

# Company Executive PT3

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Published on Lush Stories on 08 Oct 2011



*Wife uses her talents to provide sex to husband, lover, and now a new upcoming lover*

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It had been another usual morning. It was another usual early morning run in her neighborhood as well. Along with that was another good warm shower and the beautiful 40 year old woman's smile which faced her as it looked back at her once she was out of her shower and standing in front of her mirror that day. Seeing as she was heading into work, she put on her makeup and then to her dresser drawer, again, to put on something which said it all, which defined her as one of your gorgeous and sexiest women in town. She was almost ready to roll. Marielle was never the sort to be a conceited bitch. No, she wasn't like that and never before was she either. While some thought she was none of those people really, truly knew her. When she had to be serious she zoomed in on the issue at hand, and once she did you just learned to stay out of her way. That was Marielle. She taught herself how to focus on any issue at hand. She learned how to stick to it. She'd pushed herself to zoom in on it all. With that, you simply learned to stay out of her way. And that is why she was designated to handle everything when the company, not her, decided on buying out that other company. It was the one where her husband and Harold worked at. Yes, they liked the books of that company. They liked its solid standing. They also liked what it brought to their company in the way of its services. They liked it a lot. That's what their shareholders told them. That's what management, above her, told her. Even Marielle had to admit she liked everything about this possible buyout. That company had its fair share of assets to it. Monetary or not, they truly looked great on paper, she had to admit as she looked it all over. Its infrastructure said it all. She had to agree. So they went about contacting that company and they worked on a deal in which they could buy it. In private meetings with the owner, the controller, and the company's lawyers she felt it wasn't going to be too difficult. None of it was she learned. None of it was going to be too complicated but there was one problem, a minor one of course, which eventually did catch her eye. There would be an overwhelming duplication of services in many areas she learned. It initially didn't bother her. She always knew these things occurred. She knew usually a majority of positions always would get duplicated and something would have to be done. However, what she didn't know was what was all that it entailed and who was included on this list of people who'd be let go. The list would be presented to her a little later on. Meanwhile, she had a company to run. No, she wasn't an owner, but she was a huge part of it nonetheless. She had a lot of things to do on a daily bases. In the meantime there'd been a huge shakeup right there at the company she was

working at. Out of nowhere, suddenly, someone who had been working in the shadows of this company “came aboard” kind of and practically, by himself, too ownership of it all and he did so all on his very own. The newly formed business she worked for was to be owned by one of the staff controllers. His name is Thomas Gipson. Oh, she knew him alright. She knew him quite well in fact. In the past they’d worked on a lot of projects with one another. She always liked him. He was always very personable. He was always friendly enough as well. However, Thomas wasn’t the ordinary type of person. She knew he never would be your typical owner either. In her opinion, he was the epitome of masculinity in every definition of the word. He had it all although you’d never think that unless you had worked with him stuff. As far as she was concerned he would be a pleasure and then some to work with. However, never before, had Marielle ever seen him as anything more than one of the company’s operating parts. And now well now that he had somehow become its owner he was soooo much more than this. Still it didn’t matter. She simply answered to someone else at that point. There was a history to Thomas Gipson. Not a lot of people knew about his background. Yes, Thomas was all man alright. He was that and he was soooo much more as well. Even Marielle didn’t know the half of it yet. See, Thomas stood out. Yes he did. A man who stood 6’7” or 6’8” tall was easily going to stand out. Wouldn’t you think so? Yes, everyone thought it too. He easily was a man’s man and yes she knew it too. He never played that part of himself up at work however. He had these clear and dreamy almost charismatic looking eyes. They were deep and they were a dark and rich and also, to her, beautiful eyes which of course easily could stroke any girls, or woman’s, desires on a daily basis. Yes, Thomas was a very handsome man and that was the absolute truth. In addition to his tall athletic looks and that he was a former basketball player at some unknown college in the Midwest he was one of the leagues best small forwards. He blew out his knee in his junior year just before the season started. He was done. His career in basketball was completely finished. He coached a little but he knew he had to move on. He got his degree in accounting. He worked for a few businesses before joining this company. Once he did he almost immediately began working with her, with Marielle. Now in addition to his degree in accounting, he also went ahead and got a second degree in American English. Finally he went on to obtain a masters in Mathematics. Was he smart or was he smart. She loved this about him. She loved that he had a masters in Mathematics. Was the man smart or was the man smart? Yeah, he was a very, very smart man indeed. God, she told herself, and with looks like his, who knew what could be accomplished she told herself. She wasn’t even thinking about him and her at all. Their relationship, at the time, hadn’t ever been like this at all. As she thought about her company and him too, she started thinking about all his qualities, physical and non-physical. He had that deep rich voice. It had that rich smooth manly like quality to it too. His hands, oh yeah, his hands were huge as ever. She quickly noticed them seeing as they worked a lot together on a lot of projects over the few short years he’d been there, but his hands, if you wanted a man like him were to die for. She smiled and nodded her head. Yep, he easily could be someone a girl deeply desires she told herself. He could be one to get involved with if that person, that woman was so inclined to get to know him. And with a body like that, as tall, and even as good looking as he is well if she let her guard down, and her mind and imagination too well I suppose they could do all sorts of unimaginable things

