

Chapter 1 : Kisses In The Rain - Rick Braun (CD ) | eBay

*Rick Braun is an American smooth jazz trumpet player. ENJOY! I DO NOT OWN THE SONGS IN ANY WAY. I AM NOT MAKING A PROFIT FROM THIS AND ALL CREDIT GOES TO THE.*

Ahem, Tom and Harry find love and a happily ever after Fred Style. If I happened to be in the room when this was being written If he had been on a regular Starfleet ship, he would have a promotion -- but he was still an ensign. And if he had been back in the Alpha Quadrant, he would be married -- but he was still single. The last was tearing him apart. He had loved her as a boy loves a girl, not as a man loves a woman. Tom was the first thing he thought of in the morning, the last thing he thought of at night, and usually the main thing he thought of all day long. He was in love, and bad; but how could he ever tell Tom? Not on the bridge, not in his quarters, not in the holodeck, not in a grassy meadow on a deserted planet Her glare said it all: He swallowed and brought his mind back to his work. Shift finally came to an end. Harry briefed his replacement, then hurried to the turbolift before anyone else could join him. Shoulder to shoulder, back to back He scooted out the open doors, his eyes on the ground, his mind on warp equations, not seeing the object of his desires standing at his door -- until it was too late. He slammed into Tom, throwing him into the wall ass-first. But no, Captain By-The-Book has to bring me back and make a lesson out of me. Wanna grab some dinner and run a holoprogram? His throat tightened with emotion as he rose from the chair and crossed to where his friend sat. Reaching out, Tom brushed his fingers over the glossy black hair, over the tense neck to the even more tense shoulders. Dropping to his knees in front of Harry, Tom now looked up into his face. Remember what you said to me about my father and quitting? Harry stilled for a moment, too afraid to actually feel the soft butterfly caress, then pushed him away forcefully. His face was red with embarrassment and his chest burned from the sheer ridiculousness of his position. Tom approached him warily, his own face suffused with pain. Biting his cheek to prevent yet another fatal error he entered the shadow of the viewport where Harry now stood and carefully lowered himself on one knee. Listen for once, okay? We could both be dead tomorrow. His mouth opened, closed; his eyes blinked once, then again. Finally, he managed to squeak out, "M--marry you? I realized, Harry, that you and I were meant to be together. Every time Harry turned around, he would find Tom Oh, Tom was never obvious about it, but Harry knew that he was waiting for an answer. Some days he thought his heart would burst; some days he felt as if the entire idea was a stupid joke. What did Tom see in him? What did they really have in common? Harry was quiet, introspective, artistic, but pragmatic - or cowardly, maybe. But just when Harry had convinced himself it would never work, he would see Tom at the beach, his hair mussed, teaching Naomi Wildman to build a sandcastle, and all his carefully built defenses would crumble as if they themselves were made of sand. He loved Tom, and Tom loved him. How could he let such a good thing slip away? No one just fell into marriage instantly--there were rituals to learn, personal facts to root out! These were things a person should know before they married someone. A voice echoed between already pounding temples, "So He needed guidance; should he follow his heart and say yes, or should he take things slowly and find out more about Tom? Because Tom was right in one thing: They might not have the time for a long courtship -- or any courtship at all. He swore at himself for taking so long to come to a decision. A month of indecision, a month of sitting in his quarters wringing his hands -- where had it gotten him? The voice echoed again, "Go on a date. He did the cooking. You know, when you Tom blinked a few times, looked at the fresher door, and turned back to give Harry a puzzled look. Do you sit or stand? Tom sighed then dropped his fork silently, "Okay Harry, how do you pee? Taking his face in his hands, he kissed him until he felt breathless.

*Kisses in the Rain is like Butter on My racedaydvl.com Its like my teeter on my totter. Cream in my coffee. Salt on my eggs. The fat rolls on a babys racedaydvl.com taste of beer on the tongue of an alcoholic.*

