# In Praise of Older Women

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*A Cougar and a Young Man get what they want*

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As Mike wandered off with his new conquest, I found myself wondering what might be in store for me tonight. We were at a club with a reputation for having a large number of cougars amongst its clientele and tonight was locally known as ‘Grab a granny’ night. Although neither Mike nor I were in the first flush of youth, we both had a predilection for the more mature woman.

Earlier, we had seen two gorgeous looking women enter the club. One, in particular, took my eye. She was dressed in a low-cut camisole top and short leather skirt. Her legs were slender and seemed to go on forever – well, right until they disappeared under her skirt. Her breasts, delightfully full and firm, swayed, apparently bra-less under her top as she danced her way to the bar. She was SUCH a vision of sexiness that I couldn’t take my eyes off her. Her friend, however, was more to Mike's taste and it was obvious he fancied her. They started chatting for a while then, after plying her with a few drinks, he turned to me, gave me a wink and they both buggered off together, leaving me free to try my luck with the woman of my desires.

I felt a sense of longing to be with her and began to imagine us together. My cock was obviously in agreement, I felt myself start to harden. My cock was pointing uncomfortably in the wrong direction, I discreetly adjusted myself allowing my erection room to breathe and not to be so bloody obvious.

I watched her for a little while longer and the more I saw, the more I wanted her. I imagined all the things we might do to each other. I wondered what she had on under that short skirt, would she be wearing a thong, panties, was she even commando? What did she do with her pubic hair?

I made up my mind that I was going to get this gorgeous girl to share some time with me and, hopefully, share much more than that. Tearing my eyes away from her delicious-looking body, I finally took in her face. If her body was stunning, her face lit up the room. Ignoring a sense that I may be punching above my weight, I decided to ask her to dance.

To my delight, she agreed and we danced, we laughed and I bought her drinks, we danced some more. She told me her name was Roz. On the third dance, and several drinks later, I moved our

dance towards a darkened corner of the room. There were other couples there but the dancing was more sensual, slower, seductive, and there was a heady atmosphere of sexual arousal.

As we danced, I moved her around so that her back was towards the dance floor and I pulled her sexy body closer to mine. I knew my erection was pressing against her, but she showed no resistance. The music faded to non-importance as our dance became more a physical gyration, sex with our clothes on, each of us teasing the other with moves that held the hint of promises to come.

The softness and closeness of her body against mine sent primal messages surging through my body. I felt my cock harden even more and I struggled to prevent myself from pulling her body even harder against it, but resist I did. Now I felt something else: wetness against my stomach, and I knew that I was leaking pre-cum. I wanted her, in any and every way.

Although not important to me, I wanted her to know that her actual age did not affect my feelings. I yelled to her above the noises of the blaring music, and asked her how old she was. I remember thinking “bugger, that was a stupid question to ask a woman” but she simply held up five fingers then eight. 58? Wow – this cougar is sex on legs. I told her she had a gorgeously sexy body and I scanned her up and down again – taking in the outline of her breasts beneath her camisole, her trim waist set off with the leather skirt and those legs, Oh my god – those legs. Were they tights or stockings she was wearing? Just the thought of the latter had me imagining how her thighs would look and feel as they spilt out over the stocking tops – I SO hoped they were stockings.

We “danced” some more although there was less pretence at dancing; we both knew we were actually embarking on foreplay. No one around us paid any attention so, slightly emboldened, I decided to up the ante and moved my hand between our bodies and slid it beneath the hem of her cami. I watched her face for signs that I had gone too far as my hand encountered her slightly cool and deliciously smooth, firm tummy. She seemed to relax a little and at the same time pull away slightly allowing my hand to move up her tummy towards her breasts.

Free of a bra, there was no obstruction and I felt that delicious moment as my hand closed over one of her breasts. I could feel her nipple harden beneath my palm - a wonderful reaction that sent messages of all kinds to my body; she wanted this, I wanted this; and my fingers closed over her nipple and stroked. I leaned into her neck, kissing and nibbling just underneath her ear as my hand squeezed and mashed her breast. God, I wanted this woman! I breathed into her ear that I thought she had the sexiest body ever. OK, not the most eloquent of statements, but heartfelt nonetheless.

