

Foreplay

The story is as its title suggests—slow and sexy foreplay

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I was sweaty and dirty, struggling to get the new shrub into the dug hole where hopefully it would lead a full, green life, when Eric spoke to me over the back yard fence. “You know how sexy you look when you get down and dirty like that?”

I glanced over to see his always-mischievous smile. “I bet you say that to all the girls.”

“Of course I don’t, only those I’m trying to get out of their clothes and into the shower with me.” I smiled back at the flirt.

“Won’t happen, buddy. I’m not that kind of gal.” I’d stopped my shrub planting to look at him.

“Yeah, I know...the play-hard-to-get gal all the way, that’s my Kate. Seriously, how about letting me help with that thing? Looks like you could use it.” I could, so I asked him over.

Eric and Heather have lived next to us for about five years now. They were in their late twenties and had the athletic physiques to match. My husband Scott, and I were in our mid forties, and unfortunately our bodies reflected our age equally well. For some playful reason known only to him, Eric had flirted with me from the moment they moved in. His wife’s body could be in Playboy while mine was more suitable for Better Homes and Gardens, with my wide hips, lumpy thighs (to me) and less-than-flat stomach. Eric helped me unwrap the root ball and muscle the whole thing

into the prepared hole. It wasn't easy being that close to the man. He only had on shorts and sandals, his tanned bronze skin glistening with sweat as he knelt beside me. I snuck a glance at his handsome face and his unruly mop of black hair I found so sexy. When we were done, he gave me another one of his boyish grins.

"See, that went much easier than if I wasn't around. Now, why don't we jump in the shower and let me clean all that dirt off you."

"In your dreams, buster," I said and laughed.

He made a wisecrack about furry bushes and holes, though instead of laughing at his crude double-entendre, I must have blushed, my face growing hot, thinking about my unshaven pubic hair. I bet Heather was shaved baby-smooth. Maybe Eric was too, I thought, and that made me blush again. I hoped he didn't see it.

"Ok, but it's your loss. I'm known around these parts as a great back washer."

"Known by whom?" I asked, before realizing I was treading into dangerous territory.

He chuckled, and said, "If I told you I'd have to kill you." I thanked him for helping, and he said bye as he headed to the gate between our adjacent back yards.

As he was about to close the gate, he turned back and asked, "I'm going into the pool to cool off...could use some company. Why don't you put on your bikini and join me?"

My God, was I tempted. So many times I'd fantasized about sleeping with Eric, imagining how it would be, how it would differ from the routine sex Scott and I had. However, no way would I dare to be such a fool as to say yes to his flirtatious invitations and suffer that kind of rejection. I knew it was simple flirting on his part, especially with a lean, blond aerobic instructor

for a wife. I would be a poor substitute for Heather, I was sure. I didn't want to act the fool.

I smiled and shook my head. "What's the matter? Heather's not home and you're afraid to go in the pool by yourself?" He laughed, his turn to shake his head. I added, "Besides, I don't own a bikini."

"I thought every woman had a bikini in their closet. Shit, Heather has dozens."

"Maybe if I had Heather's bod I'd have dozens too."

"Come on, Kate, nothing's wrong with your body. I bet you could fit into one of my wife's suits without a problem."

I patted my rump and said, "Well, this is one 'problem' that I don't think one of Heather's bottoms could fit."

Eric laughed, muttering "Women!" as he closed the gate.

Later I heard the splash of Eric going into his pool. Before going into the house to shower, temptation got the best of me and I peered over the fence in time to see him climb up the pool ladder. He had on navy blue Speedos and he looked gorgeous in the suit. Looked like quite a package he had in that suit too.

Under the spray of hot shower water, the sweat and grime of my landscaping work rinsing off, I contemplated what his promising package might look like freed from his trunks. I quickly got aroused and fingered myself to an amazing orgasm. I never got orgasms like that anymore with Scott. I figured that's just how things were and accepted it.

