**Real estate agent needs an offer**

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I own a significant amount of real estate in Florida. Last summer I decided to sell a few of my properties and reinvest my money elsewhere. The normal broker I typically used had retired and I had to find a new agent.

"Liz, this is Jason." I said over the phone calling Liz, a real estate agent who had been trying to get my business for years. I gave Liz a chance to list one of my properties.

"Hey, how was your weekend?" Liz replied.

"Mine was good. How was yours?" I asked.

"Mine was great. The weather was beautiful." Liz answered.

"I heard it was beautiful down there. I need to make it down sometime soon to look at my properties." I told her.

"Yes, you do. Your property had multiple showings this past weekend. I believe it showed six times. I showed the home one time myself. The potential buyer is a long time customer of mine. He is an investor who purchases a good amount of properties with me." Liz said.

"That is good news. Hopefully your investor friend will want to make an offer. Liz, I know this might sound strange, but I need to ask you a question." I told her.

"Okay, what do you need to ask?" Liz replied with a little concern in her voice.

"Were you wearing a flowing black and yellow sundress when you showed my property this past weekend?" I asked.

"Well, yes, I did. How did you know that?" Liz asked.

"I just want to confirm you were the one showing the house about 1:30 this past Saturday afternoon." I told her.

"Yes, that was about the time I showed the house. Yes, that was probably me." Liz said in a more nervous voice. "How do you know this?"

"My rental management company got a call first thing this morning from the couple who rent that house." I said.

"Okay." Liz said with a shaky voice.

"I can tell from your voice you know where this is going." I told her.

"I am so sorry. I'm incredibly embarrassed. I can explain." Liz quickly responded.

"Really?" I cut her off from speaking. "You called my office for the last two years asking to list one of my properties. I gave you this opportunity without even actually meeting you in person. This is a six million dollar property, the commission on the sale will be significant."

"So if I can explain, the gentleman I was showing the house to was my investor friend. Sometimes harmless flirting goes a long way towards getting a sale. You shouldn't be upset." Liz replied.

"Harmless flirting? Is that what you are calling it?" I asked her.

"Well, yes. It was just flirting." Liz said sticking to her defense. "We are talking about the neighbors at that house, right?"

"Maybe the best thing at this point if for me to just listen to your side of the story. I'm not being fair because I've only heard one side of it. If you would, please explain your side of this?" I said.

"Okay, I know exactly what this is all about. I promise you it was all innocent. The neighbor of that house saw me and my friend in the backyard. Like I told you, I flirt. I use it to help me sell to a few particular investors I have." Liz said.

"I can understand that. In life, we all do what we have to do to get ahead. I don't blame you. Please continue with your side of what happened, so I have to facts correct. I am okay with your sales tactics, I just have one very important condition, I want you to be open and honest with me on what happens and what you are doing to get these sales." I told her.

"I completely understand that. I will tell you what happened. Please know I am truly embarrassed that the neighbor saw us." Liz said.

"I understand. Please tell me what happened?" I told her.

"Okay, here goes. I greeted my friend in the driveway. We kissed when he pulled up. It wasn't like a deeply sexual kiss, it was a friendly kiss." Liz said.

"I understand." I replied.

"We went inside and I showed him the house. We then went to the backyard and I showed him the pool and pool house. My friend mentioned that the pool looked inviting. He asked if I wanted to go for a swim. I told him no." Liz said.

"Okay, so you didn't go swimming?" I asked.

"No, I told him we couldn't." Liz said.

"Okay, please continue. And please tell the entire truth." I told her.

"Okay, I understand. I'm so embarrassed saying this, but I'll be honest and confess." Liz said and took a deep breath. "My investor friend asked why we couldn't go swimming and I told him I didn't have a swimsuit. He suggested we swim in our underwear. I then confessed to him that I wasn't wearing any. None, not a bra, and definitely not any panties. Of course, he didn't believe me. So, he asked me to show him." Liz said with a pause after the last sentence.

"Okay, and did you show him?" I asked.

"Well, yes." Liz reluctantly replied.

"In the backyard? Please explain?" I asked.