It was not that Kagome Higurashi did not like the rain, or the wispy gray clouds that streaked the sky and the heavy scent of the moist air that accompanied the sensation, but it looked as though it was going to lightening and thunder as well, and that frightened her. She shrieked as she bolted through the sheets of raindrops, avoiding obstacles but almost tripping over the bench when she came upon her local park. Her shimmering wet ebony colored bangs stuck to her face and the length of her hair fell in thick sopping dreadlocks almost to her shoulders. Her pale blue eyes were half shut and blinking rapidly against the gusting rain, her irises, normally the color of the blue sky closest to the sun, were darkening with the shadowed atmosphere. Thunder slapped and she almost fell over in surprise. She ran up the shrine steps and ran to the back door, sobbing when she found it locked. Please open the door! The door opened suddenly and she stumbled inside, panting heavily but welcoming the warmer inside air. Go upstairs and change before you catch cold! Kagome walked toward her room slowly, holding the stitch in her side. Her breathing was deep as she shut the door behind her, sliding down the wooden surface until she was sitting on the ground, her head buried in her arms. Finally rising, she decided to shed the dripping wet uniform and change into something more comfortable. Slipping the short black plaited skirt over her hips and the now transparent white fabric of her blouse, she took off her black shoes and tall white socks and then rushed into the bathroom across the hall. The water could be heard crashing into the tub and steam almost automatically floated into the hallway with the rising temperature. Higurashi allowed her daughter to, for this once, since she had had such an exhilarating run back home and was probably desperate for warmth by now. Kagome walked down the stairs, decked in baby blue pajama pants adorned with white moons and stars, the matching white tank top with the "U" shaped navy crescent moon in the center, and a gigantic sweater the color of midnight blue almost slipping off her shoulders. Oh, and her white puffy house slippers. Her hair was blow dried and now fell warmly about her face, framing the richly tanned skin with the thick black locks, scratching her neck but falling barely below her chin. Her face was unmarred by makeup, her bright blue eyes shining glossier than any eye shadow, and her small pink lips curved up in a contented smile. Souta, her little brother, was seven years old now and was still relatively sweet-tempered- but that would disappear soon enough! Souta shrugged and turned back to his coloring book. Kagome smiled as she dashed over and hugged his head. As soon as Kagome was done helping with the dishes, she jounced off to retrieve her backpack and do her homework. Truly, I would feel much better if you gave it to Souta instead! Higurashi called everyone to dinner in an hour, true to her word. It was already 6: She sighed as she hopped down the thickly carpeted steps, walking sullenly to the dinner table. It was only Monday. What about you Souta? Higurashi turned to her younger son. Higurashi nodded her head in soft approval as she also turned back to the evening meal. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 3 : Kisses In The Rain by Rick Braun on Amazon Music - [racedaydvl.com](http://racedaydvl.com)

*Rick Braun continues to satisfy his global audience with Kisses in the Rain, his first solo CD since the chart-topper Full Stride. Braun penned his own musical tastes on seven songs, and also covers Bill Withers' "Use Me," Leon Russell's "Song for You," and Johnny Britt's original "Grover's Groove."*

It is very unfortunate though that the only guy available to help is more interested in working on me rather than my car. Fiction T - English - Romance - Words: The false advertisement had been carefully painted in girly handwriting onto each of the windows of my bright blue Honda Fit. I was going to kill my brother. Or his girlfriend, since that girly script was probably a result of him convincing her to join in this evil deed. As I stood in front my car, plotting different ways to murder my aforementioned sibling and his girlfriend while wiping this graffiti off of my Fit preferably at the same time, so I could make it to work without being late , my phone rang. I could sense that it was my brother, probably calling to gloat about his handiwork. In the background, I could hear him speaking to someone. That someone giggled loudly enough to be heard through the phone. The conversation on the other end halted briefly, and I heard Trey sigh. I moaned, setting the purse I was carrying down on the hood of my car so I could rub my eyes with my free hand. Early morning headaches never led to a good day, and mine was very obviously off to a bad start already. I just hoped that the rain that was in the forecast would come sooner rather than later so that it could wash this disgusting paint off of my car. It was pretty cloudy already, so there was a good chance, but it was still up in the air literally. For now, all I could do was deal with my brother. Trey remained oblivious to my distress. I was just helping you out. I had graduated from high school at eighteen, but unlike most of my friends, I had decided to spend a couple of years working at Charlotte Russe before I figured out what I wanted to do with my future. It turned out that I figured out I wanted to go into public relations, and I spent the next three and a half years and all my hard-earned money on majoring in communications at the nearby university. Twenty-four years old and a degree in hand, I started working. My parents helped out a tiny bit, but whatever advantage they provided was quickly counteracted by my unhealthy obsession with fashion, evidenced by the Chanel suit, Louis Vuitton bag, and Jimmy Choo heels currently on my person. I huffed impatiently and turned to my car. A quick mental scan of my options revealed that I actually only had one choice. I refused to be seen anywhere near my workplace in his obnoxious truck, and besides, Trey would never agree to let anyone other than his precious Melinda near his vehicle anyway. I rolled my eyes and loudly exhaled as I tossed my cell phone into my purse and dumped it in the passenger seat. As I started my car and backed out of the parking lot, I checked my appearance in the rearview mirror. I smoothed down my brown hair, checking to see if my golden highlights needed to be touched up. What else could go wrong today? On the road, I tried to keep at least one hand on the wheel as I dove through my purse, pulling out my planner to add Hair Appt. Trey and I both shared this nasty habit of not exactly paying attention to the road as we drove, and surprisingly neither of us had yet to get into an accident. But that was likely to change, because my phone had started ringing with a number I could not identify, and I made the big mistake of trying to attend to it. The greeting was clear and bright, unlike the slowly darkening sky outside. I frowned into the phone. However, I decided not to make much of the call. I flipped through pages in my planner to make sure I knew what I had on my agenda before I answered. May I know who this is? Even while driving, looking through my planner, thinking about killing Trey, and worrying about my hair, I still could pull off a decent conversation to a stranger and never have him know my true emotions. Can I know who you are? I should have expected this, seeing as my car was in pretty good condition and the advertisement was very catching. I was beginning to think that I should have hung up him, regardless of whose fault the whole situation was. But my education paid off, and I remained calm. I am sorry to have inconvenienced you. I distracted myself with my planner, giving up control of the steering wheel to my left knee. My name is Eric. Why are you calling, Eric? To hell with being nice to the consumer. If Eric was not interested in the car, I had no reason to pretend to be nice to him. Of course, that was the same knee that was currently driving my car. I threw my planner into the passenger seat as I scrambled to take control of the vehicle, my hands clenched onto the wheel as I strained to keep the phone jammed between my shoulder

