

B n J's

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Married woman finds what she needs at the market.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/milf/b-n-js.aspx>

Dylan was doing his grocery shopping a little early this week. He had some plans to see his girlfriend on Sunday, his usual shopping day, so he decided to get it done a little earlier on Saturday.

Dylan was 24 and lived on his own so his grocery list was short, but it was one of those lazy days so he didn't mind wandering the aisles a bit. He had lived with a few friends previously but when he finally graduated college he decided to move to the city and live on his own.

He enjoyed his freedom and although he had a nice girlfriend, whom he liked, he knew she wouldn't last long. Something with her just didn't click.

Tits.

He was wandering toward the end of the frozen foods section when a huge pair of tits grabbed his attention.

An almost ridiculously fake pair just passed his line of sight. His eyes darted up and saw that they were bolted onto a very attractive bleach blonde woman. He guessed her to be in her late forties, early fifties. It was hard to tell because along with her tits, her face seemed to have had some work done, nothing extreme, just a slight lift.

Dylan loved these kinds of woman. In his mind they were pure sex, so caught up in looking attractive, and let's face it, fuckable, that they would go to great lengths to stay that way.

He saw she was chatting on the phone and heading to the liquor aisle. Wanting to pick up a case of beer anyway, he followed her.

He watched her surprisingly tight ass in her even tighter skinny jeans. Up top she wore a cute blue blouse that, if not for her huge tits displayed across the scoop neck, could be considered conservative. She clicked down the aisle in very high heels.

They always wore high heels.

Dylan noticed she had ended the call on her iphone and was checking up and down the aisle. As Dylan made to move passed her to get to the beer she turned to him.

"Excuse me, have you ever heard of BJ's, the drink, B and J's?" she asked with just a hint of accent.

French? Italian? It was too minor to tell.

Dylan was caught off guard a bit, trying to divert his eyes from her tits. A woman her age must know he is checking her out, he though.

"Ummm." he pondered.

"D and J's, no I think she said B and J's." she persisted.

"Ohhh yeah, Bartles and James yeah." he remembered, steeling another glance at her cleavage.

"Oh great!" she responded, seeming relieved.

"Yeah, it's a wine cooler, should be down this way I think." he said leading her down the aisle.

"Oh thank you so much, my friend wants em. I never heard of it." she explained.

"No problem," he began "having a little party?"

"Yes, well no." she reacted.

"Well which is it?" the young man asked with a chuckle.

She followed him as he found the wine cooler section, trying to hone in on the drink of choice.

"Not a party, just a little get together with a friend." she answered.

"Well be weary of any man who drinks Bartles and James." he added jokingly.

She not being from this country, and unfamiliar with Bartles and James was confused.

"Why?" she asked

"I'm just kidding, it's just that it's a bit of a girl's drink." he added.

"Oh, good, because it is for my girlfriend." she answered.

"Girlfriend?" he teased.

She laughed.

"No no, I am sorry. She is just my friend. It will be her, her husband, and my husband." she clarified.

"Oh, husband, too bad." he added.

He was never this flirtatious and was unsure where all this was coming from. She heard his remark and stood before him, those hand-sculpted round tits jutting out, and smirked.

"Anyway, we have found what you are looking for." he announced.

"Have we?" she asked.

"Yes, but what flavor?"

"I am sorry, what?" she asked.

"Well the drink comes in many flavors, which do you want?" the young man explained.

"Oh, just a moment please." she said, as she pulled out her phone once again and turn away.

Dylan's eyes ran her up and down. She was a curvaceous woman, but her body was tight. No doubt she spent a lot of time in the gym. He wondered if all European men demanded their wives stay in shape.

"Yes I found em. No. No I had no idea but a nice young man helped me. What? Well yes." she said to the phone, turning to Dylan with a smirk.

"No.." then continued on in what Dylan assumed was French.

Just before the younger man became uncomfortable the mature trophy wife pressed the "end" button

and turned to the young man.

"One of each!" she announced with glee.

Dylan smiled.

"Really? Must be some little get together." he responded.

"Let's hope so." he answered.

"Hmmm, sounds like you are in need of a good time." he said, again surprising himself.

"Well let's just say I have had a bad few weeks."

He looked her over, a short moment passed as his eyes bore into hers.

"Need to unwind a bit?" he prodded.

"Very much yes, and these will help me?" she asked as the young man started to pull a few six packs from the cooler.

"If you drink enough, just don't drink too much." Dylan added.

"Excuse me, but I am way too old for you to be giving me that kind of advice." she laughed.

"I just mean you don't wanna get too drunk and miss all the fun." his eyes again finding hers.

"Also, you are not too old for anything." he added.

She stood suppressing a smile.

"Uhh do you have a cart?" he asked.

"Oh no, I am sorry." she began.

