

In Praise of Younger Men (2)

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A Cougar takes a young man and his friend

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Darkness surrounded me, even with my eyes open there was no colour, no shape. I should have gone to sleep but the sounds from downstairs occupied my thoughts holding back the mental void I needed to finally allow myself to drift off. My mind wondered who was downstairs, what was he doing. It must be Alex's flat mate. He hadn't mentioned one but it couldn't be a wife or partner, Alex wouldn't have suggested I stayed the night. There were too many unanswered questions for me to close my eyes and relax.

As I thought through what I was going to do, my fingers casually stroked between my legs. Why was my pussy so wet, my clitoris so hard and slippery? I knew why, the thought that there might be another sexy man downstairs was making me feel horny again.

Perhaps if I could make myself cum, then I'd sleep. Maybe before that I'd just have a peek downstairs and see who it was, then I'd come back to bed.

The duvet made a quiet rustling sound as my naked body slid from underneath it. The shirt Alex had worn was lying on the floor; I grabbed it and slipped it on, wearing it like a short dress. Soundless footsteps took me to the bedroom door and onto the landing where I could look down into the lounge below. I could see now that the muted program on the TV was pornographic. I could hear the unmistakable sounds of an actress simulating intense never ending pleasure in the way only a director of cheap films could think is believable.

I couldn't see all of the body lying on the sofa, just a leg and part of an arm. I chuckled inwardly at the familiar movement of the arm. Whoever was there was definitely enjoying the film. Should I go down or should I crawl back into bed and sleep?

My indecision was broken by a cough, an undeniably male cough.

At that point my decision was made, my plan hatched, forget going back to bed for now. My feet moved swiftly down the stairs in the confident way I would if I thought I was on my own. Taking care not to look at the sofa I reached the TV and turned it off, moving away as if to go back upstairs.

"Hi Roz, do you think you could put that back on." I didn't have to act surprised, this wasn't what I expected.

"Mike, I didn't" The thought that I didn't know he shared a flat with Alex seemed somehow pointless. They'd been at the club together as part of a group, the last time I'd seen him he'd been dancing with my best friend Julie. He was very good looking, I couldn't believe she'd let him go.

I tried not to look at where he'd discarded most of his clothes and what looked like silk boxers were struggling but failing to restrain an impressive looking erection that reared out from his groin. It seemed like it was reaching out towards me. He wasn't stroking himself any more but his hand gripped the obvious bulge through the flimsy garment creating a healthy lump with a dark patch at the end showing his excitement.

I felt the need to break the uncomfortable silence.

"I thought you and Julie were getting on well, what happened?"

"Yea, I think I pissed her off. I went and danced with a bird I've fancied for ages and when she blew me out your mate had gone. Stupid really, she was dead nice, you both were. Alex and me fancied both of you but it was his turn to choose and he wanted you."

I resisted the temptation to tell him it should have been "Alex and I" it can be really annoying when I do that. So, the cheeky sods had discussed which of us to chat up, it didn't matter. The way he was looking at my half naked body confirmed that he liked what he saw, that's all that mattered.

"Are you going to offer me some of that beer?" I'm not a big beer drinker but it was all he had on the table. He held a bottle out for me.

If his eyes could have unfastened buttons, the shirt I'd pulled on would be a loose rag by now. There again, who was I to talk, every time I looked at him my eyes were drawn like magnets to where his fingers still gripped his hard on as if he wanted to strangle it. I walked over to him, took the bottle on offer and sat down at the other end of the sofa swinging my legs along the cushions so my feet rested on his thighs. The swelling in his hand twitched noticeably as my skin touched his. My right foot was only inches from his cock and I was sure the wet patch on his boxers had grown noticeably.

This was too easy.

His hands rested on my feet, finally releasing his precious erection. His fingers massaged my toes sending ripples of pleasure through my feet up into my thighs to meet at the apex of my legs where they created a tingle of sexual pleasure. It felt so sexy, especially when each movement caused his underwear to tug at his hidden treasure, he was clearly in some discomfort but not confident enough yet to adjust himself.

