

A Cougar and a Cub

"You're not the only one with tricks, I can teach you some tricks too." Maria's words continued to ring in my head like a nursery rhyme. How could I have forgotten that sweet voice of hers, laced with her thick Spanish accent? Never in a million years would I have envisioned rubbing shoulders with a female of Maria's caliber, not in such friendly regard anyway. I don't mean there is anything wrong with her, or that she's too much of a woman for me. It's just that older females weren't my preference. Typically, I liked my female friends younger than me, my ideal being up to three years younger. Needless to say, I found Maria special in a lot of ways, and some would say life is too short to be living with preference restrictions.

Maria was the type of female that would be referred to as a *cougar* in the dating world, and in this situation, I'd be her *cub*. A cougar is commonly and informally used in reference to an older female who seeks a sexual relationship with a much younger man, and a cub is the cougar's much younger lover. Another commonly used name that would suit Maria in this situation is *Sugar Mama*. While a lot of younger guys may object to dating older women, I'd suggest giving it a try; at least once in a lifetime. The experience is well worth it. In my opinion, dating a cougar should be a fantasy for every young man.

It had all started at our local gym one evening when Maria sought my assistance with some abdominal and leg exercises. Having acknowledged one another on previous occasions with a simple *hi*, it wasn't until that particular evening that we spoke more than two words to one another. *Women, right? Only get friendly with a man when they want or need something from him.* I thought while laughing to myself. I shrugged off the idiotic reasoning and decided to help the poor lady out.

Initially, it felt natural that I was able to lend a helping hand, but then it became awkward when I later observed that certified personal trainers were readily available to assist gym members. This had become quite the situation, especially since Maria hadn't struck me as the cheapskate type that would refuse to kick out that extra dollar towards better health. I made a mental note to inquire about her reason for not participating in the gym program.

I assisted Maria with her exercises that evening and a few evenings thereafter. Over time, we developed a routine. We'd meet up at the gym and do a quick twenty minute warm up on the treadmills, after which we'd split up to perform our individual sets. We even scheduled our cardio and leg routines on the same days so as to spend the entire session together; exercising that is. This led to more interactions between the two of us during sessions and ultimately, a casual relationship outside of the gym.

Gradually, we learned more and more about one another, even exchanging phone numbers at one point. Over the course of about three months, I knew Maria was a Puerto Rican divorcee with one child, a boy who was off to college. I knew she was a successful dentist with her own practice, owned her home, which she shared

with her cat, Ziggy. She loved to dance, mostly *salsa* and was a wine fanatic. I also knew she had very few friends and drove the latest Mercedes Benz SUV.

"You're not the only one with tricks, I can teach you some tricks too." Maria had said to me one evening as we parted ways after a cardio session. That evening, I pondered her words as I stood under the shower in my apartment. What kind of tricks was she referring to? Was she suggesting something outside of the gym? If so, then what exactly? I found it highly unlikely that Maria was referring to tricks inside the gym. Let's be honest here, what kind of tricks could she possibly teach me with regards to my routines? Don't get me wrong, I was open to suggestions with regards to my routines but actual tricks? I was definitely lost.

Nearly four months had gone by since the day Maria had asked for my help and thus far it'd been nothing more than a casual relationship outside of the gym. We scarcely spoke on the phone and our biggest highlight had been an unintentional meet up at the neighborhood shopping plaza one afternoon. Even that encounter had been very brief, only lasting a few minutes. No complaints from my end because the reality was that I hadn't expected nothing beyond that. As far as I was concerned, our relationship was built solely on a mutual interest in exercising, or more specifically, her need for help and my willingness to assist.

I must admit, though, I was the type of guy whose dating policy could be strict or flexible, depending on the woman and the circumstances. Call it weird if you so choose but my policy had proven to be quite effective over the years. If Maria was indeed suggesting that we spend more time outside of the gym, then I

was willing to make an exception. Maria, although nearly old enough to be my mother was very attractive. At forty two and even with a child, she was very beautiful, with the body of a twenty one year old. It was a no brainer how she maintained her body, considering that we'd met at the local gym.

That evening I decided to give Maria a call to clear things up after my shower, for my own sake. I refused to be walking around confused like a chicken with its head cut off or better yet, embarrass myself all because I misinterpreted her words. I finished my shower, got dressed and warmed up the curry chicken and white rice I had picked up for dinner, at the neighborhood Caribbean deli earlier that day. As I sat at the dining table, forkful into my dinner, I begun to have second thoughts about calling Maria. *Was such a phone call really necessary? Why don't I just ask her the next time I see her?* I wondered.

