

My Stepmother dream

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I writing about a fantasy that I have had for sometime now. I thought that it might be fun for others to read so please read below and let me know what you think. This story is about my “step mother” or as my siblings and I call her my dads wife. My parents were divorced about 20 years ago or so and my father remarried not to long afterwards. He married a woman about his same age and we will call her Florence for this story. When I met Florence about 20 years ago she was a very quiet woman who back then was not to bad looking for a woman in her late 40’s but as time when on I could tell we didn’t see to many things eye to eye. We never really hit it off and none of my brothers or sisters became very close with her ether. My father and “his wife” live a few miles down the road from me and I see them often. It was a few year back that I started having these feelings. We were invited to one of her family reunions and my wife and I showed up only as moral support for my father. We entered the house and said hello to everyone and I slid back into a corner while my wife went about her way chatting to everyone. I was standing there when Florence came up to me and very much out of charter gave me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek saying that she was glad that I had been able to make it. Well at the moment I didn’t think much about it, but as she moved around the house I found myself watching her and the smell of her perfume stuck with me. The party passed and we went home but that night in bed I found myself thinking about the hug and the kiss and I started to get hard. Years passed and I always find myself looking at her now but with different eyes. You see Florence is now 69 years old with graying hair. My father passed away about a year ago and Florence still lives in the house up the road. She often calls when she needs help and I will run up the road and help her out. And this is where it all starts. One night Florence calls and asks if I could help with the water system. The power had gone out and the pump was not working. I showed up and got the pump hooked up to the generator so she could have some water. She was very thankful and gave me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. This brought back the memory and it didn’t take long before I started feeling something growing inside my pants. I tried to put the thought out of my mind but they kept coming back. It was very dark in the house with the lights being out so I offered to light some candles for her. Florence got some candles and we went about the house lighting them so she could see to get around. When we were all done I said that I should be getting back home because it was late and she asked if I could stay a while longer because she hated being there all alone in the dark. I was glad that she had asked me to stay because I really didn’t want to leave and she gave me the perfect excuse. I told her that I would be happy to hang out for a while and asked if she wanted to do

anything special. She asked if I would help her go pick up her mail because she didn't go down there during the storm. My father and she lived down a very long driveway surrounded by trees. As we were walking down the driveway she almost tripped and I grabbed her to steady her. I told her that I had better hang on to her because it was so dark and I didn't want her to trip. So I put my arm around her waist and she put her arm around mine. We walked in silence to the end of the driveway the entire time my mind was racing and I was glad it was so dark so she could not see what was happening in my pants. We got to the box and she retrieved her mail and we started to walk back and she reached out and took my hand. We walked a few steps and she let go of my hand and put her arm around me and said "I liked it better this way" so I wrapped my arm around her and I pulled her tight to me, she gave a little sigh and gripped me tightly also. We get back up to the house and as I open the door she turned toward my and we were face to face. That's when it happened I don't know if I leaned in to kiss her or she leaned in and kissed me, but as soon as it happened she drew back and apologized. She said I am sorry that was just out of habit. I told her that she didn't need to apologize that I enjoyed it and we went inside. As we walked inside we were still holding hands and I didn't want to let go and I don't think she did either. We sat down on the couch and she placed the mail on the table. She then leaned back on the couch and asked me what I had meant when I said I enjoyed the little kiss. I told Florence that I thought that she was a very attractive women and want man would not enjoy being kissed by an attractive women. She then asked how I could find a "gray 69 year old women" attractive. I didn't know what to say. I just told her that I thought that she was very attractive and that I had thought so for many years. It was at that point that I figured that I had just shot my self in the foot. But I was wrong she reached out and took my hand into hers and stroked my arm and said "thank you its been a long time since she had heard that from a man". So there I sat. On the couch holding hands with a woman that I have had very lustful thought of for many years. We sat there for what seemed like hours not saying a word but it was only moments. I decided that sitting here in the dark might be the only chance I get to see what her feelings were. I pulled my hand away from her and put it around her and pulled her close to me. At first she didn't move easy, but she never resisted then she half stood up and almost sat on my lap. As she slid in next to me she looked up at me and I pulled her face close to me and I gave her the slightest little kiss to see what her reaction would be. Her reaction was what I had longed for and she smiled and leaned in and we kissed a real kiss for the first time. Her lips were so soft and warm and our tongues danced with each other. I had not made out with a woman like this since college and it seemed like we were kissing and petting each other for hours. Finally we both came up for air and she asked me if I knew what I was doing to her. I told her that I did and that I had longed to do it for a very long time. She told me that what we were doing is wrong and that we shouldn't do it but she never pulled away. I pulled her close to me again and started kissing her neck. Florence leaned her head back and just moaned. I brought my hand up from her waist and lightly touched her breast. I could feel through her shirt that her nipples were getting hard and slowly kneaded her breast. Seeing no resistance I started to unbutton her blouse. Her breasts were old but fit nicely in her bra. I reached around and undid the clasp and finally I was holding her breasts in my bare hands. I lifted the bra out of the way and instantly took one of her

nipples into my wanting mouth. My tongue danced on her nipples first one then the other sucking them into my mouth and teasing the nipple with my tongue. Florence responded by grabbing my head and pulling it tight into her. I pulled away and slipped her shirt and bra off. At this point we were both panting like animals. Florence stood up and took me by the hand and walked me to her bedroom. As we entered the bed room she pulled my shirt off and I was pulling her pants down I then got to my knees and helped her take her shoes off slip out of her pants. She was wearing the typical old lady underwear but I could smell her through them I leaned in and kissed her and I could tell that they were wet, she wanted this as bad as I did. Her pussy was very hair and I could feel it through her panties. I reached up and pulled them down and saw for the first time the object of my desire. I pulled her close to me and kissed her hair mound. Her odor was over whelming me. By this time the budge in my pants was starting to hurt it needed freedom. I stood up and took her hand and placed it on my swelling cock. It was like a bloodlust took her over. She started pulling at my pants trying to get the buttons undone. Once off she took my cock in both hands and stroked it as she leaned in and kissed me. I pulled her to the bed and sat on the edge. She stood before me and no words needed to be said. Florence got down on her knees and started kissing the head of my cock and then stuffed it into her mouth. I could tell that this woman was hungry for cock. She sucked it in and out until I couldn't take it any longer. I pulled her up and onto the bed. I started sucking her tits and worked my way down to her waiting cunt which by this time was dripping wet. My tongue dance around her lips and clit and we both were wild with lust. She gripped my shoulders and started pulling me up I knew she wanted my inside her and I wanted in her also. I was on my knees, between her legs looking down at this woman that I had wanted for so long, my step mother was about become mine. I lowered my body onto her and I felt the head of my cock touch her wet pussy lips. It didn't take but a second for my cock to slide into her. Her pussy felt so wet and warm and I knew that I would not be able to last very long. I started thrusting in and out of her and our tongues danced in each other mouths. I arched my back and told her I was going to cum. She said " oh god yes cum inside of me, I want your cum in me" a couple more thrusts and I shot my load into her. It felt so good cuming in her. I pulled my wet dripping cock out of her and rubbed it against her swollen clit until she also cummed . I then rolled off of her and held her in my arms and kissed a very passionate kiss. I told her about how long I had wanted her and how that day at the family reunion years ago started my feelings for her. As we laid in bed she asked if this was going to be one time thing or was this something she could count on. I told her that she could count on it and we started all over again.