My husband had to spend some time in the office on that Saturday to handle some emergency or other. Seems there were more and more emergencies lately. After dinner, we sat out on our patio sipping cocktails. Scott never made a comment about the new shrub. Not on his radar screen. When we heard splashing coming from the next yard, he got out of his chair

and looked over the fence.

“Nice bikini there, Heather. A new one?”

I heard her laugh, and then, “Not this one. Last year’s model.”

I got up to go to the fence and join my husband as Eric called for us to join them. “Put suits on if you want, the water’s great.” We went back into the house and put on suits; mine was my sensible (that’s how I thought about it) one-piece that had the elastic panel to ‘control’ my waistline. Didn’t do much for my hips and thighs though.

When we got to poolside, a petite brunette in an amazingly skimpy thong bikini had joined Heather. They were sprawled side-by-side on a lounge chair built for two. Heather introduced her as Tina, telling us she was a fellow aerobics instructor and coworker. My husband’s eyes were bulging out of his head ogling the hard-body pair in their miniscule bikinis. I glanced over at Eric sitting on his lounge and he returned a wink. He knew the effect the young ladies were having on Scott. In his baggy board shorts it was difficult to tell if my husband had an erection, but I bet he did. He liked them young, I knew all too well, sadly remembering rumors of a couple of his past dalliances with impressionable young secretaries at the firm.

Heather and Tina rose from the lounge chair and without fanfare pulled off their tops and dove into the pool. Before they did, I got a chance to see Heather’s tits for the first time. They were small cupcakes with nicely upturned nipples, barely jiggling as she bounded toward the pool. Tina, on the other hand, hardly had tits at all, ‘A’ cups that were almost all areola and nipple. The rest of their bodies showed no fat, both sinewy and solid in their thongs. One look at Tina’s tight and tanned ass cheeks and I certainly did not want to rise from my chair and display mine.

Scott looked to choke when he saw them. I knew his libido—and his male ego—would have him in the pool with them very shortly. I glanced at

Eric again to gauge his reaction when I noticed that Tina had kissed Heather and was probably touching her below the water line. He looked embarrassed and uncomfortable, which had me wondering if this was a first or had this ‘intimacy’ been evident to him before.

“C’mon, Heather, ladies, we’ve got company. Let’s show a little discretion,” Eric hollered to his wife and her friend.

They giggled like teenagers but stopped the touching and kissing. That’s when my predictable husband decided to go swimming. After he dove in he tried to get close to the ladies but they didn’t seem to appreciate it. Good for them, I thought.

Eric got off his chair and slid it next to mine. Reclining back in the lounge chair once again, he turned to me and said, “I hope you’re not... ahem...offended by the girls. They play around like that a lot.”

I didn’t know what to say. It sure looked to me like his wife and her friend were acting as lesbian lovers would. “No...Eric...it doesn’t bother me, I guess. It’s just they look, you know...” I let my reply hang, still unsure of what to say.

He looked at me with a sweet half-smile but said nothing about Heather and Tina. Instead, after a few minutes of watching them trying to avoid my husband’s crude advances, he said almost in a whisper, “I still think you’d look great in a bikini, not that your suit isn’t flattering.” He looked away, continuing, “I don’t know why you hide what you have, you look fantastic for...”

I chuckled. “Yeah, I know, ‘for a woman my age’ is what you were gonna say.”

“For any age,” he uttered, not looking at me.

With a wife like Heather was he really looking at me that way? What a flirt!

The ladies climbed out of the pool, followed by my panting husband. Scott's wet shorts were visibly tented. Eric saw it, shook his head, and laughed softly so only I could hear him. Eric got up and fixed us all cocktails. Heather and Tina, still brazenly topless, would occasionally between snippets of conversation touch each other in intimate ways. It was clear to me now, if it hadn't already, that they were lovers. I absently entertained the thought of Eric and the ladies in a threesome, and imagining their tight bodies intertwined I grew wet and nearly moaned aloud.

When it was time to leave and after saying their goodbyes, Heather and Tina rushed into the house, holding hands as they went, Scott looking after them with unmistakable longing. I noticed Eric also watched the girls skip off, with something less than happiness etched on his face.

