

Thank you to Roxy as always, such a help with this one.

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The next few hours were a maze of emotions. I felt horrible for what I did on one hand, an irrational sensation that I'd get caught for what I did at any minute, and I even found myself trembling with anxiety in my chest, but then on the other, I couldn't stop thinking about it.

Andrew's massive erection. The feel of it. So thick and hard. The way it twitched and pulsated within my grip. It was an experience unlike any other. A man's cock throbbing within my grip and the feeling of his warm jizz between my fingers. A man like Andrew having such an immediate and violent reaction to me was beyond belief. Andrew, a young, good-looking, and handsome man, reacted in such a way to me, a plain housewife with no real experience in being 'frisky' or 'naughty' or any of the sort that you'd expect a young man to want. I wasn't exactly someone to lust after. But still, he got hard and came in my grip.

And now a guilty curiosity had awakened inside of me, a part of me that wanted to know. To see. To see the real deal. The thing I jerked off, the thing I felt in my hand. It was something I couldn't stop thinking about, no matter how hard I tried to focus on something else.

"You have a husband," I reminded myself in the mirror. Looking back at me was the regular old Lisa. Big breasts, a bit of a belly, and girthy thighs. This was what got Andrew excited, and in much less clothes, no less. What the hell?

"What the hell are you doing?" I muttered, trying to snap myself out of it.

"Lisa, you're a married woman!"

"You don't need to tell me that!" I said to the mirror.

I felt a bit crazy. I had gotten too deep into my own mind and was talking to myself.

I heard a knock at the door. I looked at the clock and saw it was already 7 p.m. It was just then I remembered I had agreed to have dinner with Andrew. I guess I should've canceled, as I was too embarrassed to face my poor colleague. I had to think it was horrible for him as well.

Alas, I had completely forgotten about our 'date'. I still couldn't fathom how I had gotten caught up in the moment like I did. Why did I do it? I didn't know. It felt so good though. I had

always thought that Jeff was more than enough for me and that I'd never look at another man, but Andrew was so big, and besides...

I felt guilt of course, yet that strange feeling of exhilaration. A part of me that had been dormant for a long time, perhaps since before I got married. It had been a while since I had felt desirable or sexy. I could still feel his hard cock pulsating in my palm, throbbing with need as he breathed heavily from the pleasure that I gave him. Pleasure he got from little of me. And then he came.

The sticky substance seemed to still linger on my hand, even though I had washed them thoroughly. The guilt stemmed from fifteen years of marriage but giving Andrew some pleasure, after complimenting me so... it didn't feel entirely bad either, which gave me more guilt.

The knock came again. I was in no state for any dinner, but I reluctantly sighed deeply and opened the door. It was Andrew indeed. White button-up shirt that clung to him tightly and a nicer pair of shorts on him. Dressed for the occasion; a date with the boss. Not too extravagant, not too shabby.

"Hey there," I said. "Good evening, I should say."

"Good evening. Sorry for coming so late," Andrew apologized, with a smile. "When you didn't show up, I figured I'd check how you were doing... y'know with what happened and all."

"Oh," I said, turning away, feeling my cheeks grow warm. "Yeah. I'm sorry for that. I kinda freaked out afterward."

"It's alright," Andrew said. "I'm just glad you didn't scream at me."

I smiled, unsure what to say. I just walked on into my room, not sure how to react to anything. I felt like such an idiot. I shouldn't have jerked Andrew off, and now I had to face him again as if nothing ever happened.

"Well, thanks for coming to check on me. That is nice of you," I said, turning to see Andrew still standing in the doorway. "You can come in, if you like."

"Erh, I was thinking we were going out for dinner?" Andrew chuckled, rubbing at his neck, yet taking a step into the small hallway. "Listen, what happened is so crazy that I can't even believe it actually did happen. So let's pretend it didn't. Move on, and live and let lie."

I sighed deeply, smiling with relief. Maybe he was right. It wasn't a thing anymore, and it could be forgotten. Forgotten and left in the past. I hoped it would be that easy.

"I'll go get changed," I said, gesturing towards my couch, "have a drink or something in the meantime. There's a bottle of wine and some glasses in the cabinet."

"Alright," Andrew said, looking at me with a grin. "You look beautiful as is, by the way."

"You're such a sweet talker," I chuckled, unable to keep a straight face. "So much for moving on, though."

