Finally

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You agreed. You finally agreed to let me cook you dinner. I've been wanting to ask you over for dinner for three years, but didn't have enough courage.

Three years. Three years is how long I've spent secretly admiring you. The reason I've not been able to share my desire for you? Our positions. The fact that you were my boss and the obvious thirty-year age gap. There have been so many times that I have wanted to tell you how incredible you really are. How kind, intelligent, caring, and charismatic. How I love the little bit of slump of your shoulders and picture your arms outstretched pushing yourself down my mouth, how I love how lean your fingers are and how I visualize them slipping in and out of me night after night, or how it makes me sad that you're color blind and can't appreciate how incredibly gorgeous your big blue eyes are.

I've spent all week nervous about your coming over. What would this dinner be like with you? We've gotten together a few times before without anyone else, but I've never quite known how you felt. I've spent too much time over-analyzing the words that you've said trying to figure out if there was a possibility of our ever being together. We've mentioned an age gap in a relationship, and we both agreed that the physical would be the only common interest between such a wide age gap. But, there's something that I can tell you're attracted to in me. I don't know how you're attracted to me, but I know that on some level you are.

You're about to arrive for dinner, but, if there's any of this evening that is up to me… this is how the evening will go.

You'd knock on my door. I've moved out of the hometown and onto my own, and you're visiting me in my new place. You show up looking clearly ecstatic to see me. The fact that you traveled here means a great deal to me. You're clean-shaven, and wearing a dress shirt tucked into khakis that make your 50 something year old ass look wonderful and tight. The smile you're sporting is the smile that I crave that makes me feel like I am the only person in the world. You take off your shoes as you come in, and I find this as a sign of your respect toward and comfort with me.

I already have dinner cooking and am about a glass of wine in already. I offer you some wine, and you accept. As I reach up to grab a glass from the cupboard, I see your reflection in the window

looking at me. Taking me in. It excites me to have your eyes on me, and it makes me feel like there is indeed a type of animal passion inside of you that longs for me.

As we sit down to dinner, we talk about everything and anything. Our conversation reaches from the world of education, to love, to politics, and to religion. We surprisingly have similar views on all of the above, which is odd considering I am 22 and you are 55. I am not sure if this means that I am mature for my age or that you hold some sort of youthfulness inside of you. Maybe some of both.

Dinner goes well, and as we began to do the dishes, the heat from the water, the hot summer night, and my blush for you makes my body temperature too much to handle. I take off my shawl exposing myself in just a tank top. I can see your eyes travel down from my eyes to my mouth and to my open neck. As I reach to grab some dishes from the table and turn back to the sink, I hear you step behind me and feel your presence behind me.

I can feel your heavy breathing on my neck as I start to scrub the dishes. Your hands start to rub my shoulders. Before I know it your pressed up against me behind me. And your hands begin to roam. I moan some words at how good it feels and with that I can feel your pants start to get tighter. Your hands slip from my shoulders down my sides and around to my flat stomach. You pull me against you, and I send out a little gasp.

I decide I can’t take it anymore and I turn around and push you up against the counter on the opposite side of the kitchen. I kiss you with a strength that I didn’t know that I had. This turns you on even more. You begin to take off my shirt as I start to undo the buttons on your shirt. You lift off my shirt and stop for a moment to take in my youthful body and way my breasts sit in my bra. I reach over and start to move my hands along your chest as I am turned on by the hair that exists on it. You’re in good shape, and I can see some definition of your stomach that told me that you at one point had a fantastic six-pack. You’re a little bit overweight now, but I am okay with it. I’ve fallen in love more with the words that come out of your mouth than your physical appearance, income level, or position of power.

By the time I get done enjoying the first sight of you bare chest, you have already take my bra off and are headed toward sucking on my tits. You lift them both and bring my right nipple to your mouth. I’ve imagined your mouth on my tits a million times, but there is nothing like the real feel of it. As you are sucking on my tit all I can manage to say is “Yes, harder!” You begin to chew on my nipples and I finally know what kind of desire you have for me.

As you come back up to kiss me I beg you to let me taste you. I tell you how I want to drink up all you have to offer, and how I can’t wait to see your cock. I stoop to my knees and undo your pants. As I pull down your pants and underwear, you dick springs out and hits me in the chin. I love when a dick

waves around because it is so hard.

I kiss the tip of your dick slowly, and tease you by just putting the tip in my mouth. I then lift up your rod and lick from the backside of your balls to the tip. I then can’t take it anymore and I begin to pump up and down on you. Your hands go immediately to my hair, and you put me at a rather fast pace as your head rolls back and eyes close from how good it feels. My hands are tight on your legs using them for stability as you fuck my face.

I need to catch my breath, and I ask you to let me suck on your balls. The balls have always been my favorite part of going down on a guy. The way they swing, their discolor, and how they feel stuffed into my mouth. By the time I get done sucking on them, you are ready to blow… but I stop you just before you’re about to release.

You then pull me up for a passionate kiss. We just stand there for a minute taking in how good the previous just felt, for both of us; however, you can hardly contain yourself as you read my mind and feel my desire to feel your tongue on me down below. You turn and begin to pull me toward my bedroom. Your hands roaming all over me preparing me for the forcefulness of what is about to come.

Part two?