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## Late Night Snack

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*Mrs. C's dream cums true*

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Sharon Caldwell hurried home, stumbling slightly on high heels, a bit tipsy from a few drinks at her neighbor's place. She had just finished dinner with her husband and the Kents, the couple next door. It was a fun night, even with Jim Kent trying to slyly flirt with her whenever his wife turned her back. He wasn't unattractive, actually quite handsome, and very successful. Maybe it was his success that made him feel he could hit on any woman that came his way, the arrogant jerk, but even Sharon had to admit the flirting made her feel sexy, which was part of the reason she was heading home.

While Sharon Caldwell was a very attractive 44 year old woman, she rarely felt sexy; being a wife and mother could do that, she supposed. Tonight, however, she felt desire, which was why she left her hubby behind, giving herself some time to get ready. Her husband, Bob, was also acting flirtatious, as he often did when he drank, so she planned on allowing him to have a few more drinks while she got ready. It was a rare treat when her husband took such interest in her, so she needed to take advantage, and since her son was staying out tonight she planned on making noise.

She took a quick shower, made sure to shave her legs and trim her pussy just the way her husband liked, or at least how he used to like it, as sex was rare these days. She re-poofted her auburn locks and slipped into a sexy light blue baby doll. She chose to forgo panties. She checked herself in the mirror, feeling good. The lingerie fit like a glove, the short skirt accentuating her curvy hips and round bottom, and even though she stood only five foot four, her legs seemed to go on for days. She was ready, as evident by her erect nipples protruding against her baby doll.

The 44 year old mom climbed in bed, the silk sheets pulled down so her husband could see all of her when he came in. She lay waiting, assuming he must be headed back soon. She had nearly fallen asleep when he stumbled into the bedroom, very drunk.

"Welcome back, hon," she greeted him, sitting up with the skirt of her baby doll riding up high.

Her husband grumbled something as he sat at the edge of their bed, starting to unbutton his shirt. Sharon moved up behind him, kissing his ear and rubbing his chest. She was quite relieved when he responded, returning her kisses, as she was afraid his merest might have worn off. He turned to her and greedily clawed and kissed at her, while it wasn't the most erotic experience she had ever had, it was at least something.

"Mmmm, yes, baby," she purred, slightly exaggerating her enjoyment.

He shoved into her as she pressed back, trying to elicit some movement in his trousers. It had been too long since she had felt him hard against her, her body pleading.

"Yes, mmmmm yes," she encouraged.

"Hold on, I gotta ahh," he slurred back.

Suddenly he stood up and stumbled to the bathroom. Mrs. Caldwell sat up on her elbows, a little disappointed but eager for her husband to return. She bit her lip and clamped her legs together, she was so wet and just wanted her husband on top of her.

Finally he came stumbling from the bathroom, supporting himself against the wall.

"Get over here, hon," she said, writhing.

He just threw up a finger, trying to tell her to wait. He clambered along the small bedroom sofa and plopped down it. Sharon sat up, her hair falling across her face, panting, nervous.

"Hon?"

"Jusst let me get uhh these shoes off," he mumbled.

She watched, biting her lip, as he struggled with his shoes, not bothering to untie them. Her thighs ever slightly opened and closed, waiting, in dire need of something between them, and quick. He removed the first shoe with a struggle and as the second popped off he fell back in his seat, moaning.

He watched the ceiling as it spun not even knowing where he was or what he was doing. Before either of them knew it, he was asleep.

"Bob? Bob?"

Sharon flopped onto her back, exhaling hard in disappointment. She lay there with an all too familiar feeling. This was not her first time dealing with this, and while she would normally just masturbate to visions of rock hard cock, this time she was too frustrated.

Sharon Caldwell just rolled over to her side of the bed, pulled the silk sheet over herself, and fell asleep to the sounds of her flaccid husband snoring.

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Todd Caldwell and his friend Brian slowly tiptoed through the house. Neither of them planned to be staying at the Caldwells', instead they were supposed to spend the night at a friend's who was throwing a party, but when the party was broken up by the cops they had no other choice. At 19 they were clearly under age so they bailed and headed to Todd's.

