Age vs Youth

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The Beauty and the Blond.

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It is just another regular day in my life. Wake up, drink coffee, head to work, blah blah blah, go home. I've been living in the city for a few weeks now but haven't had enough time to venture out and see the sights. Hit the clubs or restaurants. Or most regrettably, pick up any dates. Leaving the office that day I had no idea how my life was about to change.

As I left work I headed down to the subway. It had taken me several days to get the nerve to even try the subway, but cab fare was getting a little out of hand. I finally started using the subway and even though it was intimidating, I managed ok. I'm an old pro at it now. When the doors open, the herd of humanity crowd our way inside. I find myself in just past the center of the car, standing near a pole. Which I hold onto for support. As everyone settles into place I'm happy to find that it's a well dressed woman standing just next to me, slightly in front and to my right. Also holding onto the same pole.

At first I just take the usual glancing once over of her. But as the subway begins to move for some reason I find my gaze finds it's way back to her. She isaboutfive or sixinches shorter than my 6'ft tall frame. She has long straight hair that falls just below her shoulders, It's black, very black. Except for a few strands of gray. Because of her uniform I'm certain she must work as a bank teller. Strangely, she makes this outfit look very attractive. From what I can tell with it being so crowded in here, her ass fills it out nicely. It's not too tight, but not too loose either. Her wildly printed blouse is pulling tightly across her ample, but still high and full bosom. Unbuttoned just low enough to show a classy amount of cleavage. Her face is a picture of serenity. I can tell from the strands of gray from a few small lines in her face that she ismuch older than I. My uneducated guess would be early 50's. Other than the few wrinkles, her skin is flawless. Smooth and moist looking. Perfectly full lips, a nose that fits perfectly between her rosy cheeks. And eyes that are smoky and gray. This woman isn't attractive or hot or fine, she is simply beautiful.

Fresh out of college and away from homeI'm not sure if I'm just really horny or is this woman, clearly old enough to be my mother, is as beautiful and attractive as I think. Or am I just really horny. But the more I look at her, the more I realize that I'm looking at a true beauty. While she is very sexy, it's not in a "rip her clothes off and bend her over the couch for a fast hard fuck" kind of sexy. She exudes

beauty and confidence. I'm enthralled simply by nothing in particular yet everything about her all at once.

A turn in the tunnel causes all of us to shift our weight and causes us to jostle about. During which my "older beauty" loses her grip very briefly. As she regains control her hand grabs for the pole again only to put her hand on mine.

Quickly she removes her hand and grabs the pole. "Excuse me, sorry about that." She says as she turns to look at me. Her eyes find mine forjust a moment. As she turns her head forward to stare blankly at nothing, her hair whips slightly and I get the slightest hint of her shampoo... lavender I believe.

Still in my own little world, I'm unable to say anything. "No problem" or anything would have been nice. She turns back to me, no doubt wondering why I didn't reply. She catches me in mid-stare at her face. As she blushes a deep shade of red she again faces forward. But I can tell she is trying to look at me in her peripheral vision. She is on to me...

She suddenly seems a little less sturdy, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. But as I do nothing overlyflirty, I do not say anything. Nor do I take the opportunity to "brush" against her during our bumpy ride. She seems to not be too bothered. She does however keep taking quick sideways glances to see if I'm still looking.

Just then, the subway comes to the next stop. More people are coming aboard, few get off. As the new arrivals cram inside my Beauty is pressed even closer to me. We find ourselves touching. Her left cheek is pressed against my hip. Thankfully I had turned just before she pressed against me, prodded by the overcrowded car. She is not particular thrilled I don't think, but I maintain my silence and gentlemanly behavior. I do nothing to offend my Beauty.

As we settle, I look up to see that just in front of my beauty there is now another fabulously attractive woman. This one is different. I'm not sure what her plans are but she is dressed to kill. She is wearing the classic black cocktail dress. But it is very short, showing off very long, lean, and tan legs. It is tight across her very flat stomach. The square cut top is dangerously low. If she were to raise her arm to hold a strap or handle,I think that her boob would pop out. her flowing blond locks and sparkling blue eyes top off the sexiness before me.

The energy inside the subway car has changed. Without saying a word or doing anything provocative, Blondie has garnered the attention of everyone within eye shot of her. The men who are undressing her with their eyes, including the one that is pressed against her backside. Who she smiles at over her shoulder. She's used to the attention. And the women, some who also seem to be undressing

her. Some who are disgusted at her just because she is one of "those" women. The ones that make men do stupid things.

