

Phil and her lover

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Published on Lush Stories on 01 Oct 2009

Could it really be?????

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She moved into our street a couple of months ago. Her house was about 4 doors up from ours. An older lady who seemed to be living there alone. I had never noticed any males around the place or even visiting.

One day, I was at home, when there was a knock at the door. When I opened it the same lady was standing there.

“Hello, I am Mrs Phil Rolands, and I live just up the street from you,” she said as she introduced herself.

“Oh hi, I’m Steve, what can I do for you Mrs Rolands.”

“Well, I hate to be a bother but my power has gone off and I think it is just a fuse, but I don’t know where the spare fuse wire is, and I was wondering if you would have any.”

“I’m sure we have some, Mrs Rolands, you go on home and I will get it and come and repair the fuse for you,” I replied.

“Thank you Steve, that’s very kind of you, but I really can fix it myself.”

“No worries Mrs Rolands, it won’t take me but a moment, and will give us a chance to get to know one another.”

So she went back home and I picked up the wire from the tool box and followed her in a couple of minutes.

When I walked around the back of her home, I noticed that the fuse box was in the same place as ours was, so I just went ahead, turned off the power and pulled out the plug and re-wired it for her.

She stuck her head out the door as she was so surprised that the lights had come on so quickly.

“Thank you Steve, now you must come inside and have a Coke or something to drink.”

I went into the house and was pleasantly surprised at the beautiful décor, furnishings and art work that surrounded the room I was in. She saw me looking and commented that she had been married to an artist and that she loved his work. “Was his name Rolands, I don’t seem to recognize the name. She told me the name he worked with, and I recognized it immediately.

“Wow, Mrs Rolands, I love that man’s work. I do a bit of sketching and painting myself so I try to keep up with most of the modern artists.

“That is great Steve, but please could you call me Phil, I feel like an old woman when I am addressed as Mrs Rolands. I think that we will get along pretty well as we both have similar interests. I will show you some more of his work at a later date if you like.”

“That would be awesome, Phil. I would really appreciate that.”

“Now Steve, would you like something to drink.”

“I’ll just have a Coke, thanks.”

We sat and conversed for over an hour, Phil telling me about her life with her husband and what had happened since he passed away three years ago.

I told her about our family and where I went to college and that I was majoring in the Arts. Also a bit about my Mom and Dad, and how Dad had just up and left us one day a few years ago, and that we hadn’t heard from him since. My Mom had to work to keep up our standard of living, and how I felt bad about still being at college and Mom having to work to keep me there.

Phil told me that she had had a daughter when she was younger and was not married, and because of family pressures she had her adopted. She regretted not being able to have any more.

All the time we were speaking I was studying her. I had always had a fantasy for older women. She was about 58 years old with a very trim figure. She stood about 5’9”, with a crowning glory of red, gold hair, swept back from her face, just with some white round the edges. She had emerald green eyes with a tinge of black around the iris, and curved, pouty, red lips that were just wanting to be possessed by someone; and I wanted to be that someone.

Hey, I don't know where those thoughts came from. Just looking at Phil made me feel as if I had known her for a long time. The trouble was that I wanted to make love to her as well. How I got to this stage I don't know, it was just instant chemistry on my part.

Of course, I couldn't make a move towards her now. I would bide my time. I don't go back to college for about six weeks so I will have ample time to get to know her even better.

Over the next couple of weeks I would call on Phil nearly every day, with the excuse that I may be able to do something for her around the house. One day she asked me if I would mow the lawn for her. She didn't know how to work a lawnmower. When she had been here a bit longer she would arrange to have someone come in and do a bit of landscaping and the lawns.

I got the mower out and went ahead and cut the lawn for her. When I had finished, Phil invited me inside for a cold drink.

"I better not come in Phil, I am all grassy and sweaty and I don't want to mess up your floors."

"No worry Steve, I have a shower downstairs near the laundry. Why don't you go down and have a quick shower and then you can come have a drink OK."

After my shower, I slipped back into my shorts, leaving my briefs off. It felt a lot cleaner that way.

I made my way back to the sitting room and Phil had a long glass of Coke waiting for me.

"Thank you so much for doing that chore for me Steve."

"It was no trouble, I would like payment though."

"Ahh..... payment."

"Don't worry, I don't want money. I would love to see some more of your husband's paintings."

She smiled. "Well, that's alright then, I'm sure I can do that little thing for you.

She pointed towards the stairs and said that the best ones were upstairs. I hoped that they were in her bedroom.

As we walked up the stairs, I was behind her and watched her hips swinging as she climbed up. I wanted so much to put my hands on those buns and squeeze them. She glanced around when we were nearly at the top and smiled at me. She had such a beautiful smile, it lit up her face and her eyes glowed.