and cheek. I heard laughter from the other end, and I wondered if I had made enough noise for Eric to have figured out what happened. I was about to say something back about inappropriate comments, but then I played back what he had said in my mind. It was not exactly the answer I thought I would get. I rolled my eyes, stopping as my gaze landed on the car next to me. Then, I freaked internally. A young man approximately my age, blonde and good-looking, was cheerfully waving at me from the sports car to my left. I, on the other hand, was not. I should have seen this coming. And there were still ten long miles to my workplace! I needed an escape. I sneaked a glance at the lane on the right. After all, this was the stretch of road that almost never had any cars on it, mostly because there was yet to be any residential or corporate development in this part of the city. It was a convenient shortcut to work, and the lack of cars meant I could do whatever the heck I wanted on the road. And right now, that involved getting Eric off of my tail. If I accelerated fast enough, I would be able to take a right turn at the coming signal before he could try to get into my lane. I prepared to make a sharp turn as the traffic light approached in my view. However, and unfortunately so, there was a tiny flaw to my plan. But apparently even my own car wanted to join in the fun, because just as I set my foot down hard on the accelerator, my Fit did the impossible. My car, however, continued to drift forward even more slowly than before. I anxiously pushed my foot harder, but all I got was a strained sound from the pedal. I looked at the gas tank. Empty, just like the road. There was no point in lying to him. He would have found out himself in a few minutes when my car coasted to stop by the side of the road. Which was exactly what happened, and just as I had dreaded, Eric pulled over as well. As soon as I milked every last foot of distance from my car, I gave in and took my keys from the ignition, angrily throwing them and the cell phone I had disconnected Eric once I knew there was no way I could avoid talking to him in person onto the purse on the seat next to me. In my rearview mirror, I could see Eric getting out. Before he could come over here first, I grabbed my cell phone and scrambled outside, shutting the door behind me. By the time the automatic lock kicked in, Eric and I stood face to face. He was only a couple of inches taller than me, probably just under six feet tall, and I had no problem looking him in the eye. They were a nice shade of blue, much brighter than my dark brown ones, and they held the same level of amusement as his voice had the entire car ride. I held up my cell phone and started dialing a number as an explanation. I looked away and hoped that my brother was not busy. I was sure there was still an hour before his school started. I just ran out of gas and I need you to come by and give me some," I explained. I knew I sounded in control, even though internally I was panicking. This was the one stretch of my commute that had almost no buildings flanking the side of the road. Life was outdoing itself with this particular joke. Or at least while you were driving? I remembered being preoccupied with my hair and my planner, and I almost blushed. I glared at Eric. But of course, not if Eric had anything to say about it. Some guy saw the fake ad you painted on my car window. A concern you can quickly alleviate if you just come over here and give me some gas. Did I mistake it, or did he sound a little sly? With the above-the-knee skirt? He raised his eyebrows, obviously understanding what I was talking about. It was too late to repair this damage. Eric was waiting for me when the call ended with an expression that indicated that he was going to pester me about the whole legs issue. I was not amused.

### Chapter 4 : Kisses in the Rain - Chapter 1 - LaDemonessa - Star Trek: Voyager [Archive of Our Own]

*Bedroom Lullaby - Kisses In The Rain (p) Jee Productions. Category Music; Show more Show less. Loading Autoplay When autoplay is enabled, a suggested video will automatically play next.*

### Chapter 5 : Kisses in the Rain, a romance fiction | FictionPress

*Kisses in the Rain [Krista Lynne Jensen] on racedaydvl.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Georgie Tate is a survivor. She's survived an abusive relationship. She's survived the car accident that took the life of her controlling fiancÃ©.*

### Chapter 6 : Kisses In the Rain by Rick Braun on Apple Music

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### Chapter 7 : Kisses In The Rain | Concord Music

*Find album reviews, stream songs, credits and award information for Kisses In The Rain - John Pizzarelli on AllMusic - - John Pizzarelli takes his nifty little act over* *Find album reviews, stream songs, credits and award information for Kisses In The Rain - John Pizzarelli on AllMusic - - John Pizzarelli takes his nifty little act.*

### Chapter 8 : Kisses In The Rain - John Pizzarelli | Songs, Reviews, Credits | AllMusic

*Kisses in the Rain* is John Pizzarelli's Telarc Records debut from The date includes his working trio, composed of Martin Pizzarelli on double-bass and Ray Kennedy on piano. *Track listing [ edit ]*.

### Chapter 9 : Kisses in the Rain by Krista Lynne Jensen

*Kisses in the rain* Krista Lynne Jensen, this book is about Georgie and Jace. They both live on a Island in Washington. Georgie came to live with her aunts trying to start over, and trying to find her old self after the accident.