**The Pond**

by[Daniellekitten](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=937744&page=submissions)©

Her body barely made a splash as she dove into the cool pond that stood just on the other side of her property line and belonged to her neighbor, Keith Buckley. The water felt wonderful, sleek and satiny against her over heated body, hot from a long day of working to try to get the old farmhouse she'd bought, her very first house, in shape.

It was a huge job, gutting the hundred year old house while living in it. Sara had just torn out the ancient shower stall, finding a wall full of mold from a leak that had been poorly patched. So without a shower, the pond was her only hope of getting clean. Unless she wanted a cold sponge bath while standing in her partially gutted kitchen that is.

Sneaking over here at 2 a.m. when she'd finally finished cleaning out the rest of the debris from the now empty shell of a bathroom, she'd stripped off her filthy clothes with relish, enjoying the way the warm night air felt upon her skin, flexing muscles that she'd forgotten she had as they sent up their protests at the massive amount of work she'd forced upon them these past two weeks.

In the moonlight, the pond seemed somewhat surreal. Tiny fireflies sparkled like twinkling Christmas lights over the still water, the grass was full of chirping and buzzing insects that sang their night songs to the full moon that hung from the black satiny sky. The light from that beautiful summer moon seemed to almost spotlight her cool beauty as she raised her arms, letting her long black tresses free from the braid that had held them captive all day long.

Her hair, thick and full, crimped from the braid, reached her middle back, heavy against her shoulders. She lifted it with her hands, running them through the thick locks to pull out the last of the braid. In contrast, her silky pale skin seemed to glow against her hair's inky backdrop. Sara was not the typical beauty, her face angular instead of gently rounded. But she caused men to look twice, and then again as they wondered what about her made her so special. When she smiled, which happened very rarely now-a-days, her true beauty was revealed, her rich brown eyes sparkling and warm, her full lips curved showing white even teeth.

She was tall, with a lithe form that was curved in all the places that pleased. Long legs that looked delicate rounded into full hips, a slender waist and full, firm breasts that sat high upon her chest drew men's eyes. Now, in the midst of the small clearing that surrounded the pond, she looked like a wood nymph come to preen before the Moon Goddess and ask for her blessings.

Sara waded into the cool water of the pond, feeling the chilly difference between her skin temperature and that of the water. She shivered and felt her nipples harden into stiff pink points before taking a deep breath and diving into the water where the bottom dropped off to be deep enough that it was well over her head.

It was cool and sleek, a watery world of delight. Sara could almost feel her body open up and suck in the coolness as it washed away the dirt and grit from her body. Swimming underwater, she made it to the other side of the pond before coming up for a breath.

"Nice dive."

Sara shrieked and swallowed water, coughing furiously as she turned to face the man who had intruded upon her middle of the night bath. Keith stood next to her clothing, leaning against a tree that grew close to the edge of the pond. She wiped the water out of her eyes and finally drew a deep breath as she stared at him.

He was a handsome man, tall and dark with a tan that spoke of all the work he did outside. He raised horses and grew corn on the huge property that surrounded the farmhouse she had bought. He'd wanted the property that her house had sat upon, but Sara had gotten to the owner first and made him a deal, since the old man didn't want his home to be demolished and plowed over to be made into more acreage to grow corn on. She'd promised to refurbish the place and had bought it right out from under Keith's nose.

It was a fact which didn't make for really great neighborly relations now that she thought about it. She hadn't seen him to speak to since she'd moved in, not since the day he'd stormed into her office and slapped a check on her desk. It was for ten percent more than the price she'd paid for the house. And it had given her great pleasure, after a lengthy and arrogant rant from Keith on how she would fail at what she planned to do, to tear the check into pieces and hand it back to him, having her secretary show him out.

She had seen him out on his tractor and had even glimpsed him riding his horses up and down the long back road a few times, but he'd never responded to her wave. Now, suddenly, he was here.

"What do you want?" Sara said, treading water effortlessly.

"I heard some noises and the horses were riled a little. I thought maybe there was some varmint getting into my corn. Instead the varmint got into my pond." He smiled, his white teeth flashing in the moonlight.

