

"Silver Foxes"

A short story by: The Night Hawk

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I breathed a sigh of relief when the plane touched down at the airport in Detroit. Not because of a fear of flying, but instead because I was finally free. Free to start a new life, and in a place where no one would know my name, or the shame that had been caused by my husband now safely a thousand miles behind me.

It had been a messy divorce. My lawyer had a field day in court, bringing forth all the names of the different tramps he had slept around with, some of whom I had considered my friends! Accusations flew hot and heavy. For every witness my lawyer produced to testify to my husband's infidelity, his lawyer brought forth one of his beer drinking buddies to testify that I was a lousy homemaker and a frigid bitch who never allowed him to go anywhere or do anything. I was so glad when it was all over, yet even after the divorce was final, he still kept coming around, usually drunk and wanting a 'blow-job.'

Friends stopped dropping in, and neighbors would point to me and talk to each other whenever I was outside. People conveniently forgot my number when I left messages for them to call me. It finally got so bad that I just told the real-estate agent to sell my house for whatever she could get for it. I sold all my furnishings to a second hand dealer, packed what few belongings I really wanted, and shipped them off via courier to a warehouse in Detroit. Then I went downtown, sold my car for cash, and bought a ticket on the next available flight.

That was six months ago. I found a good, steady job as a secretary at a small factory and was lucky enough to find an apartment within walking distance. My apartment is what used to be the upstairs of a grand old house. The couple that own it live downstairs.

Ken and Doris are somewhere in their late fifties or early sixties and are the nicest, friendliest people you'd ever want to meet. I enjoy their company. I don't have a social life because I don't want a social life. I've had enough of friends who stab me in the back, and as far as men are concerned, there's nothing a man can do that I can't do better with my own fingers. And if I get tired of my fingers, I can always rely on Mr. Ever Ready, my battery powered vibrator. It's not as if there aren't men who want to take me out. I might be forty-one, but my body is still in terrific shape, and my face isn't something that cracks mirrors when I pass by, but I had pretty well taken a vow of celibacy, vowing nevermore to get involved with the male species!

Ken, on the other hand, I don't seriously see as a typical male. He and Doris have been happily married for over thirty years. They came over to live in Detroit after leaving their native England in 1958. Ken had suffered some type of industrial accident years ago and they had not been able to have children. I never pried, but I was curious as to what kind of accident Ken had.

I learned a lot about them as we would sit and talk over coffee for hours on the weekend.

Ken is so sweet. He would be out working in the garden and always cut some

fresh flowers for me and would leave them at my door. He is so debonair, so smooth. He never quite lost that English accent, and he always dresses so correctly. His shock of gray hair is well spaced and well groomed.

It's obvious that Ken adores Doris, and it's easy to see why.

Doris is an immaculate housekeeper and a superb cook. While she does dress quite prim and proper, it's not too hard to tell that Doris long ago lost the fight against gravity, but the resulting slightly rounded affect only makes her look more motherly. Doris's hair has also turned to silver, but her face is free of any deep wrinkles, just a few laugh lines around the eyes and mouth. And Doris is such a good listener, too. It wasn't too many weeks before I had spilled my guts to Doris. She was sympathetic, too, and many a night when my feelings of uselessness got the better of me, she would hold my head against her bosom and let me cry away my despair, patting my head gently while telling me to let it all out.

I had been living with them for about four months when I came downstairs one day to find Doris crying softly at the kitchen table. I asked her what was the matter, and with a sad sigh, she finally looked at me with tear-filled eyes.

"Oh darling girl," Doris said to me, "I'd been hoping that after the way that brute treated you, you'd be looking for some loving from your own kind, but instead I hear that little motor of yours at night, and I think that you'll never want to get close to anyone again." My hand shot to my mouth and I felt crimson rush over my face. Doris had heard me using my vibrator! Then it dawned on me what Doris was trying to tell me! I ran back upstairs as fast as I could and slammed my door and locked it tight. How could she! How dare she hold my head to her bosom, pretending to comfort me. I sat on my bed and started to cry.

About an hour passed before my senses came back to normal. This dear woman really had comforted me and had never in any way tried to take advantage of me. My mind was torn. I felt sorry for the woman downstairs but could not handle the mixed emotions I felt inside. On one hand, she had been right - loving myself definitely left something to be desired: someone to hold me afterward. I also remembered years ago when a girlfriend had confessed to her own homosexual tendencies. I had not felt revulsion then, just curiosity. Not quite curious enough to try it, but enough so that I wanted to hear more about it. My friend had told me that she had tried it both ways and had found that a woman's caress was infinitely more desirable since only a woman knew how a woman wanted to be held and touched. The more I thought about it, the hornier I got. It wasn't so much Doris who was turning me on as it was the idea of sexual contact again. Since I still didn't want anything to do with men, I was thinking of Doris as a reasonable alternative. I had just about made up my mind to go back downstairs when I heard Ken's voice at the door. I opened the door and let him in.