I gingerly slid one of my feet the short distance needed for it to rest touching the bulge in his boxers, curling my toes backwards and forwards to stroke his manhood. There was a noticeable tremor every time I caressed him. He was very turned on but unable to look me in the eyes; his focus was very much on where my toenails smeared his wetness into an ever widening damp patch. His chest was heaving; his lungs appeared to be struggling to provide sufficient oxygen for his body.

I ran my foot sensuously all the way up the side of his cock, god it was so hard. This time, any doubt he might have had about whether I'd done this intentionally was removed. His eyes lifted and met mine, he looked every bit the young man he was, unsure, uncertain but desperate.

He groaned, the grip of his hand on my foot tightened. The pulsing of his groin in time with his heartbeat, betrayed the lust surging through him.

"What are you doing Roz?"

"Don't you like it sweetie, do you want me to stop?"

"No, please, don't stop it's incredible, but what about Alex?" What loyalty, I was impressed that he should care about his pal at a moment like this.

I moved my legs so I could grip his leaking rod between my feet, wrapping my toes as far round him as I could. I had to spread my knees wide to hold him between the soles of my feet. His eyes shot to the moist opening at the top of my thighs that I exposed when I did this. He gave a small almost anguished cry.

"You were asking about Alex?" If he'd answered I'd have been surprised, there wasn't even a shake of his head, all thoughts of Alex had vanished, lost somewhere between the sensations in his groin and the view of my wide open pussy lips.

My feet lifted about 7 or 8 inches at a guess, pausing when I felt the tiny jolt as they crossed the ridge at the base of his helmet. I rubbed slowly, caressing the bulbous head before sliding back down,

pulling the wet cloth and his loose skin with me. Each time I pulled up my muscles tensed accentuating my flat slightly muscled stomach and forcing my pussy lips further apart.

"Are you enjoying that Mike?"

"Yessss." The sound was more of a gasp than a word.

"Are you going to cum for me?" I whispered.

I knew he was, his eyes looked like they might pop out of his head, his breathing was ragged, his face contorted. His hips started to undulate, driving his beautiful hard pole between my feet in longer, faster strokes. I stopped moving my legs, holding myself still to form a canal for him to fuck, and fuck it he did. He was very close, his boxers were soaked, his hands dropped onto the cushions to give his body greater leverage to push up into my grip.

He spoke to me in a language I knew well but it wasn't English. A series of animalistic grunts, part driven by lust, part driven by physical exertion confirmed that yes, he was going to cum for me and very soon. Occasional recognisable word and syllables, *jesus*, *fuck*, *yes*, *good*, *cum*, *ahh*, *ohh* were interspersed by grunts. His eyes never left the point between my legs where I'd exposed my cunt, still no doubt open and wet from where his friend had already brought me to orgasm several times.

I knew how to finish him off, my fingers seductively peeled the shirt away, unfastening the only 2 buttons still holding it in place, exposing my naked body in its entirety. He was in danger of losing control of his jerking torso.

He was so enthralled by the sight of my slit, I wondered if he'd ever been with a woman who shaved her pussy before. What would he do if I touched myself?

I knew what he'd do.

If I played with my clit, sunk a finger in between my wet, hot lips and fucked myself right in front of his eyes? If I masturbated for him, I knew what he would do?

I might even make myself cum for him.

I laughed at myself, it would never get that far, he would empty himself into his boxer shorts long before I could bring myself off.

I trailed my fingers down over across my stomach and slipped a single finger into the hole that was

his sole point of focus. My toes curled, tightening my grip on his turgid cock, tightening my hold on the loose skin surrounding the rock hard rod he was hammering between the soles of my feet. The movement of his hips became more desperate; the muscles on his legs and torso stood out, a sheen of perspiration covered his skin. An unintelligible noise came out of his mouth, his way of telling me that he had reached the point of no return.

I felt the explosion through my legs, pulse after pulse of male testosterone burst through his length, spurting out to drench his already sodden shorts. He didn't slow for a second, pounding with shorter, faster thrusts timing themselves to the match the gasps coming from his throat.

His frantic thrusting slowed gradually as he emptied himself. His hips finally settled back into the cushions and his muscles began to relax after their exertions, his head fell back as if his neck could no longer support him. I ran my feet up and down his cock again, squeezing gently, milking every last drop of cum into his pants. The feeling of warmth gradually dissipated as his hot seed cooled in the night air.

