

# The Milf, the Boys and Pam

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*Sally brings Pam into the fold*

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I stood in the kitchen looking out over the rear yard with its many trees, bushes and splendid variety of Californian fauna. Up to this the fall, the yard had always looked so good, but since the Latino brothers that had looked after it for years had moved on, it had become long overdue for some tidying up. Even the little shed we had made to look like a small cottage was in urgent need of a good clear out. Later that morning I spotted a notice board in the supermarket advertising various sale items and home help needs. I immediately posted a card for students who might be looking for some extra cash for a few hours gardening each week. Within two days, I had a call from two lads who sounded very keen. I arranged for them to come over later that afternoon to show them what needed doing and to discuss wages and hours. They turned up exactly on time. They were younger than I expected at sixteen, but both were big strapping lads and exceedingly polite, which I liked. They introduced themselves as Paul and David and I told them to call me Sally. "We will probably call you mom; you and our moms are about the same age," Paul said. I smiled, not mentioning I was forty-eight years old and their mothers were probably somewhat younger. We agreed they would start with the heavy stuff the following afternoon for two or three hours. They arrived at two o'clock and both got straight on with it; I was amazed by how much they got done in just a couple of hours, especially as it had turned out to be a very warm day. I took a huge jug of iced water and some glasses out to the deck for them to take a break and cool down, they were already stripped to their shorts and gulped the water down. "Do you have a hose?" asked David. I pointed it out to him, it was just by the edge of the house wall on a roller, he pulled it out and turned it on himself, soaking himself completely. He then turned it on Paul and soaked him as well, they were really enjoying themselves. Paul grabbed the hose from David and gave him a return blast of water. I just stood there laughing at their antics until Paul turned the hose on me. I was wearing Capri shorts and a T-shirt, within a second I too was soaked to the skin, with my breasts showing clearly through my wet top as I had not worn a bra. "Now that's sexy," said Paul. "Wow Sally, your nipples really rise to the cold water, let's check them out." Before I could even think, they had moved either side of me, grabbed a wrist each to raise both my arms, and then pulled up my t-shirt to expose my bosom. They both cupped and felt my breasts while my nipples were rolled between their fingers for a few moments. When I didn't object to their forward behavior, David suggested they should try to get my nipples bigger, and they both put their mouths

over a nipple each and twirled and sucked until they decided they were big enough to meet with their approval. Satisfied with my nipples' arousal, they both stood back to admire their successful technique. "OK back to work, lots to do," said David. I stood there for a few moments in complete shock, although I did manage to pull my T-shirt down. I had not attempted to stop them or help them in any way, I knew that much. It had all happened so quickly and their attitude was that it was all just a bit of fun and of no consequence, which made it all the more difficult for me to comprehend. I went to my bathroom and stripped off all my wet clothes, dried myself, and put a change of outfit on. I sat at my dressing table doing my hair and a smile came across my face as I thought about what had just happened in the yard. Not many women of my age get to be felt up by teenage boys I concluded, and then I realized how exciting it had been for me. I thought of how hard the boys had been working and I remembered I had not given them the keys to the shed. There were a couple of old comfy armchairs in there, ideal for them to relax in and take a break out of the sun. I called David back to the house and gave him the key. "It needs a clear out as well," I told him. "No problem, we will soon have that done," he replied. I watched the pair of them from the house. They had already left a huge amount of garden waste to get rid of, and not long later there was a huge pile of junk from the shed to be disposed of as well. They came back to the house having done enough for the day, and promised to return in two days to finish the job. I paid them both for the hours they had done and added an extra hours pay for working so hard. Nothing was said about the water games, which made me feel much more relaxed about it. That night my husband burned all the garden waste and my son took all the garbage to the dump. They both agreed the boys had done a great job so far. Thursday arrived and the boys turned up around midday. They told me they would first trim the bushes, and then finish off tidying the shed. They worked just as hard as before, so around two o'clock I prepared some iced tea as cooling refreshment for them both. They asked me to leave the tray of drinks in the shed; I went inside and was amazed at what I saw. All the tools were hanging neatly in place on the walls, and the bigger items were just as nicely organized. They had the two armchairs out to relax in and a big metal drum was being utilized as a table. "It's incredible what you have done so quickly," I said, as I poured them both a drink, which they desperately need. They swallowed the first drink down and were ready for more. Paul was already sitting down and started to down a second glass of tea, while David turned to me, leaned across and cupped my breasts like he had before. "Sally! You are naughty; you forgot to wear your bra again." "I never do wear one, not until I go out later in the day," I stuttered. "So you never left it off so we could have another feel of your tits then?" David asked with a tone in his voice, which told me he intended to feel them again anyway. "Of course not, I told you, I am probably older than your mother," I said, laughing to keep the mood light. David took the tray off the top of the oil drum and put a cushion on top of it, I was very perplexed at what he was doing, and when I leaned over the oil drum, Paul reached out from his chair and held both my wrists. My mind was just thinking, how could they feel my breasts when they are pressed down against this old drum? "Let's see what else you forgot Sally," A second later, David's meaning became clear as my shorts were pulled down to the floor. "Sally where are your panties?" he asked with a smirk in his voice. "Open your legs for me and let me see what I can find." I had my eyes tightly shut while all this was happening; I had not