together she told herself. She hadn't even smiled seeing as she never considered herself that person at all. No, she hadn't ever even thought about him and her. She hadn't ever given that a thought at all. No, she still had Jason. And she still loved Jason through and through. And, okay, yes she still had Harold as well. Okay, so what if she was cheating on Jason a little. It was way, way too hard not to not love Harold she told herself. What in the world would ever possess her to even begin thinking about someone like Thomas? Ohhh no, not in a million years had she ever once thought about that with Thomas. Don't ever put it past her though. She is what she is. "Marielle, please come over to my office at the end of the day, will you? I wanted to go over a few things about this zany buy out we've got going on" he said in a voice mail. No big deal. She collected her stuff. She headed over to the office. She knocked on his door. She walked in with a smile. She had no qualms. She sat down. They talked. They basically went over business related things throughout the whole meeting. "Now finally, one last item" he told her while she sat and listened and occasionally took some notes. "I have a list here of about, I don't know, but it's about 15 percent of that company's employees we are looking at letting go. I'd like you to review it and give me a little feedback on it all. Obviously we need to exercise that and trim it down. Take this home, look it over for a few days, and let me know where you stand on it all. Do it by weeks end will you?" She felt comfortable, finally, with him seeing as she'd worked with him in a multitude of capacities and now that he was the owner of the company it never bothered her at all. She didn't even look at the list until later on that night when she got home. However, all the way home, on the drive, she began thinking about him. She had to admit it. She liked the guy a lot more then she realized. She smiled about it all. He was cool. He was a lot easier to work for then she expected him to be. And yes, seeing as he was as handsome as he was and as smooth acting as he was, she loved it a lot more then she expected to love it all. He was a natural in his ownership role. She smiled some more as she thought about it on the way home. She seemed to like him a lot, lot more then she ever realized. Never before in her life had these two ever had any sort of personal relationship, but then something dawned on her. Maybe this was going to be a little different. Who knows, she told herself as she thought through it all. Still it was always all business and to her that was great. Keeping the personal side out of it all made for better business anyway she told herself as she pulled into her street. It never mattered to her at all that he was black. No that never mattered to her. In truth, she always had a slightly stronger attraction to a lot of black men although she never acted on them, except for Harold and another man years and years ago. She always knew she "loved" Harold and no one could ever replace Harold. Nobody could ever do that. She just loved Harold simply because he was a great lover. He was so much more then a lover to her. He was a lot of things most men couldn't comprehend. Harold was a master of charm, grace, and he contained a sexual prowess most couldn't understand in life. No, with Thomas it was always all business. It was that and nothing else but that. "Hi honey" he said as he saw her walk in the door. "How was your day?" Jason asked as he walked up and kissed her on the cheek. She kissed him back as she pulled off her blazer. By this point, she had already seen the list. She didn't want to talk to him, or Harold, for that matter about it. Yes, Jason's name was on it. Harold's was too. She didn't like that one bit at all. These two were the most important and most special people in her life. She knew she had to

