

Sunny With A Chance of Showers

By itinfl

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Megan and Michael celebrate Earth Day in a unique way.

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SUNNY WITH A CHANCE OF SHOWERS by ITinFL CHAPTER 1 -- GETTING READY Michael and Megan had been looking forward to their little Earth Day outing ever since Megan happened to notice a few weeks earlier that it fell on a Saturday, when they were both off from work. They both worked in downtown San Diego, he a computer service technician, and she a medical transcriptionist. The more they planned for their special one-day getaway, the more excited they became. While San Diego attracts endless tourists to its beaches, what many don't realize is that it is just a drive of an hour or two away from the mountains where, in the winter, they actually get snow. Michael and Megan opted to head for a little plot of land not far from the old Air Force radar station on Mount Laguna. The land had been in Megan's family for years, with a cabin and a small lake surrounded by fragrant pine trees. Best of all, it was somewhat remote, and required a hike of about a mile to get there from the end of the trail where you had to leave your car. It was the perfect setting to celebrate all of nature's wonders. The two lovers made a striking couple. People often commented to them that, even though their physical stature was different, they just seemed to "look" like they went together, like peas in a pod, as the saying goes. You see, Michael was a little over 6 feet tall and somewhat lanky. He had a quick smile, wavy brown hair, and the most hypnotic steel-blue eyes that looked as if they could bore through you like a laser through butter, but at the same time always had a mischievous twinkle in them. Megan, on the other hand, was just a tad below 5 feet tall and, though not chubby, was very curvy in all the right places. At 34B, her breasts weren't exactly porn star variety, but she had the cutest puffy nipples that Michael just adored, emerald green eyes that perfectly complemented her fiery red hair that she currently kept cut in a 1920s-style pageboy treatment, and a few freckles sprinkled across her little button nose. Michael liked to tease her that she was the poster child for Irish lechers. As Megan finished packing the last items for their picnic lunch into the cooler, Michael snuck up behind her and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her tightly against him. He leaned down and playfully nibbled on her earlobe. "Mike, stop it or we'll never get out of here!" Megan scolded him,

although it was softened by the giggle in her voice. "Oh, I don't know, maybe that wouldn't be such a bad thing--we could just open the sliding door to the balcony and let the smoggy air envelop us while we fuck on the living room carpet," Michael quipped. Megan rolled her eyes as she turned to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and looking up at him with a smile. "Listen, buddy, I've been planning this for weeks, and you're not going to deny me now!" "I wouldn't dare, would I?" replied Michael. He leaned down to give her a peck on her full, pouty lips, after which he paused, looking into her eyes with that laser beam gaze. Lowering his voice to a more intimate level, he said, "I do love you, you know." "And I love you, too, very much," Megan nearly whispered in reply. They gazed at each other for a magical moment, and then Michael ever-so-lightly kissed Megan's lips again, but this time he lingered. He kissed her yet again, now more urgently, his tongue tentatively reaching out for hers. Megan returned the kiss, finding his tongue with her own, and pressing her body tightly against Michael's. Finally, the two released their embrace. "Wow, that was some kiss!" commented Megan. "It was...I don't know..." "Yeah, I know what you mean...it was almost spooky how sexy that was...and it was just a kiss!" said Michael. "It must have been sexy, judging from the fact your cock apparently went to instant boner status," Megan teased. "Oh, you noticed that, huh?" replied Michael, somewhat chagrined. "It must be the anticipation of our little 'commune with nature' we're about to experience." said Megan, as she closed the cooler lid. "And now we're ready to head out." "Well, then, what're we waiting for?" said Michael with a big smile, whereupon he launched into song as he picked up the cooler. "Weeeeeeee're off to see the Wizard, the wonderful Wizard of Oz!" Megan smacked him on the shoulder and followed him out of the apartment to the car. CHAPTER TWO -- THE DRIVE Michael put the cooler and the other odds and ends they were bringing into the back seat of his club-cab pickup. There was a thin overcast, but they knew from experience that would be burned off by the time they reached their destination. The couple was dressed appropriately for their outing. Michael wore a t-shirt, cargo shorts, and hiking boots. Megan was wearing a more athletic looking outfit, with a pair of tiny spandex volleyball shorts and an equally snug sports bra, covered by an oversized t-shirt with the crew neck ripped off, so that the t-shirt slipped off her shoulder. The couple climbed into the front seat, with Megan sitting right up against Michael on the pickup's bench seat (it had an automatic, so there was no gear shift on the floor to get in the way). Following a quick stop at the convenience store for a couple of Big Gulp soft drinks, Michael turned on the satellite radio to their favorite classic rock station as he pulled out of the parking lot. The pair spent the first several minutes of their trip as if they were in a karaoke club, singing at the top of their lungs with each song, laughing riotously at the end of each song. Michael interrupted the homegrown concert momentarily by asking Megan, "Hey, how come you got such a big drink? You don't usually get one the same size as me." Megan gave him a mysterious Mona Lisa-like smile and said, "I don't know...I guess I was thirsty. OH! Listen, it's the Moody Blues!" This effectively cut off any further questioning and they returned to their karaoke singing. Eventually, the inevitable monotony of a not-too-short car ride set in and they both just began simply watching the passing scenery. Megan's thoughts, though, turned to the day ahead, and she started smiling to herself. She had plans that she hadn't even shared yet with Michael, and she couldn't wait until they arrived. She began to feel a familiar tingle between her legs as she

