Tilly and Elmer
Get Warmed Up

Gene Clements
Author’s Note:

These fictional stories chronicle the usually erotic, and almost always humorous, adventures of Tilly and Elmer, a Midwestern couple in their late sixties. They’ve been married for close to fifty years, and would appear to the casual observer to be the definition of an “old married couple”. But while they ARE a couple, AND married, they don’t consider themselves OLD. In fact, they still feel like teenagers most of the time, although sometimes events remind them that they aren’t quite as athletic, skinny, or flexible, as they were five decades ago. No matter. They try to recapture their youth anyway; and when they can’t quite recapture it, they at least give it a good chase. Along the way, they have some fun and get themselves into, and usually out of, some humorous situations. What they’ve lost over the years in body tone, they have gained in expertise, imagination, and good humor. Tilly and Elmer would never want to shock anyone, but what could be more shocking than an erotic story where the protagonists are shocked when they hear others use profanity?

I’m primarily a visual artist and began writing these stories almost by accident, so it was natural for me to add illustrations to accompany the text. Tilly is a little shy about some of the illustrations, but Elmer is often turned on by them, although he doesn’t mention this to Tilly.

I hope you enjoy Tilly and Elmer’s company as much as I do; if you do, you’ll be happy to know this episode is part of a series.

Gene Clements
Elmer came in from the barn, brushing the snow off his jacket. “Tilly, it’s a beautiful day outside!”
“Tilly, it’s a beautiful day for staying inside you mean? Isn’t it freezing out there?”
“No, the sun is out and the snow is still powdery and soft. It’s beautiful.”
Tilly looked out the kitchen window. Last night’s snow was smooth and glistening in the winter sun. The landscape looked like it was covered by a huge white down comforter. Elmer was grinning in a way she had seen before.
“OK, Elmer, you have something in mind don’t you? You’ve got that look in your eye and you’re touching my butt. Shall we slip into the bedroom for a little while?”

“Tilly, remember fifty years ago, before we were married and …”
“I think we both remember fifty years and fifty pounds ago, yes,” laughed Tilly.
“… and that time we went out into the woods when it was snowy like this?” continued Elmer.
Tilly raised her left eyebrow. “You’re not suggesting…?”
“Sure I am. We haven’t played around in the woods for years, especially not in the winter. We’re always saying we should get out of our routine.”
Tilly looked at him doubtfully. “Do you mean our routine of not freezing to death?”
“We didn’t freeze to death that time. In fact I don’t remember feeling the cold at all. It was pretty hot as I recall!” said Elmer.
Tilly gave him a little smile.

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Elmer had driven out to visit Tilly one Saturday morning after a big snowstorm the night before. It was thrilling to be with Tilly, but he couldn’t find much to talk about with his future mother-in-law. He and Tilly had gone all the way a couple of weeks earlier. Since then, every second they weren’t together was excruciating. Elmer felt like a real man now, but he could still feel himself blushing whenever Tilly’s mom looked at him. He imagined that she knew everything just by looking at his face. He told himself that was impossible, since she and Tilly’s dad were probably too old to remember sex at all, but still...

With all the snow, Tilly and her mother were surprised he had made it all the way from town. Wild horses couldn’t have kept him away, but the roads were still snowy so Tilly’s mother wouldn’t let them drive anywhere until the roads were plowed. Elmer had planned to spend the afternoon with Tilly under a pile of blankets in the front seat of his pickup, behind a hedgerow down the road, but that idea was foiled. Tilly and her mom fixed lunch as Elmer tried to come up with an alternate plan.

Lunch was both wonderful and agonizing. Whenever Tilly’s mom looked away, Tilly would make a little gesture with her tongue, or wink at him, or make a silent kiss in his direction, or close her eyes and open her mouth as though she was having a silent orgasm. Elmer’s erection was throbbing, trapped inside his tight jeans. His testicles hurt, and he could feel a little fluid leaking out of the tip of his penis. Sitting at the table hid his problem, but he wasn’t sure he could stand up when lunch was over, and he was worried that there would be a wet spot in the front of his pants. It was a long lunch. When Tilly’s mom got up to wash the dishes, Tilly reached under the table and touched his thigh. That had nearly caused a very embarrassing climax to the meal. Tilly smiled and got up to help with the dishes, gently dragging her fingernails across the back of his neck as she walked by. After a few minutes he managed to calm down and get up from the table. It was Tilly who suggested they go for a walk.

“No, we didn’t freeze to death. You were so hot I’m surprised the snow didn’t melt for miles around. I couldn’t believe my mom let us go,” said Tilly with a grin.
“She didn’t suspect a thing,” said Elmer.
“Oh, I think she suspected everything. She gave me the birth control talk as soon as you went home. It’s a good thing she liked you.”
“Oh my god!” said Elmer. “So that’s why you insisted I start using a condom after that.”
“She made it pretty clear that I had better not get pregnant before I got married. But, she was smiling when she gave me the talk, probably remembering her younger days.”
“Well, I’m not wearing a condom this time! Come on, Girl, get on your winter hiking togs. And don’t forget the garter belt!”
“OK, let’s go, but you’ll have to imagine the garter belt. And, how about we take a blanket or two this time?”

They had walked past the barn, then down the edge of the south forty, only holding hands after they had gotten out of sight of the house. They were nearly running when they got to the edge of the woods, stopping for a long kiss, then, knowing the way through the woods, they made their way to a small, sunny clearing near the now frozen creek. They were breathing heavily, giggling, not quite knowing how to proceed. They stood in the clearing for a minute, kissing. This was still new to them. Elmer lay down on his back in the snow and pulled Tilly down on top of him.
They were both wearing several layers of long johns, jeans, heavy tops, sweaters, jackets, two pairs of socks, boots, gloves, hats and scarves. Elmer, in too much of a hurry, slid his hands up under Tilly’s jacket, sweater and top. She gave a screech when his snowy gloves touched her bare skin. He quickly took the gloves off, but his clothing covered arms wouldn’t fit under her several top layers well enough to reach her bra clasp. With an effort he removed his arms from under her jacket.

