

**The Angel
and
The
Captain**

A Novel

By

Kailtyn K

The Angel and the Captain

By
Kaitlyn Kent

The Angel and the Captain is a novel. All elements are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Anything else is a coincidence.

I

THE TENDEREST LOVE, the rawest lust.

Angel brought out these emotions in me from the start.

Of course Angel - not her real name, but how I've thought of her almost from the start - was pretty, right smack in my Attractiveness Wheelhouse because that is Mother Nature at work. Her only concern is us humans creating more humans, so she ensures looks are the first thing men notice about a woman. Sue us.

So of course I noticed Angel was stacked, brunette, cute, athletic yet ladylike. It's part of being a guy, especially when you're probably old enough to be her father.

But there was something more. Angel was nice and made me laugh and didn't seem to get worked up when things didn't go quite right, which they seemed to do from time to time at the bank she works at. I've been on my share of dates over the years, your share, too, probably, and I long ago stopped dating for looks.

But there was even more, something intangible that made me want to hold her when darkness fell and wipe her tears away.

So, after numerous visits to her teller window I'd decided to ask her out. I'd been around the block once or twice and based on my decades of experience asking women out I was fairly certain she would say yes.

Actually, that's a lie. I *knew*. And she knew I knew! And I knew she knew I knew! She was curious - about me, about our age difference, about whether or not the rumors she'd heard about older guys being really lousy in the sack were true.

And I was ready for the great love, frankly because I'd been a bachelor a long time. Happily. I've always enjoyed my own company and was never lonely. Heck, I'd even been engaged a couple of times, but my instincts had started telling

me it was time to settle down, and I've learned to trust my instincts over the years, because they will usually tell you how to get to where you want to go.

So all that was left was to ask her out and see how far our first date would take us.

Because you never know. Either a first date you had high hopes for turns out to blow, or it went really well and you never had a second date.

But I had a hunch.

Look, *I am not stalker!*

I swear!

I merely aggregated assorted pieces of information I'd gathered over the past couple of weeks. Based on that aggregation, I happened to strongly suspect that Angel just happened to be a few minutes away from her lunch hour when I waddled up to the teller line. My plan was almost foiled by some other skank teller being available when I was next in line, but I recovered quickly and let Old Lady Babsby go in front of me and soon enough I was able to present myself at Angel's window with some BS transaction I could've done at the ATM. Angel herself presented the opportunity I was looking for when she asked me how I was doing.

"I'm hungry. How about having lunch with me today?"

Really, I'm not a stalker. I am not making that up.

Of course, Angel said yes, tilting her head and smiling at me with a smile that could have produced power for the Las Vegas Strip for a week. I was so focused on what was going on, I barely noticed her friend Molly begin a modest coughing fit in the adjacent teller window.

Considering I had given her exactly ten minutes' notice of our first date, it went splendidly, a word I don't throw around all that often. I mean, one minute she was processing a routine financial transaction I had drummed up on the drive over and the next Molly was helping her with her coat and whispering something in her ear. I would never find out what it was.

We didn't have unlimited time, so we went to a Chinese place in the shopping complex that housed the branch she worked in. Fortunately, we both like Chinese food.

I wanted to be interesting and funny and all that crap, but really I wanted to one, not try to act her age and, two, treat her like a lady, the older gentleman's ace-in-the-hole. Boys her age don't hold doors or pull chairs out or order for their

dates or flatter them shamelessly and I certainly hope notebooks were out because class was in session. I gave a clinic in how an older man treats a younger woman.

I will always remember everything about this hour. Angel was, of course, beautiful, but she was hardly the first beautiful women I'd had lunch with. She was funny and thoughtful and there was no doubt I wanted to see her again.

MY CAPTAIN IS such a dork! This was not, is not, how you ask a girl out!

I knew something was up, though. First, he let Mrs. Bagsby cut in front of him so he could visit my window. Second, his transaction could have been completed in his living room.

Good. I was ready for something to be up. He was a handsome older gentleman, which I found highly erotic, but there was something else: he was very polite and he made me laugh, which put him two up on a lot of the boys who ask me out.

I'd always thought of him as The Captain. Everything about him, from his bearing to his stride to his signature screamed command, a scream I was open to hearing, frankly. The Captain always appeared to know exactly what he was about. I was ready for this, too.

He wasted no time, either. I asked him how he was and he said hungry, he was going to lunch and why didn't I join him?

My stomach froze. I'd been waiting to hear those words for what seemed like an eternity and thought I was prepared to hear them. I said yes and a few minutes later we were sitting in some restaurant, but I'm sure I stammered and sounded like a little girl as I closed my window and went and got my coat. Molly helped me put it on and whispered something in my ear, something about me being myself or remembering to breathe or some crap like that.

I remember so little about this date it isn't even funny! You'd think I would because it was the start of our life together, but I felt like an understudy thrust to center stage without sufficient rehearsals! I was in a daze. The man I wanted to ask me out had asked me out and I had like five minutes to prepare for crossing the great line of demarcation in my life. My makeup! My clothes! Fuck, what if my breath stank? What if I bored him? I mean, my boobies and maybe my smile got me in the door, but he's a distinguished older gentleman, accustomed to women of substance! What if I didn't make the grade?

