# Take Your Momma

## By shyblueeyes1968

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Mar 2011

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*Mature women succumbs to the temptation of a younger man*

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**Taking Your Mamma**

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(FM, Older/Younger/Oral)

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A woman in her 40’s, attractive, divorced and deeply frustrated both sexually and emotionally, by the men in her own aged group. Temptation comes knocking and she finally gives in to temptation.

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Brenda sighed deeply as she dropped her bag in the hallway. She had just returned from her early morning swim, and had hoped that a good long swim would release some of the frustration and tension that had been building up for past few days. It had worked, briefly, takening her mind of

things, but, with the prospect of a long weekend ahead, she knew it wasn't going to last. She sighed again and walked on through to the kitchen. After all the rushing around and little panics of the last few weeks, it all seemed like an anti-climax. She filled a glass with orange juice from the fridge and then walked over to the kitchen window and gazed out of it, as she drank the juice.

I suppose I could catch up on the gardening, she thought. What with getting her son ready for his first year at university, she'd neglected the garden a little; well actually quite a lot really. She told herself aloud "Yes, that's what I'll do!" But for the moment, she continued stand by the kitchen sink, gazing out of the window pondering her life. I'm alone, she told herself. Well, ok not really "along", but that's how she felt, now that both the children were at Uni. So not really "alone" because she had friends, an ok social life, a dozen employees etc. But still, it was going to be odd, having the house to herself, except for the holidays. Mind it wasn't as if she had needed to do much; both her children, John and Karen, were very independent kids, and had always helped around the house. The she felt something brush against her leg and there was meow. She glanced down at her feet.

"Ok, yes I know, I still have you" she said to her pet cat, Boris. A slightly…very, over weight tabby. He replied with another meow, probably meaning in cat speak, "hey, it's been a least 2 hours since you put anything in my bowl, I'm starving, look at me, I'm wasting away, honest". She bent down and picked him and gave him hugged him. Boris meowed in half-protest at the indignity of it.

"Ok, I shouldn't, but you'll pester me until do." Brenda was doing her best not to over feed him, but hey once in a while won't hurt, she reassured her conscience. She carried Boris over to one of the cupboards and pulled out a box of dried food, and placing him on the floor, poured a generous amount into the bowl, and spilling quite a bit of it, because Boris, in his eagerness to get to the food, had pushed his head under the box.

"Oh, Boris" she gently scolded him "you little pig." Boris was far too busy with the serious business of eating to notice either the food cascading over his head or scold, to reply. Oh well, he'll get around to eating them soon enough.

"You just want me for food don't you, like most men, as long as you belly's full you're happy?" Once he'd had his fill, he'd find a sunny spot in garden and have a kip, just like her ex-husband.

Oh well, she thought, again, best get on, no point mopping and feeling sorry for myself, and she left the kitchen and went up stairs and on into her bedroom. As she entered, she began to undress, dropping each item into the clothes hamper. Once she was down to her bra and panties, she considered what to wear. Hmmm it's warm out, sooo I think I can get away with shorts and my old halter top, she top herself.

As she turned, she caught sight of her reflection in full length mirror that stood in the corner, and paused to consider it. Hmmm not bad, really for a women of 40...ok 44, but it was still hard to even think that...44; where had it all gone? Not to mention also being the mother of two children. Still hadn't her husband run off, and then later, unbelievably, married an 18 year old girl!!! He was 41 and at the time, Karen, their daughter was the same age as his new wife! The divorce and then child bride had been a real blow to her self-esteem, and for a while she had wallowed in self pity. But, suddenly one day, she had thought, fuck it, and started swimming and being active, and more importantly rebuilding her design business which had sort of been in free fall. She turned from side to side. Hmmm not skinny, but then not fat either, curvy, and her boobs remained firm and round. She definitely noticed men noticing her, and for that matter, boys too, and yet, despite this, she had found the few encounters she had had with men disappointing sexually. Sort of in out a bit, then a groan followed by them falling asleep, while she had to finish herself off.

"Stop it, your mopping again" she told herself aloud. She turned and went over to her chest of draws and pulled open the draw which contained her summer garden clothes. She pulled out a pair of dark tan cotton chino shorts, and a light blue halter top. She stepped into the shorts and pulled them up with a little wiggle, and buttoned them before reaching behind and undoing her bra. She slipped the top on, and tied the halter behind her neck. The she reached for some clips and fixed her hair into too bunches, so that it was up and out of the way, and then left the room. At the kitchen door, she slipped into her gardening trainers, and went on out into her garden. For a while she just wonder around it, followed by Boris, who showing a surprising amount of energy, and planned in her head what needed doing, and what really needed doing and what could wait, before going in to the garden shed to collect the things she needed.