"It's ok, we'll just use mine." he said, loading his cart with her drinks.

She watch with a sly smirk as the young man loaded his cart up, so chivalrous.

"So, do you need anything else." he asked the woman.

"Yes." she replied softly.

Dylan looked her over as she stood in silence for a moment.

"Chips. I should bring some snacks." she answered.

"Well follow me." he ordered, pushing his cart toward the snack aisle.

As the pair walked her cell phone rang again. She answered.

"Yes, yes I am getting snacks. No. No. Oui." she said, adding a few lines of French and sounding frustrated.

She hung up the phone and sighed.

"What was that?" Dylan asked.

"My husband, he is waiting in the car, he is such a pain." she answered.

"Really relaxing." Dylan remarked.

"Right!" she shot back.

"Well try to enjoy yourself anyway, you seem like you could use a good time." he teased.

"Oh you have no idea." she added.

They picked out some snacks and Dylan escorted her to the checkout.

"Maybe you and your friend should've left the husbands at home, have a little girl's night." Dylan said.

"Oh we considered it." she said with a chuckle.

"But a girl's night is not exactly what I need." she added.

They stood for a moment in uncomfortable silence. She stared back at him while his eyes scanned her. He was about to speak when,

"ID please." interrupted the cashier.

"Oh yeah." Dylan said, handing the cashier his ID.

"Still getting ID'd." the woman teased, shaking her head.

"What can I say." he smiled back, then swiping his debit card.

"Oh no, I can't let you pay for me." she began.

"No it's fine, you just enjoy yourself ok, but next time be careful when asking a stranger about BJ's." he joked.

She stopped and looked at the young man, smiling.

"I do not understand." she said.

"Never mind." he replied with a smile.

"Thank you so much." she said, gathering her bags.

"Need help?" he asked.

"No, no, I've got it." she answered, thinking of her husband waiting in the car.

"See you around." she said.

"I hope so." he responded.

"Ou voir." she added.

With that she turned and headed out, but not without one last glance back at the young man.

He watched her leave a bit disappointed, but what had he expected to happen. She was married and probably twice his age, if not more. Well the flirting sure was fun.

"She was flirting wasn't she?" he asked himself.

"Definitely." he affirmed.

He turned away and continued his shopping with a sudden pep in his step and a growing desire for older women.

Roughly 20 minutes later Dylan had loaded the trunk of his car and was pulling out of the parking lot.

He was only a few blocks from the supermarket when he saw her.

The same woman he had just met, walking briskly down the sidewalk. He slowed down and he could plainly see she was not happy.

Slowing to a crawl he pulled along side her and rolled down the passenger window. Leaning to his right while trying to keep his eye on the road he called out.

"Hey there!"

The older woman turned and stopped. Dylan hit the breaks abruptly a few feet ahead as he watched her lean over trying to get a look inside the car. He was concerned for her safety but that didn't stop him from catching a glimpse of her ridiculous cleavage.

"Oh it is you." she said.

"Yeah, what are you doing out here?" he asked.

She sighed.

"Why don't you let me give you a ride and you can tell me all about it." he said with a smirk.

The woman watched him and a wicked grin broke across her face.

"Sure." she said before swinging open the passenger door and sliding inside.

He looked her over, unsure how the day actual led him here.

"I'm Dylan by the way." he said, holding out his hand.

"Cecilia." she replied, taking his hand.

"So where to?" he asked.

"Home I suppose. 247 Oak St, in Fairfield." she answered.

"Oh, you don't live in town." he said, punching the address into his navigation.

"No my friend does, the one I mentioned before." she explained.

Dylan headed off, following the navigation's instructions.

"But we never made it there." she added.

"Why not?" he asked, trying to sneak peaks at the sexy cougar while keeping his eyes on the road.

"I got into a fight with my husband and I stormed out of the car." she said.

"Wow, what was the fight about?" he prodded.

"Oh my, what wasn't it about. First he was yelling about being late and me taking so long in the market." she started.

"Oh I'm sorry, I hope I didn't keep you with all my flirting." he interjected.

She smiled at him.

"Oh so you were flirting." she said.

Dylan just smiled back.

"But it wasn't you, and it doesn't matter, that is not what it was really about." she continued.

"What was it about." he asked.

"Well we started in on my friend, why he was so eager to get to her house, one thing lead to another, and I think he is having an affair." she said.

"Oh I am so sorry." Dylan added consolingly, place a hand on her knee.

"It is ok, I have assumed as much for years. It is just that, even when I thought I knew he was cheating, I stayed faithful, I just feel stupid." she said.

"Do you think you will get a divorce?" he asked.

"I don't know. We have been together so long I don't know what to do. Besides being single at my age, I mean come on." she said, looking at the young man.

"Oh stop, you'd do just fine." he said, stopping at a red light.

"You really think so?" she asked innocently.

