The Young Intern's Big Break Ch. 03

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The young intern continues to get lucky.

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"Can't wait to get my hands on that cock again" read the text on Dean's phone.

He sat a bit nervously in a company meeting, well he wasn't actually sitting. Being an intern Dean was forced to lean against the back wall as one of the senior partners prattled on.

It was this senior partner that was making Dean a bit nervous as it was his wife who was texting him dirty messages.

It had been about 2 weeks since Dean met and fucked his boss's wife, Mrs. Foster, and although he hoped to see her again no opportunity presented itself.

That was until the meeting was over and Dean was headed out of the conference room.

"Dean, you have a minute?" called out Mr. Foster.

"Sure sir, what's up."

"Just wanted to see how you were doing, and apologize for drinking so much the other night." he said while organizing his briefcase.

"Oh, it's no problem." Dean added thinking back on how Mrs. Foster sucked his cock while Mr. Foster lay passed out in the back seat of his car.

"Anyway, I hope to do it again sometime." Mr. Foster said.

"Me too," Dean replied with a smirk, "and tell your wife I said hi." he added.

"Will do, in fact I gotta call her in a minute." the boss said, checking his watch.

Shaking his head, Mr. Foster made to leave.

"I swear she is driving me crazy." he added.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh nothing, she just begged me to build a private tennis court, said she wanted to learn to play." He complained.

"Oh, that's nice."

"Yeah, except it's been about 6 months and the damn thing remains unused, now I'm supposed to find her lessons." he continued.

"Well," Dean butted in "I used to play in high school so if you ever needed a trainer on the cheap." He finished, devilish ideas spinning through his head.

"Are you serious, that'd be great." Mr. Foster beamed.

"Shit, I gotta run, but I will call you. Thanks." The boss said hurriedly before heading out of the office.

Dean smiled to himself. It was true, he had played tennis but he had the feeling his skills in the game

were not going to be much of an issue.

The next Saturday Dean pulled up to the Foster's home.

He had spoken to Mr. Foster a few days ago and they had talked about him giving Mrs. foster lessons once a week. He also mentioned how on this day he would be out of town on business so Dean was surprised when Mrs. Foster answered the door and was actually dressed in clothes appropriate for tennis.

But there she was in a pair of short shorts, a tight little tennis top, and tennis shoes.

"Get in here." she said almost desperately.

"He just left." she added as she pulled him across the threshold.

Luckily the clothes were all for show, as they never set foot outside. Instead the lesson consisted of bringing Mrs. Foster to three body shaking orgasms.

The first was on the couch where Mrs. Foster bounced on the young man's lap still fully clothed except for her shorts which were tossed somewhere across the room.

The next orgasm came on the stairs. Mrs.' Foster was on all fours, now in just her tennis shoes and sports bra. Her big fake tits threatening to rip from her bra as she arched her back, muscles tightening, Dean's cock buried in her ass as her second orgasm exploded through her causing her to shout out loud, echoing through the large empty house.

The final orgasm came as she lay naked on her bed. Propping herself on her elbows she cupped her tits for young Dean who had just pulled his cock from between them. His one hand jerked his fat young cock as the other reached back and worked her sensitive clit.

She watched his cock exploded and cover her tits in hot young cum, the feeling of which sent her over the edge and into the biggest orgasm of the day. Her head snapped back as they came together, he on her tits, she on his hand.

Minutes later as Mrs. Foster cleaned up, Dean entered the room again, having collected his clothes from the Foster's sitting room, hallway, and staircase.

"So how was your first lesson?" he called out, pulling on his shorts.

"Fabulous!" Mrs. Foster answered, opening the door to the bathroom.

Dean got one last view of her amazingly curvy body as she tied her little robe over herself, smiling at the boy.

"Great. See you next week?" slipping on his shoes.

"Disappointingly no hon." she began "I will be out of town." she continued checking her makeup in her vanity.

"That's too bad. You want a quickie to hold us over?"

She smiled back at him.

"Sorry hon, he's gonna be home soon, but hey, if you really wanna make some extra money I do have a friend who actually needs a tennis instructor." she told the young man.