"I mean it though!" Andrew said. "That's why I said I couldn't believe that happened! You're a married woman and my boss, but you are a total fox."

"Andrew!" I exclaimed, unable to hide my amusement. "What has gotten into you today? I appreciate the compliments, but that is enough! Not even Jeff talks to me like that!"

"He should," Andrew said, then realized he overstepped by addressing the third party not involved. "Sorry. I'll sulk over a glass of wine while you get ready."

"You do that," I giggled, heading into the bathroom.

It was so surreal that Andrew kept going on like this, especially after what happened earlier, and his promise for us to move on. The guilt was still there, but I felt strangely elated too. He was a great guy and a nice colleague, and I knew that he didn't have bad intentions. In fact, he was being so kind that it made me feel worse about what I did.

Andrew wasn't even bad-looking, quite the opposite, I had to admit. A good few years younger than me, tall and muscular, with a bright and friendly face. And now he was roaming in my room, with a small door between my naked body and him. I suddenly felt vulnerable, yet excited.

As I stood in front of the mirror, looking at myself and feeling the heat grow within my chest, I realized that I hadn't felt this way in a very long time. Excited. It didn't help that I had no time to cool off from earlier either, so the heat still lingered. It was so strange. Why had my heart not been beating this hard with Jeff for a good while? It was an undying fact that my heart thumped nervously.

"Don't think like that," I scolded my reflection, slipping into a modest summer dress. It was long and didn't show much skin, but was pretty enough. I wanted to feel pretty and desired, and Andrew did a good job of making me feel that way, but I had no other clever dresses. This was just for a friendly dinner anyway.

Andrew smiled when I came back out into the room.

"Ready to go?" Andrew asked, rising from the couch. I nodded. I kind of expected Andrew to give me his arm, maybe I was a bit disappointed that he didn't, but it was probably for the better.

We made our way to the restaurant, but the conversation was skillfully well away from anything untoward. The case was the centerpiece, along with musings of Miami and Florida in general. It was a rather nice night, though Andrew's eyes lingered a bit too long on me from time to time, and he still insisted on saying nice things to me. Was he flirting? He wouldn't dare, right? Would I dare to think that he was?

I shook those thoughts out of my head as we reached the restaurant. Andrew opened the door for me, and I smiled.

"Thank you, kind sir," I said, making him grin.

The place was nice and clean, and it wasn't very busy. A few tables were occupied. It wasn't some fancy five-star restaurant, but it was still nice, suitable for two colleagues having dinner together. The meal, which was surprisingly good, went mostly with me gushing about my two children. Last I was home, Penny had asked about my colleague's friend, which Jeff didn't appreciate, so it felt good when Andrew heartedly laughed in delight as I told the story.

After the meal, the waiter brought us coffee and dessert. It was an orange crepes with ice cream, served with a chocolate sauce on top.

"How do you like it?" I asked as Andrew took a big bite of the crepes.

"It's pretty great. It's not every day I get to eat this," Andrew smiled. "It's been pretty nice to see the real Lisa, not gonna lie. You're always the stern, slightly overworked boss, but now I get to know the real deal. A doting mother."

I blushed and smiled, yet felt a bit of guilt of loving the compliment so much.

"Stern and over overworked?" I asked. "Do I really seem like that?"

"Sometimes. I think you perhaps don't let yourself relax enough," he replied.

"You try to relax with a full-time job, and two kids to care of," I chided.

"Fair enough. What, Jeff doesn't help with the kids?" Andrew asked, sounding almost accusatory.

I sighed. "He works. I work. We both work. We split things, but he works overtime a lot and then he has his golf. Plus, he wants dinner on the table when he gets home, which I'm happy to provide, but it all adds up, y'know."

Andrew didn't really respond to that right away. He seemed to be thinking about it. I felt like he was being protective of me in some sense.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to go on like that," Andrew said finally, but I waved my hand in dismissal.

"It's fine," I said, taking another bite of the crepes. "Jeff and I have had our ups and downs, and I've been happy with him, but I do sometimes wish that he took more interest in, erh, appreciating me a bit more. I know what you think, that I'm being needy and all, but it's just nice to be told that you look good."

Andrew smiled. "It's not being needy," he said simply. "It's normal. If Jeff can't tell his wife that she's looking good, he's a moron."