Going through the gate to our yard, Eric held me back. "Hey, Kate, you ever been in a sauna?" I told him no. He smiled his beguiling smile and said, "Maybe you could come over and try out our new one we just had installed. You could try on a bikini too if you dare."

"Will you stop it, Eric," I chuckled. "I don't think I'm a bikini type of woman, I told you before, and besides what will Heather say?"

"She'll be out."

Could I do it, be alone with him, in a *sauna* for God's sake? "What time you want me?" I cringed after realizing my unwitting double-entendre. He acted like he didn't get it, and told me the time. I said I'd think about it. A sauna sounded great. He'd want to be in there with me. Naked in a sauna—God, was I crazy? If Scott was going to go off and play golf with his buddies on a beautiful Sunday, then I could dare to be a fortysomething fool. Eric, flirt away!

I wore a sundress and no bra, just my laciest black panties. Eric beamed when he opened his door and let me in.

“Damn, Kate, you look good enough to eat,” he said, then turning serious, added, “I’m really glad you came over. I really hate these weekend days by myself, and I *DO* love talking with you even if you won’t take a shower with me.”

“I think you need a cold shower,” I said, laughing. “So, where’s this great sauna you have?”

He led me through his house to a room that used to be a small office. That’s where they’d remodeled and built a sauna. He opened the door and showed me the small wood room, already getting warm from the heater. Next he guided me to another room, which was obviously the master bedroom.

“You promised to try on a bikini, and here are a few of Heather’s she doesn’t wear anymore.” He pulled several sets from a bureau drawer, and handed them to me with a wink.

“I don’t think I *promised* anything, you big flirt, but I think I will take you up on that dare.”

I held a few of the bikinis in turn, looking them over. One was a light blue number with side-tie bottoms and triangular-cut bra cups. The thing looked miniscule but not as flimsy as some of the others. The blue would look nice against my pale skin and brown hair, I thought.

“Ok, now close the door so I can try this on.”

“Aw, can I watch? That’s the best part!”

“You watch and I’ll club you, now shoo or I won’t do it.”

After he closed the door I pulled the sundress over my head and slipped off my panties. For a moment I thought about being naked in another man’s bedroom. I was a fool, but a fool who nonetheless was trying on that bikini. I put on the bottoms, tied the strings, and looked in the mirror. I was amazed. I think more flesh was showing than with Heather since I was

wider. Yes, my hips were a little ‘out there’—I never would have bought one like this for myself—but the damned thing actually fit better than I could have dreamed. When I tied up the top, I had to laugh. My D-cup breasts were bulging out of Heather’s B-cup bikini bra. I stood there and rotated slowly, looking at my reflection. I blushed. Could I model this for Eric?

“Ok, I’m ready,” I declared before opening the door.

Eric’s only comment was a long wolf whistle.

“I take that as a compliment,” I said as I pirouetted.

“Kate, you look like a beach goddess, now all you need is a tan.”

“No tanning today, just the sauna, *monsieur*.”

“Wow,” he muttered. “Let me change into shorts and we’ll get in there.” He looked at me sideways, and said, “I don’t imagine you’ll join me nude like you’re supposed to.”

“Not on our first date,” I said, and he looked at me funny until he realizing I was kidding.

He slipped into his bedroom while I went to a hall mirror and admired myself in the bikini. What a strange sight; I hadn’t worn a bikini since I was a teen. I kept turning first one way then the other, looking at my ass. I knew my ass was far from Heather’s friend Tina’s, but I felt good showing what I was showing (and I was showing a lot) even if it wasn’t a thong. I reveled in the way Eric had looked at me. Amazing—for an old broad like me!

I heard Eric say something from the bedroom but I didn’t understand it all. I went to the bedroom door and asked what he said. He was naked, getting ready to pull up a pair of gym shorts. He was spectacularly hung! His beautiful cock hung down in that inverted J that always made an endowed man look so good. I groaned involuntarily, getting him to look up at me.

