

Stormy Weather II, A Love Story

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It's four years after their meeting during a fairly violent storm and it's a celebration....

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This is a continuation of Stormy Weather. For new readers, you should read that story before this one. Just like any other couple, they have had their share of domestic problems, but nothing that couldn't be overcome. Except for one thing, storms; Sandy is still terrified during thunder and lightning storms, and John still cuddles her and soothes her during these difficult times. John has done well, advancing to be the Service Manager of the car dealership where he works. Sandy has taken on college and received her bachelor's degree in psychology and now works as a clinical psychologist. They have two wonderful daughters, Stephanie and Storm, who are now three and one half years old. Boy, what a handful they are, just like any other girl that age. Both girls are running all over, talking quite well and are full of questions, especially when the weather turns bad and they see mommy running to daddy whenever there is thunder and lightning. Stephanie takes after her mom and is also scared of storms; while Storm, like her name implies, relishes and lives for them. If it was allowed, she would be outside trying to catch the lightning or harness the thunder. It's an anniversary for John and Sandy, but not a wedding anniversary. It's been four years since their meeting on a very stormy night. They decided this would be a more appropriate date to celebrate than the traditional wedding day shortly after they decided to stay together. Just as it was four years ago, it's stormy out, just as it has been every year. Things haven't changed about storms for Sandy either, she is still terrified when lightning flashes brightly and the thunder roars. The girls are excited when John gets home from work, they know all about mom and dad celebrating and they get to go to stay with grandma and grandpa and get spoiled rotten. Stephanie is huddled up on her bed while Storm is glued to the living room window, watching the rain and lightning. She giggles and her eyes get larger as she claps her hands with any bright flash and the rumble of thunder, it's how she got her name. She always seems

happiest during the most violent of storms. She giggles wide eyed and runs to her room and sits with her sister, trying to comfort her the way daddy does with mommy, with her arms around her. Sandy just happened to be walking by the kids room and looked in to see them huddled together as Storm said, "Don't be scared, Stef, I'm here to protect you just like daddy does with mommy. I won't let the bad thunder get you." Sandy stepped into the room and thought, "How can these twins be so alike yet so very different, I'd swear they are identical." Being a psychologist, she's trying to analyze the girls. She normally works with adult problems, but her girls have given her the urge to branch into child psychology, a more lucrative profession. She goes to the bedroom, picks up a journal and starts making entries about them. Meanwhile, John is in the shower getting ready for their "Storm Date" as he calls it. "Hey, Honey, why don't you close the bedroom door and join me in the shower, I've got something for you to play with." Laughing, Sandy closes the door and walks into the bathroom, "You've always got something for me to play with, so what's new about this one? Did you decorate it with bells or something?" "Naw, just the same old thing, but I know you love playing with me." Sandy, knowing the kids are fine, closes the door, undresses and get into the shower. John, being all soapy, wraps his arms around her and uses his body to wash her. His hard cock is pressing right between her butt cheeks as he thrusts towards her. Sandy pours some soap onto her hand and reaches around to stroke him, getting his cock nice and slippery. John moans as she works her hand up and down his length. Sandy leans forward a bit and presses his cock against her rosebud as she looks around to see him smiling. While having tried anal penetration many times, they have never been further than John just getting inside; it was just too painful for her. But that was always in bed, maybe... just maybe, the shower and the liquid soap will make things different. John presses a little harder while Sandy starts moving her butt side to side. Suddenly the head of his cock pops in and he goes about half of his seven inches inside. Sandy moans and presses back against him, all the while smiling like the Cheshire Cat. "Damn, we finally made it! After all this time and all the showers we've shared, I never thought of doing it this way. It does hurt a little, honey, so go slow and let's have a good butt fuck." John pulls back a little and squirts more soap on his cock before pushing in more. After a few strokes, he has his balls tight against her and it seems like she is begging for more. Sandy reaches between her legs to gently squeeze his balls while he starts pumping in and out. With her other hand, she is teasing the nipples on her C-cup tits to rock hardness. She is moaning and loving the feeling of being finally fulfilled in all holes. John starts thrusting faster and faster, his balls slapping Sandy's pussy lips and clit, sending delightful shocks throughout her body. "Damn, Baby, this feels great, how are you doing now?" "I'm ok, the pain is gone and it feels wonderful! Go for it now, I want to feel you shooting as deep into me as you can get. Fill my cherry butt with your hot cum. Fuck me, Honey, fuck me harder!" John is plowing into her like a mad man. Each thrust is so hard his balls are starting to sting as they slap her pussy. He can feel his wife starting to quiver and shake with her building cum as he feels the same thing in his cock and balls. "I'm almost there Sandy, I'm just about ready." "Oh my God, I'm cumming, I'm cumming hard! John, this is fantastic, I really love this!" Suddenly John is spewing forth a huge amount of cum deep into Sandy's bowels. Rope after rope of hot cum sizzling deep inside, sending Sandy into an even larger cum, causing her whole body to