Feels city.

My main concern was not sounding like a girl! I mean, I was a pretty younger woman and let's not kid ourselves that was a big part of why he asked me out because he scoped me out constantly, but I knew there was something else and I wanted to be woman enough to be at the same table as the Captain. I think I babbled too much, but at the end

he said it had been a lot of fun and he'd like to do it again, though not at the same restaurant which made me laugh.

He was such a dork! He gave me card and told me to text him so he'd have my number. That's not the way it's done, but whatever, I knew a command when I heard one and of course I complied. I made him wait a whole hour though, answering that age-old instinct to play hard-to-get.

Later Molly would point out he let someone cut in front of him and he just happened to show at my teller window right before my lunch break and that the term "stalker" came to mind, but I had returned on schedule and not stuffed in a box, so she supposed he was a good guy.

*I laughed. My Captain was merely a man who knew what he wanted:
his Angel.*

II

OUR SECOND DATE was pretty casual. You need to chat and get to know each other pretty early on because you need to decide if you're going to invest the time and effort required to build something. And you need to find out if the instincts that led you to ask her out in the first place were any good and you can't do that at a move or at the Chancellors Room, which was a five-star restaurant in town.

My instincts, as usual, were trusty. Angel was funny and pleasant and boy, she has always been the prettiest girl I've ever seen. Her black hair was straight – sometimes, maybe usually, it's curly – and she was wearing blue jeans and a black sweater, a classic combination I've always liked.

So I told her about my life. I was born in a small town and still owned a house there, the house I grew up in. My parents are dead and I rent it out, though I charge a pretty high rent to keep the riff-raff out and it is not always occupied.

I spent some time in the Navy and when I got out went to umpire school. Like most athletic kids, I wanted to be a pro ballplayer when I grew up, but I only had average talent, and I started umpiring little league and other youth sports to earn some cash in high school. I wasn't very good back then, but I showed up every day and appeared confident, even when I wasn't, that was half the battle. Most of the battle, actually.

I really liked the Navy, I was a yeoman and I had a knack for pushing paper and could've passed a nice career there, but I found out about umpire school and was hooked from the start, so I got out of the Navy after four years.

I had to explain to her about umpire school. It's where you go if you want to be a major league baseball umpire. There are a couple of them, both in Florida and both starting in January. It's five weeks long and they start from scratch, presuming you've never umpired before. It was pretty confusing the first couple of weeks, but I was willing to work and take instruction and that is half of what they are looking for, and I was one of the top graduates.

After that they send you to an evaluation program with the top students from the other umpire school and then they pick the ones they want to start in the minor leagues. You start at the lowest level and you work your way up and, generally, one or two from each class will make the major leagues.

I came close. Made it to Triple-A, which is the level right below the big leagues. Spent three years in the International League and then I got released. I still remember the phone call. It came a couple of weeks before the holidays and the head of umpire development for baseball called and said I was no longer a prospect for the major leagues and that I would have to find something else to do next summer.

Oh well. Sure, I wanted to make the big leagues, but I went to umpire to learn the trade and I learned my lessons well and worked hard and become really good, as good as I could get, really, and that was satisfying.

And that's what I do now. I officiate for a living. I'm pretty good, and I do college and high school sports and I even still do pro ball as a replacement when someone gets sick or injured. I also run the officials' association in town. That and a modest income from my folk's estate keep me from having to get a real job.

I'd never bothered to get married, either. I told Angel that I had come close once and *really* close another time, but each time something inside said no, this is not what you should be doing with your life right now. I had dreams to chase and I figured when my time came to die I'd better be able to tell myself I went and chased those dreams, instead of taking a flier on them. I mean, I'm hardly a philosopher or anything like that, but what else what I put here for if not try some things and see what I got?

Angel laughed when I told her I'd had a couple of engagements and asked if I was looking to get married now. Even though she laughed I could tell she was serious and I told her yes, I was ready for a good marriage. She tried to be nonchalant about it, but her body language said she was relieved.

Honestly? I was relieved, too. It was only our second date and I was twice her age, but I was relieved she appeared to be open to something permanent, too.

She asked when I'd moved to town and I told her in my early 20's. I was still in pro ball and always went back to the family home in the off-season but I had gotten tired of small town life and was ready for someplace new. My season had ended somewhere in Texas and I was driving home and I wasn't taking the most direct route because I didn't really want to go home. I had stopped here for a couple of days cause it's pretty here and the hotel I was staying at was hiring. I'm not one to believe in fate too much, but it seemed like a sign to me, so I talked to the manager, a really cute woman who liked me. I told her I was a professional baseball umpire and, like some people, she thought it was as mysterious as if I'd've said "spy" and she said we'd worry about me leaving next spring next spring and the next thing I know I was working the front desk there.

The manager *really* liked me and she let me stay at the hotel for the week or so it took me to find a place to live and I've been in town ever since.

After I told her this she asked me when this was and Angel and I did some reckoning and while I don't recall the exact date I moved here, it was within a week or so of the day she was born.

