

# Meet Me In the Park

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*A MILF story about an encounter in the park, but with a twist*

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I usually don't meet people off line, but after several hot chats with this charming young man, he convinced me it was about time I spent a little less time on the net talking about my fantasies and a little more time on my back fulfilling them. We had been talking about my fantasy of meeting someone at a nearby State Park and spending the afternoon making love in the grass of a secluded little valley I know; and since he lived only thirty miles from there and was very much into older women, he would be more than happy to help a lady old enough to be his mom fulfill her fantasy. He had the following Friday off, so we agreed to meet at the park around noon. When I arrived at the parking area, I stripped off the t-shirt I had worn to work and reached under the seat to get the red silk blouse I had hidden there earlier. As I did so, I toyed with the idea taking off my bra and greeting him topless, but my luck, it would be the wrong guy. Besides, I wore this bra for his enjoyment and, with any luck, it would come off soon enough. Once I was dressed for the occasion and my hair and makeup were done, I checked myself out in the mirror. I had worn my tapered leg "flirting jeans" that fit my soft curves just right, and my blouse was unbuttoned to show just enough of my ample cleavage to make the guys want to see more. Satisfied that I looked good, I sat in the car and waited. After a few minutes, a blue Camaro pulled up and parked beside me in the otherwise deserted parking area. I went over greet him, bending over to give him a good look down my blouse as he sat in his car; and as our eyes met for the first time, the look of nervous anticipation on his very familiar face turned to broad smile while my jaw dropped. "Eric???" "Well hello, Pat. I can't believe its really you. Your profile sounded like you and I had fantasized that I would be meeting you here, but I never dared hope that I really would be." My head swirled as I struggled for something to say. After all the build-up, the anticipation of a wild afternoon in the park, I discover that the charming young man I've been teasing was a friend of my oldest son and I had known him most of his life!! It was a possibility I was completely unprepared for and I didn't know what to do. "Ummm .... I don't know, Eric. This seems a little awkward." "Nonsense, Pat. Would you really rather it be with a total stranger?" "Well, no, but ....." "No buts, Pat. Just relax and enjoy it." Of course, his logic was simple and undeniable: Why was it that the mere fact that I had watched him grow up somehow made it more acceptable for me to do it with a virtual stranger than with someone I'd know for almost thirty years? In a way, he reminded me of another old friend whose understanding and simple logic had put things into perspective for me

many times. I wondered what Jamie would tell me now; deeply regretting that I had let my own doubts and fears get the better of me and sent him out of my life rather than admit what my true feelings for him were. Would I be making the same mistake if I walked away from this? When I really thought about it, Jamie was very open minded sexually, so I had a pretty good idea about what he would say; so while I still felt a little funny about it, I nervously bit my lip and decided to explore the situation a little further and see where it goes. "So the fact that I'm your friend's mom doesn't bother you?" "I've always thought you were hot. In fact you're probably the main reason I'm into older women. I probably would have fantasized it was you anyway, and getting the real thing just makes it that much better. Today my wildest dreams are coming true." Blushing, "Yeah, right. Get serious." "I'm totally serious; and I wasn't the only one. Of course, we weren't going to tell Mike we were all checking out his mom, but all the guys thought you had the best ass in town. Walk over to that tree, let's see if you still look as good as I remember." Feeling a little better, and emboldened by the thought of all these young bucks drooling over me, I walked over to a tree across the road and back, swaying my hips as I walked to make sure I put on a good show for him. "Damn, Pat," he calls after me. "You still have a body that puts a lot of 20 year-olds to shame." When I returned to him, he pulled me close and looked deep into my eyes saying, "I've wanted to fuck you since I was 16, and I now I will finally have the chance to explore every pleasure your body has to offer after dreaming about it for 20 years." Then he leaned down and kissed me with a passion I haven't felt in years. I was still unsure, but as our tongues intertwined, the passion rose within me and I felt my misgivings crumbling like a sandcastle in the swirling waves of raw lust. Catching my breath as the kiss ended, I looked up at him, "Well, Eric, it looks like we are both going to fulfill a long time fantasy today." Grabbing the blanket out of the car, we start walking down the path to the amphitheater. The sun is shining and the sound of the birds and the wind in the trees make for a perfect afternoon to fulfill my fantasy. I look at the bleachers and imagine the two of us performing on the stage while a group of people watches, cheering us on. I blush a little at that thought; but at the same time, it sounds very exciting. We laid out the blanket and I hesitate, nervously. "What happens if we get caught?" "The risk of getting caught just makes it that much more exciting, don't you think? Besides, you DID say you wanted to be spit roasted by two guys ... Maybe we could invite the ranger to join in." Blushing, "Did I tell you that???" "It was in your profile, Pat." "What else was in my profile that turned you on?" "The part about you lying on your back holding your breasts together so I can fuck them and your mouth at the same time. That definitely sounds like something I'd like to try; especially now that I know it's really you." My mouth goes dry at the thought, but other parts are definitely not. Moving to meet him at the center of the blanket, I looked up at him expectantly. He holds me tight, bending down to give me another deep, lingering kiss. His hands roam freely over my back and my buns as I reach down to rub his hard cock through his pants. Then he steps back a little so he can reach between us, and starts slowly unbuttoning my blouse, savoring each inch of soft flesh as it comes into view. When he reaches the last button, he slips the blouse off, revealing the lacy black under wire bra that shows off my cleavage to its best advantage. He gently caresses my breasts before sliding the straps off my shoulders; then slides his hands down to my breasts, cupping them in his hands as he pushes the fabric out of the way to reveal them in all their