mentally reviewed her plans. She absent-mindedly began caressing Michael's leg, sliding her hand up and down his thigh, as she became lost in her thoughts. "Hey, are you trying to cause a wreck, or what?" laughed Michael. "What do you mean?" replied Megan, momentarily startled from her reverie. "This is what I mean," said Michael, smiling, as he grabbed her hand from his thigh and place it squarely over his rapidly growing cock. Megan laughed and quipped in a female Austin Powers imitation, "Am I making you horny, baby?" "Well, let me see...YES, DUH!" Michael shot back, laughing. "Let me see if I can do something about that," said Megan as she reached for Michael's zipper. Michael raised his eyebrows, but said nothing, keeping his eyes on the road with a Cheshire Cat smile across his face. After she pulled the zipper down, Megan found with a slight start that Michael had no undershorts on. "Oh, going commando, are we?" she teased. "Yup, I'm getting back to nature, in honor of the spirit of the day." said Michael, totally unaffected by Megan's teasing tone. "Well, I'll show you some nature, " said Megan as she found Michael's cock and pulled it out of his shorts. By now it was well on its way to its full 8-inch erection. Megan slid her butt to her right then leaned down into Michael's lap, her face right next to his pulsing cock. As she cradled his balls with her hand, she lowered her mouth over the end of the cock, licking her tongue around it as she went. "Mmmmm," Michael groaned. "That's it, Meg, suck it!" Megan slowly began working her head up and down, working the cock with her mouth and tongue. She scraped her long nails in that spot between Michael's balls and his asshole that she knew drove him crazy. "Awww, yeah, baby, that feels so good. You're going to have me shooting before long at this rate." Megan took her mouth from Michael's cock so she could reply. "That's what I'm hoping for...that you cum in my mouth soon so you'll have time to recharge by the time we get to the cabin." She then lowered her mouth back to the task at hand. Michael's breathing was becoming ragged. It took all of his concentration to keep the pickup going straight. Finally, Megan's work was about to come to fruition. She quickened the pace as she felt Michael's balls begin to tighten. "Oh, Meg, I'm gonna shoot! Here it comes..." Megan felt Michael's scrotum pull up tightly as the first spurt of jism coated her throat. She continued sucking and swallowing but Michael's cum just kept squirting into her mouth. Finally, she felt Michael's whole body shudder and the squirting subsided. Megan sat back up, stuffed Michael's softening cock back into his shorts, and said, "There, that should hold you for a while." Michael just continued driving with a moronic smile on his face. CHAPTER THREE -- BACK TO NATURE Finally they arrived at the end of the little winding trail where they parked. They hoisted their provisions out of the truck and headed up the trail. After enjoying a healthy 20-minute hike through the pines, they arrived at a clearing with the lake and cabin ahead on the far side of the clearing. "Let's just bring this stuff down by the edge of the lake now, so we don't have to do it later," instructed Megan. "Okay, sounds good," said Michael. "It warmed up nicely, didn't it? And the sun's out, in all its glory!" Indeed it was. The overcast was gone; all that remained were a few wispy cirrus clouds, a nice breeze, and a sky with a blue shade you only get to enjoy as you get higher in altitude. The couple quickly laid out their blanket and cooler, then stepped back to survey the area. After looking about, Megan remarked, "Well, as usual, we seem to be the only people in the world when we're here, so I'm going to start my Earth Day celebration right now," whereupon Megan quickly stripped off the few pieces of clothing she had been

