In the Sound Booth with Kathy

By Minnesota

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I feel like a single parent so many times... I listened to her heartcry and held her close.

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Kathy and I both have daughters involved in theatre and often perform in the same productions. My ten year old daughter loves to act and sing. The good parent I am, I attend each practice, help build sets, and attend all of her performances. Kathy, who is in her early thirties, is the family soccer mom and takes her nine year old daughter and seven year old son to everything from theatre to pee wee football. Her husband is usually too busy with his job to attend his kid's activities and my wife, who has a high stress job during the week, spends all her spare time on the computer or in a buzzed alcohol daze. That leaves me, in a reversal of roles, to work and take care of my daughter.

On many occasions, Kathy and I have been paired together to build props for a production set or found ourselves teamed in the control room at the community theatre. With a shared script between us, illuminated by a low level green light, Kathy handles the lights and I control the sound behind a heavily tinted window. Our daughters have become the best of friends and practically live at one another's homes. If I am not picking Lisa up at Kathy's home, she is picking her daughter up at mine. Because of so much time spent together, we have become great friends and share just about everything with each other in person or through facebook.

While Kathy's daughter soars academically, her younger son struggles. He is failing everything in 2nd grade. In one conversation, a few months ago, while building props together, she shared from her heart, "I hurt and cry so many tears over getting him through life and the hardest part is having no support . I feel like a single parent so many times."

My kids were in the same boat. I told her, "My wife neglects our children for her career and alcohol 'highs'. It was not what I had planned when we were both students at the Minnesota School of Business."

Kathy has big bones. She is not fat, but not petite either. I think she is very sexy and I love her figure. She likes to wear dresses, but I think she is fabulous in jeans. She has large breasts, curvy hips, and an awesome rear. She wears her hair past her shoulders, has a beautiful face that radiates, blue eyes, and wears rectangle framed glasses.

Off and on we talk about our spouse problems with each other. We had just started a week of nightly rehearsals with our girls scheduled for eight performances of "Cats" beginning on friday evening. It was monday. Kathy and I were sitting next to each other in the control room. The door was shut and the lights were off except for a low level green light just above the script we were sharing. It was an

easy practice for us because the director was moving around randomly from scene to scene, focusing on parts the actors were struggling with, without concern for the lights or sound. We basically just left all the stage lights and microphones on and kicked back to relax in our isolated control room.
Kathy mentioned that her husband had missed an important meeting with their son's teachers at school... yet again. Soon we were both in a mood to slam our spouses. Her husband was being a jerk and my wife was never around and drunk when she was. "My husband never helps with the kids. If he is not sleeping then he is at work or reclined in the easy chair", Kathy complained.
"My wife yells at our daughter constantly. She can't do anything right. She never plays with her or attends her performances", I replied.
"Your children are lucky to have a daddy like you", she interjected.
Kathy words were like a deep massage for me. Touching all the parts that were neglected. It was nice to be affirmed after feeling dejected in my own relationship. It felt sweet to be considered a great daddy. What harm was there in returning the complement to a wonderful woman?
"Not as fortunate as your children are to have a mother like you. Your a good listener, sweet, and pretty... of course."
"You think I'm pretty?"
"Yes, you're absolutely beautiful."
"Really", she asked with a smile?
"Yes."
"No one has told me that in a long time. I think your a very handsome and caring man."
Kathy leaned her head on my shoulder and I found myself innocently wrapping my arm around her waist.
"Thanks for listening to me", she said.
"My pleasure."
"I feel alone. My life is not what I dreamed it would be".
"What are your dreams", I asked.
"I dreamed of being a princess with her prince; but, instead I feel imprisoned in a tower and my life is fleeting."
Kathy began to softly cry on my shoulder. My left arm squeezed her waist. She put her right hand in my lap and I held it with my other hand. It was awkward holding a married woman's hand, but I did not want to let go of her. As sat through the practice, we continued to snuggle. I hugged her and she hugged me. When practice was over we were both visibly sad we did not have more time together as we left.
Tuesday evening could not come fast enough. I was not sure what she might say. Would she feel guilty for holding my hand? Would she tell me she could not work with my anymore? It would be awkward.
After we got our kids on stage, we headed to the control room, turned on the small green light hovering near our script, and shut the door. I sat in my usual seat and she took her seat to my left. Without saying a word, my hand slid in her lap and reached for her hand. She placed her hand on top

