

## Five Hours Pt 1

(By: John A)

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Note: This is only the second story I've written. I'd like some feedback. Positive or negative, I'll try to respond to everyone (except obnoxious flames). Thanks. My e-mail address is John3365A@a....

Note #2: My last story involved golf as a metaphor for sex, this story references golf as well. But in this story Golf means Golf.

"Five Hours" by John A (M/F, Rom, anal) part 1/2

"What time are you leaving tomorrow?" I asked my wife.

"No later than ten, it tends to fill up quickly."

"You should have a good day, the weather's supposed to be great. The kids will have a great time."

"Are you sure you don't want to come? You know they'll be disappointed."

"Positive. I brought my clubs all the way to Florida, I'm determined to use them at least once." I smiled.

My wife and I had brought our three kids to Florida during spring school vacation and were spending the week at Walt Disney World. Yes, we were suckers for the mouse. Our kids loved to go there, and I loved to watch them have such a great time. And yes, I like it a lot too. We'd had a great week to that point, visiting all of the theme parks. The next day my wife was taking the kids to River Country, a beach park right on the Disney complex that's perfect for little kids.

I was, however, not going. I enjoy the theme parks as much as the next overgrown child, and I love going on all of the attractions with my kids but if I have a choice between sitting at a beach or playing golf, golf wins every time. I just hoped my daughter wouldn't use her puppy-dog eyes on me in an attempt to convince me to go with them. Four-year-olds can be particularly persuasive.

When I called the Magnolia course I was assigned a tee time of 8am. Since I was going to be playing alone, they would arrange for me to be set up with a playing partner who was also playing alone. We were to meet at the club house at 7:45.

I hated to be set up with an unknown playing partner. Not that I'm a great golfer, it's more the unknown of playing four hours with a stranger. I don't enjoy playing with someone who wants to get really competitive, or someone who has a temper and throws his clubs all over the place. I play golf to relax and because I enjoy it. I have enough stress in my life without adding more from a game. I harbored no delusions -- unlike many fellow golfers -- about becoming a great player, or chucking it all and being a pro. The difference between 70 and 80 is exponentially greater than the difference between 80 and 100 in terms of talent. I was in the latter group and there was no way I would get to the former, and I really didn't enjoy playing with someone who played as though his life depended on every shot.

I arrived at the course at 7:40 and went to the starter. He brought me over to my playing partner and I was slightly taken aback. I just assumed that my playing partner would be a man. I'm not sure why, many women play golf. I just never considered the probability that my partner would be a woman.

"Hi, I'm Sarah Singleton," she said in a lilting, airy voice.

I introduced myself as we shook hands. She had a firm, yet tender grip and I looked at her more closely. She appeared to be in her mid to late 30's with medium length dark hair. Pretty, pleasant features. Very cute.

The thought of golfing with this charming woman was much more pleasing than most alternatives. I was a happily married man, but I was not averse to spending a few hours in the company of a pretty woman.

As we began play, we made polite conversation, warming up to each other.

She was in Florida with her husband and two teenage children. Her husband was some sort of a sales manager for a corporation in Philadelphia. He had to be in Orlando for a conference that week, so the rest of the family tagged along with him for a vacation.

It didn't take me very long to notice that she was a better player than me. She told me her handicap was four; very impressive. I had told her that mine was eight, even though it's actually 12. Male ego, I guess.

We talked and joked as if we were lifelong friends and found that in addition to golf, we both shared many similar interests, and had much the same taste in music, too.

The first few holes just flew by for me and I realized that I was enjoying Sarah's company more than the golf. I found myself watching her; looking at her as she walked to approach her ball, or watching her intently as she swung. She had firm, muscular thighs that descended from a beautiful bottom. It wasn't one of those tight teenage asses, but the behind of a woman. It was a little full, but firm and well shaped and it looked very delicious beneath her white shorts. I admonished myself for my thoughts.

I was a married man after all, she was a married woman and I was acting like a kid. Still, there was no harm in looking and I knew that was all that would come of it.

We were laughing and joking quite a bit by the time we got to the seventh hole.

"What do you say we make this interesting?" she said with a little twinkle in her eye.

"What do you have in mind?"

"Whoever wins has to pay for the other's lunch," she paused for a moment, "that is, if you don't mind having lunch with me."