I giggled awkwardly. "He's a great man," I said. "He just doesn't always use his brains."

"I'll say," Andrew said. "I'd appreciate a woman you like as much as possible."

"Andrew!"

"I'm just teasing you," he smiled.

I shook my head, yet smiled as I finished my dessert. It had been such a long time since I had a proper evening out, and it was nice that it was Andrew. Maybe Jeff could take me out one of the weekends I was back home.

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The night was still young as we left the restaurant. The moon was up and the sky was clear as we walked out onto the street. I was glad that the meal went so well, and I felt even better knowing that Andrew and I could move past what happened earlier. A lot better, actually.

"Thanks for dinner," I said, as we made our way back to the hotel. "It's been nice to talk with someone who isn't just a colleague."

"Likewise," he said. "Don't Jeff take you on dates often?"

"Not anymore. It's been a while since we went out," I said, looking at the pavement. "He thinks that is for newer couples. I honestly think he'd preferred if we were always at home, or that I'd be a trad-wife or some crap like that. He doesn't say it, but I think he'd prefer it that way. But forget all that. I think I've had a glass too many, talking like this to you. I'm sure I'm boring you with this."

Andrew stopped and looked at me. "No, not at all. You are a beautiful and smart woman. You shouldn't let Jeff forget that. You're an amazing wife and mother, and you deserve to be treated as such," Andrew said.

"You're too kind," I smiled. "You're a good guy, Andrew."

Andrew looked away, smiling. "I try to be," he said, rubbing at his neck. "It's a shame, though."

"A shame?" I asked. "How so?"

"Just... I wish Jeff was a better husband," he said finally. "He doesn't appreciate what he has."

"He loves me," I said somewhat flatly, but it didn't sound convincing, even to my ears.

"I'm sure he does," Andrew said, starting to walk again, this time offering me his arm. I accepted it, somewhat awkwardly.

I was a bit tipsy and I was also very glad we decided to move on from the topic. It wasn't a very pleasant one. Deep down, a dark corner I didn't want focus on, I found myself agreeing with Andrew in some small capacity, and that was wrong. I had no right to complain about my marriage, not to mention how it was with Jeff and me. It was just a rough patch.

As we reached the hotel, I realized that I was actually enjoying myself, and I didn't want to dampen the mood. It was nice to have a companion. Someone to talk to.

"Wanna watch a movie in my room?" I asked. I wasn't even sure why I did. Maybe because I was just so happy to have a nice evening, and maybe a part of me hoped to continue feeling desired.

"Sure!" Andrew replied.

In the room, I opened up the mini-bar, which contained an assortment of liquor. I took out a bottle of bourbon and two glasses. I sat down on the couch, pouring Andrew and me a glass. He sat down beside me.

"So, what should we watch?" I asked.

"Whatever you like," he replied, taking a sip. "Good company makes anything good."

"I guess," I said. "In fact, do you mind if I head to the bathroom to get changed into something more comfortable?"

"More comfortable, eh?" Andrew teased.

"Yes. Sweatpants and a t-shirt, the lingerie of the lazy," I teased back.

"By all means," Andrew said, putting his big sock-clad feet on the table, and looking at the TV. "Take your time."

"I won't take long," I assured him as I stepped into the bathroom and closed the door behind me.

I guess it was a bit stupid of me to have a man who I had just earlier today jacked off in my bedroom while I was getting undressed and showering(I had gotten a bit sweaty). Yet, it was Andrew. He wasn't some pervert, was he? He was my colleague and friend. We were both adults. I was just having a shower, and our previous incident was just something that happened to get out of a pickle.

It was weird though. As I stood under the hot water, I could sense that my body was reacting to what had happened earlier today. Was it the act, was it Andrew, or was it both? I knew that I found Andrew handsome, but I hadn't really thought of him like that. I mean, I never thought of anyone besides Jeff. I had never been tempted before. Sure, Andrew had been a bit flirty at times, but I always chalked it up to him being friendly and loose in his canons, and that he liked to tease his old boss a bit too much.

Now that I had been alone with him, I felt a little bit different. Perhaps it was because I had noticed that he looked at me, or maybe I just felt flattered that he seemed to find me attractive. Andrew was an attractive young man himself, so to have him compliment me was a nice feeling. Even if I didn't entirely believe it. In fact, I felt myself heat up and flutter just thinking that he was so persistent in my beauty, despite how I felt.