"Ohmygod, fuckin' hell Roz, that was fantastic." A look of pure amazement spread across his face, his eyes alternated between meeting my stare and gazing longingly at my pussy. I hoped that was a sign that he hadn't finished with me yet. I waited patiently until his breathing started to return to some form of normality.

"Are you going to help me now Mike?"

"God yes, anything, can I fuck you?" I loved the optimism, he obviously hadn't thought through what it was he was going to fuck me with.

"Yes, but not yet, kneel on the floor sweet boy; let me show you what I want." He followed my commands like a lapdog, letting me stretch out naked on the sofa my legs spread wide. I told him to kneel on the floor next to me and give me his hand. I moved his fingers to the apex of my legs, pushing his thumb into my soaking hole. He got the idea as I pressed his palm down hard on my mound and ran his fingers across my slippery clit. Rotating my hips against him, I pulled his fingers up towards my stomach.

I love it when a man has his fingers inside me, but this is my favourite. He stimulated every nerve inside my wet, sexy tunnel as he started a lovely slow rhythm, grinding hard and deep until he felt me begin to react. He was more sensitive than I expected, building the speed just right in time with my body movements. It wasn't long before he had me squirming under his hand.

I lifted a leg up onto the back of the sofa to give him unfettered access to my cunt. He lost no time in

diving in with his mouth, alternating his fingers and tongue on my clit, his thumb still buried inside my pussy walls.

I'd already had several really good orgasms that night so it wouldn't have surprised me if I'd struggled to cum again, but this one came from nowhere. One moment I was just enjoying being played with by this gorgeous young man, the next, my body exploded into a mind numbing cum with hardly any warning. My back arched, ramming my mound against his hand, I grabbed his hair and pulled his head hard into my open flesh, covering his face with my juices as I rocked through a wonderful climax. He carried on finger fucking me despite the way my hips twisted away from him, his thumb rubbing across the rough sensitive patch of my G-spot, keeping me cumming in one long intense eruption of pleasure.

The sensations flowing through me were so intense; I had to hold his hand to stop him hurting me.

"Stop, stop, too much, fuck that was good, so fucking good Mike. Jesus where did that come from? You lovely boy."

I pulled him up onto the sofa with me, wrapping my arms and legs round him making sure he stayed exactly where I wanted him. We lay in each others embrace for some time, only communicating through soft moans. Our hands touched and stroked each others bodies, caressing gently.

"Suck my nipples Mike." I gently guided his mouth to my breasts, adjusting my own position to make it easy for him to nuzzle my soft flesh and take a hard nipple in between his lips. He suckled on me like a baby, pressing his face into me, enjoying my womanly warmth as I enjoyed the feel of his lips nuzzling into me.

I felt movement in his groin, the anticipated hardening, the lengthening that was the sign of his renewed excitement. Patience, I needed to be patient, wait for him to reach steely hardness, wait for him to show the real signs that he was ready to enter me and make me cum.

The first involuntary thrust of his hips against mine was the signal I needed. I didn't bother to undress him; the flimsy undergarment he was wearing wasn't going to impede us. My hand snaked inside the wet sticky material and pulled his cock free. I rolled his body so he sat upright on the sofa and I could mount him in one smooth movement. I rode him cowboy. We were wet and horny and ready to take each other. He would last this time, I knew I would be able to savour the feeling of his manhood stretching my pussy walls, I knew I would cum at least once before he erupted again.

He was quite happy for me to take control, forcing him back into the cushions where he had limited movement, my thighs gripping him tight as my hips rotated, paused and reversed to push him onto

every sensitive spot I had. I rose and fell on his pole, the penetration as deep as I could make it. His hands grabbed my swaying breasts, pulling at my nipples, still wet from his lips.

I didn't hear Alex coming down the stairs, but I saw him as he reached the bottom step. A look of pure lust blazed in his eyes and his hand held a healthy erection telling me that he wasn't remotely upset at seeing me fucking his pal. He walked behind me, his lips nuzzled my neck making my shoulders shiver; his hands ran down to my waist, resting his fingertips on my hips savouring the motion of me riding Mike.

"You are one fuckin' horny woman Roz." The tip of his cock rubbed against my back leaving cold patterns as his juices cooled where they left moist trails.

