

# Confessions of a gold digger

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Published on Lush Stories on 08 Nov 2012

*How a fight with a boyfriend turns into the best sex of my life.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/mature/confessions-of-a-gold-digger-1.aspx>

Hello. My name is Lydia. I am 30 years old with (dyed) black hair, light blue eyes, and (real) 38d tits. I have been having a hot and steamy affair with my 65 year old neighbor Paul for going on 6 months now. He likes to call me his little gold digger. I didn't start out to be one. In fact, until I moved into my grandmother's old house, I hadn't even been attracted to men over the age of 35. I started to change my mind after seeing Paul in his back yard enjoying his nudist lifestyle. I had pleased myself many times with the thought of his massive tool sliding in and out of every one of my holes. At first, I had thought he wouldn't be interested in me. Oh how wrong I was. This is the story of how this all started. At the time, I was dating a worthless punk of a man. He had a bad habit of getting drunk and trying to rape me. He had a rape fantasy and when he was drunk, he couldn't control himself. Most of the time, I could hold him off or just let him pass out. But one night, after a particularly violent attempt on his part and a broken bottle upside his head on mine, I ran out of the house and straight to Paul's front door. I didn't have many clothes on since my asshole ex had ripped most of them off, but at the time I wasn't thinking about that. All I wanted was somewhere safe to hide when my boyfriend woke up. It took a few minutes for Paul to answer the door, but when he did, I could tell he was shocked to see me. His eyes took in my appearance quickly, and he simply reached out and dragged me inside. As soon as the door slammed behind me, I dissolved into a weeping mess. Paul simply wrapped his arms around me and let me cry it out. When my body stopped shaking, he pulled away and looked me in the eyes. "Ok, now that that's done, what the hell happened and how can I help," he asked while his hands slowly slid up and down my arms in a comforting manner. "I...It's Devon. Heeee... He tried to rape me. I hit him over the head with a bottle and ran out," I stuttered as I tried to calm down. "Oh my god," he said as he pulled me close again. "You poor girl. Here, stay right here while I go get the phone. We are calling the cops and you are going to press charges on that sorry son of a bitch." With that. He gently released me and headed off toward what I assumed was the kitchen. He returned a few minutes later with the phone and a small tumbler of an amber liquid. I wasn't sure what was in the glass, and at that moment, I didn't really care. I reached for the phone and dialed 911. I told the operator what had happened in a slightly calmer voice than I had told Paul. She told me to stay where I was and an officer would be there to talk to me shortly. As I hung up the phone, I felt my knees start to give. Paul must have seen me swoon, cause he reached out, caught me, and began to

pull me toward his front room. He sat me in a big, comfy recliner and went back out into the hall. He returned with the glass in his hand and held it out to me. I looked at it quizzically, not sure if I wanted to drink what was in the glass. "It's just a little brandy. It will help calm your nerves so you can at least get through this." I reached out tentatively and took the glass. Deciding I needed something to calm me, I pressed the glass to my lips and downed it. I felt it burn slightly as it went down, but it soon warmed me and my hands slowly stopped shaking. Paul sat on the arm of the chair and lightly rubbed my left shoulder. We heard the sirens as the cops approached. He didn't move from his sitting position. He only moved when we heard a knock at the door a few minutes later. Paul got up and let the officer in. He took my statement and informed me that my ex had not been in the house when they arrived. He also told me that I should find somewhere other than my house to stay that night, since he hadn't been found yet. He said they were going to post an undercover officer outside in case he came back. I was informed that I would have to go to the police station the next morning if I wanted to file formal charges. I agreed and thanked the officer. As he turned to leave, he gave a nod to Paul and muttered 'Thanks, Mr. Newman.' It took my brain a minute to figure out that he meant Paul. I had never heard his last name and I was intrigued as to how the officer had known it, since Paul hadn't said a word the entire time. As he walked me back to the comfy chair, I looked at Paul with the question in my eyes. "I'm a retired police officer. He was just starting as I was leaving," he said as he sat me back down. "Oh," was all I could say. My mind started to race. "Um, Mr. Newman. Do you know of any battered women's shelters around here. I am fairly new in town and I have no where to go. If you could help me get there, I would owe you for forever." He looked at me as if I had slapped him. "You think I am going to make you go to a battered woman's shelter? Do I look like that much of an ass? No, you will stay here tonight. I have an extra bedroom that will be perfect for you. Now, you stay right there while I go over to your house and grab you some clothes. Feel free to roam the house, watch some TV or whatever until I get back." He didn't give me a chance to reply as he practically jumped off the chair and headed for the door. I sat there confused for a minute or two before deciding I needed to get up and move. I looked around the room as I paced and noticed a stereo with a rather large CD collection in the corner. I walked over to it and began to scan the discs. After finding one I liked. I popped it in the player and turned it on. The soothing sounds of my favorite band soon filled the room and I found myself swaying back and forth. I let myself get drawn in by the music, and danced around the room. As I took a turn, I felt hands wrap around me. I jumped, but soon calmed as I turned to see Paul looking at me, matching my pace from behind. I turned toward him and put my hands on his shoulders allowing his hands to rest on my hips. We danced like that till the end of the song. "Sorry. I got bored and decided to listen to some music until you got back. I guess I got into it," I said as I looked away from his eyes and down to the floor. "No worries. It's been a long time since I have had a beautiful woman to dance with and I have missed it. Now, I sat a bag of clothes over by the door. If you want, you can go grab it and go take a shower and try to wash away some of tonight." As he spoke, I remembered that I was still in the torn and ragged clothes that Devon had left me in. My shirt was on by only a thread on each shoulder, allowing it to fall well below my white bra. There were some small holes in the bra, allowing a view of the pale skin of my breasts.

