

NEVER TOO LATE

Two old folk go for a walk and come across a young couple having sex. It starts them thinking of their own relationship and lack of sex, but then they discover that it's never too late.

mf, MF, anal, elderly, rom

The coach arrived at the seaside resort and the old people clambered out slowly. This was to be a day's outing, one of a regular series of events organized by a charitable club to brighten the lives of a group of pensioners, most of whom lived in sheltered accommodation and for whom life was pretty boring. A paid organizer was in charge of the arrangements, helped by several volunteers, among whom were Charles and Jean.

They were a handsome pair, both tall and very upright, he with a full head of iron-grey hair, while hers was tinted ash blonde. It was a little bizarre that they should be volunteer helpers as they were both older than many of the club members, he being 78 while she was 79, but they were both in excellent health and in full possession of their faculties, more than could be said of many of their charges. They were not really close friends, but they had several common interests, primarily walking, playing bridge, music and swimming, and they met often at clubs catering for those activities. They also helped out at charitable events, fund raising and so on.

Lunch was taken at a sea front restaurant, and after that the majority of the old folk wanted to stroll gently along the promenade, poke about in some of the shops in the old quarter of the town, or to play bingo. None of these activities was to the taste of Charles and Jean, and, once the non-ambulant members of the party were settled in to the activity of their choice, they left the party to go for a walk in the hills surrounding the town. Charles had lived in the town as a boy, so knew the area well, and he led Jean out of town and onto a quiet path wandering into the countryside. They passed through some open fields and then entered into a wood and the shade of the mature trees. They came to a choice of paths, and Charles turned into a narrow track leading through some scrub and then mounting sharply. It was quite a steep climb, and, when they reached the top they stopped to admire the view of the town and out over the sea.

They were on the edge of a small escarpment looking through some trees and, below them was a small grassy plateau. They were about to turn away when they heard a girlish voice laughing and squealing, and onto the grass ran a girl, closely followed by a boy. It was a young couple, probably in their mid teens, and clearly the boy was chasing the girl, and caught her in the middle of grassed area. He grabbed her from behind and, as his arms surrounded her, his hands grasped her breasts. She cried out, not very convincingly, for him to stop, but he said in a mock theatrical voice "Now I have you in my power. You won't escape this time." She replied "You are a filthy beast, unhand me this instant". The effect was spoilt by the fact that she turned her head so that his lips could close on hers, and they stayed embraced, his hands caressing her breasts, till they finally

parted, and she turned to face him. He took hold of the bottom of her tee shirt and slowly peeled it upwards, uncovering her small young breasts. She had no bra, and the watchers could see the gentle curves and the pale pink nipples.

Charles suddenly remembered that he was not alone, and turned towards Jean, expecting her to be horrified by what she was seeing. He was surprised to discover that her eyes were firmly fixed on the scene below them, and, as she showed no sign of moving, he turned back to watch the young lovers.

The boy bent down and briefly kissed each nipple in turn, while his hands went to the waistband of her flowery cotton skirt, which dropped to the ground after he had released the fixings. Now she was wearing just a pair of cotton knickers, white with a pattern of small pink roses. She was a lovely creature, not very tall but with long legs. She was a natural ash blonde, and her hair hung down just below her shoulders, which, like the rest of her body was lightly tanned, the bikini coverage of her breasts a pale white in contrast. Her body was slim, but with just a suggestion of feminine roundness on her hips and thighs. Her belly was flat, and below it her pubic mound gently pushed out the material of her knickers.

She pushed the boy away as he went to finally uncover her, and now it was her turn to undress him. She took off his shirt, uncovering a bronzed chest with a small patch of hair, and then it was her turn to undo his waistband and unzip his fly. He was wearing shorts, which dropped down his legs and he stepped out of them, after kicking off his shoes. He was wearing boxer underpants, and a significant bulge was apparent. She gently squeezed the bulge, then, dropping to her knees, pulled his boxers down. His penis was hanging half erect, and she took it in her hand and leant forwards so that she could kiss the tip. At her touch, it quickly rose to quite an impressive size, and when she drew back a drop of liquid glistened on the end. Her hand was grasping his shaft, and she slowly pushed along its length, sliding his foreskin back, and exposing his shiny dark red helmet. Again she leaned forward and her tongue snake out to caress the sensitive skin, and the watchers could see jerk upwards at her touch. She then opened her lips and slid them over the end of the quivering member and pushed down till most of its length was buried in her mouth. His hands took her head and held her there for a few moments, then he gently pushed her away, and told her that if she carried on like that he'd come, and he wanted to be inside her pussy when that happened.

Charles again glanced at Jean, but she seemed to be transfixed by what she was seeing, and he could see her breast heaving under the emotions she was experiencing. He turned back to see that the boy had pushed the girl onto the ground, and he leant over her, pulling her knickers down as she lifted her bottom to make it easier for him. Now she was naked, and the slit of her vulva was visible below the triangle of pale hair. He bent to kiss her breasts, making a series of little kisses around the centres, before eventually kissing a nipple, then enclosing it with his lips and, to judge by her squeals, biting it gently, before repeating the action on the other breast whilst fondling the first. The girl's knees were raised and, as he loved her breasts, her legs fell apart, exposing her puffy mounds, slightly parted to reveal the pale pink stripe of her inner lips, and they could see the glisten where her arousal was already making

her wet. As he sucked on each nipple in turn, causing them to rise gently from the pale pink aureoles, his hand slid down across her flat belly and his finger began to probe the top of her slit until it delved under the little hood. They could not see exactly what he was doing, but from his hand movement and her moans of pleasure he must have been rubbing her clitoris. Her legs were now parted widely and, when he took his hand away, they could clearly see that her inner lips were parted and moist.