"Funny, Keith, now do you want to get out of here so I can finish my bath and then get dressed and go to bed. I have to work tomorrow." She moved a little closer to the side of the pond that had her clothes.

His foot nudged her dirty clothes out of the way, before he bent over and picked up the small pile of clean clothes she'd brought with her. He lifted the small white tee shirt and the bright red boy shorts along with the lightweight pajama pants she'd brought out to the pond to change into after cleaning off the dirt. "So what are you doing up and out so late then?"

Sara stared at his hands that looked so huge holding her clothing. She found the bottom of the pond with her feet, tipping her head back to get her hair back out of her face. "I've been working on gutting the bathroom and I was filthy. And since I gutted the bathroom, I don't have a shower," she said slowly as if explaining to a two year old. "Now, since I've answered your question would you drop my clothes and leave me alone?"

Keith took a couple steps forward which brought him to the edge of the pond. He hadn't been able to sleep, he kept thinking about the annoying woman who'd out bid him for the property next door. It was infuriating. He'd wanted the property for years, had been talking to the owner, Bob Harris, since the man had reached his seventieth birthday. But he'd refused to sell the home he'd lived in since he was a boy, not to someone who planned to tear down the house and plow up the land.

And then Sara Hampton had walked in on the picture, charming the old man out of his home, paying less than half of what he'd offered Bob for the place. And now she was in his swimming hole, a place he had come to tonight to cool off.

It had been a shock when he stepped into the clearing and saw her wading into the pond, the water caressing her firm calves. The rest of her, all that glorious flesh, had been naked and painted with the white glow of the moon, shining off her hair, resting upon her skin and making it look like silk. It had stolen his breath, seeing her slender body that way and he hadn't been able to keep his eyes from sweeping over her, from the blue black of her hair, to the sleekly curved thighs and then back up. His eyes had paused of their own accord upon the fine black pelt that covered her sex, the taut peaks of her breasts and then to her face, her eyes downcast as she watched her steps.

Her dive had broken his spell, leaving him breathless and staring at the place she'd just been, his cock throbbing and pressing hard against the metal zipper of his jeans. He'd known she was beautiful, but he hadn't realized just how beautiful until seeing her bathed in the moonlight.

"But you're trespassing, Sara. Don't you think there should be some penalty, or maybe a cost for you using my property without my say?" He held the clothes up and over the water, acting as if he would drop them in and hearing her screech.

"Stop that," she hissed. With a sigh, she knew she had two choices. She could play his games and she knew because she'd pissed him off, they'd be spiteful games. Or she could walk out of the water and take her clothes from his hands, exposing herself more than she already had. Neither choice was much to her liking.

But being the stubborn woman that she was, she just couldn't see playing his game. With a sigh, she started from the water. "I don't feel up to playing your games tonight, Keith. So I'm going to get my clothing from you and then, if you want, you can call the cops and have me arrested for trespassing."

Keith smiled, his lips twisting in a crooked grin that made him all the more handsome. His green eyes riveted upon her body as it emerged from the water. The moon made the drops on her skin seem almost luminous. Every step exposed more of her glorious body until she stood before him, naked as the day she was born, her hand held out for her clothing, her nipples hard from the night air.

"Can I have my clothes?" she asked, feeling a strange heat in her stomach from the way his eyes seemed to devour her body. Her voice was husky and strange sounding to her ears. She could only hope he didn't notice.

"What, these? I found these on the bank. I think that some trespasser left them there." He held them out of her reach.

"Dammit, Keith," she hissed. "Why are you being such a prick? Because I gave old man Bob what he wanted, and am rescuing his house? Or don't you like being out finagled by a woman?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said nonchalantly though he felt that first niggle of anger at her words. He hated the fact that she got the property, hated the fact that she seemed to know what she was doing and that the upgrades she'd done already were wonderful additions to the old farmhouse. And he absolutely loathed the fact that he desired her more than any woman he could remember wanting in his life.

"Tell you what," he said suddenly. "You give me one kiss and I'll give you your clothes and I won't call the cops and sic them on your for being on my property." He waited a second, seeing her eyes turn cold and furious. "And," he said, upping the ante, "you can use the pond for as long as you need to and I won't bother you at all."