of mine. We were good!
The fabric of her black cotton dress was soft against my skin and I could feel the warmth of her thigh beneath my hand. She was forbidden fruit, yet my whole being was attracted to her. As her hand began to rub the top of mine, I squeezed her thigh.
"That felt good", Kathy volunteered. "I need to relax."
I began to massage her leg from her thigh down to her knee. She was wearing a dress that went about six inches below her knee. I used my fingers to pull her dress up to her knee as she continued to caress my hand in appreciation. Once there, I played with her knee and ran my hand to the underside of her knee. I massaged her leg thoroughly, and moved about six inches toward her thigh, pulling her dress up as I went.
"Do you feel the knots."
"Yes, you have real knotted muscles", I said, as I worked on her leg.
I found a good size knot halfway up her leg, on the inside of her thigh, which I began to rub gently, but deeply. As I rubbed, I noticed it extended another four or so inches up her leg. Since her hands were now rubbing my arm as I deeply massaged her leg, I figure she did not mind if I moved further up her thigh. I worked my way up the inside of her thighs as she began to moan to my massage until I was just inches from her panties.
"Am I still getting you relaxed", I asked?
"Yes." Then she added, "Did you know that I dreamed of your fingers rubbing my leg last night?"
"No, thats cool. Like deja vu", I replied.
"Do you believe dreams come true?"
"Yes. If you really want them to", I replied.
"I dreamed of you rubbing more than just my legs", she said quietly and shyly. "If you feel the same dream."
Standing up, I crossed the room and quietly locked the control room. The turning our chairs sideways so we were facing each other, I guided the fingers of my right hand between her spread legs to her panties while I leaned over and kissed her. I slid two fingers across the V of her panties. The hair of her muff pushed against the silk covering of her panties.
"Wow. Just how I dreamed it", she said, as she kissed me.
Placing both fingers squarely against her sex, I pressed in firmly as her panties gave way to her love canal. She was saturated with wetness. The flames of passion were about to overflow in my loins while she was caught up in the ecstacy of my loving touch. Years of fidelity were giving way to a need for love. A dream to be fulfilled. The heat ratcheted up with each move. I continued to press inward to her slippery and soaking wet panties. A soft animal-like moan lifted from her lungs in the near darkness. Her hands tore at mine and her tongue caressed my mouth as I pressed ever more into her sex. Her hips shook as I rubbed her. I used my thumb to rub up and then down against her buried clit while my fingers traced along her hidden outer lips.
Her hips raised and lowered from her chair with each movement. Trying to stay quiet, her breathing became very heavy with gasps. Moving my fingers from her sex up the front V of her thin panty

covering, I reached the top of her panties and slid my fingers in. My fingers fanned out eager to touch her while she moved her hands to my shaft. As I caressed her, she began to caress my solid cock through my jeans. At each touch, our ecstacy was set more free. Her body moved in an erotic dance as if she were a stringed puppet and I was controlling her. Running my fingers southward through a forest of hair, with her fingers stroking my cock and rubbing the underside of my head, brought me to the edge of climax.

As I eased down, letting my fingers discover her hidden beauty, she squeezed my cock vigorously and raised her hips to greet my hand. Sliding through a river of moisture, I discovered her secret most place. I crossed her clit and then her outer lips on my journey of exploration to her eager, but controlled, moans. Desiring to bring her pleasure, I slid my hand back up until my fingers found her very swollen and saturated clit.

