

## Dimensions of Desire: GILF's on Holiday

**For Anonymous**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Paizleigh and Mollie are back, this time in the body of mature women in their golden years. They enjoy spending time at a resort, seducing young and old men alike as well as each other.*

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The moment she arrived at the resort, she was enveloped in an ambiance of tranquillity and natural beauty. The gentle caress of a tropical breeze brushed against Paizleigh's cheeks as she stepped onto the resort grounds. The scent of saltwater mingled with the fragrance of blooming flowers. Lush palm trees swayed in the breeze, casting dappled shadows on the winding pathways; it was almost stereotypical in a way. A more generic island paradise couldn't be found.

Mollie smiled next to her, her grey hair badly dyed a dark brown with the roots growing through. In classic Mollie fashion though, she somehow made it work. She took a deep breath in, letting the sea air fill her old lungs.

“Okay, you were right, this is amazing.”

“I told you!” Mollie giggled.

“I suppose this is like early retirement.”

“Except we can change back when we get sick of these old joints creaking.”

The two of them laughed and headed toward the check in desk. Just when it was starting to look like they would run out of fun, sexy realities to explore Mollie had suggested a retirement fantasy. Being turned into a woman in her sixties hadn't initially sounded all that appealing to...whatever her name was when she wasn't in this body, but she had come around once the change was complete. As always.

Mollie really was a wonder with the machine, programming him up an incredible body. It hit all his usually trashy marks without seeming too similar to everything he'd

experienced before. He wasn't some wrinkly old prune of a woman either, if anything his skin was the smoothest and shiniest it had ever been thanks to all the plastic surgery this body had clearly had.

His cheeks had been slightly hollowed and sharpened, his lips plumped by botox and eyelashes extended. This was the face of a woman who was desperately trying to look thirty when she was twice that age and somehow managed to do the exact opposite. He was reminded of Cher, that overly smooth look that seemed so out of place on a woman so clearly in the later years of her life.

He watched the desk clerk's eyes widen as she approached with Mollie in tow. It was hard not to laugh watching him try to maintain his professional, friendly expression when he suddenly had two elderly women in low cut tops approaching his desk. Luckily for him, both of them had opted for large, pert, fake breasts filled with silicone; they couldn't sag even if Paizleigh wanted them to. That sat on her chest, round as balls and hard. They were almost so fake they didn't move at all.

"Hello, dear." She drawled in her strong Florida accent, "We've got a reservation under Paizleigh.

"O-of course ma'am."

"Ma'am!" Paizleigh gasped, "That's miss to you young man."

"Uh..." a thin sheen of sweat appeared on the young man's face. "Of course...miss."

Paizleigh smiled as the man quickly tapped away at his computer and handed over two room cards emblazoned with 201.

"That you so much, dearie." Mollie said with a wide smile and a slight warble to her voice.

The man seemed instantly put at ease; Mollie had opted for a more natural grandmotherly look and it was clearly more what the man had in mind. She patted at her short, curly hair and they both headed off toward their room.

Paizleigh sighed in contentment as they made their way down the palm tree lined path. She could feel her ass, solid and fake as her boobs, shifting with her hips. It was interesting. There wasn't as much jiggle as she was used to, the plastic surgery having made

it much more solid. Yet it was so solid, so pert and strong. She could feel the weight of it behind her and it made her feel so alive. Who said your life was over after thirty?

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Paizleigh opened their hotel room and her eyes were immediately drawn to the gaudy floral wallpaper that covered the walls. The print features oversized hibiscus flowers in bold hues of pink, orange, and turquoise were overwhelming on the eyes. The ceiling is adorned with a large, slightly faded, wicker fan that looked as though it could use a good dust.

The two beds were queen-sized with ostentatious gold and velvet headboard that seems out of place in the tropical setting. It was as if the hotel was trying to convince the guests that this place was far fancier than it really was. The bedspread is an explosion of clashing patterns of tropical palm leaves and ocean waves, all in a cacophony of vivid colours. The pillows are adorned with sequins and adorned with colourful tassels. It was a feast for the eyes; the tackiest thing Paizleigh had ever seen. She loved it.

Together they hefted their suitcases up onto the beds and started to unpack.

“Well, I think it’s time we hit the beach.” Mollie announced, holding up her blue polka dot bikini with glee. “I can’t wait to see how this feels.”

Paizleigh nodded in agreement, flinging open her suitcase and squealing with delight at the sight that greeted her. A bikini, the tight kind with triangle shaped cups designed for breasts much smaller than her own and spaghetti thin straps. Her favourite thing by far though was the pattern, leopard print. It was bold, striking; just like her.

She reached around trying to tie it with some difficulty. Reaching her arms behind her back forced her large chest out even more, stretching the fabric that barely covered half her boobs to the limit. Eventually, Mollie managed to help her tie it up but even then, Paizleigh could feel how much the straps were straining to stay together.

“Once you’re in the water they’ll loosen up.” Mollie assured her.

Her own Bikini was much more modest; befitting her slightly rounder, more motherly shape with wide hips and a thick torso. She wasn’t fat by any means but she was clearly a woman who’d had many children and never quite gotten her body back after leaving her with curves in all the right places.

“Of course.” Paizleigh gave her a kiss on her slightly wrinkled cheek, “Let’s go.”

They walked arm in arm down to the resort pool, a line of flowered ferns separated the lagoon pool from the beach proper and immediately they could see a divide. Both the beach and the pool had a bar and loungers for resort patrons to enjoy, but the group using each one was radically different.

In the pool were the elderly and young families. Swimming lazily and reading books at the side while sipping juices and lemonade. While just a few minutes away was the beach, filled with young, sexy people in skimpy outfits sipping cocktails while they danced to the music blaring from the top of a tiki themed bar. Mollie and Paizleigh shared a look; it was clear where they were supposed to go.

They headed straight for the beach.

