

8. POOL BOY IN LOVE

I head over to Ramon's to talk. We're sitting around the pool.

I am blunt, "Ramon, we're doing well. But I could use some help. An investment."

"A loan. I don't know if I can. I got you the truck."

"This is better than a straight loan. I'm going to start to advertise."

"How are you going to do that?"

"Leave it to me."

He does. He realizes that I may be on to something.

Elsie, dear Elsie. I have not forgotten about her. I realize that she know all kinds of movie people. They can help with a commercial.

"You want to make a porno, Benny."

"No, I want to advertise for my business."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to help me get the people. You've got to know cameramen and technical people who can help."

"Can I be in it?"

"Of course you can." I am preparing the biggest comedy of errors. She is excited. A legitimate role.

Elsie is going to be in a swim suit lounging. "*Benny's Pool Maintenance* takes the work out of pools."

"You're going to need a drink if it's going to look convincing."

"I want a lemonade and rum."

"Not a real drink."

Wade has agreed to let us film at his place. Lights and sound equipment are arranged around the pool. The big spotlights shine in the day time. There is such a sense of unreality on the set. There is already the assumption that this is larger than life.

Elsie has her legs spread in a rather suggestive pose on the lawn chair.

She is chewing gum loudly. "Benny, I can give you a rim job at no extra cost," she laughs. I feel as if it is all getting out of control.

Take one.

We've brought by Allen to direct the commercial. This is his first real gig. He's been an Assistant Director before. He knows the ropes. Bu this is starting to seem like a circus.

"Benny let me lie on my back so I can take off my top. It will be more enticing that way."

"Elsie, you look great already. Just follow the script."

"I need another copy of the script. Mine fell in the pool."

I hate being Mr. Discipline, "Are you always this difficult on set?"

"Usually I just have to take a ten-inch cock and moan. This is real acting."

"You have one line."

"*Benny's Pool Maintenance*, takes the blows out of blow jobs."

"Quit joking around; this has to be serious."

"They're not even finished setting up. You don't have your makeup ready. Benny, do you even know your lines."

Hi, I'm Benny. Your pool is starting to look like a real mess [shot of a dingy, poorly maintained pool]. You add chemicals and it starts to look like the blue lagoon. [A guy in a monster suit crawls out of the pool]. What you need is a real shot in the arm. The pool doctor. Just call me [number displays on the screen]. I'll be over before you can take a breath. Before you know it, you'll be back in paradise. [The butler serves Elsie her drink. She takes a sip.]

Elsie: Benny's Pool Maintenance takes the cock out of cocktail.

"Elsie, that's not the line."

"I'm joking. The cameras aren't rolling."

I hope that she does quiet down as they are almost ready to shoot.

They decide to do a dry run through, a rehearsal. Elsie is sitting with her legs wide open. She leans over towards the camera so that her bikini top is almost off.

"Elsie, you're supposed to look suggestive, not sleazy," Allen tells her.

"I'm just showing people what I've got."

I interrupt, "She knows the difference. She's playing prima donna by fucking with us."

"I am not. I'm just trying to act," she pretends to cry.

"Benny, I'll handle her." Allen is asserting his directorial privilege.

I just hope that she doesn't continue to take advantage of him. He's built a track so that he has this moving shot to her chair. It seems a little extravagant. But it's all part of the feel. He probably should be directing a horror flick. This is his training.

Elsie crouches down by her chair and shakes her rump for the camera. "How's that boys?"

"We're never going to get this done."

"Benny, you're such a worrier. You're not like that in bed."

Sighs go up on the set. I try to hide my face.

One of the lighting techs yell, "That's why they call him Benny the pool boy." Everyone claps.

"I'm not a pool boy. I'm pool maintenance." They laugh.

Allen asserts, "Maybe we should have put that in the script."

"We already look amateur enough."

"You can take the boy out of the pool, but you can't take the pool boy out of Benny's Pool Maintenance."