Or I was just being too complicated about it.

"Lisa, are you drowning in there?" Andrew called. Gosh, I guess I had used a lot of time in here.

"I'm alright. The makeup is stubborn," I called back. It was true enough. I was too untrained in taking it off to do it effectively. I had smeared it all over. It felt weird talking to another man through the echoes of a bathroom. It was usually Jeff.

"No rush. Just checking on you," he said. I heard him walk away from the door.

"Thanks," I replied, so low only I could hear it, and turned the shower off. I stepped out and grabbed the towel, drying myself off.

I looked at myself in the mirror yet again. I didn't feel like I was aging all that bad, though I had seen better days. My breasts were not half as saggy as they could've been, and still quite big... but my damn belly... Love handles galore...

Visions of Andrew gripping those love handles as he stood behind me, pushing himself inside of...

I shook my head, and quickly finding the new pair of white pants I had bought and a nice blouse, I got ready to head back out into my room. I couldn't help as a small flutter of butterflies developed. Our earlier encounter... I guess there were some embers left ... The whole afternoon had me on edge, and now our 'date' had stoked the embers even more. My brain was still having difficulty adjusting.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," I said.

Andrew turned around and gave me a smile. "No worries. And if you're nervous because of what happened at the pool, I can leave. We'll pretend it never happened."

I wasn't sure how to react. On one hand, that was the most sensible response to our incident at the pool. On the other, I kind of hoped he'd... I wasn't sure of what I kind of hoped for either. Some innocent teasing and flirting?

"So you didn't like it then?" I said, deciding to tease the poor man a bit.

"Well, no, I loved it, but-"

"Sorry," I chuckled. "I had to tease you a bit."

"Heh, you got me there. Humor is one way to move past it," Andrew chuckled. He then trailed his eyes to the pants I wore. I might as well embrace it a little bit, if nothing else than to break the ice.

"New pants. Bought them today. What do you think?" I asked, giving him a small twirl. They clung tightly to me and my ass a bit, but they did wonders in showing off my slimmer waist. I looked over at him.

His eyes seemed glued to my rear, but I also found them equally taken with my top half. Without thinking, he licked his lips quickly. Not like openly chopping his lips, just wetting his bottom lip.

"Uh," was all he could say.

"I think it's a nice fit," I continued.

"A very nice one indeed," he muttered. I rubbed my neck a bit. It was awkward being the one to flirt, but his reactions were all in the right direction, even though this was all teasing anyway. Besides, Jeff did it with all my sisters, why couldn't I tease back a little bit? I'm not into Andrew, and he's not into me... it's harmless. Right?

"Thank you, Andrew. I guess it was a lucky pick."

Andrew laughed a bit, shaking his head.

"How about we skip to the dessert?" he said in a joking way. "We can watch a movie later."

"Dessert, eh?" I asked, pretending to think it over. It was of course out of the question, whatever he thought he was implying. "Hmm..."

Just then my phone buzzed and I picked it up. A message from Jeff.

"Hey babe, just checking in on you. Are you having fun?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," I texted back. "Andrew and I just went out for dinner, so I'm about to watch a movie."

The screen lit up as Jeff was calling. Oh boy. I answered it, moving into the office space. Luckily, Andrew took his cue to turn the volume on the TV up a bit too.

"What kind of dinner?" Jeff asked, sounding suspicious.

"A friendly dinner. We went out to have some good food and talk about the case. Nothing untoward happened," I assured him. "We know no one down here, and it kinda sucks being alone, y'know, so as colleagues, we went out."

"Alright. Just be careful around him, okay? I don't like this guy. He's giving me weird vibes," Jeff said, sounding unconvinced.

"He's a good guy, Jeff. He's not going to try anything." Was that true though? And what would my response to that be?

"Do you have to hang with that douchebag—"

"He's not a douchebag," I corrected Jeff.

"Whatever, Lisa. How do you think it looks on us when you're going on dates and going back to the room with him?"

The more Jeff chided me, the more he inadvertently pushed me toward defending Andrew, which was perhaps not the right call from me, but I couldn't just listen to Jeff being overly jealous and also berating a nice young man. It had the opposite effect if anything.