Paizleigh could feel eyes on them both as they passed, the young twenty somethings all exchanging looks as these mature women walked among them, selecting two empty loungers and lying themselves down in the sun.

Behind the dark lenses of her yellow framed sunglasses Paizleigh watched with glee as men tried not to gawk at her rack. Her fabulous breasts were pointing right for the sky, nipples clearly visible thanks to the tight stretch of the fabric. She could see the conflict in their eyes; how badly they didn't want to find her sexy but they did. She smiled, lifting her glasses up to wink at one particularly meek looking fellow who looked so pale she couldn't help but wonder if he'd ever seen the sun before now. His whole body flushed bright red at her attention and she cackled, watching him run off as his friends laughed and teased.

She let the sun bake down on her; she already had a nice fake tan but she wanted a real one by the end of this holiday. Oh, that reminded her.

“Mollie, help me with my tanning oil?”

“Of course, darling.”

They made quite the spectacle. Paizleigh could tell people were trying not to stare or wanted to tell them to stop but technically, they were not doing anything wrong. She was simply letting her companion oil her up, what was wrong with that? Mollie's hands glided over her skin, over her sloped shoulders, her long neck including the scars from where she had her skin tucked to stop any wrinkles from forming.

She bit her fat lips as Mollie reached her clavicle and began spreading the oil over the great curve of her breasts. Quickly swiping her finger down the tight cleavage. Mollie even slipped her fingers into her bra quickly to ensure no spots were missed and pressed her oily fingers to her nipples. Paizleigh felt her womanhood begin to heat, this felt so salacious.

They took their time applying the oil, smoothing it down their spines and across the top curve of their asses. Paizleigh made sure to give special attention to Mollie's inner thighs especially. She didn't want to miss a spot after all. By the time they were all oiled up Paizleigh felt hot all over in a way that had nothing to do with the sun. She settled down on her sun lounger and grinned at all the young things watching them with a mixture of emotions.

She could feel the heat of the sun slowly browning her skin, baking it under the rays. Soon though it stopped being relaxing and started to feel uncomfortable.

"Let's hit the water before I turn into a baked potato." Paizleigh suggested, slipping off her sunglasses.

Mollie giggled.

"You have rings from your sunglasses around your eyes."

"Well I'd better get in the sun then so they go away!" Paizleigh laughed, "Come on, before we're both wrinkled leather."

"What do you mean before?" Mollie teased, pointing at her own face but Paizleigh just cooed.

"You're as sexy as any of these young girls." She insisted, giving Mollie another kiss on the cheek and slowly getting to her feet.

The warm sand slipped between her toes as she walked down to the water's edge. The Caribbean ocean stretched out before her, deep blue and sparkling in the sun. This was Heaven. Flashes came to mind, of holidays in places like this with the ever present knowledge that one drunken mistake could cost her company stocks thousands. The memory made her shiver and not for the first time she was glad she couldn't remember her old name. Whoever he was, Paizleigh was a much freer and happier person than he could ever be and she was grateful for it.

She waded into the warm water, letting the oil that hadn't already soaked into her skin slip off into the waves. She floated on her back, feeling the salt cling to her brittle, dyed blonde hair. Normally, she preferred being a white blonde but that was too close to grey for her liking. She'd gone with a bright, unnatural yellow this time. She loved it, hopefully the sea and sun wouldn't lighten it too much. She couldn't have people thinking she was going grey; that would make her look old.

A splash of cold water across her chest made her shriek and she stood back up to find Mollie had joined her, giggling at her face before splashing her once more. Paizleigh grinned; it was a young girls game but that wasn't about to stop them. They splashed and chased one another through the waves as fast as their old joints would allow.

Once or twice she stopped to admire herself and the way the water beaded on her overly smooth skin. Thanks to the oil the water slid off her like water off a duck's back. The droplets flowed down the contours of her body and back into the ocean, making her skin shine even more than usual.

A scoff made her turn and she saw three young women, all of whom couldn't have been older than twenty five, looking at them with disgust. Paizleigh stuck out her chest and jutted out her chin in defiance.

"You won't look half as good as me at my age, sugar tits." She teased and laughed as their jaws dropped. "Oh what's the matter? Expect all little old ladies to be made of sugar? Should I have brought my knitting with me?"

They had no response and Paizleigh just smirked; that's what they got for judging somebody based on their age. You were only as old as you feel after all and with all the work she'd had done, Paizleigh certainly didn't feel elderly at all.

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"Hey, old timers!"

Paizleigh refused to turn around, after insulting those women she was sure those yells were asking for a fight. Not that she wasn't eager to join one, but there was no way she was answering to 'old timer'. They had been enjoying the beach and were about to head over to the bar when that same woman called out. They kept walking until suddenly, a volleyball landed right in front of them with a sharp spray of sand.

"Hey!"

This time Paizleigh did turn, ready to give that floozy a piece of her mind but before she could she spoke again.

“If you’re not really an old fart why don't you hang with us?” She offered with a sly smile, “I’ll bet somebody as...youthful looking as you can play beach volleyball without any issues.”

“Kick their fat asses.” Mollie whispered.

“Please, that twig? She had no ass to kick.” Paizleigh responded but walked over nonetheless.

She could see some of the hot young men staring at her chest as she lined up with her rival across the net. One on one volleyball, if she won this, she’d be a legend and that bitch would never love it down. The woman jumped, tossing the ball lightly in the air and slamming it down with the flat of her palm. Paizleigh barely had time to react before the ball was at her feet; how had she hit it so fast?!

“One point to me.”

“Woo! Go Charlotte!”

So that was her name; Paizleigh narrowed her eyes at the busty blonde. She was almost a stereotype, average in every way. Her chest was less than half the size of her own; she was probably just jealous this older woman was hotter than she was.

