

# Taking My Friend's Mom In The Kitchen

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*A story about how I first fucked my friend's older mother...*

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“Dude... I am SO PUMPED!!!” My friend Travis yelled over the phone as I watched TV. It was the middle of July here in Massachusetts, and we were 2 days away from the highlight of my summer, a heavy metal festival coming by. Travis and I have been friends for about 2 and a half years at this point, myself coming into the town high school from a public school and becoming friends with him due to our mutual tastes in music. We are very similar in a lot of ways, like being extremely tall for our age (we’re both 16, I’m 6’5 and he’s 6’3), a passion for video games, and very weird senses of humor. Despite my height and what I consider to be decent good looks, I’ve never really been popular with the ladies because of my somewhat social awkwardness and being a bit overweight. I’m not anywhere near obese, but enough meat on my bones to be a force to be reckoned with. Because of my sheer size people always ask what sports I play, and I’m always ashamed to say that I don’t play any because I’m too lazy. But anyways, on with the story... The plan was for me to hang out at his house the day before the fest, sleep over, and then go in the morning. I showed up at his house mid afternoon, and stayed indoors because of how hot it was. We spent most of our time playing miscellaneous video games and hydrating in preparation for the 12 hours of metal that lay before us during what was said to be the hottest day of the summer. In early evening Travis’ mom came home from work and came in to check on us. Mrs. Anders wasn’t your standard “MILF”, although a very attractive woman. She had Travis at a late age, so she was in her early fifties and had a very natural glow to her. She was a short woman at just over 5 feet (Travis got his height from his dad) and was physically fit from plenty of exercise. She had shoulder length gray hair (she didn’t bother dying it), average sized perky breasts, and a small, tight-looking ass. Travis’ dad was a travelling manager and only home about once a week, which meant her sexual needs probably weren’t being met and added a factor to her flirtations. We were very friendly, mostly because she was compatible with my quirky sense of humor and I think she was somewhat into me. She sat down on a chair to the side of the couch Travis and I were on and talked to us about her day while we killed Nazi Zombies in Call of Duty. I couldn’t help but notice her legs slightly spread apart as she spoke and I could see right up her work skirt. Her smooth, toned thighs led right up to the bright white panties she was wearing. I could make out the outline of her pussy against the fabric of the panties and heard a buzz as I felt a good amount of blood rush from my head to my dick. I had to readjust how I was sitting in order to

hide my somewhat large boner from being noticed, but I could have sworn she glanced once or twice right at my groin while we talked. Eventually she left to do her own thing while Travis and I continued to play video games. When the time came to go to bed, it was decided that I would sleep on an airpump mattress on Travis' floor. I was fine with this, but couldn't really sleep anyways because of the amount of anticipation I had for the concert. After several hours of laying in bed staring at the ceiling, I heard Mrs. Anders creep out of her room and down the stairs. I decided this would be a good chance to grab a drink of water and chat it up with my friend's mom so I slipped out of the room and downstairs. When I reached the doorway of the kitchen I nearly choked at what I saw. Mrs. Anders was bent at nearly a 90 degree angle over the sink filling a glass with water, wearing a t-shirt about 2 sizes too small and absolutely NOTHING beneath the waist! I had a perfect view of her ass in all its splendor, the cheeks looked silky smooth and firm, while her asshole looked tight enough to hold a pin in place. I could see most of her pussy which was a bright shade of pink and seemed already slightly wet. Absolutely stunned by what I saw, I took a single step back directly into a coffee table. The slight noise made Mrs. Anders suddenly unarched her back and turned around, dropping her half full glass of water into the sink. Her face became very red but she didn't move a muscle, even as the water ran behind her. We stood there, absolutely petrified, and stared each other down. I eventually broke contact and gazed at the rest of her body, which included her gray bush and her amazingly perky tits pressed tight against her t-shirt. A little water had gotten on them and I could see her areolas in full splendor, which made my mouth water quite a bit. Knowing that her lack of speech and movement was pretty much an invitation to take her for my own, I slowly yet intently made my way across the kitchen towards her. She looked down at my chest as I drew near. "Dave..." she whispered as I came within a few inches. She put her hand up to my heart as she looked up at my face, and I could see nothing but pure lust in her eyes. She started to say something but before she could, I effortlessly reached around her and took a handful of her ass in my hand, drawing her right up to my body. She slightly moaned as I took my other hand to her chin and lifted her face to mine, and pressed her lips to mine. Her kiss was reluctant at first, but eventually opened up until our tongues were swarming each other's mouths in a flurry of passion and sexual tension. After half a minute or so I moved my hand from groping her ass towards her pussy, which I began to rub without penetrating. Mrs. Anders moaned into my mouth as I did this, and my hand came away soaked from the moisture of her pussy. She responded by reaching into my boxers and wrapping her hand around the base of my thick 6 inch penis, and slowly moving her hand up and down it. This sent me into a state of pure sexual overdrive, so I moved my hands onto her hips and violently turned her around and pushed forward on her upper back, forcing her to arch over the sink. She turned her head and muttered "Make sure to stay qu-ohhhhh...." She emitted a deep, guttural moan as I quickly shoved my cock straight up her cunt and started slamming her against the sink. My cock slid with ease in and out of her pussy due to the amount of juices she was emitting and the precum flowing out of my head. Every time I slammed her, a ripple of skin passed through her ass and she stifled what seemed like an endless stream of moaning. I reached forward and grabbed one of her tits from behind and started to tweak then nipple while I continued to fuck her doggystyle. This was her point of no return, as I felt