"We're not doing anything, I promise. He's sitting on the couch, watching the TV!" I said, feeling awfully tired. I had been able to disconnect this evening, despite everything, but Jeff's constant paranoia brought me right back.

"He's alone in your room with you?!" he asked angrily. "I bet—"

"Jeff, please," I said. "I've had a shitty week, and you're just making it worse."

"— he liked your new bikini too. I knew it was a bad idea getting something so revealing."

I felt my heart sink. Andrew had seen me in my bikini and liked it a lot.

"I just don't understand why you need to show off," Jeff continued. "I just don't get why you want to be such a tease."

"It's just a bikini," I replied. "And I'm not a tease."

"Then why getting it?"

"Maybe it is for me?" I tried.

"What? That doesn't make any sense, you don't even like bikinis."

I sighed and looked out of the window. "I don't know, Jeff. Maybe I just wanted to feel good about myself. Is that so hard to believe?"

"If you want to feel good about yourself, take a hike or something. Freshen your senses."

I was silent, looking out over Miami.

"I'm sorry," Jeff said, trying to sound less like a dick. "I just don't want to see other men looking at you like that. I love you. You know that."

"I know you love me," I said. I heard Andrew laughing at the TV. "I'm tired. I'll call you when you're less angry."

"But—" Jeff tried, but I hung up.

I walked back into the living area. Andrew looked at me, seeing me shake my head.

"Everything okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," I lied. "Just Jeff being a bit jealous, that's all. He thinks you're a bad guy or something."

"I'm sorry," Andrew said. "I didn't mean to cause you any trouble."

"I know," I said. "You're a good guy."

Andrew turned towards the TV. "Trailer Park Boys. Love those guys," he said. I chuckled, sitting down beside him on the leather couch.

We watched the show in silence, though it wasn't awkward. It was comfortable. I wasn't really paying attention, nor laughing at the jokes, as my conversation with Jeff had made me rather flustered and distracted.

I knew that Jeff was trying to be protective, and it was sweet of him, but it had gotten too much recently. And the worst part was that I didn't blame him for being worried. I was a woman alone in Miami, working with a young handsome man, and some of Jeff's worries had proven to be warranted... I felt bad that that was the case, but I also couldn't help but feel Jeff was pushing me away by being so controlling. And without any... sign of Jeff actually wanting me, instead of just being in control of me.

It was a mess, and I felt bad. I had always tried to be the best wife I could possibly be, but wasn't that supposed to go both ways?

And as fate would have it, Andrew chose this moment to speak up.

"Hey... would it be okay if I gave you a small massage?" he asked softly, being his regular kind old self. "You seem a bit tense, and I promise it will be nothing like at the pool. I just wanna help you relax a bit."

I smiled at the offer, but it was definitely a bad idea. I couldn't let my guard down. Not again.

"I'm alright, really," I said, turning toward him with a smile. "You're a nice guy, Andrew, but we shouldn't..."

"I understand. No problem. So how was Jeff doing?" he asked. I think he was genuine, but I winced internally.

"Well enough. Though, like I said, he can be a jealous git at times," I said, sticking to the truth.

"Jealous? Over who? Me?" Andrew asked with a grin, managing somehow to keep the mood light.

"Maaaybe," I said with a teasing smile. It wasn't his fault after all. Andrew grinned with delight, his eyes exploring my upper body for a brief moment. I guess our topic warranted a small glance.

"Ah come on, you and him have the perfect marriage, but everyone deserves a bit of admiration and to admire the view a bit," he said. "Especially when the view is so good-looking."

"Oh stop it," I said, waving my hand dismissively. A small part of me was thrilled and flattered he would give me attention and compliment my figure. Perhaps more so now than before. And I was glad Andrew had such notions over my marriage that I wasn't sure I had. It put him at a safe distance. It also made me a bit wary of how I had included the poor man in my own problems as an innocent bystander. Perhaps not as innocent as one would hope, but still.

"It's true, though!" Andrew laughed, before adding, "Sexy and big juicy curves to die for."

"Now you're just being grotesque," I said. Truth be told, it had a bit of an effect on me. No man had ever been this direct or lewd, yet flattering at the same time. I rubbed my neck awkwardly. "You shouldn't talk to me like that. I'm a married woman and your boss."

"Sorry," Andrew said, noticing my hand on my neck. "Just nice talking to someone good-looking."

