The Groom

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A groom loses his virginity to a cougar

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Ian was checking the buckles on the side-saddle when Lady Gordon walked in. Ian had grown up admiring the beautiful land-owner's blonde wife. She would go out for walks and rides each day and stayed in great physical condition. Her husband, on the other hand, had far too many rich meals. He had become rather rotund and would rarely go out with Ian's father to hunt game on the estate.

"Good morning, Ian. How is she today?"

"Quite well, ma'am. I brushed her out earlier and she is ready for her run."

"Thank you, Ian. Will you ride out with me today?"

"Ma'am? You usually prefer to ride alone. I've seen you out there and you are probably the best I've seen. I am not sure I could keep up with you."

"Thank you, Ian. But sometimes I become lonely on the ride and it would be nice to trot along with somebody and talk along the way."

"Ma'am, I thank you for the offer, but I think I would be over-stepping my station as a groom to ride with the lady of the house. Besides, I did not bring my riding attire today. It is not the most comfortable ride in a kilt."

"Please, Ian. I would be most grateful to you if you would come."

"Well, ma'am, I suppose I could saddle up another pony. Just give me a few minutes."

So Ian prepped another horse for the ride and Lady Gordon waited patiently, eyeing him the whole time.

Together they rode out onto the moors. They talked about the lands and the game on the estate.

"Ian, you are out ghillie's son, are you not?"

"Yes, ma'am. Born and raised on the estate. I am good at the hunt, but I prefer to care for horses. Your husband was good enough to let me take on the groom's role when old Smith passed."

"You do a great job, Ian. Our horses had never been so healthy as when you took over."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Ian, I need a rest. Let's dismount over by those trees there."

"As you wish, m'lady."

They rode over to a grove of oaks on the top of a hill. Ian assisted Lady Gordon off her mount and laid out an extra horse blanket he had brought along. Lady Gordon sat, pushing her skirts to the side and looked up at Ian.

Ian was about eighteen and quite strong from working in the stables for several years. He had his long brown hair pulled tight into a tail, held with a bow from the ribbons of his bonnet. He wore a grey tweed jacket and waistcoat, brown leather sporran, green Gordon tartan kilt, grey kilt hose, and brown leather brogues.

"Ian, why don't you sit down here, beside me?"

"Ma'am, that wouldn't be proper."

"Please, Ian. Who would know? Besides, I have enjoyed our conversation thus far, and to carry it on with you standing would put a terrible crook in my neck."

"Well I guess we can't have that. And I can't see what harm could come of it."

Ian sat on the blanket, carefully trying not to expose any unmentionables to his Lady.

"I was wonder if you have begun courting anybody yet," Lady Gordon said with a hint of discomfort.

"Not as such, ma'am," Ian stammered. "I don't exactly get out much. I spend most of my time in the stables and don't often ride into town."

"Surely some of the maids have approached you or tried to get you to step out with them."

"Aye, ma'am. But, none of them have interested me. And I am a bit clumsy with the fairer sex. Why do you ask, ma'am?"

"Well you know my husband has been neglecting his physical activity for some time, he has also been neglecting his time with me. That is why I ride so often. It helps to soothe me and relieve some of the tension that builds up."

"I am not quite sure I understand."

"Ian, a woman needs physical contact with a man as much as a man needs contact with a woman. Riding a horse is much like riding a man, but sometimes a woman needs more."

"You are in very fine shape and I have watched you grow into your manhood."

Ian couldn't believe what he was hearing. The woman he admired the most wanted to be with him. He had never been with a woman before and his first time might be with this prim and proper lady in all of her refinery.

Lady Gordon snaked her hand up his thigh and under the kilt. She rubbed his inner thigh right near his crotch. Ian began to get hard and leaned forward to kiss Lady Gordon. She responded in kind and they kissed passionately. Lady Gordon then began to stroke his member, gently at first and then steadily with more urgency.

Ian reached under Lady Gordon's skirts and his hand followed her thighs up her legs. He felt the top of her stockings and the straps for her garters. He found the warmth of her thatch and began to play with her pussy. He was shocked how warm and wet she was. He had her breathing hard in quick order.

She couldn't take any more teasing, so she pressed him onto his back, lifted her petticoats, swung his sporran out of the way, shifted the kilt, and sat on his crotch. She guided him into her depths and he sank in with a grunt.

He filled her with his large erection and she ground on him like she was cantering with a horse. Ian had never felt such pleasure. Lady Gordon's gyrations brought Ian to climax within a few minutes. He filled her with his load and sighed his release.

Lady Gordon rolled off Ian, smiling. "Thank you, Ian. That was very good. I look forward to riding out

with you again, soon."