her cunt squeeze my cock like a hand and an explosion of juices leaked into my bush. She turned her head and looked at me with a slight grin on her face and said "I haven't been fucked like that since college..." I hadn't come yet, but I had other plans for that. While Mrs. Anders stood panting over the sink I bent down and scooped her from below, so when I stood up I was holding her with one hand beneath her knees and one beneath her neck. I went back up the stairs and into her room, and threw her onto the bed. She couldn't respond to how I was treating her due to her sleeping son across the hall, so I turned around and shut the door, hoping that would suffice as a sound barrier. I turned towards the bed and Mrs. Anders was kneeling in the middle of the bed staring straight at me. I pounced from a few feet away and landed right on her, obviously surprising her as she giggled and began to kiss my neck. I slipped my hand beneath her and flipped her over so that she was laying flat on her stomach and I was directly above her. This position made it impossible for her to stretch her asshole much and would provide a much tighter fuck. I ground my cock between her ass cheeks as she ground her ass back into my crotch, and I began to feel light headed. I moved enough to spit on her tight little asshole, and proceeded to do what I must. I pressed my cock head against her anus until it eventually opened its little door and let me in. Mrs. Anders let out a small scream as my cock slowly slid into her asshole and went all the way to the base. She panted while I gave her a break before the pounding I was about to give her. She caught her breath, and I instantly began thrusting into her asshole and after about 15 seconds she began to squeal and scream. She was forced flat against the bed by my body while my cock quickly pounded her ass like it was nothing. I could feel a bit more liquid begin to help the penetration, most likely a mix of my precum, and soon fucking her ass felt almost as natural as vaginal sex. I grabbed a tuft of her hair and pulled her head up as I began to thrust more quickly into her asshole until I was practically vibrating from pure speed. I could feel my orgasm tear through my body like a freight train, and I pumped spray after spray of pure cum into Mrs. Anders' asshole. I eventually pulled my cock out of her ass and laid in bed next to her, while she gasped for breath on the pillow beside me. I looked over and saw she had bit several good sized holes in the pillow to prevent herself from screaming too loudly. She looked over at me and whispered "Thank you," as I slowly got up and got back in my boxers. I left her lying naked on her bed panting, and I slipped back into Travis' room and collapsed onto my air mattress. I left that morning before she came out of her room, but every time I've seen her since has been pretty normal. We haven't had a chance to fuck like we did since then, but she's been able to sneak me a blowjob here and there when our paths happen to cross in that house.