Soon she was completely engrossed in her work. The garden was her pride and joy, her little refuge, and more recently, a significant source of food too. It was the garden that had been the reason for her wanting this house, most of it was hidden from view, and there had been space for a large lean-to green house, as well as a decent lawn, and space for vegetable plot and even a small orchard. One nice thing she would say about her ex-husband, and there weren't many; he hadn't left her or the kids in the lurch financially. Not that she needed his money now, because she didn't, what she received from him went to the children now. The hours slipped by, until, feeling hungry, she stopped for lunch.

After she had finished eating a light lunch, she sat for a while under the rose harbour, sipping iced lemon tea. Despite her swim and working all morning, she could feel it again, building up inside her. Damn, she was so horny all the time. She'd had never felt this way when she was young, in fact she wasn't even aware what masturbation really was until after the divorce, now she had a collecting of "toys" and was wanking herself at least once a day.

She'd almost given up on men, because well, they just couldn't seem to satisfy her...perhaps another

woman? Now a few years ago, she'd have been horrified at the thought, but now, it just made her even hornier. In fact, lots of things made her horny. The other week, it had been cucumbers while she had been picking in the green house...for once, she hadn't imagined a man fucking her, but a women, her neighbour in fact, who was holding it and fucking her with it. Christ, I'm getting wet...and her nipples were hard too.

Just then, she heard the doorbell ring. Who could that be…OH Damn! She'd forgotten, lost in her thoughts, that Kevin, one her son mates, had offered to cut the lawn. The door bell rang again, and she hurriedly got up and went into the house and on through to the front door. She opened the door to see Kevin turning to leave.

"Hi Kev, I'm in, come on in."

"Hi, Mrs B...whoa, looking good Mrs B" and stepped though into the house. She could clearly seen him not looking at her face, but at her boobs, in fact not just looking, his eyes were practically on stalks!!

Blushing slightly, and partly wishing she had changed, but also very flattered, she followed him on through to the kitchen.

"Kevin, please I've told you before, please call me Brenda, and besides, really I am a Ms now..."

"Sure Mrs....Ops sorry Brenda...It's just you know, like you being John's mum, it sort of seems well, like, disrespectful...like."

"Why's that then, because I am a frumpy old women?"

"No, no way man, all the guys think you're a...." and tailed off into embarrassed silence, a blush quickly spreading over his face.

"All the guys think I'm…?"

Kevin's blushed even deepened and mumbled something.

"Sorry, what was that" ask Brenda, smiling?

"Well, you know, they all think you're...."

"I'm...?"

“A babe, Mrs....sorry...Brenda.” He went an even darker red, and avoided looking at her.

“Me...a babe…aaaahhhhh, don’t be silly...who thinks that?”

“We’ll emmm we all do, Barry, Andy and Clive...”

“And you?”

“Yea...anyway, I better get on” he announced, and before she could reply, he rushed out of the kitchen and disappeared from view.

Damn and blast she thought, I was beginning to enjoy this...but then perhaps it was for the best, she really shouldn’t think about her son’s friends as anything else other than children. She never had done, so before, had she? But if she was honest, that wasn’t really true; she hadn’t considered her son friends in an erotic way because she hadn’t allowed herself too. The thing is has they had grown up, she had noticed them, but suppressed and buried it, after all, until fairly recently they’d really had been children in the eyes of the law. Now, though, she thought, as she watched Kevin, (she hated using Kev), they where all young men, very fit and muscular young men. No, they were still her son’s friends. Christ she told herself, I meet up for coffee with their mothers!

Outside she could hear the petrol mower spluttering into life. Despite her misgiving, her morning encounter and its revelations had left her even hornier. For a few minutes she dwelt on the thought four attractive young men, who thought of her as “A Babe” and this was the thing, MEN now, no longer boys. She didn’t have to feel guilty about it anymore, did she? NO…you can’t, she berated herself, if you must, find somebody young that isn’t your son’s friend.

Brenda went over to the sink, and ran the cold tap and cupping her hands, she splashed her face with cool water too try ease the moist heat burning inside of her. Then she reached for a cup and drank some water. That’s it, get a grip of yourself, and behave!!! She pictured Kevin as she had thought of him until recently, as a child. Yes, that’s it, he’s just a child. She turned and went out into the garden to continue the gardening. However, all her resolve melted in a wave of sexual heat that swept through her body. Kevin was midway down the lawn and was bare-chested; his t-shirt tucked into his the back pocket. He was lightly tanned and, Oh God, so lean and muscular. For a second she thought her legs would give way from under her. She closed her eyes and told herself sternly…get a grip you silly cow, you’re not some teenager girl! You’re a mature women, mother of two…but another part of her added, in desperate need of a good long hard fuck. What was she saying, you never use to think that word, let alone say it. Yet “fuck” was the right word.