tried to struggle as between them I was pretty stuck in this position. When I did open my eyes Paul was staring straight at me and said: "Relax Sally! Go with the flow, nobody is going to hurt you, enjoy the experience." I think at that point I knew I was not going to get away, nor would I even try. I did relax and opened my legs, allowing David to run his fingers through my pubic bush, of which there is a lot. My husband has always loved my very hairy bush, which has never been trimmed in all my life. I closed my eyes again as I felt David's fingers feel along my pussy lips, I knew I would not be dry for very long, just the thought of a teenager's hard as steel cock going up inside me had my pussy flowing with excitement. I put my face down into the pillow, so Paul could not see the expression of pure pleasure on my face. David by now had reached my clit and was tweaking it between his fingers. Making my heart beat even faster. "I think you are ready," he said, whispering this sexy news into my ear. A second later, I gasped as I felt his hard cock slipping straight into me, with no hesitation I opened my legs a little wider to accommodate him. For a few moments, he never moved, just held his cock inside me while it twitched and pulsed. He asked me something but I was not listening. I was too busy squeezing his cock with my pussy while it remained motionless inside me. "Oh my! That feels fantastic!" he cried out. He then started to fuck me in a very slow and deliberate way. However, I remember only too well that randy teenage boys have just one thought, and that's to get their cum shooting out quickly. David picked up the pace until he was slamming into me, repeatedly lifting my feet off the ground with the power of his thrusting. I had already enjoyed one orgasm the moment he entered me, now I was hoping for a second climax from the wonderful feel of his deep penetrations. No such luck though, just a few second later I felt his cum washing the walls of my pussy as he spurting shot after shot of his seed inside me. We stood, still attached for a few minutes before David pulled out, muttering some comments about what an easy fuck I had been. I opened my eyes to see if Paul was moving into position to fuck me, I was more than willing for this second teenager to use my cum filled pussy and pound his young cock into me. I wanted him to fuck me for all he was worth like his friend had just done. I was disappointed when Paul didn't take a turn on me; instead David leaned down and pulled my shorts back up again. "Thank you Sally, great iced tea and a great break," David said with a huge smile on his face, which made me sort of smile too. I went back to the house, left their money on the table with a note saying thank you for everything and see you next Tuesday. I went upstairs to my bathroom, ran a nice foamy bath, and lay in the warmth off the hot water thinking to myself I had not been this horny for a very long time. I was still turned on, I kept thinking about how David had taken it for granted that he could fuck me, and how much I had wanted Paul to as well. I was now a middle aged slut for teenage cock. I knew after that experience either of them could have me anytime they wanted. Tuesday came and a friend decided to visit for morning coffee. Pam was a widow a few years younger than I, a great fun person and we got on well. I would describe her as being full figured; my husband is much blunter, he calls her Mrs. Buxom. Pam became a bit religious after her husband died, she knew I was not and we avoided the subject. Her other asset, besides her ample bust, was being very wealthy with the money her husband had left her. Around midday, the boys arrived and got straight to work weeding all the flowerbeds. After about thirty minutes, they came to the deck where Pam and I were sitting to ask for some iced water, which I got for them, and

