

# Stormy Weather, A Love Story

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*A young man sees a girl, sitting on the curb in the rain*

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It was raining like hell out. I'd just gotten off work and stopped by the 7-11 to pick up some sodas to take home. She was sitting on the curb, shivering and cold. Her clothes were totally soaked and she didn't have shoes. There wasn't a soul around this time of night, being close to midnight and stormy. As the headlights of my car hit her, she lifted her head. What a sad sight she is. I get out and run inside, get what I need and back out to my car. "Mister, will you help me, please." I grab my raincoat and go over to her, placing it around her shoulders and covering her head. "Thanks, but can you help me? I don't have any place to go. My boyfriend just kicked me out of the car and drove off. Can I sit in your car and get warm, please?" "Sure," I said, "come on, I'll put the heater on high and get you toasty." I help her up and into the passenger side. Closing the door, I run around, jump in and get the car running. As I start the heater running, she puts her bare feet right up to the floor outlet. Although dirty and wet, she has red painted toenails and nice looking feet. Her teeth are chattering and she's really sniffing. "Want to tell me what's going on?" I asked. "My boyfriend and I were headed out to the west coast to look for work. There was a big argument about me working and he just stopped down the road and kicked me out. I've been here for over four hours now. I don't think he's coming back or he'd be here by now." "Now look, I don't want to get into something that isn't my business." "It's ok, I've been here in the rain so long, and there isn't anywhere to get under cover. They only let me in the 7-11 a few times and then for only about five minutes each. I just want to get dry and warm and then get to a phone so I can call home. I don't know if anybody there will help me but I've got to try." "Well, I'm John; I've got my own place a few miles down the road. If you're willing to trust me, I'll take you there. My old girlfriend left some clothes that might fit you. You can have a warm shower and I'll order a pizza, that be all right?" "John, I'm Sandra, Sandy to friends so call me that. I'm pleased to meet

you and yes, I'll trust you. You're the only person who stopped her willing to help. I don't see much choice anyway. You look like a nice boy too." Nice boy she says, hell, I'm 19, well almost 19; I will be in a couple days. My parents helped me get my own house when I graduated from high school. I got a job working as a mechanic at a car dealership. I make pretty good money and have no problem paying bills. My long time girlfriend decided to break up and headed off to where she'll be going to college. My plan is to work for a couple years and save up to pay my tuition. Working as a mechanic keeps me nice and fit. I'm 6-1, 200 pounds, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. "So, Sandy, tell me more about you, how old are you and where're you from?" "I'm 32 and originally from Norfolk, VA. My dad is a retired submarine officer. Now he works for the government really don't know what he does. Mom is an RN and works at a hospital in Bangor, ME. I was married to a sailor, an enlisted guy. I caught him with another girl in our bed, so I left and got a divorce. I was living with my parents and met my boyfriend on the base. We fell in love, or that's what I thought. We were on our way to the San Francisco area to get a better job. He doesn't want me to work, but if we're to make it I have to. But now, with him gone, I don't know what I'm going to do. My purse and all my money and ID's are in his car. Hey, can I leave a note here telling him where I'll be?" "Sure, I'll give you my phone number to give him. I handed her a pen and paper, "write it out and I'll run it in for you." Sandy finished the note and I gave it to the manager, who I was friends with. Getting back in the car, I drove off to my place. Sandy was leaning back and was soon asleep. Since I live close, it only took about 10 minutes to get home. My parents helped me buy a modest three bedroom, two bath place. It's on the outskirts of town, so there is distance between houses. I pulled the car into the garage, looked over at Sandy, who was fast asleep. I went around and tried to wake her with no luck, so I picked her up and carried her inside. I laid her on the couch and covered her up with a couple blankets. I was just getting ready to turn the lights down when the storm hit with fury. There was a huge flash of lightening, followed by a very loud clap of thunder. Sandy woke up screaming and sat up crying. "Wha...? Where am I?" I ran over and sat beside her and pulled her to me. "Shh shh shh... it's okay, it's just the storm. You're safe at my place." She had the fearful look of a little girl being waken up by the bad storm, and wanting mommy and daddy. I pulled the blankets around her, but kept holding her until she woke up completely and calmed down. "Do you feel like getting up and taking a warm shower?" "Not really, storms scare the shit out of me. They always have, ever since I was a small kid I'd be so scared and run to mom or dad. Can you just hold me for a few minutes until it goes away?" "Yeah, sure, I'll be right here." Sandy snuggled up to me, wrapping her arms around my neck. I moved the pillow over and laid back, She just followed me down and ended up lying on my chest, all wrapped up. Every time there was lightening and thunder, she jumped and started whimpering again. After a couple hours, she was sound asleep and the storm was subsiding. I was getting cramps from being in that position, so I eased out from under her and stretched to get the kinks out. Leaning down, I scooped her into my arms and took her to the master bedroom. After laying her on the bed all wrapped up, I stepped into the bathroom and started filling the tub with warm water. Her skin was still cold and wet. I knew that she had to warm up soon or get real sick. Leaving the water to run, I go in and unwrapped the blankets. She was a sight for sore eyes, looking like she did. I made several tries to wake her and