"Cheers to that," I said, clinking our wine glasses, and earning a smile from Andrew.

We both sipped our wine as a comfortable silence loomed over us. Even if it had been an awkward start, we slowly eased and were back to our casual way of being friendly. Though as I drank more, and thought less about the risks, it just felt nice and I actually did relax in his presence.

As I put the glass down, I again rubbed my neck. It seemed extra tight today for some reason. Maybe all the stress and my own awkwardness around a series of compliments from a young man. Andrew noticed my discomfort.

"Would that massage still be on the table?" I asked awkwardly, glancing at him a bit nervously. It was an emergency so it would have to go for now. Andrew seemed like he'd leap out of his seat, but had to fight to restrain himself, in return creating a pleasant warm feeling in my chest.

"Yes, yes, of course," he said eagerly, sitting up. "Let me know if anything feels uncomfortable, and I'll stop."

"Alright," I said, turning my back to him and pulling my hair up to give him access. "And good. It got a bit out of hand last time," I said, reflecting back to me giving him a handy. I smirked at the memory. Two glasses of wine made it seem so insignificant and instead molded itself into an awkward funny memory of when my young colleague had found himself in public with a massive hard-on.

"I thought it worked out great!" Andrew joked.

"Oh come on, I was just helping you out," I said.

"Well, let me repay you. I live down the hallway, so the walk of shame after won't be so horrible," Andrew argued, with the hidden promise of getting hard for me again. I knew what he said was innocent, but it lingered with a sensual implication.

"Alright. I guess you'll have to make a habit of it," I said with a shy chuckle. "Giving me massages, not the other stuff."

"Of course. I'll never seize the opportunity to touch you," Andrew said, also with a chuckle, but with a much warmer tone as he seemed to have scooted closer on the couch. "I'll be your obedient underling with immaculate fingers at your service."

I snorted a laugh. "You really are quite the character, Mr. Phillips," I said. "And it better be just massages or I'll be in big trouble."

"Why, that was what I meant," Andrew teased. "What did you think I meant?"

"Well, I—"

Andrew silenced me as his warm hands touched my shoulders. Even through the blouse, I could feel the warmth of his hands and I felt myself stiffen at the touch, before slowly easing up. He didn't immediately press in, and instead took his time feeling out the area, before slowly working his way deeper. It was as if he was trying to find the right spots.

And find them, he did. Andrew started out slow, but he wasn't shy about finding out what felt good for me, and I had to admit, it felt really good. His hands were warm and strong, and he really knew how to work his magic. Especially in my shoulders, in my neck, and shoulder blades, where my bustiness caused me most discomfort.

"How is it?" Andrew asked, his voice suddenly very close. I almost jumped as he spoke directly into my ear, sending a chill down my spine.

"It's good," I said.

"Knowing my ladies, I'm guessing you have some coconut oil lying around?" Andrew asked.

"In the bathroom. I actually have regular oils too," I said. He disappeared from behind me and went into the bathroom before quickly emerging.

"Erh. I found the oil, but I can't very well, erh, apply it to your blouse?" Andrew said, his eyes on the floor. "It'll just get oily."

I blushed. "Okay. I'll take my blouse off then."

I could hardly believe I had made the decision before the words were out of my mouth. I rose from the couch and began unbuttoning my blouse, as Andrew stood there looking at me. My heart thudded. Why? How is it different from when he saw me in a bikini?

I knew why, though. I was now letting him see me in a way Jeff never let me show off. I was his to look at, to touch... The thoughts that lingered in my mind only caused me to blush more. It was so inappropriate. Yet, I was excited. It was like Andrew was some forbidden fruit, and I was finally getting to taste him.

I slipped my blouse off my shoulders, revealing the lacy white bra I was wearing underneath. I held my blouse to my chest for a moment, before putting it on the couch. I felt silly for being so shy, but it was Andrew. I hadn't been this naked with another man since I had met Jeff.

The look on Andrew's face, however, made me blush even more. His eyes were glued to my large breasts, which were squeezed together by my bra. I knew he could see a lot of them. His eyes traveled over my body, and I was glad to see he seemed to enjoy the view.

"You're so fucking sexy," Andrew muttered, seeming unaware he said it out loud.

"Don't say that," I said, turning away from him. "I'm just a middle-aged woman."