He pulled up his shorts quickly. “Hey, it’s not fair you peek at me when

I had to close the door on you.” He smiled mischievously, his trademark.

“Who said life was fair?” I said. “Let’s go use that sauna you’ve been teasing me about.”

“Ok, but I’m not sure who exactly *IS* the tease right now.” He was looking me up and down again. It made me hot—and exposed more than I was accustomed to being. As he opened the sauna door, he reached into a small adjacent closet and lifted out two large towels and handed one to me. You know, since you’ve already had your peek, I’m going to go in nude. I hope you don’t mind.”

“I won’t mind.” I hope he didn’t detect the tremor in my voice.

As he slipped off his shorts and we entered and closed the door, he said, “I know you’re not gonna take off the suit, but let me be honest, it’s better without it, the heat and humidity is gonna make it uncomfortable.” He sat on the wooden bench and draped the towel over his lap. Raising his hands in surrender, he said, “But I won’t press the issue. Relax and enjoy.”

He was right. After he had ladled some water on the heat contraption (just how did that work? —gas? —electric, under those rocks?) I soon got very uncomfortable and itchy under the suit, regardless of how skimpy it was to begin with. Eric looked asleep. I stole a glimpse at the towel and thought about what was underneath. I whispered to myself, “I think you’re right, this thing’s coming off,” standing and pulling off the bikini.

Without seeming to open his eyes, Eric said, “Now that’s more like it.”

“You devil! I thought you were sleeping.”

“Just relaxing. Hard to sleep with a hot woman sitting so close to me.”

“Hot, my ass. You never stop do you?”

“Why should I stop,” he said, opening his eyes and staring at my now exposed body. “You’ve never got it, have you?”

“Got what?”

“How much I care about you, think about you,” he looked away, “and damn it, lust after you.”

“You’re kidding, right? You’re teasing me like always. What would a young man like you want with an old lady like me?”

“All you have to offer,” he said. “And you’re not old, and I’m not teasing you. “Look,” he said, pulling the towel away, “does this look like I’m kidding.”

His erection was an awesome sight to behold. I swallowed hard, and answered, “N...No.”

“Kate, I’m sitting here admiring the most perfect breasts I’ve ever seen. What am I supposed to do but get stiff as a board?” He draped the towel back over his lap.

“I still think you’re teasing me. Heather is younger, fitter, and way more beautiful than I am.” I shook my head, “I think you’re nuts.”

“Maybe so. Nuts is marrying a closet lesbian and thinking I could change her. Nuts is marrying a beautiful woman who’s too serious, too driven, too...too boring to live with.” He looked away from me once more. “And here I am living next to a real woman, one who takes what life gives her with a smile and a laugh; so pretty she doesn’t even give herself enough credit for who she is.”

“Whew,” I whistled through pursed lips. “You aren’t kidding are you?”

He looked at me and the priceless Eric-smile was back. “Nuts, yes, but not kidding.”

I was taken aback, but now things were becoming clearer. Heather’s ‘play’ with Tina by the pool yesterday was surely explained by what Eric just told me. Eric was a nice guy and he deserved more, I thought.

My inner heat was adding to the heat of the sauna. All the teasing, all

the flirting was for real, and I still had a hard time believing it. I was having difficulty breathing; it wasn't from the sauna's humid air. Eric knew it too, for he was watching the rapid rise and fall of my chest. My breasts ached, and so did other body parts. I wanted him but it wasn't right.

Saving us both from the awkward moment, he said, "You know, after you've been in the sauna for a while you need to close the pores...I call it shocking the system." He chuckled. "The way we're gonna do it is you and me are gonna run out of here and jump into my pool." He saw the look I gave him and added, "Scott isn't home and no one else can see into our backyard, we'll run out there, jump in, splash around for a second, then run back inside. You ready?"

He didn't wait for answer. He took me by the hand and pulled me out the sauna door and before I could think about it I was running with him toward the back patio door.

"Last one in has to pose for the other," he shouted. What did that mean?