wearing. Michael wasted no time in joining Megan in the buff. They popped open the bottle of Chardonnay they had brought in the cooler and poured it into the wine glasses that were in their picnic basket. Michael raised his glass and said, "To Mother Nature, who was seriously showing off when she created the likes of you!" Megan giggled and clinked her glass into Michael's, replying, "Here, here!" They sipped their wine to complete the toast, and then Megan handed her glass to Michael while she got out the cheese and crackers. They sat on the blanket, savoring their wine and cheese for the next several minutes, partaking in small talk as they soaked up the sunshine. Megan drained her glass (it was actually her third since they started), set it down, and turned to Michael. "Honey, remember that thing we used to do where we'd share our wildest fantasies with each other." Michael reflectively replied, "Yeah, and I also remember those great lovemaking sessions we'd have afterward." "Yes, but as much as we turned each other on by talking about those fantasies, we've never really tried to fulfill any of them," said Megan with a furrow in her brow. "So what did you have in mind? Did you sneak another woman up here so we could have that threesome I used to fantasize about to you?" asked Michael, comically looking about the area to see if there was anyone else there. "No, silly, that's for another outing," replied Megan with a smile. "This time, I was thinking more about one of my fantasies." "Ohhhh, you mean the one where you get seduced by your brother? Is he here?" Again, Michael pivoted his head around as if he was looking for someone else to be there. This time Megan punched Michael playfully in the arm, saying, "Michael, I'm trying to be serious, here...well, sort of serious...SHIT, this is not going as smoothly as I had hoped." "Okay, just take a deep breath and plunge into the deep end, sweetie," encouraged Michael as he rubbed his arm where she had punched it. "Alright, then, here goes...Do you trust me?" Michael looked confused. "Of course I trust you, why do you ask?" "Don't worry, you'll see. Now, will you just follow some simple instructions?" At this Megan stood up, hands on hips, looking imploringly down at Michael. Michael shrugged and said, "You're the boss! I'll do whatever you like." "Good, I was hoping you'd say that very thing, that you'll do whatever I like. Okay, here goes...now, lie down on the blanket and close your eyes." "Okay," said Michael as he moved to a reclined position and closed his eyes as instructed. Megan proceeded to straddle Michael's head with her feet, lowering herself to a squatting position with her pussy inches from Michael's face. Michael, recognizing the musky scent, began to smile, but said nothing. "Now, lick my cunt!" Megan commanded. Michael stuck out his tongue and Megan lowered her pussy to meet it. Michael immediately began licking and probing with his tongue, occasionally sucking Megan's clit into his mouth then releasing it. "Oooo, that's it, baby, your tongue feels sooooo goood!" Michael continued his oral worship of Megan's pussy for a few moments more, and then Megan suddenly stood up. Michael groaned and Megan said, "Shhhhhh, don't worry, we're not finished." Megan stepped back until her feet were straddling Michael's torso. Michael squirmed a bit and said, "Honey, I hate to break the mood, but that Big Gulp and the wine are starting to have an effect on my bladder." Megan replied, "I know, Mike, that's what I was hoping for. Are your eyes still closed? Good, now just relax and concentrated on the sensations you feel..." Megan then returned to her squatting position, this time squarely over Michael's abdomen. After a few seconds Michael felt a few drops of what felt like warm water on his chest, and then it grew to a steady stream. He opened

his eyes, filled with curiosity, and when he saw what was happening, said, "Whoa! This is interesting!" Megan had released her bladder on Michael's chest. She had drunk so much liquid over the past couple of hours that it seemed like it would never stop. She then aimed it toward Michael's mouth, whereupon (to his credit), he opened up and let her pee into his mouth. "That's it, swallow it! Swallow my piss!" Michael struggled to comply and found, to his surprise, that the urine actually had a sweet and salty taste to it. He expected the salty but not the sweetness. He gulped down the yellow nectar hungrily, to his own surprise. Finally, the stream returned to a trickle, then to a few drops. Megan then stepped back where she could squat over Michael's mouth again and commanded, "Lick it clean." Michael immediately followed her order and hungrily licked and sucked at Megan's pussy until she shuddered in a thundering climax, falling forward onto her hands and knees. Michael decided this would be a good spot to swap roles, so he reached up and lifted Megan into the air, rolled her over on her back, and then kissed her roughly, letting her taste the piss and her pussy fluids on his mouth. He then stood up, pointed his cock down at Megan's chest and cut loose with his own yellow river. As it splashed into Megan's chest, he moved the stream upward toward her mouth. Megan knew what was coming and opened her mouth so she could accept the taboo gift from Michael. Finally, the stream reached her mouth and she swallowed as much as she could, with the rest spilling out, pouring down her neck. As the Michael's piss subsided, he commanded Megan, "Turn over and get back on your hands and knees, bitch, now we'll finish this." As Megan did what Michael ordered he came around in front of her and said, "Suck me! Make that cock hard so I can shove it up your tight ass!" Megan eagerly took Michael's cock into her mouth, sucking and licking it as if there was going to be no tomorrow. After a minute of this, he went around behind Megan and knelt down bending over to lick Megan's asshole. He pulled her cheeks apart and plunged his tongue past her sphincter. Megan screamed, "YES! Lick that asshole! Ohhhhhh..." She then began fingering her clit as his tongue savaged her asshole. Finally, Michael placed his 8-inch sword at the entrance to Megan's bowels. Slowly he pushed forward until he felt the head pop past the sphincter. He paused for a moment, then plunged forward until his balls smacked Megan's pussy. "YES! YES! Fuck my ass! Fuck me hard!" screamed Megan. Michael started rhythmically plunging in and pulling out, plunging in and pulling out. His pace quickened, and Megan began to thrust backward as Michael thrust forward. They were now moving like a well-oiled, enflamed sex machine. A sheen of sweat oozed out of both of them. Finally, Michael thrust in as far as he could, pulling Megan back into him by her hips. They both let out primordial screams, scaring a flock of birds from the nearby trees, as Michael's seed filled Megan's bowels. At last, the lovers collapsed next to each other, trying to catch their breath. After a few moments of basking in the afterglow, Michael rolled over on his side toward Megan, propping himself up on his arm and said with a smile, "Oh...THAT fantasy!"