"What? No way, Lisa. You're gorgeous," Andrew insisted. "But I won't be catching any harassment charges. So, please, take a seat again." He seemed to regret his words, however, wanting to look at me more. Me. The married mother of two. Lisa Waters.

I felt a bit self-conscious as I sat back down, but I also kind of loved it. I hadn't felt like this in ages. In fact, I don't think I had ever felt this way before. The feeling of being desired was new, but it was intoxicating. I loved the feeling of being the focus of Andrew's attention. The way he looked at me made me feel like a teenager all over again.

"Could we perhaps do it on the bed?" I asked. "Then I can relax even more." Did I sound desperate now? Andrew didn't seem to think so, gesturing towards the bed for me to lie down.

At least I would lie face down, and I still had my bra on. Though I guess it would also get oil on it... I'd probably just have to take it off. Again, I would lay face down anyway.

"Could you unclasp the strap?" I asked. I heard a satisfied grunt from Andrew as he obliged and opened it.

I rested my head down on the pillow, just letting my bra still be there, though unclasped. I didn't want to raise up and give him an unpleasant view of my big mammaries. My titties were definitely not in shape to be exposed for a single dude, nor were my stretch marks something I wanted to flaunt. I heard the wet, loud sound as Andrew poured oil out and poured some on my back. The oil trickled down and was followed by large, skilled hands.

"Hmm," I moaned as Andrew started to knead my shoulders. "That feels good."

"Glad to hear that," Andrew said. I could hear the smile in his voice. His firm and unapologetic hands as his fingertips made contact with the upper part of my back and swiftly began making circular motions across my shoulder blades, finding any tense areas, pressing and working the knots, digging, releasing tension. I couldn't help but let out a few appreciative moans as Andrew worked the knots out of my back.

"How's that?" he asked, his voice low and close to my ear.

"Good," I moaned, my eyes closing as Andrew's hands moved lower. "Really good."

Andrew continued in peace for a while, treating me to the utmost attentive skill. I could tell he knew what he was doing, and that he was enjoying it. I could feel his hands all over my back, and I couldn't help but imagine them going further down. Down, over my ass. Cupping it, squeezing it, massaging it. But that couldn't be.

His hands were so warm and strong, and they felt so good. It felt like I could melt into the bed, and I felt so relaxed and comfortable. I had never felt so good in ages.

"You really don't find it the least bit weird?" I questioned him again. "I'm ten years older with twenty pounds extra, all in my ass and thighs. You really want to suffer massaging this worn old lady?"

Andrew laughed. "I'd do much more to a hot, ripe piece of ass like yours than simply massage it," he replied, digging his thumbs deep into my lower back, right by my tailbone. My toes curled and I exhaled in satisfaction.

"Andrew! Language! And, ugh. And that's, ugh, harassment," I moaned, squirming a bit. His fingers were working wonders on my lower back.

Andrew remained quiet for a bit then, as he continued to slowly trace and soothe my upper back and shoulders, running his hands right along my sides, slowly shifting a bit lower to the small of my back, until his thumbs finally hit the area where my bra line should have been. But instead of massaging the bra line, he ran his nails over and over. It felt like heaven, making me emanate several satisfied hums. The guy definitely knew what he was doing.

After an eternity of mauling my back into oblivion, I felt him shift lower on the bed. A second later I felt him grab my foot and his thumbs dig into my soles, sending shivers throughout me. A low humm escaped from my lips as my eyes fluttered closed. I could easily just doze off and let myself enjoy the divine release of pressure his magic fingers inflicted.

"Take off my socks and toss them somewhere," I said in a low, drowsy, but satisfying voice.

Andrew gladly obliged, then went back to his assault on my aching feet, making me flinch and moan a lot from his manly strength. He went on to spend at least twenty minutes just massaging every individual toe and inch of my heel and sole. My feet felt light as feathers, tenderly ravaged by his beefy hands and dexterous fingers.

"Want me to do your calves and thighs?" Andrew asked.

This was getting too frisky, but with how amazing the rest had been, I groaned an affirmative "Uh-huh."

Without missing a beat, his warm fingers dipped under the back hem of my pants and skimmed across my skin as he started moving them down. But I swatted his hand away.

