Snow Is Also Fun For Adults

By fjdjf54

Published on Lush Stories on 11 Apr 2013

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/milf/snow-is-also-fun-for-adults.aspx

I was sick of the game. I was sick of playing it cool, then acting interested, then dancing around for a week or two, it never fucking ended, and rarely ended in fucking. Girls my age just weren't mature enough. Or maybe I wasn't mature enough to play that game with them. I don't know. But what I do know is I was sick of it. The answer was relatively simple: MILFs. A hot older woman who knew what she wanted and wouldn't mince words. Someone I could just come on to without having to play the game. Now I just had to find one. But sometimes, when you're not looking, what you want will find you.

We were done with college for the semester. It was winter break. I was back at home, happy to be sleeping in my bed. I had no responsibilities, I could sleep in. I didn't have a care in the world. Then the snow storm hit. It was a fucking blizzard. For two days my family was trapped inside our house. Power was cut, wind was swirling, snow was piling up everywhere. Finally, on the third day, it stopped.

Snow piled up for feet outside our doors, almost up to the windows. The sun was shining brightly now, but the temperature was still in the low 30's (or close to 0 for you Centigrade people). This shit was not going to melt for a while. Being the only male in the house, it was my responsibility to get rid of the snow. At my mother's direction, I climbed out the window and sunk about three feet deep into the powdery white blanket that covered the entire town. Collecting my shovel, I started working, first making a narrow path to my door, then clearing it out to allow my family to enter and exit at will. I was looking forward to entering my warm house, taking a hot shower and having a bowl of soup to warm up, but I apparently wasn't quite done yet.

My mother pointed me in the direction of my next door neighbor's house. Nathalie was 41 and her husband was always out of town. She was alone and there was no way she would be able to get out of her house by herself. I made another narrow path over to her and started to dig.

Normally, I'd be pissed off that I had to clear out some one else's house, but Nathalie was different. At 41, she still could have passed for 25. Her tits were still high and firm. Her stomach was thin and taut. During summer when she tanned in her bikini, it was a sight to behold. Her eyes still sparkled with youthful exuberance. Her face was that of a model. She could pull of the soccer mom look or go

for drop-dead gorgeous when she wanted to turn on the charm. She was, simply put, stunning. So, naturally, I had little problem doing a favor for her.

She looked out her window and smiled brightly at me, silently thanking me for clearing out the sidewalk and the steps. It took a few hours, but when all was said and done her sidewalk, steps, and driveway, as well as mine, were all clear of snow. Almost as soon as I was finished she opened the door, wrapped in a heavy winter jacket and invited me in to thank me with a cup of hot chocolate.

“You must be freezing working out there for hours at a time. The least I could do is get you a nice cup of hot chocolate, maybe cook you a hot meal. Please, come in.”

“That’d be great. Thanks.”

I walked through the open door, which she quickly closed behind her to block the chill from entering the house. The warmth seeped into my skin, melting the cold away, making me feel human again. I took off my coat and hung it on the rack, becoming much more comfortable. Nathalie did the same, taking off her coat, revealing that she was still in her sleeping clothes, which consisted of a long t-shirt with a low neckline and comfortable looking capri flannel pants. While the outfit itself might not have been the sexiest thing in the world, she wore it very well. The neckline swooped low enough that it showed some of her glorious cleavage. She also looked so comfortable in her own skin that she carried an air of confidence around her.

“I’ll go get you that drink now. You can wait in the kitchen if you like.”

Agreeing, I followed her into the kitchen, sitting down at the table as she prepared my hot chocolate. Had I not known, I never would have guessed her to be 41. She had such a spring in her step as she moved effortlessly around her kitchen. I don’t know if she meant to, but she was affording me several fantastic looks at her ass. She would bend low or reach up high to get a cup or an ingredient. She was simply stunning.

Ass he bounced about the kitchen, she seemed to be going through a lot of extra effort to make this particular cup of hot chocolate delicious. I’m used to Swiss Miss packets. She was making it from fresh chocolate. Grinding it up, heating it up, adding some milk and cooking it on the stove. Her stirring wasn’t like normal stirring either. As the spoon moved around the pot, so did her body. With each rotation of the spoon she looked like she was dancing around a pole. I let out an involuntary groan, causing her to look over her shoulder at me. Her face morphed from “soccer-mom cute” to “was that for little ol’ me?” to “come fuck me stud.” Then she turned back around to continue her stirring. She took the spoon from the pot and inspected the consistency. Holding it in both hands, she took a long, slow lick, running her tongue over the chocolate coating on the spoon. “Perrrfect.”

