

# Lightning and Thunder

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*A hot summer day poolside is delivered from being ordinary by a thunder storm and unforeseen affair.*

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“Fuck. This heat is unreal.” I think to myself. The sun has been relentless today, baking the dead calm air into miles high thunderheads. I can feel the air around me growing heavier with humidity. Electricity is building in the clouds west of the pool where I’m lifeguarding. Making eight dollars an hour, sitting in a lifeguard’s chair, yelling at punky kids and developing my future age spots and wrinkles. Leaving me to wonder if this summer is going to provide anything memorable. For the last two summers I’ve returned to my small-town-in-the-midwest home to save on expenses between college semesters. Nothing ever happens here. Well nothing besides corn, thunderstorms, and boys breaking rules. Its purgatory. I blow my whistle at a group of boys standing in the water below me. They are doing nothing wrong, just ogling me in that way that teenagers look at girls in swim suits (even suits as asexual as the red, one-piece I’m wearing now). I feel droplets of sweat trickle down between my b-cups. I’m covered in a sweat and oil and it occurs to me that with my swimmer’s body I could be making a lot more money being ogled while sweaty and oily by ‘dancing’ at Tom ‘n Al’s, our local men’s ‘club’ (or TnAs as most people know it). Its an appealing thought in some respects - I’m a bit of an exhibitionist and do so love to tease the men I find attractive. But I’m a ‘good’ girl and am willing to save my sweet sweaty tits for ‘nice’ guys. I pull a lock of my curly strawberry blonde hair from my eyes, then adjust my sunglasses looking at the thunderheads building... one lightening strike and we get to close down the pool. Go home. Pour myself a diet coke over ice with a slice of lemon, watch the glass sweat and read some fiction on Lush or chat with friends on FB. The pool is crowded today. It's a Saturday and everybody seems to have come here looking to escape from their stifling, air-conditioned prisons. I go to school in Santa Barbara where everybody is beautiful and thin. People here are not beautiful, nor are they thin. Maybe it's because it's too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter so people don't do anything. Who knows? The wind picks up and I feel the hair on my neck begin to prickle. The storm is here! I look across the pool to the other lifeguard, Billy, a train-wreck of a high school senior who would smoke weed every waking moment of his life if he only could remember where he left his lighter. I wave my hand across my neck and he acknowledges the decision by pumping his fist and pretending to hit on a joint. He’s out of his chair and on the way to start cleaning the pool deck before I have a chance to even blow my whistle. When I blow it everybody there turns to look at me, already knowing what I’ll say, but they’re still flashing angry