His hands slid round over my stomach enjoying the feel of my skin, then up to stroke the sides of my breasts. He took my nipples between his thumbs and fingers, caressing, firm but gentle, pinching, squeezing minute shivers of pure wanton lust out through the tiny berries that grew harder and longer under his urging. Exquisite jolts of pleasure shot from the tips of his fingers through my throbbing points, into my head and back out to smother me in a warm sensual glow. He pinched, twisted, rolled my bullet like tips. He pulled gently, stretching the flesh of my breasts away from my body, pulling me down towards Mike until my hair was hanging over my face masking my look of sheer ecstasy.

The isolated twin points of contact on my nipples overwhelmed all other feeling. Instinctively my eyes closed, my neck arched back, my breathing became laboured; my mouth hung open sucking in huge lungs full of oxygen. Mike was fucking back at me now, my hips had stopped their movement and he had taken up the challenge. I wanted to tell then how wonderful this was, I wanted to articulate the incredible pleasure I was feeling. I wanted to, but I couldn't.

"Don't stop." I grunted, not great but it said all I needed to.

I have no idea where it started or ended, my whole body was on fire and when I reached my orgasm, I was totally consumed by a climax that racked my whole body. I collapsed onto Mike, every bone shaking, every muscle taut. There was no scream, no shout just low guttural moans interspersed by gasps for the air I needed so desperately.

It was only as consciousness slowly returned that I realised I'd passed out for a few seconds. Mike was still hard inside me; Alex was still behind me, stroking the skin on my shoulders, his erect cock poking into my back as I slumped over Mike. His voice was soft in my ear.

"Roz, have you ever been fucked by two cocks?"

I nodded, after the shattering orgasms these two boys had given me; I was horny enough to let them have their special treat. I wondered exactly which of the options he had in mind, but I wasn't left in doubt for long as he sprinted upstairs, returning with a jar in his hand.

Mike was happy with me riding him, his wonderful hard cock slipping in and out of my warm pussy. The look of sheer bliss on his face was a picture. I kept my rhythm while Alex scooped handfuls of jelly out of the jar and smeared them into my rosebud, slipping a finger in easily on the lubrication as he applied it. My own movements made it feel like he was finger fucking my arse. It felt gorgeous but was just a prelude to what was the main act.

My thoughts were wild; I knew what these boys were about to do to me and the thought of being filled with so much cock was driving me mad with lust. I could imagine what was going through their dirty minds as well, they were about to take me in a way they had only dreamed of.

"Put it in Alex, give me it now."

For the second time that night, I felt Alex hold his hard rod up against the entrance to my rear passage, waiting for me to control the timing of his penetration. My hips ground down onto Mike, then up, pushing myself back towards Alex an inch at a time. I could feel the head of his cock rubbing over my back entrance, sliding on the lubrication he'd smeared onto both of us.

The first inch eased into me making me jerk harder. The boys set up a rhythm, Alex gradually pushing deeper into my bowels while Mike rode me harder and faster. I was filled with cock, delicious rock hard young cock.

I sank down onto Mike, my chin resting on his shoulder, letting the boys do all the work. I concentrated on the feelings they were creating in my body. None of us had much room to move, they pushed deep but slow. It was the feelings, the pictures in my head and the whole situation that made me cum again. I wanted to let my hips fuck back hard at the intrusion into my pussy but I couldn't, they drove me inexorably towards my climax with long slow thrusts. They weren't just using my sexy body for their own ends; these boys were determined to take me to my limits.

"Give it to me Mike, fuck me harder."

My moans told them not to stop what they were doing. I was cumming over and over, waves of orgasms sweeping through me in a seemingly never ending stream. I lay on Mike, immersed in sensations that overpowered conscious thought. Each time I thought I'd finished another one started.

The first indication that Alex was losing control was a change in his speed, his slow penetration

changed to short fast stabs as he tried to be gentle but was overcome by his own lust. Mike matched his speed, my pussy walls and rectum over-stimulated by their animal like thrusts.