We did enter her bedroom. She pointed out all the scenes on the wall and then left me to contemplate them. They were the most magnificent paintings I had seen for such a long time. I turned to comment to her on them.

She was standing by the window looking out onto the garden when I came up behind her. I wrapped my arms around her waist and lightly kissed her on the side of the neck, and gently stroked her arms with my hands. I turned her around and softly worked my way from her neckline to her lips. Her mouth looked so kissable and I gently laved her lips with my tongue and with just the slightest pressure I took her mouth with mine. Sliding my tongue across the indentation of her lips I probed them open and slid my tongue between them.

I stopped and looked at her. Silently, asking for permission to continue with the play. Again she smiled. I took that as a Yes.

My head dipped to the neckline of her blouse and down to her aching breasts. My breath seared the fragile skin and my fingers snared a nipple, playing with it so gently but firmly. I slowly undid the buttons on her blouse and lowered my lips to her peaked nipples. After feasting on her breasts for what seemed like hours, I slid my hands to the back of her skirt and unzipped it and let it fall to the floor.

She stood in front of me just wearing a black bra and panties and thigh high stockings and 3inch heels. What a wonderful sight!! I couldn't take my eyes off her.

She shivered as my hands ran down her body, exploring and finding all the sites that were so vulnerable. My lips captured hers, not just lightly but with a demand for them. My body pressed against hers, letting her know how she aroused me, and knowing that; she slid her leg around mine, trying to get closer to me.

I knelt at her feet and my tongue blazed a hot trail across her nipples and down her belly and then to the moistness of her womanhood. My hands slid upwards on her calves and inner thighs and gently parted them. I breathed raggedly as he gazed upon that glorious sight in front of my face. I lowered my head and touched my tongue to her moist, hot source of wetness.

I picked her up and lowered her to the bed and lay between her legs. Her body arched to meet me as

she involuntarily spread her legs wider to enable me a greater access. I slipped off my shirt and shorts at the same time.

“Please,” she cried.

I slipped one and then two fingers into that hot, volcanic lava, while I tongued and lapped at the honey she was producing. I at last, felt her starting to convulse around my fingers and I picked up the pace until she bucked and her muscles tightened around my fingers, and I felt a wet gush of woman’s cum all over my hand.

I quickly rose above her as she opened her eyes, and pulled her body to me, and slid into her with a wild groan. We began to move simultaneously, seeking the same satisfaction.

She locked her ankles around my waist as I pressed deeper into her willing body. I drove harder and faster and she called my name out loud. “Steve.”

As if this was a cue, I convulsed and groaned out her name through a clamped jaw. My body shook as did hers, as I called for her to stay with me. My explosion sparked another in her and she held me tightly, as her body shattered into a volcanic morass.

She had never felt any more in tune with anyone in her whole life. They lay together and felt at peace with the world.

Now was not really the time to tell him the rest of her story, but she had to before things went any further.

She sat up and lay against the headboard of the bed. I rolled onto my back and let out a great sigh.

‘Steve, I never did finish telling you about my adopted daughter, did I?’

“No Phil, but what has that got to do with what just happened with us. I feel so fantastic. I never thought I would ever meet anyone as loving and so willing as you. I am so glad that you wanted your fuse wire fixed,” I replied, laughingly.

“Well Steve, there is another ending to this and I don’t know how you will take it when I tell you.”

“Phil, you should know by now that you can tell me anything.”

“I suppose I had better just come out and say it then. Steve, I found out that your Mother is the daughter that I had adopted all those years ago. That was the reason I moved, to be closer to her. I didn't realize at the time that she had such a wonderful son. My grandson!!!!!! So what are we going to do about the situation now.”

“Oh Phil, I don't know why but from the moment I met you I felt a chemistry between us. I don't care if you are my Grandma, I would still think that what we just did was the greatest thing that had happened to me. Believe me, I want to go on making love to you as often as possible and for as long as possible. Whether my Mom know or not, I don't care. I know you will have to meet her and tell her about the two of you, but if you don't want her to know about us, that's alright by me. I still want you.

I eventually introduced Mom to Phil, and told her that Phil lived just up the street and I had been doing odd jobs for her. I left them to talk and I went for a drive for about an hour.

When I got home, Mom was alone. She sat me down and told me about Phil being her biological mother, and my grandma. She then told me that Phil had told her about the encounter between her and myself.

I replied to Mom, that I was happy for her but that I was going to keep on seeing Phil. I only hoped that she could accept that. Mom just said that I was now a man and had to make my own decisions.

I kept seeing Phil nearly every day until I went back to college. I only had another year to finish and then I was going to start work in our town. I told Phil this and asked if she was willing to wait for me until I could come back to be with her permanently. We stayed together for about 20 years, when I lost Phil to cancer. I was so grateful for all those wonderful years. She became my whole world. Now my paintings were hanging in our bedroom and sitting room.