

# Hospital Hijinks – Finale

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*Dedicated to all of my Lush Friends who offered advice*

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Having just enjoyed the most volcanic ejaculations anyone could ever imagine, I was weak and at least temporarily sated and spent. I lay on my back on the landing at the turn of the stairway, breathing heavily. Edna sat next to me and began gently kissing me on my face, chest and stomach, as I slowly began to regain my stamina. After a few minutes, which seemed much longer, I was able to put my arms around Edna and pull her down to where I could kiss her on her lips and insert my tongue between her lips, to dance the dance of desire with hers. Edna placed one hand on my flaccid cock and began to rub it ever so softly and tenderly, while I raised my head and began kissing and licking her perfectly formed tits. Then I started sucking on her delicious nipples and massaging them with my tongue, until they protruded even more and became as hard as bullets. Edna began to moan softly, expressing her pleasure for what I was doing to and for her. At the same time, her hand on my cock was working its magic, making my pussy-pleasurer rise to the occasion. Edna felt that, and moaned, "Damn, Phil, I need that tool of yours in my pussy." "Hon," I replied, do you want me to fuck you here, on the stairway?" "No, I have a better place in mind where we will be much more comfortable." "Where?" "Just follow me down the stairs. I've found a storage room where excess mattresses for hospital beds are stored." "Lead the way, Hon," I replied. We stood up, Edna took my hand in hers, we went down another flight of stairs and down the hallway until we came to a door with the word "STORAGE" on it. "Here it is, Phil," she said, as she opened the door and led me into the room. Then she found the light switch and turned the room lights on. I could see a room full of mattresses stacked up, all apparently new and unused. At one end of the room there was a short stack of mattresses and we headed towards them. "Hey, Phil, will you help me lower one of these to the floor so we can get on it and fuck?" she asked. "I'll get it down by myself, Hon." I easily pulled the top mattress off the stack and down onto the floor. "Thanks, Phil," she said. "Now let's get on it and fuck." With that, we both removed all of our hospital attire and eagerly jumped on the mattress. "Phil, darling, do you have time to give me a royal fucking? Aren't you scheduled for surgery on your lower spine tomorrow? What time you have to be on your ward to be prepped for the surgery," she asked. "Yes, Babe, but I have an hour before I have to be in my ward to be prepped." "Let's make the most of that hour," Edna said, as she stroked my cock until it became rigid, at which point, she mounted it in the cowgirl position and began to fuck it like a cowgirl gone wild. I must admit that I didn't give Edna

a “royal fucking”. She gave me one. Damn! It was good for me and for her. We fucked for the entire hour, during which both of us enjoyed earth-shaking orgasms, rested for a few moments, then fucked again, again and again, until our time was used up and I had to return to my ward to be prepped for my surgery early the next morning. Early the next day I was put on a hospital cart and taken to have extensive surgery performed on my lower spine. The surgery may have taken an hour or more, while the surgeons removed scar tissue from around my spinal column, from an earlier surgical procedure and then took bone from one of my hips and grafted it to my spinal column in an effort to stabilize it, so that I would have no more pain. Following the surgery, I was moved to a “recovery” room. When the effects of the anesthesia I had been given finally began to recede, I opened my eyes and saw Edna standing beside my bed, with a large bouquet of beautiful flowers in a vase in her hand. I looked up at her and a bit groggily said, “Hi Hon.” “Phil, these are for you as my way of thanking you for what you have done to and for me,” she said as she showed me the flowers. All I could mutter was, “Thank you, Hon. You did more for me than I did for you.” Then Edna placed the vase on a table in the recovery room where I could see them, lightly kissed my lips and left the room I never saw or heard from Edna after that. But I will forever have fond memories of the times we shared with one another.