I thought this might scare her. Age differences aren't for everybody. In theory they might be. I mean, what guy my age wouldn't want a woman half his age, especially a really foxy one? Hubba-hubba. I spent more than one night on the road in the sack with an older woman, usually one who was married and bored. But when it comes down to actually building something meaningful, some common interests, like your 20's are helpful.

Her manners were perfect! She told me she couldn't decide between some fish dish or the beef stew – she'd been here many times and liked this place a lot – and I forget what I ended up ordering for her. I'm just glad she has a good appetite and wasn't afraid to order a good meal.

It was a great second date. I've had a lot of second dates over the years and am supremely qualified to make this judgment. My instincts about here right – I knew we'd be a good couple and the second date confirmed it.

I'D BEEN TO our second date restaurant a lot over the years. Mom and I would come here whenever there was some extra money and the girls and I would come here to talk about boys. I was really glad to see The Captain liked it, too, because the food is really good and there are a lot of memories here.

And I'll be honest, he was far from the first date who took me there. Boys liked it because they thought it was fancy, but I got the impression The Captain would be taking

me to nicer places. Maybe even The Chancellors Room, the five-star restaurant at the luxury hotel in town, though I've learned a girl shouldn't go hoping for stuff like that.

I was worried about to eat! I mean, I liked him even then and I wanted him to like me. I am such a worry-wart! It was obvious he liked me. He paid attention to me and made me feel important and no boy scoped me out like he did. But us girls don't like to eat too much on the early dates. I mean, what if he thinks I was a hog?!

I really like their chicken fried steak, though. A lot. So when he asked what I was going to have – because The Captain orders for his Angel – I played it coy. I told him I couldn't decide between some sort of ten-calorie salad or the chicken fried steak.

The Captain didn't even blink. He asked if I wanted mashed potatoes or French fries and of course I said mashed potatoes because that is the only proper side dish with chicken fried steak. He asked if I would present violent objection to starting with some mozzarella sticks and those are really good there, too, and I said, no, there will no objection, violent or otherwise, to those, which made him laugh.

I told him about my life.

I was born in town and had always lived here. I didn't talk about my dad at all, which may have given him a clue I didn't have one. He bailed on us when I was three. I now know why, but at the time I didn't because all Mom ever said was being a dad was harder for him than it was for others. When I was in middle school Mom stopped talking about him with her sisters. I'd hear them on the phone and when they visited, though they didn't talk about him much. It took me a while to realize they weren't talking about him at all anymore and maybe my dad was dead. I don't know.

And it doesn't really matter! The Captain is not my dad; I wanted to do too many things with him, to him, in bed for that. For example, even though he was old enough to be my dad, I wanted this old man to fuck me and eat me out, but maybe not in that order.

From the very start I felt protected and loved with the Captain. It was more than being attracted to him, which I was. It was a feeling of security that is hard to describe but the feeling is comforting because us girls need that.

I went away for college but I moved back because I like it here. I majored in English with a minor in Rhetoric. People always asked if I was going to be a teacher or a writer, but I said no, I had no desire to do either of those things, I merely enjoy the English language and wanted to know more about it.

I told him it wasn't all that easy for an English major who had some zero desire to utilize her major to find the type of work that builds a career, but I was still young, even if 30 is getting closer and closer.

The Captain said he had never married, which I thought odd, because I'd always wanted to marry before I was 30. I asked him if he wanted to get married now. I played it off by laughing so he wouldn't know how serious I was. Because a girl needs a husband and if he was just looking for a twenty-something piece of ass, well, I'd probably give it to him because I wanted him, but you know. I wasn't looking for something long-term and casual.

Fortunately, he said yes, he was open to a good marriage, which was good to hear because I was, too.

A good second date. His pass was stamped to continue on with the courting process. He was a grown-up, and I was ready to be one, too.

III

OH BOY, I knew Angel was feeling poorly when I saw her that afternoon. Again, I hate to sound like a stalker. I'm not. As demonstrated earlier I merely possess some modest investigatory techniques, but I just happened to be walking by the bank in the corner of the grocery store I shop at and she happened to be there and there was no reason not to stop by and say howdy. Besides, we had plans for that night so I had a pretext, always key in these situations, for stopping by.

Tonight was going to be our third date and I was prepared to get busy in bed if she was cause that sometimes happens on third dates, but I knew she was coming down with something as soon as I saw her and I wasn't surprised when she texted and said she couldn't make it.

Hell, I didn't want her feeling bad, so I texted her right back asking if she needed anything, and she called me and said yeah, now that I mentioned it, she could use some things because her mother was out of town, so I went and got them and took them over.

I knocked on her door and she answered in some PJs and she looked like crap, honestly. Her hair was a mess and her nose was red from having blown it with a tissue so much. She needed attention. That was plain even to an oaf bachelor like me. She said she had chills and aches and she was coughing and sneezing, had the trots and to show she was really serious, even ralphed twice for good measure. I put her to bed immediately and made her some chicken noodle soup. I took her temperature and she slept for a while and when she woke up I gave her some more soup and more TLC and even gave her some medicine to help her sleep.

When I tucked her in for good I caressed her cheek and called her Angel for the first time. I told her to get better, and I'd be right here all night in case she needed anything.