Brian was a bit disappointed at the breaking up of the party as he was very close to getting Rebecca Samson up into one of the bedrooms. They had been flirting with each other all night, and why not, they were both very attractive young teenagers. Brian himself was secretly the talk of a lot of the local girls. Having blossomed late his tall and chiseled 6'1" frame was new to him and the girls. His dark hair and light eyes made him quite appealing, and while he was just growing into himself, he was a hunk in the making.

It was two in the morning when Todd and Brian got in, still a bit drunk and laughing at the night's events. After calling their other friend to make sure everything was cool with the cops they headed upstairs. All was quiet as they played video games, chatted about girls and eventually dozed off.

As Brian hadn't planned on spending the night he didn't have anything to wear, nor anything comfortable to sleep on. After tossing and turning on the floor next to his friend's bed he sat up.

"Todd," he whispered.

Todd just snored and rolled over. Brian could not sleep so he decided to look for an extra blanket or pillow, anything to make himself more comfortable. He tried to be quiet as he headed down the hall in the dark, wearing only his jockeys. He knew his way around the Caldwells' home having spent much of his high school years there, although he wasn't sure what would happen if he was caught roaming around the house in his underwear. He quickly checked the linen closets but found only towels, and as he headed back toward his buddy's room he caught a glimpse inside the master bedroom.

The door was cracked open and enough moonlight poured into the room for him to make out a few throw pillows on the floor. Brian knew Mr. And Mrs. Caldwell pretty well but didn't think it was wise to take their pillows in the middle of the night.

But I am so uncomfortable, he thought.

He was pretty sure if he grabbed them and told Todd, Todd would cover for him and tell them that it was him who took the pillows. He decided to sneak in.

He crept inside and saw a small mound in the bed, then noticed Mr. Caldwell sleeping on the couch.

Weird, he thought.

He crept toward the pillows, the floor boards creaking with every step; his heart pounded as he was suddenly struck with fear of being caught. He bent over, grabbed a pillow and picked it up. A bit on edge he heard a noise and turned. Luckily Mr. And Mrs. Caldwell were still asleep, however Mrs. Caldwell had just rolled over. It was a hot night and Mrs. C, as Todd's friends called her, had kicked away her covers.

Holy shit, the young man thought.

Brian knew Mrs. Caldwell liked to workout but did not know how well it paid off. He'd never seen her in such a skimpy outfit, but here she was in a tight little piece of lingerie, and she looked good. The skirt was riding up her smooth thighs and she appeared to be having a very nice dream. She moaned and squirmed; Brian's eyes were locked on her body as she humped and ground into her bed.

He stood transfixed as his friend's mom let out soft moans and began breathing heavier. The scene was so erotic, like nothing the young boy had ever seen, or imagined was possible. The few girls he had been with were often very shy, not willing to be very free and sexual, so Brian had never witnessed a woman reacting the way Mrs. C was. Her ample chest was heaving, her muscles tightening, the young boy was hypnotized.

His cock was rock hard, hard like the cock in Mrs. C's dreams. Her subconscious mind filled with images of raw sex and uncontrollable lust, causing her blood to pump and her physical body to sweat. She instinctively kicked away the covers and squirmed in her bed, trying to free herself of her little nightie.

Brian had dropped the pillow, standing there with his cock bulging in his jockeys, eyes locked on the married woman before him as she squirmed and moaned. In his inexperienced youth he had no idea what was happening, had no idea that Mrs. C was building to a climax, that it was even possible to do so without being touched. Still he watched on, his hand rubbing his big young cock.

His friend's mom was now on her back, arching her chest up, the hem of her baby doll riding higher, teasing the poor young man. He stared between her legs, trying to will the hem down further then, in fear, his eyes darted up to her sleeping husband across the room. What was he doing? This was crazy.

But again he looked down at Mrs. Caldwell. While always an attractive woman, she'd never looked hotter than right now. Panting and moaning, writhing as she dreamed of powerful cock. Without

realizing it Brian had pulled his young cock free and was slowly stroking it.

