

# Four Hours in Paradise

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*Thank you, Betty, you saved my cock!*

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## FOUR HOURS IN PARADISE

Now that he had reached the magic age of Social Security eligibility, Harry Henderson rued the fact that his libido had slowed down to the point that he was not even taking the time to scope out the cheerleaders on the television screen any more. His dearly departed wife Ethel had passed just recently and Harry knew she had to be a Saint to put up with him for almost 40 years.

His prostate had acted up of late and a trip to the Mayo Clinic informed him his male juice making organ was on its last legs. The choices were rip it out and forget about it, bombard it with atomic sub-particles until it ran up a white flag and surrendered, or, ignore it, since it probably would not kill him before he died from some other cause. Of course, all the insurance companies hoped for decisions favoring the last choice as that would save them an awful lot of money.

Harry decided on the first choice since it just did not seem a good idea to let something that would eventually kill you sit untouched until it had a chance to do just that and the concept of being zapped with radioactive bullets seemed also a little too "over the top". Harry didn't appreciate the idea of being shot at without being able to fire back.

The Doctor prescribed him a medication to promote instant and long-lasting erections and he just put it in his wallet thinking he had enough problems without going into cock-induced hyperactivity. His normal routine lately usually did not include the pursuit of members of the opposite sex. There was a fair supply of widowed and divorced females in standby mode should he ever feel the need but he would rather just sit on his ass and watch sports on the television. Harry would be the first one to

admit his girl-chasing days were long over.

His bad back forced him to the local massage parlor the next week and he was played like a fiddle by a young black girl who told him, "You sure got good muscle tone for an old guy, mister!" Harry was certain it was well intended but the mention of age tended to depress him recently especially after his visit to the Doctor.

When the girl offered to give him a "full service" massage at no extra charge, Harry, being in a very restful mood accepted not understanding that that exactly entailed.

The spirited tugging on his cock awoke him to the fact that "full service" did not mean washing his windshield. He was loath to beg off from the well-meaning girl's efforts for fear of offending her and was happy when she finally gave up and admitted, "Mr. I can't get your cock to stand up good and proper. Do you have a problem of some kind?"

Harry explained his prostate problem and the girl understood immediately.

"Did they give you any of those little blue pills?"

Harry realized she was talking about the erection enhancer and he told her that he had not filled the prescription as yet. The masseuse whose nickname was "Candy" told him she would give him one of the ones that they kept for emergency situations and all he would have to do was to replace it with one of his after he filled the prescription.

"That sounds nice, Candy, I didn't think I could fill it until after the operation."

"Nah, Harry, guys use these all the time, but you just have to be careful not to go overboard on them and only take one a day like it says on the bottle. Also, Harry, if you still have a "you know what" after 4 hours, you got to go see a doctor because that is not good for your cock."

Harry took the pill and relaxed on the mattress. Sure enough, the sight of Candy's bare ass cheeks bending over in front of him caused him to have a huge erection. It was bigger than it had been in years. Candy was almost licking her lips looking at his meat dripping pre-cum from the end.

The pretty black girl squatted down over his cock and slowly lowered her pussy right on the bulb. He moaned when her wet pussy lips spread open to take his cock inside. Her vagina was velvety smooth and she gushed some sticky juices right down onto his shaft making the entry very easy.

Candy bounced on Harry's cock for a very long time. His pre-cum was flowing nicely and she had at least 3 nice orgasms during that time. She did everything, she massaged his balls, she even stuck a finger up his quivering brown eye, she talked dirty to him, and pleaded with him to "give it to me", but poor Harry could not cum.

Eventually, Candy gave up and Lucinda from the next stall came over to help out. Lucinda rode

Harry's cock for almost an hour before she gave up despite the fact she was squirting female juices all over Candy's table. Some of the other girls came to watch Lucinda grunt out her impressive orgasms because she normally was pretty shy and laid back.

3 of the apprentice massage girls took turns on Harry's cock but all they got was sore pussies and some very memorable orgasms. The owner, Mrs. Lickmore even hitched up her skirt to ride Harry's cock with little success, unless you count the way she moaned and groaned each time his long thick cock bottomed out against her seldom used vagina.

Harry had worked his way through the entire health spa staff and the clock showed the 4 hour deadline was nearing soon. He started to worry about his cock and what would happen after the deadline. Candy was not sure. She told him, "I don't remember any guy that happened to before."

