

Documentary: Cougar

By RejectReality

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The cougar hungers. Will she find the meat she needs?

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(A Les Lumens Story) The cougar stalks the watering hole, desperate with hunger. Her wound is old – but deep – from a hunt gone horribly awry in her youth. She seeks out the weak and the injured – the easy prey that will not put up a dangerous fight. “Yes, I’m at the bar, Jackie. I told you that I was going to go have a drink.” Dave paused and held the phone away from his ear, his wife’s voice overcoming the noise of the bar to still reach him despite the inch or so of open air. “Well, you could have come with me.” Another loud, angry retort blasted through the phone. “We didn’t have to come here. We could have gone anywhere that I could get a drink. I had a hard day, and I needed...” Dave looked at the phone when it clicked, and then pushed a button with a scowl when he saw that she had indeed hung up on him. He slipped the phone back into his jacket pocket, drained the last of his beer, and called, “Give me another one.” Her prey chosen, the cougar creeps in. She must watch carefully, waiting for the perfect moment. One mistake, and her hunt will fail. She will return to her den hungry if she reveals herself too soon. Her prey will bolt, and she lacks the energy for a prolonged chase. Her wound is too painful for that. Dave took another long draw of his beer, and glanced over as someone sat down at the bar a couple of stools away. He couldn’t help but take notice of her, dressed as she was. A short, black skirt revealed long expanses of very attractive leg, ending in heels. Her tight, low-cut top accentuated her ample breasts, revealing the valley between them. “Can I have a Cosmo? Thanks.” Her voice had a quality that he could only call sensual. Dave quietly, almost silently snorted, and took another pull of his beer. He remembered when his wife had talked like that, as opposed to shrieking. He remembered when she’d dressed that way for him. His eyes flickered back to the woman, her breasts like a magnet to them. His wife had never had tits that big. She took a sip of her drink, and Dave noticed her full lips, which left a crimson imprint upon the glass when she put it back down and smoothed her long, dark hair back off her left shoulder. He had no idea that he was paying so much attention to her until their eyes locked for a second, and she smiled. The cougar’s heart races as adrenaline surges through her. The danger and anticipation awaken her senses. Her hunger surges, urging her to action, but she is not new to the hunt. She resists, knowing that a swift, but unplanned strike is rarely successful. “Hi,” she said, still smiling. Dave acknowledged her with a nod and responded, “Hello.” “This is my first time here. Is this the normal crowd?” “More or less,” Dave answered. “I’ve been coming here for years. It gets a bit crowded if there’s a band.” “I’ve

been looking for a new place.” A sudden surge in the noise from a large group breaking out in laughter forced her to raise her voice to be heard. “A little loud, but not too bad,” she said with a laugh as she picked up her drink and moved to the adjacent stool. “Marie,” she offered, touching the upper swell of her right breast. “Dave,” he responded, unconsciously keeping his left hand – and the wedding ring there – hidden from view. Marie sipped her drink and said, “You need somewhere to get away after a long day at work.” “Don’t I know it,” Dave said, and shook his head a little as he chuckled. “To drinking away the idiots you work with,” Marie offered, raising her glass, still wearing her infectious smile. “Cheers,” Dave agreed, raising his glass as well and drinking when she did. He knew she was flirting, and that he should know better than to go along with it, but it was making him feel good. That was the whole reason he’d come out tonight, and he figured that it was harmless. Marie asked, “Do you play pool?” “A little. I used to be pretty good.” “Feel like a game? I’m itching to play, but guys get the wrong idea when a girl walks back there alone – you know?” He knew he shouldn’t, but Dave was already inconspicuously removing his wedding ring and slipping it into his pocket under the guise of checking for change only a second after she finished. “Sure, why not.” “Great,” Marie said, her smile growing wider. She spun on the stool and stood, cocking her hip slightly to the side. Dave stood as well, and the pair walked back to the billiards room. Her prey is weak, its thoughts upon its infirmities rather than the ever-present dangers of the world. The cougar senses her prey’s weakened will, and vigilance. She moves still closer, her muscles tensing, coiling to strike. Dave fought to keep his eyes in his head as his leave forced her to bend low over the table for her shot. He could see straight down her top, revealing hints of a pale yellow, lacy bra beneath, holding her over-ripe breasts contained. Marie sank her ball, but to avoid a scratch, she once again had to let the cue ball drift into an unwelcome spot on the table. Dave stepped aside as she walked around the table to line up her next, very difficult shot. This time, he stood only a foot away as she bent, giving him an incredible view of her ass in her short skirt. Only the balls clanking together snapped him out of his trance this time. “Shoot,” Marie said as the six stopped just short of the pocket. “I should have played it safe. A blind man can make that shot.” “You were close, though,” Dave said, trying to take his mind off of his swelling erection and the vivid images of her bent over the pool table in his head. “If you’d made that one, you could have run the table on me.” “I didn’t though,” Marie said with a laugh, just before Dave easily sunk the six. “Leave it so she had to bend over the table again,” a man at the next table said, prompting laughter and agreement from his friends around him. Dave’s expression hardened, and he scowled at the group as he walked around the table for his next shot. He smiled again moments later when Marie rolled her eyes and made a quick, dismissive gesture. “That skirt was any shorter, and she’d need another hairdo,” another of the men remarked, prompting more laughter. “Bet she doesn’t need airbags in her car, either.” Dave growled as he sank the seven, hitting it a little harder than he’d intended, but not messing up his line on the eight by much. He started to turn toward them, but Marie’s hand on his arm stopped him. “Don’t worry about them. Let’s just finish the game.” Her touch set off an electric current surging through his body that centered in his half-swollen manhood. The continuing laughter and crude remarks prompted him to sink the last two balls in short order, winning the game. Marie had already hung up her cue when Dave did the same. Dave

