

Xochitl

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An older man meets a young woman at a weekend conference.....

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This is a slightly embellished true story...only slightly..... I'm definitely an older man, and certainly a dirty old man, although I prefer to think of myself as an older man who enjoys eroticism. Fortunately, despite having passed my 65 th birthday, my virility hasn't waned a great deal. OK, to be honest, the repetition time has got longer, but since there's so much you can do in between, that has not been a problem. The other thing is a benefit, that lasting seems to have got longer. And so what, I think I hear you say? Well, this happened.....thankfully! I was on a weekend away from home, at a conference in Belgium at the sea-side resort of Blankenberge. Of course, this was November, so the holiday makers had long since gone. As I wound my way through the streets to the conference hotel, I was looking forward to hearing about some new species of plants that had recently been discovered in Mexico. The first of the talks was in the evening after dinner, and was interesting enough, though not the high spot of the conference, according to the agenda. After it ended, it was down to the bar to taste some of the wonderful beers for which Belgium is rightly known. It was so very full though, that struggling to the bar was tedious, and it seemed that I was not the only one who felt that, as I discovered as I was jostled by the person behind me. I turned, ready to give them a sharp word, when I saw it was a 20 something woman, so bit my tongue, saying limply that this was awful. She agreed, and to keep the conversation going, I said it would be better to find a bar elsewhere if it was going to continue like this. To my surprise, she readily agreed and turned, walking out of the queue. I could but follow her. Outside the conference hotel, it was cold, and the idea of walking down the street looking for a suitable bar no longer seemed as appealing as it had done inside. The woman obviously felt the same, as she shivered and said that this had been a bad idea. I agreed, and we headed back inside, getting only as far as the door to the bar before stopping and looking at each other in alarm, as the crush was as bad as before. "Look", she started, "if you don't think too badly of me, would you like to have a drink with me in my room, as I bought a bottle of duty free on the flight here". "I think that would be nice", I said, as she seemed an open and friendly woman. We headed up in the lift, and in her room, I got settled in the only chair while she got a couple of glasses from the bathroom, and grabbed a bottle from her case. It turned out to be a bottle of Glenmorangie, which was fine by me. In a sense, it was only now that I was able to look at my drinking companion. I had obviously looked at her before, and seen a young woman, of medium height, pretty in a serious sort of way, wearing a

rather severe business suit and a demure white blouse. Now, as she took off her jacket, kicked off her shoes and relaxed, I could see that she wasn't as serious as I had thought, and prettier. She also had great legs, and curve sin all the right places. By her accent, she had obviously learnt her English in the US, but she turned out to be Mexican, though of relatively pure Spanish blood, I would have judged. We talked, exchanging the usual information about each other, why we were at this conference, families, background and so on. The level in the bottle also dropped as we talked, the difference in our ages having long since been any barrier to our conversation. She had been a bit reticent about telling me her name, saying that in English it was a bit silly, and that she preferred to be called Susan. I pressed her to tell me, and eventually she confessed that it was Xochitl. I knew that word, as it was the species name of one of the plants that I have in my collection, so I said what was wrong with being called "flower", especially since she was a very beautiful flower. At this, she coloured, and jumped off the bed to run to my chair and kiss my cheek. "Thanks", she said, "you are really very nice". Well, I am, but not so nice as to let that moment pass by, and as she went to kiss my other cheek, just moved my head so that our lips met. I sensed her surprise, but that was only momentary, as in an instant we were kissing, increasingly hungrily. "Wow", she said, breaking away, "that was...well...truly special. I haven't kissed like that for a long time". I suggested that it need not be just one kiss, and she agreed, but taking my hand pulled me over to the bed, and sitting together on the side of the bed we kissed, long, sensuous kisses. My arm went around her, and her body moulded itself to mine, and soon we were no longer sitting on the edge of the bed, but lying on it, bodies tight together, arms around each other. This time it was I who broke away, and sat up, looking down at her, her lips slightly swollen, her dark eyes sultry, but I said to her that I thought that this was enough, as she really was far too young to be involved with an old man like me. "Your kisses were not those of an old man", she said, "and from the bulge in your trousers, which I felt hard against me, you haven't lost the ability, so why don't we just forget about age and enjoy this moment". So I did, and slowly undressed her, unbuttoning her white blouse, slowly revealing her neck, which I kissed, and then the rise of her breasts which I kissed, and on until I had peeled off the white garment. Her breasts were firm and although not large, were beautifully rounded, tipped by long nipples which by now were hard, and red from the sucking, licking a light biting that I was inflicting on them. She moaned each time I sucked on one nipple and dragged the roughness of my tongue across the tip. Her body twisted in reaction to what I was doing, and without leaving her breasts for now, my hands were working to undo her skirt and slowly slide it down, helped by her movement. She wore no tights or stockings, her lovely legs being lightly tanned, and just a white pair of girl shorts, which I have always found sexy. She kicked off her skirt and my head moved lower, kissing each inch of her body as I slowly made my way down to where I could smell her musky scent. Hooking my fingers into the band of her shorts, I exposed more and more flesh, discovering that she was fully shaven, and then as she raised her hips and I slid her pants off, she opened her legs and hooked them over my shoulders, allowing me to start to slowly lick her labia, first one side and then the other. My hands were stroking the soft skin inside her thighs as I licked, and then as her hips bucked at my mouth, I put them under her to squeeze her ass cheeks and bring her love hole to my waiting tongue. Pushing it in