"I'd love to," I said a little too eagerly. "But handicaps are included." I was truly enjoying her company, and anything to lengthen the amount of time we spent together was fine with me.

She smiled broadly. "That's fine. Unless you're lying about your handicap, trying to snooker me." I actually was lying, but not in the way she suggested.

I was really a worse player than my handicap suggested to her. She was going to crush me. Male ego. Damn inconvenient at times. She laughed and agreed as we walked to the eighth hole tied. Sarah had a laughter that seemed to spring up from deep inside of her. Not a superficial polite laugh, the type you hear at cocktail parties. She was warm and had an ebullient charm only possessed by the truly genuine and I couldn't help but be very enchanted by her.

The rest of the round was a blur of laughter and playful flirting and in no time we were at the 18th hole. I had used every opportunity I had to gaze at her; I was fascinated by her every movement, becoming more captivated by her as each hole passed. As the round progressed, I also noticed that she was glancing at me, as well; stealing surreptitious looks when she felt as if she

could get away with it. I was quite sure that it was all in good fun and I tried to convince my ego that there was nothing going on between us. Still, I wondered.

We were tied and the 18th was the 6th toughest hole, so I got a stroke due to the handicap and she didn't. All I needed to do was tie her on this hole and I would win. The cost of the meal was inconsequential to winning. Male ego. Dumb. As it turned out I three putted the hole for a bogie 6, while she hit a great approach and sank a 15-foot putt for a birdie 4 to beat me by a stroke.

She teased me playfully about her victory as we walked off the green toward the club house. We decided to eat lunch at the Rainforest Cafe at the Downtown Disney Marketplace. Since I had taken the shuttle to the course, she offered to drive me.

While awaiting our lunch, we had a few drinks and began to talk about our lives. Sarah spoke glowingly about her children; her brown eyes sparkled and her face lit up as she did. She had a 16-year-old girl and a 15-year-old boy. Today they were both at EPCOT together. She bragged about their achievements with the pride of a loving parent. She looked beautiful.

Her eyes darkened and her face lost some of its effervescence as she started talking about her husband. Sarah finished her second glass of wine and ordered another. She complained about her husband being on the road so often; she was grateful for the life that he provided her and the kids, but it wasn't enough. Even when he was home, it was as if he wasn't there; he was always working, always setting up the next deal.

He was apparently very good at what he did -- they lived in an exclusive Philadelphia suburb -- but their family life had suffered because of it.

I told her about my three children and my wife, opening up to her about how things had been strained at home between the two of us lately. Part of it was my fault. I worked long hours, and rarely took time off. In fact, this was my first time off in over nine months. I was a consultant in the burgeoning data-communications field and I had more clients than I knew what to do with. My wife understood this and tried to be sympathetic, but I knew that it was tough for her. I worked out of an office at home, so we saw each other quite a bit, we just didn't spend much time together.

I was either working or off visiting clients, and she was bringing our oldest boy to little league or our daughter to ballet. And the baby took up a lot of time too. Already two now, he was a handful and Abby -- my wife -- was always tired. We'd read an article that suggested that busy married couples should try to schedule sex, so we did. But that was futile -- and seemed a little ridiculous, too. You can't turn on intimacy like a light switch. She became less and less in the mood as the years went by anyway. We were drifting apart, we both knew it, we both didn't want it to happen, but there wasn't a damn thing either one

of us could do about it.

The subject changed when lunch arrived and the discourse lightened. As we ate our meals we engaged in light, small talk. She was very witty and I felt alive being able to flirt with someone I found as attractive as Sarah. At one point I felt her foot bump against mine. She looked at me and smiled shyly as she removed it. As I was looking across the table I took more of a notice of her. Sarah was perfect. Not that most men would find her perfect; in fact I doubted that many would find her beautiful.

Most, certainly, would find her attractive and very cute, though. But to me, everything about her was what I found attractive in a woman. From her lips to her breasts, to the way she walked and the way she laughed, to her smile and her legs, from her brown eyes that sparkled when she was excited about something to the way she tossed her hair absentmindedly, everything she did was perfect to me. I knew she wasn't the most beautiful woman I'd ever met, there was just something about her; the totality of her. To me, her whole was much greater than the sum of her parts. I was a man married for eleven years who was developing a crush on another man's wife. I felt guilty. I felt giddy.