She managed to get a grip of herself, and for a while, she got on with her work, firmly resisting the desire to watch Kevin…at least for awhile. However, it didn't last, and at first it was just glances and then longer ones until, finally she stopped her own work and began watching him work. God, she wished she could slip a hand insider her knickers and give herself a good finger…or better still…no…NO! She managed to gain enough self control to notice that he had almost finished the mowing, and decided that he could probably do with a drink. She got up from her knees, and walked down the lawn. As she neared him, she shouted his name, and he turned. She made drink motion with her hand, and he nodded his head, but again, she noticed his eyes had dropped down, before lifting. He turned back to his work quickly, and she went back up the garden path. As she walked, she wondered if he was watching her, and fought the strong urge to turn around and check. Perhaps he was stroking his cock through is shorts.

She busied herself preparing drinks, ice tea, because on a hot day like this, it was the best thing. Once it was ready, she carried the tray out to the shaded rose harbour that was situated in one corners of the garden, by the side of the house. It was large enough too comfortably contain a dozen people, but today it just had a lounger, several chairs and a table. The rest of the furniture was packed away until needed.

Brenda placed the tray on the table, and turned to look down the garden. Kevin was just refitting the hopper back on the lawn mower, and must have just returned from emptying it in the composters, which were right at the end of the garden, beyond the vegetables.

She waved and called "Kevin, it's ready, come and have a break."

He stood and waved, and began to walk up the garden. Again, a wave of sexual heat and excitement swept through her as her eyes roved over his body, before forcing herself to turn and sit down. Kevin came into the harbour, and sat down.

"I've made up some ice tea; although I do have coke and I think John left a couple of beers in the friged."

"No, ice tea is great…m…Brenda, cheers thanks."

Brenda poured the ice tea into two tall glasses, and then leaning over slightly, she passed a glass to Kevin, and noticed again, that his eyes were looking at her breast. Instead of straitening up straight away, she held her position for a few seconds. Her nipples would be clearly visible, as the material was thin, and she had tied it tight too, and now they were where rock hard too.

Kevin pulled his eyes away, and she stood up and picked up her own glass and remained standing.

Kevin too a long deep drink.

“Cheers, I need that, thanks. Is there anything else I can do around the garden, Brenda.”

Yes, she thought, as she glanced down at the front of his shorts. There was a very large and prominent bulge. You can fuck my brains out.

“Hmm yes, I’m sure there loads you can do, but would like some thing to eat first?”

“Yea, sure, that would be great, thanks.”

“I got some fresh quarter pounders, we can have them with a salade?” Or alternately you can have me, she thought, Oh God what I am thinking.

“Wow, yea, great, I’ll have come more often, thanks Mrs B…Brenda.”

“You can come around anytime; in fact you and boys have always been welcomed here.”

Brenda sat down and for awhile they chatted about how John was getting on and past memories. Every so often Brenda would lean forward, and watch his eyes drop down into her ample breast, at one point, she even saw him lick his lips. Then he realised what he was doing, and stood up suddenly, knocking the drink into his lap.

“Shit, damn” he cursed, as he jumped back.

“Oh poor you” and Brenda grabbed a hand towel, that she had brought out with the tray, and began to rub it over the front of shorts.

“Please, Mrs B, I’m Ok…”

Under the cloth she could feel his hardness, which hadn’t been effected at all by the cold drink. Before she realised what she was doing, she had dropped the towel, and was now squeezing the front of his shorts. She pushed him up against the wall, and lifted her head slightly, and standing on her tiptoes, she pressed her lips onto his young mouth. He responded automatically, and began kiss her back.

She pushed her tongue into his mouth, and continued to rub and squeeze the bulge his shorts, has he bought his hands up and squeezed her boobs. They continued to kiss and grope each other for several minutes until she pulled away. She stood in front of him for several seconds panting, then she

dropped down onto her knees, and pulled at the button of his shorts, almost tearing it off, and then pulled open and down, and his cock sprang out. He let out a gasp. For second she sat back on her heels and admired it. Wow, impressive she thought, long, longer than her husband, but also thicker too.

“Well, Kevin, you are a big boy...” she grasped the cock firmly with one hand and gently wanked it and then let forward, unable to hold off any longer. Taking the head of the cock into her mouth, she kissed it before sucking on the head. Kevin involuntary bucked his hips, pushing it into her mouth, but only by an inch or two. She recovered from her momentary surprise, and began to suck it, just the head at first, and then gradually taking it deeper. Again oral sex was something she had only recently, in the last few years, began to be turned on by, and in fact had practiced on bananas and cucumbers as well her vibrators and dildo.