somehow keep them from being removed, being let go. No matter what it took she had to keep them employed. She did not care. She told herself that she'd do anything to keep them from being let go after the buyout. She wasn't thinking when she thought it though. Jason, although a middle manager, was a great manager and was highly valued or so from what she'd been told by Harold he was a very good manager. She knew he was damn good one simply because of what she'd learned y way of Jason as well. However, as far as Harold was concerned, she knew life would go on. He'd easily find another job somewhere, and she still meet up with him and make love to him anytime she could she told herself. But she also told herself seeing as she loved him as much as she did that she'd try and save his ass as well. Now, there was a way, she finally decided, to possibly get this to all happen the way she wanted it all to happen. If worse came to worse, yes, if worse came to worse she could go and do it. Yes, she could go, and she could do it. She shuttered at the idea even though she knew she liked the guy just not in that way as of yet she told herself but she'd do it with him nonetheless. Yes, Marielle would easily go to him. She would let it all stick out, so to speak. She would put on her best "slutty" outfit she had, and although in truth it was a business suit and nothing but that she'd go to his office and sit down and do it. She'd tell him face to face and she'd throw it out to him thus she'd "slut" herself out as much as she could and tell him she wanted. Yes, she wanted to have sex with Thomas and as often as he wanted it all too just so Jason and Harold could remain on staff once the buyout was complete. "It was fine" she told Jason. "You know, it was a typical day at work I guess." she said, replying to his question as she held the paper with his and Harold's name on it. "How was your day, sweetheart?" "Well you know, with this buyout and everything, and with your company buying us out and all, I never know from day to day what's going on. We just don't hear anything at all honey. Not anymore we don't." She knew what he meant but she also knew she had to do something about it all too. She knew she had to do something so that he and Harold remained employees of what would be a newly formed company. And that's when she knew what she had to do. She knew exactly what she had to do. Kind of, that is she told herself. She had to make a play for Thomas somehow, but she told herself or better yet asked herself how in the world will I do that? She figured it out. She decided to make that decision of what she needed to do within the next day or two. Back in the office the following morning, and with the official buyout getting closer, Thomas later on walked into her office. It was as if it was the middle of the day. He was crisp and clear and he was as smooth as he could ever be. In his smooth and deep sounding voice he said "Good morning Marielle and how are you today?" She turned away from her computer just as he closed, and actually locked, the door to her office behind him. He then sat down with another one of those charismatic smiles on his face. She noticed it almost instantly. He was dressed to the nines. Crisp, clean, and standing as tall as one the Sears Tower in Chicago he looked even taller and leaner and so much more sophisticated then she ever had seem him look in her life. He was a vision of charm and very, very handsome looks she thought. He seemed swanky even as he lowered himself into one of the chairs which rested before her desk. Something about him seemed different she thought. He smelled great too. Was that a cologne he was wearing she wondered? It struck her immeasurably. Yes, there was something vastly different about him which struck her much more appreciatively. She tried to keep her curiosity a

