Standing naked in the full-length bathroom mirror, Donyell takes inventory of her assets.

She is a stunner, not tall, but stunningly gorgeous and easy on the eyes.

Heavy, full breasts and a narrow waist only serve to heighten the sinful curves of her hips and the luscious, firm apple shaped ass. Her skin is creamy peach in hue, hair a deep mahogany that falls in thick, rich curls down to the middle of her back.

Like most women, she takes great pride in her appearance – both for her own edification, and because she wants to be beautiful for her man. Always manicured and pedicured, endowed with the finest fragrances, keeping herself groomed, and smooth and shaved regardless of the time of year.

Pillars of steam mass around her, from the hot water filling her bath, the inebriating, alluring scents lavender mixed with myrrh fill the bath and the adjoining bedroom with its intoxication, as she continues to examine her delectable features.

She knows she’s pretty – she knows she’s sexy, hot; desired. Her hands roam down the taut curves of her tits, along the smooth plane of her stomach, fingers dipping between her thighs, cupping her silken pussy, thumb fairing roughly over her slightly exposed clitoris. A half-smile spreads across her lips, mind showering her with a small taste of pleasures soon to come.

With bittersweet resignation, she’s going to seduce Patrick one last time, take in the feeling of him inside her once more – make this last night a memorable experience for them both.

After gathering her hair up into a loose, curly knot, she steps into the tub, bubbles cascading around her body; silk, velvet flesh basking in exotic minerals, taking care that every inch of her is mouthwatering, soft and sensual, ripe and smooth for the task.

Fully perfumed and groomed, she gently pats herself down with a cotton towel, beads of water glistening, cascading over every inch as she dries herself completely, before choosing just the right ensemble to put to work this night.

Her negligee is a pale robin’s egg blue, trimmed with elegant ivory lace. It fits her like a second skin… tits straining the silk, nipples prominent and apt behind the thin material. The neckline scoops so low that the full inner curves of her breasts are put on display, and the tiny baby doll gown’s ‘skirt’ is practically transparent where it drapes down over her midsection.

Its hem only makes it to the tops of her thighs, and underneath she wears a matching blue silk thong. After some consideration, she decides to accentuate the outfit with thigh-high ivory stockings, putting on Patrick’s favorite pair of ‘fuck-me heels’… the kind that have impractical platforms and ankle straps. He calls them her ‘stripper shoes’, and she has inclined to agree.

Over the whole outfit, she shrugs on a short, pale cream-colored silk robe – the cover-displayed in such a way as to make the eyes yearn for what’s barely disguised beneath. Cinching the belt loosely around her waist, letting her delightfully displayed assets show through the deep ‘V’ that’s open in the front.

Donyell pauses, looking herself over in the mirror once she’s all put together. Cheeks flushed from her bath, lips freshly glossed, eyes done up in subtle-but-sexy makeup. Happy with her tempting appearance, she smiles, but then sighs, again the realization, the meaning of this night blazing through the forefront of her thoughts.

She wants to leave him feeling loved, happy and desired. Leave him with a memory of them together, one last time.

Straightening her posture, taking a deep breath, Donyell pauses outside the office door, gathering her resolve before treading across the threshold and leaning as nonchalantly as possible against the doorframe, legs slightly crossed and modeled in such a way as to give an erotica cameo of what lies just beneath the rob.

She waits… silently for Patrick to take note, to etch the last image of her sexy body standing before him with want.