It occurred to me she may well never had a dad to do these things for her. On our second date we were at dinner and we talked about our pasts and goals and all other second date crap and she never did mention her father. Her mom, sure. Lots of times. Her mom still lived in town and they talked daily and I think she was her only parent.

She was sick and completely surrendered to me and seemed happy to do it. No, not happy. Relieved is a better word. She seemed, no was, relieved, not to have to be caring for herself.

I gave her a bath, too. I can remember having this done for me, a nice hot bath with some Epsom salts thrown in. You get in and then you add some towels. You get them wet and then you lay the towels on top and then you pour hot water over the towels. You sweat and some of the bad stuff sweats out of your body. I had her cover herself with the towels first, then I got a sauce pan from her kitchen and used it to pour hot water over her and she tilted her head back and smiled and I could tell she was feeling at least a little better.

I slept on the couch, but not too well at first because I was on the earie for her waking up. I checked up on her though around 2am and she was sleeping soundly, snoring in the soft way I would later have the privilege of becoming accustomed to, so I went back to the couch and slept pretty well – our first night together, the classic third date!

She was feeling a little bit better in the morning, so I made her some oatmeal. I didn't give her too much because us humans are the only animals that don't instinctively fast when sick and there's a reason for that, but she was hungry and oatmeal is a better breakfast than chicken soup.

Angel wasn't completely better though, so I spent the day with her. I made arrangements for someone to cover my basketball game that night and she napped and that afternoon I gave her another bath and she felt well enough that afternoon to watch a movie together which I am counting as our fourth date.

She was feeling a lot better by evening. The baths helped, plus the soup and medicine, of course, but I think the best medicine was merely us being together. I enjoyed fussing over her and it was plain she enjoyed the fussing.. Look, I never had kids. I wasn't looking for a daughter – eventually I wanted to a lot of un-

daughterly things to her – but that time was not now. Another day. I was rather content caring for her.

The tenderest love.

LOOK, I'M NOT always in the best of health. I get my rest and eat well and stuff, but I'm sick more often than I should be, really. I was coming down with something when the Captain came by to visit me at work. We had our third date scheduled that night but I ended up texting him and canceling it.

The next thing I know he's asking if I need anything. Well, I did. So I texted him back with an order: some chicken soup would've been nice and some cold medicine. Then he asked where I lived so he could deliver it. I was kinda afraid he would see me sick and leave and I'd never see him again, but if that were the case we wouldn't have lasted anyway.

Like he would probably be coming over sometime anyway. And if he got his rocks off tending to sick girls, I don't know, I'd deal with that later. I wasn't worried, though. The Captain is a nice man. A girl can tell these things. He just wanted to care for me. I didn't fight it; Mom was out of town and I was tired of caring for myself. My Captain made me some soup and got me a bath and basically fussed over me. This made me feel better than any medicine.

It's the first night we spent together! Very romantic with me sneezing and coughing and going to the bathroom every five minutes! He never left me, though. He was always there. He held my hand and caressed my cheek and tucked me in and went and slept on the couch.

My Captain is such a dork. A tender dork, but still a dork. He wiped the hair from face, caressed my cheek and called Angel for the first time. I wanted to weep, but I was nauseous.

Look, I grew up without a father. He fled when I was three, I don't know if I've mentioned that before. Mom had boyfriends and stuff but I never had a daddy to take care of me when I was sick. I never had a dad kiss my forehead and tell me to get better. All mom's boyfriends did was leer at me, once I started filling out.

He made me call in sick the next day. He made some phone calls and made arrangements for the game he was supposed to referee, or whatever you call it, that night, because I wasn't getting any better. He rearranged his day so he could get me better.

What really helped was the hot baths me made me take. Really hot. One of the things he had brought with him were some sort of salts, that smelled really good, to put in the bath. After the bath was ready he told me to get in the tub. He said there some towels next to the tub and said if I soaked them and put them on top of me I would feel better.

I had chills and was sore and the hot bath felt great. I did what he told me with the towels and that felt good, too. Then he knocked and asked if the towels were on I said yes and he came in and poured hot water over them. This felt good, too.

I soaked for a long time, at least a half hour, and he kept the water hot by boiling water on the stove and pouring it in. He turned his head while I got out of the tub and he had a towel for me to dry off and he had one for my hair, too, which was another sign The Captain was a keeper. Then he tucked me in bed with a lot of covers and I was sweating and The Captain said this was good, because it meant I was sweating out toxins and stuff.

The Captain made me feel safe. And loved. A girl needs these things.

IV

SO WE RESCHEDULED the third date. A couple-three days later, I took her to tea at the fancy hotel and then to completely max out the fun meter I took her to watch me referee a high school basketball game.

Actually, the hotel is more than fancy, it's one of the nicest hotels on the planet, five stars and five stars aren't passed out with the rations. My Angel still wasn't a hundred percent, but she was close enough and we both wanted to see each other. My games and the hotel were close to each other, and she had the afternoon off and even if this wasn't the most traditional third date in the history of dating, it was ours and the logistics worked out rather nicely.

I have some expensive tastes. I enjoy the five-star experience. It's the best our planet has to offer and I enjoy enjoying it: the service, the atmosphere, the food, the drink, everything the very best.