Paizleigh picked up the ball and planted her feet before serving it hard. Charlotte hit it back in a smooth easy to hit arc. Paizleigh jumped, feeling her hefty curves move with her as she hit the ball only to tumble back into the sand. Charlotte missed the point though at least, so now they were tied. Mollie was watching from the sidelines with a worried expression as Paizleigh hobbled up to her feet. As much as she wanted to teach this bitch a lesson she was beginning to see how this game was a mistake.

“Alright, you win this game.” She sighed and Charlotte grinned victoriously, the little fool.

Paizleigh made a real show of hobbling off the sand, pretending it took far more effort than necessary and watching as the looks turned sympathetic toward her and judgmental toward Charlotte.

“You beat an old woman at volleyball, good for you dearie.” She called, waiting until she walked past her and whispering, “But the ‘old lady’ beats you in looks.”

Charlotte’s face twisted into one of fury as Paizleigh walked away with a grin, not feeling like she lost anything at all. Still, perhaps it wouldn’t hurt to hit the gym while they were here. If anything it would give her a chance to wear those sexy workout clothes she spotted lying beneath her bikini back when they were unpacking.

“Gym?” Mollie balked when she suggested it. “No way, I’m going to do my crossword and maybe go and see if there are any single, silver fox gentlemen at the bar.”

That did sound lovely, the silver foxes part, not the crossword. Still, that outfit beckoned and Charlotte’s smug face when she danced across the sand with such ease spurred her on. She was hitting that gym, no matter what. After all, plastic surgeries could only do so much and she didn’t want to get fat eating all the free food at the resort buffet.

Mollie split off, heading toward the pool bar where the more mature resort guests were mingling while Paizleigh headed for their room. She hopped into the shower and enjoyed the feeling of the salt washing off her body. Lovingly she cupped her breasts; the size was absolutely worth the extra firmness, it wasn’t as if they made them any less sensitive. She gave them a squeeze and sighed in pleasure before making sure to wash herself thoroughly with the coconut scented soap. She wanted to avoid that old lady smell that was so prevalent in other mature women.

Once she was clean and slipped into a nice pair of panties she went searching through her suitcase for the work out gear. Her yoga pants were just as bright as her bikini; but instead of leopards this time it was patterned with Zebra stripes. She did so love animal print; there was something exotic about it and it paired great with the neon pink highlights around the ankles and waist.

She stepped into them, struggling to get the tight material around her swollen rump. When she finally snapped the elastic waistband she could feel the fabric sinking into her cleft. No matter, the animal print would hide it. Now for the top half, a sports bra was the usual fare these days right? She shuffled around until she found the obvious choice, a neon pink sports bra that matched the highlights on her yoga pants. It was a bit tight but at least it was thick enough to hide her nipples.



Paizleigh posed in front of the mirror and smiled; her body may have been on the mature side but her passion sense was with the times, she was sure. Maybe even ahead; she looked stunning if she did say so herself. Nobody would be able to keep their eyes off her with this body and those eye-catching colours.

With even more confidence than before she walked down the paths of her resort, basking in the obvious attention she drew. To her surprise, the gym was packed. Apparently keeping up a fitness routine while on holiday was more popular than it used to be. She smiled slyly as she stepped up onto the treadmill and started walking at a leisurely pace.

She didn't feel the need to speed the machine up too much; she had nothing to prove. Instead she just enjoyed the experience, the heavy sway of her hips and feeling of her chest slowly moving from side to side as she moved.

Paizleigh watched in the mirror as a group of women stretched after their workout. It was painfully obvious they were only doing it in order to show off their bodies. All over the room sly male eyes drifted over to them, watching with...appreciation. Well, two could play at that game if there was one thing Paizleigh couldn't stand, it was not being the centre of attention.

She stepped off her treadmill and casually walked over to the large open area reserved for warming up and down. For a few moments she watched, taking in the various poses the other women were using before beginning to copy them. She reached her hands to the sky, puffing out her chest so much she almost fell forwards before bending over at her hips to touch her toes. She heard gasps as she presented her ass in the air.

She could practically hear the jealous thoughts of the other women around her. They were half her age but their asses were not even half as fine as Paizleigh's. She continued to stretch, making sure to put special emphasis on her back so she could bring attention to her chest. Yes, she quite liked the gym, perhaps she would come here every day of her holiday just to stretch in her sexy workout gear.

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Mollie sat at the bar with a pina colada in hand; it seemed like the appropriate drink for the location but without Paizleigh here to keep her company things were falling a bit flat. It had been her idea to try out this retirement fantasy and while she was enjoying the nice, slow pace it brought she was starting to regret picking such a...normal body.

She was curvy, a little plump in places and her grey hair had been dyed badly but otherwise she didn't feel she was as striking as Paizleigh. How on Earth was she going to get any attention? Just as she was considering hopping back to the real reality to update her look a man slid onto the barstool next to her.

He was just the sort she'd been after; dark grey hair that was white at the edges, a charming smile and a tanned complexion that spoke to a lifetime working outdoors. The archetypal silver fox. Her heart gave a flutter.

"What brings such a classy young lady to the bar all alone?" Her new companion asked in a deep baritone.

"Classy? Yes. Young? I don't think so?" Mollie giggled, "But that's sweet of you to say. I'm Mollie."

"Robert." He nodded before letting his gaze sweep over their tropical surroundings. "I couldn't help but notice how beautiful the view is from here,"

Mollie chuckled softly, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "Yes, it truly is breathtaking. It's one of the reasons I chose this resort."

"A shame it won't be this way for long." Robert sighed dramatically.

"What do you mean?"

"Well I assume once you finish your drink you'll leave, and that's half the beauty in this place gone in an instant."

"...Do lines like that really work?" Mollie snickered after a moment and Robert shrugged and gave her a toothy grin.

"You tell me."

"A little."

"Only a little?" He teased, leaning closer.