I reasoned that communicating effectively would be key in this situation and that the worst that could happen is she'd tell me she meant nothing by her statement. At which point I may look like a fool and even feel a bit awkward the next time I saw her, but on the positive side, I'd at least know where I stood with her. I finished my dinner and mustered some courage to place the call.

"Hola, papi." Maria answered on the third ring, her voice as sweet as always in her native tongue.

"Hi, Maria, hope this isn't a bad time." I responded calmly. I didn't want to bother her if she actually had something important going on.

"Oh no, I'm not doing nothing much. Just having some wine and watching a movie with Ziggy."

"Oh cool. What're you guys watching?" I asked. I had to figure out a way to slip my question in without sounding creepy.

"About Last Night. Kevin Hart is one of my favorites." Again that sweet innocent voice of hers.

I started to wonder why she hasn't settled down with no one since her divorce. It's been nearly ten years she had told me. For the short period we've known one another, it's been *me and Ziggy this or me and Ziggy that*. Did she prefer the lonely life? *Different strokes for different folks, right?* I reasoned.

"Oh yea, Kevin is one funny guy." I played along.

"How about you? What're you doing?" It was her turn to ask the questions.

"Just watching a Knicks game and talking to you." My response was quick. I had to gain control of the conversation and I had to do it fast. Without giving Maria a chance to come back, I asked, "How did you like our session today? I know we did a lot more than our usual so I wanted to check on you, see how you're feeling." There, my perfect excuse for calling.

"Oh it was perfect! I loved it! I was actually gonna suggest keeping it at this level next week." Her response told me I had her undivided attention so I pressed on.

"Are you sure you'll be able to hang? Maybe you should wait and see how you feel tomorrow." I teased.

"I'm a big girl, I can handle it."

"Okay if you say so, I have a few more tricks I can show you next week." I eased a hint in there to see if Maria would take the bait.

"So you think you're the only one with tricks? I can teach you some tricks too, y'know?" She took the bait!

Maria had no idea how happy I was on the other end of the phone. "Is that right?" I asked before adding, "You could lead next week's routine then if that's the case." Another bait. I needed to know what kind of tricks she was referring to.

"Oh baby, I know just what I'm doing, and trust me we're not gonna need a gym for my tricks." Maria said to my surprise.

Her response nearly caused me to scream out loud. *Baby? We're not gonna need a gym?* Had she not made a similar comment in the gym earlier, I'd have definitely thought she'd had one glass too many. I had to explore this to my advantage.

"This gotta be the wine talking, Maria. Why don't I call you tomorrow so we can talk?" I kept fishing. I needed to make sure the conversation was headed in the right direction.

"Oh baby, I'm too grown to be making those little girl mistakes. I tell you what, why don't you come over for dinner on Saturday?"

I knew at this point that my hearing was not deceiving me. "Wait a minute, Maria, what's..." I had started to ask but she cut me off in mid-sentence.

"What do you like steak? Chicken? Ribs? Pork chops? Come on over on Saturday, I'll make us something delicious. We'll eat, have some wine and talk more then. Consider that my appreciation for all you've done for me these last few months."

A bit rude and dismissive, yet respectful. My perfect opportunity to hang out with Maria, in her home at that. She had taken complete control of the conversation and I had to recapture it fast.

"That sounds quite generous of you, Maria. I'm very appreciative but I don't think this weekend is a good time. I may be headed out of town." I had no intention of travelling but I had to keep fishing.

"Well, if you change your mind, you know how to reach me." She sounded a bit unimpressed with my response.

"Okay I'll do just that but really, Maria, you shouldn't worry yourself. I helped you out of the kindness of my heart." Now I had control of the conversation. She was older but I was still the man here.

"You let me know on Friday if you'll be around or not." She was persistent and quite aggressive in her pursuit.

"Okay I will but like I said, you shouldn't worry yourself." I continued to play with her emotions.

"You let me worry about that."

"Okay, good night, Maria. It was nice talking to you."

"You too, baby, sleep tight." She had said before hanging up.