My reverie was broken by the touch of her foot against mine again. This time she let it linger for a moment and she blushed. I smiled to reassure her and her face relaxed. She began rubbing her foot against my leg and I could feel myself becoming aroused from the contact. She worked her foot up my calf, stroking it slowly, seductively.

"Bill, please don't think I'm a terrible person but would you like to go back to my hotel room with me?" She was barely audible.

I was speechless and could have been knocked over with a feather. My mouth was open but nothing was coming out. Here this beautiful woman had just offered herself to me, and I was at a loss for words.

"Oh God, I'm sorry," she was bright red by now. "You probably think I'm such a slut or something like that. I've never done anything like this before. My husband is the only man I've ever slept with. I'm just so attracted to you I don't know what I'm doing. I'm so sorry."

I could see tears roll down her cheeks as she was staring down at the table. I was really torn about what I wanted to do, but I knew letting this lovely creature writhe in agony wasn't an option.

I reached across the table and took her hand in mine. I tried to give her my most reassuring smile, but I was as confused as she appeared to be. She clasped it tightly, like a liferope, and smiled slightly as she wiped her tears with her free hand. I had a million conflicting thoughts all at once

colliding within my mind. Lust however, as it often does, won out and I quickly paid the bill before either one of us changed our mind.

"What about your husband?" I asked as we rose from the table.

"His conference will last until at least nine tonight, my kids are at EPCOT, and they won't be meeting me until six for dinner."

I looked at my watch, it was only 12:45. My only response was a smile -- actually more of a shit-eating grin; words escaped me at the moment. We left the restaurant like two high school kids cutting class to go make out. Hand in hand, we practically sprinted to her car as if something were chasing us. She was giggly and I had a spring in my step that I hadn't had in years.

The ride to her hotel was tense, anxious; neither of us able to speak for fear of the great unknown that we were about to plunge into. For my part, I was locked into a strenuous wrestling match with my conscience.

Why was I doing this, why was this happening? Eleven years. Eleven years of marriage being risked for what? For an afternoon of sex, a tryst, with a woman I'd known for all of five hours. Eleven years versus five hours. Vegas wouldn't give very good odds on that bet.

I tried to convince myself that I was nuts. It's not as if she were Cindy Crawford or Kathy Ireland, either. Although, if the offer were made, there would probably be less of a chance of me doing anything with either of them than with Sarah. There was just something about this woman that I found irresistible. Yes she was attractive, pretty, flirtatious; but many women were and I'd never considered this before. There was something more, something that drew me to her like a moth to a flame. No matter how hard my rational side tried to resist, she was a magnet. Everything between us just meshed perfectly. At the restaurant our conversation was so relaxed, so familiar, as if we had known each other for years.

We were even finishing each other's sentences -- after only five hours.

Yes, she showed an interest, but she had not been the first. I valued my marriage vows. Those weren't just words I'd spoken. I believed them, honored them. Over the years of my marriage there had been several women with whom I could have shared a bed. Women I'd known more than five hours, too. Female colleagues on business trips; two old friends from college -- friends of Abby's, too -- who discretely alluded to their availability to me on several occasions; my former secretary, enticing me with overtures both subtle and overt. I refused them all, politely, diplomatically. I was a happily married man. Or so I thought. But here I was with a woman I'd known for all of five hours; a married woman, no less. Infatuated like a teenaged boy overflowing with hormones. But I wasn't a boy. I was a

man about to commit adultery, and I was powerless to stop it.

I removed my clubs from the trunk of her rental car; I had to bring them in with me. Her room was at the Grand Floridian and I was staying at the Polynesian, and I would be taking the monorail back to my hotel. I wasn't sure if I was Moe, Larry, or Shemp, but I certainly felt like a stooge. No, I wasn't exactly handling my affair with the grace of Cary Grant.

I was a stuttering, stumbling fool. I dropped my golf bag in the parking lot and my hands were sweating -- not just because of the Florida heat. I think I was more nervous than on my first date when I was a teenager. It was at least relieving to me that she wasn't staying at the same hotel as I was. The last thing I needed at that point was for my wife or my kids seeing me with another woman.