The boy now moved quickly down her body, kissing and licking his way down across her belly till his head was buried between her legs. The girl was writhing in ecstasy, and she pulled his head hard against her as her back arched and she came to her orgasm, accompanied by a series of cries. Then she released his head and they heard her say "Come on, I want your cock inside me, quick" He did as he was asked and slid quickly on top of her. They saw her hand disappear down to his groin as she guided his penis into her waiting pussy lips. He pushed forward slowly as he entered the full depth of her, and she just cried "Yes, oh yes, oh yes" He began moving steadily in and out, his firm white buttocks clenched as he slid up and down her body, but she very quickly pushed him off, saying "I want to be on top", and as he rolled over onto his back she straddled him so that her pussy was just above his upright tool. She lowered herself bit by bit and he was soon deeply engulfed in her willing passage. She began to raise and lower herself slowly as he caressed her firm young breasts, tweaking her small nipples. Then she pushed her hand down into her pubis, but he grabbed it and substituted his own, working his fingers onto her clitoris. She was soon moaning as she was humping him faster and faster, and her head was thrown back as she approached her climax. Finally, he grabbed hold of her hips and began thrusting hard up into her, meeting her movements with his own, and very quickly his jerking grunts indicated that he had blasted his seminal fluid up into her passage.

She flopped down on top of him, and for a few moments they lay together, recovering from their loving, till at last she sat up again, saying "We'd better go, we're supposed to be back in twenty minutes". She lifted her body so that his limp cock fell out of her, then she wriggled up his body so that her pussy was over his face and the watchers could see the fluid dripping from it. His tongue pushed out, and he quickly licked out the juice from her, and she got up, then bent over and licked his penis clean. She pulled him to his feet and, as they began to dress, Charles gently nudged Jean and they quietly slipped away.

They walked for about five miles over the hills without saying anything. Each of them wanted to talk about what they had seen, but could not summon up the words. It just wasn't in either of their life background that they should discuss sex. Although they had known each other for some time, they were only acquaintances, certainly not close friends, and their generation just didn't talk about such things. As a result, they just walked till they came back to the town and helped with getting the less mobile members of the party back on the coach, and they sat on the coach together, again without saying more than was strictly necessary.

When they got back to their home town they again helped as needed before getting into his car. As he lived in the same area he had given her a lift to the

rendezvous, so he took her home, stopping outside her house. She sat in silence for a few moments before finally speaking, without looking at him.

"Would you like to come in for a drink?"

He agreed, and followed her into the house. It was a pleasant suburban residence, nicely furnished in a welcoming, comfortable manner. She asked him what he would like to drink, and he accepted a whisky and water, while she poured herself a gin and tonic. He was seated at one end of a big settee, and she sat at the other. The silence between them continued as they sipped their drinks, not a relaxed silence, more a pregnant pause, as they each tried to think what to say. Finally, she broke the silence.

"Those two children."

"Not exactly children - certainly not childlike behaviour."

"Charles, don't be picky. Are we going to pretend we didn't see anything."

"Sorry Jean, I'm at a bit of a loss as to what to say. I suppose I should apologise for letting you see what was going on."

"Since when were you in a position to control what I look at?"

"Sorry, I..."

"And stop saying sorry" she interrupted him. "I stood and watched because I wanted to watch. It started as idle curiosity, but after a bit you would have had to drag me away. Trouble is, why was I so fascinated? If anyone had told me that people...lovers...do the things that they were doing, I'd have been disgusted. And if anyone had said that I'd watch them being done, I'd have never spoken to them again. But...but it wasn't disgusting, was it? Those children were just beautiful, and what they were doing was lovely."

"I take it from that that you have never indulged in that sort of sexual behaviour?"

"You are joking, I suppose? Let me explain. I was brought up in an environment where sex was completely taboo. We were a religious family, and the idea that physical relationships even existed was never mentioned, so the thought that it might be enjoyable never crossed my mind. Sex was for procreation, and that was that. The day before my wedding my mother gently hinted that my husband would want to 'do things to me' when we got to bed, but I only had a very sketchy idea of what he'd want to do. I'd known Harry since we were children, and it was a natural thing that we should marry, but he had never even kissed me, never mind touched me intimately. On our wedding night, I went to the hotel bedroom first, undressed and put on my nightdress, and got into bed. Harry came up shortly after and went into the bathroom, from which he emerged wearing pyjamas. He got in bed beside me and turned out the light. He then asked me to pull up my nightdress, which I duly did, he clambered on top of me and next thing I knew was a searing pain as he ruptured my hymen - which, I might add, I didn't know I had got till I read a medical book some time later - and he humped up and down on me till he gave a great groan, after which he pulled out, said good night, turned over and started snoring."

"The whole process was painful and unpleasant. After a few days he did the same again, and it was still unpleasant, though not as painful. This went on every few days till I missed a couple of periods and realised that I was pregnant. When I told Harry he was delighted, and stopped having sex until the baby was

nearly two, when we agreed it would be nice to have a second child, so he started again till I was pregnant again, when he stopped. I had two difficult deliveries, and the doctor advised against having a third child. When I told Harry, the sex stopped, and that is my total sexual experience."

She remained silent for some time, and at last Charles responded

"My marriage was much the same as yours, sexually. Our family didn't mention sex, and as we both came from fairly strict religious background, Anne and I were ignorant virgins. We found our way around but there was never a lot of enjoyment involved. And then I went to America."

"What happened there?"

"Well, my company had made a big sale of machinery to an American company, and I was sent out to manage the installation and oversee the first few weeks of operation, all of which was to take about six months. John, the boss of the company met me at the airport and took me to his home for dinner the first night I was there, and introduced me to his wife and daughter. Cheryl, his wife was a most attractive woman in her mid fifties and her daughter Chloe looked as her mother must have looked twenty-five years before. She was tall and well built, not plump but certainly not skinny, wearing slacks that showed off her long legs and a tightish top that accentuated her very well formed bust. She had long, dark hair, which framed a beautiful face, full lips, almond eyes with long lashes, and a complexion that glowed despite the almost complete lack of makeup."

"John explained that Chloe was the production manager and that I would be liaising with her throughout my visit. 'Oh, by the way, she's got a reasonable expense allowance, so she can take you out for a meal occasionally, if you both fancy the idea.' The evening passed pleasantly, and after we had finished Chloe volunteered to take me back to my hotel. As we chattered on the way she told me that she was unattached at the time, as she had had an unfortunate row with her last boyfriend. As I had told her that I was married, she said that we would make a good couple, as we both had good reasons not to get involved, and she liked the idea of having a male friend for a few months with no potential romantic involvement. With that we arrived at the hotel and said goodnight, having agreed that she would take me into work in the morning as she had a flat fairly close to my hotel."