I hung up on my end and took a moment to replay our conversation in my head. A simple inquiry had turned into a dinner date, and as for my inquiry, well, I had my answers. It was Wednesday so I had plenty of time to decide whether to have dinner with Maria or not. Thursday came and went, and on Friday, I met Maria at the gym for our scheduled routine. I watched her closely for any signs of embarrassment or guilt or even anything out of the ordinary for that matter, but she displayed none.

Maria had been her regular self during the entire session. I equated this to confidence, with being comfortable with herself which I found very sexy. After our session, I assured Maria that I'll be joining her for dinner that Saturday and she wasted no time doodling her address on a piece of paper for me. We agreed on chicken and rice or *arroz con pollo* (pronounced ah-ROAS cone poh-yo), as it's called in Spanish. Maria was all smiles from the time I gave her my answer to the time we parted ways. It was obvious she was excited to host me.

Saturday rolled in gloriously, beautiful and sunny as predicted by meteorologists. I had cinnamon oatmeal and toast for breakfast and remained in the house relaxing most of the early part of the day. At noon, I did a little bit of cleaning around my apartment, nothing more than I do every weekend. I then showered and got ready for my four o'clock date with Maria. At about a quarter to three, I left my apartment dressed casually in a pair of jeans, sneakers and a t-shirt.

Retrieving my car from the garage in the basement of my apartment building, I made a local floral shop my first stop. There, I picked up a dozen roses, half pink and half yellow. Nothing fancy, just the average friendship charm. From the floral shop I drove to one of the biggest liquor stores I knew

of. Being that Maria was a wine fanatic, there was no better way to win her over than to show up with a bottle of good wine. I must admit, I'm not too big on wine so I had to consult with the store manager, who recommended a bottle of Russian River Valley chardonnay.

I left the liquor store eighty dollars lighter, thinking, *good God, this bottle had better done the trick.* I called Maria to let her know I was on my way before setting off into the sunset for the fifteen minute drive. *Perfect timing.* I thought after seeing 3:39 on the clock on my dashboard. I listened to some old school reggae on the radio during the short drive to Maria's house. I arrived in her neighborhood just before four o'clock, and judging by the nice houses I passed with their manicured lawns, it'd have been safe to say that I was in a nice, quiet and most likely rich neighborhood.

I finally arrived at Maria's address and parked my Lexus in the driveway of her beautifully painted single story house. *That paint job must've ran her an arm and a leg.* I thought as I got out of my car. The lawns were manicured just like the others I'd passed on the way. There were security cameras and the light fixtures were beautifully designed. I remember thinking about the cost for a place like that or even to maintain it.

I caught her peeking out of this massive window at me as I grabbed the bags from the backseat of my car. The front door was opened before I could make my way towards it. "Hola, papi!" She welcomed me at the door with a big hug before accepting the roses and chardonnay I had brought her. She was looking as stunning as ever in a blue evening dress that clung to her every curve. Her lipstick was bright red and highlighted her beautiful facial features. I guess it was times like these that she

maintained her body for, to charm young men like myself. Maria looked absolutely beautiful!

I said hi and thanked her for inviting me to her home. "Ah, papi, you shouldn't have!" She exclaimed after smelling the roses. She gave me another hug and a peck on the cheek to show her appreciation. The sweet aroma of deliciousness invaded my senses as we entered the house. Before the front door was shut behind us, I was thinking if Maria's cooking tastes as good as it smells, then I'd make sure we have a second date.

I removed my shoes out of respect and walked around in my socks. The foyer was spacious and beautifully decorated. Hell, so was the rest of the house for that matter. The floor was a glossy hardwood, clean enough to eat from. The furniture was custom made, nothing I'd seen before. Everything about her house spelled *expensive*.

"Make yourself at home, papi. I'll put these in a vase." Maria's words snapped me out of my daydream as I watched her strut off with the roses. When she returned a moment later, I was too busy admiring the elegant interior of her dining room.

"Would you like a drink? I'm having chardonnay." Maria offered.

"Sure, I'll take some of that." I replied. Excellent choice at the liquor store. Note to self: *Make sure to thank the store manager the next time you see him.*

"The food is ready so we can eat now if you'd like. I don't like keeping people hungry." Maria said jokingly.

"No rush at all, Maria."

"C'mon, let me show you around the house then." Maria had said as she handed me a glass of chardonnay. With her Ziggy under her arm, Maria led me on an extensive tour. Slowly we sipped wine and talked as we moved through the big house. The furnishings and decorations spoke volumes. Elegant and tasteful would be a good way to sum it up.