finally got her to sit up with her eyes open. "Sandy, can you get up and get into the tub? You can hand me your clothes through the door." "Help me John, I can't do it, all I feel is cold, wet and weak. Just undress me and put me in the tub. After I warm up I'll be fine." Not wanting to waste time, I laid her back down and proceeded to take all her clothes off. I stepped back with her wet clothing and looked at her. Sandy is about 5-3 and maybe 115 if she's lucky. She has 34B tits, according to her bra size. She's the same size as my ex-girlfriend, Joanna. When we split by mutual agreement, she left a lot of clothes in the other bedroom, so I knew there would be stuff for Sandy. I carried her in and put her into the tub of warm water. Her eyes fluttered open, smiling at me, she leaned back so the water was up to her neck. The tips of her tits were barely out of the water. I some bubble bath to the running water, soon bubbles cover her. I left to take her clothes to the washer for a good cleaning. Coming back, I got Sandy a nice nitie and robe from the spare closet, both a powder blue. Returning, I laid them on the toilet, "here you go, these should fit you just fine for the night. You can sleep in the other bedroom, it's a full bed." Sandy is getting some color back to her body and face from the warm water, and she's now sitting up, washing her body. "Can't I just sleep with you John? I promise I'll just sleep, I'm too tired to do anything. I do trust you, I don't think you'd take advantage of me." "I guess that will be okay, I'm not going to do anything to you." I went to the kitchen to make some hot chocolate for both of us to enjoy during the stormy weather. Returning with two steaming cups, Sandy had completed the bath and was already under the covers. She sat up to take the cup, holding a sheet over her breasts. As she reached out, the sheet fell away to reveal her beautiful breasts and taught stomach. Looking nice and clean, I felt a stirring in my loins. She handed me her cup back and I just sat them on the night stand when there was a bright flash of lightening and a clap of thunder that shook the whole house and made the lights flash and flicker. Sandy jumped and grabbed me, and started crying, "No, no, don't let it get me, John." I turned to her, wrapping my arms around her. "Its okay, it's okay, I'm here. I won't let it get you." "Please don't laugh at me; you don't understand what it's like to be scared like this. It all started when I was a little girl, the older boys and some girls would yell at me when there was a storm. "It's coming to get you Sandy, it's coming to get you," and chasing me all around. I'd run home to find mom or dad to protect me. I'd cry for hours on end. My boyfriend didn't understand and would laugh sometimes. Maybe it's a good thing he dumped me out." "I won't laugh at you; I know people have different fears. Now lay back and try to sleep, I'll be right here beside you." She closed her eyes, but had her feet against my leg for security. Within minutes, she was out like a light. Whenever there was a bright flash and thunder, she would whimper and stir around. I turned out the light and tried to sleep myself. We never did order out for that pizza. I awake at my normal time of 6AM to find Sandy huddled up against me, her firm tits pressing against my arm. The wind is picking up and I hear the rumbling of thunder. Easing out of bed, I head to the bathroom for a morning piss and shower. Just as I'm ready to step in and get wet, there is a bright flash and loud clap of thunder; I know it's loud enough to wake her. "John, John, where are you?" "I'm in the shower Sandy." She comes running in, eyes wide and she's shaking. I open the shower door and she steps inside, wrapping her arms around me. "I'm sorry I'm such a baby about this. I just can't seem to shake these fears of storms." "It's ok, I understand. Since you're here, let's just take a shower and I'll