"I like that, Elise. But it still makes me sound like a hustler."

"If that's the road that you traveled, you should be proud of it."

"We're catering to families now."

"I know the game, Benny. From X-rated to G weighted."

Allen defends his style, "Maybe a little PG. After all, Elsie's our star."

She stands up and curtseys.

Once the shooting begins, Elsie is totally professional. She ditches the gum beneath her chair and is a natural.

"Let's do another take. I was getting a weird reflection of the water."

They put up a reflector to balance the interference. Allen wants a couple more takes of Elsie.

I have a couple of scenes. I'm in a tie and jacket with full make up. It is starting to get

hot.

“Benny, do you have a problem sweating.”

I’m from a country where it’s hot all the time. But this is not like something that I’m used to.

“Get someone to pat the sweat off him. He looks like he’s in a sauna.”

“He should be in a swimsuit too.”

“With one of those Chippendale ties.”

Allen tries to keep order, “Quiet on the set.”

I don’t feel quite so natural on camera as Elsie. But I do my job. Afterwards Elsie is back to her clowning.

“Now let’s all get naked for the sex scene.”

“There is no sex scene, Elsie.”

“Rory is great at filming the cum shot.”

“Come on Elsie assume position.” Sitting down she raises her right leg far above her head.

I now feel that I am being mocked. After all, I do the pool maintenance. I’m being depicted as a boy toy for these rich bitches.

“I’ve got my pride.”

Everyone is screaming these one-liners, “Save it Benny for when you’re in bed.”

“I hear that the pool boy doesn’t do it in bed. He does it in the water.”

“Ooh, who cleans up after the clean up crew?”

This is seeming really gross. I wonder what I can add. Elsie come up to me still in set make-up, “When are you going to give me my pay?” She is rubbing her body against me. She is in heels and the bikini.

“I told you how we were going to paid.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about, Benny.” She bends here right leg up. I look to see who is watching. Everyone is busy striking the set.

“We better wait until everyone has left.”

“Why wait? Wade will let you use your old room.”

Her offer is tempting. I feel like a star. Why not act like one?

“We can’t be gone for long.”

I imagine a sign on the bedroom door, *Poolboy at Work*.

Her plump lips look at me with all their choice appeal.

“Benny, I can take whatever you can give me.”

She puts two fingers in her mouth and slide them back and forth. The two piece swim suit is pulled taut on her body. It almost seems to be painted on. It leaves little to the imagination. I am already driven to the edge. Her body is hot to the touch. I am still sweating from the set.

“They needed to show this on camera.”

She slides off her bikini bottom, and shakes her body frantically.

“Are you ready for this?”

I bury my face inside her as we roll around on the bed. Her lips enfold around me. I lose myself with Elsie.

“I’ve got a better slogan: *Pool boy goes the last lap.*”

“Are you trying to say something, Elsie?”

“What have you been doing since we last hooked up?”

“I don’t know.”

She marvels, “You have some kind of secret weapon now. “

”Pool boy, the secret’s in the water!”

“Benny, you can clean my pool anytime.”

“You don’t have a pool.”

“You know what I mean. If you had a little more hmmmph, you could definitely make it in the industry.”

I am wondering about my vocation. I almost feel as if Elsie and I are actually on camera. I now feel under this strange pressure to perform. I am again a pool boy.

I stop by Home Depot for some supplies for work.

“You’re that pool guy with the porno actress. Hey guys, it’s him.”

“The pool boy!”

“It’s Benny!”

“You’re famous.” A crowd is gathering around me. They want autographs.

I don’t want it to go to my head, but I’m a star.

“Did you really do that girl?” one gruff guy asks.

“Real men don’t tell.” Everyone laughs.

My heart is beating faster. I am digging the limelight. Business shoots up over 200 percent. We’re getting all these calls. We expand with two more trucks.