By this time my erection desperately needed some pressure against it and I pulled her close to me again. Now I wanted her to feel how much she aroused me. She edged her hand between our bodies and I held my breath as I felt her slowly work her hand down between our bodies to grip my erection

through my trousers. I was so erect it was almost painful. She must have liked what she felt because she unzipped my trousers and pushed her hand inside. I felt her hands search for, and find the opening in my boxers and finally, my fully engorged manhood felt her delicate fingers close around it as she sought to pull me out of my trousers.

Suddenly, I could feel cool air on my rock-hard cock and I realised that I was fully exposed to the world, but I cared not one jot as her hand stroked me very firmly and with full-length strokes. My balls, heavily laden, felt the attentions of her other hand as she fished them out of my trousers too. It was a moment of intense pleasure and, not a little, wariness as she did so. But they were safely out and the feelings of her ministrations on my erection and my balls were driving me to distraction. I felt the overwhelming urge to thrust my hips as if I were fucking her there and then. My pre-cum, already present, was now leaking copiously and it made the hand-job she was giving me so much more sensuous as the lubrication covered my head.

What she did next just about blew my mind. Hefting my balls in her left hand, she wriggled her fingers against each, gently but enough to make them move around within my sac, sending sensations coursing through my body. At the same time, she used her right hand slippery with my own pre-cum, to massage the head of my cock and slide up and down my shaft. She didn’t do it hard or fast, but she seemed to know just what would drive me mild.

This was too much, too soon, despite myself, I felt the beginnings of an orgasm. I felt my thighs tense and the familiar tightening of my ass – I was beyond the point of no return. Oh My God! I knew I was going to cum in the middle of a club and, at that moment, I didn’t care. I went on my own journey as my orgasm overtook me. I remember trying to warn her, shouting “sorry” or something and then gave in to the overwhelming need to cum. She must have been ready for just this minute because, quick as a flash, she ducked down and took the head of my cock into her welcoming mouth. This was the trigger and I orgasmed with an intensity I have never known before. I felt pulse after pulse of semen rise up my shaft, leave my body and enter hers. I also felt the strong suction of her mouth as she took every drop of my cum into her mouth. As the power of my orgasm subsided she reduced the pressure and allowed me to come down gently. She must have sensed that I was sensitive afterwards; she seemed to make her mouth the tender home for my cock until I attained some semblance of normality.

Just when I thought I couldn’t be surprised by anything after that, she stood back up and opened her mouth. Incredibly, she was showing me my own cum. Once she was sure I knew what I was looking at, she closed her mouth, swallowed and then opened her mouth again, licking her lips. She had swallowed every last drop and evidently quite enjoyed how I tasted. Now THAT was a major turn-on and, despite the power of the orgasm I had just experienced, I felt myself start to become aroused again.

I remember her smiling as she leaned in towards me and light-heartedly taunted me.

"Well do you want me to come back with you tonight, or have you finished?"

You'd have thought any taxi driver doing a pickup at a club like this would have been bored by the activities of the mature women and boys who were leaving together. I still saw him adjust his mirror and he wasn't making sure he could see out of the back window. I quickly gave him my address before turning my attention back to the sexy woman beside me.

She really was breathtakingly sexy. As my gaze took in her body from face downwards, my eyes lingered on her nipples. They were poking through the silky fabric of her camisole which, in turn, was doing nothing to hide the shape of her breasts. My imagination was working overtime, and, although I had already felt the warmth and firmness of them, I wanted more – much more. I let my gaze continue down to the hem of her leather skirt. This had ridden up slightly so that it rested mid-thigh. Her legs were shapely but I wished I could have seen further up. Although she had seen, felt and even tasted me, I still had no idea what was going on under that skirt

She seemed surprised that I hadn’t just gone for it there and then, but I wanted more for her. Although I was very aroused, and would love nothing more than feel and see more of her, I felt that she deserved so much more than to be molested in the back of a taxi.

At this point, she started to pull her skirt seductively further up her legs. As each inch of her luscious thighs came into view, I felt my cock harden even more. I so wanted to take control, but also wanted to know just how far she would take this. I noticed the taxi driver had adjusted his rear-view mirror to monitor the proceedings. I suspected that she also knew she was being watched by him but it didn’t seem to faze her.