"Oh really?" he replied.

"Yeah, she just had a tennis court built too, I am pretty sure she only did it because I did. She's so petty. Anyway, I'll text you their contact." she finished, turned to the young man and gave him a kiss.

"Thanks again hon, see ya again soon." she said.

Dean hurried out, hoping not to run into Mr. Foster. He was greatly disappointed that he would not be returning next week, but thought a little extra spending cash was the next best thing.

Dean pulled up to the Crane's home the next week; he had gotten their information from Mrs. Foster earlier in the week. Jack Crane lived with his wife Debbie in a large house with acres of property. Dean admired the house, thinking it wasn't nearly as big and gaudy as he thought it would be, in fact it seemed like just the type of the house he would want if he ever made enough money.

Dean parked the car in the large driveway and headed to the front door with his racket in hand. Ringing the bell Dean waited.

A man in his late forties, early fifties, answered the door. He was dressed in khakis and a golf shirt and Dean assumed this was Mr. Crane. His thoughts confirmed when the older man greeted him.

"Oh hello, you must be Dean the tennis instructor." the man said, extending his hand.

Dean shook it and was then welcomed into the man's home.

"My wife is out back, follow me." the man said as he walked led him through his home.

"I am glad you are here, I was worried the tennis court was going to go unused like so many of my wife's pet projects." he said as he opened the patio door and headed outside.

The patio opened to a large backyard, Dean guessed it had to be a few acres. Off to the left was a nice large swimming pool, and about 20 yards to the right of that was the tennis court.

Partially fenced in, it was a nice new court that did look totally untouched. A set of cushioned wicker furniture sat to one side, settled underneath a small canopy to protect spectators from the hot sun.

"Here she is," Mr. Crane said, "Hon!! Your instructor's here." he called out.

Mrs. Crane was under the canopy, putting a few drinks in a cooler full of ice. Dean looked her over.

He didn't really know what he was expecting, but was surprised at how attractive Mrs. Crane was. He guessed her to be around Mrs. Foster's age, maybe a year or so younger, however she looked much different. In contrast to Mrs. Foster's dark curls Mrs. Crane had strawberry blonde hair which now was pulled back in a tight ponytail, covered with a visor which was struggling to block the sun from her eyes.

She was a bit shorter then Mrs. Foster although it was hard to be sure in her little tennis shoes. Her body was less curvaceous and while she did seem to have some nice hips and legs, as shown by her white pleated tennis skirt, she had a firmer tighter body. She seemed to be built a little more athletic than Mrs. Foster.

In fact the only real similarity seemed to be her chest. It seemed she too have had a little surgery and now sported pair of fake tits. Hers however seemed a bit smaller and a bit rounder. Dean recalled Mrs. Foster's words.

"...she only did it because I did. She's so petty."

Although he assumed they had to be fake, they did look nice held in her tight little baby blue polo shirt.

"Ok, I got to make a golf game in a few minutes so I am headed out, have fun." Mr. Crane said, as he turned and headed back inside.

Dean walked over to Mrs. Crane, his eyes never having left her.

"How are you? I'm Deborah Crane" she said, extending her hand.

"Dean, nice to meet you."

She looked the young man over and had to admit he was quite cute. She had assumed any young man who could play tennis would be cute, but he exceeded expectations.

He was tall and dark, yet youthful and sexy. She was never a one to find a man in shorts attractive, but he did look good in his khaki shorts, clearly he had strong legs. She also couldn't help but notice that his polo shirt fit him perfectly.

Finally pulling his eyes off her he said.

"A very impressive setup you have here." he said truthfully.

"Oh thank you, my husband does spoil me." she said with a smile.

"Well enjoy it while it lasts because you aren't gonna be spoiled here. I am gonna make your life a living hell." he said with a chuckle.

"Too late to cancel?" she said playing along, biting her lip.

"Don't worry, it'll be fun I promise." he said laughing.

"Shall we get started?" pulling his racket from its case.

"Sure." Mrs. Crane said in high spirits.