After the tour, we sat at the dining table and refilled our wine glasses. I then helped Maria set the table by lighting the two candles she had perfectly placed on the table. Although I was a guest, I refused to play the part. Maria served us a mouth-watering chicken and rice dinner. Talk about deliciousness. In the dimly lit dining room, the candle light provided just enough illumination as we ate, talked and drank more wine. I was already making plans in my head for a second date. I've had this particular dish numerous times in the past but never this delicious, not that I can recall anyway.

After dinner, we sat around talking for heaven knows how long. We talked about anything and everything from traveling the world to the state of the world economy to our individual lives and goals. Maria was quite the conversationalist. The atmosphere had been pleasantly warm and fun since the moment I entered the house and I was planning to keep it that way. I was truly enjoying her company and hoped she was enjoying mine as well.

Finally, Maria decided to load the dishes into the dishwasher and I helped by scraping my plate and blowing out the candles. We then moved our mini party to her spacious living room with a second bottle of chardonnay. The leather sectional was super comfortable and the flat screen television, humongous. Maria surfed through channels for a movie and settled on *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* with Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie. The movie looked as

clear as water, the humongous television showing every single detail. The sound was a perfect surround sound which I deduced had been professionally installed.

About fifteen minutes into the movie, Maria excused herself to use the powder room. Upon her return, she closed the distance between us on the sofa. I didn't mind it but I couldn't help but notice it either. We're both adults after all. For the next hour and a half, we sipped wine and enjoyed the movie in silence with the exception of an occasional question from Maria; questions about parts of the movie she didn't understand. I answered her every question with as much detail and to the best of my ability. It was obvious Maria was enjoying my company from how giggly she'd become or maybe it was the wine.

When the movie ended, we both agreed it was decent enough, maybe a three or four out of five stars. The second bottle of wine was nearly empty and we're both feeling its effects. I started thinking that maybe I should get going, but neither of us was in a position to drive safely. We were lounging around talking when suddenly Maria asked me a question that gave the word *interesting* a whole new meaning. "Why is it that a good looking guy like you don't have a woman?" asked Maria.

No! Not that question. Any other question but that one. I thought to myself. "Well, Maria, if you must know, I'm single by choice." I gave Maria a short answer before asking, "Why haven't you settled down with no one else since your divorce?"

Maria's answer was short and simple. "Because I have yet to find anybody worthy."

"Worthy in what sense?" I pressed on without giving her a chance to come back at me.

"See, about five years after my divorce, I went out with a few guys. I was willing to give it a second chance but it turned out that every single one of them was interested in what I can do for them as opposed to loving me for who I am." Maria explained.

"Hmm." I said. I was starting to feel bad for her and to avoid opening any old wounds, I limited my prying. "Well, I'm single because I've recently gone through two bad breakups and I've decided to give my heart a break." I offered a detailed version of my story in hopes to comfort Maria a bit.

She nodded in agreement and closed the short distance between us. We're now practically touching one another and could feel each other's breath. Maria then said slowly while placing a finger on my nose, "Well, I think it's about time you took your heart out of time out."

I simply looked at her, amazed by her response. I thought about saying something but before I could get a word out, Maria and I were mouth to mouth with one another. We kissed passionately for a few minutes, our hands combing through each other's hair. Her lips were soft and full and felt pretty damn good. When we finally separated, I didn't know what to make of the situation.

While I sat there surprised, Maria just flashed me her prettiest and most genuine smile. Another sure sign of confidence, a sign that she was comfortable with herself. There is nothing sexier than a woman who is comfortable with herself. This made me more attracted to her. We made eye contact and this time I was the one who initiated the kiss. Her full lips, just so inviting that

I couldn't resist. We sat in Maria's living room making out until we're both breathless.

As I sat there, struggling to regain my breath, Maria placed her hand under my chin and lifted my head up. She then looked into my eyes and asked slowly, "Am I worthy of your heart?"

Her words caught me by surprise. I hadn't expected such a question from her. In response, I simply said, "Only time will tell, Maria."

She just gazed into my eyes and nodded in agreement. I thought I'd seen a spark in her eyes but I had no time to analyze. Maria leaned forward and still holding my chin up, took my lips in hers again. She reached around, placing her other hand on the back of my head and kissed me so slowly, so sensually. There was no point in holding back. I let my hands go on an expedition of their own, exploring Maria's firm and shapely body. She posed no signs of resistance and her dress provided for easy access.