felt a little light-headed when she entwined her arm with his as they left the billiard's room. The scent of her perfume was intoxicating, a mixture of sweetness and musk. Once out of sight of the doorway, on their way back to the bar, Marie let her arm slip from his. "I hope you didn't mind me doing that. Those guys were starting to creep me out a little, and I thought it might discourage them." "No, that's fine. They were starting to piss me off. God, I hope I never acted like that." "I doubt you did. I get the feeling that you're twice the man that they could ever be." Her voice took on a whimsical, damsel-in-distress quality as she added, "Thank you for defending my honor." Dave couldn't help but laugh at that, a deep, belly laugh the likes of which he hadn't had in a long time. "No problem." Marie glanced up at the clock and sighed. "One more drink, and I guess I should head for home." Dave felt a sinking feeling in his chest, though it carried a twinge of conscience with it as well. "Me too," he responded, though he really had no desire to return home to the inevitable fight. The pair lingered over their drinks, recounting short stories of pool games past, and then Marie stood with another sigh. "Well, I guess I should be going. This was fun." "I had a good time, too," Dave said, a little more of the regret that he felt creeping into his voice than he'd intended. Marie glanced toward the billiards room, and Dave followed her gaze to see the group of men who'd harassed her talking to each other, looking her way, and rising as if they planned to leave as well. Other hunters seek a meal as well, but they are young and inexperienced. The cougar's hunt is not ruined, however. Her prey is further distracted by the clumsy efforts of the other hunters. She knows that now is the time to separate her choice from the herd. "Could you walk me out?" Marie whispered as her eyes again darted toward the men walking out another exit. "Sure. Those guys look like they're up to no good. I'm half tempted to call the police." "I don't want to make a scene, but I'm a little frightened to go out alone, knowing that they're out there." She held out her hand to him and asked, "Do you mind?" Dave took her hand, her touch and her scent once again making his head swim. The pair walked to the exit, and Dave saw the men sitting on their motorcycles, watching the door. One of them pointed when he and Marie stepped outside. "Where's your car?" "Over there to the left, in the second row. It's a white Focus." "I see it." Dave then laughed. "You're parked right next to me. That's my Saturn." "Isn't that weird?" "Really," Dave agreed as he walked her to her car. The motorcycles started up just as Marie unlocked her car. She started a little upon hearing the sound and said, "I hate to ask, but could you follow me home? I'm really starting to get scared." "Don't worry, I was going to offer if you didn't ask. Those guys look like they're drunk out of their minds. Who knows what they might do?" "Thank you so much," Marie said as she opened her door and sat down. Dave got in his car as well, and followed her out of the lot. His brow furrowed as he saw the motorcycles pull out behind him. The drunks on their bikes remained close, often speeding up to drive right next to Marie's car. When one of them noticed Dave pretending to talk on his cell while scowling at them, they backed off and remained behind him, though they continued to follow. Marie turned into a motel parking lot, and Dave raised his eyebrows. A moment later, he noticed the police car leaving that same lot, and understood. He turned in behind her and pulled up next to her car. The bikers had slowed down as if to turn, but changed their minds upon seeing the police car. Marie gestured for Dave to come to her car once he put his in park. He got out of his car and waited for her to roll down the window, but she leaned across the seat and