If things keep up like this, I’ll eventually get a new house and another car. But I need to keep an eye on things. It’s already gone to my head before.

I’m in a scene with Brenda and Elsie. They meet me at the door of my new house. It has double doors.

“Can we get you coat?”

I’m wearing this shiny tux. I fling it down on the chair. They walk with me arm in arm. I am now on the set of a movie scene. They are doing for my pool what they did for Wade’s.

“Your drink, sir.”

It’s some kind of weird concoction. Like in a horror movie.

“Ready for you on the set.”

I drop my pants and I’m wearing speedos. I pull off my shirt. But the bow tie stays on. My T-shirt says *Super Pool Boy*. Brenda and Elsie are on their knees flanking each side of me. They are rubbing my legs.

“Are you ready for the cum shot.”

I am becoming all anxious. They focus on my speedos. There is nothing to see. I am losing my power.

“Come on, pool boy. Get it up.”

They are now screaming at me. Brenda and Elsie massage me. Nothing.

“Where’s Steve? He knows what to do.”

Brenda interrupts, “The last time that you took that stuff, you couldn’t get it down.”

Elsie adds her viewpoint, “He still wasn’t up enough for our needs.”

The Director adds his conclusion, "He needs a penis implant."

The next thing I know, a set of nurses and doctors have me on a Gurney.

"I'm too young to cut."

"You won't feel a thing."

"Of course not. I'm still asleep."

"Wake up, wake up."

"Benny, wake up."

I'm lying on my bed in a pool of sweat. If I'm going to be a good pool boy, I can't let it get carried away.

I am still thinking about Sofia. She has to work at the gallery late for the next week and is unavailable. I know that my dream is haunting me. I'm afraid that I have been abandoned to my old pool boy ways. Now I realize that there is a sense of inadequacy that has always haunted my exploits.

Suzi is one of the new customers that I have reached through the ad. She almost takes the commercial literally.

"*Pool Boy!*"

"That's just a joke."

"You don't look like a joke. Are you sure that you wouldn't like a little treat after work?"

"I better get the job done before I think about treats."

She is in a robe and high, high heels. This can't be that comfortable. With freshly sprayed perfume, she is indeed ready for action with the maintenance man.

All I can think about is fun and games as I take care of the pool. Circumstances have got me out of a bunch of scrapes. But I am welcoming some new trouble. What is really happening with me?

She is scurrying around the deck, as I make my way across the pool with my hose. The vacuuming is methodical. This pool needs some work to get back into shape. I'm nothing if my maintenance isn't up to snuff.

After I'm finished she brings me a cold lemonade and some cookies.

"I could get you something stronger if you'd like."

She bends down to reveal her bright red swim suit. I want to run my tongue up those strong legs. The muscles have the perfectly delectable curves.

"You work out, Suzi."

She looks up at me.

"I've got a trainer."

"I should really work out more."

"I could show you a few things. I've got a small gym upstairs."

We head up the stairs. I feel that I have already given in. She sits me on the exercise bench. She is moving next to me and adjusting my body as I do abdominal crunches. As she passes me her robe slides open. She hesitates a second and stares at me. She doesn't move as she feels me rub my hand along her leg to her inner thigh. At that point she heads in closer so that my hand moves up a little more. She is right next to my lips.

"Is it time for my cue, Mr. Director?"

"I'm ready when you are."

As she kisses me, I slide my hand underneath her suit. I have no restraint. This sort of thing will never stop. She moves her body so that my hand stimulates her more. I pull off the robe with the other hand, and untie her bikini top. My lips encircle her nipples. Everything about her body drives me wild. As I motion her over to the bench. She now has her foot braced on my shoulder.

The definition of her thighs and abdomen places more focus on her sex. I am red hot and stoked to go. I am taken in by my own hype. In the end, I am only in love with my own image. I explode in my belief. Oh Suzi!

The pool boy is again in love.

“Benny, this is not about self-love. It’s only going to be your downfall.”

