

Poolboy's Lucky Day

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Sparks ignite between the poolboy and the lonely mother he lusts after

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Last Friday afternoon, I somehow managed to have sex with a lady who hired me to maintain her pool this summer. Yes, yes, Jason the poolboy managed to fulfill the cliché and seduce the lonely wife as I cleaned the pool in only my shorts and flipflops. It's not what I set out to do as I pulled out of the driveway that morning; it's not even what I set out to do as I was doing my job at her house, but it did happen, and I'll tell the story.

I'm 20 years old and a scholarship athlete at a small college. Because I can't have a job during the school year, I go back to my hometown every summer and maintain pools. The money's good, it's all in cash, and because we're in Iowa, the middle of summer is the only time pools get used anyway. We have a family friend about ten years older than me who gave me my first job as 'pool boy', and since she knows me well and I do a good job for her, she has referred me to three other people, one of which is Kara.

Kara is 30 years old, is married to a chemical engineer, and has a 3 year old child who often appears outside to entertain me whenever I'm there. I've never seen her husband, and that family friend that gave me the referral told me that they recently separated, and he moved out. Before you put this story right into the groove of the stereotypical poolboy story, I should tell you that Kara's not 'hot', at least not in the same way that Jessica Alba or Scarlett Johansson is hot. She's a little short of five and a half feet tall, has the warm-brown skin tone befitting her Asian descent, and probably rates between a seven and an eight if a random guy was asked to give her a score on the spot. She's one that grows on you, though, and it helps that almost every time I see her, it's in a swimsuit. Her curves aren't 'swimsuit issue' quality, but given the fact that she's out of her twenties and has had a kid, she's still packing some heat: nice ample and shapely ass, nice legs with just enough meat on them; and a few extra pounds and all, a better waist and chest than your average 30 year old in Iowa can boast.

When I started, she was very formal with me, keeping conversation to a minimum. It was safe to say her toddler daughter, Isabella, had formed a closer relationship with me than she had. But, my humor and ease won her over little by little, and I ended up staying longer and longer each time, each of us

getting sucked in by our conversation. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, Isabella had a mother's day out program in the afternoon, so it was just the two of us. Our conversations slowly got more intimate and occasionally even racy; I could tell that she enjoyed the banter, and enjoyed being a little bit 'bad' with someone who shared her sense of humor. The more I got to know her, the more she turned me on, my loins stirring each time she emerged from her house in a bikini, which were the only type of swimsuits she ever wore. When we talked, I always worried about the ever-looming possibility that my erection would appear, and I mentally fought it off constantly. In a swimsuit, a raging boner is so obvious that I might as well be naked, but the way I saw Kara look at me, a part of me knew that it wouldn't make her uncomfortable. Maybe I should have seen that there was the potential for something to ignite between us, but no matter what we talked about, even if and when it was about sexual stuff, the idea that we would ever hook up was too far-fetched to seriously consider. I mean, she was a housewife and mother who lived in a \$300,000 house with a pool, and I was a small-time defensive back at a small college driving a cheap pickup truck.

Without even realizing I was doing it, in time I scheduled all my visits to Kara's pool on the days her kid was gone, and last Friday was no different. Lately, I'd taken to beating off in the shower while thinking of her in her bikini, and was hoping I'd be getting more material that day. I was there about twenty minutes, maybe ten from being done for the day, and starting to think maybe she wasn't home. Then, I heard the door open and she came out, wearing a tight white bikini with very skimpy bottoms, showing off more of her ass than I'd ever seen before, and a top that squished her breasts back against her body more than normal. She brought out a book and a glass of ice water, setting both down beside her lounge as she got comfortable. We exchanged hellos as I worked on the other side of the pool. Her sunglasses prevented me from knowing if she was looking at me, and mine prevented her from knowing I was staring at her while trying to psych my cock out of sprouting a hard-on in my bathing suit.