Suddenly her eyes snapped open and the vision of cock in her dream was replaced with a magnificent cock in the flesh. She stared at this stunning youthful form before her, her blood pumping, too aroused to protest his intrusion, and was overcome with desire as her eyes locked on the big fat cock, sending her over the edge. Poor Brian had no idea what was happening, he just stood there, his cock protruding obscenely from his fist as his friend's mom threw her head back and came.

Her hand instinctively snapped down between her legs, her fingers pressing against her sensitive bud as she exploded in orgasm. Brian watched in awe as her back arched, tits pointed toward the sky. He continued to stroke his steel hard shaft as Mrs. C tried to watch, her eyes fluttering, orgasm taking over but still she tried to watch the Adonis before her stroking his thick manhood.

"Oh my god, fuckk, uhhhhh yesss," she moaned.

Brian thought he must be the one who was dreaming. His friend's mom lay on her bed orgasming. Now too wrapped up in her own glorious climax to keep her eyes on him, she closed them arched her back and moaned. She seemed to levitate as the only parts of her body touching the bed were the tips of her toes, the crescent of her curvy behind, and the back of her head. Brian shot a look at her sleeping husband then back at the MILF. Like in a dream, afraid he would soon awake, he took advantage of the situation while he could.

He stepped forward, sliding his hand to the base of his shaft, and offered his cock to the married woman. She could feel his heat next to her, and as she opened her eyes and turned her head, she came face to face with his beautiful and impossibly hard cock.

Like an old pro she opened her soft lips and captured his fat head in her mouth. She was coming down from an intense orgasm that spanned between dream and reality, but this starved wife was far from done. Rolling to her side she did her best, bobbing her head furiously, unable to believe how stiff this cock was.

And huge too, she thought as her lips stretched and her hand feebly tried to wrap around his shaft.

Brian threw his head back with a strong desire to laugh, scream, run in fear, and explode all at once. He had enjoyed a few sexual encounters in his young 19 years but this was by far the most intense, so intense that he feared cumming right then and there. Perhaps the only thing keeping him from cumming right down Mrs. C's throat was her snoring husband.

"Uhh fuck, Mrs. C, are you sure we should do this?"

With a loud pop she wrenched her lips from his huge teenage cock and looked over her shoulder at her dunk husband.

"Yeah, don't worry, he's out," she said, her fist jerking his slick member.

She turned back around, looking up at the boy with a smile, then diving back onto his cock. Her whole body shook as she rocked back and forth and Brian watched her full tits sway. Again, fearing this wonderful experience might end any minute, he reached out for a feel of his friend's mom's breast. Sharon Caldwell smiled with a mouthful of teenage cock as she remembered fondly the days when young men were so interested in her tits. Once again she yanked his fat head from her wet mouth with a pop.

"Are you a virgin, Brian?"

"Uhhh no, ma'am."

"Good."

With that she dove back down, enjoying her late night snack. It had been too long since she'd been able to enjoy such a hard cock, since she'd felt a lover so eager to enjoy her as well. This eagerness was apparent as the boy snaked his strong fingers through her hair, gripping and pulling her along his shaft. The corners of her wide open mouth curled into a smile as she could feel him enjoying her oral skills.

"Uhhh fuck, Mrs. C," he whispered, still afraid of getting caught.

The mom just smiled as she knew the boy couldn't be too scared as he proceeded to fuck her face with his big cock. Mrs. Caldwell just moaned against his fat young prick as he began forcing his cock deeper into her mouth. She loved his enthusiasm, his desire to be pleased by her, a woman old enough to be his mother, but she was also a bit afraid as he began to pound his cock between her lips.

Gripping her hair he fucked and forced his fat cock against her married throat, causing her to gag and drool, and while this made her married pussy wet, she struggled to breathe. Both of their eyes went wide as his swollen head forced itself into her throat, something he had never felt before, and she not in years.

"Ggaarg ahgg ggwag." Her wanton mouth made obscene noises as drool hung off her chin.

Momentarily possessed, he pounded her throat as if she were being punished for being such a cock hungry MILF; how she enjoyed the punishment. She lay on her side, throat and legs open, rubbing her clit, but as much as Sharon craved this huge piece of meat, she could not take anymore. Her hands pushed against his hips, dislodging his now slick prick from her mouth.