With our lips together, I leaned Maria back slowly until she was lying flat on her back. I broke from our kiss momentarily to reposition myself between her opened legs. Then I leaned forward and explored her cleavage with my lips. The sweet and fruity smell of her strawberry scented body spray invaded my nostrils, heightening my desire for her. I kissed my way to her neck area, then to her left earlobe. Maria let out a soft moan, wrapping her arms around my neck. I worked my way back down to her cleavage with my lips.

Access to Maria's breasts was relatively easy since she was braless underneath her dress. I kissed her shoulders sensually and removed the spaghetti straps of her dress. I then pulled her

dress down to reveal a pair of the most beautiful breasts I'd ever seen. I sized them to be about 34D's, round and perky like that of a younger woman. *Not too shabby for an old gal.* I thought. Maria had the type of body that a lot of younger women yearn for. Everything about her just seemed to be getting better by the minute. Maybe I'd give her the chance she is asking for.

First I felt her perfect breasts in my hands, then I massaged them gently. Nice and soft, it's hard to believe that she's had a child in the past. Her nipples grew hard under my touch. I took that as a sign of arousal. From one to the other, I took Maria's penny-sized nipples into my mouth and sucked them gently, all the while lightly squeezing her breasts in my hands. Her moans were soft and sweet. Maria's hands roamed under my shirt as she rubbed my back encouragingly. I knew I was turning her on but I also knew I was turning myself on in the process.

I paused momentarily to catch my breath and that's when I felt Maria's lips on my neck. Gradually, she kissed her way to my ear and whispered, "Take me, I want you." Then she stuck her wet tongue deep inside my ear, giving me the chills. I freed myself from Maria, rose to my feet and removed my t-shirt. She joined me in a flash, dropping her dress to the floor.

Maria's naked body was simply breathtaking. She stepped forward and kissed my lips, then worked her way to my neck and down to my chest. She reached down and massaged my manhood through my jeans, all the while kissing her way sexily down to my abdomen. I just tilted my head back and enjoyed the moment. Maria dropped down to her knees in front of me and unbuckled my belt. She then pulled my pants down to unveil my stiff manhood, which now stood perfectly at attention.

Without hesitation she reached into my boxers and massaged me, her gentle touches causing me to hiss in excitement. Maria then dropped my boxers and took my manhood in her hand. She kissed the head teasingly while looking up at me seductively. I licked my lips at her, wishing she'd stop being a tease. Maria finally took me inside her mouth. Her mouth was warm, her soft lips delivering the best sensation ever. Maria sucked me skillfully, reaching between her legs to please herself with her free hand.

If I wasn't turned on by now, the sight of Maria rubbing her cunt was enough to get me there. I watched her take my entire manhood deep into her throat, one hand on my bare ass while pleasing herself with the other. When I reached down and grabbed a handful of her long hair, Maria gripped my hip and moved me back and forth. I started moving my hips and for a moment she just held her head still, allowing me to have my way with her. Talk about tricks, Maria sure had a few up her sleeve. They say experience comes with age after all.

Looking down at Maria's naked body, her breasts bouncing with our movements, her free hand busily working in between her legs, it was impossible not to take her right there. I removed my manhood from her mouth and signaled for her to get up, which she obliged. I then guided her onto the sofa in the doggy position. I stepped behind her and examined her perfect ass by massaging and squeezing them. Her cheeks were nice and soft, just the way I had expected them to be. I gave each cheek a smack and Maria responded with a sexy, "Aye, papi."

I teased her fat cunt through her pink thongs, causing her to moan sweetly. Her pussy was perfectly manicured and her arousal was evident by the moisture from her thongs. It was time to go in for the goods. I pulled her thongs aside and teased her

beautiful cunt, her sensitive clit as puffy as can be. Maria's response was sweet and encouraging. "Dame, papi." She sang in her native tongue. I slipped my middle finger into Maria's wet cunt and moved it in and out. Her wetness lubricated my finger to perfection. I added a second finger, causing her to moan louder.

She peered over her shoulder at me, giving me the naughtiest look. I increased the pace of my fingers and from the sounds she was making and the way she gyrated her hips, I knew I was doing right by her. I removed my fingers and tasted Maria's wetness. She tasted excellent and I thought about going in for a lick but my manhood was begging for some action from the way it throbbed. I inched closer and holding Maria's thongs aside, entered her. She felt warm and tight, the type of cunt that can make an inexperienced man cum fast.