Alex froze, screaming at me that he was going to cum, a moment of pain accompanied his sudden lunge as his desperation took away the control that had held him back, but then the strength of his orgasm right in the core of my body replaced my pain with the gorgeous feeling of him emptying his balls deep in my arse, his cock surging with masculine power far inside me, wonderful feelings of being taken in such a dirty way, used for his filthy pleasure.

He collapsed on top of me, his weight sandwiching me between their bodies.

It was exquisite to be surrounded by so much male flesh, feeling Alex soften inside me while Mike was still stiff between my thighs. The short slow thrusts of his tool inside my pussy kept him and me on a high as we recovered our composure.

Alex sensed that we all needed to move and with an audible pop, pulled his flaccid member out of my arse. He flopped onto the sofa next to us, a huge grin on his face.

"Twice in one night Roz, I fucked your arse twice in one night."

Mikes movement were gaining urgency again, I would have been happy to ride him until he unloaded in my willing tunnel but I felt he deserved a treat as well.

"Have any of your girlfriends ever let you fuck their bottoms?" He shook his head.

"Do you want to?" There was a momentary pause while he considered whether he would rather just take me like he was, then his head nodded vigorously.

I climbed off him, turning to face away with my feet on the floor. My strong thighs lowered me slowly onto a rod that stood straight up from his groin, and enveloped it between my cheeks. His reaction was all you would expect it to be.

"Oh fuck that's tight, god yes." I bounced on his lap, controlling speed and depth, trying to feel how fast he would reach his orgasm.

"Finger my pussy Alex, help me. Rub my clit baby." He was only too keen.

"Fuck, you are some slut Roz. Do you want me to make you cum again hun." I gasped an affirmative, my senses going into overload. He pushed his hand over my clit, letting my own motion fuck his

fingers.

Mike's hips jerked under me; he wasn't going to wait for the sheer joy he knew was his. With a final lunge, he stiffened before the pulsing of his cock told me he was spewing his seed in to join the juices already inside my bowels.

I could feel him start to soften but I hadn't finished, the two boys knew I wanted one more, they knew I was close and they sensed what I needed from them.

Alex leaned in towards me, bending until his lips closed over one of my nipples, nibbling, sucking. His hand between my legs played with my clit as it tried to escape from his touch. I leaned my arms and head on his back using him to support me, helping me to push harder against his fingers. Mike's hands on my hips pushed me forward and pulled me back onto his semi rigid pole, still penetrating me.

"Ohmygod yes, fuck yes, ohgodohgodohgod." So many sensations concentrated inside my brain, my fingers clawed at Alex's back, tearing skin. My passions overflowed.

My hips thrashed against the invaders, too much for Mike's softening cock. I felt it slip out of my arse, leaving an empty feeling, but only for a few seconds before his thumb plugged my arsehole sealing his cum inside. It felt like a third hard cock had just penetrated me.

A bead of sweat fell from my forehead onto Alex's shoulders I could feel my hair matted to my face, a face I knew wore the ruddy glow of physical exertion, sexual exertion.

I was so close, I had to come soon, it was so near but I just couldn't take that final step.

I cried out in frustration, a cry that rapidly turned to exhilaration when Mike plunged 2 fingers into my dripping pussy and finally triggered the orgasm that had been building inside me. Alex pressed hard onto my clit; I could feel Mike's thumb and fingers meet inside me releasing my boiling emotions in a burst of erotic energy.

I slumped back onto Mike, sensing more than feeling his fingers vacating my body, his arms held me tight before we all sank down in a heap on the sofa, wrapped round each other, stroking, touching. I had to laugh at the way the boys avoided any contact with each other, but I wasn't complaining.

"Fuck, I love it when you cum." Alex as usual had summed the whole thing up in one of his short, unique sentences.

I must have looked a mess, but these boys were happy to bask in the afterglow and enjoy playing with a woman's body, a woman who was content to curl up with them and revel in the feel of the hands and fingers gently exploring every part of her.

Eventually we all sensed that tonight was over. We showered together, their hands still enjoyed my body but we were all too exhausted to start again, too satisfied to want to. I lay on my back between them on the bed, letting them take a leg each and open me to allow their hands to touch between my thighs one last time before we all drifted into an exhausted sleep.

The bright sunlight hurt my eyes as I woke the following morning to see Alex in front of me with a huge grin on his face. It wasn't Alex or the sun that had woken me though; it was the familiar feeling of my legs being pushed apart and my pussy lips spread by an eager hard young cock.

