Keys To My Heart

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To have one moment like this with him-followed by many others

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Keys to My Heart

I smile as I lead the way back to your office. Our first deal completed. As I take my seat, you close the door and place a set of keys on your desk. Three keys on a ring with a property tag with a few entry instructions. I remember that property and the day you turned the file over to me as your assistant. I was so proud then. I'm beyond thrilled now.

We helped a distressed seller, giving him a fresh start. You've been my hero for almost a year now, but you don't belong to me. You belong to anyone that needs you, but you are no longer along. I stand beside you and always will.

I glance down to make sure I'm showing just enough cleavage; just enough to keep you interested. I can smell the scent of my perfume and I know you can too. I'm wondering if you know that I take special care of myself when I see you. I think you do. When I say to you that "you're the best" you smile and agree. I've done much for your ego. You've done even more for my heart. I love making you feel good.

I turn on my laptop and show you a video. A spoof on a realtor. You smile, laugh and nod as you identify with every word. Your eyes are so bright and your laughter infectious as we take a break from the day. I love seeing you happy. God, I love you.

I slowly push my laptop to the side and lean forward. My breasts now resting on your desk. Your mouth is slightly open as you take in the view. I want to tell you that all you see is yours, but I don't want to alarm you. A gold ring (that I never wear) and 20 years separate us. Cultural differences and an economic divide accent the cards that are forever stacked against us. Not for anything but, my heart doesn't give a rat's ass about it. I want you so badly.

We talk about the deal we closed. I listen to every third word that comes out of your mouth. My heartbeat drowns out the others. I watch your lips, hear the inflections of your voice as I study your

shoulders, your arms and your chest. Slowly, I get up and kneel before you and place my hands on your inner thighs. My hands stroking the denim of your jeans. I ask you to relax and say there are no strings attached. I just want to please you.

I place my hand on your zipper and feel your hardness. As we make eye contact, I sense you are nervous, there is no need to be. I look up at you, my eyes pleading for permission to pleasure you. You smile, and I sense the discomfort in your voice as you ask me if “I want to”.

“You know I do,” I whisper as my fingers tug at your zipper. Placing your fingers on top of mine, you guide me to take it down. I move back slightly, as you fully unzip, open your pants and slide them down. I see your cock pressing against your pale blue briefs and I lick my lips. You lower your briefs to just above the knee and I take them down the rest of the way. You won’t be needing these.

My fingers caress your thick black pubic hair as I gingerly place a kiss on the tip of your glistening cock. I am consumed with the scent of your sex, as I place my hands on your balls, delicately messaging them. I start to lick the shaft of your cock, licking around its large mushroomed head. I open my mouth and feel it rest on my tongue and I suck it.

Up and down, up and down….

You gasp as you place your hand on the back of my head and guide my motion. I place my hands against your outer thighs as I suck your growing cock; making love to it. I don’t care if anyone walks in on us. Consequences be damned. I can please you all night if you wanted me to. I want to.

I lick under the shaft, and cup your balls in my hand. I want to lick every inch of your most private area. I hear you breathing heavy as you watch me pleasure you. My hand slithers between your legs, near your ass. Your body jolts ever so slightly. I can tell you are enjoying this almost as much as I am.

I brush your cock against my cheek, feeling its wetness against my skin. Almost instinctively, I begin to suck it again. I want to feel the tip of in in the back of my throat. I want you all in my mouth. You are so much a man of beauty and perfection. I mean every word that I say.

Your balls feel heavy in my hand and your breathing is getting harder. I sense you are close to cumming. I wrap my fingers around your cock and rapidly stroke it. You throw your head back as I give you a “hand job”. I want to encourage you to cum, but I don’t want to rush it either. I listen to your growing moans as I take your cock in my mouth again, squeezing it between my cheeks and suck it.

Up and down, up and down….

You squeeze my hands as I please you. Your body quivers with pleasure as you thrust your hips closer to my mouth. You release my hands and clutch the arms of your chair and let out a loud moan as your body becomes stiff and still. I feel the warmth of your cum as it shoots into my mouth as you fill it with your seed. I swallow it and lick it from my lips before cleaning you off with my mouth. Your cock flops, semi-erect against your body and you stroke it a few more times as I stand up, lean over and kiss your lips. We share your ejaculate as you tenderly hold my breasts.

“I love pleasing you so much,” I whisper.

“I know,” you say with that slight smile.

“You better get dressed before someone comes in,” I suggest. Realizing our less than professional situation, you quickly pull up your pants and zip them.

By this time, its almost 9pm.

“I better go,” I say as I open my arms and you walk into them. A loving, firm embrace ends our evening.

“You’re amazing!” I say again.

“So are you,” you reply.

Until next time.