as we all sat chatting I noticed David whispering to Pam. "What did he whisper to you?" I asked when they went back to work, knowing something was going to happen. "It was really strange, I asked him about getting a quote on my yard, and he said to bring some ice tea out to the shed when they have their next break and we can go over the details." "Oh yes," I said. "Did he say anything else?" "Yes, he asked me 'do you play?' I said yes, but I don't really know what he meant. Do you?" "Sure I do. They are two young and very horny boys; they probably want to fool around and stroke your breasts." "I think I can handle those two young pups," she declared laughing. "My money is on them handling those two very big pups," I retorted, nodding towards her big tits. We both burst out laughing with that comment. Just over an hour later, I prepared the iced tea for the boys and gave it to Pam to deliver to the shed as requested. The boys followed her inside and it was more than twenty minutes before they re-appeared. Paul went back to work, while Pam, looking a little dishevelled, came back to me and said: "I am just taking David to see my yard to get an estimate of the cost of the work that needs doing. I will speak to you later." "Good idea; they certainly do an excellent job," I said, with a knowing wink at her. Paul stayed with me and carried on with his work until finishing an hour or so later and asked if he could use the hose to wash himself down. I offered the shower room for his use, but he was happy with the hose outside. I went inside to get him a towel and was delighted to find him naked, spraying himself down when I came back. I stood and watched while holding the towel ready to dry him when he was finished. As soon as he turned the hose off, I leapt on him with the towel to dry him all over, making sure certain areas did not miss my attentions, He took the towel from me and draped it around his waist, then sat down on the hose box and asked for the can of coke which I had on the deck table. "You can suck me off if you like," he suggested with full confidence, then opened the towel to expose his rapidly hardening cock. "With pleasure," I said, smiling and kneeling down in front of him. "And how did you get on with Pam?" I asked him, as I took his cock in my hand and worked it up to a full throbbing erection. "Not much resistance," he said laughing. "I hope she likes it up her ass, David cannot resist fucking those huge assed women, she is probably getting it right now." "Oh dear, I very much doubt she has ever done that before. It's not a favourite of mine either." I explained, but Paul was not listening, he was more interested in pushing my head down to take his cock in my mouth. It had been quite a while since I last performed a good blow job, and to have such a lovely young cock to suck on was pure delight. I gave a few little sucks on the tip, and then took him deep to let him use my throat like a pussy. I knew he would not last long with that kind of treatment, so I finished him off by pumping his shaft until he shot his full load between my lips. Paul left a few minutes after I had sucked him dry. I was hoping Pam would call me that evening but I had to wait until the following day for the story. She turned up at midday gasping to tell me all the details. "I just cannot believe what has happened to me in the last day, I'm not even sure if I should be ashamed or elated," she explained, as I poured her a glass of wine. "Start at the beginning, what happened in the shed?" I asked her. "It started off so easily, we talked about plants and bushes, David asked me if I kept my bush trimmed, it took me a moment to understand that, but to appear cool and with it, I said yes, especially in the summer, they smiled and went back to talking about gardening. Then Paul asked me if my breasts were real, of course they are I said to him with mock indignation. He asked if