Mike told me afterwards that he'd woken up to the memories of the previous night. At first, he wondered if it was a dream, but knew it was real when he pulled the duvet back to expose my sleeping form curled up naked in front of him. The sight of my pussy lips was too tempting for his early morning stiffy and he was soon rubbing his cock into my crease, using his own juices to make me wet. He had the first inch inside me when I started to stir.

I smiled back at Alex and closed my eyes, sinking into the feeling of being woken in the most delicious way. Mike gradually pushed deeper and deeper until his balls were slapping my thighs and my first orgasm of a new day was growing like a tiny shoot inside my mind.

"Oh god, you beautiful boys, fuck me Mike, fuck me hard, give it to me." He plunged into me, now gripping my thighs as he sought his own release. I beat him to it by some time, my hips gyrating, grinding myself into him. I had time to savour the feel of his steel hard erection plumbing the depths of my sex; I waited for him, anticipating the pulsing of his organ inside me. His strokes shortened before his fingers dug into my flesh and dragged me back hard onto his shaft. He held me tight against his groin as he started to pump inside me. I felt the initial surges of his man juice flowing up his shaft and filling my insides. I opened my eyes and watched the look on Alex's face as a smile spread over my lips.

He watched me accept his friend's seed, he knew I was savouring the feeling of Mike cumming for me, emptying himself into the heart of my sex.

"Bloody hell Roz, I've never met a woman like you. You love it don't you?" He was right, I love it.

I knew before I reached for him that he would be as hard as Mike had been minutes earlier. How could he not be after what he had just witnessed? My fingers found what I expected. He moaned

gently, each groan matching my hand pulling on his rampant meat. I knew I could have finished him in seconds he was so excited but I wanted to feel him finish inside me one last time.

"You want to fuck me as well don't you?"

"Yes, do you want me to?"

"Yes sweetie, any way you want me. Tell me what you want to do with me."

I don't know why his face turned crimson with embarrassment, for a moment I panicked at what he might expect.

"Can I watch us doing it in the mirror?" I almost laughed out loud with relief, but happily slid my feet onto the floor and leaned down, my hands on the mattress my image reflecting back to me from the full length mirror on the wall. Alex was behind me in an instant, his hand wrapped round a proud erection. He wasn't going to waste his moment and stood, not even touching me, his angry purple helmet centimetres away from my wet lips impressing the image on his mind for future fantasies.

"Does that look good Roz?" He wanted to hear me say it, his fantasy wasn't just the mirror, it was more than that.

"Yes my sweet boy, it looks wonderful. I want to watch you slide it into me, watch and feel it going in and out of my pussy." His groan told me I was right, he wanted to hear me say I wanted him.

"Put it in me lover; put that gorgeous hard cock into me and fuck me hard. I want to feel you filling me, see how good you look?" I lifted one knee onto the bed opening myself for him. Reaching back I pulled him onto me. I was so wet he slid in to the hilt in one long push. We groaned in unison.

His eyes never left the picture on his wall, his face reflecting every emotion. He slid in and out relishing the feel and sight of a fantasy becoming reality. The only contact he wanted was his long hard cock sliding between my legs and into the red hot tunnel that had given him so much pleasure. He held his hands behind his head, refusing to touch me in any other way, his hips pistoned into me gradually deeper, faster as we watched ourselves.

He drove me to a small but beautiful climax, my mind so intent on watching him take me in the early morning sun that my own feelings were secondary, even to me. His strokes shortened into small rapier like stabs but still he maintained only his wonderful steel bridge between our bodies. With one final thrust and a roar that could have come from a jungle, he slammed himself hard against me, his hips holding him deep and still.

His hardness stayed even when the sway of his hips slowed and the pulsing of his orgasm died. For a while I thought he was going to start again, but gradually he softened and slid gently out from between my thighs.

After another shower, it was time for me to go. Of course, they asked me for my telephone number but I told them I wouldn't do that, if they gave me theirs I might ring them. They made it very clear that they would love to do this again so I took the mobile numbers they gave me.

Will I ring them? Probably not, experience has taught me that it's never the same second time round.