"Okay, well, after he asked me to show him I grabbed the front of my dress and slowly pulled it up to my waist, so he could see that I wasn't wearing any panties. It was when I dropped it back down that I noticed the neighbor in his backyard looking over at me. I take complete responsibility for my actions. I admit I was teasing and flirting and did things that were inappropriate. I am very sorry." Liz explained.

"Well, Liz, this is understandable. I'm sorry that the neighbor saw you. It is very important that you are honest with me. Did anything else happen that was inappropriate while you were showing the house?" I asked Liz.

Liz paused for a moment before answering. "No, I mean, not really?"

"Not really?" I asked.

"Well, my friend might have touched me before I let my dress fall back down. But nothing more." Liza answered confidently.

"Okay Liz, last time I'm asking. Did anything else happen?" I asked.

"No, I promise, nothing else. I am truly sorry about this. I don't want to lose you as a client. I hope you understand how sorry I am. I will do anything to make it up. I promise I will get you a great price on the sale of your house." Liz said.

"Here is my problem Liz. The couple who leases that house, lease it for the entire year but only are there maybe two weeks during that year. Unfortunately for you, they were there last week. They are a wealthy couple from Toronto and travel frequently in the US this time of year. They only stayed a few nights and left to take their daughter to Disney World for the rest of the week." I explained to Liz.

"Okay, so what does these all mean?" Liz asked.

"I'm getting to the part that involves you. I received a call this morning from the tenant, and he was very upset. He sent me a file over email and asked me to watch and call him back." I explained.

"Okay." Liz said in a nervous voice.

"I opened my email to find a video file. I'll save you from the suspense and get right to the good stuff on the video. I watched you face down and ass up being fucked on the tenant beds by your investor friend." I said.

There was complete silence on the phone. I waited a moment or two for Liz to speak, but she didn't say a word.

"Liz, are you still there?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm here. I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say. I'm so sorry." Liz said in a low voice.

"Well, I told the tenant I would refund his past years lease, which was a considerable amount. He also agreed to delete the video of you having sex." I told her.

"Thank you. I am so sorry. I will pay you back for the lost money." Liz said.

"I just feel like I really stepped out there to give you an opportunity on this and you let me down." I told Liz.

"I know, I'm very sorry. I will do anything to make it up to you." Liz said.

"Liz, I do admire your spunk. I'm upset at what happened but I believe in second chances. I'll make you a deal. Would you like that? Would you like a second chance?" I asked.

"Yes, anything, you name it." Liz replied.

"How many showings do you have set up for the house today?" I asked.

"I have two." Liz answered.

"Okay, here is my deal. If you get an offer on the home today then I will give you the commission on the sale of this house plus sign a contract with you to be the selling agent for three of my other properties. That would mean a significant amount of money." I told her.

"I have to get an offer today? I only have two showings. That's nearly impossible. Both showings are first showings. There is just no way I'll get an offer." Liz replied.

"Well, the deal isn't an easy one. Also, if you don't get an offer, you will release me from our current contract for you to list this house. I think considering everything it's a fair deal." I told her.

"I agree. Okay, I'll accept your deal. I'll let you out of the listing contract if I don't get an offer today. And again, I'm so sorry about this." Liz said in an apologetic voice.

"Liz, don't forget, if you get an offer you get the commission and also get to list my other three properties. I know it will be hard, but this deal isn't just about getting out of the current listing contract. I'm really hoping you get an offer." I said.

"I know, it's a fair deal and I'm going to try to win back your trust and get an offer!" Liz said.

I got off the phone with Liz and made a few work phone calls. What I had not told Liz was that I was already in town. I also didn't tell her I was the person she was scheduled to show the home to for her second showing of the day. We had never met in person and I really didn't think she even knew what I looked like. I think if she really was observant she could recognize my voice, but I was willing to risk it for the fun of it.

Liz called my office later that afternoon to report she didn't get an offer on her first showing. This meant the showing with me was her last opportunity.

I wore a nice suit to meet Liz at the house. Liz was already there when I arrived. She greeted me at the door as I walked up to the house. To my surprise, she was much more attractive than I had thought. Outside of the very bad video footage I had only seen the face pic that realtors use for their listings. She was a brunette in her early thirties with an amazing body. She was married with two kids. I think this made her more attractive. My first impression of her was a business professional but also a married mom. The tight black skirt and heels she greeted me in did not give the impression of a married mom. The change in look very much turned me on.