glory. He squeezes the soft flesh, gently teasing my nipples with his fingers before he slowly follows the straps back to undo the hooks. After slipping off my bra and tossing it aside, he steps back for a better look and just seems mesmerized by the sight of me standing there topless. "What's the matter, Eric? You've never seen a woman's boobs before?" I ask, teasingly. "You don't know how many times I have tried to get a good look down your shirt. I've spent years dreaming of this moment." "So was it worth the wait?" "Absolutely, Pat. Your body is even more beautiful than I imagined. Looking at you, it's hard to believe you've ever had children." "Well, they're not as firm and nice as they used to be, but they're big and soft, just right for putting your cock between them, with very sensitive nipples. Treat my nipples just right and I'll be your slave for the night." "Hmmm ... That sounds promising." He massages my full breasts in his hands, my nipples hardening at his touch as he strokes them with his fingers, then rolls them between his thumb and fingers while gently pulling out at the same time, getting a deep moan of pleasure from me. He then takes my breasts in his hands and pulls them upward to his mouth, sucking and licking on my nipples. After a few minutes, I tilt my head down to join him, both of us sucking and licking on my nipples. After our tongues intertwine a few ... too many ... times, he moves up for another breath-stealing kiss. As we remain locked in this passionate embrace, I feel his hand move down to open the front of my jeans. I turn my body a little to give him easier access as he slides his hand inside my panties, a jolt running through my body as his probing fingers find my swollen clit. I melt breathlessly into his arms, consumed with passion as he slides his hand farther, slipping a finger deep inside me as he gently rubs my clit with his thumb; bringing me wave after wave of pleasure. When he sees that I am about to climax, he moves his hands back to my head, tilting my face up to meet him as he first kisses my lips, then slowly kisses and nibbles his way down to my waist. He is in no hurry and kneels before me for several long moments, letting the anticipation build before he slowly pulls my jeans down around my ankles. Leaning against him for support, I lift my feet so he can remove my shoes and socks, and finally, my jeans. Still in no hurry, he reaches up and kneads my breasts in his hands as he kisses and nibbles along my panty line. Then he gently glides his hands down my sides, sending an electric shock through my body as he does so, before slowly pulling down my panties; leaving me totally naked to his eye's caress. Looking him over as he looks me over, "You know, you look terribly over dressed." He stands straight up and answers defiantly, "So, what are YOU going to do about it, Pat?" "Well ..." I answer, as I begin unbuttoning his shirt. Reaching the last button, I slide the shirt off his shoulders, and then lift my hands and slowly caress his chest with my palms – feeling the texture of the hair and the hardness of his nipples. Then moving closer, I hold my breasts up to rub my nipples against his, to his obvious pleasure. He then takes my breasts in his hands and pulls them upward to his mouth, sucking and licking on my nipples as I begin to undo his belt. "You like playing with my boobs, Eric?" Still massaging them in his hands as he looks up, "Oh yes. I like everything I'm seeing. You have a fantastic body, Pat." Having undone his pants, I move up to kiss him passionately, and then slowly move down to a kneeling position, licking and kissing my way down to his waist. Reaching my knees, I slowly pull his pants down around his ankles and then begin to teasingly kiss and rub his hard cock through his shorts. As I slowly pull down his shorts, I begin licking up and down the length of his cock;