secret but it was almost too difficult she told herself. Ohhh, ohhhhhh my god she thought. Oooooohh it is that cologne she finally told herself. I've never smelled anything like that in my life. Never, she thought. By accident, she closed her eyes as she thought it and then said to herself mmmmmm, I soooo like that. Holy god in heaven, no man have I ever come across, and I've known a lot of men in my life, but I've never know a man to smell like that. Oh lord she thought. I've never smelled a guy like him before. Oooooohh, stop it. Stop it Marielle she told herself as she tried hard to refocus on whatever business at hand he had to address. However, he sure does smell tremendous doesn't he? Finally she re-focused." I'm doing well Thomas. How about you? Oh and may I say you look more elegant then I think you've ever looked today?" Her eyes looked him over a little. "Oh and may I say, whatever it is that you're wearing, it smells terrific too." She smiled again and added, by mistake, "That is a terrific smelling cologne." She then smiled way too much and let it be known as her eyes appeared to perk up. Out of nowhere, she could feel "it" coming on. Ohhhhhhhh nooooo mmmmmm she thought. Here I go again. I'm going to get myself into trouble she thought. If I'm not careful I'm going to say something I'm going to regret for the rest of my life. Watch what you say Marielle. Watch what you say she told herself. But she didn't. She said it. "I have to say you sure look well I don't know and as she sat across the desk from him her eyes floated over his body. "But, to me Thomas, you sure look pretty damn stylish." Holy damn shit, she thought. I did it. I really fucked up I think. And she rarely swore either in her life but here she was cussing at herself for saying what she said. Thomas, the new owner of the company was only a youthful 34 years old but upon hearing what she said he felt even more mature then his 34 years old. He had deep respect for her and on the other hand, yes, he'd thought about him and her. Naturally, being who she was, she knew what she liked that about him immediately. Although she would never admit it to him at this point, nor would she ever admit it openly to anyone else she now saw him as a very versatile and possibly potential bedmate. No, she wouldn't say it out loud but she had thought it. While he sat on the other side of the desk, he talked to her about the upcoming buyout. She listened or replied to basic questions he may have had. At that same time she would work away at this or that as they talked. However, still in the back of her mind that whole time they talked was that list of names which of course she couldn't shake out of her head. She had to say something. She knew she just had to at this point. She finally stopped everything she was doing. She turned and looked right at him. She stopped everything else and focused in on him. "I need to tell you something. This is of utmost importance to me, Thomas. I have a problem. To me it's a major problem too. I've wanted to tell you all night long and I was going to tell you but I suppose now is better then later on." He told her to tell her what her problems were and he was open to it all. "Well to me this is a major problem and also a very personal problem too" she said as softly and as tenderly as she could and as she said it she smiled as well but reluctantly. He watched her. He looked at her with curiosity residing on his face. He listened. He told her to express any and all concerns she had with him. He told her never ever hold back her concerns. As he looked her deep in the eyes, after allowing himself to look over her figure and hoping he'd find what he was looking for which was a lovely and adorable figure, he went on to tell her "Everything and I mean everything Marielle has to be on the table Marielle. No matter what it is, okay?" Yes, she did see his

eyes scan over her body. Yes, she appreciated that too. Yes, she had wondered what was going on inside his head but regardless she replied and said “Okay” and she smiled at him once he said it. She felt a little more comfortable now. She felt a little more at ease now that they’d talked and she’d seen his eyes checking her out. And then she said “I’ve looked at this list. I happen to know two people at this company.” She paused a moment and then said “and I know these people very, very well.” “Who are they?” he asked her. By this point, she was already looking deep into his eyes with ideas spawning in her head of all the possible and crazy wild things they could or might do. Suddenly, and in a shocking manner, something happened. She stunningly, out of nowhere, seemed to make a connection she never thought possible with him. Other than business matters, she had never connected with him before in her life. She liked it. She felt it more and more all of a sudden. She liked it a lot more too as the seconds ticked off the clock. Suddenly, she felt it strongly in her bones. That old but incredibly awesome feeling she’d had in past relationships of days gone by had grown intrinsically within her. It was like wild fire in the California hills or Texas plains. She felt herself wanting him, maybe, she told herself as she tried hard to fight it off. But something burned and it burned hard inside her too. That something was burning brightly and seeing as she knew what it was she still couldn’t define it nor could she couldn’t stop it as it crawled into her system like a virus of sorts. Out of nowhere, something snapped and when it did it clicked like magic too. She wasn’t worried. She was actually relieved. She wasn’t cursing nor was she jumping for joy. All she knew was that whenever it was to happen she would be more than ready for it. Oh shit, she told herself. I can’t believe I’m having these feelings about him. Ohhh holy shit, are they real? Do I really want him? Do I really want him that badly she asked herself? Oh my god, I do. I really think I do. And all of a sudden there it all was. A series of sensations, rumblings, feelings, and burning sensations within her and also rupturing which she knew she wasn’t ever able to control whatsoever. Throughout her whole body it all occurred nonstop. She loved it. She knew she loved all those sensations and feelings and growing desires for a guy, who all his time here, had simply been a coworker. Mmmmmm, she thought, ohhhhhh yeah come to me. Make it stronger, make us get stronger. I’m sure of it she told herself. Come on Thomas, make a move on me. Look at me, stand up, and come on over here. Do what you need to do Thomas. Get a clue honey. Ohhh I wish you would. Make me whole Thomas. I’m getting soooo darn turned on for you. I will jump all over you and that beautiful, blessed sexy black body of yours. You have no idea Thomas. Now, come on, stand up, walk around my desk, and, and ohhhhhh god let’s just do it. Let’s get it on. You and me and, and ohhh yes honey lets be together sexually. Yes oh yes ohhhhhh yes baby she said to herself. You and me and oh ohhhhhh god I so want you more than you could ever know Thomas. She was more turned on that she could have ever anticipated. Like when she was back in her twenties and also when she was with Harold again, she felt that humongous surge of intense, enormous, and overpowering arousing desire inside her body. It was all over her now. She tingled everywhere she had a pore. Even her facial expressions had changed out of nowhere. No, she didn’t know it but it no longer mattered. She was consumed by lust and she now wanted, she knew Thomas and his sexy wonderful body against her sexy and wonderful body too. She wanted Thomas badly and there was no turning back on this one at this point. Nope,

