an hour. The storm went on. I couldn't hear it anymore.

All I heard was them.

Breathing.

Moving.

Whispering.

Once, I swear I heard a moan. Soft and low. Not even a moan, maybe just a caught breath. But hers. Definitely hers.

And once—worse—I heard Miles's voice, low and close.

“You feel so good.”

That broke something in me.

I stood.

I don't even remember standing.

My legs were numb. My feet hurt. The air felt like smoke.

I walked to the far corner of the basement, away from the candles, into the dark. I found the supply shelf, found a pillow, tossed it on the ground like it mattered. Like pretending to sleep

somewhere else would make me unhear what was happening under that blanket.

I laid down.

Faced the wall.

Curled in.

I didn't sleep.

Not even close.

I just listened.

To the silence between them.

To the tiny movements.

To the ache behind my eyes.

And I waited for the storm to end.

I must have drifted.

Not to sleep, not really. But that blank space—

Where your body's dead weight and your thoughts gnaw themselves raw.

When I opened my eyes, the candles were out.

The storm was gone.

And the lights were back on.

I blinked into the brightness—harsh and ugly now, exposing every inch of the basement. My head throbbed. My shirt was stuck to my chest with sweat. My tongue was dry.

I sat up slowly, like something might crack.

And they were still there.

Miles, half-covered by the blanket, asleep or pretending to be. His shirt was off. Tossed somewhere behind him. His chest rose and fell slow and even, a smirk lingering on his lips like it'd fossilized there overnight.

And Carmen—

She was next to him.

Still in the same pajama top, though now it was wrinkled, crooked on her shoulder, one strap slipped down her arm. Her hair was a mess. Her face bare. And her tits looked exhausted, like

they'd been tugged and shifted and gripped all night long.

But she was calm. Composed. Stretching lazily like a cat that'd slept just fine. Like she hadn't been under that blanket. Like I hadn't watched every inch of it.

Like nothing had happened.

“Morning,” she said, smiling at me like usual.

I didn't answer.

She stood—slowly, no rush—and walked to the stairs, bare feet quiet on the concrete. The way her hips swayed, the way her breasts shifted and bounced with every step—

She knew.

She had to.

Miles didn't move. He was waiting for her to leave before opening his eyes, I could feel it.

I sat there a few minutes longer, in the silence, surrounded by wax stubs and empty air, trying to remember how to breathe normally.

The basement felt different now. Smaller. Colder. Like it had kept some part of the storm trapped in it.

And me?

I was still down there.

Upstairs, everything was normal.
Too normal.

The TV was on. News replaying weather damage. Roads closed. Schools canceled. Miles sat at the kitchen table with cereal like he hadn't been inside her—no proof, but I saw it in his face.

Carmen poured herself coffee. In a different top now. Bra on. Polished, casual. Untouchable.

“You sleep okay?” she asked, brushing past me.

Her shoulder touched mine. I flinched.

She paused, just a second.

Then moved on.

Miles left after breakfast. No rush.

He grinned at me on the way out. Clapped my shoulder.

“Later, bro.”

And that was it.

No words. No secrets spoken. Just silence.

He walked out the front door like nothing had happened.

And maybe it hadn't.

Maybe I imagined everything.

Maybe I didn't.

Maybe that was the point.

I'm still not sure.

I still think about it.

The way the blanket moved.

The sound of her breath.

The shape of her under that shirt.

The way she looked at me that morning.

Like nothing was wrong.

Like I was the one who needed to move on.

But every time I close my eyes, I see the shadows on the wall again.

Merging.

Rocking.

And I remember that candlelight.

Flickering across her chest.

And the way he whispered—

“You feel so good.”

And I know.

I know.

Even if no one ever says it out loud.

END.

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