scowls my way - as if they'd rather be electrocuted while swimming than be told told by the likes of me to go home. "Storm's here... everybody out of the water! Pools closed for today." A collective sigh and murmurs of disappointment peak from the crowd and just as quickly die away as they begin to file out. Billy is hosing down the deck, talking to his girlfriend. She's a cutie, so cute in fact its hard to understand why she is with him - he's a bit homely and skinny in that "I forget to eat" sorta way. It looks like they are fighting so I turn away and go in to the women's lockers to straighten up and change. I'm lucky and the lockers are fairly straight and it only takes me a few moments to straighten up. I strip quickly and slip into the shower. I glance at myself in the mirror as I pass - I'm pleased. I've lost my freshman "15" and feel strong. I soap up and rinse off quickly - more to wash away the thought of the day than anything its really left on me. I dry off on my way back to the locker and curse my poor planning. I wore an old white v-necked tee shirt on my way here and neglected to even bring a bra. If it rains on the 1/2 mile walk home I'll be a lot closer to pole dancing than I'd ever have thought possible. I shrug, slip the shirt over my slightly reddened shoulders, hike up a light-blue, boy-short panties, followed by my cut-off, daisy-dukes. I kick my feet into purple Chuck Taylors and turn to leave. The shock of hearing my own scream in response to the clap of thunder that strikes as I'm about to leave scares me almost as much as being caught in the dim light of the locker room as the power goes out. The fan circulating the air in here spins to a stop and the air quickly grows even heavier with humidity and prickly with electricity. I scamper out of the locker room and find the pool deserted except for Billy who is sitting in a lifeguard's chair staring at the pool. His eyes are red from crying and he has a smoldering joint hanging loosely from his lips. Train wreck. She must have dumped him. Another crash of thunder coincides almost perfectly with the first few drops of rain splatting forcefully onto the pool deck. Before I can even think to duck back inside the rain is pouring from the sky in sheets. I'm soaked through in the moment of hesitation, the rain is warm but not so warm as to keep my nipples from hardening under the now see-through shirt I'm wearing. I look down. Sigh. Look over to Billy in the chair. Sigh. I'm kicking myself even as I walk over to the chair. My compassion will be the undoing of me - I can't stand to think of anybody hurting so I've gotta make sure Billy isn't driving himself off some cliff in the wake of whatever happened with his girl. "Billy?" I ask as I duck into the small, dry circle under the umbrella. "You ok?" Silence as a tear rolls down his cheek. He exhales and the skunky odor of his weed tickles my nose. I climb a step up the ladder, and reach up to his mouth, remove the doobie and take a long drag on it myself. Billy surprises me again as I realize he isn't smoking the ditch weed I'd assumed he'd have. I take another puff and hand the shortened roach back to him. He looks down at me, his big, green eyes full of tears. "She broke up with you." He nods. "Don't worry man, you'll find another skanky ho soon enough." He snickers. Puffs. Exhales. "You want to talk?" He shakes his head. Billy probably isn't a wordsmith, and he might very well be alexithymic. I notice that Billy is totally scoping out my tits. I should be disgusted but my inner-exhibitionist is enjoying the attention. Maybe it's because him scoping me out means that he isn't so far gone in his break-up hurt that I need to worry about him. I look back up into his face and as our eyes meet I feel my world start to spin. Is it his soft green eyes, the weed? I'm not sure but I'm feeling completely off balance and literally start to slip from the ladder when Billy's hands reach out faster

than lightening and grab my wrists, keeping me from plunging in to the pool. There is a smile in his eyes and a look of 'no-big-deal' in his eyes as the smoldering joint hangs from his lips as if nothing happened. He looks like some unholy fusion of that Beiber kid and Keith Richards. Holy crap. It isn't the weed making my head spin. It's Billy. He pulls me up the ladder another step and makes sure I find my footing before he lets go. He pulls the jay from his lips and offers it to me. I shake my head and he shrugs. "So... Billy?" He's looking at me again and I feel myself melting in his gaze. The rain is coming down around us so hard it makes it seem like we are totally alone. I can't even see the parking lot. I don't even try to resist when he reaches out, and grasps the back of my neck, pulls me closer and kisses me hard. His lips linger and the taste of cannabis combined with the smell of rain fills my head. The kiss doesn't stop and I open my mouth for him even before I know that I want to. His tongue slips in and I meet him with my own. I feel his other hand reach up and his grasp changes to a two handed caress, his hands holding my face close to his. I climb up the ladder and straddle his lap. Somewhere back in the recesses of my mind the sane, ever-rational, college student is screaming at the rest of me... "This is BILLY... ARE YOU CRAZY?" Yes, very possibly. Insane might describe it perfectly. I can feel his warmth through the thin wet cotton of my shirt. My breasts are pressed into Billy's shirtless, hairless chest. His hands leave my face and wander down to my hips. We continue to kiss and I reach up and hug him closer. He may be skinny, but there is an unexpected power to his build that I can feel beneath his skin. His hands move down to my ass, and I can feel him exploring my body. Another crash of thunder and I whimper and shrink. Billy pulls me in closer and I feel protected from the storm. In the space of a blink I feel Billy pull my shirt off and I'm left incapable of protesting by his bold move. I look down watching his hands slowly tease my breasts. His hands are large he covers my small breasts and large, puffy nipples entirely. The feeling is magnificent - I can feel the blood rushing into my pussy. As Billy is making out with me I can feel him start to grow hard while I'm sitting on his lap. While I can't be sure I may have just found out why Billy was able to snag such a cute girl... his meat feels like another arm growing under my ass. The thought of being nailed by that monster should have me scared, and not just because I'm not ever this promiscuous. I feel Billy unbuttoning my shorts... Can this really be happening? I realize that I need to climb down off the chair, lock the pool up, and go home. Instead, I stand up and let Billy pull my shorts down. I help him and kick them off into the pool below, sending my Chuck Taylors in after. I sit back down on his lap and feel the damp spot in my undies - God, why am I this horny? Perhaps its because that monster in Billy's pants is growing even larger. The sound of the rain hitting the umbrella is a deafening roar. The lightening seems to have moved on but the rain continues to leave us in our little dry chair. As frightening as the thought may be, Billy and I could be the last two people left in a second great flood - the "real" world seems very far away right now. Billy's hands are now exploring my ass, spending time both on top of and under the lacy blue boy-short panties. He presses a finger against my back door and though I'd normally jump out of his lap at this I let it go - there is so much forbidden about this entire encounter that I'm just going with it and ignoring my 'better judgement'. Billy is a great kisser, his tongue and lips are much better at stimulating me than they are at forming words. Well, at least he's smart enough to go with his strengths. I let my hands wander down to his

