

The Italian Sugar Daddy.....Afternoon Delight

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The second adventure with my Italian sugar daddy

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Yesterday morning when I got out of bed, I checked my phone for any missed called or texts. Nothing. Not a word. I was excited when I then check my email and there he was. The Italian had sent me our next request for our second adventure. Since the first meeting, we have text, emailed and even spoke on the phone. He told me of how precious I was to him, of how he had never met someone like me as far as a lover was concerned. I too enjoy him, everything about him. I loved talking to him, we have so much in common. He was the perfect size all over as well, his height, his weight, the length of his arms. Even in the most personal of places, not only in length but in girth. His manhood surpassed any I've had before. His email was short and sweet and came around 5:30 am. "Good morning my beauty, I hope you slept well. I did not want to call you this early and wake you from your sleep. I would like to know if you would want to meet for lunch today. I will be busy all morning until about 12:30ish. Maybe we can go to that restaurant that has wonderful cheesecake. I hope to hear from my lover soon. Daddy" I smiled seductively. He knew I loved cheesecake, chocolate cheesecake to be exact. There was a special one at this given restaurant that almost makes me have an orgasm it is so delish. He wanted to see me again, today. And I had absolutely nothing to do. I emailed back saying I would love to see him again. We exchanged emails some more, teasing each other in the naughtiest of fashions. I even told him I was ok with no condoms...as long as he could show me proof he did get fixed. I slowly took my time getting ready. I wanted to be perfect for my new daddy. He's been everything I've been wanting in a daddy since the perfect Politician of the past. Only difference between the two was their age. The Italian is in his early 50's and the Politician is currently in his mid 60's. But to reflect on the Politician's age then while we had our torrid affair, he was in his early 50's. Maybe that's the perfect age for a man. I think at that age a man knows what he truly wants. He knows by life experiences what turns him on and off, what makes him tick and even knows what a woman wants and needs. And they don't bullshit either as easy as the younger men do (no offense my gentleman readers.....its from experience for me....I do on occasion like a young man between my legs.....lol) But like the Italian now, the Politician to was a married man and is still with that horrid creature he calls a wife. I wondered how the day would go, what was in store for us. He wanted lunch and dessert. I want dessert but not in the food like fashion. I wanted daddy as my afternoon delight. I even teased him and said for us to get a room and make

our own sweetness. He replied back with a laugh and said he could accommodate my beautiful yummy request. I was to meet him at a restaurant I loved that served wonderful desserts. It was one of my favorite places. He was already there waiting for me. I walked in with a short dark colored breezy summer dress and wore a pair of heels that combined made me look like I had legs that never ended. He smiled when he saw me and stood at the table when I came to him. He took my hand and kissed it, saying something to me in Italian knowing I had no clue to what he was saying. We sat and had a light lunch and chatted about little things, even the vasectomy conversation came up. He couldn't keep his eyes off my cleavage as we talked. Every time I caught him looking he would smile slyly yet seductively. I then got the idea to let him know I wore no panties under my dress. "Are you ready, my dear?" he asked. I knew what we were in for next. I smiled sweetly and said I was ready for dessert. We left the restaurant sweets free and made our way across the street to the same hotel we made our affair official before. This place was going to mean something special to me. He had already checked in and bed to our room before lunch. The room was dim lit with candles burning and music playing as we entered the room. The softness of my favorite vanilla smell.....the soft music of jazz. This man really paid attention to detail.....perfect. All I could do was smile at my daddy as he brought me closer to him. He whispered sweet Italian words in my ear and he kissed my neck. I was instantly turned on. He told me he wanted to pamper me, that he was going to give me what I want, what I need, and that everything was for me. As the music played we got into a slow dance rhythm and began to kiss and take each other's clothes off. Touching and kissing, we took our time as the music changed from one slow song to the next. My body was his, all his as he took his time, savoring every touch, every kiss. He gently took me to the bed and had me lay down while he trailed kisses down my neck then to my breasts leaving what felt like fire on each nipple after suckling them for a moment. His mouth and his hands went farther down my body. He kissed my stomach, my inner hip on either side, then he, kissed my thighs and then the inner thighs, gently pulling my legs apart, his mouth went to the front of my pelvis, right at the top of my pussy. I was wet and ever ready for him. His fingers softly trailed over my skin making tingle with passion. When he kissed my pussy, his fingers danced over my clit. I arched my body wanting his touch, needing s to feel his touch. I wanted his fingers, his cock and his mouth so. He took his time with me. Not once allowing me to take any control. He said today was all about me. I was putty in his hands. He ate my pussy slowly, and took in all my juices, he found my g spot and made me go crazy in my mind. My hands went for his head. I love his hair. I ran my fingers through his hair and held his face in my pussy. I wanted more. I came to the edge several times and each time I was ready to cum, he backed away. Finally he crawled up my body and left wet pussy juice kisses on my stomach and my nipples before giving me a beautiful kiss on the mouth. I love to taste myself on his mouth. I love how we taste together. "May I please fuck your beautiful pussy?" he whispered in my ear. That alone caused my pussy to throb more for him. I shook my head yes wanting him. My legs went up to wrap around him. He rubbed his full length over my hot wet pussy before allowing the tip to meet my opening. I arched for him as he slowly entered my body. His entire length in one full push. My body was on fire for him. He pumped me with his hard cock for it felt an eternity. He was slow and steady, romantic and caring. We took our time with each

other. My legs up around his body, sliding over his back side wanting him deeper. His mouth claiming my neck and shoulder then my ear and then my mouth. We made love for hours cumming for each other countless times. At one time we both dozed off wrapped in each other. But soon after it was time to go. We had been playing for several hours. How I didn't want us to leave each other. We laid in each other's arms telling the other how wonderful of a lover the other way. He promised a weekend getaway soon if our schedules can fit. We got up, he blew out the candles and made his way to me to take a shower together and made love in the shower. We stopped the shower and took it back to the bed very wet. After another 30 minutes of hot "fuck me hard" sex, which was the first time we had ever done that, we hopped back in the shower again. I had to restrain myself from toughing him as we had to leave soon and now he was running behind. He kissed me just before he hopped out, winked and told me to turn the water down to cool as I needed it. He was dressed when I came out of the shower. He put the lids on the candle on and placed them in a gift bag for me. He told me he wanted me to have them and to burn them and think of us. He also was picking up our room. Pillows were everywhere along with the sheets. I had just finished dressing when he came up behind me and wrapped his arms around me. He kissed my neck and told me something again in Italian. In his hand was another card. "Open this, my beauty." I opened a sweet romantic card and read what he had to say. "You truly are amazing (insert my name here), I enjoyed every inch of your body. Thank you for dessert Your daddy, (insert his name here)" Along with the card was another gift card but it was to the restaurant we had lunch at. I thanked him for the card and the gift by giving him a slow passionate kiss. We kissed for eternity before he gently pulled away and pulled out another envelope. I knew what was in it, again the Italian was a man of his word and could he pay attention to detail. I smiled at him and my sexy once more turned back on and instantly went in for another kiss. We kissed some more. This time my hands were all over him. I wanted him again. He groaned and told me we had to go. He looked at the clock and it was now past 8 pm. "one more time...." We had sex again, only I kept my clothes and heels on, I bent over and let him fuck me from behind. He pounded my pussy hard, just how I like it. He came strong and hard and because of that, I came hard as well. I wanted to suck his cock so bad and had begged for it all afternoon but he wouldn't allow it. He wanted me and that day was all about me. But he did promise I could have my way with him on our next adventure. I'm so looking forward to it....I love oral sex. We cleaned up again and parted ways.