shake and knees weakening to the point John has to hold her up. His cock, still buried deep inside her butt, is clamped tight by her sphincter muscles. It seems that Sandy doesn't want to or can't relax to release her hold on him. John eases her down until both are on their knees, allowing Sandy to start relaxing. John's cock is rapidly deflating and starting to slip out. As he finally pops out, a generous amount of cum follows, running down Sandy's thighs. John thoughtfully reaches around for the hand-held shower head, directing the stream of warm water all over his wife's butt and pussy. He also puts a generous amount of liquid soap on her butt and is massaging and rubbing all over to clean and relax her. Finally clean and totally relaxed, Sandy turns to sit on the shower floor, looking up at John with a big smile. "Well, Honey, that was awesome! I don't think I've cum so hard since our very first time together. We finally did it after all these years. I guess the right mood; right position and right lubricant solved that problem for us. It did hurt some at first, but I got used to it fast. I definitely want you to fuck my ass more!" "Baby, you know I'll fuck you any way you want any time you want. I know what you mean about cumming, I think you emptied me completely." John helps Sandy to her feet and they kiss lovingly and continue their shower. As they finish, they dry each other off and walk hand-in-hand to the bedroom to dress for dinner and their celebration. Sandy pulls on some pale pink boi-shorts and then her robe to go check on the twins. Looking into their room, she is amazed to see them playing cheerfully on one of the beds, oblivious of their parents shower romps. "Hi Mommy, when are we leaving for Grandma's?" Storm asked. "Just as soon as we finish getting dressed honey, why don't you and Stephanie get your bags all fixed and ready to go, OK?" "OK, Mommy, come on Stef, I'll help you." Sandy looks at Storm with amazement at her grown up attitude and guidance with her sister, who is actually the older of the two by 3 minutes. For someone only three and one half, she acts like she's ten, she thought. Returning to the bedroom to complete dressing, she keeps thinking about her daughters fascination with storms when she herself is so frightened. This bears looking into, she thought. Sandy selected a bra matching the pale pink boi shorts and then a dark green dress. John comes out of the bathroom and looks lovingly at his wife as he buttons his dark blue shirt. "Explain this, o wife of mine, Just how is it that you get more beautiful every day? Can you answer me that? Can you? Huh?" He walks over and wraps his arms around her, nuzzling the back of her neck. "What now? You want me to psycho-analyze you? I don't think that's necessary, you're just as lustful and crazy as the first night I spent with you. And now it's that lust that's controlling you." "Maybe so, fair maiden, maybe so," he whispers while nibbling her ear lobe, "Maybe so. Mom and dad will be here soon, the girls all set to go?" "You're dressed and I need to put makeup on, why don't you go check; I'll be ready in about fifteen minutes." "Let me see, one minute girl time equals five minutes guy time, so you should be ready in...." Sandy pokes him in the ribs giggling to shut him up. "Go!" She says pointing at the door. John, laughing and holding his poked side, heads for the girls room. When he gets there, both are all dressed and their overnight bags ready to go. Stephanie still has some tears in her eyes and is giving a little jump at each rumble of thunder. Storm, on the other hand is one very happy girl. "Come on kids; let's wait for grandma and grandpa in the living room, OK?" Grabbing their bags, the girls run into the living room and get on their favorite end of the couch. "Daddy, turn cartoons on for us," Stephanie asked. John turns on the TV and heads for the kitchen for

a cup of coffee. He looks back to see Storm turning to look out the large window, watching the trees swaying in the wind. There is a little rumble in the air and a smile appears on her face. Walking back into the living room, he sees Sandy coming down the hall. She stops just short of entering to room and looks at her daughters, but concentrates on Storm. With a smile, she walks on in and sits between them. Stephanie has her eyes glued to the cartoon on the TV, while Storm is often glancing around to the window and the continuing storm outside. It isn't long before John's mom, Noreen, and dad, Brad, show up. "I see our favorite girls are all set to go," Noreen says. Both girls jump up, running to their favorite grandparent, to be picked up for kisses and hugs. Storm went to grandpa and Stephanie, grandma. After the kisses and hugs, both wiggled around until they are set down to trade places. "Let's get their things and let these two get along with their celebration," Brad says. Sandy, getting up from the couch, also receives kisses and hugs. "Now don't you two spoil them too much. We'll be over tomorrow in time for dinner to pick them up, Mom." "That's fine, you two go and have fun and don't worry about these two. We'll be run ragged but we love it," Noreen says. She picks up Storm's bag and heads for the door, followed by Brad, carrying Stephanie. Once they are gone, John walks over to Sandy. Taking her into his arms, they kiss deeply. Sandy is really getting into the kiss and suddenly there is a bright flash and very loud bang of thunder, a close lightening strike. Sandy pulls back, eyes huge, and is whimpering. "Its ok honey, it's ok," John tells her. "Dammit John, why can't I be like Storm and enjoy these storms like she does? I don't understand her fascination with them. Sometimes I think she's actually drawing her energy from them, like she's recharging her batteries." "I know honey, I don't understand it either. Look, let's get going and enjoy the night. I've got a couple surprises for you tonight. And don't even think about trying to pry them out of me, it ain't gonna happen!" "Well, that's ok, I've got a couple for you too so we're even there." Sandy takes his hand and heads for the garage. Once in the car, while John opens the door and backs out, Sandy moves over to the center of the seat and buckles in. Her hand moves to rest on his thigh, so close to his crotch her little finger can give him a little flick without moving her hand at all. It is an uneventful drive to the upper class golf club restaurant where Sandy is a member and reservations have been made. It's a good thing they have a covered entrance! As soon as they pull up behind another car unloading, the light rain turns to a torrential downpour. Sandy jumps and whimpers as the lightning flashes and the whole car shaking to the thunder's roar. Her fingers dig into the insides of John's thigh. John looks over and smiles at his lovely wife. Seeing John smile and having him so close reassures Sandy of his love and her protection from the storm. Soon they pull up under the cover and go inside where they are escorted to the table John had previously selected by the large picture window. Sandy is shaking slightly as she sits. She thinks to herself, Damn him, he knows I don't like to be so close to the storm! Why did he have to get a table here by this fucking window? "John, do we have to sit here? It looks a lot cozier over there at the corner of the piano bar. You know I don't like it near widows during storms!" "It's ok Honey, I'm right here. Nothing is going to get to you." "I'm not worried about something getting me John, if the glass shatters, we'll be cut to shreds!" John calls the waiter over and requests to be moved. Sandy puts her arm around his as they reach the table, pulling him with her. What can John do but follow along with her. She knows this place well, being a member