Dean grabbed a bucket of balls that was sitting nearby and headed to the other side of the net. Mrs. Crane watched him move, admiring his young physique.

Dean began lobbing a few soft serves her way, getting a sense of her ability and how well she could move. His initial assumption that she was athletic was correct as she could move pretty well; she just needed some help with her technique.

Dean had her running form one side of the court to the other, and she was starting to get out of breathe, luckily Dean stopped his serves and headed toward the net. Mrs. Crane met him there.

"Oooo, we just started and ya almost have me sweating." she said with a sly grin.

"I told you I am tough, but really I just did that to see how well you move." he answered, his eyes wondering to her chest.

"And how did I move?" she asked coyly.

"Very well."

"For a woman my age?" she shot back.

"For a woman of any age."

"Well I try to stay fit." she said, blushing slightly.

"It shows." he said, then standing in silence for a bit longer then comfortable.

"Ummm, get back into position and let's see how you handle something a little more powerful." the young instructor said.

"No problem." she said softly, biting her lip as she watched him jog away from her.

Dean began serving again, this time a bit harder but right at Mrs. Crane, seeing how she reacts to a faster serve, watching her form.

He tried to focus on her technique and not her body as she twisted and grunted. Her nice legs would show more as she would swing her racket; her chest although very firm would give just enough shake to hold his attention.

Trying not to be distracted Dean focused on her tennis skills and would call out instructions to her.

"Don't turn your wrist." or "Keep your back foot planted."

After a while the bucket of balls was empty.

"Grab some tennis balls for me." he told her as he went to picking up some of the errant tennis balls on his side of the court.

He looked up and saw Mrs. Crane bent at the waist picking up some balls. He paused and watched the show. Her long hot legs stretched straight up and disappeared into her skirt which was barely covering her ass.

She stood up and turned, tossing the balls back at Dean who caught them and put them back in the bucket. He was approaching the net, watching Mrs. Crane do the same. When she reached the net she said.

"Oh, one more." she said as she bent to grab a tennis ball at the base of the net.

This time she was facing him and the young man got a great shot of her cleavage. He recalled Mrs. Foster's tits, how big and almost natural they looked. These were hot, but there was no pretense that these weren't real.

Dean felt his cock stir as she finally stood up.

"How am I looking?"

"Uhh, great." he answered absent mindedly.

"Uhhmm, yeah, real good, but there are some things I'd like you to work on."

He had her practice her swing while he gently tossed the balls in her direction. Finally he hopped the net and showed her a proper swing.

"See, watch my legs." he said as he swung.

She tried but was lacking.

"No, here." he said, moving behind her.

Mrs. Crane stopped breathing for a moment as she felt the young man move behind her, his right hand holding her right wrist, his left on her hip.

She shuttered.

"Swing through, and keep your arm straight and level." he said, going through the motion slowly.

"Keep your hips square, don't pull em out." he said as she felt him grip her a bit tighter.

Mrs. Crane felt her pussy tingle and she could've sworn she felt something firm poke her in her ass. Just as she was beginning to enjoy it she felt him pull away.

To her surprise he squatted by her foot, holding it in place.

"Swing again." he said.

When she did he held her foot down in place.

"Keep the foot planted."

As he stood up his fingertips graced her legs sending shivers through her body. She was disappointed when he returned to his side of the net.

He gave her a few serves and watched her improvement when finally Mrs. Crane needed a break.

They both walked to the small canopy where Mrs. Crane reached into the cooler for some water. Again Dean's eyes locked on her body as she bent. He sat in the small couch and enjoyed the brief show.

Mrs. Crane handed him an ice cold water and settled in beside him.

"Wooo, this is harder than I thought." she said, drinking some water then running the cold bottle against her cheek.

"Yes it is." he said softly, feeling his cock stiffen slightly.

"So was Susan this good in her first lesson?" she asked, now running the bottle across her neck.

"Her name is Susan?" he said, momentarily surprised.

"Umm, she was...different." he answered, trying to fight back a laugh.