Working my way around toward her, I marveled at her nipples, which were telegraphing through her top even though it was 80-something degrees out. Her body looked great. Her smooth belly protruded just slightly over her bikini bottoms, and her legs were great as usual, with just a little extra meat in the thighs. Her feet, perfectly shaped and manicured, featured black nailpolish on her toenails, matching her fingernails. As my gawkfest continued, I heard her voice:

"Jason, can you help me out here? I need to get some sunscreen on my back; I almost burned out here yesterday."

I said sure, and took the bottle, squeezing a large glob of white cream into my hands as she sat up with her back to me. I wish I could describe the visceral jolt that surged through me as I touched her skin for the first time. It was incredibly soft, and warm, and I felt her jump a little at the contact, too. I made sure her entire back was fully covered with lotion, and then I heard her say, "make sure and get

it under the strap, maybe I'll unhook it later."

!

My heart fluttered as I reached a hand underneath to slather the covered skin. Even though there was nothing different about this skin, the idea of getting underneath any of Kara's clothes, no matter how minor, was exciting and erotic to me. Then, I heard,

"While you're doing this, reach around and get my front, I don't want to move right now."

!!!

While I was still coming to grips with this new request, my hands had already filled with more lotion and were reaching around her waist to rub into her belly. In order to get both hands around, I had to get close to her, so I swung a leg over the back of the lounge and leaned forward, close enough to smell her hair. As I covered her front in lotion, I felt my fingers sink into her soft stomach. All the while, I was trying to keep my hands from going too low or high, reversing their direction whenever they hit fabric at either end. I reloaded, reaching up past her breasts to get lotion onto her chest and the front of her shoulders. As I did, I could hear Kara breathing heavier. I could see her shoulders rise slightly as she inhaled. By now, of course, there was no stopping my erection, which was now pressing the fabric of my swimsuit straight out, less than a couple of inches from the exposed small of Kara's back.

I knew now that something was happening, I just wasn't coherent enough to piece it together yet.

"Jason, I'm going to sunbathe topless a little later," she said breathily as I kneaded sunblock into her chest. "I may regret this.....oh jesus," she whispered to herself. Then,".....Jason, makes sure you get the suntan lotion under my bra," she stammered as my heart jumped into my throat. Even I wasn't so clueless as to miss this alarm bell, hurrying to get the lotion and slip my hands under her bra before she came to her senses.

Kara gasped loudly as my fingers snuck past the elastic boundary at the bottom of her bikini top and made contact with the wonderfully milky soft, cool skin of her breasts. Her nipples were hard as a rock against bottom of my palms as I rubbed the lotion into her skin, kneading her tits as I made sure no spot was missed. She reached back and undid her top, making my job much easier. Knowing she was fully sunblocked but not wanting to stop caressing her, I moved my hands down to the bottom of her belly then back up to her breasts. Kara's moan broke the silence that I knew better than to spoil with words, taking my hands in hers and guiding them across the front of her body. My dick was almost starting to hurt it was so rigid and sensitive. As soon as I scooted up enough for it to press

against her ass and back through my swimsuit, a new wave of electricity shot through my body and I heard her moan again, acknowledging the stiff rod digging into her back from behind.

Taking the initiative, I leaned in to kiss her neck, smelling the sweet nectar of her perfume mixed with her natural smell. "This is what a real woman smells like," I thought to myself, "not whatever scent of the week was given away in mademoiselle magazine, like most of the girls at school use." Continuing to grip her tits with both hands as my tongue flickered on the nape of her neck, I was now getting more and more moans out of Kara as my hips ever so slightly bucked my hard penis against her body. I gripped her waist, feeling her soft skin give way between my fingers, and held her close as I took her earlobe in my mouth and massaged it with my tongue.

Kara grabbed my left arm, and pulled it toward her, signaling me to come around to the front of her. As I did, I saw for the first time her bare breasts, slightly paler than the skin around them, and a little bigger than I pictured them. They had a slight sag, which I'm guessing is normal for a 30-year old mother, but the nipples stuck straight out at attention. Her legs, bare all the way up to her small bikini bottoms, were parted slightly, allowing me to slip between them as I lowered myself over her.