opened the car door instead. "With the way those guys were acting, I was afraid to go anywhere near my house. I saw the police car, and hoped that would scare them off." Dave sat down, the scent of her perfume even stronger and more difficult to ignore within the confined space. "Good idea. It looks like it worked." "Do you think you could stay with me here for a while, just to make sure that they don't come back?" "Sure. If they do, I'm calling the cops this time." Her prey is within reach. Trapped in her entrancing, hungry eyes, her prey has no hope of escape. The cougar pounces. Marie laid her hand on Dave's leg. "I thought guys like you were just a cruel rumor to give poor girls like me false hope." She stroked her fingers over him, curling around to his inner thigh. "I don't know how I can possibly thank you." "Just... Uhm..." No words would come to him. Her eyes, so deep and green, looked straight into his, trapping his gaze like a fly in amber. Her hand on his thigh, the slow rise and fall of her beautiful breasts, the scent of her perfume, her full red lips, slightly parted... Dave stiffened as she kissed him, her tongue tickling his gums. After the initial moment of shock, all of his defenses collapsed. He returned her kiss with equal passion, drunk on her pure, relentless sexual energy. His hand snaked to the back of her head and into her dark locks. Marie moaned into the kiss as her hand moved deeper into the V of his legs to feel his hardness. Dave cupped one of her breasts in his hand and squeezed, feeling the weight of it. Marie broke away from the kiss with a gasp, her hand still between his legs rubbing his erection. "We should get a room," she said, her voice husky with passion. "I want you – right now." Dave's brief, fluttering moments of conscience evaporated under her urgent caress. She only released his throbbing cock when he reached for the door handle. He hurriedly climbed out of the car, shut off his own, and snatched up his keys. As soon as he shut his car door, Marie kissed him again. She pulled him hard against her, lifting one of her knees so she could rub her aching sex on his leg. When her lips parted with his this time, she tugged him toward the motel office. Dave turned after closing the door of the hotel room to see Marie had already tossed her top to the floor. She slithered out of her skirt as he approached, and he tugged her bra upward to free her breasts as soon as he reached her. Dark tips capped the heavy globes, the stiff tips calling to his lips. "Oh yes," she breathed as he engulfed her nipple in his mouth. She tore at his belt and the fastenings of his pants until she freed his cock, and then rasped her hand over his hard flesh. When he released her nipple, she crawled into the bed, beckoning him with her eyes. He pushed down his pants and kicked off his shoes, stepping out of the tangle of cloth to reach her. Marie kissed him again, twisting her body until she could lean and guide him down to his back. As soon as his head touched the pillow, she dropped to her hands and knees over his erection. She licked him with a broad stroke of her tongue from root to tip, a long journey that summoned up a fresh ache of need deep inside her. The cougar savors the taste of the meat – the warmth of it. At last, the sustenance she requires is hers. She devours her prey, desperate to sate her hunger. Dave gasped as she lifted his cock and took him deep into her hot mouth. Marie moaned, her lips stretched around him and her jaw open wide to admit him. His fingers twined into her dark tresses and he groaned, "Oh god." The feeling of him – so hot and hard against her tongue – spurred Marie to even greater efforts. A burst of flavor exploded in her mouth as a drop of pre-cum welled up from his tip. Her hair bounced and her pendulous breasts swung as she sucked him hard and fast. Dave's grip on her hair tightened as her