I too am mesmerized by the sexual beast in front of me. Yet something causes me to look back down right beside me, at my Beauty. She seems different. The look of confidence that was once on her face is gone. Replaced by something totally different. Her jaws are clenched, her whole aura has changed. Despite the new air of uncertainty in my Beauty, she is still stunning. My eyes glance back up at Blondie, she is soaking in the radiance of the eyes upon her. She is smoking hot, and she knows it. She has every man in this subway car totally enraptured. All but one.

Physically, Blondie oozes sex. No doubt she would be a great girlfriend for however long she stuck around before she got bored. But my Beauty, ahhh. I'm unable to look away from her. Again I find myself transfixed onto her. Her face, the skin on her chest. The subtle shaking of the upward swell of her breasts. She is shifting her weight from side to side, she is antsy and anxious. And I know why, Blondie. Almost imperceptibally she looks out of the corner of her eye in my direction. At this point I've been looking for several minutes, ever since we boarded. I don't look away, knowing she sees me looking at her.

Something in my Beauty begins to change again. Her breathing seems to slow. She has stopped fidgeting from foot to foot. Her face relaxes and slowly the confidence in her returns. Looking straight ahead she glances at Blondie. The slightest of smiles shows on her face. As for me, I can feel the stare of Blondie. She has every man in this subway car hooked, but me. And she is trying to gain my attention. Her presence is strong, and I can feel her eyes burning into my skull. But I only have eyes for one. By comparison, the young bombshell is no match for the mature stunner.

As the subway slows at the next stop, Blondie is already making her way to the exit door. She is in a hurry to get out of the car, she has gone from sassy and sexy to mean and nasty. Angered that someone outdid her.

Just before the doors open, Beauty turns to me. Raises up on her toes, one hand on my arm to steady herself.

"Thank you" she whispers in a barely audible voice.Just before she kisses me softly on the cheek. Sending and electric current through my body.

When the door opens she moves to exit, along with mostly everyone else. As the last stragglers pass through the doors I can see her. Standing there looking into the car at me.

"You coming or what?" she says with a smile.

As if I were still electrified from her kiss I bolt passed the doors just before they close. She turns and begins to walk. I follow along for a moment before catching up to her. Walking side by side. Unsure of what I should do or say now. But following her lead I just walk. She is looking straight ahead again, walking with a purpose. In a more active kind of way we are reliving the scene again. She looks ahead, I look and admire her beauty.

Approaching an apartment building she nudges me and motions with her head that this is her place. Following her inside we wait for the elevator. When the elevator door closes I take the opportunity to introduce myself.

"Hi, I'm..." I begin to say

"Shhhhh", she interrupts very softly and by placing her finger on my lips.

The elevator reaches her floor and I follow her down the hall to her apartment. She unlocks and opens the door. Grabbing me by the hand she leads me inside. Feeling her skin in contact with mine for this extended period of time sends tingles all over my body, but I'm still unsure of exactly what is going to happen. Past the kitchen and through the living room, she leads me straight to her bedroom and pushes me into a seated position on her bed.

Standing before me she begins to undress. Not in a rushed "I need to fuck you right now" kind of way. Not in a slow sensual kind of way. But rather matter of factly. She isn't showing off for me, but she knows I'm enjoying the show. First she removes her shoes. Next, surprisingly is her skirt. Revealing a very sexy black thong. The wetness in the crotch is evident. Then she begins to unbutton her blouse, from bottom to top. My constant staring and appraisal of her chest must have been noticed. With a smile on her face she slides it off her shoulders, she knows I'm a boob guy. Now smirking, she hooks her fingers into her thong and lowers them.. As the slide past her hips I am greeted with the sight of her lovely womanness.

Just like the rest of her, her pussy is elegant. Smooth and milky white. Her lips just barely peek out and her love button is slightly visible. I was already hard as steel, but this has gotten me even harder! As she stands back up from removing her panties, her hands trail up her body. Up her calves, knees, to her thighs. Slowing and softly caressing her exposed mound, up to her stomach and ribs. Ever so slowly reaching her still bra encased breasts. Knowing that's what I want to see most of all. Softly running her hands over her beautiful chest, she steps towards me.

It is very provocative to see this woman before me, totally nude except for her bra. It's like Christmas morning and I've opened all my gifts but "the big one". Kneeling before me she unties and removes

my shoes followed by my socks. Standing back up she pulls me up from my seated position andremoves my necktie. Unbuttons my shirt and tosses it aside. Then she pulls my t-shirt over my head, pausing for a moment to touch her fingertips to my chest. As her hand trails down my abdomen she reaches my belt. Unclasping it her hand grazes against the head of my erection through my pants. She sighs a pleasant sound as she looks up and smiles at me. Belt undone, she unbuttons my slacks then lowers my zipper. As my pants hit the ground I step out of them. I am leaking precum into my boxers briefs, the anticipation is killing me.