For a 20-year-old guy, I'd say I've got a fair amount of sexual experience: I had sex for the first time at 16, then did it with three other girls before moving on to college. In two years there, I've been with four different girls. Some were better than others, and a couple were really good, but I'd never experienced anything like the feeling of being intimate with a mature woman, or what I would consider a 'woman' at all. Now, many of you would consider 30 to be really young, but for a guy used to high school and sorority girls, she was definitely an 'older woman', in all the best senses of the phrase. There was an electricity between us, for one thing, but I also sensed I was in good hands, like my skills as a lover would be at least matched, if not bested. I loved the way she moved her body, confident and sure; and I loved the way her body looked: filled out, graceful, but not overweight. Her hands and feet were beautiful and immaculately cared for, same with her hair and face, the latter of which showed just the faintest lines of sun and wind over time.

In one motion, I lowered myself over her, reclining us both in the lounge until she was laid back against the reclined backrest, then moved my lips toward hers as we joined in a deep kiss. Almost immediately, I felt her tongue reaching into my mouth, massaging mine as she moaned softly. A new wave surged through me as I felt her legs rub up against mine and her feet caress my calves. I felt the heat of both our bodies as our chests met with every breath she took in. I pulled forward enough to bring the bulbous head of my cock, rock hard and throbbing beneath my swimsuit, into contact with the crotch of Kara's swimsuit. She moaned as my hardness pressed against the lips of her opening, which were surely beginning to moisten by now. I started a rhythm, repeatedly knocking against the thin fabric between her legs as my hands explored her body and my tongue explored every inch of her mouth. I noticed that she was starting to move her hips in response to mine, dry-humping me on

her pool lounge chair! Was this really happening?

I reached behind her, grabbing two handfuls of her ass and pulled her up onto my lap so that my hands could better explore Kara's body. Her bikini top was now laying on the concrete deck, and her bare breasts, reddened from excitement and contact, heaved as she breathed in and out. She wrapped her legs around my body, pressing the shaft of my penis against her groin as it stood straight up between us. My hands felt every part of her body: the muscles of her upper back, the softness of her shoulders, the subtle bumps of her backbone, the extra skin around her waist, her soft breasts, and her luscious ass, partially hidden below her swimsuit. I kissed her neck again, watching her face express a mixture of lust, satisfaction, and anxiety. Her eyes were closed and she moaned as my big hands secured her tightly on my lap. She was completely in my sure grasp, and we both knew it by this point.

Kara reached between us and felt the hard head of my cock through my swimsuit, but soon reached into my suit to wrap her fingers around my bare shaft. We both moaned as she ran her fingers around it, then made a light fist around its width and began to pump the top three or four inches of it. She broke the kiss to look down between us at the large organ she was now caressing.

"I should take these off, give you better access," I said, all the while pumping my hips below her in concert with her hand job. She nodded as I lifted her off my lap so I could stand up. My penis sprung forward as I lowered my swimsuit down my legs and kicked it to the side. Kara appeared to be mesmerized by my unleashed erection, taking it carefully into both hands and staring intently at it. I knew I wasn't hurting as far as penis size goes, but I wouldn't exactly say I've got porn-star size. Either way, this 30-year old woman appeared impressed.

I throbbed each time the insides of her hands rubbed up and down my shaft, leaning my head back in ecstasy but looking down again quickly to capture the image of Kara worshiping me as I stood naked in front of her. This wouldn't do for long, though. As much I'm into pleasing women, I'm just as horny as the next young guy, and I've been fantasizing about fucking Kara for the last month or so. Now that it was bizarrely within reach, I was getting impatient. I leaned into Kara, once again gently reclining her, but this time I adjusted the seatback so that the entire lounge was flat. I slipped in between her legs and insistently poked my penis at her vagina, only a thin layer of fabric coming between them as I lowered my weight onto her body.