As her hem got higher and higher, I held my breath, wondering if stocking tops were going to be revealed or if she were wearing tights. Oh my god! She was wearing stockings, not hold-ups, but stockings. Her suspender clips were clearly visible and that pale swell of her thighs I had only imagined moments earlier, suddenly became a sexy reality. She was simply stunning.

"Fuck me Roz. Suspenders too?" Even as the words left my lips, I remember thinking, yet again, that I was a prize idiot. So much finesse - not! This was a gorgeous sexy woman with a body to die for, and I was acting like a teenage kid.

Her skirt was about as far up her thighs as it could comfortably go but her surprises didn’t end there.

She reached for my arm, took hold of my wrist and moved my hand to the inside of her right thigh. The feel of her soft flesh under my hand just served to arouse me even further. I worked my hand between her thighs and up under her skirt. The tightness of her skirt which limited my progress only added an extra frisson.

At this point, she pushed herself further back into her seat and spread her legs a little, hampered by her own tight skirt. I caught her gaze directed at the rear-view mirror and I realised that she had clocked the fact that the taxi driver was missing none of proceedings. I felt a little worried that she would feel violated by the lecherous driver. I needn't have worried as she smiled that oh-so-sexy smile and relaxed her body even more.

"Oh god, oh god Roz, you make me so fuckin' horny." Sometimes, there is no place for talking around corners, and this was one of those times. So I spoke from the heart (or maybe, just maybe, a little lower down).

As my hands moved further up her thighs, her skin got warmer and slightly stickier. When I felt the direct heat of her pussy, I nearly came in my boxers. I managed to cup the triangle between her legs. Although she was wearing no panties, I was only a little surprised; the clues had been present as my hands ventured further up towards the juncture of her thighs.

With her pussy in my hand, I used my middle finger to stroke up and down her lips revelling in the slipperiness of her own natural juices lubricating my finger. After a few moments, I could resist no longer and, desperate to feel her, slipped my finger deep within her body. The heat from her pussy was intense and beautiful. Twisting my hand around slightly, I managed to make sure that my finger was pointing upwards and found the slightly spongy part of her pussy. Using a slight "come here" motion, I dragged my fingers across her G-Spot. As a reward, I felt her shudder. I knew then, that what I was doing was good for her. As an aphrodisiac, I find there is nothing as rewarding as feeling the woman you are with responding to your touch. Roz was definitely enjoying it! Now moving my finger in and out of her body, I drew my finger across her G-Spot with each movement, taking time to spread her sexy juices across her pussy lips, in and around her clit before plunging deeply into her body again.

Just as I started to notice a pink flush spread across the top of her chest, the taxi driver brought us both back to reality.

"That'll be £18.50 folks, no discount for the live sex show, sorry."

I hadn't even noticed that the taxi had stopped. The driver was leering at us. I withdrew my hand from between Roz's thighs, and turned my back on the taxi-driver. I used the chance to lick my fingers and,

for the first time, taste just how delicious Roz was. Now that I was clear of her, she adjusted her clothing. The taxi driver, deprived of the gorgeous view of her legs, contented himself with taking the fare from me.

As I paid the driver, Roz reached forward and ran both her hands across the front of my trousers and across my erection - I cannot remember being SO hard before. I was pretty sure that my pre-cum must be visible through my trousers, but she didn't comment.

Arm-in-arm, I led Roz to the foyer of my block of flats. I lived on the fourteenth floor and, with the bock only having been built a few years previously, everything was in perfect order, so the lift was the order of the day.

As the lift doors closed on us, we were truly alone for the first time that night. I was overtaken by the overwhelming urge to feel and play with every part of her body. I knew I would not be able to get enough of her. As the lift ascended, in an almost pre-ordained fashion, Roz ended up with her back to the lift wall as my hand made its way up her thigh, underneath her skirt and found the warmth and wetness of her gorgeous pussy. Roz obviously enjoyed my attentions because she began to thrust against my invading fingers almost as if to force then as deep inside her as possible. Meanwhile, with one hand on her pussy, my fingers deep inside her, I used my other hand to push up her camisole top to expose her gorgeous breasts. Oh what a fantastic sight. Firm and beautifully tipped with her erect nipples, I couldn't get enough of them and used my hand to feel, hold and massage her flesh. I was SO aroused that I could have eaten her there and then.