However, none of these objects could compare to the feeling of the real thing, hard and warm, sliding between her lip and over her tongue. Kevin groaned and buck his again, pushing his cock in deeper, almost making her gag, but she managed to control the reflex, and to suck and lick slowly as she pulled back, and the back down again, fuck the cock into her mouth. Kevin pressed his hand against the wall and groaned even louder.

She knew what was coming, she could feel then tension, and in the past, she would have pulled away and wanked the cock to finish, but this time, she wanted to taste it, to saviour the feeling a young man cumming in her mouth. Kevin tensed and with an even louder groan, and thrust of his hips involuntary, as with legs shacking, he began to come. Thick hot spurts of spunk filled her mouth, and she swallowed it, she had no choice, it was that, or pull away. Part of her wanted too, was horrified and disgusted at what she was doing for the first time in her life, but this was overwhelmed the sexual excitement tingling through her body. It was like egg yoke, but warm and thicker. She continued to move her head back and forth, as Kevin continued to come, his knee shaking with each ejection. Now, even though she could feel his contraction, very little spunk was coming out, and finally they stopped, and she pulled back and rested her bum on heels.

Kevin looked down on his best mate’s mother, who had a dribble of spunk, his spunk, running down her chin. After a few minutes, Kevin began to recover.

“Wow, Mrs B that was awesome, fuck, that was....wow...”

“Kevin, you’ve had you cock in my mouth, for the last time, Its Brenda...”

“Yea, fuck man, that was wow, the best...”

Wow she thought, he’s still hard…

“I don’t think I’ve finished with you young man.”

She stood up and taking his hand, led him over to where the sun lounger was and she pushed him down onto it.

“Lie there” she told him.

She unbuttoned and pushed her shorts and panties down, and kicked them off. She then straddled him, and slowly lowered herself until she felt the tip of his cock touch her outer pussy lips. She held herself there for a second, savouring the moment, before letting herself drop down, slowly driving the long thick cock deep into her. She arched back and let an out a deep satisfied groan, God, that felt good. Although she was slick with juices, Kevin was without doubt the largest man she had inside herself and had never felt quite filled with any other ‘real’ cock.

Once she was resting on Kevin hips, his cock fully inside, she sat still, again wanting to savour the feeling. After a few minutes she began to slowly ride him. Small movements at first, because she wanted this to last, and then higher ones, until she was raising herself up until just his cock head was inside, before dropping slowly down, impaling herself on his beef bayonet. With each downward move, they both grunted and groaned, and as her movements became faster, Kevin began to thrust his hips upwards to meet her downward move, driving his cock as deep as possible into Brenda.

She could feel it building, the pressure from between her legs, before suddenly it crashed over her, has she climaxed for the first time during real sex. Her movements became frantic, and she pumped herself up and down faster and faster. With a final downward thrust she collapsed into a half conscious state of satisfied contentment. She felt Kevin move from under her, and they lay together for a time. After a while, she felt Kevin move and get up, and she assumed that he was leaving, because he left the room.

She must have dosed for a while, because she was brought awake by the sensation of hands on her hips, and a cock resting on her bum. She hadn’t heard him return, but she responded has his hands coxed her to raise her hips, and then she felt the head of his cock pressing against her pussy. He slide it into her in one long slippery thrust and she arched her back groaning loudly with pleasure. Kevin then proceeded to slowly fuck her doggy style, like the bitch on heat that she’d become.

After a few minutes of long slow fucking, she felt his hand snake round her front and into her halter top to cup her ample breast. He pulled her up and kissed her neck as he continued to slowly fuck her.

“Fuck me faster, fuck me...” she gasped.

Kevin began to pick up the pace, and the position from which his cock was being thrust in, must have been hitting the allusive “G-Spot” because each inward thrust made cry out loudly with sexual pleasure, and left her panting like a dog when he pulled out. He pushed back down onto her face, and fucked her fast and deep, until they both came together.

When she finally woke up, it was late evening, and she was in her own bed, alone. For a second she thought, I must have been dreaming. No, she knew she been fucked, and not just fucked. She’d be fucked like she’d never been fucked before. Then she noticed the rose on the pillow next to her, and with it a folded paper. She picked up the paper, and opened it. On it, was simple message, “Brenda, you are one amazing women, thank you, I hope we can do this again, Kevin.”

“I hope so too” she said aloud, before falling back onto the pillow.

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