

Stepmother

(By: Ken Martin)

From my early teens, I can remember my step-mother as a very sensual woman. My dad was always away on tour with a concert band, and we lived happily together in a small apartment. She had lots of friends, male and female. And me, who she often called the real man in her life.

I used to like to watch her get ready to go out, and would often follow her from room to room while she took her bath and wriggled into her clothes. She'd laugh if I got a hard on and tell me I was a growing up too fast. She liked to tease me by getting me to help her get dressed. She always put on her nail polish first. Then she'd flutter her nails in the air, drying them, while she got me to hook her garters to her stockings and corral her gorgeous tits into the cups of her bra. Her panties would be the last to go on and I'd get a long lingering view of her cunt from close quarters while I wrestled them onto her. She was always very patient when I wanted to look. Lying back on the bed she'd spread her thighs and relax while I studied it. She liked to watch the expressions on my face as I tried to memorize every curly hair, and every drop of moisture that clung to it.

We started bathing together when I was about fourteen. She liked to soap my balls and slide the rich lather up and down my prick until I was on the verge of coming.

Then it would be my turn. I'd do her back first before she'd turn to let me cup her tits and massage their fullness in my soapy hands. Her feet, propped on the ledge of the tub, signaled that she was ready for me to do her cunt. I'd comb my fingers through the thick mat of auburn hair, parting the lips as I went. She'd lean back against me, pulling her knees up to her chest so that I could soap her thoroughly from navel to anus.

It was in the tub that she showed me her clit for the first time. She likened it to a miniature penis, complete with a hood that rolled back when she was aroused. And she was aroused a lot. A man who knows how to enchant a woman's clit will always have a woman to fuck,' she explained. A woman's clit is the key to her sexual happiness. That revelation led to a lesson in cunnilingus. I learned the soft lingual strokes that bring a woman off. For the first time, I experienced the musky taste and the heady smell of cunt; a flavor and aroma that has become a near addiction for me to this day.

The pleasure my step-mother got from my wobbling tongue filled me with pride and made me want to do it more. She was one of those women who never got enough of licking and she'd let me do it almost whenever I wanted.

When I went away to university, it was my stock in trade, and I developed a bit of a reputation among the women. On trips home, my step-mother would always ask me about my sex life. She liked to know the names of the girls and where they were from, even though she'd never met them. It delighted her to hear of how the 'horny little pussies', as she called them, lost control over a little tongue. In truth, I thought she was

a bit jealous that they were enjoying the fruits of her teaching.

Fucking was something that took her more time to introduce. She'd lay on her back and rub my shaft between her cunt lips, but for the longest time she wouldn't let me put the head in. It drove me mad to be so close and yet be so resolutely denied.

The night she gave in was the most memorable evening of fucking I've ever experienced. Tired of being turned down, I had told her that the sex between us was finished; that I was bored with her. Other, younger women were coming into my life and I wanted to save my energies for them.

Her initial reaction was rage. She screamed at me for my insensitivity and berated me for being short-sighted and selfish. And then she cried. Deep, heartfelt sobs that shook her to the core. Her bare breasts quivered like molded jello and great salty tears splashed onto them from above.

The anguish was genuine and I felt great sympathy for her. I tried to focus on minutiae to relieve the oppressive weight of guilt that surrounded me. The ends of her breasts were like rounded eyes staring accusingly; the centers, stiffened stubs of pink crepe that thrust at me like pointing fingers.

In the midst of her grief, their arousal seemed strangely out of context. Then, the fragrance of her dewy petals, fresh and pungent, reached my nostrils. There was moisture seeping through the forest between her legs, saturating the curls and soaking the slit. A glazed look of unbridled lust glittered in her eyes. Turned on by her own suffering, she smoldered with the basest of carnal appetites.

'I want to fuck you,' she ventured in scarcely more than a whisper.