make some coffee and breakfast.” We swap places so she can get wet. Taking the wash cloth and soap, Sandy starts washing me. She is starting to relax a little as she proceeds to wash my upper body. The sight of her tits jiggling is having an effect, what was a semi-hard erection has turned very hard. Sandy was doing my back and kneels down for my legs. “Turn around and I’ll do your front now.” As I turned, it wasn’t hard for her to notice my cock sticking straight out. She wrapped her soapy hands around me, stroking up and down my full seven inches. “Wow, this is nice, if you don’t mind I’ll take care of this problem later.” “It’s been quite a while since I’ve been in a shower with a woman. Seeing you has quite an effect. And yeah, it’s ok. I didn’t bring you here for sex anyway.” “I know and it’s been a while for me too. You’re a good looking guy and I certainly wouldn’t mind. But right now I just want to wake up and get some food in me, I’m starving!” “Just as soon as we’re done here, I’ll get something cooking. I don’t have much but I think there’s some bacon and eggs in the fridge.” “Yeah, that sounds good.” We finish washing each other and dry off. I grab my jeans and head to the kitchen, stopping to flick the TV on and to the local weather. As it comes on, I knew what it would be saying. The wind is picking up and rain is being driven against the windows. No big surprises there. I put on the coffee and get the breakfast fixings from the fridge. Just then there is another loud clap of thunder and Sandy comes running in. “Dammit! I hate being this way, but I can’t help it,” she says with eyes full of tears. I’ll be better once I eat and wake up completely. Didn’t you say you had some clothes your ex left here?” “Yeah, first room on the right. That’s where she kept her stuff. She was the same size as you. Just go in and help yourself. It’s been almost a year since she left and she’s never called to ask for her stuff.” Just as I’m placing the cooked food on the table, Sandy came back in dressed in jeans, boots and a nice pink turtleneck sweater. “It looks like everything in there will fit me. I found some cute sexy panties and bras in the dresser, I hope you like pink, it’s my favorite color.” “Oh, sure, pink is fine with me and it sure looks good on you.” Before sitting, she came over and stood close. “I never thanked you for taking me in, John; it’s something you didn’t have to do. I really appreciate any help I can get. I don’t know where my old boyfriend is or if I can get hold of him. His cell phone expired just before we left Maine and I don’t think he got another one yet. My purse has my cell phone, ID, and money in it. It’s along with my own clothes are in his car. I can only hope he tries to contact me.” She placed her hands on each side of my face and kisses me softly, letting it linger much longer than just a friendly kiss. My arms go around her, pulling her closer as I respond. Both of us let out soft moans as we break, looking into each other’s eyes. I’m pleased by what I see. Sandy is quite pretty. With some sighs and smiles, we break and sit to eat. “Now that’s something I can get used to. I know I didn’t have to help, but I felt it was necessary. I couldn’t just leave you there, I wasn’t raised that way. If a person needs help, I will if I can. You’re welcome to stay here as long as necessary to get your things or on your feet. I don’t expect anything in return and I’m certainly not going to ask you for sex, I can’t do that.” “Thanks, I appreciate that. I’ll try calling and see if I can locate him and my things. Any idea how long this storm is going to be around? Not long, I hope!” “Well, the weather-checkers all say it’s going to last a couple days,” I tell her as I see a fearful look come out on her lovely face. “But they said the worst of it’s over and we’ll just have rain for the rest of the time, so you can relax.” “I’m glad for that, I can take the rain, or snow

