Satisfy His Every Need

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He bent me over, lifting my dress, tearing my underwear.

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It was my time to be alone. I sat on the bed and looked into the floor length mirror admiring how good I still looked as a MILF, 34 years of age, my hair long and full, cascading down my body and framing my full round boobs. I got on my knees before the mirror and arched my back, pushing my ass up, way up; the way my husband liked it. I took my time playing with myself, masturbating, at first slowly and then rubbing myself like I was going to start a fire between my legs. I loved masturbating and I loved watching myself in the mirror. Even more I loved the thought of how it turned my husband on. I missed him; he was a friend. No one expected his death, least of all me. He was a hard worker, strong and in great shape and yet one day I got a call from the oil rig that he collapsed. He was gone just like that.

I was left alone to care for my stepson. It was just the two of us. His name is Timothy. I did everything I could to keep a roof over us. At 16 he quit school and went to work. I was so angry, so filled with guilt and shame. He made the decision to work but I felt it was all my fault because I couldn't earn enough to care for both of us. I told him to stay in school, but I knew we would have to leave our humble farmhouse if he did. His sacrifice was of his own free will but I was the parent, the frightened parent, afraid we would be homeless. Anyway that was almost 4 years ago. I missed my husband and I loved my stepson for being the man of the house at such an early age. Now it was time, time for him to find a girl, to move on, to live his life. I wanted him to be happy. I was not sure of my own future without him.

Timothy was just home from work. He was coming from the shower. I said, "I'm going to make dinner sweetheart and then I think you should go out, meet a girl. You don't ever go out on dates. There are plenty of pretty girls in town that would love to go out with a stud like you."

Timothy said, "I have no time for romance mom. You know, work, sleep and work some more."

"You are a grown man now Timothy. You have a life to live. You should find a girl," I said in a serious tone.

Timothy became a bit upset with me at that point. "Mom I work hard, really hard. I don't have time to be with a girl even if I find one. Don't worry about me, I get what I need."

I said "Timothy I love you for taking good care of me but I do worry and I'm not sure you do get what you need."

"How about you go make dinner and I'll get dressed," he said as he dropped his towel to the floor. He walked across the room stark naked, with his back to me.

As he reached for his boxers he looked back at me. I was suddenly embarrassed, I knew he saw me look at hisbeautiful strong young ass. As he turned I could see he was no longer a boy at all. His young cock was full and quite large, bigger than his father's cock was. Timothy was a beautiful young man.

We did not speak much at the dinner table that night. "I Think I will get to bed mom, it's an early work day tomorrow. They expect a lot out of me in the field. They want me to be just like dad, some sort of super star."

He worked so hard in the oil fields. I wanted him to quit but the pay was what we needed. "I love you Timothy and thank you for working so hard. Is there anything I can get you? Do you need anything?"

He said sharply "I just need a good night's sleep." and went to bed.

I thought about him that night as I lay in bed, but not as my stepson, I thought of him as a man. I pictured him as he droppped the towel and showed his young bare ass, I thought about the size of his perfect cock. I felt a strange erotic blend of shame and excitement as I lay before my mirror vigorously fucking myself to sleep as I Imagined being overpowered by my own stepson. Gawd I was so damn horny. I made myself cum 3 times that night before I drifted off to sleep. That night I had a very dirty dream...

In my dream Timothy stood before me, he forced me to my knees saying "Mother I work so hard, everyday I suffer for you and now you must work hard too. You must be a slave to my desires, the desires of my manhood." Show me your ass mother, show me all your warm holes, masturbate in front of me for my pleasure. Now sit up tall and suck me, suck me until I am fully satisfied."

I woke up wet with drool coming from my mouth and my hand between my wet legs. I woke up feeling excited, almost frightened at the dirty vision in my mind. It was Saturday, Timothy was sleeping in, a well desevred rest for my hard working man. Usually I made him his favorite breakfast on Saturdays but on this day I was to meet my younger sister. We had important things to discuss. She was having financial troubles and was soon to leave her husband and her home.

I opened Timothy's door quietly to tell him I was leaving. There he was laying on his back, sheet pulled down exposing his flat muscled stomach. I could see that he was hard beneath the sheet. I thought back to my dream and was filled with guilt and erotic desire. "Timothy" I said softly "I'm going to be with your aunt for a bit. There is fresh coffee and breakfast for you on the table."

"Thanks mom. You look really good with your hair like that. Say hi to aunt Mary for me." He said sleepily.

I joined my sister for breakfast. She was very upset. She wanted to break our date, to leave early. I asked her what was wrong but she would not say. She said we would talk later and excused herself. I thought about shopping a bit by myself but wasn't in the mood. I decided to go on home.