"Work on the new installations was going well and Chloe and I were getting along together really well. It was just a 'just good friends' relationship, we thought. We spent a lot of time together after work, and she took me to all the interesting places in the area, and we went to shows in the local theatres in the town. We usually finished up with a meal, trying all the various cuisines on offer. One night we ate at a nightclub, and during and after the meal we danced together. The floor was so small that, although we could both dance well, we were so crowded that we could only move slowly crushed close to each other, and suddenly she said she wanted to leave. I wondered what was wrong, but instead of dropping me at my hotel she went straight to her flat. I followed her up the stairs to her door, and as soon as we were inside she undid her dress and dropped it to the floor. This was quickly followed by her slip, her bra and her knickers, and she stood facing me wearing just a suspender belt and silk

stockings. She had a beautiful body, and she turned around, giving me her back view, which was nearly as good, as she walked into her bedroom. I followed her and saw her lay down on the bed, her legs parted to display her sex, a sight that I had never seen before - remember, I had never seen Anne naked, just glimpses in the half light."

"Neither of us spoke, and I quickly undressed - displaying myself for the first time to a woman. I didn't stop to think about the morals of what was happening, but just climbed onto the bed, slid between her legs and entered her. I did what I always did with Anne, just humped away till I...did it, then got off and thanked her. I'll never forget her response."

"Is that it?"

"Sorry, is that what?"

"Is that what you call love making? Is that what Englishmen do for sex?"

I was totally confused by this response. I had done what was normal for me, so I asked her what she wanted - or expected me to do.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to make love to my body, not just use it for up market masturbatory purposes. I want you to caress me, kiss me, lick me, bite me and any other damn thing you can think of - and I want you to do it to every part of my body. Not just the obvious bits, though none of them seem very obvious to you so far, but every little bump and crevice, till I'm screaming for you to stop because I can't take any more arousal, and I want to have orgasms that shake the house. Oh, and by the way, I'll do the same for you."

"I couldn't believe what I had heard. Any thought of doing this sort of thing had never crossed my mind, and if I had ever heard of it I would have assumed that it was the sort of things that women of loose morals might do with their depraved customers. She surely was joking, and in rather poor taste."

"You aren't serious are you? You want me to...to...to kiss you...."

"Yes, there, and there, and there, and if you don't I'll probably kill you with my bare hands. So get started here."

"She pulled my head down to her naked breast, and, as my lips touched her flesh, suddenly it didn't seem quite as depraved an activity as I had thought. I wasn't very sure what to do next, so I told her that she'd better show me what to do."

"That was the start of the most exciting events of my life. For the next four months we spent every spare moment in bed - or, rather, in any place where we could make love, and I still don't believe some of the places we chose. We tried every combination we could think of, and sometimes we finished up laughing uncontrollably, but mostly we finished up in the most joyful and glorious climaxes that left us both emotionally - and sometimes physically - drained."

"I was deeply in love with her, and, towards the end of my stay, I told Chloe that I would divorce Anne so that I could marry her. She let me down gently."

"We've had a marvellous time together, and it's a memory I'll hold forever. But I'm not sure how we'd get on after the glow of sex has dimmed a bit. In any case you love your wife, and you'd always have a big cloud of guilt hanging over you. Just accept that this is a detached incident that was fun - no, much more

than fun, while it lasted. I'll always love you, but this has to end. And if you have to make further visits to the States, please don't try and start again - I'm not sure I'd be able to resist."

"And that was that. Off back to England I went, with just wonderful memories."

"What happened when you got home?" asked Jean.

"Well, I made a very timid attempt to be a little more adventurous in our sex, but Anne put paid to that very quickly. She said that if I wanted to do 'that sort of thing' I'd better find someone else to do it with, as she wasn't interested."

"And did you find someone else?"

"I tried. My secretary was a lovely lady, a widow in her mid forties. I had often sensed that she found me physically attractive, and when I suggested that we might spend some time together, she was very willing. We went out for a drink together a couple of times, then she invited me to her house. When we got there she didn't waste time with pleasantries, but asked me if I wanted to go to bed with her. When I said I did, we went up to her bedroom and undressed and got into bed together, nothing happened - not in my department. After a bit she said 'You just can't do this, can you Charles - it's not in you, you just can't accept that a man and a woman can have sex together just for fun, without any strings.' She was right, of course."

"But you had done it with Chloe, what was different about your secretary?"

"It's not logical, but when I was away from home it was as though I was in a different life, with Janet it was close to home and I couldn't bear the idea of a grubby little affair with all the deceit it would involve."

"But why did you stay with your wife, now you knew that she was refusing to accept the physical love you could give her?"

"Because in every other way she was a wonderful wife. She was a good cook, a good housekeeper, a good mother to our children, and the most important thing was that she was a good friend and fun to be with - except in bed. Marriage is a balance really, and the good things were a lot heavier in the balance than just this one thing."

"That sounds just the same as my marriage. Harry was a good husband and father, and the unpleasant physical thing didn't take up much of my life. And, unlike you, I didn't know that I was missing the chance of sexual enjoyment. In any case, I might not have enjoyed it, and for sure it's too late to find out now."

There was a long silence as they both sipped their drinks. Then Charles spoke.

"Is it?"

"Is it what?"

"Is it too late?"

"Oh, come on Charles, even if I was willing to try and find out, what man would want to climb into bed with a wizened old hag like me?"

"A wrinkled old goat like me."

There was another long silence before Jean spoke.

"Are you being serious?"

"Would you like me to be?"

"Yes."

"I'm not sure what to say."

"Don't say, act."

He stood up, and held his hands out to her. She took them, and rose to her feet, then led him out of the lounge and up the stairs to her bedroom. It was a big room with a large double bed, and she stopped and turned to him.

"I've told you how inexperienced I am, so you're going to have to lead me. I've never been naked in front of a man in my life. Harry never saw me naked, and my doctors have all been women, but now I want you to see me, and realise just what you've taken on. Trouble is, I'm not sure I've got the nerve to undress in front of you, I'm trembling rather a lot."