"Liz, how are you?" I said as I greeted Liz.

"I am good, thank you. It's Mark Smith?" Liz asked.

"Yes, nice to meet you." I said as I used a different name for the appointment.

"Please tell me about you Mark?" Liz said as we walked into the home.

"Well, I'm married, I have three kids, and I'm being transferred to the area for my work." I told Liz. I had made up the name and story about being married with kids to make it a little harder on her if she was thinking it would be easy to do some light flirting and get an offer.

"So you are new to the area then? You will love it, this is a great place to live!" Liz said.

"I have been here a few times with business and I agree, this seems like a very nice place to live. I love the warmer weather." I told her.

"You and me both. I'm almost always in a skirt or dress and the weather here is perfect for it." Liz commented.

"I guess that's an added perk to living in a warmer climate, less clothing." I joked.

"Well, I would image the women down here spend more on heels and bikinis than some other places. And, speaking of bikinis, you need to see the amazing pool with this house." Liz said as we walked through the front door and looked out a large back window at a sparking clean large pool.

"Wow, that is a nice pool." I said looking out the back window.

"I've been showing homes a while and this pool is the best I have ever seen. Your kids will love it." Liz commented.

"I'm sure they will." I said walking out the back door to get a better look at the pool.

"Not to mention your wife. I'm sure she will love it too. The only downside is that you will have to increase her bikini budget, but is that really a downside?" Liz joked.

"I like your way of thinking Liz. You just can't beat sitting by the pool with an attractive woman in a bikini." I joked back.

"So let's just close our eyes for a second and imagine you sitting over here in a lounge chair and your wife walking up out of that pool in a sexy bikini." Liz said whispering in my ear and touched my arm as she moved in close to me as we both looked out towards the pool.

"I like the thought of that." I told Liz.

"I'm thinking, you should make an offer on the property right now and make the dream a reality!" Liz whispered.

I could tell Liz was feeling confident. She probably knew it was a long shot to get an offer on a house of this size on the first showing, but she was giving it her all. When she moved in to whisper in my ear I could smell her perfume. I reached my arm up and put my hand on her lower back to let her know I was comfortable with her getting close to me.

"Well, if you told me my wife would be wearing a bikini out here at this pool, I'd make an offer right now." I told her.

Liz was a little puzzled by my comment. "Okay, I don't understand. Does she not like bikinis?" Liz asked hesitantly.

"No, she likes bikinis, it's just that our kids go to a very good private school. Their education is important to us. I'm being transferred out here for work, and we will have two homes. For most of the year I will be out here alone." I told her.

"Okay, I see now. So she is staying back home with them to finish school?" Liz asked.

"Exactly, so unless you know of someone else that wants to come over and wear a bikini at this pool, I wouldn't be seeing much bikini wearing if I bought this home." I joked.

"Well, I don't know what to say to that." Liz mentioned as I could see her mind working.

"I plan on spending most weekends back home but will be here during the work week. As much as I would like to see an attractive woman stepping out of my pool in a bikini, I just don't know how that would happen. Is there a female version of a pool boy that you know about?" I joked.

"Ha, I'm not sure I have seen any female versions of a pool boy. I think they are just called mistresses." Liz said.

"I think a mistress might be expensive." I continued to joke.

"Not that I'm an expert on mistresses by any means, but I think you are probably correct." Liz said.

"Well, Liz, if you had one that came along with the house I might consider an offer." I said.

"Hmmm, I might. Well, not a mistress, but maybe a pool girl in a bikini so to speak. My cousin is twenty-four and very attractive. She is single, and she might want to make some extra money." Liz said still thinking.

"Ha, really? You have an attractive cousin who would come be a pool girl?" I asked.

"Yes, she might." Liz said.

"I am very picky, I might not find her to be attractive. For me to consider this, she would have to be attractive." I said.

"How attractive are you wanting?" Liz asked.

"Very attractive!" I told her.

"Can you define very attractive?" Liz asked.

"Hmm, well, I find you very attractive." I said.

"Me?" Liz asked.

"Yes, I find you very attractive." I told her.