"You're so big, Jason....I can feel you making me wet...oh jesus," she said with frustration and lust. I snuck a hand down there and discovered that, indeed, it was getting very warm and wet down there. Her lubrication was leaking through her swimsuit and onto the end of my dick as she gyrated against me.

"Oh..." she moaned as I lifted myself up to my knees, grabbed the sides to her bikini bottom, and pulled them through her legs and tossed them on top of my swimsuit. Both of her ankles rested on my shoulders, and I looked down between her legs to see her treasure. She had a small but thick bush that gave away to small pink lips below, reddened some by the friction of our dry-fucking. I took one foot in my hands and caressed it, noticing the soft skin of her sole and the smooth surface of her nails. Then I licked up along her instep and each of her toes, admiring their perfection and how much they turned me on. She rested the other foot on my face, lobbying for equal attention.

"You like my feet don't you?" she asked with a slight smile as I rubbed up and down her calves and ankles.

I nodded, then said, "I love your whole body. You are so sexy."

"Tell me that again," she said, this time with her eyes closed.

"I love your sexy, wonderful body, Kara."

With that, I lowered her legs to each side of me again, and crawled up her body, my big dong wagging between my legs, as if it smelled her pussy and was guiding the rest of me toward it. I rubbed the length of my erection along her pubis in anticipation of penetrating her, and soon. I could feel a combination of the wiry texture of her pubic hair and the slick liquid of her lubrication as my member sawed across her opening over and over again. Kara looked to be hyperventilating, and her face and chest were flush with excitement. I looked her in the eyes as I positioned my head at her entrance. I could feel the heat of her chamber as my cock gently pressed on her labia, ready to penetrate. She gripped my biceps from below, preparing to brace herself.

"Jason, I shouldn't do this...." she said, in almost a whisper, "but,....UUNNNGHHH!!!" she moaned loudly as I pressed my swollen head into her chamber. I was enveloped in intense warmth, and held it there just to get used to the feeling, and let Kara get used to it too.

"Oh my god," she said, "that's really big....I don't know if we should..."

Her husband wasn't fucking her and he was gone. It was time for me to show her what a real man can do for her! Kara spread her legs farther apart as I raised my body up on my arms. I slowly sank a little more into her, then pulled out completely, then pushed back in a little further. Her hips started to move in response to mine, and I found that the deeper I got, the hotter it was in there. Just as she mentioned, she was plenty wet in there, but her wincing let me know that it was going to take a few strokes for her to get used to having a man inside of her again.

"Oh god, Jason...go slow, it's been awhile..."

Her fingers dug into my upper arms as I pushed more and more of my length into her pussy. I found deeper and deeper depths with each stroke, her hot tunnel gripped me tightly, but her slickness allowed me to easily slip in and out. I could feel her legs shaking as I penetrated between them. Soon, I was all the way in, and Kara grunted as our groins touched, filled by my entire length. With our bodies pressed together and our pelvises locked, I stopped for a minute to savor the feeling. With my dick itching to move, I withdrew almost completely, then set into a rhythm, plunging slowly but steadily all the way into her chamber until my pelvis pressed tightly against hers. Our pubic bushes melded into one, and our breathing was synchronized as if we were a single being. Her feet hooked around my legs as I pumped her missionary style, getting faster and faster as I felt her body against mine, and could feel that any pain Kara had was now gone and replaced by lust. Her heavy breathing was punctuated by a soft, low moan each time I bottomed out inside of her, growing a little louder with each thrust. Before I knew it, I could feel her hips bucking independently of my movements, then she clamped down on my dick so hard that I wasn't sure I could pull it out.