getting a deep groan of pleasure from him. Then cupping his balls in one hand, I wrap the other around his thick shaft and start licking and sucking on the head of his cock, then slowly work my way down his swollen shaft to his balls. Teasingly, I gently lick them for a few minutes before beginning a slow ascent back up to the top. Reaching the top, I flick my tongue over the tip and circle the head with my tongue before taking his cock deep into my mouth, sucking and licking as my lips ride up and down the length of his stiff manhood. After riding my lips up and down the length a few times, I move upward slightly and squeeze his cock between my soft breasts, rubbing it between them and licking and sucking the head as it comes into view. It doesn't take long before finally fulfilling one of his fondest fantasies combined with the pleasures of my amorous attentions prove too much for him and his cock explodes, shooting stream after stream of hot cum into the air, landing on my breasts. I lick his cock clean and he sits down to watch as I lick his come off my breasts. He lies back on the blanket as I move to join him. We lay together, sharing a deep lingering kiss as our hands explore each other's bodies. Then he rolls me over on my back and moves over me, kissing me first on the lips, then moving slowly down my throat to my hard nipples. There, he stops to caress my soft flesh, sucking and nibbling my nipples as I moan with pleasure. When he decides he's sucked my nipples enough, he starts kissing and nibbling his way down my body. I spread my legs wide to give him easy access to my most sensitive parts as he moves his head down between my thighs. I moan and squirm in ecstasy as he begins to lick up and down the length of my outer lips, swirling his tongue around my clit when he reaches the top, before he slides his tongue into me like a small flexible cock, then licks some more; all the while gently squeezing my soft breasts in his hands. He then moves his hands down and holds my lips open with one hand as he slides a couple fingers deep inside of me, rubbing my G-spot as he licks my swollen clit. Soon, I am humping against his mouth as I begin to come - shuddering over and over as the orgasmic waves ripple through my body and I cry out in pleasure. Giving me a few minutes to recover, he kisses his way back up, licking my sensitive nipples before moving up to share another lingering kiss. I lie trembling with desire and anticipation as he moves up between my thighs and I feel him positioning his manhood for entry. There he pauses, savoring the fact that after twenty years of dreaming about it, he finally has me right where he has always wanted me: lying naked below him, my nipples hardening in anticipation as I eagerly wait for him to do whatever he wants with me. After a few maddeningly long minutes, he starts teasingly rubbing the head his cock up and down between the wet folds of my outer lips, coating it with my juices. Then he moves up and starts rubbing the tip of his cock against my clit, causing me to squirms and shudder with pleasure. "Oh God, Eric," I beg breathlessly. "Enough teasing. I want you inside me now." As I feel him begin to slowly push into me, I wrap my legs around him and raise my hips to meet his; desperately trying to hurry him into my warm, slick tunnel. Once his cock is completely buried between my thighs, and I feel his balls slapping against my buns, he starts me fucking me long and slow, savoring every thrust as he fulfills both our fantasies. As I tighten my inner muscles to grip his cock and make it feel especially welcome, he cups my breasts in his hands and holds them up so my nipples point skyward near my chin. I know what he wants, so we both take turns watching the other sucking and licking on my nipples while he continues his long slow rhythm. When my heavy

breathing tells him that my orgasm is building, he starts to thrust harder and deeper, fucking me hard and fast as we move together until we both explode together in an earth shattering climax. Exhausted and gasping for breath, we collapse together as he thrusts deep inside of me where my spasming pussy milks stream after stream of hot come from his throbbing cock. Still filled with his cock, I hold him tight as we recover, feeling the sun trying in vain to match the warm glow of the passion we had just shared. When his cock softens and slips out of me, he rolls over on his back and we lie together for a while, gently kissing as we rest. Then I move down between his legs, where I lick and suck our combined juices from his cock and balls before moving up over him to kiss him once again with all the passion we have shared. Looking deep into his eyes as he gently massages my hanging breasts, "Well, Eric, was I worth waiting twenty years for?" "Oh, wow. And then some. We should do this again some time. Maybe I'll bring a friend along, and we can fulfill another of your fantasies." "I'll look forward to it."