there was no turning back and there was no denying that she didn't want him. She knew she had to have him. She would figure out a way to have him come hell or high water. She wanted him and she wanted him more than anything in the world right now. "Marielle" he said again. "What people are you referring to? Marielle" he called out again having to repeat her name a few times over. "Huh what, what?" she said. "Oh uh" and she blinked her eyes closed. She even shook her head and blinked her eyes repeatedly again. He looked at her oddly. She focused and looked at him and when she did she kept telling herself how much she really wanted to bed the man down. She kept telling herself how much she'd love to take his body unbelievably sexy body and she'd love to feel it all over, repeatedly. She knew exactly what he'd like and exactly what he'd love to do with her. Yep, she knew what he wanted if he could have her and she knew what he'd get if he asked. She was good. She was real, real good with men. And when she became aroused and hungry at the same time, well she thought, look out world. "What's going on?" he asked as he looked at her. "Are you alright, Marielle?" "Oh uh yes" she said. "Yes, I'm perfectly fine. Where was I?" she said. "You were going to tell me about these two people. You were going to tell me all about the two people who work at this other company." She finally collected her thoughts. She came back. She focused and once she did she looked directly at him. She had a new and somewhat entertaining smile which surfaced on her potentially sexy lips. A "new" had meaning filled her now and it was like nothing which had ever filled her before while at work. Now, whether or not he knew it or even felt it she was ready for it all. She was more than ready to do that if it was required. She told him about the truth, about her of the predicament finally. She told him who the two people were. She told him, and in no uncertain terms, and she was serious when she told him that they had to remain on staff and in similar or the same positions. "That's the only way it'll work for me" she said. "There isn't any other way" she told him. Then, out of nowhere, they found themselves staring at one another as if something else was going on. She sat there wearing one of her smooth and glorious smiles which she knew most men adored. "Hmmm Marielle, that puts me and you in a tough situation, doesn't it?" he said as he stood up. "I'll have to think on it." He started to walk to the door as he said "I'll let you know by tomorrow" but then he stopped and turned around to look her way. He stared at her. He stared at the sideways profile of her and smiled. She had already turned back to her computer to work. He smiled some more at what he was watching. He saw her breasts jetting out off her chest and continued smiling as she worked. She looked over and saw him with his hand on the doorknob, smiling and looking at her, and she wondered what he was thinking. She assumed he was leaving and didn't look at him again. He had to admit it. He loved the size and look of her boobs from that angle. He kept on smiling but then he decided to walk back over to her desk, unbeknownst to her. When he got to it, he walked around to her side of the desk. She wasn't even paying attention now as he walked up behind her. Then she felt them. She stopped what she was doing and let things fall where they may go. He had put his hands on her shoulders. She closed her eyes and then she smiled due to his long and big hands did feel really nice on them despite what was about to happen. As she felt them, she instantly grew hornier and hornier although she didn't indicate at all that she was. Oh yeah, she knew it, but she didn't react once as she felt a great need to easily jump out of her chair and climb all over him as he massaged