"So if I came by once every few weeks or so to clean your pool in a bikini you would make an offer?" Liz asked.

Somehow Liz got the upper hand in the conversation. She is beautiful and knows how to work things to her advantage. I wasn't making her really work hard for an offer. I had to change my tone.

"I don't know. I just don't know on all this. I shouldn't be asking you or your cousin to do anything like that. I do find you very attractive but it's so inappropriate for me to even ask you to do something like that." I told her.

"We are both adults here. I mean it's only putting on a swimsuit, it's not a big deal." Liz said.

"Good point, we are both adults. I think what I'm going to do is sit and think on all of this." I said as I sat down in a lounge recliner chair off to the side. I wanted to be out of the neighbors and any cameras view.

"Great idea, sit there and think things through. What can I do at this point to help persuade you into making an offer?" Liz said sitting in a chair next to me. Her skirt went up a good amount as she sat down.

"Well, since you asked and like you said we are both adults, maybe you could model a bikini for me." I told her.

"What? Right now?" Liz asked.

"Yes, right now." I told her.

"Don't be silly, I can't right now." Liz said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"For starters I don't have a bikini on me." Liz said.

"You could go get one?" I told her.

"I live over forty minutes from here. You would be waiting for a while. Also, my husband is home, and he probably wouldn't understand why I'm getting a bikini to go see a client at a house." Liz answered.

"Okay, just model your bra and panties then." I told her.

"My bra and panties?" Liz asked a little shocked at my suggestion.

"Yes, I mean these days its about the same thing as a bikini."

"My panties are much smaller than bikini bottoms." Liz said.

"Have you seen some on the swimsuits people are wearing these days? I was in the Bahamas a few weeks ago and almost every woman there was wearing some sort of thong swimsuit bottoms. If you don't want to it's okay. You were the one who asked if there was anything you could do to persuade me into an offer." I told her.

Liz stood up and started unbuttoning her blouse. "Okay, I'll model my bra and panties."

I watched Liz take off her blouse and put it in the chair. She was wearing a black lace bra. Her breasts were larger than they looked in the blouse.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." Liz said as the unzipped the back of her skirt and let if fall to the ground.

Liz was standing in front of me wearing a black lace bra, a black tiny g-string, and black heels. Her body was amazing.

"Wow Liz, you are very sexy!" I told her.

"See, I told you that some panties are smaller than bikini bottoms." Liz commented.

"They don't look that much smaller. Turn around and let me see." I told her.

Liz turned around giving me a look of her body in her bra and panties. She walked a few steps away and then back to me doing her best modeling poses.

"Well, what do you think?" Liz asked.

"Almost as good as the fantasy you had me imagine earlier." I said.

"Almost as good?" Liz questioned.

"Yes, almost." I said.

"Is it because I'm not your wife?" Liz asked.

"No, that's not it." I told her.

"What is it then?" Liz asked.

"It's just not the same as the fantasy I imagined when you had me close my eyes earlier." I told her. "I'm sorry, you really are beautiful, it's just not what I imagined."

"Well, what did you imagine?" Liz asked.

"If you want to try for it you can." I told Liz.

"Okay, I can try, tell me what you imagined." Liz said.

"You can start by getting into the pool. Then you can slowly walk up the steps and walk over to a towel and dry off in front of me seductively." I told her.

"Okay, I see now. Your right, I did mention for you to imagine your wife getting out of the pool. I can do that." Liz said.

Liz went over to the towel cabinet and grabbed a towel and put it on the chair next to me. She took off her heels and went into the pool.

"Are you ready?" Liz asked.

"I'm very ready!" I replied.

Liz slowly walked up the steps with the water running off her as she stepped out of the pool. I hadn't noticed before but watching her walk towards me I noticed her g-string was slightly see-through. Liz knew how to tease. She was an expert with the towel and drying herself off. It was almost like she practiced it at home or something. She knew all the right ways to bend and move her body. After she finished drying off she put back on her heels and sat down next to me on my lounge chair.

"Was that everything you expected out of your fantasy?" Liz asked with a seductive smile on her face.

"Yes! Well, almost everything. My fantasy continued longer, but you nailed the start. So I guess the big question now is are you ready to finish it?" I asked.