I was looking at his fantastic ass and his long, bobbing dick as he ran ahead of me. With a rebel yell he jumped into the pool, making a giant splash. I followed him in. He swam to me as I tried to catch my breath—knocked out of me by the shocking temperature change. He was right there, face to face, our bodies touching ever so slightly below the water.

"You were the last one in, so you have to pose for me when we get back inside."

"P...p...pose? W...w...what do you mean?" I sputtered, shivering.

He put his arms around me and pulled me close. "Wow, you're shivering!" Let me warm you before we go back in." I thought he was going to kiss me but he didn't, instead saying, "By pose I mean you're going to show me what you got, sexy. Like a stripper who's taken everything off."

“Everything’s all...already offffffff of m...m...me.”

“I know all too well, don’t I,” he almost whispered, as I felt his cock swell and brush against me.

Oh God, I was ready for sure. I wanted him to take me, anywhere, just fuck me silly. “I...I... g...g...guesssssss... a deal’s...a...d...d...d...deal.”

“I love it when a woman says yes.” He unwrapped his arms from me and guided me to the pool ladder. Did he know my “yes” was to more than to pose for him? Once out of the pool, we ran back into the house. I thought we were going back into the sauna, but instead he went to a closet and pulled out a camera and turned it on.

As if in explanation, he said, “Digital.” He pointed at me as I panicked, not wanting to have nude photos of me hanging around anywhere. He smiled and said, “Don’t worry, Kate, no pictures. I’m just kidding. You told me a deal was a deal and now I want you to pose for me.” He made sure I saw him turn it off.

“Like this?” I said, turning a little each way and jutting my hips out to one side then the other.

“Yes, like that, you beautiful lady.”

I know I blushed but still I posed. I cupped my breasts and thrust them together to accentuate the cleavage, all the while staring at his marvelous cock. It was at half-mast—a splendid image for an endowed man—as it stood straight out parallel to the floor with that little bow at the head that screams *‘I’m long and I know it.’*

When I spread my legs a bit and he looked down there, I suddenly remembered his comment about ‘bushes’ and the fact I was nearly dripping from arousal. I closed my thighs fast. He noticed my embarrassment as if he was reading my mind.

“You don’t shave it. I thought all women shaved nowadays.”

Not just women, I thought. He was clean-shaven too. “I guess I’m too old to worry about stuff like that, I mean, I trim it but that’s it.”

“No way are you too old.” He set the camera down on a hall table then walked closer to me. “Would you allow me to shave you?”

I couldn’t answer. He was almost as close to me as in the pool and I could barely breathe. His cock even twitched and touched me. I moaned.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” he said with his big smile. He led me meekly by the hand to the master bath. When I saw the shower and thought about all his teasing, I involuntarily moaned again. He seemed to ignore that one as he gathered up a towel and some shaving supplies. From there we walked to his bedroom where he spread the towel out over the coverlet and had me lie down on it. When he said, “Don’t worry, I’ll be gentle,” I almost died.

Eric rubbed shaving cream on me in slow, sensuous strokes of his fingertips. When he began to shave me with the razor, his fingertips would every so often brush against my labia and hooded clitoris. God, I felt like I was about to cum. I pleaded with myself: *not now, dammit not now!* He shaved me with the same slow, deliberate strokes, being extra careful around my now-swollen outer labia. Once or twice his eyes went to meet mine instead of concentrating on my pubic zone. *Can’t he see what he’s doing to me?*

When he was finished to his satisfaction, he took the end of the towel I was laying on and wiped up the vestiges of shaving cream. “I think I did a great job if I may say so myself,” he declared, then bent closer and kissed my pussy just above my clit.

That was it—the dam burst. I convulsed, my pelvic area clenching and unclenching in a massive orgasm. I groaned “Oh, Godddddddddddddddddd.”

Eric pulled back slightly and uttered his own “Oh God.” When my tension was fully released, he laid next to me and said, as if in awe, “Holy

shit, Kate, you *CAME!*”

I said in a near whisper, “What did you expect, parading around with that...that...that cock of yours, and then touching me like this?”