I have some zero clue where I got this from. Well, yes I do, a wealthy older was my entrée to luxury hotels and restaurants. I certainly wasn't to the manor born. I had an average middle class upbringing and growing up it was always other people who did those things. I was always curious, though, and when an older woman with expensive tastes wanted me to join her, I was an eager accomplice though, boy, I sure humped like a bunny for it.

I suspected Angel would do well here and I knew she would like it. As an older stalker, er, gentleman, I have an eye for things like this. She was simply the prettiest girl on this planet. Her hair was curled, but sort of curled behind her ears, which made her look both older and younger at the same time, and her white dress was perfect. There was no one I'd would have rather been there with. She had told

me it was her first time here to actually do something as opposed to just doing some sightseeing with her mom, but she acted with complete aplomb, as is she'd been taking tea here regularly her entire life. She was the perfect younger woman.

I was honest and told her I enjoyed this hotel and had been here lots of times and generally not by myself, which would've been obvious anyway when everyone from the valet to the hostess greeted me by name.

I told Angel beforehand if she didn't like going to my games she was under no obligation to do so, but she should probably go to one just to see what I did. She was funny and interrupted me to say she was happy to go because this meant it was now out of the way, which made me laugh.

Fortunately I was working with Elvis and his wife Julie was there, sitting in her usual place in the third or fourth row closest to the exit. I introduced them. Elvis and Julie are a few years older than me and if they were surprised at me showing up with a date young enough to be my daughter they did a rock solid job of keeping it to themselves. I'd been working with Elvis for years, and Julie's been then there for most every game and they'd met several of my girlfriends, though Julie would later note privately this was the first one I appeared to have recently picked up at daycare.

What was funny was that Angel admitted she knew squat about sports and hadn't been to any kind of game since she went to them in high school to meet boys. Julie laughed when she heard this. She has been going to Elvis' games for 30 years and she was very gracious and pretty soon they were both ignoring us and chatting like old friends.

The game was routine. I made a point to make eye contact and wave when we took the floor, but otherwise the game had my complete and undivided attention because that is the only way I can be at my best.

All right, this was not the most romantic plan, tea, and a high school basketball game, but I had a busy week and was booked for the next few nights and she had the afternoon off and my game was nearby, so if this wasn't straight out of the Dating Handbook sue me. We liked each other and were on the way to loving each other, so even a date tipping cows over would have been new and fun.

We had most of the afternoon at the hotel. After tea we wandered around the gardens and she did not object to me taking her hand, nor did she flee when I kissed her at a fountain.

Oh baby, that was nice. The best first kiss ever. Hands down, no contest. Her lips were soft and receptive and if I had suggested we get a room she would've said yes. But nothing is less conducive to physical activity than sex, at least at my age. I come and that's it, I'm done for the night and I had to ref later.

It was no coincidence we walked by the entrance to their 5- star restaurant The Chancellors Room. I said we should go next week and spend the night here. Angel actually started to weep a little! She said she had always wanted to dine here and of course, she would join me.

Tuesday is not your traditional fine dining night, but I had games next Friday and Saturday and she had Wednesday off so Tuesday it was.

It was like a week later when we went out again. He referees – or whatever you call it – a lot at night, so when I had an afternoon off he suggested we go to tea at the nice hotel and then go watch him referee, or whatever you call it. It wasn't your traditional third date but traditional third dates had gotten me nowhere and our love is so unlike any other I've had, so it's OK our dates weren't like any other.

Boy, it was a dream of mine to go to the nice hotel since I was a girl. Every now and then, like two years, mom would take me there to walk around the gardens and do some window shopping and being a girl I dreamed of being there as a woman on the arm of my man with no guarantee it would ever happen, of course.

Well, dreams come true if you let them. Not only was I there at a 5-star hotel, taking tea, but I was with a gentleman who knew what the deal was. Not a boy who wondered, but a man who KNEW.

I'd never had tea that hadn't involved a tea bag or a powder! They put actual leaves in a thingy that rested on your cup and poured water over it. They had these little sandwiches, too, that tasted really good. I was very nervous at first. I mean, how many nights had I been in bed dreaming of this? And here I was.

The Captain made feel at home. I trusted him completely. He wouldn't have brought me here if he didn't think I belonged and even though I hadn't known him all that long, I knew he wouldn't let me fail. I don't know if that makes sense. But it's how I felt. I knew he liked our age difference – no one leers like an older man – but I also know he enjoyed me and us.

We had some time after tea, so we walked around. He kissed me at a fountain. Our first kiss. Gentle. Tender. Loving. Everything a girl wants. A fairy tale, really, in a lush garden, in front of a fountain.

Then we wandered by the restaurant! The Chancellor's Room has 5-stars, is very fancy and very expensive. Or so I heard. I've never been, but that changes next Tuesday bay-bee! He kissed me again, said he would like to take me here, and since we're here we should probably spend the night, too.

All right. A third date with a boy and I would be getting laid sideways, but I was fully on sold older men right then. I'd heard they can't go six times a night anymore but no matter. A girl likes some fairy tale in her life and this was mine.