Liz paused for a moment to think about what I just asked. We made eye contact and she leaned in and kissed me.

"Of course I'm ready to finish this. Tell me how your fantasy ends?" Liz said.

"It ends with us fucking in this lounge chair." I told her as I kissed her.

Liz stood up, grabbed my arm, and pulled me up out of the chair. She helped me take off my suit jacket, dress shirt and unzipped my pants.

"Fuck, you have a big cock!" Liz said as she pulled my pants and boxer briefs down.

Liz got down on her knees and took my cock in her mouth. She alternated between her mouth and her hand. She kept looking up at me to make sure I was enjoying it. Everything was happening so quickly. I was slightly shocked at how responsive Liz was to all this.

"Would you like to sit down?" Liz asked.

"Yes, I can sit. I want you to take off your bra and panties and leave your heels on." I told her.

Liz stood up and took off her bra showing me her breasts. She then pulled down her panties. She stood in front of me wearing only her black high heels. She had a smoothly shaved pussy. It was hard to believe that this married mom with two kids was standing in front of me looking like a porn star who was about to get fucked hard.

I finished taking off my pants and laid back in the lounge recliner. My cock was incredibly hard. Liz put her leg over me and straddled me in the chair.

"Grab my ass!" Liz told me before we started making out.

I could feel her pussy rubbing against the outside of my cock. I could feel how wet she was getting. Liz was on her knees and her breasts were against my chest. I was grabbing her ass as we kissed. She had a very firm body. I reached back and lowered the chair all the way down so it was flat.

"I want to be inside you!" I told Liz as I grabbed her waist and lifted her a little in the air.

Liz got up on her knees and reached her hand down and grabbed my hard cock. She positioned it so I could feel the tip of my cock touching her pussy. I pushed back on her hips and I went deep inside her.

"Ok fuck!" Liz yelled as she felt me enter her.

Liz sat up and rode my cock hard. I felt her breasts while she started fucking me faster and faster.

"You feel great Liz!" I told her looking up at her and reaching back to grab her ass.

"Fuck, I can't believe I'm doing this. Your cock feels so good though. Your about to make me cum!" Liz moaned.

"I can feel myself so deep inside you!" I told Liz and she started collapsing down on me having an orgasm.

"Fuck, I'm about to cum!" Liz said as her nails digging into my shoulders.

I felt Liz start to cum and her rhythm slow down. I grabbed her hips and kept her movement going as she came on me.

"I want you from behind." I told Liz as she climbed off me.

Liz walked a few feet over to another chair and bent over it with her legs spread. I got behind her and quickly got back to fucking her. I could feel her pussy still throbbing. I knew she was close to having another orgasm. I gave her ass a quick smack and grabbed the back of her hair. My cock got harder. The chair Liz was bent over started to move with each thrust. Liz and I moved with the chair until we were against the wall.

"Fuck, I'm about to cum again." Liz moaned.

"I am too." I told her fucking her harder and harder.

"Are you going to pull out?" Liz managed to ask between moans.

"Fuck no, I'm going to fill you up!" I told her.

"I can't believe I'm doing this. Fuck, fill me up!" Liz yelled.

My cock was throbbing, and I was about to cum. I looked over and saw our image or reflection in a sliding glass door. I had Liz bent over the back of a chair, her legs spread in her sexy black heels. I saw her put her hands up against the wall to keep her from hitting it. The image in the glass door turned me on even more. I pulled back harder on her hair and thrust harder and harder into her. I watched the reflection as Liz's heels were almost lifting off the ground with each thrust. I could hear the wicker chair cracking as we were fucking. The cushions feel off and Liz put her forearm up against the wall. Liz brought one knee up over the chair as she started to cum again and could no longer stand from the intensity of the orgasm. I grabbed Liz by the hips to keep her from falling over the chair. I gave her a few last thrusts before filling up her pussy with a massive amount of cum.

Liz collapsed on the chair. I held her hip and kept me cock inside her making sure every drop of cum was inside her.

I ended up confessing to Liz who I was, which I think she always knew. We worked out an agreement. She is now my exclusive agent on my real estate holdings and I have a weekly fantasy of my choice at any showing I would like.

I can't wait for the next showing!