# Aged to Perfection

## By WayneGibbous

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*A real estate agent changes my thoughts about older women.*

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I guess we all walk around with a lot of preconceived notions about things and, I suppose, for most of them, we carry them with us throughout our life.

But there are a few that, in living our lives, we run dead up against an exception to these firmly-implanted ideas and they have to change. That happened to me last year when Olivia and I were looking for a house to buy.

Olivia is my girlfriend, we'd been together nearly five years and felt really good with each other and had decided to do what many couples do, buy a house together.

We're both established in our careers, Olivia is in marketing with a consumer food company, one you've heard of and I'm a financial advisor with a division of a regional bank. She's twenty-six and I'm twenty-eight. So, we're not kids and we're not middle-agers, either.

Now to the idea that I'd been carrying around that got blown out of the water. I know you've been waiting for it.

Older women. Mature women.

I had heard guys talk, sure. But, well, there were just so many women around near my own age, right? So, I never paid them any mind. That is, until I met our real estate agent, Brooke Davies. Well.

Olivia and I, like any modern-day real estate shoppers, had scoured the computer listings over and over looking for just the right combination of all the features we had listed. And there were a lot. But there was one house in particular that rang just the right note with us and we called the agent.

She sounded nice and was immediately helpful answering some additional questions that whetted our

appetite to see the property. I did see her picture on the website and really didn't think much of it.

She arranged to meet us that afternoon at the property and when we drove up, she was there in her shiny black Mercedes.

As I was getting out of my Honda, I looked over and saw a beautiful pair of legs tapering out of the Mercedes shoed in black high heels as my eyes followed up to the short black skirt straining to remain closed as she came out into the sunlight. She was wearing a black knit top and crowned with bright, platinum-blonde hair falling in curls.

Statuesque. That was the perfect word for Brook Davies. Tall, blond, curvy and, yes, no doubt almost twice my age. A few pounds too many but they got lost on all the curves. She was sexy. Oh, for sure.

After our introductions and the enlightening house tour, especially following her up the stairs to the second floor, we stood back outside discussing the various aspects and features that we were looking for comparing them with those we had just seen. Well, Olivia and Brooke were discussing them, I was more captivated by the lovely and generous cleavage presented for my entertainment by our new real estate agent.

I'm sure I heard some of what was said, I know I remember her saying she'd been married thirty-five years so I figured she must be mid-fifties anyway, maybe more.

We did go back to the house two days later to look it over again, though I was really, at that stage, more interested in looking over our real estate agent. I think she might have gotten the idea but I don't think Olivia did.

We later decided to scratch that particular house off our list, it was just too far from where we worked but I kept thinking about Brooke Davies and how sexy she was.

I had her card in my wallet and called her the next morning to see if she could meet me there so I could check out a few more aspects of the property.

As I pulled up, she started getting out of her car again, all the time looking over at me, taking her time, stretching her long, beautiful legs out as I watched.

"Where's Olivia?" she asked.

"Oh, couldn't come. Just me today."

"Well, I'll just have to control myself, then won't I?" she purred as she twisted the key in the door. "Where do you want to start, today?"

"Um, the master bedroom," I answered as I followed her up the stairs. She had on a trim dark business suit, one that showed her fabulous legs to a tee.

Well, I had decided to make my move as soon as we got through the door. It would be over quickly or may take several hours, all depending on what was to happen next.

I was right behind her when she turned. I slid my arms round her and pulled her to me as I kissed her. There was no pushing me away, she even pulled me to her.

Our kiss lasted through several tongue swaps until our heads pulled back.

"Well, Hayes, that's a bit of a surprise. A nice surprise," she said smiling up at me, our arms still holding each other.

I bent down and kissed her again as I felt her hands unbuttoning my shirt and pulling it open. Then she pulled away and leaned in to take one of my nipples in her mouth as her hand rubbed my eager cock trapped inside my pants. I had pulled off her jacket and was now unbuttoning her blouse; there was no question what was happening.

As she stood there in her bra, I reached around and unhooked it to pull it off her arms.

Just so you know, Olivia's a slender woman with pretty 34B breasts. Brooke, well, they were much larger, I'm guessing 38D at least. And, oh, they were beautiful. Large, circular pink nipples with the very centers all pointed-out. I stood back with my hands under them admiring the sight before me.

"God, Brooke, they're even more beautiful than I'd imagined. You must get a lot of looks at the beach," I admired.

"Oh, the beach I go to in Cancun is topless. I do get a lot of looks. Just like you're looking right now," she said as I bent over to suck one of her lovely nipples. She was also trying to unbuckle my pants and soon had them loose and was working to shove them down.