Julie and I became instant friends. She said it meant a lot to the Captain for me to be there, which was funny because he didn't say that and Julie said she'd known the Captain for a long time and even though he might not have said anything, she knew he was glad I came and was secretly hoping I'd come regularly. She also said the Captain was very good at this and I could see why. His focus was total. My goodness, it was as if nothing else existed. He waved at me when he walked on the court but that was it. I could've stood up and taken my top off and he wouldn't have noticed.

He was obviously in command. God, how that turned me on. I could not take my eyes off of him! He looked so good in his uniform, strong and muscular and as sat there watching him in charge I was getting wet! Unreal! Here I am in a high school gymnasium and all I want to do is go bang one of the referees right then and there. I had no clue what was going on, but when they ran off the court in the middle of the game I wanted to follow him.

Julie tried to explain what they were doing, how they are actually a team, too, but it was all very confusing. Except for the part of me wanting him. That was clear.

I wanted to invite him in to spend the night when he dropped me off, but we had a date for the Chancellor's Room and to spend the night and I figured our first time would be then. A fairy tale, really. I was falling in love with him and if he wants our first time to be in a luxury hotel, I'm OK with that. I would later find out that after a game was a lousy time to ask him to put out anyway.

But boy, I was horny. I went to bed and got the toys out, dreaming of him in complete command over, and inside me.

V

A VERY MEMORABLE night. No doubt. While the best part of our relationship is the day in, day out love and companionship, this might be my favorite individual memory.

It was our first time for a couple of things. Our first night at a 5-star hotel and first experience at a 5-star restaurant.

Our first time making love. Our first time fucking.

I picked her up early in the afternoon. I was prepared to buy her a dress, but Angel said her mom would take care of that. We got to the hotel and pulled up and the valet, who was new, asked if we were married and Angel said “maybe” and tilted her head back, which made me laugh.

The hotel is older, almost 80-years, and the lobby is ornate with lots of wood paneling. Angel had been in the lobby before, but never to register as a guest and she spent no small amount of time looking around. The bellman showed us around the suite and unpacked a few things and after assuring him we didn’t need ice, I tipped him and he left.

There was nothing else to do. It was time to get at it. Angel wasn’t the youngest I’d been to bed with, but hands down, not even close, she was the most beautiful. Every part of her.

The first time with a woman is never Sex of the Year. Even if you’re in love. Maybe especially if you’re in love, because you want it to be perfect with a capital P. But this was good. I still remember it.

I walked up to her, told her I loved her, took her face in my hands and kissed her.

With some assertion, I pushed her against a wall and started feeling her up and kissing her neck and she took one hand and reached down and copped a feel.

She *really* liked me kissing her neck. A lot. She was nervous, too, and I could hear her teeth rattle.

I started undoing my belt and told her to get naked. I had dreamed about undressing her, and I was planning to right up until then, but it must be some primal instinct the first time to want to start getting busy *right now* because we were both naked in pretty short order

Both naked we looked each other over. Fuck, she was beautiful. Every part of her. Her face, her hair, her tits, her legs.

Every fucking part of her.

The rawest lust.

I had also fantasized about grabbing her by the hair and pulling her to the bed, but I didn’t do that either. Another time. The first time, in a luxury hotel suite, I took her hand.

She laid down and there I was, making love to the prettiest girl I'd ever seen. Every guy likes to think he is reinventing sex here, but really, we didn't break any new ground. I didn't pull her hair or call her filthy names or try or make her call me Daddy. We kissed with a lot of tongue and said we loved each other and she arched her neck and moaned gently when I kissed her neck. I did this for a bit because I liked kissing her neck as much as she liked me doing it.

I began fingering her then, too. Crap, she was wet. I mean, this is hardly a bulletin. A horny girl is going to be wet. A horny girl in love is going to be *really* wet. Maybe it was the age difference that did it for her. Maybe it was love. I don't know. I do know the first time I put a couple of fingers into her there wasn't much difference between her pussy and a lake.

I worked her pussy for a bit, first just working them at random, then I took my index finger and stroked the top of her pussy with a "come here" motion.

Oh, this did it. Pretty quickly, too. She arched her back and screamed and shook. My first time making her come.

This felt good. Not only had I made my Angel come, but I had made a drop dead gorgeous brunette young enough to be my daughter come and that felt really good because a lot of sex for us guys is conquering.

More to do, though. I then took my fingers out and spread her juice on one of her tits. It dries pretty quickly, but there was still a good bit on there when I licked it off. I would like to report that it tasted like peach nectar and stuff but it didn't; it tasted like pussy juice. My Angel's pussy juice, though.

I ate her out for a little bit, but really, I just wanted to show my Angel what I stud I was. This was funny because I like eating pussy and if the FDA issued ratings for this I'd have the highest one. Next time.

I can't go six times a day anymore, nor do I really want to, but I can go once like I did when I was her age, and I gave it to her pretty good. I'm pretty adept at controlling when I come, so I was inside her for a good 20-25 minutes or so. First between her legs, then she made it clear she wanted to be on top.

All right. I got on my back. Crap, she was beautiful. She came and then I rolled her on her back, extended her legs straight up, put my cock inside her again, then pressed her legs towards her body. I don't think anyone had done this to her before. Good. My job as older man is to show her things like this. I like finishing like this because unless I lose my balance, it's a great way to completely take command and finish strong.