he could feel them, at the same time cupping them with his hands before I had chance answer. I tried to push his hand away but could not, so I just let him continue. He then wanted to get them out, I said no but they grabbed a wrist each, held my arms, and undid my blouse." "Were you angry or amused?" I asked her. "That's the strange thing Sally, it was all a game to them and the way they did it made it a game for me too, I was not angry at all. They let go off my wrists, took my blouse off and I was just standing there in my bra while they drank their ice tea, looking at my chest the whole time. I am not sure who did it, but my bra was un-clipped and David took it off my shoulders. I initially covered them with my hands." "Did they touch them? It's getting exciting," I told her "I am getting to that, be patient. I think it was Paul who pulled my hands down and all four hands covered me, pulling, stroking and tweeking my nipples with lots of comments about how great they were. The size of my areola seemed to really impress them, they both started sucking and licking a nipple each and I have to say that felt fantastic. This must have gone on for five or ten minutes before they decided it was time to get back to work. David suggested I drive him to my place to see what work I wanted done. I got dressed and we drove off, as you know. "As we drove to my place, we just chatted about nothing until he told me he wanted to get my tits out again for another feel when we got to my house, without thinking I just agreed. "We first went into the yard to inspect the work needed. David got a pen and notebook out and wrote down all the details. We then went into the dining room and he continued to work on his notes while I made some coffee. I joined him at the table and he asked me questions about my husband and told me how sorry he was to hear he had died so young. "He got very personal after that, he started to ask about what our sex life had been like and used very crude language. He asked how often we used to fuck, did I suck his cock and even, did I like it up the ass, all his words not mine. I tried to be fairly honest with him, without the embarrassing details, and told him we had sex regularly, including oral sex when we were a lot younger, and yes Sally I did tell him that George had been an ass man. He then wanted to know if I enjoyed all these sexual activities. I had to say I did, but I added George had been sick for many years before he died, so it had been a long time since I had done any of these things." "Did he touch you while he was talking to you?" I asked, getting quite excited at these revelations about my friend that I never knew. "No! He just sat there listening to me very attentively in a manner way beyond his years." "That's the calm before they hit you with something," I offered. "And he certainly did that," Pam said. "He suddenly looked straight at me and said he wanted to fuck my ass over the edge of the sofa, do me hard right then and there. I made an excuse and went upstairs to the bathroom, I sat there for a few minutes before realizing that my libido had gone into overdrive for the first time in years. I went into my bedroom, searched through my bedside cupboard and retrieved an old tube of KY and an old out of date condom. I took off my panties, went back downstairs and told to David make sure I enjoy it as I gave him the KY and the condom." "You really like it that way then?" I asked Pam. "Oh God yes! George was the master at it," Pam said smiling. "I pulled the drapes closed, then leaned over the arm of the sofa. David immediately pulled my skirt up and started to stroke my ass using both hands, making the usual sexual comments. After a few moments, I felt the cold of the KY on my body and his finger going into my anus slowly, while the other hand was pushing a few fingers into my pussy. I was already getting

really excited with this double penetration. He increased the number of fingers going into my rear and as my body got used to the intrusion, he added more KY to make a very slick entry. "I heard his zip go down and his hand leave me as he rolled the condom on. His hands came back onto my rear, while his cock was poking its way into my pussy, he made just a few strokes, just enough to get it slick, and then pushed it slowly into my anus and sunk it fully in with one push. The full feeling was incredible and it certainly took me back to my youth. "David started quite slowly until I got used to the intrusion, but once I had settled down, he speeded up to a crescendo of fast thrusting. I buried my face in the cushion to muffle the screams of pleasure he was giving me. All too quickly, he came; but he kept his cock deep inside me until I came down from my high. "He went to the refrigerator to get a can of drink, while I pulled my skirt down and sat on the sofa. When he came back, we carried on discussing the work to be done without saying another word about sex." "Well at least he never got your breasts out again." We both burst out laughing at that... Paul and David did quite a few more little jobs for me before starting working for Pam. Paul fucked me at last but preferred to laze back in one of the armchairs and have me suck him off each time they showed up. I also sucked David off a few times, but he lost interest in fucking me when I refused to offer him my ass. It was just over a month later that I received an invite to a garden soiree at Pam's house on the following Sunday. We had spoken on the telephone a few times in between and she confirmed that she was now being used and abused by the boys on a regular basis, and like me, she loved everything they did to her plus having her ass fucked anytime David wanted. There was about eight of us to see the grand opening of Pam's new look yard, and we all agreed they had done a fabulous job. We all settled down to enjoy the food and wine that Pam had provided, and I also got a chance to meet her two children and her Japanese housekeeper, who was a rather strange woman. It was many hours later that people started to drift off and I could speak to Pam privately. Of course my main question was going to be what she would do for her daily exercise now the boys had finished her yard, she looked at me with a huge smile. "I am going to have large summerhouse built. The boys have found me a very good builder; he is in his thirties, black and apparently very receptive to a woman's needs." "What the hell does that mean?" I asked. "He will fuck anything in a skirt." "Hmm, I think we could do with a summerhouse." We both howled with laughter at that. And the summer rolls on. Author: DB Editor: Steffanie Coffee: Melitta