He gazed into my eyes, and all the flirting and comments for five years I knew were sincere. The last few years have been foreplay leading to this moment. There was that magic smile again, “Do you know how even more beautiful you are when you cum?”

“No one’s ever told me that before, you devil, but I love it.”

He was languidly running his fingertips down my side as if tracing my curves, from beside my breast to my thigh and back again; not only slightly ticklish, but bringing back the heat, the tension as well.

“Why don’t we get back in the sauna?” He took me by the hand, helped me to my feet, and on shaky legs I followed him.

We sat close to each other in the heat and humidity of the sauna and talked of our lives. Where we’ve been and where we hoped to be. He was open about his life with Heather, never seeming like he was searching for sympathy. He got me to open up about my life with my husband. I told him of my knowledge of Scott’s extra-marital affairs and our vanilla sex life. Perhaps with me it *WAS* an attempt to garner sympathy.

“Never any kids. You mind me asking about that, or is it too personal?”

I paused for a moment, and then answered, “Who knows? It’s not like we didn’t try early on. I had a check-up and everything seemed to be in ‘working’ order for me. At the time Scott didn’t want to be checked. Later we just figured it wasn’t meant to be, that’s all.”

“Does it get you down? I always hear women talking about their ticking biological clocks.”

“I don’t know, maybe a little. I guess I don’t think about it much

anymore.”

“Yes you do,” he said. I met his eyes with mine, and what I saw both chilled and thrilled me. His eyes betrayed something much more than lust, something I’ve seen only two or three times in my life. I knew I was more than ready to have sex with this man. Was I ready for more than that?

“Make love to me,” I whispered.

He traced his fingertips under the swell of my closest breast—a breast heaving because of my panting chest. He whispered back, “First, you know, we’ve got to close those pores. First one in gets the top.”

We raced from the sauna and into the pool, giggling and jiggling select body parts all the way. I was content with letting him win. I would be happy lying beneath him. We splashed and played like two kids, until we moved together and kissed—a long, sensual kiss as further prelude to consummation.

As before, we exited the pool and dripping wet, raced into the house. Unlike before we went directly to the bedroom. By the time we hit the bed, he was already hard and I was dripping more than pool water. He moved to eat my pussy, but instead I pushed him onto his back and straddled his hips. I lowered myself slowly and gingerly down until his magnificent spike was hidden all the way inside me. I rode up and down, wincing once or twice when his length bottomed out. Something I’d never felt before—completely filled. I fucked him in a slow up-and-down rhythm while he caressed the curve of my belly with one hand and the curve of my hip with the other.

I was enjoying so much the slow and steady climb to orgasm. My body felt as if enveloped in a warm blanket. Eric seemed to be enjoying it too, until he pushed me off and onto my back.

“Ok, that’s enough of that,” he said as he climbed between my legs and slid into me. “Slow fucking isn’t going to cut it. I know what we both need.”

His hips swung machine-like as he thrust into my hungry pussy. My

vagina sang along with the vibrations of his sliding cock. My clit throbbed and my abraded g-spot screamed for release. He murmured my name over and over again, his head thrust back, eyes half closed. As he pounded away and I felt the wave build, I looked from his face to the wall mirror situated adjacent to the bed. Our humping bodies were well reflected in it. I watched his ass cheeks clench and drop. I watched his cock—shiny wet from my juices—plunge its full length into me and then out again. I watched my upraised legs kick and my hips buck to meet every one of his splendidly long thrusts. *Here it comes*, my mind screamed before my mouth could.

At the last moment he realized I was looking in the mirror and so he did too. When his gaze met my reflected one, we both climaxed.

“Unh...unh...ung...um cummingggggggg,
aaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAH,” I wailed.

“Kate, oh Kate, ooooooh Kaaaaaaaate, oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh,” he bellowed.

When Eric came he was so deep within me he was knocking at my womb’s door. My contractions were so massive—the most intense orgasm I thought I’d ever had—I was wailing and moaning louder than ever before, and kept at it long after his spastic ejaculations ceased.

