

The Swimmer

By Sweetdreemz

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Younger man does laps in hotel pool, then in her room

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It was a perfect afternoon, 85 degrees and sunny with low humidity and a slight breeze. I'd never been to Colorado Springs before, and there were plenty of things on my must see list. That's why I had flown in two days early for my conference. But after travelling all day from rainy Indiana, I decided to take my book to the pool and sit in the sun for a while. It had been an early morning, and a long travel day, and I didn't feel like sightseeing today; it could wait for tomorrow. I couldn't afford to stay at the Broadmoor at their normal rates, but they had discounted them heavily for conference attendees. The infinity pool was incredible, but it was full of activity, so I opted for the deserted lap pool/whirlpool area. I found a place in the sun overlooking the beautiful golf course and mountains beyond, and had the place to myself. The sun bathed my legs below my gym shorts. I moved the straps on my top to get some sun on my shoulders. It had been a long winter in the Midwest, and this was the first chance I'd had this spring to get any sun. It felt great. As I read my book, a tall man wearing a warm up suit entered the lap pool area and began stretching. He looked to be about eight or ten years younger than I am, probably in his late thirties. His stretching became almost comical, it was so intense. What was he going to do, move a piano? After at least ten minutes of this, he removed his warm up suit. Wow! He was gorgeous. Tall and lean, shaped like a yield sign with a small waist, muscular butt and long legs, he wore close fitting brief swim trunks designed for swimming, not for simply playing in the water. As I watched discretely through my sunglasses, he dove into the water, barely creating a ripple. When he came up, he took long, leisurely strokes and executed a perfect turn. I knew nothing about swimming, but I knew this was a swimmer. Every ten laps, he alternated strokes. He didn't appear to be hurrying, but his long powerful strokes and kicks sped him through the water with a minimum of splashing or noise. My son had been on swim teams as a child, but I had never seen anything like this in person. Watching his beautiful body work with such precision was mesmerizing. I didn't get far in my book, but I did enjoy the show. After about forty five minutes he got out, his chest heaving as he dried off. He then did a post workout stretch without his warm up suit. I've never been attracted to younger guys, but I had to admit he was fun to watch while stretching. Oh, well, show over, back to my novel. That night, showered and changed, I spent an hour or so wandering through the beautiful lobby and grounds, and had a glass of wine. Feeling hungry, I went into the pub and got a small table. As I waited for the menu, I noticed my swimmer at a nearby table and nodded. He got

up and approached my table. "Pardon me," he said with an accent. "You are dining alone, as am I. That isn't good for one's digestion. May I join you for dinner?" I've never liked eating out alone. "Sure, please do. My name's Karen," I said, extending my hand. He held my hand gently in his massive hand. "Thank you. My name is Tabare Vazquez. My American friends call me Barry," he said while pulling up a chair. Our conversation at dinner was delightful. In addition to being movie star handsome, "Barry" was almost regal in his demeanor, with impeccable manners. He had come from a very distinguished family in Uruguay that had included a president, who he was named after, and other business and political leaders. He had attended and swam for Stanford University, and had represented his country in several aquatic events in two different summer Olympics. Yet he seemed more interested in listening to me talk about my mundane life, husband and family. His dark eyes bored into me while we spoke, giving me his complete attention. I had never felt so listened to by anyone. "Why did your husband not accompany you," he asked me. "Marty doesn't like travelling as much as I do, and didn't want to take off from work. He enjoys fishing and camping with our son and his buddies more. He's good about letting me travel when I get the chance without making me feel like I'm deserting him," I answered. "What about you? Why is such an eligible bachelor still available? You don't have to answer if you don't want to." "Not at all," he said. "Marrying into my family is a bit more complicated than most. The women I've considered wouldn't have been comfortable with the obligations and commitments. Besides, I've not been in one place long enough." "Sounds like a feeble excuse," I said, while smiling. "Yes, I agree," he answered, while smiling back at me. We left together and found that our rooms were in the same section of the hotel just a few doors from each other. At my door, he took my hands, looked deep in my eyes, bent down, kissed my cheek and said "I greatly enjoyed meeting you. I hope to see you again. Have a wonderful stay". All I could fumble out was "goodnight." Inside my room I leaned against the door, my heart racing, and beat myself up for being so awkward. "So what did you expect or want, stupid. You're married, he's too young, and he probably has a girl in every port. He could have a thousand young girls, and he's going to hit on a forty six year old married lady from Hicksville, Indiana?" I hated it when I was logical. In bed, I couldn't concentrate on my book. I kept thinking of those eyes penetrating me, and that rich deep voice with its sexy accent and quaint use of English. I had never cheated on Marty, and I still actually liked the grumpy old fart. That didn't keep me from being really turned on by the attention of this beautiful man. I hadn't been this horny in a long time. Sex with Marty was enjoyable but I never had an orgasm during sex. Marty would have freaked if he knew I occasionally used the massaging vibrator to work out kinks other than in my neck. But I rarely did so, only when I knew I had the house to myself, and of course I didn't have it with me now. I would never travel with it, so there was to be no relief for the needy tonight, unfortunately. After re-reading the same paragraph for the fourth time, I gave up and resigned myself to a restless night. That's when I heard the knock at my door that would change my life forever. Of course, I knew without doubt who it was. I could have thought of a hundred reasons not to answer that door, if I had wanted to. But I intentionally blocked them out. The point was, I knew that I would answer it, and I knew exactly what that meant. There would be no necking and pleading for him not to go too far, insisting we didn't know each other well, or any of that other teen age stuff.