Elmer decided to dispense with the preliminaries. He rolled over on top of Tilly, pressing her bare lower back into the snow. She gave a gasp, which he interpreted as an approval of his idea. Elmer unbuttoned her slacks and began to pull them down, exposing more of her bare skin to the snow. Tilly kissed him and
told him it would be too cold to do it that way. They stood up and Tilly led Elmer over to a tree, leaned back against it, and quickly slid her lower clothing down just far enough to give Elmer access to her. She undid Elmer’s belt and he felt a thrilling shiver of cold air as Tilly pulled his pants and long johns down around his ankles.

Elmer got a couple of blankets from the closet, grabbed a bottle of brandy from the cabinet just for good measure, and they set out toward the woods.

“I hope you know what you’re doing,” said Tilly.

They had moved into her parent’s old house a few years ago. Now they were following the same path they had fifty years before. They sometimes walked this way in the summer, but it had been years since they had seen it in the winter. The sun was nice, but without leaves, the trees revealed a couple of new houses close enough to see the clearing from their upper floor windows. They found a spot out of view behind a fallen tree, but there was no sun there.

“It will have to do,” said Elmer.

They spread out the blankets and lay down next to each other.

“Ouch. There’s a branch under me,” said Tilly.

In fact, there were many branches and rocks under the only spot Tilly felt was sufficiently out of sight of the neighbors. After some effort they found a way to arrange themselves, but it wasn’t exactly cozy. Elmer stood up, unzipped his fly, and lowered his long johns a few inches.

“I guess it’s pretty cold out here!” observed Tilly.

Elmer’s manhood was the size of a cocktail weenie.
Fifty years earlier, the feeling of cold air on his legs and midsection had only made Elmer more aroused as he guided his penis into Tilly. The warmth of her vagina combined with the cold air against his bare butt and legs caused him to ejaculate almost as soon as he was inside her. Elmer was panting, the freezing air stinging his lungs, as the delicious spasms seemed to go on forever. He held Tilly tight, savoring the aftershocks between his legs and the delicious freezing air on his butt. He shivered with the combination of cold and the after effects of his orgasm.

As Elmer began to regain his breath and reluctantly return to planet Earth, he had suddenly realized he was freezing. He could see Tilly was freezing too. She hadn’t had anything to warm her up as he had. They hurriedly pulled up their clothes and took care to hide the fact that they had been askew. They were both quiet as they walked back toward the house, Elmer considering how perfect the afternoon had been and how tired he suddenly felt. Tilly was pleased that Elmer was happy with their adventure, but she hadn’t gotten her share of the excitement. That night, after she got into bed, she had replayed the afternoon’s events in her mind, improving Elmer’s performance in her imagination using her pillow as a stand in, which, with a little help from her fingers, brought about the desired result.

“What’s the matter, big boy?” smiled Tilly. “You don’t look quite as ready as you did at eighteen!”
Elmer looked crestfallen.
“I’m ready, but apparently the telegraph wires are down because of the cold. The message doesn’t seem to have gone through.”

Tilly gave his penis a little kiss. “I think it’s cute that way,” she said.
“That’s nice, but being cute isn’t its primary mission!” grumbled Elmer.

Tilly gave his instrument some more attention, but his butt and legs were freezing and her ministrations, which were usually quite effective, weren’t having much influence. Tilly began to shiver from the cold and her bottom hurt from whatever was poking her through the blanket.
“I have an idea, Elmer,” she said.
“Does it involve getting warm?”
“Probably more than warm! You know that big, white, down comforter we have in the closet. The one that’s so thick and soft?” asked Tilly.
“Yes.”
“Let’s go back to the house, spread it out in front of the fireplace, and pretend it’s snow!”

Elmer gave her a hug. “You’re a genius,” he said.

Elmer built a fire and they sat on the floor, leaning back against the front of the sofa as they sipped brandy, gradually warmed up, and eased out of their winter clothing. Elmer stood up so Tilly could pull off the last of his layers.
“Hey, it looks like the message has gotten through!” she laughed, giving Elmer a kiss on his belly.
“It sure has!” Elmer observed. “Are you ready for a special delivery?”

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Thank You

I hope you enjoyed reading about the adventures of Tilly and Elmer. If so, could you please spare a moment to leave a short review at the site where you downloaded it? You would be doing me, and your fellow readers, a favor by giving us the benefit of your thoughts about this story. Thanks!

About the Author:

Gene Clements is an artist, writer, architect, and educator. He grew up in the Midwest and has lived in California since the 1970's. Even though most of the time Gene thinks he’s eighteen, like Tilly and Elmer he's reminded frequently that a half century has passed since then.

The Tilly and Elmer series began accidently when Gene wrote the first couple of paragraphs of a story about a frisky older couple and then made a drawing of them. His friends thought the paragraphs and drawing were funny and wanted to know how the story ended. Now, for better or worse they know, or at least they will if Tilly and Elmer ever let Gene stop writing about them.

Tilly and Elmer's Web Site

You can read more about Tilly and Elmer, find links for downloading or purchasing any of the Tilly and Elmer stories as e-books or in paperback, or contact Tilly, Elmer, or Gene at:

http://tillyandelmer.com

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- *Emission Accomplished*
- *The First First Time*
- *Strokes of Luck*
- *The Coming of Spring*
- *Wide Awake at the Sleeptite Motel*

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