"Huhh, huh, huh," she panted, sniffing and wiping her wet mouth.

She looked up at the boy with intense hunger, still panting. Brian watched her as she rolled over onto her knees and tossed her hair aside.

"You ever taste a woman before, Brian?" she said as she arched her back.

"Uhh, yes, a few times."

"I don't mean girls, have you ever tasted a woman?" she asked as she slid the hem of her baby doll over her ass.

He stood frozen, staring at her big round ass.

"Get behind me, sweetie."

Brian kicked out of his jockeys, threw his knee up on the bed, one foot still on the floor. She looked back at him, looking down at her ass. She smiled to herself.

"I want you to get down there and lick me, sweetie."

He looked up at her, his face bright with excitement as he placed his hands on her sexy hips.

"Mmmmm that's it," she moaned.

Brian dipped his head down and ran the flat of his tongue across her wet slit. Mrs. C shivered.

"Yes, sweetie, keep going," she encouraged as she reached back, took a fistful of his hair and pulled him deeper.

The teenager had little experience with licking pussy but he made up for it with enthusiasm. He pressed his face into the MILF's wet cunt, lapping at her clit as she bucked against him. Pulling his head in, she pressed back hard and he could feel her pussy opening.

"Ohh yes, sweetie, feel me open, mmm, that means I am ready for you." She humped against his face, rolling her hips and enjoying his tongue. "Yes, just a bit more," she panted. She let go of his head and gripped her sheets as the boy buried his nose deeper, fucking her with his tongue. "Yes, sweetie, now get up and fuck me."

Brian pulled away, wiped his mouth of her juices, and still with a knee on the bed and one foot on the floor, took hold of his cock and positioned himself behind her. Mrs. C wiggled her hot waiting ass in front of the boy as he lined up his incredibly rigid cock with her sopping wet pussy. With one hand on his cock and the other on her hip he slammed his young pole deep inside her married hole.

"Ahh fuck, sweetie," she squealed as she lunged forward, his cock sliding out and slapping against his belly.

Brian froze.

"Take it slow, I am not used to your big cock, hon," she said over her shoulder.

"Stay still, let me show you."

The experienced MILF reached back and took hold of his pulsing shaft, lined it up and eased back slowly. Her eyes shut and her mouth hung open as she slowly slid down the boy's length.

Brian's arms remained at his sides, fighting the urge to take hold of Mrs. Caldwell's hips. His fists balled up tight, his forearms rippling with veins as he tried to stay still while she pressed her round ass against him.

"Mmmm yes, this is just what I needed," the MILF confessed as she slid her pussy along his fat eight inch shaft.

Brian looked over nervously at her sleeping husband then back at Mrs. Caldwell who was now looking over her shoulder at him. She was beginning to pant, her mouth hanging open but the corners curled into a wicked grin.

"Uh fuck, you like that, sweetie?" she asked as she watched the stud behind her, his firm body so hot.

His muscles looked as if they were going to rip from his skin as he tensed up. His cock was also rippling, hard like a piece of steel, and she enjoyed easing back and forth on it.

"Yes, Mrs. C, but, oh fuck, you have to be quiet," he answered nervously.

Ignoring him she just continued to ride his hot youthful cock. "Any young sluts fuck you like this?"

"Never."

This encouraged Mrs. Caldwell to push back a bit faster. She pressed her hot mature ass against the boys chiseled hips, impaling herself.

"Fuck yessss!" she blurted out.

Once again the rock hard teen got nervous, his eyes darting to the snoring husband.

"Shhhhhh."

"Oh forget him, hon. Look at him, he's passed out," she said, nodding toward her hubby as she looked back at her stud.

"Still..." he sighed, glancing at Mr. Caldwell.

"Uhh fuck you're so big," the cheating wife moaned.

Brian could barely take it, he opened his clenched fist for a moment, wanting to grab the married woman's hips, but closed them again.

"Come on baby, fuck me."

The young boy was afraid, he had never been more excited in his life, his whole body one hard tight muscle.

"Don't you wanna fuck me," she taunted.

"Uhh, Mrs. C."

"Be a man and fuck me," she continued to taunt, slamming her ass into him.

She watched over her shoulder as he swung his head back, arms extended out, muscles rippling.