"Are you nuts? Why the hell would I want to kiss you?" She took a step forward and tried to reach behind his back to grab her clothes. She felt her body brush up against his, felt the hard muscled strength of him against her softness and felt that desire once more.

"Sara, I'm taller and stronger than you," he said, laughing, though there was a strange note to his voice. "Do you really think you can wrestle these away from me?"

Sara thought about just giving him a good swift kick in the balls and then taking her clothes and leaving him with that to remember her by, but it just didn't seem like the best idea. She could just imagine neighbor relations then. Exhaustion suddenly seemed to weigh her down and she gave up. One kiss, how bad could it be? She'd probably like it since she hadn't been in a relationship in over a year. Okay, who was she kidding, it was closer to two years.

"Fine, one kiss and you give me my clothes back. I get the use of the pond every night until my new shower is put in. And no more spying from you, is that a deal?" She stuck out her hand, seeing his eyes go from her hand and then back over her body before meeting her eyes.

"Why don't we kiss on it instead?" he asked, laughing again.

"Is it a deal or not, dammit?!"

"It's a deal. Damn, Sara, there's no need to get snippy."

"Fine, now give me my clothes."

"Kiss first, clothes second."

"I'm not kissing you without my clothes on," she said, alarmed by the very thought.

"Then I guess you're going to jail without them on. Hmmm, I know the police frown on public nudity, and trespassing, that's two charges. I wonder if they could find any more to tack on there to make it worth their while to drive out this way." He smiled innocently down at her, seeing the fire raging in her brown eyes, a fire he felt raging somewhere too but it certainly wasn't his eyes.

The curse that came from her lips had him looking at her in shock. She didn't seem like the type of girl that would even know that word much less use it. "Temper, temper," he said.

"You know what you can do with your temper," she hissed.

"Do you like standing in front of me naked? Not that I'm complaining mind you, but you could just give me my kiss and I'll give you your clothes and we can get on our way instead of you standing there jiggling in all the most interesting of places."

"I do not jiggle," she said, stomping her foot in temper.

He cleared his throat as her breasts moved with her, jiggling and bouncing most temptingly. "Okay, so you don't jiggle, but whatever you do, it's pretty damn fun to watch."

If looks could kill, well he'd have been dead and buried long ago. This look threatened to skewer through him and roast him in the fires of Hell. "Let's get this over with."

Keith stepped forward, his hand coming to rest upon her curved waist just above her finely shaped butt, pulling her towards his body until she was flushed against it. He tipped his head down, but she stopped him as she pushed against his body with her hands.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm getting ready to kiss you. Wow, I never thought you wouldn't know what to do. Have you been in a convent or are the men you date all too afraid of you to show you how to kiss?"

She couldn't help herself, her hand balled into a fist and she hit him, hard, in the arm. "You are an insufferable asshole. I do know how to kiss but I didn't know we'd included you manhandling me in the deal."

Keith stepped back rubbing his arm. "That'll cost you," he said slowly though truthfully, he'd been kicked by a new foal harder than she had hit him. "I think we should make it two kisses. And you have to be in my arms during them. That's just in case you can't remember how to kiss. Then I'll be able to walk you through it easier."

Sara had heard about anger making your vision turn red but she'd never actually had it happen to her. Until now, that is. She felt her temper boil over. With two steps, she pressed her body against his, the water that still clung to her skin wetting his clothing. Reaching up, she wrapped her arms around his strong neck and pulled until she could reach his mouth with her lips.

Keith felt the anger in her kiss even as her tongue swiped over his lips and then sunk into his mouth. Heat engulfed him, arrowing into his groin with a lightning like jab. His arms wrapped around her, dropping her clothes to the ground behind her. His hands roamed over her back and down over the supple curve of her rear, his palms cupping their warm weight to draw her even closer.

He took over the kiss, changing the angle of his head, rubbing her lips with his own, twining his tongue with hers until he heard her moan. Her hands tangled in his hair, rubbing against his scalp before trailing around his ears and down to grab his shoulders, holding on as he mesmerized her with the intensity of the kiss.

Sara felt lost; she was lost in his kiss, lost in the pleasure of his hands as they roamed her body with intimate precision. She was lost in her own sensual haze of desire and the need his lips made her feel. The buttons of his shirt pressed into her breasts, the rough fabric of her jeans irritated her legs until he reached down, lifting one long muscled naked thigh and bringing it up against his hip.