chest and enjoy the warm smooth skin of his tanned, hairless chest. As he moves his hands over my ass I feel the muscles of his pecs flex and twist under my touch. Billy grunts and tugs at my undies. I'm beyond hope and realize that I want this desperately. I stand up again and he pulls and I wiggle and reveal my nicely trimmed blonde bush. Billy looks me up and down, a grin growing on his full lips. "Like what you see Billy?" He nods. "Gonna come in and get it?" I ask as I push myself back off the chair and plunge into the deep end of the pool. I let myself sink to the bottom and wait to see what will happen. I look up and see Billy's shorts hit the water a moment before he plunges in, diving directly at me. He swims up to me holds my face again and kisses me. Then, rather unexpectedly I feel him turn me around, take me in a life-saving hold, and feel him push us up to the surface with more power than I'd expected him to have. Billy, the train-wreck is really starting to get under my skin in a way that I'd never have believed possible. Now I just want to get him in me. He pulls me over to the steps in the shallow end of the pool - I don't struggle or help, but just go along for the ride. I feel his cock brush against my ass and cheeks every so often as he swims and am really dying to get a piece of it. We get to the side of the pool and he pulls me out of the water and sets me on the edge. I smile down at him and see that he is having just as much fun with this as I am. He spreads my legs as he stands in the water, affording me a first good look at his tool. Through the water it wavers and distorts but its clear that he is sporting a most unnaturally sized prick. It almost looks photo-shopped with its disproportionate size. No wonder Billy isn't a wordsmith - his body pulls too much energy from his brain to feed that marvelous tool. The glimpse is quickly gone as Billy leans in and kisses my puffy dark nipples, giving them teasingly soft bites before he begins to kiss his way down to my belly button. He kisses me there too, his tongue tickling me there before he moves on. He pulls me a bit closer to the pool's edge and spreads my legs. With skills that no 18 year-old boy should have he begins to explore my folds and groove. His tongue seems to move with unreal speed and I swear I can feel my little clit growing under his ministrations. The rain continues to pour on us, it's just warm enough and sensuous, perfecting the moment. Billy's hands reach up and fondle my breasts as he continues to run little circles around my button with his tongue. He pinches my nipples, applying pressure perfectly while softly supporting my breasts. My head spins faster and my belly begins to tingle as I realize that he is driving me quickly to orgasm. I'm loathe to admit it, but this is so good I'd pay him for it. "Ohhh Billy... I'm going to ..." He doesn't even pause, but just carries on. I grasp his right hand and pull his long middle finger to my lips. He isn't looking but I lick it up and down as though its his cock then take slowly take him in to my mouth. I let my tongue swish along the length of his strong finger, moving him slowly in and out of my mouth. Writhing and feeling my orgasm building I clamp my legs down on Billy's head and in the greatest of all teases he stops lapping at my pussy, pulls himself from between my legs and up on to the pool deck. He's now standing above me, his cock swaying in front of my face. Holy fuck. It's at least 9 inches long and seems to be as thick as a soda can. I reach out and grasp his tool with both hands, the firm weighty feel of it pulls primitive urges through me. I lower my head and pull his head to my lips. I look up at him as I slip his red, helmeted prick in to my mouth. He's looking down at me, in to my eyes and loving this. My mouth stretches obscenely to accommodate his girth. I feel it pulse as he gently tries to push himself in