or just about anything as long as there isn't any thunder; that scars the hell out of me." Reaching over and taking her hand, I tell her, "don't worry, Daddy's here to take good care of you and protect you." "Now stop that," she said with a little laugh, "you're not my daddy, and not even my boyfriend, .....yet." Smiling at that remark, I clean the table off and go to dress so we can do some shopping. When I returned to the kitchen, I see that she's done the dishes and put everything away. Now she's busy making a list for getting groceries. She looks up, seeing me; she smiles and finishes her list. "All done and ready to go when you are." We head out to the car and off down the road. The rain is fairly heavy, so it's slow going. Sandy reached out to gently rub my leg. The supermarket wasn't very busy at that time of the morning, so we were in and out fairly quickly, spending only a hundred dollars or so. Sandy was cheerful and quiet on the little trip back to my place. Once inside the garage, I started to close the entrance door. She said, "You can leave it open, I rather like the sounds of falling rain, its just thunder I can't stand." While taking bags out and into the house, we were constantly bumping into each other and laughing. She was bending over, putting veggies away as I was walking by. Being in a happy mood, I sort of bumped her with my hip while passing. She reached out, slapping me on the butt, "What a brat," she said. I stopped and turned around, slapping her butt in return. That started it, standing up and getting close, she reached around me to give a slap on my butt and I did the same to her. After a few exchanges, we just stood there, almost nose to nose. As I looked deep into her hazel eyes, I leaned down and gave her a kiss. Her arms went around me, pulling me close as she responded. Our tongues met and were getting all tangled up with each other. Our bodies pressing closer and closer and our breathing deep and labored. Nice soft moans came from her as she started pressing her pussy against my hardening cock. I moved my hand up to caress her cheek and then down her neck to her breasts. Sandy moved her hands to unbuttoning my shirt and slipping it off to drop on the floor. As she did that, she stepped back to pull the sweater over her head. She had on a nice lacey pink bra that was almost transparent, her prominent and hard nipples showing proudly. I moaned as I leaned down, placing kisses on those beautiful protrusions. Both of hand roaming hands, each finding and fumbling with pants to get them undone and off. Soon, we were just in undies and kissing deeply. I picked her up, carrying her to the bedroom, kissing along the way. I placed Sandy in the center of the bed, climbing on beside her. I moan loudly as she reached into my boxers, pulling my hard cock out and stroking me lightly. "Well, we might as well get rid of the rest of these clothes," I said as I got up to remove my shorts. Smiling, she just reached behind to undo her bra and slip it off her shoulders. She got onto her knees and slide her pink lace panties down and then onto her back to kick them off, sending them flying across the room. "This is so much better, I do love being naked, do you mind if I stay this way as long as we're alone?" "I like to run around naked too, so, as long as nobody else is around or company isn't expected, this might as well become a nudist house." Sandy cuddled up to me, placing her leg over both of mine, she started moving in a fucking motion while pressing hard against me. Leaning down, she sucked my nipple into her soft mouth, her tongue flicking and then gently biting. They sent chills down my body, making my hard cock jerk. Feeling it against her leg, she reached down, her hand encircling me. "Mmmmmmm, I found a toy to play with," she said with a grin, and started kissing down my belly. Before she started moving around,