as far as I could and moving it in and out, she squirmed and groaned deeply. I then alternated tongue fucking her with licking up to her clit and sucking the little hardness. I think it only needed three or four of these before she came, and squirted over my mouth. She tasted divine, and as she writhed, she forced the tips of my fingers deep into her ass crack to press against her tight rosebud. I kept licking and sucking, to prolong her orgasm, until she pushed my head away, saying something in Spanish, and then pulled me up to kiss me deeply again. Now she realised that she was naked and I was clothed, apart from my jacket which I had shed when I moved first to her bed. Now it was her turn to undress me, and she also sucked my nipples, which is something that I have always found a turn on. It wasn't long though before she had my cock in her hands, and shortly after her mouth. She had talent, this woman, and it was with some difficulty that I restrained from discharging the contents of my balls in the first few minutes. After that it was pure pleasure, as she took me alternately deep and them just with my cock head in her mouth. In that position she would give my cock head a real lounge lashing, but then plunge me deep, so that her tongue could work its magic along my length. She seemed to know when to stop, and slid sinuously along my body until she was laying on top of me, and we kissed again. My hard cock was sandwiched between our bodies, and breaking the kiss, she slid down a bit and then back up, so that it slid along her, stimulating herself on me. This was so erotic, just watching her body move, so form and lovely. Of course all good things have to end, and this ended, to be replaced by something even better, as she kneeled above me, pushed her pussy into my waiting mouth, received a few licks, and then moved back to squat above my erect cock. Gently holding it with one hand, her thumb rubbing my precum across the head, she then slowly impaled herself onto me. She smiled at me, and told me that my fat old cock fitted her very well. Then she started to ride me, slowly at first, and then faster. I extended one hand to grip a long hard nipple and roll it between my fingers. My other hand went lower, and reached her clit, as she forced herself down onto me and then back up. Each time she reached my root, she would squeeze me hard with her inner muscles, and I would pinch her nipple, and so we fucked harder and harder, until I then sat up, gripping her bum cheeks as we moved against each other, and as we kissed again, still fucking, our hips moving in unison, the tip of my finger pressed into her asshole, and then as it broke in, she suddenly went rigid. I thought that I had hurt her somehow, but then she literally opened her mouth and screamed in delight and then her body contorted in the peak of her orgasm. The squeeze on me was so intense, and the sense of mutual pleasure so great that I also came, sending spurts of my cum deep into her belly. We stayed joined like that for a long time, just holding each other, stroking and kissing, as my cock slowly softened, and eventually slipped out. Then we lay down, and slept. In the morning, waking early, she was facing away from me, the curve of her body erotic in the early morning light. I moved, and sensing that I was awake as well, she moved and pressed herself against me. The feel of her warmth against me, coupled with the memory of last night, had me hard in no time, as she clearly felt as my cock pressed against her bum cheeks. Without saying a word, she raised a leg and slid it on top of mine, again pressing herself closer to my groin. Her hand went down and grabbed my hard cock, pulling it into position, so it could again slide between her pussy lips. She was wet and slippery already, so I don't know what she had been dreaming about, but as she