"Linda," he said, "I hope you're not too upset with my Doree. You have to understand that Doree has been a lesbian all her life." I heard what Ken was saying but I told him that I couldn't understand then why she married him, or him her. "Well Linda," he continued, "you've got to realize that, back in our days, our lifestyle just wasn't as easily accepted as it was for your generation. That's one of the reasons we moved to America in the first place. You see, there was a bit of a scandal back home. That's why Doree can be so understanding of your plight!"

Now I understood the whole picture! Ken was a homosexual as well, and they

had gotten married to prevent malicious little gossip mongers from spreading tales! They did truly love each other, but not in the literal sense of the word.

I told Ken that I understood completely now, patted his hand and asked him if he would mind staying in my apartment for the next few hours while I tried to cheer up Doris. He gave me a knowing smile and said that he would remain there until I told him to come down. I headed downstairs, feeling light-hearted and slightly light-headed. I found Doris washing dishes in the sink, so I tiptoed in quietly. Aware that she might have felt very rejected by my earlier behavior, I decided that I should make the first move. I wrapped my arms around her waist and gave her a big hug from behind, then I whispered, "I'm sorry, Doris, if I've hurt your feelings, it's just that you caught me totally by surprise."

Doris turned inside my embrace with a huge smile on her face and said, "I'm the one who should be apologizing love, it was out of my mouth before I had a chance to think. I forgot that some people are very sensitive about their use of mechanical aids."

Then she gave me a kiss on the lips. A soft, gentle kiss, one softer than any I had ever received from any man. We hugged for a long time and kissed a few times more.

"Doris," I said, "I really hate to rush you, but I'm so horny right now that I can't wait a moment longer." She shook her head and led me by the hand to her bedroom.

Once inside her room, Doris gently eased me onto the bed and started to remove my clothes. Every button she undid, she would kiss the skin it had covered. She kissed my fingers and my toes, then my shoulders and my belly. When her hands reached for my bra, I was shaking with anticipation. As she released my bound mammaries, I heard her sigh as they spilled into her hands. She kissed each one lovingly and sucked and nibbled on each nipple until they were both as hard as pebbles. Then she pulled my jeans off and kissed her way up my legs. I could feel my pussy really juicing up now. My panties must have been wet enough to wring.

Next, Doris went back to my breasts, licking all around them before once again descending on my nipples. As much as I enjoyed her nursing my boobs, I needed release from my anxiety-ridden state, so I gave her head a push in the direction that I wanted her mouth to go. She trailed a path of wet kisses across my belly, down towards my little furry patch. I arched my hips up to allow her to remove my soaking undies more easily. With one hand, she removed my panties in a flash, pushing them well below my knees, where I gave a little kick and sent them flying. Then her mouth was blowing warm air against my now-swollen, flowing cunt. "Oh, fuck me Doris" I cried, "Fuck me with your tongue! Eat my cunt, damn it, I can't take anymore!"

Her tongue slipped deftly between my nether lips and locked immediately on my swollen clit. Just a little suck was all it took, and my back arched off the bed as I screamed out in ecstasy! My juices sprayed Doris's face as I writhed in one orgasm after another. Never in my life had I had an orgasm from oral sex, and in normal sex I had never experienced multiple orgasms. This was truly a day of firsts for me. I must have cum nearly six times before I got too sensitive to take any more pleasuring. Doris understood and removed her lips from my cunt. She leaned over me and gave me a kiss on the lips, letting me taste my own juices before letting me drift off to sleep.

When I woke up, I found Doris in bed asleep beside me, naked as the day she was born. I gently caressed her skin, marveling at how soft it was. Doris moaned in her sleep. I gently toyed with her mammoth breasts, causing her nipples to stiffen, then I

carefully pulled back the covers to expose her pubic patch. It was dark and curly, telling me quickly what her hair color had been before she had turned gray. As I gently twirled the dense forest of hair, Doris opened her eyes.

"Hello love," she said. "Did you have a good rest?"

I told her that I had never slept better, and then shyly added that I would like to learn how to pleasure her. She grinned and told me that there wasn't anything to learn; if I knew what made me feel good, then I automatically knew what made another woman feel good!

An hour later, Doris told me that I was a very good beginner, and that she hoped that this was a beginning for us. I assured this lovely woman that it certainly was.

It has been two months now since Doris first made love to me with her tongue. I hardly spend any time in my apartment upstairs these days, I much prefer going down!

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