"Would you like me to do it for you?"

"Yes please."

"Before a gentleman undresses a lady I believe it's normal to kiss her, just to show a bit of affection."

She giggled, nervously as he stepped forward and slid his arms around her waist and drew her to him. She didn't resist, but her body felt tense as she made contact with him. She looked up at him as his mouth descended slowly towards hers, and their lips touched. He didn't press too hard, but moved gently against her soft, generous mouth, and he felt her draw back slightly, and then soften against him. Their lips stayed together, softly savouring the new unexpected taste of each other's body, and they stood for what seemed an age before he released her and stood back a little.

He slowly reached out to the top button on her high-necked blouse, and undid it. Then the next, and on down, his hand brushing her breast and causing her to catch her breath. When the last button was undone, his hands went to the top of the opening and pushed both sides back and over her shoulders and down her arms, so the garment came free. He reached out with it to a nearby chair and placed it carefully on the chair back. She was wearing a pretty lacy white bra, and he was surprised that it was transparent enough for the shadowy shapes of her nipples to be visible, and deep cut enough for the swell of her breasts to be visible. He leaned forward and very gently placed a kiss on each breast, and when he stood up, she had a little smile on her face.

"That's the first time I've been kissed below my neck. I think I might get to like the idea."

"You ain't seen nothing yet - or felt, I suppose I should say!"

His hands moved to her waist, and undid the catch on her skirt. He slid the zip down and pushed the skirt over her hips and down her legs. She stepped out of it, and he folded it neatly and added it to the blouse on the chair. She was wearing a waist slip, which he also pushed down to the floor so that she could again step out, and off it went to join the other garments. He stood back a little to look at her. She was wearing white French knickers, lacy and with quite wide legs over a suspender belt holding up quite heavy plain tan coloured stockings.

"Well, what do you think of it so far?" she enquired.

"You do wear very pretty things that no one can see, the stockings are a bit of a let down, especially when you've got such nice legs."

"I wear the pretty things for me, to pretend I'm not really seventy nine years old, but the stockings are on view, so they are what you might call sensible. If you don't like them, you'd better take them off."

She sat on the chair, and he unclipped the suspenders, remembering from many years ago doing this for Chloe. His hands enclosed her thigh as he took hold of the stocking and rolled it down her leg and over her foot. Then he held her other foot, and slid his hands slowly up her calf and up her thigh. He felt the texture of the firm slippery nylon change suddenly to the vibrant feel of warm flesh, and he let his hands moved up to press for a moment against her silk covered vulva before moving back and removing the other stocking.

Now he stood her, turned her round to face the full-length mirror and unclipped her bra. He slid the straps from her shoulders and, sliding the sides round under her armpits he let the cups fall from her breasts. Looking over her shoulder he saw that what must have been beautiful globes that had dropped so that her big dark nipples now pointed downwards. There were small wrinkles radiating from the nipples, but her skin was still firm and smooth. He cupped the heavy masses in his hands and felt the warmth radiating from her, and saw her nipples firming as he softly squeezed them.

Then came the final unveiling. He first slid the suspender belt down and off, then hooked his thumbs in her waistband and slowly pushed the lacy knickers down over her bottom and down her thighs till they dropped to the floor, where she stepped out of them. He stood back and looked at her.

The last woman he had seen naked in the flesh was Chloe, all those years ago. She had been in the prime of her life, a truly beautiful sight. Her breasts were full and proud, her dark pink nipples firm in their paler aureoles. Her belly was flat above her shaven vulva, the top of her pussy lips showing under the soft pubic mound, and all was mounted on long, glorious legs. Now he was looking at what Chloe might well have become by now. The breasts had dropped, the belly was gently rounded and her hips were wide and well covered. At all the joints the skin was creased where it had lost its flexibility, and there were plenty of small wrinkles. Her pubis had a triangle of grey hair, covering her pubis and hiding her sex. Her legs had the tell tale age signs, some tiny broken veins showing purple, but he had not been lying when he told her she had nice legs, because they were long and shapely. Her body was a tribute to the way that she had always taken plenty of exercise and had eaten sensibly, and the whole was vastly more alluring than Charles would have imagined.

While he was appraising her, she was watching his face with some amusement.

"Well, after seventy nine years I'm showing my body to a man, and I'm rather enjoying it. What do you think of it so far?"

"The last naked woman I looked at was a lovely young woman. You are a lovely older woman. It hadn't occurred to me that I had been friends with such a sexy lady, or I'd have been making overtures a long time ago."

"It wouldn't have worked. It was only seeing those two young lovers that made me realise what a prudish life I've led. Now, it's my turn to undress you."

She slowly undid the buttons on his shirt, pulled the tail out of his waistband and pushed it off his shoulders, exposing a well-muscled chest covered with grey hair, what one might term a six-pack, though that was not an expression that she would have understood. She pushed him back onto the chair and bent down to remove his shoes and socks, then pulled him back onto his feet. Her hands moved to his waistband, and she found and freed the hook and retaining button, then slowly pushed down the zip, freeing his trousers so that they slid down his legs. She dropped to her knees and, as he lifted one foot after the other, she pulled the garment off, and placed it on the chair. She remained kneeling, and hesitated as she looked at his cotton briefs, seeing the bulge of his pubis, then she took the waistband and pulled it quickly down to his ankles and, as he stepped clear her eyes looked slowly up his legs.

Now, despite her seventy-nine years, Jean had never seen a man's genitalia. Although she had seen her son as a tiny baby, her husband had employed a nanny and after a few days she never saw the boy naked again. Now she gazed upon this mystery, and was amazed at what she saw. She had experienced her husband's penis thrusting into her reluctant body, and it had felt huge and rigid, and she had no realisation that it would not have been like that all the time, and had never paused to wonder why it did not stick out when he was dressed. But what she looked at now was a small dangling sausage of a thing, in front of a sagging sack of wrinkled skin containing two bulges, which she realised must be his balls.

She was at once disappointed and relieved. She had been excited at the prospect of at last discovering what she hoped would be pleasurable sex, but had also been fearful that it would once again turn out to be an unpleasant intrusion into her body. But how embarrassing must this be for Charles? He had led her to believe that they could enjoy sex together, obviously without realising that his body was no longer up to the task. In sheer pity for him she reached out and gently brushed her fingers over the soft flesh, then quickly drew back.