I lifted up, got out of my pants and pulled my boxers off and looked at her there in heels, thigh-high stockings and panties.

"You are so hot, Brooke, so hot, god, I want to fuck you."

"It's nice when a client and I have the same goals, Hayes. And, look, a nice, big, king-sized bed," she said as she went over and stripped the covers back. She sat down, pulled off her shoes, rolled down her stockings and pulled off her pretty lace panties.

Bare. Perfectly bare. And with a delicious-looking slit all ready for my tongue as I knelt down between her legs as she opened herself for me.

"Mmm, this is nice, Hayes. You've been wanting this, haven't you? I could tell the other day."

I did manage to nod up and down some, it seemed enough as her hands held my head to her.

"Mmm, lovely, just lovely. Mmm, oooh, right there, you know what I like don't you?" she murmured.

I was in no rush and I was hoping the rest of her day was free as I licked up and down, dragging my curled tongue deep in her furrow, then reaching in and pulling her open to probe deeper.

"Mmm, Hayes, yes, you make my pussy such a happy girl, mmm, oh, inside, yes, oh, like that, it's…UUH, UUH, UNH, UNH, MMM, mmm, oh, my sweet man, please make love to me, mmm, I want you inside me, hurry," she moaned as she scooted up on the bed widening open as I waddled up to her and pushed my hard cock all the way inside.

"Oh, oh, yes, you feel so good, Hayes. Oooh, just nice and slow. Mmm, take your time, let's really enjoy being together like this. Just fuck me nice and slow. I hope you're not disappointed, Hayes, I really do."

"I think you're wonderful, Brooke, I knew when I first saw you that I wanted you. And, you're even more wonderful that I'd imagined. You're so tight, just incredible."

"Lots of exercises, my boy, lots of exercises. I have a dildo with a suction cup on the bottom that I squat over fucking it almost every day. I'll have to show you how good I am on top. I could almost pull your cock off."

"Wanna do it right now?" I asked and bent down and rolled us over, keeping my cock well-placed as she ended up on top.

"Ah, my favorite spot, up on top of a man's hard cock," she groaned as she began scissoring straight up and down. Her tight pussy glided up and down gripping me tightly, just so good.

"God, this is the best I've ever had. You tighten so much, it's just incredible."

"Well, you feel good to me, Hayes. Really good and wonderfully hard."

Her breasts were softer than Olivia's which was not surprising, they're rather larger. But they felt so luscious as I rubbed them while she fucked me straight up and down.

"This is why you called me today isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, it's as simple as that, I wanted this. I wanted to fuck you, Brooke."

"Well, I'm glad you did, it's lovely. Just perfect, mmm."

She kept moving sinuously up and down on me, just pulling me up each time; she was so hot, so seductive, so lustful, it was an incredible experience. This woman was sex.

"Mmm, nice and hard, yes, I'm glad you called. This is just what I needed today, a nice hard, young cock. Am I making you feel good?"

"Oh, Brooke, you're fantastic. I can't believe how tight you are. And when you fuck me real slow like this, oh, it's just the sweetest kind of torture on my cock."

"Yes, I know, my dear, I've had lots of practice. Here, suck my nipples, Hayes, while I fuck you," and she leaned over to drop a nipple on my mouth as she continued slowly sucking me with her pussy, which is what it felt like.

"Mmm, I'm close, really close," she purred, "Oh, yes, now, yes, uh, UH, UH, UNH, UNH, mmm, mmm," she groaned and she kissed me hard, never stopping, still fucking me so sensually, her pussy keeping its tight grip on me.

My orgasm was unlike any other I'd ever had, just sudden and explosive, almost doubling me up as spurt after spurt of my hot cum went deep into my new lover as she dropped over me kissing me softly and sweetly.

She lay over me as we kissed, her hips still moving just enough to keep me from going soft, she really knew how to use her body for pleasure,

"Mmm, thank you for a lovely afternoon, Hayes. I hadn't expected this and I just love surprises. Are you happy?"

"Oh, yes, this was wonderful. I hope you can sell these people's house to thank them for us borrowing their bed. It was wonderful."

"Well, they stand to make a nice profit, enough that we should be able to use it several times, if you'd like? Even this afternoon, if you want?" she asked me saucily. I knew right then that Brooke Davies, though no longer my real estate agent, would become my lover.

We have met at least once each week ever since, usually in a different house each time; her husband's retired so we can't use her home, but the accommodations are always upscale, fitting for such a lady as Brooke Davies.

So, meeting my favorite real estate agent taught me something: proper aging can improve all manner of things, women included. You should have her give you a showing. She has so much to offer.