"Well I can't go giving you a big head now can I?" Mollie said with a bit of cheeky bite to her words. She couldn't have Robert thinking she was too easy after all.

"No harm in it really, I'm big in a lot of places."

Screw it, being easy was fun.

“Oh really? Why don't you come show me?”

Robert's lips quirked at the edges and his eyes sparkled. Mollie adored when men got that look on their faces; it was an odd mix of excitement, anticipation and victory. It meant that Robert felt like he had won her over, that she was swooning for him and while that was technically true Mollie wasn't particularly fussy with who she took to bed. On most of their adventures a man could have her in exchange for a few glasses of moscato.

She let Robert take the lead, taking her toward one of the many private bungalows down near the beach. She wondered if Paizleigh already had a man back in their room and felt her lower lips moistening at the thought. Paizleigh's new body was so hot, she was almost jealous that somebody else might be tasting it before her.

Robert swiped his key card against the door and led her into a beautiful private villa room. It was far fancier than the one she and Paizleigh had and much more modern. There was no gaudy wallpaper here, only natural wood and piles upon piles of flowers that perfumed the air so much it almost made her dizzy. He swept an arm over to the clean white bedspread and smiled invitingly.

“Take a seat.”

“Don't mind if I do.”

Mollie lowered herself down onto the much classier bedspread, glad they were fucking in here and not her room. How could one style of room be so nice and the other so...not? Oh well, that wasn't important now. What was important was the fact that Robert was unbuttoning his shirt revealing his strong chest. It was the sort that had probably once been toned but now had a little extra softness to it thanks to age. Still, the skin was bronzed and his shoulders broad and Mollie smiled, running her fingers over it and absorbing the warmth she found.

Robert lowered his face to hers, gently kissing her, letting their lips slide against one another for a few moments before his tongue began to seek entrance. It was gentle, almost romantic. After so many realities as strippers and other such jobs it felt nice to have somebody, other than Paizleigh, treat her with such tenderness. It was a welcome change of pace.

She tilted her head back and let his tongue run along her own, feeling the heat inside her grow with each stroke. Rough, warm hands began undoing the ties of her bikini and

Mollie felt excitement begin to build up within her. With a flick of his wrist, what little support her breasts had fell away with her top and it fluttered to the floor.

Robert's hands cupped her teardrop shaped breasts, hefting them up and pressing his thumbs to the sensitive nipples. They were slightly darkened from age, but no less sensitive and Mollie sighed, letting her eyes flutter closed as those calloused fingertips caressed her.

The pleasure was low, almost relaxing but slowly building to a favour. She reached out to grip his square hips as he felt her up and once she couldn't take it anymore, she pulled him forward and they tumbled onto the bed.

"You are wearing far too much." She whispered.

"Well, I am sure there is something you can do about that."

Mollie giggled and pushed his light linen shirt off his shoulders and began working on the fly of his pants. That fervour was beginning in true now and she was starting to feel desperate. That warmth between her legs was growing to a burn and she couldn't help but laugh a little; who said your libido disappeared with age? If anything she felt just as horny now as she had in the body of a young woman.

Robert's hands stroked down her body almost lovingly, brushing across the curves of her stomach and ass until they reached her wide, child bearing hips. The ties of his bikini meant she didn't even need to lift her hips to slide the clothing off. Robert simply tugged at the girlish bows and they were gone, leaving her pussy exposed to the air.

His fingers trailed through the curly hair at her front before gently parting her velvet folds. Mollie couldn't help but shiver but managed to hold back a moan; she didn't want Robert getting too arrogant. Then his finger slipped up inside her though and that resolve went out the window with a shuddering moan.

"You're still tight in the places that count." He teased, slowly pushing his finger in and out, bringing a new wave of slickness each time.

Her hands gripped the sheets, bunching them in her weathered hands before moving to Robert's boxers. It was time they were on even footing. She reached inside, finding a surprisingly long cock; it seemed he was not exaggerating about his size back at the pool. A thrill moved through her; Robert was bigger than any man she'd had before, regardless of dimension. He was also the oldest, perhaps what they said about things being made to a higher standard back in the day was true after all because he felt glorious in her palm.

She loved the way his hips bucked against her and the tiny, sharp breaths he took each time she swiped her thumb over the head. He was trying too hard to concentrate on fingering her but the pleasure was becoming far too much of a distraction; his fingers were starting to jerk, the movements becoming more sporadic.

Before she knew it they were shuffling back to the headboard, the rest of Robert's clothing gone as he positioned himself at her hole. Mollie gave him a quick nod and a moment later that huge cock was pushing into her. He wasn't as thick as some, but he was so long! His tip was brushing her G-spot in time and they weren't even flush yet! She could do nothing but push her hips against his, eyes wide and seeing stars as she took more than she ever had before.

Oh yes, this was wonderful. Robert seemed to know he was a lot, thrusting slowly at first, almost gently; giving her body time to adjust to the sheer amount of manhood inside it. Mollie found herself with a newfound appreciation for older gentlemen, because that's what Robert was, a gentleman. This was a man who knew how to treat a woman, with care but also ferocity.

Once her body was used to the length he began to move faster, one hand on her breast, teasing it as he began to buck into her with more force. Mollie wrapped her legs around his back and pulled him in harder, gritting her teeth against the slight pain as her walls desperately tried to accommodate him. It mixed with the pleasure easily and made her see stars. Her pussy was beginning to pulse, tightening a little more each time as she got closer and closer to the edge until finally.

"Yes! YEEEEES!"

She came, crying out as Robert wrapped himself around her, hips thrusting furiously as he allowed himself to fully let go. Mollie clenched around him, feeling the slap of his walls against her until finally he stilled; every muscle tensing as he came almost silently. She held him in her warm embrace as the post coital haze of pleasure and gratification settled over them both and they relaxed back into the mattress.