She felt the hard bulge under those jeans throb against her groin and gasped at the rush of pleasure it brought her. Being nude in the arms of a fully clothed man was a naughty pleasure she'd never experienced before, and she liked it.

One of his hands roamed up her back, gathering a handful of her wet hair in his fist. He used it to pull her head back further, his lips slipping from hers and finding her throat. She felt the sharp nip of his teeth, the heat of his tongue, the softness of his lips as he tasted her flesh. Her legs grew weak, shaky from the desire that boiled through her.

Keith reached down and lifted her in his arms, holding her high against his chest to reach the smoothness of her skin with his mouth, not wanting to deny himself of her taste for even the few seconds it would take to carry her to the soft grasses further away from the pond. He settled her gently then followed her down quickly, his big body coming to rest against her, his mouth once more finding hers.

Lips met and tongues danced together, his hands tangled in her hair before slipping down and over her shoulders. Sara felt her breath catch an instant before his hand cupped her breast, his fingers sliding over the hardened point and sending tugging pulls to her womb. His hard palm, calloused and roughened from the hard work he did daily, was wonderfully gentle against her skin, squeezing and caressing her flesh until she arched under him.

Her hands went to the buttons of his shirt, yanking them apart. She pushed it off of his shoulders and down his arms, wishing the light were better so she could see the muscled length of him better. Instead she used her hands, her fingers exploring down the thick column of his neck, across his wide shoulders and rugged chest, her nails flicking against his flat male nipples making them harden and him gasp.

Sara knocked him backwards, coming to rest against his hard chest as her mouth found his throat. She nibbled upon his hard skin, bit the curve where his neck met his shoulder, laughing when she heard his moan. Moving down his body, she used her mouth and tongue to taste his skin, enjoying the masculine taste of sweat and soap she found. He smelled of horses and spice and something earthy that made her inhale deeply, realizing she'd never met a man whose scent aroused her senses as his did.

She gasped herself when she reached his stomach, her fingers playing along the washboard like abs, her lips skipping along his hard muscled flesh, stopped only by the waistband of his jeans. She looked up at him, seeing his eyes upon her, half closed and dark with passion.

Her fingers made short work of the fastening of his jeans, pulling loose the button and unzipping them easily. Her hand reached inside, feeling the hard length of his shaft under the soft material of his boxers. Smiling up at him, she reached inside the opening in the front of his boxers, her soft palm grazing the heated skin of his cock.

"Mmm," she hummed. "Nice."

"I'm glad you approve," he said, his voice a husky moan. While she played, teasing him with soft touches, he kicked off the tennis shoes he'd thrown on earlier and then wiggled out of his jeans without disrupting her hand. But when he tried to take off his boxers, she stopped him.

"Not yet," she said, smiling. "I'm shy."

Surprised laughter burst from him changing to a groan as she finally took him in her hand, stroking along his length with a sure touch that had his blood rushing through his veins and his heart racing. She brought him to the verge of coming before changing her motions, letting his pulse calm.

"I take it back," he gasped. "You were taught very well."

"Self taught," she said. She smiled up at him. "I read a lot." She pulled down on the waistband of his boxers feeling his hips rise to help her. His cock sprang loose standing proudly in front of her eyes.

"I think I need to investigate your library," he said, gasping as her warm mouth engulfed the tip of his cock, sucking gently.

He felt her laughter, a warm gurgle around the length of his cock. And then the heat of her mouth moved, taking more and more of his cock until he could feel the back of her throat. Her tongue was a wild wet caress around his shaft, her lips creating a suction that had his head falling back in pleasure.

She moved over him, using her hand on his balls to squeeze gently, tickling them with her nails until she felt his hand tangle in her wet hair, yanking her up until his cock fell from her mouth with a popping noise.

His mouth was hot on her own, his kiss rough and full of passionate need. Keith thrust his tongue into her mouth, his hands hard and hot on her body. He pulled her over him until her breast was at his mouth, finding her nipple and sucking it between his lips, pulling on it with his teeth, laving it with his tongue until she squirmed against him.