"I'm so sorry, Charles. I can't think what made me do that."

"Don't apologise, Jean. Please do it some more, it's so long since it was touched by anyone except me that I'd forgotten how good it feels."

Well, she thought, it won't do any harm, and if that will please him I might as well do it. So she reached out again, and this time she let her fingers creep round the soft shaft so that it lay enclosed in her hand. Suddenly she realised that something was happening to it. The limp object was starting to grow, and she felt it swell in her hand. She looked up at Charles, and he was smiling down at her, so it obviously was no surprise to him. She felt the girth increasing and saw that it was also growing longer, and she felt the temperature rising as the blood flow increased. Soon the whole shape was redefined and she saw the clear bulge at the tip, and she could feel his blood pulsing, causing the whole length to jerk gently under her touch. Charles wasn't spectacularly well endowed, as are few men outside porn stories, but his penis was a good average size and was more than adequate, and now it was primed for action, and she realised that, despite his age, he was still a virile and capable man.

Charles pulled Jean up to her feet, put his arms round her, and drew her to him. As he held her, his hand slid down her back until it rested on her firm buttock, and, as he pulled her close, his hard penis pushed up against her belly. Suddenly she began to thrill at the feel of an aroused man. His lips met hers and this time she responded happily, as both their lips parted slightly, and just the tip of his tongue touched her. She was experiencing a whole new set of physical responses, and deep inside her she began to want him to make love to her. He released her, and led her to the bed. He pulled back the bedding and lay down, drawing her down beside him. He propped himself up on one elbow and leaned over her, then kissed her again. Now his lips were more urgent, pressing harder against her, and he slid his tongue deep into her mouth. At first she was slightly shocked by this action, but then realised that it felt good and pushed back with her own tongue, tasting the flavour of another person's mouth for the first time. Now they were tasting each other, their lips and tongues searching for new sensations, wet with saliva, slipping and sliding, taking little bites at each other, as Jean for the first time found the joy of giving and taking sexual pleasure.

Charles released her, and smiled down at her.

"Shall we go on?"

"Don't dare to stop, I might rape you - except I don't really know how!"

His arm had been round her back, now he withdrew it and his hand cupped her breast. Lying down, she was flattened, but when he held her, the flesh in his hand was warm and felt firm to his touch. He squeezed her, and then began stroking around the centre, teasing her, taking little pinches at the soft white flesh, making circles around her aureole. Then he began brushing the pale brown skin, and, as he did so, he could see that her nipple was rising ever so slightly. She could feel the tightening of the flesh, and was happily anticipating his touch on her nipple. She wanted to hurry him, but guessed that he wanted to make this moment last for both of them. He didn't touch her nipple with his finger, instead he leaned down and flicked his tongue across the tip, causing ripples of ecstasy coursing through her. His tongue became more and more insistent and his lips advanced and gradually drew her engorged nipple into his mouth, which he opened wide as he drew in more of her willing flesh. His tongue was more insistent as he raked it across the tip and she felt that she had become huge under his ministrations. All the while that one breast was in his mouth, the other was being squeezed and pulled by his hand, and the effect on her was startling. Her whole body was responding, and it seemed as though she was on fire with emotions and physical effects that were completely new to her.

Then, while he continued to savage her breast with his lips, tongue and teeth, his hand released her other breast and began to move lower down her body. The skin on her belly did not have the tautness of that of a young woman, but it still felt firm to his touch, and he gently caressed the rounded curves and felt the soft layer of flesh over her hip bones. His finger probed the indent of her navel, which made her giggle slightly, then he slid downwards until he felt the beginnings of her silky pubic hair. Slowly, slowly, he inched his way down, and felt the beginning of her cleft. Her legs had parted slightly and he

ran his finger down the groove between her inner thigh and her outer labia, moving gently along first one side, then the other, and she felt his pressure moving the lips against each other and rousing sensations she had never known before. At last he moved to part her lips, and began to enter the gap with a tentative finger.

He heard her gasp, and felt her body flinch at his touch, and realised that she was not finding this pleasurable, and guessed that she was completely dry, so that his finger felt abrasive to her.

"Is that hurting you?"

"Sorry, Charles, it was lovely up till then, but I'm afraid that you're hurting me a bit now."

"I think it's because you are dry, and you need some lubrication. I guess you won't have any vaginal lubricant, like KY jelly?"

"Never heard of it. I'm so sorry, but if it's going to be painful, I really don't want to go on."

"Do you have any olive oil?"

"Of course. You aren't thinking of...?"

"Why not? Where is it?"

She explained where it was kept, and he went down to the kitchen and fetched the bottle. He sat on the bed beside her and drew her legs apart, exposing her rather wrinkly labia. He tipped the bottle very carefully so that a small quantity trickled down onto her sex. He delicately began to smooth it onto the outer lips, then just inside. He spread her lips apart a little, and poured a little more into the exposed space. She jumped slightly, and he stopped.

"Don't stop, it's just that it's a bit cold, and I wasn't expecting it, but it feels good up to now."

'Feels good' was a wild understatement. She could feel her heart beating faster, and suddenly all the fears that she had had about this whole assault on her senses were dissipated. She felt his slippery finger exploring, and when he found the hood of skin hiding the sensitive organ within, she started to rise to a higher plane. She had never masturbated in her life. Her nanny had made it very plain that touching herself anywhere between her legs was dirty, and deserved a good slap. As a result, when she washed herself it was a very quick process and, when she felt a pleasurable shock as her fingers made contact, she felt thoroughly ashamed. As her husband had never touched any part of her except to insert his penis into her reluctant, dry vagina, Charles' hand was awakening entirely new feelings, and she felt as though her whole body was being brought to a new life, as a series of shocks ran through her. His finger probed softly below the hood and he touched the little button below, which, as he rubbed, began to grow, swelling in a manner she had never before experienced. Her whole body stiffened, and, as she lifted against his hand, she began her first ever orgasm. Her breathing became laboured, and spasmodic, and Charles became alarmed as she writhed and moaned in ecstasy.