It occurred to me that I'd driven Kara to orgasm in less than 5 minutes of sex. She raised her eyebrows and looked and sounded as if she couldn't catch her breath. Just as she got a breath of air again, she moaned loudly, "Oh Fuck!!.....Ohhhhhh!!!!" and I could feel her pussy convulse against my buried member. Her face was contorted into an ecstatic grimace, and she raised her head to look down her body to where we were joined in sex. She gripped me around the back, slapping it repeatedly with her open palm, and kept moaning as her wave crested then subsided. I could feel a rush of lubrication against my shaft as she relaxed her muscles and lay limp for a moment. I continued to pump into her body as she groaned in satisfaction, spreading her legs wide and caressing my legs with the bottoms of her feet.

Bring this woman to an orgasm only served to bring me closer to my own, and way before I wanted to even think about it. Even as a seventeen year old, I managed to last 10 minutes or so, and if I didn't do something to stop it, I wasn't even going to make it that far. I knew doggie-style would make me cum just as fast, watching my dick slam into her body, her ass rippling with each violent collision with my groin. Plus I wanted to feel her body while I fucked her.

"Kara, I want you on top," I said as I gave her a hand to help her stand up. She was unsteady on her feet, her legs still shaking from her climax. I saw her ass cheeks jiggle slightly as she shifted her weight from one side to the other, and I couldn't wait to be holding them in my hands again.

I laid down on the lounge and she straddled me, hovering over my body as she reached for my dick to position it under her opening. In the summer sunlight, I could see the wetness of her pubic hair glisten, a mixture of our lubricants.

She exhaled deeply as she lowered herself about halfway down my shaft, then started a rhythm, moving up and down, with her feet holding her up from the concrete deck on either side of the lounge. I felt the heat inside her increase and she picked up speed, lowering further and further down on my dick with each thrust. My hands rubbed up and down her front side, feeling the clenched muscles underneath the soft tissue of her belly all the way up to where her breasts met her shoulders. Her nipples were still erect, and her boobs swayed slightly to her movements. Her legs had stopped shaking, and I loved gripping her thighs, getting handfuls of her womanly curves.

When she finally had all of me inside her, I grabbed her hips and pulled her forward. Kara then pulled backward, then started to gyrate her hips with my whole penis inside of her. It felt incredible; I was enveloped in warmth, and movements made me feel different surfaces of her insides with each gyration. Her hands rested on my chest with palms flat, fingertips gripping into my muscle as she fucked me cowgirl-style.

Her moans became more pronounced, and as I looked up to her face, I could see that she was looking straight into my eyes.

"I can't believe we're doing this, Jason," she said through a groan, not smiling and seemingly disapproving of her own actions. "You really turn me on...and I never thought you'd be this big. So muscular....you make me feel like a woman."

Kara started to bounce up and down again, not very fast, but landing on my groin violently with each thrust, sending a ripple up through her body. The steady thumping rhythm was very erotic, and as I held her breasts with my hands, she again started to lose her breath, moaning out loud as her pussy slammed against me under her weight, over and over.

I loved having sex with this woman, and loved it even more that she was equally overcome by carnal lust. Karrie's eyes were closed, and her breathing and moaning seemed to compete with one another for air as I again felt her vaginal canal start to convulse around my meat. Her breath quickened, then stopped for a moment, overcome by orgasm.

I thought of her husband, and how much better this sex probably was than any sex he'd ever given her. If not, then why the hell would he ever want to leave? Or cheat? I thought about Isabella, her young daughter, and what her conception was like. Was she on top, like this? I moved my hands to Kara's hips: so womanly, widened inevitably by the childbirth but still flawless in my eyes. I thought about her beautiful round ass, made more so by her hips and her body's changing shape with age and motherhood. I thought about her womb, her fertile womb, and her body's orgasm- nature's way of pulling the man's seed deep into her body to make a baby. Kara moaned loudly over me, telling me

that she was cumming, saying my name in a stifled shout. I was fucking this fertile mother, her body was begging for my semen.....and that's when I lost it.