'Why now? You had your chance. Why now when there are a dozen other younger women I could fuck? The tears again. Nipples glowing like embers, straining to give off their warmth. 'I'm very wet inside. I want your prick so badly ... At thirty eight she was still one of the best looking women I knew. Kneeling naked in front of my chair, with her tear streaked cheeks and her tits heaving; there wasn't a cunt in a thousand miles that I would have rather done.

'I'll be the best fuck you'll ever have,' she offered to my silent stare. Her fingers found my ram-hard cock and she smiled sweetly. 'Please... ..please... My prick felt like it was wrapped snugly in a sopping silken sleeve. She was wonderfully tight and slippery. Her ass moved with a sensual grace like no other woman I'd ever been with before or since. There was a confidence to her, as if she knew she was a great fuck; as if she knew how good her cunt felt on a man's cock.

It was different than the frenetic little fast fucks I'd had with high school girls. She wasn't rebelling, or doing me a favor, or trying to be hip. There was no worry that it would hurt, or taste bad, or that I'd get come on her jumper. Just the pure luxury of her warm

undulating pussy inexorably milking white hot lava through my dick.

'You fuck very well,' she complimented with half-lidded eyes. 'Your cock has good instincts; too good for the horny little pussies at school. 'They don't take four years to spread their legs and fuck,' I reminded.

'Four years? I've wanted you much longer than that. Her hips began to move with more urgency. Each stroke brought a little whimper of exertion as she put more vigor into the rotations of her ass. A damp glow of perspiration bathed her nakedness.

'I want to drown your nuts in my juice, and smother your prick in the depths of my cunt,' she confessed in a voice thick with desire.

Her hand reached between my legs and rolled my balls on the tips of her fingers. Without warning, her finger plunged into my anus and wrenched a gasp from my throat.

Buttcks no longer in contact with the bed, she arched off the mattress. Her firm belly rose above the length of my cock. Like a second mouth, her slit swallowed and retreated and swallowed again; claspng, repeating the rhythm, spreading her wetness, anointng my belly with the juice from her own.

'Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me,' she pleaded, grinding her cunt against me.

At the first hint of ejaculation her velvet walls clamped firmly to my pulsing shaft. Her fingers pressed hard just behind my swollen balls, rubbing in a little circular motion that had my knob twitching like a horse's flank. Somewhere, inside my youthful belly, a dam burst, sending hot come cascading through my balls. It shot along my straining cock like an electrical surge, igniting flash fires of paralyzing pleasure. Spurt after spurt of white jism rode wave after wave of pure ecstasy.

And then she came, ranting like a crazed slut, urging me deeper as my nuts emptied into her gluttonous cunt. Eyes closed and lips pulled back in a grimace of intense pleasure, she writhed, gasping and shaking, totally consumed by the gratification of her wanton needs.

We got very little sleep that night. Each time my wilted root shrank with exhaustion she nurtured it back to life. Her elegant mouth coaxed away its reluctance, sucking and licking with a tenacity that would not be denied. In the those all-too-brief interludes when my tortured cock flopped, as if in death, against my belly, she pressed her tireless mound to my mouth urging and approving my ministrations with breathless whimpers and shrieks. In the wee hours of the morning when my empty balls ached and my prick could no longer stand, she masturbated. With my cheek pressed to her belly, I watched her fingers strum their practiced rhythm and listened to the sensual whispers of her carnal litany. She told me of the lonely nights she spent savoring the memories of my youthful naughtiness, and confessed the enviousness she felt thinking of me spilling my

seed in the young pussies at school. It was nearly dawn before her lips were stilled and her hand rested quietly on her belly.

Still the best fuck I've ever had, my step-mother is in her early fifties now. The sauciness of her breasts and buttocks have eased into a firm ripeness befitting the prime of her life. Elegant on her feet and inspired on her back, she moves graciously from lady to libertine as quickly as a man can draw his breath. Though I'm happily married, there is yet no one that I'd rather fuck than my stepmother. Good pussy is like good wine. It gets better with age.