farther and I quickly grasp his hips so that he won't overwhelm me. I slowly work him in and out until I'm finally able to get about half his length in to my mouth and throat. I can taste his salty precum when he slides in and delight in it. He begins to run his hands through the tangles of my hair, almost massaging me with fingers that shouldn't be so deft, strong or tender. His cock now feels fully erect as I continue to give him the tongue lashing I feel he deserves. Looking up at him again our eyes meet and we communicate instantly and wordlessly our mutual desire to be joined. Billy holds out his hands, offering me a lift up. Our hands meet and he lifts me effortlessly. We walk to one of the lounge chairs and he quickly lies down on it, his cock jutting up like some lonely redwood in a meadow. I'm glad that he wants me on top, for as much as I want to feel him in me I realize that his size is more than intimidating and I want to control things. I straddle him, positioning myself so that his head just touches my engorged lips. I lean forward and kiss him and he returns the kiss. He is so patient - I can feel his head press against my pussy but unlike most of the boys I've been with he doesn't just try to ram his way in. He just kisses me and lets his hands start to roam across my wet body. I lower my hips and his turgid spear pierces in to me. I bite my lip, pull my face into Billy's neck and moan as I push my hips down onto him. And I do mean push. Its not easy to take this huge prick even as wet and willing as I am. I moan again and push down, glancing down between us I see that I've managed consume about half of what he has to offer and I already feel full. I'm now squatting above Billy, most of my weight on my feet, so when I slide back up and down a few times on his cock the only thing he is feels is my wet hot cunt on his shaft, my hair on his face and my lips on his neck. So it not at all exaggerating when I'm really quite surprised when Billy, poor train-wreck-Billy whispers over the rain in my ear "go slow, you'll be ok". I groan and push myself down and he slides in as far as anybody on the way in will ever get. I feel him pressing against my cervix as though he's going to bust right through, the feeling makes me shiver and my muscles contract around him, feeling him pulse and twitch inside me. "Don't move Billy." "I won't." I realize that if we got caught right now they'd need to use a hose to separate us, my pussy does not want to let go. So I rock my hips around sliding my wet slippery sex along his shaft. He whimpers and I moan. "God, you are so fucking tight girl." "Shut up and fuck me Billy." He reaches back and grabs my ass cheeks in his hands. He pulls my weight down and forwards so that I'm now kneeling instead of squatting. This has the effect of mashing my clit into his pubic bone and has he starts to gently thrust in and pull out of me my little wet button begins to tingle as much as my g-spot and I know that I've only got a minute or so before I go supernova all over his dick. I raise my head from his neck, tangled wet curls in my eyes and look down at his face. Billy's working this blissful look that is half way between "I'm going to pop off in some wonderfully tight pussy" and "I'm going to make this girl cum so hard she screams". I can't resist it and lean down and kiss him hard, my tongue penetrating his mouth as he presses his cock deep into me again. One of his hands is on my breast, twisting my nipple just so. His other hand sis roaming my ass and I feel him press a finger against my ass. The sensations are completely overwhelming to me and I begin that marvelous, uncontrollable slide into orgasm. "Billy" I whisper directly into his mouth. "I know... me too" He pushes in hard. The hair on the back of my neck stands on end as electricity fills the space in my pussy as well as the air around us. My cunt spasms. His cock jerks. The air is filled with the

brightest white light. My pussy is filled with the brightest white sperm. The crack of thunder is loud enough to feel in my chest. My cry of ecstasy is loud enough for Billy to feel in his chest. I collapse into his skinny, stoner arms and he holds me close as the warm rain continues to wash over us. "Fuck, this heat is unreal." I think to myself.