"Oh come on. Don't play that game with me, you know what you look like."

She was fighting back an evil grin.

"Doesn't mean a woman doesn't need to hear it every now and then." she added.

"Is that what you want, to hear it?" he asked, glancing at her as the light turned green and he continued on.

Cecilia was now turned more toward the young man, clearly more interested in their conversation.

"Mmmhmmm." she said with a little nod.

"What do you wanna hear?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You wanna hear how hot you are?"

"Yes." she answered softly.

"You wanna hear how sexy your voice is?" he went on.

"Yes." she answered, feeling she was on fire.

"You want me to tell you how you look better than most women half your age?" looking at her, then

back to the road.

"Mmmhmm." she confirmed as she slid closer to him.

"Or how I can't stop looking at your tits? He asked, feeling her hands rub across his lap.

Both of theirs breathing was becoming heavier. Dylan stepped firmly on the accelerator, feeling her hands rub his immense hard-on.

"Yeah." she said as she began to unzip his jeans, being careful of her fake nails.

"Or maybe you wanna hear about how from the first second I saw you all I could think about was fucking you."

"Mmmmm yess." she purred just as she freed his young cock and sunk down into his lap, engulfing him with her mouth.

"Uhhh fuckk!" he moaned.

The mature woman wasted no time. She began bobbing up and down and while the view was obscured by the top of her head, Dylan could feel her saliva dripping down his shaft.

Her head pumped up and down like a woman possessed. Her hand stroked his fat shaft and her loud slurps made him even harder, a fact not lost on the experienced woman who moaned her appreciation.

She had been sucking his rock hard cock for several minutes when finally she wrenched her lips from it with a slurp. Stroking his dripping shaft with wet jerks she caught her breath.

"Uhhh fuck you are so fucking hard." she said, sniffing.

The young man was turned on beyond anything he had experienced before. He grabbed her by the back of the neck and taking his eyes off the road for a moment slammed her mouth into his.

"Your husband get this hard for you." he growled.

"Uhhh never." she panted.

"You like sucking my young cock?"

"Yesss." she admitted.

With that he grabbed her hair and slammed her back to his lap. Gagging noises filled the cab of his car as she stuffed as much stiff young cock down her throat as she could.

He moaned out words of encouragement as she gave him the noisiest, messiest blowjobs of his young life. He was speeding to the destination on his navigation when he heard her phone go off.

"Mmm that's probably him." she said, momentarily pulling off his cock to speak before diving back down.

Knowing her husband was looking for her she ignored it and continued to enjoy this hard young meat.

A few moments later they pulled into her driveway and reluctantly she removed the hard young prick from her lips and checked her phone. It was a text from her husband.

"What does he want?" Dylan asked.

"Wants to know where I am." she said, texting her reply.

"You gonna tell him?" he asked, stuffing his cock back in his jeans.

"Nope, It is none, of, his, business." she said out loud as she typed it.

Putting her phone away she turned to her young stud.

"Shall we go inside?" she teased.

The second the door closed behind them their bodies crashed together. Filled with pure lust their hands clawed at each other but it was Dylan who broke away.

Grabbing her sexy hips he spun a panting Cecilia around, bending her over her own couch. His hands reached around and undid her pants, shoving them, and her panties, down just below her ass.

The married woman let out a loud gasp as she felt the young stranger plunge two fingers inside her sopping cunt. He sawed them in and out, watching her body respond, feeling her hips buck back into

his hand. His other hand slid up to her neck drawing her head back and forcing her to make eye contact with him.

His hand cradled her face as his other plowed her wet pussy. Her lips tried desperately to find a finger, so he fed it to her. With two of his fingers buried inside her pussy, she sucked on another, just like she sucked his cock only moments ago.

It wasn't before long till she was gripping the couch, moaning loudly.

"Oui ne s'arrête pas, je veins." he blurted out.

Dylan pulled his fingers from her cunt and slapped her round ass.

"In English." he demanded, not continuing his ministrations until she said it.

"Yes. Yes. Don't stop, I'm cumming!" she cried out.

He did not stop. The young man finger fucked her to a near crippling orgasm. Her body tensed and exploded against him until she collapsed against the arm of the couch.

It had been a long time since she had been finger fucked, let alone climaxed as a result of it. Right now she felt so hot, so desired, so alive.

He watched her recover and when she did she turned to him with a smile.

"Would you like to go to the bedroom?" she asked.

Roughly 20 minutes later they found themselves in her bedroom, he sitting at the edge of the bed, legs wide, while she sat between them, on his cock, her back to him, bouncing on his ever-rigid pole.

He watched as she slammed her mature ass into him. Her body was incredible, which he told her over and over. His words only encouraged her more.

"Uhhh fuck you look so hot." he told her.