Horny as hell, I had enough sense left to stop and let her straighten her clothing before the lift doors opened.

We got to my front door and she dropped her bag and jacket onto the table nearby. I led her towards the steps leading to the mezzanine bedroom. As she approached the steps, I moved in behind her and grasped the hem of her skirt of both sides. I lifted it over her naked bum, revelling in the sight of her naked thighs above her stocking tops and the faming of her buttocks by her suspender belt. If there was ever a sight to make a male be overcome with lust, I was looking at it. She made to climb the stairs, but I stopped her and pushed her head forwards. This was going to be a quick frenzied fuck to start with. I was overcome with the erotic desire to possess this delightful creature. The bed could wait.

She seemed to get the idea as she reached for the fourth step with her hands, her feet still on the ground. Oh My God – what a sight! This is what we had been working towards all night. Once again, I felt the heat of her sex as I penetrated her with my fingers again, spreading her copious juices all around her pussy lips. I moved her legs apart with my other hand.

I will tell you now, gentle reader, that the sight of her, bent over the stairs, her breast hanging down inside her top, her naked bum cheeks framed, so perfectly, by the suspenders she was wearing, and her taut thighs clad in silk stockings is a sight I will never forget.

I quickly shrugged off my shirt, dropped my trousers and boxers in one movement and approached this magnificent girl with my erection waving about in front of me.

My cock found its target between her cute ass and straight into her core. As I first penetrated her, she was tight, despite the copious amounts of love juices she was leaking and I could feel every ridge in her vagina as I slid deeper into her. She was hot, wet and her cunt enveloped my cock like they were the perfect match.

"Urghh, fuck me Alex” (yes she did know my name), “fuck me hard, make me cum. Ohmygod fuck, fuck yes."

The obscenities were spewing out of her mouth. These sounds only served to drive me to higher frenzied lust and then she sort of collapsed. Her forehead rested on the stair, her arm flailed about until she found the banister and she moaned her orgasm.

Because I had cum earlier, I still hadn’t cum this time when she orgasmed, but that suited me just perfectly. I had had my pleasure earlier, now it was Roz’s time. Not dropping my motion for a second, I carried on thrusting my rock-hard cock in and out of her. My aim was to give to another orgasm, maybe even two in quick succession. However, the eroticism of the evening, the gorgeous woman beneath me, the feel of her tight vagina all became too much for me and I found myself concentrating on my own imminent climax.

I thrusted harder and faster, feeling and hearing the slap of my thighs against her bum cheeks. All these sensations added together brought me to the brink. As I quickened my pace, the final straw was when Roz screamed out "Cum in me, cum inside me, fuck, let me feel you."

Now, there was no going back and for the second time that evening, I felt my arse cheeks tighten, and my pelvic muscles contract and then I felt each pulse along my shaft as my sperm erupted into her welcoming body. I couldn’t help but groan out my orgasm, so intense was the experience. With each pulse, I tried to penetrate her even deeper until finally I was spent. I was pushing so deep into her, we may as well have been one body

"Fuckin' hell Roz, awesome." I panted as I came down from my high.

After a few minutes with me deep inside her, I started to soften. Even feeling myself soften inside her was erotic, but after a few minutes she moved and I reluctantly withdrew and stood up. I must have been grinning like a Cheshire cat, I know she was. I felt like a teenager after my first fuck. She reached up and put her arms around my neck and, even through her camisole top, I could still feel her nipples rubbing against my chest. This feeling was sending messages to my groin. Even though I had only just cum, I detected the first unmistakeable stirrings of re-arousal, tightening my balls and sensing the blood flowing through to my cock again.

"Thank you lover, that's just what I wanted." She whispered.

With my horniness getting stronger and stronger, my words became a little brash.

"Glad you liked it babe. I told you I'd give you a good fuckin'."

Then, as if scripted, she told me she wanted a shower. I knew I wanted one too, but more than that, I wanted to shower with her, the erotic possibilities were endless.