continued to use my cock to spread her wetness, it became obvious to me that she was spreading it in a wider arc than I had expected, sliding me against her asshole. Now I knew what she had been dreaming of, as she then pressed my cock head against that tight muscle, and whispering to me to stay still, she moved so that she was in the right position to push my cock head into her. That felt so very tight, and she obviously enjoyed it going in, judging from the noises she was making. My hips slowly moved forwards as well, until I was as deep inside her anal passage as it could be in this position. She felt so hot, tight, of course, but so very hot. Our rhythm of fucking built, and when I heard her gasping and groaning, my hands went to her clit, which I stroked round and round. When she came, it was much like last night, first rigid and then an amazing series of spasms. This set me off too, so that I spurted deep into her dark passage. We showered together as well, but even though she tried, it wasn't time yet to get me hard again, so we kissed, soaped each other, and then dressed before I slipped back to my room to change into clean clothes, and go back to the conference. At the lunch break, Xochitl found me again, and dragged me almost away to her room, where she threw off her clothes, and almost attached me. I think my short came off in one piece, before we were fucking like animals, no foreplay this time, I fucked her up against a wall in her room until she came, then bent her over the arm of the chair and fucked her again, until her vagina was dripping, and then I let go, and it certainly then did drip. That evening, we skipped dinner and ordered room service in my room. It was a little larger than hers, with a small balcony. I was fucking her from behind as she stood at the balcony, when the doorbell went, signifying our meal had arrived. Hastily tucking ourselves in, the waiter entered and laid the small table with our meal. Rather deliberately we had ordered simple food, steak and salad, chocolate mousse and some cheese, together with a New Zealand Pinot Noir. We didn't let the steak get cold, but as we paused after that course, she got up and stood again at the balcony wall, giving me an unmistakable come-on glance over her shoulder, so once again, I dropped my trousers, pulled up her skirt, pulled down her pants and fucked her long and slowly. The evening air was sharp and cold, but she didn't mind, nor did I, as we were making our own heat, my hand around her, playing with her clit as my cock ploughed the depths of her vagina, scraping my fat cock head along her muscled walls. As she came, she once again shouted, and it was now that I was glad that my room was on the 8th floor, as looking down we could see a few people outside look around in surprise. Back inside, she looked at our meal, and picking up the chocolate mousse, told me that she knew what to do with this. "Get undressed", she ordered. Of course I obeyed, and following her instructions, lay back on the bed. She took several spoonfuls of mousse and spread them around my genitals, all over my groin, cock and balls, and grabbing a towel from the washbasin, made me slide it under me, so she could slop another spoonful down over my asshole. That felt cold, but soon forgotten as she proceeded to lick me clean, starting around the base of my cock, working down to my balls, then up to my cock, sucking it down her throat, and then pushing my legs away so she could get access, she rimmed me as she licked all of the chocolate up. I was so hard that my cock waved like a flagpole in a gale. Then she grabbed a stick of celery that had come with the cheese, and held it out to me. My turn.....so again ordering her to get undressed this time, I spread her legs, spread some of the soft cheese into the furrow on the celery and slid it into her vagina. My meal was

lovely, each much, of which there were many, swivelling the stick of celery in her, pushing it in and then pulling it out, all the time spreading the soft cheese a little wide. Then when the celery was all eaten, the cheese needed to be licked up, and I took my time, spending maybe twenty minutes slowly licking and sucking it, and giving her to another orgasm in the process. Then as she came down, we cuddled and stroked each other, until she then once again slid down to suck me. She was good, and even better when she took me out of her mouth, and told me that since I had had her ass, she would have mine, and holding my cock in one hand, stroking it, she dived down to lick my ass again. This time she tongue fucked my asshole, and then slid first one and then a second slim finger into me to stroke my prostate as she then went back to sucking me again. I resisted for five minutes, before the pleasure became so intense that I could hold back no more, and once again she received my sticky load. Later that night, knowing that we would part the next day, I asked her why she had chosen me, which is how it seemed to me, when there were so many younger men around. "I just enjoy older men", she smiled, "no strings, experience, and so very grateful!". She got that last one right.and the embellishments.....well, it wasn't steak.....but....