Lustful in London

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I was just twenty when I met Marcus. A two hour train journey to London, we sat opposite each other with just the customary formica coveredtable separatingus. I caught his eye a few times but disregarded the visual union as he was just an old man - older than my Father - yet like my dad smart, well groomed and stylishly dressed - for his age.

My attention was for the first hour confined to the silly magazine I'd been daft enough to pay three pounds for but now, getting somewhat bored with all the writtentrite, I put down the mag. and concentrated myeyes out the window. The telegraph poles appeared to rush past at an incredible speed, then a train travellingon the adjacent track and going the opposite way to us startled me and I suppose I jumped in fright.

Embarrassment is always the worst part of any such incident.Inwardly you want to clear your throat and announce to everybodythe fact that you did it on purpose and you knew the opposing train was coming 'cause you'd seen it half a mile down the track.Instinctively I looked his way knowing full and well he would be smiling at my little situation - and of course he was, yet it wasn't a mocking smile, more a gentle one - a caring letme look after your woes smilealways found with persons of more advanced years.

I smiled in return and it was almost as if the ice were broken without a word said - though now we talked for the rest of the journey.

He told me he was an airline pilot - retired and I was quite surprised. Whilst to a twenty year old he looked advanced in years I wouldn't have credited him to have been more than45...in effect he was 57. Perhaps it was his full head of hair, not an ounce of excess fat on the guy or maybe the fact that not a single crease flawed his almost clear complexion - so he really was older than my dad. He asked why I was going to London and I replied that I was attending an interview for a modelling assignment - he seemed impressed and asked if I was staying over or returning North that same day - I said I wasn't sure - wasn't sure 'cause my friend who'd insisted I stay with her in London hadn't been back in touch.

I was somewhat surprised when at Euston railway station he invited me out to dinner that same evening saying my friend with whom I might be staying would be more than welcome also. He gave me hiscellphone number and asked me to ring him before 6pm.

The interview was pathetic, I didn't like any of the staff, couldn't have cared less about what I now saw as a 'waste of space' job and to cap it all my friendZoe had forgotten all about me coming to London and was busy all evening - it was 5pm when I rang Marcus.

We arranged to meet at the Inn onthe Park - a very plush hotel opposite Hyde Park very close to Knightsbridge and Mayfair. He welcomed me at reception in the warm way I remembered from the train and escorted me to the main restaurant.
The food was superb, the wine exquisite, the conversation stimulatingand now with cocktails to followI felt warm inside and quite contented - I didn't need much pursuading to stay the night particularly as he'd promised me my own bed...albeit in his suite.
The waiter brought us champagne to our rooms and now, my whole being relaxed I lay on his bed knowing the one next to me would be mine.
It came as no surprise when he kissed me - in fact I was beginning to wonder if he would. His mature lips on mine were soft and seductive and now with his arms around me, his chest pressing against my breasts I opened my lips to admit his probing tongue. For a moment I questioned what I was doing. Here I was in a room with a man who was old enough to be my grandfather, french kissing him and speculating as to whether I should have full sex with him.
He supported himself on a single elbow and now an experiencedright hand wandered under my tee shirt, found the bare flesh of my midriff and slowly and seductively prised away the zip on my jeans to teasemy already heaving belly. I felta finger probe ever so gentlymy belly-button then move upwards to prise away my bra and now he had my right breast in his softpalm as he slowly kneeded the pliable mound making both my nipples stand on end demanding urgent attention. He was quick to notice and now almost naked he sucked mercilessly first on one nipple then on the other, driving me slowly hot and wild with lust and sexual desire. Our tonguesflicked, darted and explored each others mouths in an avid display of pure unwanted need for gratification - and now as always my whole body began to writhe and squirm like a trapped snake as somehow he freed his own body of his clothes and finally discarded mypanties to the floor.
His fingers found my vagina, took hold of my erect and very wet clitty and now he was making me see stars. I climaxed deep and tight clenched - and as yet he hadn't even entered me...I reached out to his groin, felt the weight of his balls, fullwith his seed, and took hold ofthe now fully erect penis jutting out from his groin like a barbers pole. I remember thinking to myself, ' I'm going to fuck a 57 year old man who's got a body, balls and a dick as good as any 25 year old guy. My thoughts disappeared into oblivion as I felt his hot cock nosing and probing at my vaginal lips...then at once it was thrust right up into my belly and I felt it against the mouth of my womb as once more he sent me to orgasmic paradise.
I lay still as this powerhouse of senior lust thrust and banged hard and fast up and down my birthspace, his hot jagged breath rasping from his throat and now orgasm after orgasm wafted my soul and body to heaven and back.
He came inside me at the pinnacle of my final climax. Like a fire-hose his balls released their juices and he squirted hot andlong his sperms right up to the mouth of my womb. I hoped he wouldn't have a heart attack but he was far too lithe for that and when we'd both finished, our combined lusts satiated he fell away from me.
Not a word was said as we lay together side by side. We'd reached our pinnacle and the satisfaction

had been mutual and now as Marcus was clearly asleep I wondered....I could still make it in time for the last train home....or should I stay. Maybe the next time wouldn't be as good or as powerful as the lustand satisfaction gone before. My body was relaxed, my spirit soothed and my belly full of his sperm.....no! any more and the memory might be ruined.

I just about made it to the train having hurriedly dressed and left Marcusa goodbye note which really could have said more. I sat down - only to be joined on the seat opposite by the most delicious specimen of hunky manhood I've seen for a long time.

Yes, I ended up back at his flat at the other end of the train journey.....but that is another story 'cept to say he gave me good head - virtually eating my pussy and probing deep inside with his tongue. He said I tasted really good - like none he'd tasted before. I really hadn't the heart to tell him why.

The End