talented mouth stroked him so well. He gasped and panted for breath, having never experienced a woman sucking him with such abandon, or such skill. Even the occasional scrape of her teeth only added to the sensation, building the itch of an explosive climax in the tip of his cock. Marie released him with a wet pop, diaphanous tendrils of saliva connecting her lips to his throbbing organ for just a moment before breaking to drift down to his cock or fall against her body. She sat up, pressing the damp cloth of her panties into her aching pussy, unable to endure her own needs any longer. Dave took several deep breaths, his cock twitching in time with his heartbeat, and then opened his eyes to look down at her. Marie jerked her panties down to her knees, revealing the dark, manicured curls adorning her sex. She lifted one knee, and then the other, tugging at the restraining cloth as she crawled forward over his body until she was free. Her breasts pressed against him as she kissed him and ground her moist folds against his muscular abdomen, leaving a trail of her slippery juices on his skin. Dave reached down and tugged on her taut ass, pulling her toward him. He sucked one of her nipples between his lips, pulling it out hard, and then letting it snap back. Marie let out a groan of pleasure as her back arched, thrusting her breasts at him. Dave continued to tug, urging her toward his face. "Oh god – yes," she breathed, and pulled her knees back under her so she could reach the headboard. Her grip allowed her to keep her balance so she could knee-walk forward, centering her needy pussy over his lips. Marie let her knees slide apart, and a sharp, loud moan escaped her as his tongue flicked over her. The cougar trembles, in near ecstasy after being so long denied such a basic need. A simple meal is not enough. These first, frenzied bites will sate but a fraction of her gnawing hunger. Dave sucked on her folds, amazed by how wet she was. She shuddered from the touch of his tongue, and the scent of her arousal was even more powerful than her perfume, filling his lungs. The taste of her bittersweet juices, so potent and womanly, urged him to seek more. His tongue probed deep inside her, gathering the abundant wetness there. Marie pinched her nipples, gently rocking her hips to gain even more stimulation, though he was offering her plenty on his own. He seemed as hungry for this as she was, though she found that hard to imagine. Little moans and whimpers of pleasure bubbled from her lips as his tongue drove her toward release. The increasing speed of Marie's hips as she drew closer to climax caused the curls on her mound to scratch Dave's face, but he barely noticed the discomfort. Her juices became thicker, almost creamy, and even more delicious to him. Marie's sounds of pleasure grew louder, and her hips moved in shorter strokes, though she pressed even harder against his face. She was urging him to concentrate on her clit, but he'd already guessed that. Marie let out a series of short, fast yelps as she poised on the edge of orgasm, and then a long, high-pitched sigh as she came. Her knuckles turned white from the strength of her grip on the headboard, and she twitched uncontrollably with every flick of Dave's tongue. At last, she lurched away from his mouth with a squeal, her juices still dribbling from her to pool on his chest. The cougar pauses, flush with energy from her meal. The urgent pains of hunger that had nearly driven her mad have faded, but she knows that it might be a long time before she might find such delicious prey again. To stave off the hunger of a lean time, should it come, the cougar gorged. Marie panted and quivered from the shocks of ecstasy shooting through her, but a deeper need called. She gathered her strength and managed to slide her knees back enough to let her hands fall to the bed

next to Dave's head. A quick push of her hands put her in position, and one of them slipped between her legs to guide him inside her. A deep growl rumbled from Dave's throat as she sank down on him, enfolding his cock in her hot, satiny sheath. She yelped once he was completely inside her, and closed her eyes to take deep, labored breaths. "Oh, you feel good," Dave said, as she rocked forward once more. Marie bounced over his hips and rubbed her clit hard. She rode him so energetically that her heavy breasts made a soft, clapping sound at the bottom of every stroke. Still tingling from the remnants of her previous orgasm, she quickly soared toward new heights. "Ah!" Dave cried out when she slammed down on him hard while leaning back, but her explosive yelp of release drowned it out. She managed a pair of aborted bounces that didn't have enough strength to raise her bottom from his legs, and then went limp. Dave bucked his hips up at her, drawing a squeak with each one. After only a few strokes, he switched to rocking back and forth instead, drawing a long, high-pitched moan from her that turned into a squeal when another wave of orgasmic energy shot through her. Marie had once again not completely recovered from her climax before she rose up over him again. She attempted to ride him as she had before, but her tensed and trembling muscles wouldn't obey her. Instead, she sat up straight and thrust her hips to stir him inside her while she slapped her clit with three damp fingers. In less than a minute, she came again, but couldn't emit more than a croak from her tight throat. Even as she quivered, Dave used his legs to force her knees a little farther apart. He grabbed her ass in both hands, and thrust up into her. Animalistic growls and grunts erupted from Marie's throat as he took her, drawing out her climax and causing her eyes to roll up behind her half-closed lids. After only a few strokes, he froze in place and lifted his knees. "About to come," he said in a burst from between clenched teeth. Marie forced her weight down on him, keeping him inside her, and shook her head. It was already too late, whether he understood the signal or not. Two bucks of his hips triggered his climax, and he growled with every fast breath while he pumped her full of cum. Marie moaned as his long, thick cock pulsed inside her, filling her more than any man she'd been with in a very long time. Warmth spread through her from her loins, and she lay atop him reveling in the afterglow of her orgasm for long minutes. He'd softened inside her by the time she rolled off of his cock to dribble her cream and his cum from her well-fucked pussy. Dave had drifted off to sleep before Marie's pleasure finally faded, leaving her with nothing more than a flushed feeling of satisfaction. She swung her legs over the edge of the bed and walked to the bathroom, cum still dripping from her all the way. She washed away the sticky mess below her waist in the shower, dressed, and then crept out of the motel room without waking him. Her belly full, the cougar returns to her den with a rumbling purr of satisfaction. For now, she is sated and will rest. Soon, the hunger will drive her to hunt again – to face the pain again. Dave awakened to the sound of his cell ringing. Still half asleep, he stumbled out of the bed and located the phone in his pants pocket on the floor. His stomach went sour when he saw his home number, and the time – 5 a.m. Already, the vultures circle over what remains of her prey.