With a grin, he rolled, putting her under him once more. Her thighs spread, his hips rested in the soft cradle between. His cock pushed into the soft, wet cleft of her sex. "Hmm, I think you like me," he said, moving his hips and thrusting slowly until he sank into her depths.

"I...mmm...I don't know what gave you that idea," Sara said even as her hips started to move, tilting up to take as much of him as she could.

His mouth found hers again, his tongue thrusting inside and mimicking the movement of his cock in her wet cunt. "It could be how you say hello," he groaned, breaking from the kiss.

Sara grabbed his hips with her hands, her nails digging in enough for him to feel. "If you like that," she panted, "wait until I say good-bye."

Tingles of pleasure started rushing from that spot where they were joined, growing in strength until her hips jerked and her body shuddered under his. Soft cries of pleasure came from her lips, urging him on. He ran his hands down her side and to her hips, slipping them under her butt and holding her still while he plunged inside. He could feel the first contractions of the spongy inner walls of her pussy squeezing his cock, milking it until he groaned, and thick streams of creamy come spurting deep inside of her as he came with a shuddering roar of pleasure.

Sara's body tightened as the first hot wash of pleasure flooded her. They came hard and fast, prickly tingly waves that had her crying out his name, clutching him to her even tighter. His body jerked under her hands, his cock pulsed and then seemed to swell before she felt him come, the heat of his ejaculate sending another wave through her.

It seemed like hours before she finally relaxed under him, her hands stroking his sweaty back, tangling in his damp hair. He finally managed to find the strength to roll off of her, lying next to her, his hand finding her own and hanging on as if she might try to get away.

"Wow, that was some kiss, blew my clothes off," he sighed, feeling her turn towards him.

Sara laughed, shaking her head at his play. "Keith, you are incorrigible." She snuggled up next to him, feeling him shift his arm so she could lay her head on his shoulder and he could pull her close.

"Sticks and stones, baby," he said, kissing her damp head.

"I should break a few of your bones," she said, but her words held no heat, especially since she cuddled up next to him, listening to the rapid beat of his heart in her ear.

Keith was silent a moment, his fingers sliding up and down her soft arm, feeling the muscle that was developing due to the physical labor she was putting in everyday. "You know," he said finally, lifting his head to look down at her. "I drove by your house earlier today, what you are doing looks fantastic."

Sara smiled, kissing his chest. "Thank you. I never expected to hear you say that."

"You don't have a contractor or a carpenter helping you out, do you?"

She lifted her head, staring up at him suspiciously. "No," she said finally, "I don't. Why?"

"Well, you know, I could spare some time after I feed the horses and come over and help out some. That is if you'd want some help." He felt his cheeks turning red under her suspicious stare, getting more so the longer she didn't say anything.

"You know how to use a hammer?"

His hand landed with a resounding smack on her ass. She squeaked, jerking towards him.

"I've never been so insulted," he said mildly, idly rubbing her reddened butt.

"Yeah, you sound it. It was a legitimate question, Keith. I mean you wouldn't want someone looking after your prized horses if they didn't know which end of the animal the food went in."

"Heaven forbid. So what do you say, spitfire, you want the help or not?"

She reached up and kissed him. "I'd love the help, Keith. Thank you."

"Okay," he said, dumping her back on the ground as he got to his feet and started gathering up their clothes. He wadded them all into a big pile and thrust it out at her, giving her no choice but to grab the bundle or have it fall all over her. As soon as she had it, he bent over and picked her up from the ground, holding her easily in his arms.

"What are you doing? Are you nuts?" She almost fumbled the bundle of clothing as she felt the world drop out from under her.

"Taking you to bed. I hope like hell you don't snore because I do and I hate the competition." He started walking towards his house, making his way easily across the short field.

"You are nuts," Sara stated firmly. "I can't spend the night with you."

He stopped, staring down at her like she'd lost her mind instead of it being the other way around.

"You're welshing on the deal, aren't you?" he sighed. "You have to come with me. You still owe me another kiss."

"And after I give you that kiss?" she asked, laughing as he started walking again.

"Don't worry, Sara," he said with a slow smile. "I'll come up with something."

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 *Danielle*