5 minutes later we were both naked and in the hot steaming shower. It was the first time I had seen her completely naked. She was, it has to be said, a simply stunning woman. Every part of her body made me want her more. I took her by the waist and pulled her up against me. I looked into her eyes and, with the water cascading over our bodies, we kissed. I cannot actually remember kissing her before but this was a moment to savour.

Reaching behind me, I found the soap. Lathering it quickly, I soaped her back. Starting off at her shoulders I created more and more lather as I ran my hands over her shoulder-blades, down her spine to the small of her back and finally over the gorgeous swell of ass before sliding my hands back up over her hips and shoulders again. Her back was covered in lather, so before the water washed it all off, I spun her around and let her nestle her back into my chest. Now, producing yet more lather, I moved my hands over her shoulders down onto her breasts. Her back slid easily against my body as I made sure that each breast was as soapy as possible, delighting in the feel of her soft flesh and the weight of each breast. I moved both my hands around her body using the lather to tease her nipples. Sliding my fingers around her aureole but not quite touching until I “accidently” let my fingers trace a line right across and scratch lightly at her nipple.

Moving my hands over her tummy, I came to her beautifully smooth pussy. Making sure there was no soap on my hands (I wasn’t sure if the soap might sting her), I gently penetrated her with my fingers. I'm sure we both enjoyed the time I spent alternating between scooping out all the cum that was inside her, playing with her pussy lips and teasing her clit.

All the time I was doing this, she had her hands behind her between our bodies and was soaping my cock which was rapidly hardening. She slid free of my embrace, easy to do with all the suds floating around, and turned to give my cock her full attention. The feeling of her hands slipping up and down over my shaft was incredible. I was fully erect when she handed me back the soap, turned away from me and bent forwards slightly to lean against the shower wall using both hands.

"I think my bottom need cleaning." She said,

I could scarcely take my eyes of the sight now presented to me. Her legs slightly spread I could see her gorgeous smooth pussy from between her legs but her ass: well that was simply stunning. I could feel my erection bumping against her thighs, but that was nothing compared with the feeling of her ass as I soaped, pulled and squeezed those delectable ass cheeks. Of course, I made sure that the rest of her body got some attention as well ensuring that, as my hands soaped her ass, they would sometimes stray deeper between her legs to find her pussy, pushing a finger deep inside her every now and again, seeking out her g-spot. At the same time, I used my other hand to wrap around her body and seek out her nipples, lightly pinching them and smoothing my hand over the whole of her breast. Having made sure that her ass was clean I was unsure of whether to take the next step, although I dearly wanted too.

She, however, must have sensed my hesitation because the next thing I knew was that she had reached around and pulled her ass cheeks wide apart exposing the tiny brown pucker of her anus to my excited gaze.

"Clean me properly Alex, clean me with your finger." She begged

I needed no second invitation. She turned off the water – a good idea because it made sure that all the slippery lather remained on our bodies. I slid my fingers down her ass cheeks and gently moved across her rosebud. She shivered, so did I – I was SO excited. Sliding two fingers into her pussy, I slid my third finger deep into her ass at the same time. She moaned – but it was the moan of excitement and told me all I needed to know – that she was enjoying this as much as I was. Her ass was tight and hot but I added another finger to the first to stretch out her bottom, lubricating her insides with the soap suds. As I withdrew my fingers, she turned around and made a massive amount of lather with the soap before coating my cock making sure that the head was well covered. She turned around again and guiding my cock with her hand placed it at the entrance to her bottom. She wriggled around a little until the head of my cock was nested right against her little starfish. Then she started to push her body back against me, trying to force my cock into her.

I stood as still as I could to allow her to control the entry. At first, I thought that it wasn’t going to happen but then she opened up slightly and the head of my cock penetrated her ass about an inch.

The first thing I noticed (apart from the tightness) was how hot her bottom was. I was now heading for sensory overload and I could not keep still a minute longer. I pushed my hips forwards a little to drive my cock another inch into her bowels

"Ohhh yes, fuck me slowly, ohmygod, I love it. Fuck me in the arse Alex."