"Are you all right?"

She couldn't speak for a bit, but at last she gasped "I've never felt better, I think I've just found out what an orgasm is. More, please, much more."

At this, he slid his oily fingers up and down her lips, which began to part. He slowly entered the warm space within, and probed delicately into her love channel, first with one finger, then joined by a second. He moved cautiously, withdrawing frequently to gather more of the oil he had poured on her, and thus moistening deeper and deeper into her questing vagina. As he moved, he felt her muscles gently grasping him, and realised that the vagina of an eighty year old woman felt just as welcoming as that of a much younger one.

"Charles, please put your lovely penis inside me - I can't wait any longer."

He had too much sense to say anything. He poured some olive oil into his palm and rubbed it all over his penis, drawing back the foreskin to make sure that his helmet was also coated, then pushing it back into place. He briefly wondered if he was capable of sustaining an erection, but considering the size and rigidity of what he was oiling, he put that thought aside. He spread her legs wide, and knelt between them, and brought his engorged penis up to touch her lips. This wasn't the time to indulge in teasing foreplay, so he parted her lips with his hand as he pressed forward. They both looked down and saw the tip of his penis start to enter and he felt his foreskin being pushed back as the rigid glans emerged and opened her lips wide.

A memory came back to her of her husband ramming into her unprepared and dry vagina, but she knew already that this was to be a totally different experience, as she felt her lubricated passage being eased open as his penis moved slowly deeper and deeper into her. She was holding her breath as he progressed, still a little afraid that this would eventually cause her pain, but all she felt was sheer bliss as his pubis met hers as he pushed fully home. He paused as his rigid member reached its full depth, and he could enter no further.

"All right up to now?"

She didn't need to answer. He could see from the smile on her face that everything was as all right as it could possibly be. He drew back from her, and she felt her flesh contract, leaving her with a strange, empty feeling, but he immediately refilled her as he gently pushed forward. Again she felt a surge of joy as their lower bellies touched each other and he pressed hard against her. Now he felt more confident and began moving a little faster, and she began to push back against him, instinctively wanting to play an active part in their lovemaking. Although it was all new to her, for him it was bringing back memories of those happy months nearly fifty years ago. The years just rolled away, and it wasn't a case of two wrinklies having a pathetic attempt recover their youth, but two lovers enjoying sex.

Now he stepped up the tempo, and the slap of flesh on flesh could be heard as he drove into her harder with every thrust. He completely forgot about his intention to be gentle, as she was arching her back as she tried to get in rhythm with him. She started to moan gently, then she dragged him down so he was squashed hard against her and he was sliding hard along her belly and breasts. Then the full force of her orgasm hit her. She became rigid with her bottom lifted clear of the bed and she felt as though she was suffering - no, enjoying - a long electric surge throughout her body. As she cried out in her ecstasy he felt the long forgotten feeling as his fluid welled up in his balls

rushing towards release. He drew back so that his glans was half outside her lips, then gave a huge thrust forward, burying his cock deep in her pussy as the first surge of juice rushed up to shoot itself deep into her passage. His arms were round her and his hands grasped her arse cheeks and held her firm as he spasmed again and again, each triumphant burst becoming weaker than the one before till at last he was spent.

He lay supine on her for a moment before lifting himself up onto his forearms. His penis was subsiding, and she felt the loss as he shrunk inside her and finally slipped out of her vagina. He looked down at her radiant smile, then bent down to kiss her.

"Well?"

"How soon can you do it again?" she asked.

"I don't honestly know. Fifty years ago I would have asked for a few minutes, but now I've no idea. Let's have a little break and see what happens."

He lifted himself up, and, looking down, he saw her parted legs and her vagina lips closing as his milky fluid oozed out and ran down onto her anus. He was tempted to massage it into the puckered orifice, but felt that it would be too soon for her to accept an assault on her back passage - that might be possible later. His cock was dripping semen as he moved across to lay beside her.

"I think I've made a bit of a mess."

"I know. I can feel my bum all wet. This disgusted me when my husband did it. Now it feels wonderfully filthy. How can I have wasted so many years in bed that could have been so wonderful if only Harry and I hadn't been so damned repressed. Oh well, perhaps I can catch up a little on lost time - that's if you want to?"

"You're not the only one who has time to make up. If you'd like to take hold of my floppy wet tool, you might be able to bring it back to life."

She needed no further bidding. She looked down at his limp penis, still glistening with his juice, and took it in her hand. As she gently squeezed and caressed it, it began to harden again, till it grew to its former glory.

"I think it's ready to go again" he said. "Do you want to try a different position this time?"

"I really don't mind. It was wonderful last time, so you tell me what to do."

"Well, first let's see if you need any more olive oil".

He slid his fingers into her vagina, and, as he did so he felt her muscles clamp down on him. She was still soaking wet from his ejaculate, but he thought it wise to take extra precautions.

"Would you like to ride me this time?"

"If you think it would be fun, I'll try anything."

"Right, first of all, put some oil on my penis, then climb astride on your knees and find your way onto it."

She tipped some oil into her palm and coated his penis with it, feeling it grow to full hardness under her touch. She knelt astride him and tried to line it up with her waiting vagina, but she hadn't quite got the technique so she finally took hold of him and guided him into her parted lips. She tried to lower herself on to him steadily, but was a bit clumsy and, as she moved down she also moved

forward, and his penis, which was only just engaged, flipped out of her, and she sat down on fresh air. She burst out laughing.

"There's obviously a technique to this. It's as well I do Yoga, or I'd never manage to kneel like this."

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try..."

"Oh shut up! I wasn't in the Girl Guides anyway. Now, what did I do wrong?"

"Just come down gently, and feel your way along. And don't make me laugh, or I'll go instantly soggy, and you'll never get the poor little thing in."

She tried again, guiding him into her lubricated lips and slowly dropping down as she felt his hard flesh slide deeply into her waiting body. She let all of her weight rest on him, and savoured the feeling of an engorged penis pulsing gently inside her, and loving the feeling that this primitive activity was pleasurable, not a penance paid for the sake of producing children. She lifted herself up until she felt that there was a risk that he might slip out, then down again. Again she repeated the lovely motion, feeling every tiny movement of his flesh against hers exciting senses in her that were all new. She was moving faster now, finding a rhythm, and they both heard the sound of wet flesh on wet flesh, and she could feel this strange change in her body as an orgasm was near, and began to need release. Despite her efforts, the release didn't come, and she began to get frustrated. Charles saw the strain beginning to show on her face and guessed what might be the problem.