It was obvious she hadn't had much male attention, not lately anyway. Or if she had, then she sure knew what she was doing. *This is just what she needs, a nice hard fucking to make her feel young again.* I thought. Gripping her wide hips, I pumped away at Maria's tight cunt. The sensation was simply phenomenal! It was obvious Maria was enjoying herself from the way she rolled her hips to meet my pumps. I aimed to please, and by pleasing I mean deliver an unforgettable experience.

I'd been fucking Maria for about five minutes when I realized I wasn't wearing a rubber. I thought about pulling out but for what? If Maria had an STD then I was sure I had it too, and to avoid pregnancy, I'd just have to pull out. This was a mistake that I'd refused to make for as long as I can remember. What made Maria so special? What in the world was wrong with me? It was too late now but judging by how well maintained Maria was, I

concluded I was safe with her. These days one can never be too safe in that department.

Maria's moans grew louder and louder as I continued to pound her tight cunt. "Aye, papi, you gonna make me cum." She sang repeatedly while looking over her shoulders at me. I did just that, bringing her to an orgasm with my long pumps. I never let up, nor gave her a chance to recoup. Her beautiful ass and hips were just too perfect in this position. I was like a jack rabbit on ecstasy, the way I was fucking Maria. I slowed my pace and reached around with my left hand to play with Maria's clit. Her sexy moans drove me wilder.

I pulled out of Maria and removed my pants and boxers from around my ankles. She wasted no time removing her cum-stained thongs and tossing them on the floor. It was time to explore different positions. I seated myself on the sectional and before I could even get comfortable, Maria was on top of me. She leaned down and kissed me momentarily while stroking my manhood in her hand. She then guided my manhood inside her tight cunt, causing me to hiss loudly. As she gyrated her hips slowly, I went to work on her perfect nipples, driving her wilder by sucking on them.

Maria's bouncing breasts and jiggling asscheeks were every man's dream. Back to the task at hand, I grabbed Maria by her hips and guided her movements up and down onto my manhood. "Aye, papi!" She screamed out in excitement as she reached around and spanked herself. I took that as my cue to help so while I guided her movements with one hand, I spanked her thick asscheeks with my free hand. With each spank came her signature, "Aye, papi!" Maria's sweet voice only motivated me to give it to her harder.

The familiar rising of her moans told me another orgasm was on the horizon. I gripped her hips and pumped mine hard into her while sucking on her nipples. "Dame, papi!" She screamed in pleasure, and I guided her hips perfectly to meet my pumps. "Mmm, papi, I'm cuming!" She sang sweetly and I continued to pump, bringing her to another orgasm. On top of me, Maria bounced up and down in sheer pleasure. I was feeling good and I knew she was feeling even better.

"Aye, papi." Maria cried when my manhood slipped out of her accidentally. She rose up off of me and went to her knees on the floor. She then took me in her mouth again, sending me into a state of heightened pleasure. Maria manipulated my manhood in her mouth for a moment then stopped suddenly. She then told me to lay down which I obliged by laying longwise on the sofa. Maria climbed on top of me, facing away from me. I was confused momentarily until she adjusted herself.

Now we're in the famous sixty nine position, her juicy ass in my face as she took my manhood in her soft hands. I felt awkward initially since I hadn't have much experience in this position. I'd only experienced it once as a matter of fact. She took my manhood in her warm mouth and manipulated it skillfully like the seasoned vet that she was. "Shit!" I sighed in sheer pleasure. Her beautiful cunt and asshole staring down at me invitingly only rid me of any awkward feelings.

I lubricated my fingers with spit and begun rubbing her tight asshole while sucking her tender cunt. Maria gave no argument so I took that as a sign that she was enjoying my touches. I continued to rub her tight asshole while licking and sucking her beautiful cunt. "Mmm." Her moans were muffled. Maria moved her

hips in a circular motion, all the while pleasing me skillfully with her mouth.

"Put your finger in my butt." She stopped pleasing me momentarily and said, and I obliged with no argument. Maria was a true freak, my kind of woman. *Classy on the outside, freaky on the inside.* I thought.

I moved my middle finger in and out of her tight asshole as I sucked her cunt. Her excitement was obvious as she stopped pleasing me to enjoy my touches. She moaned loudly, her soft hands gripping my manhood tighter and tighter as her glorious moment arrived. Her tasty juices flowed freely onto my tongue and I took my time taking in every drop of it. I laid my head back down to refrain from straining my neck but continued to please her with my hands.