The Beauty, whose name I still don't know, grabs the waist band of my underwear and pulls them toward her. Knowing she'll need some clearance so as to not hook my extremely hard cock. Stepping close to me her hard nipples poking through her bra. Pushing the waistband past my hips and down my legs, lowering them to the floor with her foot. Pressing her chest into mine, her open hand rubs up and down my hard cock.

She leads me to the foot of the bed and press me down by my shoulders to sit. As I do, my hard-on is lewdly standing at full attention. She stands on one leg and wraps the other around my waist, then lowersher body to my lap. The other leg wraps around me. Looking me in the eyes with her legs around my back and her arms around my neck, she raises her body until her pussyis just above my hardness.

As she lowers herself onto me. Taking every inch of my swollen shaft into her warm wet folds, her eyes close halfway. Feeling me fill her soft pussy with my hard cock a soft moan escapes her lips. Once she has lowered herself entirely on me and she is sitting fully on my lap, she again looks me in the eyes. Sitting straight up and smiling she reacher her arms behind her back and unclasps her bra. FINALLY! While she is rolling her shoulders forward making the straps fall from them, her extremely tight but aged pussy muscles are gripping and milking my cock. The control she exhibits is incredible. Varying speeds and strength. Temporarily causing me to lose focus and close my eyes.

I'm completely lost in the feeling of her quim contracting and releasing my cock. I can feel myself oozing precum inside her. But without much friction yet I'm not ready to cum. My senses come back to me when the pussy muscle massage stops. Opening my eyes I am greeted first by a smile that brightens the room. Secondly, with my focus distracted my her milking my cock I was totally unaware that she had removed her bra. And now, after all this time I can finally rest my eyes upon their glory.

These breasts are exquisite. Calling them tits would do them a disservice. They are full. And round. They are real. And despite her age, they are still sitting fairly high on her chest. Her areola are medium in size. But it's her nipples that garner my full attention. Poking out from her areola they are spectacular. A fullinch of hard erect nipple. Unable to resist them, I attack her hard nipples voraciously. My Beauty throws her head back in delight as I suck and kiss and nibble on her pink nub.

Pushing me until I'm on my back on her bed, she leans down. All of her weight is on top of me as she raises and lowers her hips. Her pussy is sliding up and down my hard shaft. My hands travel the length of her back and settle on her wonderful backside. Gripping it as she fucks me.She raises up onto her hands and gazes into my eyes. Seeing the desire in my eyes shecan tell that I'm nearing the point of no return. She lifts her chest from me and is sitting astride me. Her hands on my stomach, which causes her arms to frame her lovely breasts. My hips are moving in time to hers. But now, as she rolls her hips back and forth on me she begins using her expert Kegel technique on me. I can feel the pressure in my groin building. Looking at her she has head thrown back, arms still framing her luscious boobs. Grinding her crotch onto mine.

Sensing the oncoming explosion I reluctantly break my verbal silence, "I'm very close, if you don't want me to cum...", I begin before she interrupts me.

"I can't get pregnant, cum inside me. I haven't felt a man lose control inside for a very long time."

The excitement of it all is more than I can now handle. My hips begin to thrust upward on their own, trying to get even deeper. To savor the feeling of her warm core. Just as my cock is beginning to swell to release the gush, my Beauty intensifies her movements. Her hips are rolling back and forth faster and harder than ever. She has that far away look in her eyes, she is nearing her own orgasm.

Trying to maintain the game and not speak again, the moment is here. "Arggghh, mmmmm, ahh... ohhh." I grunt my appreciation as I explode a flood of hot semen inside her.

When the first hot blast of cum hits her inner walls it sends her over the edge with me. "Oooh god... aaah.... OHHHHHH MMMMMMM YESSSS!" she exclaims as the orgasm overtakes her. Her hips grinding hard and slow onto me, her clit rubbing against my pubic bone. All the while my cock is spurting shot after shot of cum inside her.

She collapses onto of me, her pussy is contracting around my slowly softening cock. Milking all the last drops of cum from me. Feeling her hot sweaty body pressed against mine while her warm pussy leaks mine and her cum onto my balls and legs is heavenly.

Lifting her head and resting her chin on my chest she says, "Hi, I'm Connie. Nice to meet you"

"Hi Connie, I'm Johnny. I'd have to say that meeting you was my pleasure."

From that day on, I rarely spent the night in my own apartment. And when my lease was up I moved in with Connie. What can I say, it wasa match made in heaven... or in the subway. Whichever, it

works for us.