Putting on the hotel robe, I looked through the peephole to make sure, then cracked the door. My heart was racing and my palms felt clammy. "May I enter?" he said. I opened the door wider and stepped back. Closing the door behind him, he took my face in both hands and gently put his lips on mine. I melted in his kiss, holding my body against his and my hands on his butt. He continued to kiss me all over my face and neck, coming back to my lips over and over again. His kisses were very passionate, but not at all urgent. He kissed me like he talked to me; as though he had all the time in the world to devote to me alone. Finally he removed my robe and let it drop to the floor as he scooped me up and laid me in my bed. He began to remove his clothing and neatly place it over a chair, until he was completely nude in front of me. Laying down facing me, he began kissing me again all over as his hands explored my body. He kneaded my skin in his large palms through my pajamas. I could feel his erection growing against me, yet he still moved deliberately and gently, rubbing my arms, legs, neck and back as he kept his lips on my skin. I lay on my back with my eyes closed, enjoying his caress. He began removing my pajamas, pausing to kiss each new area of exposed skin. First my stomach, then my breasts. Removing my bottoms and panties in one motion, he began to rub my thighs and butt while kissing my breasts and licking my nipples. My breathing became heavy, and it felt as though my pussy were throbbing with anticipation. I touched his dick and it was extremely stiff. I wrapped my hand around it and imagined it in me, pushing in and out. I was practically panting now. Anticipating I was more than ready, Barry began gently rubbing my pussy. My outer lips were already beginning to part. I don't remember ever needing sex so badly. I knew he was as ready as me from the feel of his erection, but he continued to kiss my face, neck and breasts while gently rubbing my pussy. Occasionally he would press a finger or thumb against my opening, teasing me with anticipation of penetration, only to continue his rubbing up and down my slit. As he rubbed, he got closer and closer to my clit, just moving around it, never putting direct pressure on it, drawing out my need. My inner lips were now completely open. He moved down between my legs and started kissing all around my pussy, pausing to let his tongue glide over my clit, and gently taking it in his mouth. He ran his tongue back and forth, and in circles around it. I was getting more aroused by the second and very wet. I needed him NOW! Barry moved to the missionary position and mounted me, gently pushing in, then pulling out, working his way in slowly. As he pushed in, it pulled my skin tight and felt wonderful on my clit, even without direct stimulation. He deliberately worked slowly, teasing me with his dick. After what seemed forever, he was completely inside me, and our groins were rubbing against each other. I held his butt tight, to keep him pressed against me, so that I could rub my clit against his crotch. He sucked one, then the other of my hard nipples into his mouth, flicking them with his tongue. His licking and sucking were relentless, making my sensitive nipples hard and long. I rubbed my crotch harder and harder against him, feeling the pressure in my pussy mount. I exploded in a very strong and noisy orgasm; "Mmmm Mmmm Mmmm Aaaahmmm!" Wave after wave of sensation went from my crotch to my toes and back again. My pussy began contracting, squeezing his dick. With the contractions of my pussy on his dick, Barry went over the edge and sprayed deep inside me, panting and moaning as he bucked his hips. After six or seven convulsions, he relaxed and we lay together in a sweaty heap. We lay together talking quietly with the lights low. I asked him