and rubbed either her shoulders or even down lower right above her bosoms. Oh yeah, that felt good, and it felt desirable as hell, she told herself. She knew she could've hounded him for sex right there on the spot but she maintained her inner desires as best she could. He rubbed her shoulders, softly and tenderly, and he did so for a bit longer than she ever expected him to. As he did it, she buckled inside all over her body too. And knowing she wanted his body horribly she easily wished she could have reached behind her and rubbed his crotch. She so wished she could do that at that moment but she didn't. Leaning over her now he leaned in to her ear and whispered something. In that smooth alluring tone of voice of his he told her "I'd be more than honored Marielle if you would join me at my house. I mean if you would come over so that we could you know" and as he said it he again placed his hands on her shoulders and rubbed them affectionately and down closer to her breasts as well but this time he got very, very close to the outer edges of them. "So that we could spend an evening doing what should be done, okay." His voice sounded like melted chocolate to her. Her pussy was on fire at that point. She strongly wished she could pull off all her clothes so that he would dig in and eat her out and even fuck her brains out right there at the office. Yes, she would do it with this guy. He pulled his hands off her shoulders and away from her chest as well. She was on "sexual overload." She wanted him badly. She knew it too. She was in a hyper-drive of sorts. That so-called sexual overload she was engaged in by this point had become worse. He had her and he didn't even know it yet. She so wanted him. That was for sure. Once he touched her shoulders and once he felt up above her boobs and cleavage, she knew he had her. He had come really damn close to touching them and she really wanted him to feel her breasts, badly. Too bad he was careful about not touching them because she would have let him touch and even squeeze them as much as he wanted. He turned and wrote something on a piece of paper. Like the good man that he was he leaned over her shoulder and dropped it into her blouse. Then he said "On the other hand, just come on over tonight if you'd like and we can work all this out. I'll spend all the time on you, or excuse me, with you that you need so that we can work all this out, okay?" He was smiling from ear to ear as he walked out. She wasn't looking at him but she was too. After he left she pulled the slip of paper from her blouse. She looked at it and oddly, she put it into her purse. It had his address and directions to his place. "I think I'm going to have a lot of fun tomorrow night" she told herself. "Hmmm, a business meeting and at his house too? Hmmm, I wonder what that'll entail." She smiled warmly to herself and then added "And a business meeting too at his house too huh?" However, before she went she knew she had to do two things. This so-called meeting was for Jason and Harold so before she even got into the shower that night, she took his hands in hers and she whispered into his ear. "I need you honey. I soooo need you tonight." So Marielle and Jason "made love" although she faked her "orgasms" with him. However, she got what she came for, and he came. He came all over her still beautiful bosoms and even all over face. She had made her husband as happy as a pig in a pile of slop. She finally showered. After getting out of the shower, after dressing elegantly she went and made her surprise to Harold. During her surprise visit to him she sucked him off good and plenty. She got the man hard. They fucked good and hard too. She didn't orgasm this time either but he did. He came like a buffalo. He was so thrilled that he blasted her all over the place and she loved seeing him do so darn well that night. He work