"Just sit still for a moment, I think I know what you need."

She rested sitting on him, and he began fondle her breasts, stroking and lifting them with both hands. After a while, he moved to her nipples, and began rubbing them between his fingers and thumbs, pulling and squeezing as they stretched long under his ministrations. He pulled her down so that he could take one nipple into his mouth, and he licked and sucked it, then moved to the other to repeat the treatment. Her nipples were long and firm, and he drew them deep into his lips, then gently bit them. She was now feeling more and more aroused, and he slid his hand into the jungle of their pubic hair and began to probe into the juicy slit. As soon as his finger found the clitoral hood he rubbed across it, and she started to moan with pleasure. He probed further and uncovered the sensitive button and, as soon as he began to caress it she began to erupt. Her back arched up, and he felt her vagina pulsing in caresses around his penis. Her breathing became short, and her head was thrown back as she let out a long, low wail. For a few moments it seemed that her body became rigid, then she slowly relaxed and a big smile appeared on her face. He waited till she had recovered, then said: "Better now?"

"You can't begin to imagine how much better. But what about you?"

"It's my turn now, if you wouldn't mind going back to what you were doing for a bit longer - and a bit quicker would be nice!"

"Always willing to be of service."

She began to move up and down again, this time concentrating on pleasing him. She soon found that she could move with long strokes that just stopped short of letting him out, and she was letting herself down on to him harder and harder, their flesh squishing noisily together. He lay under her, looking up with slight disbelief that this old lady could be so joyfully fucking his aged body. He

felt the pressure begin to build up in his balls and he thrust up as the fluid began its hot rush up the length of his shaft before squirting deep into her vagina. She felt the flesh jerking inside her, and the hot juice spurting up against her cervix, and for the briefest of moments she was sad that there wasn't an egg waiting in her womb for his sperm to fertilise. To her delight she felt another orgasm building. This wasn't the body wracking effort of the last time, just a gentle sort of glow that spread through her, just passing through and then it was gone. They stayed, just looking at each other with wonderment at what they had done. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed the time on the bedside clock - four minutes past midnight - and she remembered the significance of the new day.

"Well, I'd never have guessed that I'd start my eightieth birthday with a penis buried in my vagina. What a wonderful birthday present you've given me - a sappy wet pussy."

"I had no idea it was your birthday, and I certainly didn't think that the day would end like this. I feel as though I was young again, except that I'm just a tiny bit tired."

"You and me both - it must have been all that walking. Anyway, your equipment seems to be collapsing gently, shall I get off?"

"I don't think it will be a lot of use for a bit."

"Just as well, this sort of sex takes a bit out of a girl. I'm only used to lying limp and hoping it wouldn't take too long."

She lifted herself up, and they both looked down to see his shiny wet penis and the milky fluid oozing out of her vagina.

"I ought to go and clean this up, but I just want to lie beside you and enjoy feeling fulfilled - and filled! Thank you hardly seems adequate for the pleasure you've just given me."

"I take it that you don't want me to get dressed and go home, then?"

"You do and I'll kill you."

"You don't mind the neighbours seeing my car in your drive in the morning?"

"Idiot. Just hold me close and let me go to sleep happy."

He drew the bed clothes up over them, and in a few minutes they were sleeping contentedly."

The sun shining into the room woke him, and he looked at the clock, amazed to find that it was turned ten o'clock. He needed to urinate, so he got out of bed and walked toward the door, his penis erect.

"Where are you taking that?" came here sleepy voice from the bed. "You haven't got another woman in the spare room, have you?"

"As you said you never saw your husband naked you wouldn't know what happens to men in the morning. The crude name for this is a piss hard, and it wouldn't be a lot of use to you. Anyway, I'm busting!"

He walked into the bathroom and she heard the sound of water hitting the pan, and she quickly got out of bed and followed him, in time to see the golden stream spurting out as his penis softened. He realised she was there, and he grinned at her as he shook off the last drops.

"That's another first for me" she said, and when he had finished she took his place and the sound of urine hitting the water could be heard. When she had finished, she tore off a piece of toilet paper and briefly mopped herself.

"Did I shock you?"

"Surprised me, perhaps."

"Charles, shall we go back to bed, or shall we have breakfast first, then go back to bed - no, don't answer, let's have breakfast and talk. I think we had better put some clothes on, or I shan't be able to concentrate."

She got her robe and found her husband's for him to wear, and they went to the kitchen, where she cooked him a dish of bacon and eggs, with coffee and toast and marmalade. When they had finished eating she poured more coffee, and sat down facing him across the table.

"Charles, I'm going to talk a lot and I don't want you to interrupt me. This is a bit embarrassing, but I'm old enough not to care. Look, I've been growing very fond of you over the last few months, and the thought had crossed my mind that we might get a bit closer, as you've always been very friendly. In my wildest dreams I never imagined that we would have sex together. Sex for me was something to be tolerated, not enjoyed, and, in any case, it certainly wasn't something that old people did, and we have to accept that we are old. Anyway, watching those young lovers stirred something in me that was quite new, and because you and I had watched it together it made a special bond, but how that led to your penis entering my vagina I really don't know - but it did, and the world will never be the same for me."

"Now, if we were twenty years younger, I'm not quite sure how we would have handled it, but there wouldn't have been the urgency. As it is, we've done it; you've lit a fire in me that I don't want to die down for a bit. I've got to accept that I'm unlikely to be physically capable for that many more years, so, at the risk of being put politely in my place, I'm telling you that I don't ever want to sleep without you beside me, and preferably with a vagina dripping your juice. That's it, Charles, I love you and I want to live and love with you for the rest of my life."

There was a long silence, and the longer it went, the more she feared rejection. Then he answered her.

"Is this a marriage proposal? If so, the answer is yes. If it's just a proposal that we should live in sin together, the answer is still yes. But you'll have to be prepared to suffer some pretty indecent sexual practises."