Mollie felt herself being crushed beneath his weight but she didn't care. It was centring, grounding in a way. She was so lightheaded from all the stimulation she was grateful for it. She could only hope Paizleigh was enjoying herself just as much as she was.

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Paizleigh opened her eyes and groaned slightly, perhaps hitting the gym yesterday after all that swimming and volleyball hadn't been the smartest decision with his more mature body.

She felt sore and not nearly as well rested as she'd like. Thankfully, all the botox in her face prevented her from getting bags under her eyes so her good looks were not in jeopardy.

"I think a day of relaxation is in order." She announced, slipping into her tight fitting sundress. "Perhaps a nice spa treatment."

"That sounds lovely." Mollie agreed, "But you know what we haven't ticked off the bucket list yet?"

"What?"

"The casino!"

Paizleigh almost smacked herself on the forehead. She had modelled herself after the stereotypical Florida grandma, how had she not thought to hit the casino?

"That first!" She announced, now hungry for it. "Let's go!"

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As they entered the opulent casino, their senses were overwhelmed by the sounds of laughter, clinking coins, and the electric energy in the air. Even though it was early morning the area was packed, people were smoking and drinking as if it were ten o'clock at night rather than the opposite and Paizleigh loved it. The whole place smelled of debauchery and sin; she was going to fit right in.

The vibrant colours of the slot machines and the elegant roulette tables beckoned to them, and they both shared a grin; this was going to be excellent. How many times had Paizleigh been drawn to the bright lights of the casinos when travelling for business. As a man she had always wanted to indulge, just a little. But the idea of losing any great deal of money was far too risky; her image as a straight backed, honest living businessman couldn't risk being tainted by such sin. Now though, there was no such risk.

Mollie knew this and with a mischievous grin, pulled Paizleigh towards the slot machines. They took a seat side by side, exchanging joyful glances full of anticipation. They inserted their coins and began spinning the reels. Three red sevens appeared after a moment and the lights went mad. The slots seemed to respond to their laughter, and the coins started pouring in, filling their hearts with exhilaration. After a while though, watching

the dials spin became boring and monotonous. Paizleigh turned to Mollie who had a glazed look in her eye.

"Roulette?"

"Roulette!"

They approached the elegant table, feeling a rush of adrenaline. The click-clack of the wheel sent shivers down their spines as they placed their bets. Mollie snorted, watching Paizleigh select sixty-nine.

"Are you seriously that immature?"

"What? It's my lucky number."

"You're ridiculous."

"You love me."

The two of them giggled as the wheel spun, and their eyes followed the tiny ball, hoping it would land on their chosen number. As the wheel slowed down, they erupted into laughter and cheers as their bets paid off; the attendant looked miffed and somewhat embarrassed that he had to yell the words 'Lucky number sixty-nine!

Paizleigh collected her chips and immediately began placing more bets, making sure to lean right over the table to collect her winning each time. Her chest pressed against the table, her ass in the air; she could tell the people around her were trying not to stare. The attendant, a lithe young man in his early twenties looked so red in the face Paizleigh thought he might just faint.

"Are you alright, sonny?" She asked with a grin, "You're looking a little peaky."

"O-oh fine ma'am."

"Are you sure, you seem to be sweating a bit."

"You're just hot-I-I mean it's j-just hot in here!" The man babbled and Paizleigh felt a very specific sort of hunger form inside her.

Mollie had told her all about her encounter with her silver fox and she'd ached with jealousy. She was yet to see any action in this GILF body yet and she was more than ready. As lovely as Robert sounded though it just seemed so...vanilla. The whole point of these little holidays was to push the boundaries and she wanted something a little more taboo than sleeping with a man her own age.

This young man though, his little silver name badge read 'Sam', he was just her type. Judging by his stammering and staunch refusal to look her in the eye, Paizleigh guessed she was his too. A young man with a thing for older ladies, how lovely. She felt like a powerful lioness and she was more than eager to play with her prey a little bit.

"So, Saaaaaaaam." She drew out the name while placing down her chips once more, "What got you into this line of work, hm?"

"I...I was interested in making sure people who visited the resort had a good time." He said, the words sounded practised, "I have lived on this island all my life and I want to make sure people who visit enjoy themselves and come back."

"Come now," Paizleigh cooed, leaning herself across the table so her chest pressed into the wood. "No need to give that corporate shill to me, sweetie."

"...I needed the money and this place pays the highest rates."

"See, honesty is the best policy, that's what I say. You won't get any judgement from me, darling."

Sam blushed.

"Not sure about that whole honest thing, this is a casino after all."

"Why Sam! Are you implying that the casino cheats its guests?" She gasped with mock horror.

"N-no of course not!" He stammered, "I was just, I mean I was making a joke but I-I."

Paizleigh cackled, he was like a little spring deer, so flighty and nervous it was a wonder he didn't have a meltdown every day. A gruff looking man sitting at the same roulette table



cleared his throat and Sam suddenly straightened, realising he still needed to clear away the chips. The game began anew but Paizleigh was barely paying attention, she had young Sam on the hook, she could feel it.

As they played she made a habit of leaning over as far as she could as often as possible and each time her eyes slid over to Sam as he struggled not to look. A woman in a glitzy, sparkling mini dress joined their group and began betting. She was just about Sam's age but despite her ample chest and pretty red hair, she may as well have been wallpaper as far as the young man was concerned.

"Look at those muscles." Paizleigh sighed as he reached his stick thin arm across the table to shuffle the chips back to their place. "What a handsome young lad you are, Sam."

The woman in the sparkling dress made a face of disgust.

"Flirting with the attendant won't make you win." She muttered and Sam turned the colour of a beet.

"F-flirting?" He mumbled, nervously glancing back towards Paizleigh as if to check that was indeed what she was doing.

Yes, that was the last bit of proof she needed; Sam had a thing for older ladies. Much older ladies by the looks of it and she was in the perfect position to deliver on that front. She gave him a seductive smile and the woman got to her feet in disgust, leaving her chips behind.