With her body still lost in it's own climax, I felt my cock grow bigger within her chamber as she bounced up and down on it. I breathed heavily, then groaned loudly as I felt my penis start to throb against her slick walls. Gripping onto her hips, I pulled her body all the way down to mine, making sure I was as deep inside her as possible. A wave of euphoria swept through my body as I fired a long stream of sperm up into her womb. Kara broke my weakened grip and raised her hips up my shaft started to slide up and down again as my engorged, twitching member flooded her vagina with rope after rope of thick cum.

"Ohhh, I can feel it, Jason. I feel your big dick throbbing inside me..." she cooed through her ragged breaths. "Oh my god...." Her hips came to rest around my penis, softening slightly inside her body, and she leaned down lay on top of me. Her breasts came to rest on my chest and squeezed slightly to each side as she laid her head below my shoulder.

"I really need this," she whispered into my ear, "even though it's not right. For a kid, you're pretty damn good...but anything is better than nothing."

"I thought it was going to hurt you at first," I said, not quite believing that this entire situation was happening in reality, not just in my mind.

"No, but it's been awhile, so....I'm not used to your size, either."

"So, it's bigger than you're used to?", I asked, knowing the answer.

"You're bigger than any I've ever had," she said with a chuckle. "And I'm not done with it either. You're not done....right?" Her eyebrows were raised, her face managing a coy curiosity.

"Not on your life," I said, again thrusting my still-buried cock as it promptly sprung ready for action again. I really don't look forward to the day when I get so old that I've got to 'take a break' after I cum. I'll sure enjoy it while that's not the case though. I held her close, listening to her quickening breaths as I thrust inside of her pussy, squishing around the fluids from both of our bodies. I could hear a light smack as her groin landed on my lap. Her breaths changed to soft grunts as my dick hardened fully once again, parting her lips as she plunged down on my shaft over and over.

Feeling our skins touching, her body on mine, sliding on a thin layer of sweat, brought me back to the brink closer than I ever would've imagined. Eager to prolong this, I sat up and then laid her down under me, taking her legs and draping them over my shoulders. I had read that this position ensured

the deepest possible penetration into the vagina, which is exactly what I wanted to do with this woman. I felt the tops of both of her feet, propped up to either side of my head, then moving down her legs, feeling the soft, freshly-shaved skin of her shins. She positioned the head of my cock at her wet slit, and I bent forward, slowly sinking my entire length into her as I bent her legs back toward her body. She winced as I sunk completely in, leaning forward far enough to bend her legs nearly back to her body and head.

"I'm not as flexible as I used to be," she said, under labored breath, "and you're really fucking deep right now...shit!"

I lifted my pelvis, pulling most of my length out of her, then fell back down onto her and all the way back in. This took the breath out of Kara, whose eyes opened wide with surprise. As I kept this motion going, I felt her wrap the ends of her feet toward my head, and her hands gripped my sides at my ribcage, struggling to hold on however she could as I began to jackhammer downward into her body. The sensation was incredible; her vagina seemed to almost suck me inward as I descended into her with each thrust. Her belly and tits shook with each impact, and a loud *slap* could be heard as my body crashed into hers.

I held myself up by my arms and must've kept this pace up for at least ten minutes, staring at the sexy mother underneath me, writhing and moaning as I dominated her, folding her body on itself over and over, faster and faster. I was cherishing every second of this, the best sex I'd ever had, and being thankful for the first orgasm, which gave me the longevity to go so long now. Both parts of her bikini and my swimsuit were all strewn hapazardly on the concrete decking, and the only movement in this lush backyard with a pool were two naked bodies, one muscular white kid and a young Asian mother, in the middle of torrid, lustful sex.

"Ohh, ohmygod, ohmygod....ohhh fuck!" she moaned, starting to become overtaken by the next orgasm. Her hands released from my neck and shoulders, spasmodically stretching out with her arms, then resting flat on my chest.

"You're so strong, so muscular.....you can go so long....." she moaned, her breathing becoming erratic as her hips started to buck.

