

Mama needs some loving

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When mama calls for an escort, her stepson answers.

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Monica sat at the vanity of her hotel room sipping a glass of wine to steady her nerves, she had never called on a male escort before but since her husband's death had been unable to broach intimacy. Now though, her desire for sexual relief had pushed her to call upon the company of an escort.

At fifty, she was a young widow, she had never had children hence she had retained her elegant figure. She stood at five foot four, with toned slim curves and thirty-two DD breasts. Her wavy black hair had a streak of silver at her temples but her face was untouched by age with only some gentle laughter lines enhancing her natural beauty. She had only her step son as a responsibility, they were close and saw each other on a twice monthly basis.

Ethan adjusted his cuffs and straightened his tie in the mirrored panels of the elevator. Mrs C was in the Lilac Suite, he smiled, lilac was his mama's favourite colour. He ran a hand through his wavy brown hair and flashed a smile, his perfectly kept white teeth were the image of health while his smooth skin was free of stubble, at twenty-five he was a self-confessed fitness freak with a muscular physique at six foot two.

As he walked he cut a handsome figure with impeccable posture and a well tailored suit complete with Italian leather shoes. Knocking at the door, he calmed himself for his customer. Monica froze and gulped back the last of the wine. Going to the mirror, she smoothed down her plum dress and walked to the door in her stilettoes. She knew she looked good but felt jitters rush through her, I'm paying him, she thought, he just does the dick.

Opening the door, Monica and Ethan came face to face, simultaneously gasping as each realized the situation.

"Mama- I," Ethan stammered, "Is this the Lilac Suite?"

"Why don't you come in, darling."

Monica said quietly, walking back into the room; Ethan closed the door and followed her quietly, unable to ignore her sexiness as her hips swayed in front of him. Monica took a seat by the window and poured a glass of wine, calming her palpitations.

"Would you like something? I can send for beer or-"

"Did you know I would come?"

"No," Monica shook her head, "I had no idea, I wouldn't have selected you if I had known."

"God, I'm glad Dad can't know," Ethan took off his jacket and sat down opposite Monica, "It's just to help with bills, mama."

"I didn't know you had financial trouble baby, I'll always help you know."

Monica took his hand across the table, Ethan glanced up at the beautiful woman across from him. He couldn't view her as mama when she looked so gorgeous. He squeezed her hand comfortingly and smiled, having lost his mother as a toddler, Monica was the only mama he had known. Despite their relation, he found an erection tenting his pants as Monica too felt a flush of heat in her silk gusset.

"I didn't want to ask for money, I couldn't tell you I lost my job."

"When did you lose your job?"

"When the doctor signed me off with depression," Ethan sighed, "I haven't been able to work since May, after Dad died I came unglued. I've still got my salary but my rent has been raised and I'm doing this, for company really. The women are mostly widows or unhappy, there's a few that just like sex. Sorry mama."

"You don't have to apologize baby." Monica hugged him close to her chest,

"I loved your father too, I haven't been with anyone since."

The two embraced tightly, Ethan stood to take his mama into his arms and they began to sway, slow dancing to some song playing in their minds. After a while, Ethan turned on some music in order to waltz with Monica; as they moved together, her breasts rubbed against his chest and his hands slipped to hold her hips. Perfume radiated from her neck, the sensual notes of floral amber tones

erotic as his erection grew long and hard to press into her belly and arousal beaded between her thighs. Turning to look into each others' eyes, their lips met in a tender kiss, each reaching out for the lover they needed.

Ethan felt his mama's gentle lips against his as he opened his mouth to taste her with his tongue. Their mouths melting together as they moved to the bed, lying down with Monica on top of him, their bodies meshed against each other as her dress rode up to reveal her black lace topped stockings and suspender belt. Ethan's hands strayed from her back to cup her buttock in one hand while the other stroked her upper thigh. A soft moan of arousal emanated from her dark cherry red lips and she rolled him on top.

Grinding his cock against her pussy, Ethan kissed her feverishly before sucking a light lovebite onto her neck, descending to kiss the slopes of her breasts and feel her curves. Pushing him back, Monica took off the dress to leave her in a black lace balcony bra, matching knickers and her garter belt, her stilettos were still on and Ethan regarded her hungrily.

Ripping off his shirt, she covered his body in kisses, her open mouth hot as she sucked his nipples before french kissing down his abs. His breathing grew shallow with arousal as her soft hair brushed against his skin while she pulled down his pants to show his erection strained against his white boxers.

Lying down on their sides, they kissed and held each other as their hands worked over their bodies until they moved beneath the sheets. Ethan ran his hands over her toned thighs and squeezed her firm bottom in both his hands, Monica gave a soft moan and bucked her hips up before reaching for his cock. She ran her hand along its' length and felt his thickness with awe; he was around seven and a half inches and very thick. His skin was smooth over the vein running along his shaft, squeezing lightly, his warm member twitched beneath her touch, Monica trembled with lust.

Ethan kissed her gently before he withdrew his hard rod from his jocks, Monica's eyes went wide on seeing his fully unveiled manhood as he took off his shorts. He was truly gorgeous, her clit throbbed hard as Ethan slid a gentle finger inside her. Monica threw her head back into the pillows and moaned.

Ethan felt the soft wet walls of her tight vagina clench around his finger as she squelched, spreading her stockinged legs to show her stained panties pushed aside by his hand. Ethan fingered his mama slowly as her breath hitched before he inserted a second finger, Monica moaned and squeezed his probing touch as her shaven pussy dripped; she was the most exquisite woman he had ever seen. With his thumb, he rubbed her pulsing nub while sliding his two fingers in and out of her drenched muffin.

Monica whimpered as she unhooked her bra to cup her breasts and touch her nipples, moving up, Ethan sucked one of her hard nipples into his mouth. Monica tangled her fingers in his hair as she closed her eyes, lying back against the pillows as her baby pleased her like no man ever had before.

Ethan kissed down his mama's gorgeous breasts and stomach, her skin was soft and tanned from seasons spent in the sun as his mouth moved over her slender body. He couldn't believe what a fantastic body she had at fifty, she looked half her age and this was the best sex he had ever experienced. Perhaps it was the love he felt for Monica being intensified into erotic bliss or just her beauty but he had to have her.

Lowering down to lie in front of her, he licked her snatch, tasting her sweet passionfruit as she bucked up her hips, crying out his name. Monica moaned as her boy ate her intimate place, his tongue sizzling across her parted flesh before she felt his tongue dip into her honeyjar.

"YES Ethan!"

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is only the first half of Mama Needs Some Loving as the full story is too long to put altogether.