I tried to relax myself as we rode the elevator up to her floor. We smiled nervously at each other, both excited and terrified at what we were about to do. She slid the card into the electronic lock and swung the door open. Sarah and I entered and immediately pressed ourselves into each other's arms. We kissed hungrily, replacing the last vestiges of doubt with animal lust, erasing all tension. She began stroking my hardening cock through my pants as we frantically struggled to remove our clothes.

"How about if we get in the shower?" Sarah asked coyly as my cock sprang from my underwear. It was a good idea. We were both hot and dirty and sweaty from playing golf in the Florida sun for nearly four hours. The awkwardness of a first sexual encounter didn't need to be compounded by being filthy.

Sarah adjusted the temperature of the shower as we soaped each other. She expertly fondled my balls with her soapy hand as I played with her breasts, bringing the nipples to pronounced erections. Sarah had beautiful tits. Barely more than a handful, they were perfect for her. Slightly weighty, but still standing proudly they were smooth, creamy globes topped off by very red, very pointy nipples.

Our soapy hands explored every inch of each other's bodies, as we kissed deeply. After what seemed like hours of just kissing and caressing, I placed a soapy finger on her pussy and began to massage her clit. Sarah groaned and she immediately began to shudder in orgasm. She became more aggressive at this point and grasped my cock tightly and stroked me insistently with her right hand. I inserted my finger into her wet opening, fucking it in and out of her with the same rhythm she was using to stroke my cock. Her pussy was hot, and I enjoyed the feeling of its tight wetness.

"Please, Bill, fuck me now," she implored, lifting one leg and placing it on the edge of the tub.

Never one to disappoint a lady, I removed my hand from her sex and angled my penis toward her awaiting flower.

"I take it you're ok?" I asked with a pant as I place the head of my prick at the entrance to her vagina.

"No," she put her leg down and stiffened. "I just assumed you were, I guess. Dan had a vasectomy, I really didn't think about it."

"Oh, shit. Abby's on the pill . . . and I haven't had a condom since I was in college." We began laughing in spite of ourselves, comforting ourselves in an embrace, chuckling at the absurdity of it all. Oh yes, I was indeed one of the Three Stooges. Only Shemp could fuck up a situation like this.

Sarah pulled away and released my prick from her grasp. She gave me a peck on the lips and grinned coyly while she lathered her hand with even more soap. Then she proceeded to soap my dick in earnest. But just as I was getting very excited she stopped abruptly.

"Soap up my ass for me." Her voice was a whisper and she was blushing as she turned away from me. "Just be gentle, I've never done this before."

Sarah was truly an amazing creature, willingly giving her virgin ass to me. I was taken aback but tried to be as careful as possible. I began by first inserting one soapy finger just up to the second knuckle. Sarah moaned as I worked the finger around, her anus adjusting to the intruder, gripping my finger snugly. As I worked another finger inside her, she started playing with her pussy and was moaning softly.

"Are you sure about this, Sarah?"

"Yeah, do it," she moaned.

I removed my fingers from Sarah's ass and gripped my cock firmly as I pressed its head against her tight rosebud. I pushed onward, inserting the soapy, helmeted invader just past the anal ring. She grunted, and I didn't move. I wanted her to get accustomed to the feel of my erect penis before I began thrusting.

After about a minute she began pressing herself back toward me, urging me inward. I grabbed hold of her hips and slowly inserted my erection deep into her ass. Pausing a moment to allow her to adjust to the feeling, I reached around and began fingering her pussy. I located her clit and flicked it with my forefinger. Sarah squirmed and groaned as I began my ass fuck in earnest, repeatedly pulling my cock almost all the way out before shoving it back in to its

fullest. Sarah's ass was tight, almost to the point of causing me pain, and it took every bit of concentration and self-control I had not to come after the first few strokes.

"Are you doing OK?" I asked, forced by my conscience, with ragged breath.

"Mm-huh, this actually feels good -- full -- but I like it," she grunted as she pushed her ass back toward me.

I took her encouragement to redouble my efforts and began thrusting into her backside with wild abandon. She grunted and moaned as my digital ministrations on her sex combined with my furious ass fuck were having the desired effect and she shrieked in orgasm. I could feel the spasm in her ass and that sent me over the edge just as she was coming down from her peak. I erupted deep within her bowel, experiencing one of the most intense orgasms in my recent -- and not so recent -- memory.

continued in part 2/2

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"Five Hours"

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