

Danaë opened her eyes and looked up at the clouds that gathered above. They were rolling, undulating, roiling in soft billows of gray, blue and hints of gold. Lightning flashed in the clouds, and a second later thunder rumbled, echoing in the stone beneath her. She was still looking up when the first drops of warm rain fell on her face. It felt softer than tears, this rain, tracing across her cheeks and forehead. It left not just wetness in its trail but a strange sensation, a subtle tingle that made Danaë smile.

As she stood, the frequency of the drops increased until it was a rain shower. Everywhere the rain touched Danaë's skin, it left her skin warm and wet. As it began to gather in shallow puddles on the stone floor, it looked almost golden. Was it the reflection of the candle light?

She was so interested in the rain's strange color that it took a few moments for Danaë to realize that her peplos tunic had shifted, moving down her shoulder. She glanced down, and the gold olive leaf pin seemed to be glowing, moving. Even as she watched, it turned again and then the pin popped loose. She caught the golden leaf before it fell to the ground, but without the pin the shoulder of her peplos fell loose. The garment fell on that side, supported only by the wrap around her other shoulder, and her left breast was bared.

Before Danaë could pull the fabric back up, she felt a sensation that froze her, stole her breath. The rain was still falling on her, soaking her hair, wetting her dress, but the touch of the drops on her shoulder felt different. It felt... like fingers. She looked over, at her own shoulder, and could see nothing but drops of rain hitting her skin yet still it felt like a gentle touch. It moved across her soft shoulder and down, where she distinctly felt the fingers form into a hand and grip her upper arm. As she watched, her skin depressed where she was held even though no hand was visible.

She had a moment of disbelief and then a flash of fear, but all of that was lost as the invisible hand on her arm tightened its grip and she felt the warm caress of lips against her neck. They nuzzled the sensitive spot where neck meets shoulder, nibbled up her neck, and suckled at her earlobe. It was clearly the touch of a person and yet at the same time the wet warmth of the rain. Danaë had been without human contact for months, and she moaned in pleasure.

The rain formed a second hand on her right arm, pulling her a half step forward. She felt her skin press against something warm, looked down to see her breasts flatten from the pressure. The lips at her ear moved back down to her neck, and as Danaë arched her back in pleasure and closed her eyes, the feeling became more distinct. She could feel warm skin against hers. She could even feel the tickle of curly chest hairs against her sensitive nipples.