

HER THOUGHTS

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To you, my valued reader. Thank you so much.

His words are perfection, telling me what I want to hear. He's ambitious, confident without arrogance, caring, polite to the bar staff. I realize I'm biting my lip. *What is he doing to me?* My eyes flicker from his adoring gaze to lips that I eagerly want pressed against mine.

Calm yourself, girl. The fact that his smile sends a quivering shot of excitement through me doesn't help.

I keep telling myself I'm not going to sleep with him tonight. But he's so convincing, so charming. He makes me laugh and he's a great listener. He shows so much interest in me.

All this is handsomely packaged in a deep articulation of masculinity. His chiseled jawline and dark brown eyes add to my current hypnotic state of magnetism.

The date continues for another two hours as he attentively looks deep into my eyes. Not once does he check out the sexy blonde waitress, the group of girls sitting directly behind me or the subtle display of cleavage that I intentionally offer him from my favorite red dress.

He gets up to head to the cashier to pay. I glance at his tight firm buttocks as he strides with an undeniable confidence. Two women at the table next to ours also check

him out. My eyes meet theirs, I turn my gaze away, giving a smile: *Yes, he's with me.*

I know he's going to invite me up to his apartment for another drink.

He returns.

"Do I owe you anything?" I ask, reaching for my purse.

"No. My treat." He smiles.

We leave the bar and head to the main doors of his apartment building. My car is parked directly across the street. He turns to face me.

"I really enjoyed tonight."

"Me too," I say, not wanting it to end.

He pauses. "I've got cheese and wine upstairs, if you'd like to continue chatting."

I knew it! I think, smiling to myself. I must admit, I feel so safe and comfortable with him. *One drink, Kate, just the one.*

"OK. I'd like that," I calmly respond.

"Great."

We walk past large potted plants through the beautifully marbled foyer of his apartment building. We enter the elevator alone. He presses the button to the 48th floor of 50.

I gravitate towards him; I can't help myself. The smell of his cologne invades my senses. He moves his hulking, sexy frame closer and pins me against the wall, his 6'1 muscular body pressing firmly into me. I can feel his erection pressing against my thigh. He runs his hand up my leg, and my breathing becomes heavier as the tips of his fingers pause at the edge of my underwear. I'm so wet. He kisses my lips, then neck, finally making his way to my ear, nibbling and sucking. His lustful breaths caress my skin, igniting thoughts of what is to come. He knows his way around a woman's body.

Touch me there, I'm offering myself to you. He pulls his hand out from under my dress ...

"We're here." He smiles.

Wow! "Hmm," I grin. Tease. I love it.

The doors of the elevator open, he takes me by the hand and leads me to a door at the end of a hallway. We enter his apartment.

"Welcome. Make yourself at home. The bathroom is the second door on the right." He points down a long hallway.

I scan his taste in decor. Big screen tv, no surprise there. A beautiful abstract painting of a city with magnificent colors of oranges, reds, blues hangs on the main feature wall. Great taste in art. The place is clean, the living room has a large grey fabric sofa and oak coffee table. The appliances and cookware in the kitchen are all high-end. He did say that he loved to cook, which I find extremely attractive in a man. I'm impressed by the homely feel of his apartment.

"You have a beautiful home."

"Thank you. I love it in this part of town. You look a little surprised?"

"I'll admit, I was expecting more of a bachelor pad."

He laughs. "You're not the first to say that. Would you like a red or white? I have champagne too."

"Oh, a glass of champagne would be nice, thank you."

I head to the bathroom to freshen up. I apply a little more lipstick. He's such a good kisser. I peer deep into my reflection, take a deep breath, and say to myself, 'Just one drink'.

A glass of champagne awaits my return to the living room.

We sit on the sofa and chat a little longer. His incredibly charming demeanor, along with whiffs of an intoxicating

cologne, make me swoon quietly in his presence. He leans in and kisses me softly before pulling away, then he kisses me again, repeating it a few more times. I love his playful manner. He then plants a firmer, passionate kiss on my lips, our tongues dance in sync. I'm so aroused. I could kiss him for hours.

I feel his hand move up my torso, where he pauses inches away from my breast. His thumb gently touches the edge of my bra through the material of my dress. He's respectful, making sure I'm fine with his progressing touch. My nipples are so hard.

I'm wearing my favorite red lace bra that I feel so sexy in. His thumb moves up and down an inch, still tactfully testing my response, respecting the boundaries of our increasingly heated exchange. I moan louder and press myself slightly into his hand to encourage his seductive advances.

He cups my breast in his hand and gently caresses it before moving to the other breast. I feel his thumb locate my nipple through the material and gently press down and rotate.

I'm all his!

I straddle him, feeling the bulge in his jeans press into me. I move my hips, slightly rubbing against him. I'm so turned on. He then grabs my buttocks with both hands and heaves himself off the sofa with me in his arms. *Is this really happening?* While kissing me, he proceeds to carry me to the last open door at the end of the hallway. He throws me on his bed and undresses me with fervor.

He thrusts inside me. *Wow! He's big and so hard.*

He groans and thrusts deeper inside me. I love the feel of his weight on top of me. The way he moves his hips, like he wants to explore every inch of me. He reaches up, placing the palm of his hand gently on my left cheek. A shiver of

excitement rushes through me as he leans closer and places a soft kiss on my lips.

He pulls back slightly.

"You feel amazing," he says.

"So do you," I moan. His words bring a smile to my face.

My hands claw and grip his muscular arms, shoulders and back. He slows his thrusts, pulling out so only the tip of his large penis is inside me, then slowly gives me all of it. Deep, so deep. He stares into my eyes. I'm all his. I really am.

He moves down, placing his mouth between my legs, kissing the beads of sweat from my stomach on the way down. I arch my back and let out a groan. He is a master, a sex god. *Fuck, he knows what he's doing.* My body quivers under every twirl, flick and slow lick of his tongue. I can feel the intensity build inside of me.

He lifts his head up slightly. "I've wanted to do this to you all night."

I melt, as my body completely relaxes beneath his tongue.

"Don't stop," I urge him with a long moan. "Don't stop."

The intensity keeps building inside of me. I think I'm going to come. I've never been with a guy that could make me come so quickly, especially after a first sexual encounter, but he's ... different.

I repeated it again: "Don't stop."

I raise my head slightly to watch him, while gripping his hair in one hand and clenching the sheets tightly with the other. I thrust my pelvis upward as his tongue circles my clitoris. I'm so wet for him. I love his take charge manner – how he threw me on the bed and had his way with me.

Another lingering moan escapes my lips as I place my head back onto the pillow and close my eyes. *Oh, wow!*

His hands explore my body as his tongue masterly triggers the sexual beast inside of me. He seems to know every arousing part of my body as his fingers lightly touch me. His hand moves to my left breast as he plays with my firm nipple.

Suddenly, my breath shortens, I hold it and let out a loud moan. I grip his thick, brown hair tighter, pushing his face into me as my body shatters with a pleasure of absolute pulsating intensity.

The End