"Look away, I'll get them off," I said. Tight pants are a woman's work. Andrew looked away, so I got up and peeled them off, before lying down again, tossing a nearby towel across my ass. No use in making folks nauseous. He might compliment me, but the real thing is much more horrifying.

Andrew went back to work as soon as the towel was down. Without hesitation, the smooth, slick, slightly heated palms and pads of his thick fingers met the thicker, softer undersides of my legs.

He started kneading oil into my tense muscles, working it into every fold, wrinkle, and edge, his fingers occasionally dipping into the inner thighs. I made no effort to stop or hinder his slow and meticulous advancement inward, my eyes squeezed shut, my moaning growing

stronger and my pussy leaking with desire. It didn't really bother me anymore as the lustrous touches to my pale and unshapely legs and ass were driving me wild.

Andrew reached for the oil and dumped a good amount out on my back squishing and sliding his palms all across it as his motions went across my lower back, jumping over my ass to do my thighs. As the slippery fluids streamed across and through my crack, I felt the man slide deeper down my back, and further up my thighs, slightly moving the covering towel with each stroke, revealing more and more of my panty-clad butt.

"If I get too close, just let me know," Andrew said.

His hands slid further and further up my legs. Without waiting for a response, I felt his thumbs dip to the area where my thighs become ass-cheeks. Slowly and methodically, the skilled man began massaging the area, seemingly filling his hands with my plump cheeks on brief occasions. But never enough to call him out on it. I was just soaking it up. The feeling of being pleased and treated so well was amazing.

Andrew took his time, but finally, his hands dipped so low that I felt his fingers slide over the bottom curve of my cheeks, touching the panties. I let out a low moan at the sensation, and I couldn't help but imagine what it would feel like if I wasn't wearing my panties. What it would feel like if his hands were on my bare ass. I felt so warm, so good, and I could feel myself getting wet. I was sure that Andrew could see my arousal.

"Andrew," I moaned softly.

"Yeah?" he asked, his voice soft and low.

"It feels really good," I said my voice barely a whisper.

"I'm glad," he said, his voice close to my ear. I could feel his warm breath on my neck, and it sent a shiver through me.

I could feel his hands slowly moving upward until they reached my lower back again before slowly descending his fingers down to the top hem of my panties.

"Andrew," I moaned, as he traced his fingers along the hem of my panties. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," he said. I could hear the hungry desire in his voice as his hand crept down. I knew that he was enjoying this as much as I was. Enjoying how good he made me feel. But this was as far as it could go. I was still a married woman.

"I think that's enough," I said. "It's getting late."

Andrew removed his hands from me, and I turned around to look at him. For a moment I was disappointed that I had cut it short, but it was probably for the best.

"You're right," Andrew said, even looking somewhat ashamed. "We should get some sleep. I'll leave you to it."

I nodded as he got off the bed.

"Thank you," I said, sitting up. I forgot for a moment I had unclasped my bra, so it slid down a bit and revealed my naked breasts. Andrew noticed, and I could feel my cheeks heating up.

But instead of covering up, I just... sat there paralyzed and with anticipation as Andrew looked at me hungrily. I couldn't tell whether I wanted him to walk out or for him to step back into bed with me. But then he turned away and walked out, closing the door behind him. What did I expect? Once he saw what real 'MILF' titties looked like, he'd be out in a second.

I quickly pulled the bra up, and put my shirt back on. I could feel the disappointment setting in. I was just a dumb old lady who had thought a younger man would lust for her. How could I be so stupid? He was probably just being kind, and I was the one who made it weird by being too touchy-feely.

I went into the bathroom, washed my face, and brushed my teeth, trying to push the thoughts out of my mind. When I came back into the bedroom, I could see the imprint of where I had laid, where Andrew had moved around me to work my body like I was his instrument.

The towel that covered my ass was still on the bed, reminding me of the feeling of his hands on my butt cheeks. How he had slipped up and tried to grope me. Or was that really what happened? I could still feel the heat of his hands on my skin, the way he had touched me. I

knew I should think rationally, but I questioned why I had stopped him. How long would it have gone? Then again... he had fled the scene at the first opportunity.

I laid down on the bed and tried to push the thoughts out of my head, but it was useless. I couldn't help but wonder if Andrew was still in his room, thinking about me. Had I entered a territory I could not come back from? Had I entered a territory that was now difficult to turn away from?