to tell me about his country. He told me a long story that spanned the entire history of European occupation of Uruguay. His family figured prominently, though he warned me that since the story had come down through his forefathers, their role in the development of the country might be somewhat glamorized. At the end of the story, which took at least 30 minutes, he asked, "And would you like me to tell you what we do in our country with a beautiful creation such as yourself?" "I'd prefer you show me," I said. "Very well, but I must warn you that it may be graphic in nature", he said. "I'll take my chances," I answered. He put my hand on his dick, which was now large again, and pulled me over on top of him. Straddling his legs, I put more lotion on his dick and positioned myself over it. Sliding my lips over his dick, I rubbed my slit up and down the length of it, allowing my pussy to become ready to take him. After a few moments, I moved my opening to the tip of his dick and began to gently push against it, in and out, until the head, and then more of it was inside me. I put my hands on his chest and began to buck my hips up and down, squeezing his dick with my pussy. He held the weight of my breasts in each hand, allowing the nipples to poke out between two fingers so he could gently squeeze them. I bent down and locked my lips onto his for a long passionate kiss. With the immediate urgency dissipated by our earlier session, Barry was able to last a long time. I had never had two orgasms in one night, but felt another one beginning to mount. The prolonged sex was beginning to cause that familiar tingling to begin building in my pussy. I kept moving, trying to get more direct contact on my clit. Suddenly, Barry exploded in me, loudly this time, grunting as he bucked his hips up, trying for deeper penetration. I lay down on top of him until his breathing returned to normal, then rolled off, catching most of the mess with my pajama top. I hadn't had a second orgasm, but the tingling felt so good that it felt like I was still buzzing. He snuggled up against me and I went to sleep in his arms, totally satisfied. The next morning, he was gone when I woke. His knock on the door brought coffee and rolls. He grabbed me and gave me a big hug, but I pulled away. "Give a girl a chance to at least brush her teeth," I said with a laugh. After enjoying a cup of coffee, I went into the bathroom, brushed my teeth and turned on the shower. After a few moments enjoying the hot water running over me, I heard the shower curtain pulled back and Barry got in with me. We took turns letting each other in front with the water, the other one doing the lathering. With Barry behind me, he used the soap to make me slippery and rubbed his hands over my pussy. Replacing his hands with his now stiff dick, he sawed it in and out between my legs, rubbing it up against my slit, while he lathered my tits and played with my nipples. I began to feel the need again, and leaned against the wall of the shower, bent over at the waist. Barry continued to use the soap to make me slippery, sliding his dick along my slit, rubbing my clit with his dick. "Please come with me now, you may continue your shower later," Barry said. He barely gave me time to wrap a towel around my hair and dry off a bit before he herded me back toward the bed. He kissed me deeply on the lips, then turned me around and bent me over the bed. Lifting my butt, he put me on the bed on my hands and knees and began rubbing lotion on my pussy. Standing behind me, he entered me and began slowly working his way into me, deeper and deeper, until he was completely immersed in me. I've never felt so full. The skin on my pussy was pulled tight in this position, as it seemed he was impossibly deep. As he slowly but steadily pulled out and pushed in to the base of his dick, I put my hand on my clit

and started rubbing it, gently at first, then with more intent. I felt a fog of sexual arousal overtake my senses. The whole world consisted of a hard cock pushing in, then pulling out of my tight, stuffed pussy, and the rubbing on my clit, emanating circles of sensation outward from my pussy. The waves began to mount, stronger and stronger, until it felt that it was a constant tingling in my pussy rather than individual waves, and I exploded in orgasm, almost crying as I panted and moaned. At that moment, I jerked awake, my orgasm cresting over my whole body, and became aware of my hand under my pajamas and my book next to me, where it had fallen when I fell asleep. Smiling to myself, I decided that my imagination was a far better lover than any male would ever be, and wouldn't get me into as much trouble in my marriage. It was 3 A.M., and after my orgasm subsided I was able to go back to a totally relaxing sleep.