She turned with my hot chocolate, complete with marshmallows floating in the drink, and sat down with me at the table as she placed the drink on the table in front of me. I took off my gloves and wrapped my hands around it, feeling the warmth spread through my hands. I lifted the mug to take a sip and felt the warmth spread through my core as I swallowed a sip. “It’s perfect. Thank you so much.”

“No trouble at all.” She lifted my gloves, feeling them. “These are so wet, your hands must have been frozen out there. Let me throw these in the dryer for a cycle.” She stood up from the table, making her breasts jiggle slightly, then walked towards the washer-dryer, only one room away. Naturally, I turned to watch her ass as she went. I could have been wrong, but I think there was a little bit of an extra sway to her step.

I had a feeling this might end up being more than hot chocolate. Getting warm now, and not just from my hot drink, I began to remove more of my layers of clothing. By the time Nathalie got back, I was wearing just a long-sleeved t-shirt and my jeans. “Sorry to make you go for an extra trip, but these might need to be washed and dried as well.”

She smiled at me, mischief sparkling in her eyes. “Of course.” I followed her to the laundry room, leaving my drink on the table. As she opened the top loading machine, I pressed up against her, my hard cock against her tight ass. I felt her grind back against me.

Quickly I removed my shirt. “I think this might need washing too.”

“Just toss it in.” I pressed my body against her, now shirtless. “Why are you shirtless and alone with a married woman?” Her voice was harsh, biting.

“Because we both know you want this. Besides, do you really think a cup of hot chocolate is enough of a thank you for all of that long, hard work?”

“Yes, and I’m doing you’re laundry for you. Stop this.”

She was starting to lose her edge, the desire was evident in her voice. I let my hand snake around her and dropped my shirt into the washing machine. I dropped my hand to her side and ran it up her body, cupping one of her breasts through her shirt.

“Wha…What are you doing? I’m a m-married woman?” Her voice wavered as she tried to continue to object, tried to continue to fend me off.

I kissed the side of her neck, planting kisses. She moved aside trying to push me away, but I was having none of it. I knew she wanted this as much as I did. I continued along her neck as I worked my way up to her ear. I nibbled on it softly, then whispered huskily, “Your husband’s out of town, he’s always out of town. You need some…company.”

“Some company would much appreciated, but…” She turned around and lifted her hand to run it down my chest and abs. “But…we can’t. We just can’t.” Her voice tailed off at the end, there was no conviction in her words.

I stood there, my crotch pressed against hers. I easily lifted her onto the washing machine and closed the gap between us. I leaned in close and planted a kiss on her. Soft and gentle, but hinting at something more. “My husband –”

I cut her off. “– isn’t here. I am.” I kissed her again, her arms wrapping around my neck as my tongue snaked into her mouth. She moaned headily as her tongue began to play with mine. I backed off one more time to see if she had any more objections.

She looked into my eyes. With one half-assed last attempt she said, “We really shouldn’t.”

“You’re right. We shouldn’t. But we will.”

This time, she didn’t hesitate in the least. She didn’t initiate the kiss, but damn, did she participate in it. As soon as our lips met, she parted them with her tongue, kissing me fiercely, pushing her tongue into my mouth. My hands roamed her body as hers stayed locked behind my neck, holding me close to her. I felt her every curve over her shirt, then broke the kiss and her hold on me momentarily to rid her of that cumbersome shirt. Her braless breasts stared back at me. I smiled lasciviously. This time, she did initiate the kiss. She pulled me back towards her, mashing her lips against mine, pressing her body against me. She wrapped her legs around my waist even as she sat on the washing machine. Unable to reach her breasts, I occupied my hands with her back, feeling every inch of perfect skin. I ran my hands down her back to her ass, slipping my hands under her waistband and cupping her round ass cheeks. She moaned lustily in my mouth as she backed away from me slightly, allowing me to lean down and attach my lips to her nipple. My hands still on her ass, I licked and sucked around her breasts, closing on hard nipples, taking them into my mouth. She grasped my hair with both hands and pressed me closer to her breasts, moaning and groaning.