"Shame, I suppose I'll cash them in for her." Mollie said lazily, adding them to her bucket. "Paizleigh, I think I might go and find my friend from yesterday, will you be alright if I leave you here *alone*?"

"Alone? Why Mollie, I have Sam to keep me company, don't I, Sam?"

"Sure." he squealed. "I'll make sure she's okay, ma'am."

"I do so appreciate that, dearie." Mollie smiled, giving his cheek a pinch before shuffling off and leaving Paizleigh to continue her game.

Not the roulette, though she was betting away happily, without a care in the world as to how much money she won or lost. No, her new favourite game was seeing how distracted she

could make Sam. The poor man, he tried so hard to maintain a professional facade as people came and went from their table but she made it difficult for him.

Each time another cocktail was delivered she would offer it to him, insisting that she didn't mind sharing a straw. He couldn't take it of course, not while working but that was half the fun. If Paizleigh had her way by the time his shift was over he would be ready to jump her bones right on the table itself.

Wouldn't that be something ; getting fucked by this strapping young man right here in the middle of the casino floor while everybody looked on. It fed the exhibitionist in her. She loved being watched while she was fucked. In this mature body it would be even more taboo. It made her wet between the legs just thinking about it. Sadly, that would probably be a bit too much, even for her. Sex with Sam though, that was very much on the cards. She stayed at his table for hours, drinking, talking and most importantly flirting.

Soon enough, people knew to stay away and they were free to chat without even bothering to play the game. Eventually, she leaned forward, chin in her hand as she sipped the last of her cosmopolitan.

“So Sam...when does your shift end?”

“In five minutes.” He said breathlessly, she could hear the hope and anticipation in his voice; she had him in the palm of her hand.

“You said you're a local right? I would love to spend some time getting to know you.”

“Really?” He squeaked, “I uh, I would love that ma'am.”

“Don't you ma'am me!” She scolded teasingly, “Just call me Paizleigh. We're friends after all.”

“Okay...Paizleigh.”

She got to her feet, wobbling a little for dramatic effect. Sam of course, fell for it and quickly shot out an arm to catch her, giving Paizleigh the perfect opportunity to lean into him, squishing her breasts against his side. Perhaps it was just her imagination but she was sure she could feel his body heat increase over the few long seconds their bodies were pressed together.

“Goodness me, thank you. One too many cocktails for this old girl I think.” She giggled.

“You’re not that old.” Sam insisted, somewhat uncomfortably.

“Oh I am darling...” She said before leaning into his ear and whispering, “But you like that don’t you?”

Poor Sam, she really had to stop flustering him so much. If any more blood went to his face he wouldn’t be able to get hard and that was completely unacceptable. Paizleigh had plans for him after all.

“Oh, well...I...”

“It’s okay.” She cooed, “Why don’t you come back to my room, I’ll show you a good time.”

“We’re not supposed to date guests.”

“Date? Who said anything about dating?” Paizleigh grinned, “I plan on riding you hard is all.”

Sam made a small squeak; she could see desire burning in his eyes. Paizleigh could only imagine how long he’d had this fetish and kept it hidden. Poor thing. If there was one thing she knew about, it was keeping her kinks hidden away as if they were something to be ashamed of. She grasped Sam’s hand tight in her own.

“Come on, let’s go be naughty.”

God she loved this. Even though Sam quickly removed his hand from hers she was sure people had seen. Not only were they breaking the rules but they were committing a social taboo. Normally the genders were reversed but in her mind this was far more salacious and the more scandalous, the better.

“I can’t walk out of here with you.” He hissed, “Everybody will know.”

“Oh who cares what people think?” Paizleigh scoffed, “Do I look like I give a rat’s ass what people say about me? Confidence, Sam!”

“I could lose my job.”

“Fair enough,” She sighed, “I had hoped you would be a bit more daring but alright, here you go.”

She reached deep into her cleavage, very deep, so deep it took her almost a full thirty seconds to pull out the room card she had sandwich tight between her boobs. She slipped it into Sam’s back pocket, cupping his firm ass for a moment and giving it a squeeze before slipping the hand away again. Sam made a breathy, desperate sound and swallowed.

“Don’t take too long.” She whispered.

“Oh I won’t.”

Paizleigh walked away with her head held high and her pussy burning. So much brazen flirting had really gotten her hot and ready to go. She was almost tempted to get herself off on the way back to the room. The idea of slipping into one of that garden beds, trying desperately not to moan too loudly lest people discover this hot grandma masturbating in public...fuck that idea turned her on.

As she stepped outside she was surprised to see it was well past midday. Like most casino’s the resort’s had no clocks or windows. Time really had flown while she was messing with young Sam in there. As tempting as her little semi public display was, she saw the look of desperation in her little Romeo’s eyes, she didn’t want to keep him waiting.

Sure enough, as she approached her room who was waiting outside, pretending to read a thermostat but Sam himself. She grinned as she approached, giggling as he jumped in shock.

“Thanks for...inviting me in.” He shuffled awkwardly.

“You’ll be the one letting me in,” She laughed, “You have my key.”

“O-oh yeah!” He swiped it and opened the room, she watched his face contort as he took in the tacky decor; clearly he had no idea how awful the rooms at his job were.

She sashayed in first, giving Sam a good show as her ass swayed with each long, slow step. A shiver went up her spine as she heard the door click closed. They were on the third floor, no risk of somebody seeing them through the windows unfortunately. Sam was probably glad for it but Paizleigh would have liked at least a little risk. Oh well, she would have to make up the fun somewhere else.

“So, how long have you had a thing for older ladies?” She asked, sliding herself down onto the bed, on her side.

“Always I guess,” Sam admitted, slowly approaching, “But I’ve never...”

“Fucked one?”

The crude language seemed to take him by surprise and she cackled.