Instead of reassuring him, that only served to increase his sense of crisis. All of the girls and even Mrs. Lickmore studied his throbbing huge erection with some interest. Harry glanced down and decided it was time to head to the Doctor for some remedial cock therapy. He was unable to get his trousers zipped up because his cock was sticking out too far. So he just closed his belt and allowed his shirttails to cover his erection like some tent with a large pole sticking out the front. He walked gingerly to the car and carefully slid in behind the steering wheel being careful not to get his cock stuck in the post.

It was his feeling of urgency that caused him to go a little too fast over the speed limit on the way to the Hospital Emergency Room and he silently called upon the heavens to "give me a break" when he saw the flashing light of a police cruiser right behind him. There was no doubt that the squad car wanted him to pull over to the side of the road. With an aroused degree of trepidation, he reached into the glove compartment for his registration.

The officer who stood right outside his window was dressed in a tight uniform that accentuated her perky breasts and she had her hair in a "ponytail" that arced gracefully down her back. He could not see her body below her badge but he imagined it was just as equally sensuous. His inflamed erection quivered noticeably drawing the young policewoman's attention to the tent in his lap. She removed her weapon from her holster and told him,

"Put your hands on the steering wheel, Mr.!"

Harry was quick to follow her instructions, but it did not hide the fact that his shirt was bulging with some unseen entity hidden beneath.

"What do you got under there, buddy?"

Harry was totally mortified.

Why could it not have been a male cop instead of this pretty little thing with the impressive set of boobs?

"I am not hiding anything, Miss. I am on my way to the hospital to get some relief for a problem with my male organ."

"When you say, "male organ", do you mean your dick, Mr.?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I was referring to my cock. It is in a very agitated state due to some medication I took about 4 hours ago."

The pretty police officer lowered her weapon and moved in closer to the open window. She looked at the huge tent in Harry's lap with some unmistakable interest.

"Where's the pills, Mr.?"

Harry almost bit off his tongue for his foolish response that admitted his use of a pill not prescribed to him directly. It was a technicality, but he knew it would not look good when he explained it to a judge.

"I have a prescription, but I haven't filled it as yet."

"Forget about that, just lift that shirt nice and slow and show me what you got there."

Harry didn't think it was a good idea but he was in no position to argue with an officer of the law. He pulled up his shirt tails revealing an angry looking penis of immense proportions pulsating and twitching about just like a live snake.

"Jeez, Mr. you got the "blue pill" twitchies for sure! My ex-husband used to get it because he was popping those little blue devils. He like to wore my pussy out when he came home and it really pissed me off because I know he used them to hump those bitches down at the "Hooter" club."

"I am so sorry you had to see me this way, officer, I assure you I was only trying to get a massage."

The pretty policewoman laughed and put her gun away.

"It sure ain't a massage you need, Harry. The only thing that brought that kind of thing down was to constrict it in a real tight passageway like a virgin's pussy or a real tight pucker hole. How long you said you had that thing?"

Harry looked at his watch.

"It has been 4 hours and 15 minutes, officer."

The young uniformed female cop shook her head in disbelief.

"Harry, you are not going to make it to the hospital before that thing is so damaged it probably won't

work ever again.”

“What can I do, officer?”

The pretty blond cop took off her gunbelt and put it on the hood. She bent over the hood and lowered her uniform trousers.

“You better stick it right up my brown eye quick, Harry. It’s all right, my ex used to give it to me back there all the time. But I am still real tight there because I haven’t done for a real long time.”

Harry looked around guiltily. He knew he had to be fast but he did not want to seem too aggressive because this was an “officer of the law”.

When pretty cop, whose name was Betty, spread her ass cheeks for his entry, he hastened to shove his throbbing cock right up her rectal channel as quickly as possible.

The bent-over female squealed and squirmed like a bug on a pin. She looked over her shoulder and spat right at Harry calling him a “dirty ass-fucker”. It felt incredibly tight to Harry. He seldom stuck it up the ass of any female and certainly never up any male ass, but the tight grip was intoxicating to him and he couldn’t help but pound Betty’s ass with a frenzied abandon. The more the uniformed female cop struggled under his weight, the harder he gave it to her.

Finally, it happened, he could feel his load shoot up into the pretty girl’s reddened bottom and his shrinking cock started to fall back out of her heart-shaped ass.

“Thank you, Betty, you saved my cock!”

The blushing girl dressed and put her gunbelt back on before writing him a ticket for speeding. She told him it was necessary to teach him a lesson about breaking the law. He took it with gratitude because he knew she was right.

As he was getting ready to drive off, Betty called out to him.

“I got your address, Harry, and I may be coming over to make sure you didn’t get into any more trouble with those “little blue pills”.”