I freed one hand from her ass and took one of her hands from my head, guiding it to my hard cock. With one finger tip, she softly traced the outline my cock made in my jeans. Then, with practiced ease that only comes from experience, she popped the button and lowered the zipper, causing my jeans to fall to the floor. Through my boxers, she gripped my hard cock softly stroking it. I bit down on her

nipple, then abandoned her breasts and tugged her pants off her body, relishing in the fact that she wasn't wearing any panties.

I removed her hand from my cock and pulled my boxers down. I slotted my cock at her entrance, but she stopped me. "No, no, don't. I can't cheat on my husb-"

Her objection died on her lips as the washing machine went into its spin cycle, cutting her off and sending her bouncing up and down, her pussy rubbing on the metal as it vibrated underneath her. Getting hornier and more turned on by the second she reached for my cock. I moved towards her and she pressed my cock against her pussy, shivering as she closed in on her orgasm.

"Just fuck me already!"

Grinning, I slid my cock inside her and started slamming in and out of her pussy as she rode the wave of her pending orgasm higher and higher. Seeing how close she was I reached down to rub her clit as I leaned lower to bite softly on her nipple.

"Fuck me, I'm about to cum. Fuck me, make me cum with your cock inside me!"

The sensations were just too much for her and she detonated into orgasm. Screaming loudly into the laundry room, her juices flowed out onto my hard cock as I continued to pound into her.

Gaining her strength back she wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my back, pulling her body closer to mine. Placing a hand on each ass cheek, I easily lifted her and moved us into the living room where I lay her softly on the couch. Again, I began to move inside her, fucking her from above as we lay in the missionary position. Still flexible, I took her legs and put them over my shoulders as I drove down into her again and again, slamming my cock into her drenched pussy. Almost bending her in half, I reach down to grab a tit in each hand, using them for leverage as I removed my cock fully, then rammed it back home. Our bodies started to shine with a thin sheen of sweat. The noises of her soft moans, skin slapping skin and my cock spearing into her wet pussy again and again filled the air. The room stank of sex. Still I plowed on, determined to make her cum again before I came inside her. Breaking my silence I moaned out to her, "Rub your clit for me. I want you to cum again."

"I'm close, keep fucking me. Yea, just like that, harder, harder, fuck I love young cock! Fuck me, pinch my nipples, make me fucking scream!"

I slammed into her harder, bending her over so her knees were almost on either side of her head. I felt her fingers rub up against my cock as she rubbed her clit, starting slow, the rubbing frantically, in

a desperate effort to cum. I released my strong hold on her tits and focused on her nipples, pinching them alternately, pulling them and letting her tits bounce back to their natural form.

Her voice went louder and higher on each thrust. Moaning for me to never stop, telling me to keep fucking her pussy, screaming to the ceiling as she approached her orgasm.

“Cum with me. Cum inside my fucking pussy. Hose me down, cum for me you young stud. Fucking CUUUUMMMM!”

Her pussy spasmed around my cock and I was powerless to hold back my climax anymore. Of its own accord, my hips lurched forwards, burying my cock to the root inside Nathalie’s pussy as my cum sprayed deep into her recesses. Over and over, ropes of cum shot from my cock, flooding her pussy even as she moaned loudly and drenched my cock with her own cum.

I fell backwards, my weight no longer bending her in half. Seemingly energized my her monstrous orgasm, Nathalie attacked me, instantly taking my softening cock into her mouth. She slurped it in, sucking on it heavily. Soon enough, it began to harden. Taking over with her hand, she let my cock slip out of her mouth. “Mmmm, another reason I love young cocks. Always ready for round two, or three, or four.” What a turn around from reserved and unwanting to pouncing on my cock. I fucking love MILFs.

Stuffing my cock back in her mouth, she began to bob her head up and down, easily taking my entire length into her mouth, the head slipping in and out of her throat. She moaned at our combined taste, eagerly sucking and licking our juices off. Slowly, she backed off my cock, taking me out of her throat, then lifting until just the head was in her mouth. After laving around it for a few seconds she backed off completely. Nathalie looked up at me, her eyes shining as she wrapped her breasts around my cock, gently tit fucking me.

“You have two choice right now, Stud. Choice one, I suck you off right now, letting you cum in my mouth and all over my tits,” she took a long lick at my cock then said, “and then fuck my ass. Or, you can fuck my ass now, then I’ll blow you until you cum down my throat and all over my tits.”

She looked up at me, her round tits still enveloping my cock, as she waited for my decision. “Suck me baby, I wanna cum down your throat, all over your face and all over those sexy tits.”