"The more indecent the better. You scared me then, I thought you were going to give me the brush off. I don't care whether we marry or not as long as we can be together."

"Right we'll worry about the details later, now let's go and shower our smelly bodies."

"OK, you go first while I clear the table."

"No, we'll go together, let's start the way we mean to go on."

He had noticed that the whole bathroom was a wet room with the shower in the middle, with lots of room for two people to shower together. They took off their robes and turned on the shower and stood under it together. He took the soap and began to wash her shoulders, then down her back. She was enjoying

the gentle massage as he moved down, soaping her hips and down until he was rubbing her buttocks, delighted at how firm they felt under his touch, the skin still smooth, though he could see wrinkles under the firm globes at the top of her thighs. He spent a long time caressing and squeezing her, and his fingers slowly probed deeper into the divide, till he began to plunge a little lower.

"No Charles, that's far enough, thank you."

"I told you that there would be some indecent sexual practices. Just let me carry on for a bit, if you don't like the feel of what I'm doing, I'll stop, but don't stop me just because you think that you shouldn't be liking it."

"All right, I'll trust you to stop if I ask."

He carried on his probing, and soon his fingers brushed across her anus, and he felt her flinch. He became a little more insistent, till he was rubbing the soap all around and over the entry. When it felt thoroughly soaped, he pressed one finger onto the slippery entrance, and felt it enter a little way. He withdrew, then pressed again, and entered further. He kept repeating the process, press and release, and each time he went deeper and he was pushing into the tight band of her sphincter. She was moaning quietly "No, no, this is wrong" but he carried on and now he was through the entry and probing deeper and deeper into her hot, tight passage. He heard her voice change, not quite so negative, and he pressed a second finger against her opening, and this time she relaxed a little so that he could enter more easily. He moved to her side and slid his hand over her belly and probed to find her clitoris, which quickly grew under his touch. He began rubbing the little bud and, at the same time, pushing his fingers in and out of her back passage. Now she was panting heavily, and her anus was clamping down on his fingers. Her body was straining back against his hands, and, suddenly, she let out a long wail and became rigid as her orgasm hit her. She stayed like that for a few moments, then collapsed like a wet rag. He grabbed her as he withdrew his fingers from her body, and he held her close to him, as she trembled against him. At last, she straightened up, turned to him and pulled his head down to her lips, kissing him long and hard.

"All right Charles, you're right. As of now, I'll try anything at least once."

"There is something else I could put in the same place."

"You don't mean...? Yes, you do, don't you. All right, but let's get a bit more practice in the more conventional place, shall we, before we go too exotic?"

"Sounds good to me. In the happy days when I was trying everything with Chloe, I thought that anal sex was fun, but as a variation on the real thing. Still, let's try it some time when we feel a bit of variety would be fun. Now, let me finish washing you and then it's your turn to wash me."

He quickly finished washing her, taking great care of her breasts, but then handed the soap to her. She began with his shoulders and back and progressed down to his firm buttocks. She let her fingers slide down into his crack a little way, but didn't want to probe any further, so she bent to wash the backs of his legs, then moved to progress up the fronts. As she reached his thighs, she became more cautious, soaping gently up and down but always climbing a little higher till she reached his soft, hanging penis. She took hold of it very delicately with her fingertips, then slid them round to surround the shaft. Again she felt the miracle of this soft, insignificant object swelling under her

touch. As she moved her hand slowly she saw his foreskin drawing back a little and the tip of his glans appearing. She held her hand round him and slowly pushed the skin back and watched in fascination as the dark red helmet appeared. Her fingers ran lightly over the engorged tip, and she saw the slit at the end gaping slightly and a pearl of milky fluid appear. She dropped to her knees on the shower floor and leaned forward with her tongue outstretched and tasted the slightly salty flavour of his pre-cum. She drew back and looked up at his face, smiling down at her.

"Is this OK?" she asked, a little nervously.

"It's just fine."

"Can I put it in my mouth, and eat it a bit?"

"Well, sucking is better than eating, and be careful with your teeth. But bear in mind, if you do too much you might be drinking, not eating."

"What do you mean...Oh, I think I understand. Would you mind if I did?"

"I'd love it, but don't feel you have to - there are lots of other fun things we can do."

She stayed on her knees in front of him, holding his shaft delicately with her fingers, then she leaned forward so that her tongue could flick over the tip of his glans and pushed forward a little so that the pointed tip probed the slit from where his pre-cum was oozing, and she felt his shaft jump in her hand as she opened the little aperture. She pushed forward, her lips opening to accept the girth of his glans as it slid between them, and for the first time in eighty years she was holding a penis in her mouth. She wasn't quite sure what to do next, so she tried sliding her tongue over and around his helmet and felt a sudden jerk as he reacted to her touch, so she guessed she was doing the right thing, so she carried on licking and pushed forward to accept more of his shaft till she felt it close to the back of her throat. She drew back a little, then forward, enjoying the feel of this pulsing organ sliding over her lips.

"That's just magic."

Thus encouraged, she repeated the motion, and felt his hands gently touching the top of her head as she slid her hands round him to grasp his buttocks, still firmly muscled despite his age. His cock was throbbing in her mouth and she moved a little quicker, sensing his urgent need, while her tongue lapped the length of him. She felt him growing fatter and then heard him say

"I'm going to cum in a moment."

For a second she thought of withdrawing, but she just held him firm and felt the pulse in his shaft as the first load of fluid rushed up and jetted into her mouth, quickly followed by another and another, filling her mouth and forcing her to swallow. The taste was not at all unpleasant, in fact she found it rather nice, salty and a bit bland, and she liked the slippery texture as some slid its way past his cock and between her lips. His shaft had finished pulsing and was softening in her mouth till finally she let him slide out. She stayed on her knees looking up at him, and he pulled her up to her feet and kissed her, his tongue searching out the taste of himself in her mouth.

They stood in each others' arms, two old people with bodies well past their best, neither having for one moment thought that in their twilight years they

could experience the joy of making love, both thinking that, though it might not be for long, that they would make the most of this opportunity.

Indeed, it's never too late.