I felt my skirt clinging to my hips and knew there was a patch torn away at the crotch and the ass. I suddenly felt very exposed and wanted to cover up. I backed away from Paul and walked over to the bag he had left laying there. I grab it and turned to follow him to his bathroom. He opened the door for me, showed me where the towels were, and left me to it. As I undressed, I gave myself a once over in the mirror. I saw the bruises and cuts that Devon had left on me and was amazed that Paul had let me in the front door. I showered quickly, not wanting to take advantage of the generosity that my neighbor was bestowing on me. As I searched through the bag, I noticed that Paul hadn't packed any underwear for me. I wondered momentarily if that had been an oversight or intentional, but decided not to worry about it. I choose a pair of sweat shorts and tank top, choosing not to wear the bra he had some how managed to pack. My hair was still lightly damp, and just before leaving the bathroom, I messed it up a little. As I walked back into the living room. I found Paul sitting in the same comfy chair he had sat me in. I noticed that he had at some point removed his shirt and pants, leaving him in just his boxers. I also noticed a slight bulge there and wondered if he had been fantasizing about what was happening in his bathroom. I stood and watched him, taking in every aspect of him. His slightly gray hair was cut close to his head. He didn't have a lot of wrinkles, but I already knew that. His muscles still appeared to be toned. I found myself wondering what he could do with that body of his. I felt myself dampen slightly. I walked farther into the room and saw him start. "Oh, there you are Lydia. Hope you don't mind, but I decided to be comfortable." "Oh no, it's fine. In fact, I was just taking a moment to admire you. I must say, you are still in excellent shape. I can only hope to look as good as you when I am your age." "Well, thank you. I take that as an extreme compliment. Now, do you want to go to bed, or would you rather sit up and talk for a bit?" "Well, I think I would rather sit for a bit. It's been a long night and I think I need to calm down a bit more before I can get to sleep. Besides, we still need to talk about how I am going to repay you," I said as I playfully wiggled my ass. I noticed Paul's eyes fall to my hips and knew I had him. "Oh, there's no need for that, my dear. Just having a pretty lady in the house is payment enough for me," he said as he squirmed in his seat and his bulge increased slightly. "Oh, I must pay you back Paul," I said as I walked over to his chair and stood right in front of him. "My momma always taught me to pay back kindness. In fact, I think I know just how to pay you back." With that, I slid onto his lap. He sat back and looked me up and down. As I slid against him, I felt his impressive bulge press against my mound. I got wet at just the memory of the tool I knew he was carrying. I pressed against him completely, took his face in my hands and pressed my lips firmly to his. It only took a second for him to respond. As his lips began to press against mine, I felt his hands go around my waist. He forced my hips down and toward him, rubbing my mound against him. I let out a small moan as our mouths opened and our tongues began to dance. His one hand moved up to my breast and his other moved to cup my ass. I began to rock back and forth against him as he squeezed my ass and massaged my breast. I heard him grunting with every thrust of my hips. Suddenly, I moved away from him and got off his lap. He looked broken until I got on my knees and reached my hands to his boxers. I grabbed the top on them and began to pull them down, being careful around his cock. While still forcing his boxers the rest of the way off, I set my tongue to work on him. I licked every inch of his cock that I could while rubbing my hands up and