was done. Now she was on to a new lover's home. "Well good evening my fine lady" he said smiling as she held a glass of wine in his hand. He was dressed to the nines. In a cardigan, a long sleeve button down shirt, he wore jeans, and loafers which she found attractive looking and very befitting of this new and special relationship. Plus, she also thought about his shoe size and when she did she smiled earnestly inside. She felt warm. She felt all fuzzy too as if a young and virile 22 year old just graduated from college coed. She was hardly able to believe the rush of emotion which overwhelmed her inside. She felt a wave of hormones rush her body like nothing else in her life. Jason never made her feel like this but Harold did and again, once she thought about how Harold made her feel, and being with Thomas that night Marielle felt unusually aroused and wanted to rip off his clothes, "dance" all over his body, and fuck the living daylights out of him. More than she had ever fucked even Harold for that matter she told herself. "Care for a glass of wine?" he said. The house, huge two story affair, was completely and utterly clean as a whistle. He wasn't working she told herself. He had no intention of working at all. Good, she said to herself. This will be a lot of fun. They sat with their wine and it was a very relaxing and very enjoyable evening to put it mildly. They talked about everything. He asked, she answered. She'd ask and he'd answer her too. "So you've never married?" she asked. She didn't care. Sex was sex. Sex was great. He was black. He was a good looking guy and she, she knew, was a good looking, a hot looking woman. He said no, he'd never been married and no, he didn't have any kids either. She lied too. "Me neither, even at 40 years old, and yes, I'm 40 if you can believe that" she told him. He was surprised as hell. "You, you're 40 years old? Come on" she told her as she smiled and nodded her head. "Uh uhuh no way, not in a million years Marielle" she went on to say as he shook her head. He smiled and looked deep into her eyes. He put down his wine, slowly, and soon enough, casually took her hand in his. "Marielle, this may sound odd to you, but may I have to pleasure of making" and he paused a second. "Love to you? I would be soooo honored if I could" he told her. She smiled as she looked him in the eye. "No, Thomas" she began. "It would be my pleasure if I made love to you." They sat there a moment staring one another in the eye. They read one another for a moment until he finally stood up and stretched out his hand to take hers. She reached out to take his hand in hers. Trying to be as formal but at the same time subtle sounding as he could he said "I'd really most enjoy this if you would join me in a shower for starters." It started. Rumbly of every possible kind mounted within her every passing second as she said and smiled "I'd love to Thomas." He led her upstairs. He slowly took her to his bedroom and he turned in towards the bathroom. It was huge. It was a converted bedroom with sinks on both sides along with mirrors on both walls beneath the four sinks. It was astounding and she wondered to herself does he need all that? Really, come on now. What kind of man needs this, she asked her self. Ohhh well, it didn't matter because here she was, dressed to the nines herself, in a casual skirt and playful looking top, and in minutes, possibly seconds all that would disappear because both of them would be naked and playing around in a bathtub which she'd never seen before in her life. He started the water and once he did she saw that it was more than a bathtub. This huge thing was a spa of sorts. It had her smiling and telling him she loved it. He told her she would love it a lot more if there was a man to join him. She watched it fill up and as she did she noticed the jets spraying out water. A "water park" of sorts

she thought as she looked at it and also at him. He was smiling and looking at her the whole time too. She felt it again. That rumbling and now those tingling feelings began erupting all over her like nothing else in this world. She absolutely loved those feelings as stinging but fun physical sensations “erupted” suddenly within her thighs. Ohhhhhhh lord almighty, she told herself as out of nowhere she tightened up her thighs to no end. She felt like that little girl, back in her twenties that she once was. Ohhhhhh that rush of hormonal juices came back to roost once again. I want him. I want him in the worst way she told herself. She couldn’t wait for it all to happen. That tingling series of sensations stretched out and grew. It surfaced up into her breasts. She felt like touching herself. She felt like feeling her own boobs. She wanted to feel them and squeeze them and she wanted to feel her own nipples or at least have a guy do all that. And there he was. Mr. tall and black and good looking stud himself standing there in that cardigan and jeans and, and she held back all the evil thoughts she had bussing through her mind at that moment. “Thomas” she said in a faint voice. He turned around as if something was wrong. “Umm are we going to go in it?” “When you are ready” he told her in that smooth, deep voice of his. Ohhhhhhh god damn was she ready. Am I ready, she asked herself? Am I ready? Ohhh lord, if only he knew how ready I was. Take me, take off my clothes Thomas. Take off my underwear. I’ll take off yours. And let’s step in. I’ll show you how ready I am. I will make love to you like you’ve never been made love to in your life. “Umm uh” she began to say as she nodded her head “I’m uh more then ready.” He was as smooth as a cucumber. He was as ready as she wanted him to be. He was her smooth operator too as she smiled, turned to face her, reached up and removed her top off her upper body. He stood there, smiling a wonderful smile. He stared at her. He stared into her incredibly delicious looking bosoms. Her cleavage was a gift from god or so he told himself they were. Her breasts, well they were too, and all he knew was he wanted them for the remainder of his life if he could somehow have that option available to him. As for the rest of her body, well those hips, and he assumed her ass as well, well they were scrumptious looking from what he could see and assume. “I’ll say this” he began. “I’ve never ever seen a woman, like you, who is as beautiful and as sexy as you look today, and I haven’t been with many women in my life but today I think is a very, very special day.” She looked at him. Her stomach, in a manner of speaking, was in turmoil. She burned for him. She burned for his body in ways she couldn’t imagine. Nude, naked, us, and sex and more sex she thought. That is all I want tonight. Ohhhhhhh lord I sure feel like a young little lady tonight. Finally she looked into his eyes and smiled. “Undress me all the way. Let’s make love in here” she told him.