"Unnnngghhhhhh.....Jesus!!!" she cried out as her vagina, contracted around my dick, gripping it like a vise. The extra friction was making it hard to hold off my orgasm for much longer. I could see her stomach muscles move with her hips; her whole body was racked by her climax. I never wanted to leave her body, it felt too good to go without. I knew, though, that it would soon be over, as I was quickly rushing towards the edge. Kara's body seemed to beg for more my dick, grabbing both of my asscheeks and pulling me fully into her body. Her orgasm subsided, and her hips were bucking back

at me in an almost violent motion, her body desperately trying to form a rhythm with my thrusting.

I once again thought about the others that managed to get this far with Kara, maybe it was only her husband, who also managed to impregnate her. I didn't know if she was on the pill, or had some other device inside of her, or if it simply was the safe time of the month, but like most young guys having sex, it just didn't matter at the time. Besides, the thought of shooting my seed into this horny, fertile mother really turned me on. So much so, that when this thought popped into my mind, I lost all control. Moaning loudly and throwing my head into the air like an animal in heat, I lowered myself all the way down on top of Kara, pushing my penis as deeply as possible, and shot my load into the depths of her body. I imagined my thick, white semen splashing against and into her cervix as my penis pulsed and poured all the cum that I had into her slick pussy.

Completely spent, having sent every bit of my cum into her body, I gently slid her legs off my shoulders and off to each side as I leaned against her sweaty body, kissing her neck and massaging her breasts as I held my softening tool inside her. She wrapped her legs around mine, gently moving her hips to feel my penis inside her for a few last moments before it slipped out of her engorged vagina, followed by a considerable stream of white liquid.

"Oh god," she said as I lifted off her, surveying her tired, sexed body and the small puddle of liquid that gathered on the concrete underneath the lounge.

"You're gorgeous, you know that?" I said, my dong hanging tired between my legs as I stood above her. "C'mon, let's rinse off with a swim. We worked up quite a sweat."

Silently she took my hand, rising to her feet on shaky legs, then walking toward the steps with a slight bow-legged gait. "It feels like I've still got a lot of juice in there," she said with a smile, looking back at me. I was too busy looking at her bare ass, wobbling slightly as she shifted her weight with each step. We swam together for a little while, enjoying the cool water after our workout, but carefully steering clear of any real conversation. Gone was the open, jovial tone of our usual banter. I think we both realized that what had just happened, though ultimately what we both had fantasized for a long time, had certainly changed our relationship. My feelings for her grew more tender at that moment; I cared about her more, knowing that I was the only one offering her any sort of sexual satisfaction.

"I can't believe we did that....I can't believe I wanted it so bad. I couldn't have stopped myself if I'd tried," she said, shaking her head and chuckling nervously.

Wanting to avoid further awkward conversation, I told her I'd better get going, that I had other jobs to get to.

"Yeah, it will be time to go get Isabella soon, too," she said, looking away.

As we both put on our swimsuits and I gathered my equipment, I told her I'd see her next week, and that I'd had a great time.

"So did I....be careful," she said, peering into my soul from five feet away before averting her eyes. With that, I headed for the fence gate. As I got to my truck, I heard the gate slam behind me and saw Kara jogging toward me, shuffling her bare feet along the concrete path.

She pulled close to me ear and said softly, "I hope you don't take my apprehension as an insult to you. You were....awesome. It's just that...I'm still married, and I shouldn't be doing that kind of thing. Not right now, anyway."

"I understand," I answered. "But, you've got to have some sort of release, all the stress you're going through. I can see it in your face, and I could definitely feel it in your body today. If it helps, I think you ought to give yourself a break. You're too beautiful to be that unsatisfied."

Kara kissed me deeply before turning silently back to the house. Since then, I haven't been able to keep my mind off of her. I don't know what it's going to be like come next week when I go back. Maybe I'll come on a day when Isabella will be there, to cut the awkwardness of being along with her again. Or maybe it could happen again.....I can only dream that someday it does.