Maria returned to pleasing me and I enjoyed the warmth her full lips provided around my manhood. I was dying to feel her wetness so I ordered her to sit on me. She inched forward and assumed a riding position still facing away from me. This was the reverse cowgirl position I'd only had the opportunity to experience about three times in my life. I watched Maria make herself comfortable in this new position while stroking my manhood in her soft hands.

She slipped my manhood into her tight cunt, letting out a soft moan. With her back arched, she held on to my legs and bounced up and down my erect manhood. The moment was special and the sight, amazingly gorgeous. I reached up and grabbed her hips, and guided her movements slowly onto me. She threw her head back and called my name sweetly in pleasure. Maria was a true beauty,

even for her age and naughty too if you asked me. Everything from her appearance to her personality was simply amazing.

Despite the gorgeous view and the excellent sensation, we hadn't spent too much time in this position. Maria decided to return to the original cowgirl position so I repositioned myself by sitting up. She climbed back on top of my manhood and bounced up and down while making sexy faces at me. I smacked her ass and watched her asscheeks jiggle as she bounced up and down. Suddenly, I got this sudden urge to fuck Maria in a standing position so I told her to hold on tight as I rose to my feet.

I found it amazing that my manhood remained inside her. With her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist, I guided her movements up and down. My time spent in the gym, strengthening my back and legs was finally paying off. This was a great position and it was obvious Maria was enjoying it from the way she threw her head back in pleasure. Her moans were growing louder by the second. "Make me cum, papi." She sang sweetly, repeatedly, and with slow and deep pumps, I gave her just what she asked for. She hugged me tightly while sucking on my neck as she climaxed.

I eased Maria back down onto her super comfortable sofa, our lips stuck together in a kiss. When she finally released me, I stood towering over her, my erect manhood in my hand. She knew just what to do. She took me into her mouth once again and manipulated my manhood with skill. The sensation was blissfully amazing. I was ready to enter her tight cunt again and Maria had no qualms.

"You like?" Maria asked sexily while smacking her beautiful ass in the doggy position and peering over her shoulder at me. I

just couldn't resist the lovely sight of her asscheeks jiggling. From one to the other, I gave her asscheeks a series of spankings, making her cry out in pleasure. I drove myself crazy in the process. Inching closer, I entered Maria while she peered over her shoulder at me seductively. I started with slower pumps, reaching around to play with her clit. Maria encouraged me with her sexy moans. She continued to peer over her shoulder at me, licking her lips and giving me the sexiest look I've seen on her face all night.

This gave me enough reason to pound away at her tight cunt. Gripping her wide hips, I begun delivering my hardest pumps. Maria's sweet moans turned into screams gradually, and the bouncing and jiggling of her perfect asscheeks only motivated me. I was feeling good and was ready to bring myself to ejaculation. Then suddenly Maria reached around, and I thought for a second that maybe she wanted to tell me to take it easy with my pumps but to my dismay, she begun rubbing her asshole. She hissed and moaned in pleasure. Then I watched her lubricate her middle finger with spit, stick it in her asshole and start moving it in and out. I had a perfect bird's eye view of the action. Maria was driving me wilder with her naughtiness.

I pumped that tight cunt of hers even harder as I watched her finger go in and out of her asshole. Maria was screaming with each pump. This was better than motivation! So much excitement, it hadn't taken long before I was ready to cum myself. "Aah fuck!" I groaned in pleasure as I felt my orgasm coming on. I thought about pulling out but with such a perfect view and so much excitement in the air, it was just too good an opportunity to pass up.

"I'm cuming, papi." I heard Maria scream out but I was too busy groaning to acknowledge her. "Aye, papi!" Were the last words I heard right before I released my warm load of goodness inside Maria's tight cunt. For a moment, I just slumped over her back as I struggled to regain my breath. I finally slumped onto the sofa next to Maria. She cuddled up to me, laying her head in my chest.

"I told you I can teach you some tricks!" Said Maria as she looked up and winked at me. Tired and still fighting to regain my breath, I simply kissed her forehead and nodded my head in agreement. It was over and she had won. Well we both had won actually. She had taught me her tricks just as she'd promised and I'd gotten to know another side of her, the naughty side. Maybe it was time to consider making her my woman.