"Well I think you will find I am a very quick learner." she said, her eyes still on him.

"I bet you are." he replied.

He watched as she undid a button on her polo shirt, now rubbing the cold bottle on her chest. His eyes were locked.

"I can't thank you enough for the lessons." she said, Dean barely hearing her.

"My husband has been riding me about using the court." she said, the bottom of the bottle pumping against her large firm tits.

She watched his eyes locked on her chest and when she removed the bottle and placed it beside her, his eyes remained on her.

"But really, I do wanna thank you for all your help." she said, and Dean felt her hand on his knee.

"Umm, well the price your husband and I agreed on is just fine." he said, feeling her hand on his thigh.

"Oh I don't really think that's enough." she said softly working her hand up the young man's leg.

"Well what did you have in mind?" he asked.

Mrs. Crane removed her visor then returned her hands back to his lap.

"Umm, something to really show my gratitude." she said, her fingers working the button on his shorts.

"Oh yeah?" he asked.

"Mmmmhmmm"

She freed his big cock pulling it into the warm summer air. Dean shuddered at the feeling.

Mrs. Crane lowered her eyes to his young cock, and they went wide at the sight of it. She looked from the big young cock in her hands to the boy's face, grinned at him then lowered herself right down to his lap.

"Uhhh fuck Mrs. Crane!" Dean blurted out as he felt the married woman's mouth engulf his throbbing member.

He looked down at the mature woman, her mouth stuffed with his manhood, her strawberry blonde ponytail bobbing along with her motion.

Mrs. Crane lifted her knees to the cushioned sofa, sticking her hot little ass into the air. Dean reached out and rubbed her ass under her pleated skirt, feeling Mrs. Crane moan around his shaft.

"Uhh fuck, I guess Mrs. Foster told you about all my services." he said.

"POP!" Mrs. Crane yanked the hot young cock from her lips, sitting up.

"What?!!" she asked with a laugh. "You are fucking Susan?"

Mrs. Crane was stunned by the news, yet she continued to stroke the stiff piece of meat in her hand.

"What? I thought you knew."

"No." she said, thinking for a moment.

Her hand continued to work and for a moment the only sound they could her was her first pumping across his saliva soaked cock.

"What a fucking slut." she said, shaking her head then getting back to the job at hand.

Mrs. Crane continued to suck the young man's fat cock with an almost renewed vigor.

"Fuck, you can't tell anyone." he said to the back of her head.

"Mmmmy limps aremmm sealed." she said with a mouthful of cock.

"Not at the moment," he commented quietly.

Dean sunk back in his seat as this mature woman worked his cock, her ass in the air. He once again reached for her skirt and Mrs. Crane, while keeping her lips firmly around his cock, assisted him in removing her panties.

Dean began rubbing her wet married pussy while she worked him, the touch of his strong young

hands turning her on so much she redoubled her efforts.

"Uhh fuck!" Dean moaned out as he felt her take him deep.

"POP!" once again Mrs. Crane pulled her lips from his tool.

"Does she do that for you?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"Mmmhmmm." he confirmed as he put his hand on her head eased the married woman back down to his tool.

A bit put off Mrs. Crane was more determined than ever. She devoured as much of the boy as she could and when she gagged a bit she simply pulled back for a moment and went down again.

"Uhh yes that's it" Dean encouraged as gurgling noises started to escape Mrs. Crane's mouth.

She worked fast and deep, her head bobbing wildly in his lap. She was set on showing his boy that she could give great head. It was working. Dean was rock hard and so turned on he couldn't control himself any more.

The bold young man yanked her lips from his cock and stood up. Pulling a panting Mrs. Crane to a seated position he looked down at her. He pulled off his shirt much to the married woman's delight, as she began to run his torso.

Without warning Dean took hold of the collar of Mrs. Crane's polo top and forced it open, popping the last two buttons and stretching the seam.

"Ohh fuck baby." Mrs. Crane cooed as the young man yanked the large opening around her tits, exposing them to the warm air.