These words were so arousing and, having her ass clamped around my cock with all the heat and pressure, I needed no encouragement. I used my hips to thrust in and out of her backside. The only point of contact between us was my cock against the inside of her anal passage and it was fantastic.

The sensations were too much for me to hold back and within a few seconds I felt that familiar tightening of my balls as they drew up inside me ready to send pulses of cum deep within her bowels.

"Jesus, jesus, amazing it's amazing. so tight. Oh god I'm sorry I'm cuuuummmingggg." I groaned as I grabbed hold of her hips and pulled her tight against me, forcing my cock as deep as possible into her bum. As I clenched onto her, I felt pulse after pulse of semen shooting though my cock and deep into her body. The feeling was breathtaking.

As I came down again after my ejaculation I felt I should apologise to her for my selfishness.

"Oh god, I'm sorry, I don't know what happened, I couldn't stop."

"Don't apologise, it was amazing, I loved feeling you cum." She replied.

Turning the shower back on, she carefully washed me clean finishing off by giving my spotless cock a long passionate kiss, sadly by this time I was a little too overloaded to react.

She told me to go take a rest while she cleaned herself up. I left the bathroom, went downstairs onto the sofa and went over all that had just happened in my head. The thoughts were very arousing and I found myself absentmindedly stroking my flaccid cock as I went over the details of each scene. I wanted to remember every single moment.

I was in this reverie when she reappeared, looking as fresh as a daisy wearing just a towel. She looked at me, grinned and dropped her towel revealing her body in all it’s glory to me once again. There was no doubt she was stunning, but my cock just wasn’t playing at the moment. I shook my head at her apologetically. I would need a little recuperation time before I had any chance of another erection.

The next thing I knew was that she had grabbed my hair with both hands and forcing my face hard

into her groin.

"Now eat me you sexy man, make me cum one more time."

Oh my god, another fantasy coming to life, being “forced” to eat her. I couldn’t imagine anything I would rather do. She lifted one leg and placed it on the sofa, opening up her pussy for my tongue. Not letting go of my hair, she directed my mouth and tongue to where she wanted me. I loved this, she knew what she wanted, and she was not afraid of telling me or directing me to get it.

I spent a long time on her clit, sometimes just holding my head still with my tongue stiff against it so that her hip movements did the rest. She rocked her hips and ground her delicious cunt against my face which was becoming pleasantly covered with a combination of my saliva and her pussy juices.

I know what effects speech vibrations can have so I decided to tell her just how fucking gorgeous she was, deep into her pussy.

"You taste fuckin’ amazing." I said, and she shivered, so I guess I hit the mark.

She let go of my hair and pushed me back onto the cushions straddling my head with her luscious thighs. She continued to use her hips to fuck my mouth but now I had much better access to all of her sex. I used the opportunity to lick all over her pussy and then drill my tongue as deep inside her as I could

"Finger me Alex, please, finger me."

Like I need to be asked twice,

I reached between her legs from behind her and then pushed two fingers right up inside her gaping pussy, feeling for the spongy part at the front of her sex and doing my best to stimulate her to the orgasm she so deserved. Her hip movements became more and more strong, soaking my face with her juices so much that I almost felt like I was drowning in the most delectable of fluids until finally I felt her cum, her pussy clenching around my invading fingers.

She came down slowly, I knew that she would be sensitive for a little while so I let her just collapse on top of me. My fingers, still lodged deep inside her, were gentle in their movements. I was in my seventh heaven, such a gorgeous, sexy and sensual woman lying naked on top of me. Finally, she moved her pussy from my face and slid down to join me properly on the sofa.

We lay together afterwards, playing with each others bodies. She even tried sucking my cock again,

but, although the feeling was wonderful, it was more a relaxing sort of wonderful rather than sexy. I was exhausted. I was actually quite ready to sleep.

Mindful of the hour, we discussed how she was going to get home. I knew I couldn’t drive her home so I suggested that she stay the night and I would take her back in the morning. I think I also added that I would be fucking her again before taking her back, but it was a light-hearted moment.

A few minutes later, we were both in my huge bed, naked in each other’s arms. I remember drifting off to sleep delighting in the feel of her chest rising and falling with her gentle breathing.