There is not much I like more than 5-star dining. I am always looking for a woman to take there, just on general principles. It doesn't even have to be someone I'm sleeping with, either, although that's ideal, of course. It's up to a thousand bucks for dinner for two now, but it's worth it and I try to go twice a year, though some years I only make it once.

Angel was beautiful. When she walked out of the bathroom – after 90 minutes of preparation, about par for the course – I could not stop staring. Her hair was straight, her red dress elegant and simple and classy, though it did a marvelous job of displaying her ass. Her mother had done her work well.

I took both her hands and told her she was every man's dream. She said I was damn right she was.

The big thing about fancy restaurants is to be yourself and act like you've been there before, even if you haven't and even if you're scared shitless, wondering what in three hell is going on.

That was before my first 5-star experience, in Las Vegas with a wealthy older woman I was banging at the time. We had gone shopping and she bought me slacks and a blazer because I didn't have them and some hilarity ensued because the dumbass clerk at the store didn't remove that white tag that spilled ink on the garment if you tried to remove it yourself.

Crap. The store was down The Strip from where we were and dinner was in three hours and we had no clue what to do. Eventually, we took the blazer down to the shops of the hotel and went to every one that sold any sort of garment at all before we found one that could take it off.

I didn't know what was going on, either. I had some zero clue what prix fix menus or wine pairings were. I really enjoyed it, though, and made a point to pay attention to how things were done and the nuances of what was going on. Somewhere I still have the menu from that night.

More than anything, I was myself – quiet and scared mainly – which is what I told Angel to be.

You never really forget your first time entering a fancy restaurant and I let Angel walk in front of me, so everyone would notice only her because that's what you do when you're with the most beautiful girl anyone had ever seen: you let everyone notice her.

The Chancellor's Room is pretty big for a restaurant of this stature. There are booths along the walls and tables farther in and there is also a dance floor in the middle and a bandstand on the far wall.

Angel put her hands to her mouth, smiled, made a noise and, I think, started to weep a bit. She cocked her head back and looked at me and the look in her eyes will never be forgotten. They said a lot: thank you, I love you, I finally made it and if you don't think *that* puts another tally mark in the older man credit ledger, you got another thing coming. Boys taking their dates to Denny's don't get that look.

Our table was one of the booths against the wall, which I had requested because the room is so beautiful and the experience so consuming you do not want to have your back to any part of it.

As he has been since I started coming here, Mr. Barrett was our waiter. Or, more accurately, he was the CEO of the team that would be serving us. This can't be a coincidence. I never request him specifically, mainly because I haven't had to. He is among the very best on the planet at what he does and always gives the impression he has spent his entire professional life waiting for your visit.

He greeted me by name, of course, and welcomed me back and he recognized Angel as being here with me for the first time, because he's seen all the women I've been here with and it was plain he would not dismiss an introduction out of hand. So I introduced Angel, noting this was her first fine dining experience. Mr. Barrett took her hand and brought his mouth close to it without actually kissing it, stepped back, and took Angel in.

"The stars have danced for us with your presence here tonight," he said, which made Angel blush.

I smiled warmly.

"Barrett, how in *the* hell am I ever going to top *that*?"

"Sir, you have surpassed even your high standards. She shines amidst the brightness."

Angel cried after that one.

"Yeah," she said between sobs. "How are you ever going to top that?"

In honor of this being Angel's first time here the first bottle of champagne was with Mr. Barrett's compliments. While someone I'd never seen before poured it under Mr. Barrett's supervision, Angel announced she had always wanted to try caviar. This brought a smile to Mr. Barrett because he knows from long experience I think caviar taste like grout.

Then as soon as Mr. Barrett left Angel got worried that she shouldn't have ordered caviar almost as soon as she sat down. Nonsense I told her. Mr. Barrett's sole purpose tonight is to ensure we have the greatest dining experience of our

lives. If we want caviar right now, he will bring it. I also told her the caviar was probably in the Caspian Sea this morning and would be the best the planet had to offer. She felt kind of bad when she found out caviar wasn't particularly to my taste, but I told her not to bother to fret over that and to her credit once she tasted caviar and fell in love with it, she didn't let it bother her.

I also introduced Angel to foie gras, which I like. A lot. She winced when I told her it was goose liver so I kept the part about how they were usually force fed to fatten up their livers for our consumption to myself. I have plenty of issues with this the 363 or so nights each year when I am not dining on foie gras, but, honestly, those issues are dismissed the couple of nights a year I am enjoying foie gras.

We decided on the seven-course tasting menu and of course I ordered for my Angel.

"The wine pairing, of course, Sir..." Barrett said after I finished ordering. It wasn't a question because I always get the wine pairing with the tasting menu because I don't know squat about wine. I had neglected to order it though, and Mr. Barrett was reminding me of this. I told Angel that if she remembered nothing else from tonight the great lesson was always – and always means every single time – get the wine pairing when one is offered.

The band started playing during the third or fourth course and of course we danced. Angel fretted that the next course would come while we were on the floor.