On the drive home I began to think about Timothy again. I wondered what he did. I wondered what he did as a man. How did he managed to be with girls while working such long hours. I remembered discovering that my husband would stop off at a massage parlor sometimes. I never confronted him but I imagined he was getting a few handjobs or blowjobs on the side. I wondered if maybe Timothy did the same. I didn't know how to approach my own stepson with concerns like this. On one hand he was my son and on the other hand he supported me as a man and I was concerned that he was happy, that his needs were met. I felt confused. I made peace with the thought that he would find a girl and life would take it's natural course.

I arrived home. It was lunchtime, I thought perhaps Timothy would enjoy a Saturday lunch. He was still in his room. I opened his door slowly. He did not hear me enter, I stood frozen and mezmerized, not sure if I should try to sneak back out of the room or apologize for intruding. Timothy lay on the bed, stark naked, legs wide apart, his full hard cock firmly gripped with one hand, squeezing his balls with the other. He made such manly grunting sounds, a deep uh, uh, uh, as massive warm streams of cum shot across his naked belly and onto his bare chest, almost hitting him in the chin. Oh gawd did he look good at that moment. I felt like a tigress in heat. I forgot he was my stepson. I just wanted him to mount me and fuck me.

He turned and looked, "Oh fuck mom, don't you knock." He just got up, got dressed and ran out saying nothing.

I couldn't resist. I knew his source of stimulation was on his computer. I knew it was wrong but I wanted to see. I was a bit surprised at what I found. All the sites he surfed, all the videos and images he masturbated to were MILF sites: Hot Big Tit Milfs, Mom Blows Best, and Sexy Shaved MILFS and Cum on Hot Moms. My stepson fantasized about blowjobs and older women, women my age. I was filled with guilt and lustful thoughts. All that day I felt disturbing desires. I decided to have a glass of wine and just watch a movie on TV to try to take my mind off taboo lustful desires. I thought to myself "You need a man, you need to get laid. Masturbation just isn't doing the trick."

I thought all day about how I would apologize to Timothy, how I would explain to him that I knew it was natural for a man to do that and that I would be respectful of his privacy. I rehearsed it all in my head. I felt really bad that he was embarrassed. After all it was nothing. Should I tell him that I masturbated too? Or would that be uncomfortable?

Timothy came home. I could tell he had been drinking, something he rarely did.

I was concerned, "Are you OK Timmothy? Can we talk?"

" I'm fine mom, nothing to talk about." If you are talking about this morning, forget it, I'm a guy, guys jack off, my step mom walked in on me, big fuckin deal, just forget it. I love you mom. I'm going to my room."

I pleaded softly, "Timothy how about I make you something to eat and you watch a movie with me? OK baby?"

He walked toward his room, "Sure mom just let me get ready for bed. If I fall asleep you can let me sleep on the couch till morning."

I poured a glass of wine and made some popcorn.

Timothy came from the bedroom wearing nothing but his boxer shorts. He made himself comfortable on the couch and gazed at me. I could tell he was a bit intoxicated.

He said "Look at me mom. I saw you looking before. You look at me and I will look at you. Show me your tits, spread your legs for me."

"Timothy you are making me a bit nervous. I told you I was sorry for walking in on you."

Timothy looked away and softly said "I don't want you to be sorry, I want you to want me the way I want you. I want to come home after a hard day's work and get what I need the same as other men.

I've given up my life to work for you, to support us. You said yourself you want to give me what I need." He turned to me with desperate lustful eyes and demanded, "I am a man with needs mom. You are my woman. Give me what I need."

He got up from the couch and abruptly grabbed me turning my body over, lifting up my dress, tearing my underwear. At first I was frightened and then angry, and then excited. I had never been treated this way by any man, I was so turned on I could not think clearly. I only knew I wanted to get fucked hard. I was bent over the arm of the couch, Timothy was rock hard and pushing into me, he was holding me, guiding me by my hair, he was pulling my ass apart and pounding me. He was panting like an angry bull as he pumped my ass.

"Timothy please, please don't cum in me. Let me suck you Timothy, let me satisfy you with my mouth, fuck my mouth Timothy."

He forced me to my knees and fucked my mouth. I saw only lust in his eyes. He grunted and shot his hot white man milk down my throat. I worked hard to swallow it.

He looked at me and said, "Don't think I'll be sorry tomorrow, I won't, tomorrow I will want more, I will want to do it again. That's what I want from you. I want to fuck you when I need to fuck you.

Timothy went into his room and fell asleep on the bed. I took off my clothes and lay beside him. I put my arm around him. I had not felt so warm, so close to Timothy for a very long time. I did not feel angry at all. Our relationship had begun to grow in a new and beautiful way.