“Just because I am older, doesn’t mean I am some sweet little old lady, Sam.” She reached up to pull him down by his tie, “Quite the opposite in fact.”

With that she was done playing around; Paizleigh pressed their lips together and moaned in satisfaction. She had spent far too long in this body without an orgasm and she was going to fix that problem right here and now. Sam’s lips felt so good against her plumped, fat ones. There was so much more skin for his tongue to brush over but it was clear he was inexperienced. No matter, Paizleigh had more than enough experience for the both of them.

She pulled him down onto her lap, letting him straddle her wide thighs while she made quick work of his tie, shirt and vest. So many unnecessary buttons. Despite her age though, her hands were deft and soon the clothing was easily pushed aside leaving his bare chest for her to explore. Her long, fake nails trailed down his skin leaving light pink marks behind and causing Sam to shudder on top of her.

“You’re too skinny, remind me to buy you a proper meal.” She teased, smoothing a finger over his nonexistent muscles, “Or perhaps I could bake something, though it’s not really my area of expertise.”

“Oh fuck.”

“You like that don't you?” She whispered, letting her lips brush the shell of his ear, “Me saying that sort of thing, makes you remember how much older I am compared to you. How much more...mature.”

She pressed her fingers against the bulge in the front of his pants and Sam moaned deeply, wrapping those skinny arms around her and pulling their chests together. Her breasts pressed into him, hard enough that she was sure he could feel her nipples.

“That's a good man.” She grinned, “Now help me off with this dress.”

She stood, letting Sam take the lead in undressing her. Letting him undo the zipper and push the tight fitting fabric off her body. He did it slowly, almost reverent in his touch; clearly he was savouring every single moment of this and committing it to memory. She watched as the hunger in his eyes doubled as her shapely, bubble butt was revealed. The way he bit his lip made Paizleigh almost squirt; she loved being so desired.

He cupped those great, solid cheeks and squeezed. Paizleigh moaned, leaning over the bed to fully present his ass to him.

“Good isn't it?” She wiggled back and forth, “Cost me a fortune but it was worth it don't you think?”

“Oh yeah.” He ran his hand down the cleft, “F-fuck yeah.”

“Such language, don't make me wash your mouth out with soapy water, young man.”

“Oh fuck, fuck!”

He was leaning over her now, hands reaching around to cup her breasts and massage the stiff skin there. She could feel his erection pressing against her ass as she straightened. Letting him feel her up in front of the mirror so she could watch. Her modified body was something to behold and watching Sam slowly go insane from lust touching it only made her wetter.

The slickness was dripping down her legs now and her clit was throbbing. If he didn't touch her there soon she felt like she may just burst into flames. Luckily, it seemed Sam was of a like mind. One hand grasped her breasts, massaging and tweaking her nipple as the other slowly descended down the planes of her stomach until his fingers rested at her folds.

The moment they parted, Paizleigh knew there was no keeping quiet. The ecstasy was strong and instant as those thin fingers pressed into her clit and began to slowly stroke back and forth along her velvet lips.

“Oh Sam, you are sooooo wonderful...” She sighed, leaning back against him.

She could feel the lithe man struggling to hold up her weight; so much silicone. Lust kept him going though, driving his fingers to thrust faster between her legs as his erection grew even harder against the cleft of her ass.

As nice as it was watching him finger her in the mirror Paizleigh knew she couldn't be satisfied by that alone. What she needed was a good, hard fuck. She stepped away, watching as Sam stumbled slightly before she pulled him back toward the bed. Without hesitation she crawled up on the mattress and spread her legs wide, ass in the air ready to be fucked doggy style.

“Come on then.” She shuddered, “Show me what you've got.”

Just as his head was starting to press inside her Paizleigh grinned, turning faster than he could see and pulling him down onto the mattress with her. He gave a cry of shock as they rolled until she was straddled across his hips, a wicked smile on her face.

“I...I thought...” He mumbled.

“That I was going to let you fuck me into the mattress? No, I'm in control here, darling.” Paizleigh raked her nails down his chest, “Like I said back in the casino, I'm going to ride you. Hard.”

Without warning she lifted her hips, not giving him time to prepare before she sunk down on him, taking the whole shaft in one fell swoop. Sam's head flung back, back arching as much as her weight would allow as a strangled moan burst from his throat. For the first time in her life, Paizleigh was silent, the pleasure had overwhelmed her. Her mouth hung open, the air forced from her lungs.

It was so intense it took her a moment to even start moving again but once she did she was in pure Heaven. No, this was far too taboo and sinful to be Heaven. This was pure ecstasy. She rolled her hips, rising up and down as she began to bounce on his cock. She could hear the sound of their skin slapping together, feeling her breasts bouncing up and down right in his face.

Sam reached up to hold them as she continued to bounce, harder and harder, squeezing his cock between her inner walls as hard as she could each time she rose up.

“Oh God oh...ahhhhh...ahhhhh...ahhhhh! S-slow down or I’m gonna....”

“Cum?” She teased, not slowing down for a second. “That would be rude, ladies first don’t you know.”

“B-but you f-feel soooooo...ahhhhh...ahhhhh!”

“So what?” She breathed heavily, “Come on, spit it out.”

He couldn't though. All Sam could do was squeeze her breasts harder and surrender himself to the pleasure she was giving him. He groaned and bucked up into her, unable to help himself as Paizeligh felt herself getting closer and closer to the edge. She watched as he bit his lip, clearly trying to hold off cumming as long as possible. It was time she showed the man some mercy. She ground down on him, letting out a low moan as orgasm finally took her.

She trembled, continuing to ride him hard through the waves of pleasure and letting her eyes roll back. It felt incredible, she felt as though every nerve in her body was feeling nothing but ecstasy. A moment later she felt Sam shudder and hot seed flooded her insides, making her shiver. AT least there was no risk of pregnancy, not at her age.