Of course it wouldn't, I said. They'll serve it, at the appropriate temperature, when we were through with our dance. Remember, they're here to make this the night of our life.

Angel tilted her head and beamed a smile that could light a town for a year.

"Well, they're doing a good job of that," Angel said.

She shined amid the brightness all night long, the stars just starting their dance for us.

The tenderest love.

Fuck I was nervous. My mom had selected the dress and packed it and yapped non-stop, but I didn't hear any of it. Not only was I going to spend a night at the great hotel and have dinner in the fucking Chancellor's Room, one of this planet's finest restaurant don't you know, I was going to make love with my Captain.

It's enough to cause a girl to ignore the yapping of her mother. I knew, though, that my Captain would not let me fail. A girl in love knows these things.

When the guy who brought our bags left I didn't know what the plan was. But then he was kissing me telling me he loved me and pressing me against the wall and feeling me up and I reached down to grab his cock because I'd heard sometimes older guys have troubles but he was pretty hard and then he was kissing my neck which turns me on A LOT.

I wasn't immediately transported to another world for a crescendo of thundering orgasms, but the mind was swirling...I was horny and getting some and I was in love and getting some with my man for the first time... I wanted to fuck his brains out and give him the blow job of his life, but it was our first time and I let him lead and it was pretty basic.

Basic but good.

Nice body. Mostly trim, and rather muscular. And tanned. And hairy. Not the hottest bod I've been naked in the same bed with, but nice and, of course, I loved him, so he was the hottest stud on the planet.

My Captain is such a dork! I was pretty calm, but his teeth were chattering he was that nervous! I could hear them when he moved in. Good. I'm young enough to be his daughter and I'm pretty foxy and he'd better be nervous.

I took him by the hand and led him to the bed, which wasn't steps away because we had a suite and had to walk through the living room.

I laid down with his hand in mine so he was on top of me. A good feeling. Usually, you're just waiting for some cock, but this my man. He loved me and I loved him and our kisses were wet and I thought he trying for bonus points by sucking my tongue out of my mouth, which kinda hurt the next day, but whatever.

He fingered me! Pretty good, too. No boy knows about turning the palm up and moving your finger like that. Boys just try to get the whole wrist in there, which kinda isn't the point.

I'm surprised he didn't lick me more. I mean, I'd heard older guys were like really good at this cause boys sure aren't. It's like they're eating dessert, not making me come. I was ready to be licked for a long time and come a couple of times, but guys must have something to prove the first time cause he was fucking me pretty quickly.

Not complaining. He fucked me for 20 minutes, which was 19-and-a-half minutes longer than boys fuck me.

20 minutes of the man I love inside me. The very best love feels. Afterward we snuggled, which was pretty good feels, too. He's strong and has the arms and chest required to snuggle a pretty younger girl and make her feel safe and loved.

Despite everything, I was still insecure in the bathroom getting ready! I mean, there are women his age out there. Pretty women, successful women, not tellers at a bank. Women who could probably suck the chrome off a bumper. I see them all the time at the bank. Why me? These are women who've been here before and are accustomed to the finer things in life, not some girl wondering if she'll measure up.

I did measure up, though. Nailed it, dead solid perfect. I was in heaven and was a perfect Angel.

I was so nervous I actually hesitated before walking out the bathroom door, my heart in my throat.

My Captain looked me over, took both my hands and said I was every man's dream. I was, of course, but I needed to hear that. It would be the last time I was insecure with him. He made me feel special and, well, so me.

My Captain let me walk into the restaurant a bit ahead of him. I wasn't looking for an audience, but I seemed to have one.

"Why's everybody looking over here?" I asked, looking back.

The Captain put his hands on my waist and his mouth near my ear, which always turned me on..

"Because they wish they were you."

I began to cry. People wishing they were me! Imagine!

"Is anybody wishing they were you?"

My Captain laughed.

"No, probably not," he said with a smile. "Well every swinging dick, in here is, of course.

The Captain turned me around and looked into my eyes.

"No man has ever been out with a woman as pretty as you are tonight. It's not possible"

All right, a second time crying. Or maybe it was a continuation of the first. There would be other times.

He knew the waiter! That was OK. He told this was not the first time he'd been here and that he'd come here with other women.

Then Mr. Barrett made me cry! He said I was stunningly beautiful and that the stars were dancing for them because I had favored them with my presence tonight. He told my Captain he had exceeded his usual high standards and that I was shining amid the brightness, or something like that.

That made the tears come again, let me tell you. Me, shining amid brightness!

We danced, too! The night was perfect! Champagne, my first caviar, some goose stuff I still can't pronounce and dancing! They had a live band. They played songs I didn't really know, but the Captain did and we danced a lot. Now, my Captain is a lousy dancer, I'm afraid, but I'm not and I made sure he did OK, because a girl looks out for her man. I mean, I couldn't have him falling and breaking a hip at his advanced age.

Our last dance was right before dessert. It was a slow song, and we spent a lot of it looking into each other's eyes. No words, because what were we going to say?

This was it.

We both knew.

The great love.

More weeping.

I almost tore his arm out its socket walking back to the room. I held his hand and hugged his arm and good God, I did not want this walk to end. I could've have walked with him all night.

As it was, our walk would last forever.