while John has only been here once before. She leads him down a narrow hallway with dim lights. Outside a door, she pulls him to her and kisses him deeply while grinding her groin against his thigh. Feeling his cock getting hard, she fishes inside her lacey pink bra for a key previously hidden there. She looks around and unlocks the door, jerking John inside. After closing and locking the door, Sandy drops to her knees and quickly pulls John's pants to his knees. She takes note that he didn't bother putting boxers on for their date. Her hand wraps around his now hard cock, stroking back and forth along its length. Sandy loves playing with his cock, its one thing that drew her to him four years ago. John moans as she leans to lick the pre-cum from the tip and smiles up at him. "How about a blow job, little boy?" she says, smiling. "Now, I'm wondering why my pretty wife has suddenly turned to be such a slut here at her country club. And how does she know this place wouldn't be occupied and where did that key come from?" he says. Sandy isn't listening to him at all as she's started engulfing his rigid cock in her hungry mouth. She swirls her tongue all around the mushroom head, paying special attention to the "V" on the under side. Moaning as she pulls his ass toward her and pressing her nose against his pubic bone, John runs his hands through her hair and knots them to pull her tighter. His cock slips into her throat as she uses her muscles to grip and pull. "Damn Honey, it's not going to take me very long to fill your mouth if you keep that up!" Sandy pulls off him with a pop, "Then do it! Fill my hungry mouth with that delicious cum!" Sandy takes time to slip her arms from the dress, letting it slide past her tits to her waist. "Do you want to cum in my mouth, all over my face and tits, or in my pussy?" "Does it really matter where, Baby? Wherever you want is just fine with me." "Well, why don't we work our way around tonight. I'll take my mouth first and later you can shoot all over my face and tits, that all sounds good to me," she says as she plunges back onto his raging hardness. Sandy isn't using her hands on him at all, only her mouth, lips and tongue. Sucking like a vacuum cleaner drives John to the point of no return. There's no stopping the cum running from his boiling balls to the shaft and starting to erupt from his fleshy volcano of a cock. Sandy's mouth is a blur of movement on him as she sucks and swallows his creamy white cum. John just keeps shooting and shooting; rope after stringy rope bathes her mouth. Her moaning deep in her throat sends shocks through him. It's not long before he's just about done. Sandy has her hand on him now, working to milk every delicious drop. She doesn't remove her mouth until every single drop is consumed. Sandy releases John's cock with a pop and a few licks and kisses. Standing, John lovingly fondles her tits and helps to pull her dress back up. He places the shoulder straps in their proper place and spins her around to make sure all is straight and gives her a little slap on her ass. Completing the spin, Sandy reaches down and pulls his pants up and fastens them. She then pulls him to her, kissing him deeply, both moaning in contentment. "This is just one of the little surprises I have for you tonight. Some time we'll have to come here and fuck in the middle of a fairway." Their clothing all straight, Sandy opens the door and they leave to their table. Going down the hallway, a waitress enters and Sandy hands the key to the room to her and smiles a "Thanks" and also slips her a \$50.00 bill tip. "Thank you Michelle, maybe we'll make use of it another time." Michelle looks at Sandy with a "more than a customer" look. That now has John wondering. "Has she started having a relationship with this little Asian beauty?" Sandy gives a nods and a smile back, and they continue hand-in-hand to their table.

John just looks at the two ladies as they walk on and smiles to them. *** Please let me know if you want more of this story line by your comments. I've been thinking of a branch story about Sandy and Michelle, what do you all think?