Dean noticed she was braless, and figured with these firm perky tits, one was unnecessary. Perhaps she had planned this all along, regardless, he didn't care. Taking hold of his cock he pressed them between her store bought tits and Mrs. Crane, not missing a beat, pressed the sides of her breasts; mashing them around his fat prick.

Dean began thrusting into her chest, fucking her round tits. Mrs. Crane pressed her expensive melons around him, having to tilt her head way back to avoid being poke by his oncoming head.

"Mmm yess baby, fuck my tits." she begged, looking right into his eyes.

He continued his pounding, shaking the whole sofa.

"Yeah, I bet you fuck Susan's tits huh?" she asked defiantly.

"Uhh, oh yeah."

"Uhh you dirty fucker." she said, pressing her tits together tighter, trying to suck his engorged head.

Once again the young man yanked this married woman from his cock, tossing her on her back.

"Mmm fuck yesss." she moaned, playing with her tits.

Dean grabbed the back of her knees, spread her wide and without the assistance of either of their hands, pressed his cock to her wet opening.

They moaned out together as he slowly slid his whole length inside her.

He held her tennied feet high and wide as he slowly sawed his way into the older woman. She watched as his fat young cock entered her, the sight of it driving her wild.

"Come on baby, fuck me." she demanded.

Dean grabbed hold of her naked hips, her skirt around her waist, and began to fuck her harder, faster.

She grunted words of encouragement and he did not disappoint, until finally the Mrs. Crane approached orgasm.

"Uhh fuck I'm gonna cum!!" she warned.

Dean, if seemingly impossible, worked even harder, faster, making her tits bounce across her chest.

Mrs. Crane felt her climax rip through her, moaning as she shook and writhed below the boy.

Dean felt her cum so hard; it was unlike anything he had experiences, so wet, so hot.

The feeling almost sent him over the edge but he pulled out just in time. Grabbing his cock to keep from cumming, he felt her juices all over himself.

"Turn around." he said aggressively and the married woman obliged.

She kneeled on the sofa, lifting her skirt from her ass and presented herself to him. He placed one hand on her hips and with the other gave her a firm slap on her round cheek.

She moaned in pleasure from the young man's firm slap then moaned again when he pressed himself back inside her inviting cunt.

Dean took hold of her hips and began his relentless pace. Their bodies glistening with a layer of perspiration causing Mrs. Crane's swaying ponytail to stick to her neck and face. Pulling the strands away she turned her head to watch the fucking she was receiving.

Mrs. Crane did not quite have the ass that Mrs. Foster did but he tried his best to make it bounce.

"Uhh that's it baby, fuck me harder."

Pushing her hips down and placing one foot on the edge of the sofa Dean went deeper then seemingly possible.

"Yess that's it!!" the cheating wife cried out.

Her upper body twisted to watch him, her firm tits busting from her shirt, she pushed back against him. Their bodies slapping against each other as he approached orgasm.

"You gonna cum for me baby?" she asked the young man.

"Yess." he answered.

"You cum for, uhh, Susan? I bet she, uhh fuck, swallows." she managed to get out.

Dean just shook his head continuing to fuck this cheating whore.

"No? You cum on her ass?" she asked.

Dean just shook his head again.

"Her fake fucking tits?"

Dean nodded.

"Uhh you fucker." she said, pushing him away and dropping to her knees.

She took hold of his incredibly stiff cock and jerked.

"Cum on my face." she demanded.

Amazed, he watched her stroke. Looking her in the eyes he studied her, her lips, her hair, the subtle wrinkles around her eyes, taking it all in just before he came.

"Uhh fuckk!!" he cried out, Mrs. Crane jerking faster.

Dean howled as he exploded with unbelievable force right into Mrs. Crane's face. She flinched in surprise as his thick potent load splashed her in the face. He came all over her, her hand still stroking, eliciting ropes of cum into her hair, over her face and in her mouth.

She stayed on her knees, panting, not believing what just happened; she looked up at the young man. Dean starred back at this incredible hot married woman, now covered in his cum.

"Mrs. Foster do that?" she asked from her knees.

"No, not yet." he said laughing.