I could feel the juices from her pussy leaking onto my leg as she ground against me. Sandy was soon kissing up and down my seven inches. Her hot tongue lapped the bulging head to get any pre-cum leaking out. Her breath was like the heat from a blast furnace as she opened her mouth to take me inside. I was moaning loudly as she took me inside and started flicking and moving her tongue around. "Move up here so I can lick you too," I told her as her mouth moved down, taking more inside. "Not yet," she said, taking her mouth off me, "this is for you. I told you I would take care of this problem while we were in the shower and that's what I'm going to do. So just lay back and enjoy." "I'm not about to argue with you! My mom and dad didn't raise a dummy." Sandy pulled off me long enough to lick every inch of my cock from bottom to tip, savoring each drop of pre-cum, including taking my cum laden balls into her hot mouth and giving them a loving washing with her tongue. She then looked me in the eyes, "Get ready for the best cock sucking of your life, John, this is what I meant when I said I'd take care of your problem." Her lips wrapped around the tip tightly. Closing her eyes and moaning, she forced her tight lips down, and kept going until her nose was pressed hard against my pelvis. Her lips were so slick with pre-cum and spit, almost like using some KY lube. I felt me slipping into her throat as she moaned, creating a vibration that was driving me crazy. Moving back to the head and then back down. The feeling was like she was slipping a cock ring from top to bottom and back, never stopping, it was that tight! Starting out slow, it wasn't long before she was moving faster and faster. I could feel my balls tightening up, getting ready to unleash my load. When I moved my hands to her head, she just shook "no" and I pulled them back. Not once did she use her hands on my cock, only her mouth. I soon felt my cock swelling and so did she. She went even faster while moaning, "Umhm, umhm, umhm!" "Yeah, Sandy, I'm gonna cum! Yessssss! Oh, fuck!" I said as the first of many spurts of hot cum bathed her throat and mouth. She was sucking and swallowing fast, not missing a drop. I must have cum for 2, 3, or 4 minutes continuously. Sandy took everything I offered before pulling off and licking my cock completely clean. "There you go," she said, while licking her lovely lips. I've never had my cock sucked like that, albeit I haven't had that many either. I don't think I'll ever forget this one. I reached down, pulling her up to me, kissing her whole face, all over. When I got to her lips, my tongue plunged in, lashing all around. I moaned when I got a taste of my cum still in her mouth. She had kept a big load and used her tongue to shove it into my hungry mouth. Although surprised, I took what she offered and swallowed all of it. My cock was still hard as she straddle me, She worked the tip inside and then dropped, swallowing all of me until I felt me hitting her cervix. It was feeling like her pussy was trying to swallow my balls too. This felt so great, I almost dumped another load immediately. Sandy just looked into my eyes and smiled as she started moving up and down. The silky smoothness of her slick pussy was unimaginable. I could feel her juices trickling down my balls, thru my cheeks and onto the sheets. Every now and then, she would plunge down as hard as she could and then grind her clit against my pelvic bone. She just looked at me and kept riding slow, being in no hurry to finish. Soon I'm thrusting upward to meet her downward strokes, sending both of into a fucking frenzy. I don't know how long we kept going, it felt like hours. I'm beginning to feel her quivering and her breathing was getting faster. I know she's close to cumming, in fact, so am I. Both of us have closed our eyes in anticipation. Our heads are rolling back and forth.

Sandy , moans loudly, "I'm cumming, John, oh yes, I'm cumming!" When I hear that, my cock responds by shooting another huge load of cum. "Oh, god... here you go baby... let your pussy taste this," as I keep erupting deep inside her. Sandy fell forward onto my chest, both of us heaving in ecstasy. "Damn, John," she said, "I could get used to this." "Me too, Sandy, I'm gonna ask, do you want to stay, and see if we have anything to offer each other? We can lay here and talk, go take a shower and talk, or go to the living room and talk. It doesn't matter to me, just as long as we talk about this, what you want, what I want and where we both expect this to go." "I'm all for just holding you, cuddle and take a little nap. I loved the feel of you against my naked body last night when you were lovingly protecting me from the storm, John. Even though I was scared, I also felt so safe and good." Sandy rolled off and laid her head on my chest, right over my heart, both of us moving slightly to get comfortable. EPILOG: John and Sandy sat down the next day to discuss all aspects of a relationship, including their 13 year age differences. It was decided to stay together and see what developed. Sandy's old boyfriend never did contact her, but he did turn all her stuff, clothes, purse with money, cell phone and ID over to some police. They finally got hold of her to return her belongings. Two weeks later, Sandy was introduced to John's family, who welcomed her into the family with open arms. Seven months later, Sandy was pregnant with twin girls and the two got married in a huge family gathering. \*\*\*\*\* Author's note: There may be more about John and Sandy later, I'm not sure yet. Who says age makes a difference, it certainly doesn't to this writer!