down his thighs. I generally try to stay as hands free when sucking cock as possible, but with his sheer size, I had a feeling it wasn't going to work out that way this time. After ensuring that I had licked every part of him I could, including his rather big balls, I slowly slid the head of him into my mouth. I heard a moan escape him and knew that it had been a long time since he had had someone pay this much attention to his man tool. I struggled a little with the width of him, but once I got used to it, I loved the feeling of a full mouth. I slowly started to work my way down his length. I took my time, being sure to get used to the feeling of every inch of him. I got about half way down him and started feeling him hit the back of my throat. I hadn't tried deep throating before, since I had never been with a man that was long enough to need it. I decided instantly that I wanted to feel this cock in my throat. I took a deep breath and forced myself to slid the rest of the way down his hard shaft until I felt his balls hit my chin. I slid back up and off him, giving myself a second to breath. As I caught my breath, I wrapped my hand around him and noticed I couldn't get my fingers to touch. I was again impressed with the size of this old mans tool. Suddenly, I was overtaken by the desire to taste his cum. I began stroking him rapidly as I bobbed my head up and down him. I heard his moans and breathing quicken and I knew he was about to explode. When I felt the vein that ran the length of him shudder, I forced him all the way into my mouth and felt him release his first jet of cum directly in my throat. I continued sucking him while he finished, but I moved him out of my mouth so I could taste his cum. He had a sweet taste to him that I instantly feel in love with. I made sure to get every last drop of him, since I wasn't sure I would ever get the chance to taste him again. When I was finished, I sat back and looked up at Paul. He had a grin on his face that I wasn't sure I would be able to remove if I tried bleach and a wire brush. He looked completely calm and content and I started to worry that maybe the fun for the evening was over. He must have noticed, because he choose that moment to stand up and pull me up with him. He pulled me to him and kissed me. I was slightly shocked, since I had always had guys complain about kissing me after I had swallowed their load, but I went with it. As we were kissing, he turned me around. He suddenly pulled away and, without a word, started pulling me out of the room. We ended up in his bedroom, were he forced me onto the bed. I wasn't sure what was coming, but I was intrigued. He stood at the end of the bed just looking at me for a while. I thought maybe he had chickened out on whatever he had planned until he began to speak. "You know, I always thought you were a beautiful girl. I have wanted to get to know you better since you moved in next door. I knew from early on that the prick you were with was going to end up hurting you, but I couldn't find a way to tell you. Now that I have you in my bed, I'm not sure I am ever going to let you leave. I know I am going to eat that gorgeous pussy of yours to give me some time to get back at attention and then I am going to show you how a real man treats a lady." The whole time he had been giving his little speech, he had been running his hands lightly over my body. I felt tingles every where he touched and I could feel my juices leaking out onto his sheet. I was prepared for him to take his time, but he dove right in. He forced my legs up and over his shoulders, moved his face to my slit, and forced his mouth down on me in one fluid motion. For an older guy, he certainly could move. I was slightly shocked, but greatly aroused by the skill he showed in that one move. I didn't have much time to think about it though, as his mouth was soon doing things to me that I hadn't had

done to me in years. He used his tongue in ways I didn't know were possible. It felt almost like he had two tongues and he was using them both to take me to places of pleasure that I had never been to before. I knew I wouldn't last long with him doing this. I felt my orgasm begin to build and I tried to warn him. You see, I have a habit of squirting when I cum. I didn't want him to get choked up or turned off by it, as had happened in the past. As I sat up to tell him, he suddenly shoved his fingers into my dripping hole and hit my g-spot. I screamed as my orgasm released and I felt my juices fly out of me. I heard Paul gasp slightly when the flood started, but he kept his face buried in my slit. When I finally stopped shaking, Paul stood up and looked at me. "Well, that was a surprise. I have seen girls in movies do that, but I figured it was just some kind of movie trick. I've never seen it happen in real life before. Thank you for sharing that with me." "Oh no. Thank you Paul. That was amazing. I never knew it could feel like that. And I see you have come back to life, so what do you say we make sure you are paid back," I asked as I rose to my knees on the bed. I put my hands on his shoulders for support and kissed him. I could taste the sweetness of my own cum in his mouth and I loved it. As we kissed, I felt him pull me towards him. At first, I thought he was going to lay me down, but he surprised me again by picking me up. I supported my own weight against his shoulders and felt the head of his cock against my pussy. I was worried for the first time that maybe he couldn't do what he was obviously planning to do. I felt his hands on my hips pushing me down, so I let go a little and allowed myself to be impaled on his massive sword. I slid all the way to the bottom. I had never felt so full. The feeling was amazing. I wanted to feel this full every time from now on, but that was something I would have to worry about later. Paul began trying to pull himself out of me and I realized he would need some help. I began slowly pulling myself up and down on him. The sensation was amazing and another first for me. I had never been fucked while standing up. The feeling was amazing, but I started to slip. Paul let me down on the bed. When he pulled out, I thought he had maybe changed his mind, but he simply turned me over so he could go from the back. I raised my ass into the air and felt his fingers begin to probe me. It only took him a minute to get accustomed to the new angle, and he was soon sliding his tool back into me. He put his hands on my hips for support and started slowly sliding in and out of me. "Oh god! You're wonderful! Now, fuck me hard you dirty old man. Let's see how good you are with that massive cock of yours," I said. My words must have spurred him on, because he began pounding me as hard as he could. With every hit, I felt my breasts bounce back and forth. I had ever been pounded that hard in my life. He was huffing and puffing with each thrust and I was moaning louder than I ever had. He gave me another three orgasms by pounding me that way and I was about ready to pass out from the sheer pleasure. Just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, Paul slammed into me and held himself there. I felt his first jet of cum deep inside me and I moaned with each new spurt. I felt him jerking against me and I knew it had been a powerful orgasm for him. When he was finished, he collapsed on the bed beside me panting. "Oh god. That was the best sex I have ever had," I said as we both came down. I turned my body toward him and wrapped my arms around him. "It certainly was amazing," he said as he slide his arms around me. "I am afraid that there won't be a repeat performance tonight. You are welcome to lay here in my bed though." "Oh, I definitely will. And I guess I can wait till the morning to get a repeat

of that, since I think we both need some sleep." With that, I cuddled into him and we just held each other for the rest of the night. And that is how I began my life as Paul's 'little gold digger.'