Brenda is lecturing me as the two of us are naked in her giant tub.

She has more to advise, “You should think about installing pools and hot tubs.”

“The one minute you’re telling me about the sins of pride, then you’re telling me to expand my business.”

“If you thought more about the future, you might think less about your dick.”

“If only you didn’t have dirty thoughts, the world would be a better place.”

“Whatever you say!”

I cuddle up to her.

“Benny, this is not love.”

“But you love it.”

“I really wonder if you can be helped.”

“I can help others. Isn’t that a beginning?”

She kisses me on the back of the neck as she places both her hands across my back. We stay like that for a while.

Brenda has discovered my new love. I want to offer myself to Sofia. I feel hardly capable. I can only love myself.

I even go to the grocery store and women are approaching me.

“Benny, I want you to make me a star.”

“Come do my pool, and I’ll treat you right.”

“I know about *pool boys*.”

“You can come and float in my pool!”

I keep handing out my cards. Not only are the commercials working, but word of mouth does the trick.

“Benny, I’m just glad that you bring your word of mouth over to my place. I love to feel you speak,” Suzi laughs as she lies back on her bed. Before I go down on Suzi, I have this vision of it all being on camera. I want to catch the right profile.

Her body has locked me in all day. I finally get the chance to let all that desire loose.

“Come on, baby love.”

Sara’s a new customer. She’s in a long robe with a negligee underneath. In her hand, she hold a cocktail. She directs me to the pool with her cocktail hand. With her other hand she tries to guide herself to the patio. As I am working she stations herself on a lawn chair. At first, I think that she’s observing my every move. Then she lets the robe fall over her chair. And she’s showing me her see-through panties. This is too weird for me. She seems half-passed out. I am

not going to touch this one no matter how appealing.

I look over again. She is still awake, but slumped over the chair. Next thing I know, her husband is bounding through the door. This is not what it looks like. I'm looking for the closest weapon. I'm afraid that he's going to shoot me. He comes right for me.

"Holy shit, what the fuck is going on?"

Then he breaks in a big smile.

"Look, Sara, who's here. It's the pool boy."

It is Benny, the pool boy.

She is smiling.

"You're the guy on TV with the porno star."

"I guess that's me."

"We just thought that maybe you'd come upstairs and watch us have sex."

"I'm not some kind of pervert," I tell them.

"No, no, maybe you could help me out. I'm having these performance problems."

"Really, it happens to the best of us."

"Maybe you could introduce me to that girl who's with you."

"It's not my place. You can rent her DVD's."

"I can give you a little extra money."

"There's not much that I can do."

"Why don't you just go upstairs with Sara. You can show her some stuff. Then she can show me."

"That never works out. It just creates these jealousy issues. You've got something good with your wife. If she starts thinking of sex as this competition then you'll never be able to live it down."

"Just kiss her for me. She'd dig it."

"Yeah, Benny. Give me a kiss, and he can take a picture."

I consider the picture. But she wants to expose her breasts. The next thing I know she is almost naked, and she wants me to massage her.

"I'm not that kind of guy. It's just a commercial. It's pretend. I've never been with that girl. We just hired her for the commercial."

I wonder if Elsie can understand my denial of her.

"Benny, you never had sex with that girl."

Sara pipes in, "I've seen her in some videos."

Her husband wonders, "I didn't know that."

She continues, "I can do some things that she can do. I was even going to be a stripper once. But I got another job."

"Come on, Benny. Go upstairs with Sara."

The enthusiasm of the husband is such a turn off. Rocky may be tolerant of Brenda. But if he watched me have sex, I don't think that I could deal with her. On the other hand, I am looking at a free shot. She is looking up at me so tenderly. It's not like me to refuse. But I can't do it.