She began to bounce her tits, taking the head of my cock back into her mouth, sucking it, wrapping her tongue around it every time it appeared. Her tits left my cock as she started to move deeper, slowly taking every inch of me until I was buried in her mouth and throat. I saw her hand snake under her body. One hand pinching her nipples back and forth, switching from right to left, the other

between her legs. As she fingered her pussy and rubbed her clit, she moaned on my cock. Deep in her throat, the moan vibrated deliciously around my hard shaft. Smiling around my shaft and looking up at me, Nathalie maintained eye contact as she began to bob her head. Slowly at first, then building speed. She took me into her throat with ease even as her fingers worked furiously in her pussy. I placed my hand on her head, guiding her at first, then pressing her down onto my cock as I thrust upwards at her. Fucking her face, she gladly took it all, not even gagging as my cock entered her throat again and again.

Once again the room filled with noises. Her fingers working her sopping wet pussy, her moans muted by my cock filling her mouth, and lastly, the delicious sound of this naughty MILF happily slurping and drooling all over my cock as she continued her professional-grade blowjob. As if desperate for my cum, one of her hands gently cupped my balls as her lips and tongue continued to massage my shaft. She began rolling them around in her hands as she looked up at me. Pure lust and desire were etched on her face. She backed off my cock, but kept her hands on my balls. She dragged one finger from my balls, up the shaft of my cock, running just the well manicured fingernail up the full length. I shuddered in the unexpected pleasure. Following her fingernail, she licked along the exact same path, then bathed the tip of my cock with her tongue. “Hurry up and cum, stud. I want this monster cock in my tight ass.” She sunk back down to the root of my cock, taking every inch inside her throat and began humming, sending vibrations of pleasure through me. I was done. I held her head against the base of my cock and blasted rope after rope of my cum. Greedily she drank it all down, not missing a drop.

Exhausted from my epic cum, I slumped back on the couch, my cock gradually shrinking as she gulped down the remnants of my cum. “You better not be tired, I still have one more hole for you to fill.”

Apparently energized by sex, she slurped my half-hard cock into her mouth and started sucking me again. This time, not to make me cum, but to get me to peak hardness. She licked up my length, then up my body. Her naked form lay on top of mine, her hand still slowly stroking my cock. She brought both hands up my chest slowly, then placed them on either side of my head. My cock was nestled between her wet pussy lips, as she sexily slid up my body.

“Does this body turn you on? You want nothing more than to fuck this hot, slut of a MILF, right? You want your cock in my ass, baby?”

Her tits dragged against my chest as her lips kissed my neck and over to my ear. “Get hard for me, I want this big fucking cock in my ass.”

It didn’t take long for me to get hard as diamond.

“Mmmm, that’s what I want. Nice and hard against my clit.” She ground against me, rubbing my cock head against her pussy lips and clit, then reaching below her and grasping the shaft. “But that’s not where I want it right now.”

She sat up on me and directed my cock to her ass. Slowly, she sank down, impaling herself on my hard cock.

“Fuck, I’ve never been so fucking full.”

She started to grind on me, carving my cock inside her ass. I was only able to look up at her in amazement as her body gyrated in the form of the most exotic lap dance I could ever hope to see. Suddenly she stopped, leaned down and kissed me hard. She backed off, staring deep into my eyes. She placed my hands on her ass. “Ready studly? You might want to hold on for this.” Like a fucking Corvette, she shot from 0 to 60 in no time flat. She started wildly bouncing on top of me, her hair flying all over, her tits bouncing up and down. One hand was pinching her nipples, the other had three fingers stuffed in her juicing pussy. Over and over she bounced on my cock, her head thrown back, moaning unintelligible words.

“Fuuuuuuucck! I’m gonna cum, gonna cum! I’m fucking cumming with your cock in my ass!”

She tightened up as she came, her ass squeezing around my cock, my eyes glued to her O face. “Cum for me!”

I couldn’t refuse. My hips lifted into her body, sending my cock another half inch inside her, prolonging her orgasm as mine flooded her ass. Both of us were wiped. My cock still pulsing inside her, she collapsed onto me, her sweaty body against mine. Short of breath, she was barely able to gasp out, “I’ve…never…cum…so…hard…in…my…life.”

We lay there for a few minutes, catching our respective breaths. “Any time it snows, please, feel free to clear out my driveway.”

Luckily for me, it was a pretty snowy winter.

As always, vote, comment, message me. You guys should know the drill by now.