

# **Cougars In Season**

by Devin Brees

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## Spring Cleaning

I HAD A CRUSH on Gladys from the first day that she moved into the apartment across the hall. I'm sure that most eighteen-year-old guys would be turned off by her homely sounding name, her whopping age of forty-seven, and the fact that she raised four kids to adulthood all on her own. One would assume that her body would've been broken down by now, but her gorgeous eyes, elegant hips and waist, and enormous melons had this young stud regularly jerking off to thoughts of her. I never imagined that she'd be anything more than a fantasy; except that sometimes fantasies do come true.

It happened over the weekend. I was coming home from a basketball game at the park when I spotted her dragging a bag of trash across the parking lot of our apartment complex. She embraced the warming spring weather with a barely there outfit of tight cutoff denim shorts and an old flannel shirt that she repurposed as a sexy top by unfastening every button and tying a knot just below her bust line.

To the casual observer, the unbuttoned shirt could hardly be a match to contain her braless globes, but her huge tits worked against themselves, pushing the material taut around her body and sealing much of their bulk within its boundary.

I carried the garbage the rest of the way and tossed it into the trash bin to her profuse thanks.

"It's amazing how much junk I've accumulated in such a short time," she said bringing her gloved hand to her forehead and wiping her sweat with the back of her hand.

She invited me up to her place and offered me a refreshment. It was the first time I was in her place and it was sparkling bright. Every window was wide open, and the scent of the warming spring air took over.

"I love spring weather, don't you? It's so clean," she said bending into the refrigerator. She surprised me over how long she hovered in that position, seemingly honored to have me to stare at her curvy hips and shapely ass.

"I'm afraid I'm not very clean," I said tugging at my sweaty shirt. "I need a shower."

She perked upright holding a pitcher of iced tea, her chest heaving against her top.

"That's a wonderful idea," she said. "The tea can wait."

She put away the pitcher and escorted me to her bathroom. She started the water and then, amazingly, she untied her top and dropped it to the floor. I couldn't believe that I was in the presence of her huge, perfectly round breasts, and I couldn't stop staring at them while my stiffening cock pushed against my zipper.

She unbuttoned her jeans, her arms pushing her giant orbs together, and when she bent over to push her jeans and panties down her legs, the heavy flesh of her tits tantalizingly swayed.

“You can't shower with your clothes on,” she said, and her stunning body entered the shower.

I didn't immediately know what to do. I stared through the clear glass while she soaped up every womanly curve. I tried to summon the strength to join her, but I remained frozen in my spot, yet when she turned her back and bent over to reach for the shampoo, her beautiful pink snatch peeked from between her legs offering the final inducement I needed to join her.

I dumped my clothes and jumped in, and I gazed at the sight of her standing under the shower head, suds running down her body and building up in the curly dark hair between her legs. My cock was stiff as a board.

I grabbed the soap and lathered up, unconsciously omitting my raging hard on.

“My, what a beautiful, large cock,” she said. Then she took the soap from me. “Let me help.”

She ran her soapy hands up and down my shaft, her tight grip sizing up just how hard I was.

“Mmm, nice and hard,” she said.

She suds-up my balls, and then the tight skin behind them. She even slipped her finger between my ass cheeks and tickled my asshole with her fingertip while presenting me with a devilish smirk.

We switched places, and while the water cascaded over me, she lifted her leg, placing her foot on the shelf holding the bottle of shampoo, and she started to finger her pussy.

I loved watching her plunge her finger in and out of her eager hole while at the same time, the finger of her other hand teased the hood of her clit.

“Stroke your cock for me, hon,” she said, breathing heavily from behind her trembling globes.

Many times I had masturbated at the thought of her, but my cock was never as hard as that moment when I watched her masturbating with me.

Deep, loud groans built within her heavy chest, and her eyes went from focusing on my rigid prick to losing focus while her curled finger probed her sexy depths.

“Oh Fuck! I'm so loose!” She cried, closing her eyes and throwing her head back. Her finger continually jabbed into her pussy, turning the points on her jiggling orbs erect and frenzied.

I was expecting to watch her orgasm, but in a moment of lucidness, she stared into my eyes. “Put that clean dick into my dirty pussy.”

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