Claire has a kid in daycare. She has platinum blonde hair. She moves her hands around all the time when she talks. She is in capri pants, a pink shirt, and flip flops. She has not

escaped the confines of her suburban prison. I want to tag her before I finish my job at her place. This is one that I'd like to push to the last minute so that we are dressing as her husband walks up the driveway. Sometimes, you have to take the risk.

I watch her lips move as she blabs on. I can't listen to a word. I just want to make contact. She smiles at me. She has no intention of doing anything at all. She loves her kid and her husband. Great. Pay me my money and let me leave.

Her cell phone rings. She is blabbing on and ignoring me. She give me a look as I put my hands on her hips. I pull her over closer and rock with her. Then I slide my hand in her pants and slide my fingers inside her underwear. I keep stimulating her until she is good and wet. As she collapses on the deck, her cell phone falls and hits the deck. I can hear the other person keep talking as if nothing has happened. I pull the capri pants off and teach her the meaning of satisfaction.

We roll around in the shaded area of the deck. Propped against the sliding door, I enter her. If her husband walked in at that moment, he would see her ass cheeks pressed against the glass. I cum all over the glass.

"Benny, are you going to clean that."

"That's extra. It's not strictly in the pool area."

She smiles.

I get her to take one more upstairs. This is truly about endurance. I'm not sure if I can manage. I climax as I hear the car pull up."

"Benny, my pants and panties are on the deck."

"You want me to get them for you."

"You're naked."

"Like I said. I'll get them."

I run down naked as her husband opens the door in the other room. Before he makes it out to the deck, I am already dressed and vacuuming the pool. I keep the capri pants and the undies in my bag. They are my souvenir.

I get a call a couple of days later, "Benny, you took my pants and panties."

"I can come over and put them on you if you're wearing none."

"You are a pig!"

"I can give you anything that you want."

I clean her pool the next day. She is waiting upstairs after my work. She is in bed wearing only her pink top.

"Let me clean up where I left off."

"I hope this is a wet vac."

"I'll suck up everything in site."

I can feel her excited as I give her a big kiss. When I am inside her I thrust with such intensity. I am challenging her denial. In her cute protected world, she pretends that she is not craven. My net has caught another monster.

"Benny, you are evil."

"Evil is a separate charge. I'm just a little driven."

The next day I'm driving in Sara's neighborhood. All that I can think about is her slumped over with that drink. I don't even have any honor.

She answers the door in her same robe.

“We don’t need service today.”

“I think that you do.”

I maneuver her over the stairs. She is shaking her feet at me. She has revealing panties on. I can think about nothing else. I have been thinking about nothing else. I slide her panties off. She has both her legs on my shoulder. I balance her on the stairs for all kinds of tricks.

As I get ready to leave, she wants to say something. I put my finger to my mouth to say silence. There is nothing to say. A steady diet of this kind of play, and she’ll want nothing to do with that limp dick husband.

I have plans to see Sofia this evening. I rush home to shower and get ready. I have no fear that my appetites will get in the way of our meeting. I know that she is still with someone else. But I am now worse than my pool boy reputation. If she knew, she’d want to kill me. But I feel that I can parlay her ignorance into something permanent.”

“Benny, you don’t know how to love.”

“Why are you so hard on me?”

She is philosophical, “I know who you are. You’re playing Mr. Pool Boy when I’m not with you. It’s in your system. Why should I trust you?”

“Why should you trust yourself. You have something that none of these girls have.”

“What?”

“Concentration. They’re all types. The girl who exercises. The frustrated woman with a kid. The desperate wife with a non-performing husband.”

“I’m still with the same guy,” she reassures me.

“You’re sitting with me because you want something else.”

“And what do you have to offer. You can’t turn sex into a religion.”

“You’ve said that before. I don’t know that because I haven’t tried.”

“Is that another bright idea?”

“It’s an idea.”

“Benny, when are you ever going to be a man?”

“I’m working on it. It’s not all automatic to me.”

“You’re going to be thirty before you know what’s happened. You can’t be pool boy forever.”