"Do it, baby, what ya waiting for?"

She heard the teen roar with animal lust, she watched his hands open up and before she knew it he had gripped her waist and slammed his whole length inside her. Her head snapped forward, her eyes wide with shock as he began to pound her married cunt. Her hands went out from under her, her face crashing into the pillow, allowing her to moan into it as the eager boy began fucking her brains out.

She could not believe the fucking she was receiving, afraid she may have taunted him a bit too much as he pounded her from behind. With his one foot still on the floor, and one knee on the bed the force he was able to deliver a force that astounded the cheating mom, she could feel her ass shake.

He looked down at the hot married woman, tits and face pressed into the bed, her baby doll falling around her chest, her round ass in the air for his enjoyment. With his strong hands he pressed her waist down, her ass rising up further, and pounded her.

He had little style or finesse but he made up for it in power and pace. Mrs. Caldwell couldn't help but imagine what this young man could do when he had a bit more experience, as right now, at his age, he was fucking her so hard and so deep.

If he wasn't so consumed with pounding this MILF he would've been afraid that the sounds of his hips slamming into Mrs. C's ass would wake her husband, or even her son down the hall.

"Ahhhh, this what you wanted, Mrs. C?" he growled through gritted teeth.

She had to peel her face from her pillow, to answer him.

"Uh yes, don't stop."

Brian wished he could comply, he knew he would not last much longer. He had never fucked a MILF, nor in such a naughty situation, and never from behind. He was amazed he'd lasted this long.

While he had received a few blow jobs in his time, he had never cum in a girl's mouth. He watched a lot of porn, as many young men do, and it seemed the girls he knew didn't have the affinity for swallowing cum that the actresses did. He wasn't going to let this chance pass him by.

He felt his orgasm rising, but being young and inexperienced he misjudged the timing. As soon as he pulled his cock from her married pussy, before he could even grab hold, a thick rope of cum exploded from his swollen head and landed all across her lower back and ass.

Mrs. Caldwell felt him abruptly pull out, a bit disappointed as she was so close to cumming, and when she felt his hot load land across her ass, she felt frustrated.

Afraid he might not be able to cum in her mouth he quickly grabbed hold of his shaft with one hand and pinned her waist down with the other. With one foot still on the floor he climbed over her upturned ass toward his target. His firm grip on his cock forced a powerful jet of cum to shoot across the married woman's back, shoulders, hair, and finally splatter on her headboard.

She felt it streak across her and heard it splat on her headboard. She quickly looked up at his thick load making a mess of her bed then felt him climbing over her, and felt more cum hit her back and shoulders. He just kept cumming; she marveled at how virile her hot stud was. When she felt him grab her arm and spin her around, she made to turn, feeling more hot cum searing the skin across her back, arm and neck. She looked back confused.

"Hon, what are..." she began as she tried to turn and scold the young man.

Before she could finish she was surprised as another big load erupted from his cock, hit her in the nose and splattered her face. She flinched and gasped in surprise as the thick salvo made a huge mess of her, catching her off guard; the shock and perverse nature of this young kid plastering her face was enough to send her overboard.

"Uhh, fuck Mrs. C," he howled.

He had always cum a lot, but this was ridiculous as he let go ropes of cum all over his friend's mom.

She too came hard feeling another thick blast across her face, blowing back her bangs, and she heard another splat on her headboard. With her eyes nearly plastered shut, she was panting, trying to lick up his seed.

Brian took the opportunity to press his cock to her open lips. He let go more cum inside her mouth, finally achieving his goal as she shook below him orgasming for the second time.

She could not believe how much he had cum as he fired more shots down her throat. She lay on the bed, still on her stomach, half turned around, afraid of laying on her back and getting cum all over her bed. She felt cum all over her ass and back; it plastered her hair and headboard, dripped from her arms and shoulders, soaked into her pillow and ran all down her face.

Brian straddled her face, his body finally relaxed. He let go of his cock, handing it off to the MILF who squeezed the last drip of cum into her mouth. Out of breath he watched this incredible mature woman

below him. She looked back up, peering through cum covered lashes.

"Fuck, I needed that," she said.