After he collapsed onto the bed next to me, he pulled me to him and kissed me. The sensuality of that kiss *before* the act would be part of foreplay; that kiss *after* intercourse meant something else entirely.

“What now?” I asked Eric, still not breathing regularly.

“We go on living our lives. I can’t ask anything of you, but...” he paused, “Kate, I want you, not just today, but forever. I’ve always wanted you. I’ve dreamed about being with you...no, not just like today, but forever.”

I stared into his eyes, unable to believe this wasn’t simply more teasing,

more flirting. He was going to say more but I stopped him by placing a fingertip at his lips.

“But, what about Heather?”

“I don’t have answers, Kate. I have so many questions, so many uncertainties, except for one thing I’ve been sure of for a long time. I love you.”

“Eric, how can you? You don’t know me.”

“I know you more than you think I do. I’ve watched you for five years. I’ve been jealous of Scott for five long years. I know...”

“When will Heather be home?”

His face grew puzzled. “Why?”

“Because I think it’s time for that shower you’re always wanting to get me into, and I don’t want her to come home and spoil it.”

We went into the shower and under the hot spray I sucked him back to magnificent hardness. I turned away from him and bent over. He entered me from behind. His hold of my hips was firm. His thrusts were long and deep. He murmured his love for me as his pace grew quicker. My feet would leave the floor each time he slammed into me. I was cumming already, crying and whimpering. Eric was about to.

“Kate, I’m gonna cummmmmmmmm,” he yelled and I felt every ejaculatory spasm deep within me, as they seemed to mesh with my own orgasmic convulsions.

For a long time we didn’t move. He stayed buried in my vagina as the last of his semen dribbled out and his cock slowly lost its tumescence. The heat of the water and the strength of his hands perpetuated the warm blanket feeling of sexual fulfillment. Eventually we soaped each other and washed the vestiges of sex from our bodies, though nothing could wash it from our minds.

Out of the shower, I put the bikini back on as he pulled on his Speedos, and we went back to poolside. I didn't ask, but I think he decided he wanted Heather to discover us together, even if innocently lying by the pool.

When his wife got home, she didn't look nearly as surprised as I thought she would be. Perhaps she suspected long ago how Eric felt about me.

"Kate, dear," she said, looking me up and down. "I must admit that old bikini of mine looks better on you. You're taxing that top to its limit, I think."

"Why, thank you, Heather." I got up from the lounge chair and vainly posed for her. Appropriating her bikini was the least of my transgressions this afternoon. "The bottoms are a little small for me but I think you're right about the bra," I said, jiggling my breasts a little to call attention to their size.

Her expression was strange. I wondered if the look she gave me was sexual, since it didn't look like one of jealousy.

My, my.

She told me that if I liked the bikini I could keep it, she had plenty (as I already knew). I said goodbye to a smiling Eric and walked back through the gate to my house, with the bikini on and my sundress and panties under my arm.

Predictably, when he got home Scott told me I looked good in the bikini, though he killed all the enthusiasm by asking me if it might be a little small. *Fuck you*, I thought.

When it was time for bed, I told him I was staying up late. After he retired, I went into our bathroom and stripped. I admired my body with the new eyes Eric gave me. I looked at my newly shaved, smooth pubic area, and remembered how tenderly Eric had shaved me, and his little kiss when he was done. I sat on the toilet lid and masturbated to the memory of our

afternoon. As I came, I stifled a scream and began plotting how I could be with him again. And again.

I read somewhere that the human female orgasm can be linked to the continuation of the species, the physiological need for the selected, 'fittest' male's sperm to be 'sucked up' by the woman's convulsing vagina. The more aroused she became and the more satisfied she was in the mating (The Big O), the greater chance his sperm would get to her waiting egg. My fantastic orgasm certainly sucked his sperm today, even if he was so deep I didn't think it needed help.

Wouldn't that be an amazing twist to what happened today on the first day of the rest of my life?

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