“Forever.”

“What?”

“Sofia, I’m just thinking about things. Like philosophy and all.”

“It’s time. It’s all going to come to an end.”

“If the business keep on like this. I’m going to get a new car. Maybe even a new house.”

“That’s not going to change things between us. It about who you are Benny, not what you have.”

“You like comfort. Nice things. One just has to look at the fine clothes that you’re wearing.” She does look fantastic. I feel as if I’m at a fashion shoot.

“That’s the not the most important thing.”

“But if you didn’t have all those little things, it would be really dire, a really big deal.”

“I have those things. It’s still not enough.”

“Why are you searching? Sofia, what are you looking for?”

“Benny, I’m not sure that you can understand. You’re not ready to understand.”

She is giving me too much to think about. I just want t to be more basic. I don’t want her to have to explain it to me.

It is late. I want someone to be close to. I wonder who I can call. Maybe I should meet some friends at a club.

Ian is studying all the time now. I don’t want to bother Wade. I feel that I have already imposed on him too much. More and he might believe that I really do want something. I can’t call Sharon. Brenda is home with Rocky. None of my clients are available.

I wish that I could find Erin. She’d make me feel good.

Even Sofia is getting home to her apartment. Her friend may be already there. Do I want to change my life for his? Hardly. I need something to change.

I’m looking at a car magazine at a 7 Eleven. Is this how I’m turning out? But I really intend to get a new car. I feel like a silly kid. Some guy is looking at me from across the rack. What the hell does he want?

I put my magazine back and begin to walk out the door.

“You’re Benny the pool man. Have you really been with that girl?”

I smile and wave back as I head out the door.

I am living on my desire in its rawest form. It doesn’t matter with whom. It is my battle with the night. I am looking for someone who can live with the same intensity that I do. Someone who can take me out the farthest into the darkness.

I am looking for another prophet.

I don’t know where my head is. I don’t know where I am supposed to be. I can see you running off to your place. And I want to come along. You come so close, and then you veer off back to your life.

I will keep following until you tell me that it is too late. It is not to late for either me or you.

I do the same with my past. Erin approaches me. I work to follow her back to her life. But she will not let me come along. She leaves me amidst these past memories. That is all! She no longer has time for me. She has found another prophet. And her new religion takes her higher and higher.

I am back at my place. I have the TV on but the sound is off. The night is creeping in on me. I have success. There is this hollow. Is this the invitation for me to achieve something more. To drive my self faster and faster along the edge of the night until the morning is again mine.

I take a sip out of my beer. I stare ahead. The pictures move but do nothing for me. They will not come out of their box. They will not touch me. I can hear Sofia saying the same thing to me.

“You want to touch. But you are afraid to be touched.”

I work to draw a moral from my isolation. I need a pool. I need a forum. From there I can make it all possible. Just a reference. Something that I can turn you around. I can provide a service for you.

Where is my love, my Sofia?

“Benny, isn’t something going to happen?” Sofia asks. She is there ready for me, naked.

“It’s happening.”

“I don’t feel it.”

“You have to feel in a new way.”

“That’s too mystical for me.”

“It’s like swimming in the water. You can feel it flow.”

I wake from my dream drenched in sweat. I have to get out of bed. If there was only somewhere that I could go at this time of night. It is at a moment like this that I feel the absolute worthlessness of it all. Whatever I give them, they’ll just want more.

I have certainly discovered my motivation. They expect that pool maintenance truck to roll up. If I didn’t come, the pools would decay. It would be a sign of some deeper breakdown. I am in love with my work.

I feel a sense of neglect. That there is some pool that I should have cleaned instead of lost myself in my amorous pursuits. A swim in the middle of the night would be perfect. I think about driving down to the ocean.

Somewhere out there the big ships are rolling in. They have such a deep sense of purpose. I want that. Not just something that I can understand day to day in my little world. I want to be part of something bigger.

My business must expand!