"Ohh, My God", she whispered, when I began to rub it.

Her body shuddered as she broke away from our french kiss. She was barely able to respond to anything in the midst of her quaking and moaning. Her whole being was focused on her sexual high. Her hands eased on my cock as if she were preoccupied by a greater force. She stroked me in random motions as I kissed the cheeks of her face. I ran my index finger up and down the length of her clit. It protruded out with excitement. To the top and then back to the bottom. My fingers slid over a layer of love juice. Her body shuddered all over. Her hips gyrated as I caressed with increasing speed. On my next down stroke, my fingers moved between her legs until I found the entrace to her love canal and dived right in. Her hips bucked violently and her love canal engulfed my fingers. My thumb rubbed her clit in unison to my fingers making love to her. Deeper and deeper I went until they could go no further. As silent screams reached a breathless peak, she completely tightened against my fingers. I kept going until she exploded in orgasm.

As Kathy recovered, she asked, "Do you think we can be quiet enough?"

"Yes, as long as our chairs don't squeak."

I stood and quickly dropped pants and boxers to the floor, leaving my shirt intact. Aggressively pushing me down on my chair, Kathy stood before me, raised her dress to her waist, and removed her panties. Her brown muff glistened with her wetness. Putting my hands on her hips, she spread her legs and mounted my lap. She wrapped her arms around my neck and said, "Make love to me."

Needing no further prodding, my hands took hold of her ass and I pulled her close so that her pussy was against my hard solid cock. Our tongues greeted each other as we began to passionately kiss. She raised her hips slightly as I moved her ass so as to position her love canal over my cock. She eased herself on. Her wet pussy surrounded my cock with warmth and tightness. Once she had it deep in her, she used her legs to balance as I began to ease her pussy on and off using her ass as a guide. I thrust her in deep slow strokes until she was filled, just to ease off. The twisted contortions on her face gave away the pleasure she was getting while the sensations going through my body were unreal. With a handful of flesh balanced in each hand, I began to nuzzle her cleavage and kiss through her dress. We increased our speed, but we could not go fast enough to satisfy us and stay quiet at the same time.

Her mound was slick, glistening like fresh-buttered bread. Her tits pressed tightly against my mouth even with her still wearing her dress and bra. Her moans flowed in my ear at an almost inaudible level as my mouth gorged on her nipples through her bra. My cock went deep into her womanhood. I groaned at the exquisite feel of her. She was still tight at thirty-two. I could feel every curvature of her inner wall.

Kathy gasped quietly and writhed with each long thrust of my shaft. She let out a silent scream of pleasure as I took possession of her body. Bouncing her off my cock, I wanted to remain forever in this moment in time making love to her. Her beauty enchanted me and her animal lust drew me after more. I kept biting her breasts with each stroke all the while holding clutching her ass for dear life.

I went faster, hoping not to shake the floor or start a squeaking racket. More passion than I had ever had. Her tightness was bringing out new sensations I had never felt. As we were and her breasts began to bounce freely, I felt her begin to tighten around my member. With every jabbing thrust, I rammed her to the hilt, grinding, and then backing off to thrust again. She was perfect against my body and taking everything I was giving. I lifted her on and off my member. My heart raced and our breathing grew was heavy. I could not hold back. Soon I felt my loins quiver and her body tensed up. I could hardly keep making love to her with the pleasure sensations running through me. As my balls and cock tightened, I knew I was on the brink. Within seconds, I began pumping my seed into her inner love chamber. I kept going until I was completely spent. My spurts accompanied by mild silent groans as she climaxed with me.

Quickly getting our clothes back into position, Kathy said, "That was wonderful... I hope nobody noticed."

"I hope not", I replied. "From the looks of things I think we still have five minutes left of practice."

"Next time I want dinner and a movie", Kathy said, laughing. "And a place where I can scream as loud as I want."