She collapsed down onto him, letting her heavy cleavage almost smother his face. She felt his warm tongue lapping at them and she giggled; he certainly had stamina, that was for sure. After a long moment she finally rolled off him, savouring the gasp he gave when she finally popped off his manhood.

“That was...everything I had hoped it would be.” Sam shuddered, “Are you staying at the resort long?”

“Why, you want another go?”

“Yes please.”

“Well, she settled back against the headboard, “Since you asked so nicely.”



They went two more rounds, after which Sam looked like a strong breeze might blow him over.

“I’d better go.” He said, swaying slightly on his feet, “I am on a split shift so I am supposed to be back on the floor at five.”

“It’s quarter past, darling.” Paizleigh nodded at the clock on the bedside table.

“Crap!”

He ran for the door, opening it to find none other than Mollie standing there, key card in hand. Judging by the smirk on Mollie’s face, Sam looked mortified as he rushed past. He was gone so quickly Paizleigh didn’t even have the chance to tell him his pants were inside out.

“He seemed like a nice young man.” Mollie noted with a knowing smile as she came in and closed the door behind her.

“He was,” Paizleigh responded, reaching over to light up a cigarette. “How was your fox?”

“Lovely. Though I think I am ready for something fresh.”

“Well Sam comes highly recommended, a real GILF fetish that one.”

“Hmmm, men weren’t really what I had in mind.”

Mollie sidled up next to her in bed, still fully clothed though upon closer inspection Paizleigh could see how loosely her blouse was buttoned, Roger’s work no doubt. Her pussy was aching and satisfied but Paizleigh smiled anyway; she would always have time for Mollie, no matter what reality they lived in.

Gently she reached over and slipped her hand between two loose buttons, popping them open as she cupped Mollie’s breast. They were soft and natural, so unlike her own but just as lovely, if a little less prominent. Gently, they began to make out while Paizleigh slowly disrobed her lover before pushing their chests together. Her hard breasts against Mollie’s soft ones, their nipples pressing together. It sent sparks flying throughout Paizleigh’s body and she sighed, opening her mouth and allowing Mollie’s tongue to push inside.

For a while they simply made out, enjoying the low burn of pleasure as it slowly built up. Paizleigh removed the rest of Mollie's clothes, stopping occasionally to plant a kiss to her shoulder, hip or stomach. Just because Mollie's body wasn't as worked on as hers didn't mean she found it any less beautiful. Mollie would always be beautiful, no matter what.

Once they were both naked Paizleigh made her way between Mollie's legs, slowly licking a stripe along her velvet folds and savouring the breathy gasps that escaped her lover's mouth. She sucked at her clit, pressing the tip of her tongue to it until Mollie's legs were trembling around her neck.

"S-stop!" She begged, "I want to come with you."

Paizleigh grinned, that sounded like a plan to her. She manoeuvred herself so that her pussy rested above Mollie's lips in the classic sixty-nine pose before lowering her own lips back down to Mollie's clit. She could feel her partner's hot breath passing over her wet pussy lips and it made her moan. The vibrations must have shocked Mollie into action because a moment later a tongue was parting her.

Together they began a rhythm, sucking and licking in tandem while trying not to get distracted by their own pleasure. Paizleigh sucked hard on Mollie's clit only to have her do the same and cause a spike of bliss so strong it forced her lips away; she simply had to moan, she couldn't help it.

Paizleigh tried to refocus, continuing her long, languid sucks and licks while moaning against her love. She could feel the vibrations and hear Mollie's own sounds and they both fed into her pleasure. Soon enough, Mollie's legs came to embrace her neck, holding her head in place so that she had no choice but to keep licking as she got closer and closer to her fourth orgasm for the day.

It was almost painful but in the best way. It felt as though the pleasure was being forced out of her and Paizleigh loved it. She had hoped to get Mollie off first but she was already so sensitive there was no way she could hold back. With a shaky moan she came, squirting slickness all over Mollie's face as she did so.

Not that it stopped her, that tongue went right on pleasuring Paizleigh through her orgasm until she was rewarded with a similar spray as Mollie too fell over the edge. With a giggle on her lips Paizleigh rolled over and they both spent several long minutes catching their breath; fully exhausted after so much lovemaking.

"You're amazing." Mollie sighed sleepily, eventually curling up at her side. "No matter which reality."

“So you’re not going to leave me for a silver fox?”

Mollie gave a bark of laughter.

“Not in this world or the next.”

~

Liam stretched; his chest felt oddly light. After several weeks of reality hopping he was back in his original body, with his original mind unaltered. He’d almost forgotten how stifling it could be. Still, he had all the memories of the various realities he and Mollie had explored to keep him company on long days in the office.

It had been almost two weeks since they finished their stint as retirees and he was sorely missing it. Thankfully, it was the weekend and he would have the time to hope back in the Reality Shifter enough.

Over the last few months, between adventures he had been slowly working with his protege Jack. The man was a go-getter, eager to learn and even more passionate after his CEO took a personal interest in him. He got on well and cared for the other employees, even the lowest janitor and he had a head for business and figures. He was the perfect person to take over the company. A few more years of training and he could finally retire.

He’d be free to be Paizliegh wherever he pleased for as long as he pleased. Rich, eccentric businessmen turn into recluses all the time. So long as he could find a way to ensure no paparazzi came snooping around to see what the reclusive Liam was doing, it was a level of scandal he could bear.

Liam sent off his last email for the day as his phone lit up; Mollie.

“Hey, love.”

“Hi! So it’s the weekend which means...”

“Trip.” He confirmed.

“Excellent!” Mollie squealed, “I already have the perfect idea, how do you feel about trying somewhere South Asian? We’ve not done any of that before and it would be interesting to speak another language don’t you think?”

“Sounds great.” he grinned, “I am heading home now.”

“I’ll have the machines programmed.”

“Can’t wait.”