A smile streaked across her face as she looked back at him. Throwing her shoulder back, she arched her back, stuck out her ass and rode harder.

Dylan flopped on his back, closed his eyes and while laughing a bit, took in the pleasure of this woman old enough to be his mother.

Suddenly her bouncing stopped. She sat with him buried inside her but did not move.

"Ooh fuck baby, what's wro...." he began, opening his eyes and leaning up on his elbows.

Cecilia sat still staring at her husband in the doorway to their bedroom.

"What the fuck?" the man exclaimed.

Dylan sat up, leaning back on his hands and quickly sized up her asshole of a spouse. Without missing a beat he said casually,

"Oh, hello." watching the enraged and confused husband.

"Come on baby don't stop." he told the married woman, giving her a light smack on the ass.

Cecilia again looked over her shoulder with a naughty grin as she continued to ride up and down on his cock, in total defiance of her husband who was a mere 6 feet away.

"Do you mind?" Dylan asked the man, treating him as he imagined he treated his wife.

"That is my wife." he responded.

"Robert, please, you're embarrassing me." she said while still bouncing.

She slammed her ass into her young stud's lap, her whole body bouncing, even her firm fake tits giggled across her chest.

"Are you crazy?" the husband blurted out, a little more aggressive this time.

Dylan knew he had to act. Shoving the woman off his lap he stood. Cecilia stumbled forward into her dresser, gained her balance and turned too see her lover standing naked in her bedroom.

He looked like an adonis. Young and muscular, a sheen of sweat glazed his body. He looked powerful, having at least a 3-inch advantage over her husband, in both height and other places.

He signaled for Cecilia to come to him while her husband watched on, afraid.

"We are going to be a while, so why don't you go downstairs and wait." Dylan said to the man.

Clutching the wife by the throat he gave her a deep hard kiss then pushed her to her knees. Her husband watched as his wife slithered to the floor in front of this young stranger and, without being told, took hold of his enormous cock and began to worship it with her mouth.

Dylan looked down at her then back to the husband.

"Go." he said.

The man began to back out of the doorway.

"Hey," Dylan said, "close the door."

The man grabbed the doorknob and looked at his wife one last time.

"POP." as she yanked her lips from his swollen cock, "sorry honey." she diving back down to please her young lover.

Her husband closed the door behind him, heading down the hall to the sounds of his wife gagging on a massive young cock. What was he to do but go downstairs and be forced to listen to his wife getting fucked.

In truth it was only about 45 minutes but to everyone involved it felt like forever. The cuckold was downstairs on the couch, swearing the roof was going to cave in on him any second, knowing they were doing it to fuck with him.

He would be right.

"You wanna make him listen? You want me to break this fucking bed?" Dylan asked the cougar as he pounded her pussy.

She was on her back, legs spread wide, as the young stud hammered away at a pace she hadn't experienced in years. Her screams of pleasure echoed through the house.

"Yess, fuck him. Uhhhh yes. Let him hear." she moaned as she held her own ankles high and wide.

He grabbed at her huge breasts, using them to pull her into him and when he couldn't resist he would give her fake tits a firm slap. It was an aggressive act that only made the married woman feel more desirable.

Her husband was also forced to listen to the sound of his own headboard crash against the wall as his wife's tits, which he paid for, were fucked by this stranger.

Nothing they did all afternoon was gentle, just hard and fast. As his hips collided with her store bought tits she, and the entire bed shook from the impact.

Cecilia held her tits firmly around his cock, her head propped up on a pillow so she could watch him run that big young cock through her cleavage.

Both Cecilia and her husband thought it was over when Dylan announced,

"Fuuuckk I am cumming!"

But after he pulled his cock from between her tits and blasted a huge load all across the married woman's face, neck, hair and tits, his cock was still hard.

To Robert's dismay but Cecilia's delight, Dylan was not through and it continued for 20 more minutes.

Her husband looked up and watching the chandelier shake, wondered what they were still doing.

She was on her knees on her bed, her ass up in the air as her lover stood straddling her, pounding her pussy from behind. He was driving his hips into her ass with such force it sounded if the best was going to split in two.

"Uhhh yess fuck me." she panted, her face pressed flat against the mattress, cum drying on her skin and in her hair.

Grabbing her by the hair he pulled her upright. She arched her back and turned, trying to look back at him as he fucked her. Her hand plunged down between her legs but Dylan shoved it away and replaced it with his own. With her hands free she reached back and clutched his neck for supports.

"You wanna cum again baby?" he said through gritted teeth.

"Uh yes, yes." she moaned, her panting becoming more labored.

"Yeah you deserve another don't you." he teased.

"Oh yes, please, make me cum/" she begged.

He continued to slam his entire length inside her until she could take no more. Her husband sat listening to his wife achieve her third or fourth orgasm. He had lost count.

Cecilia shook, her core muscles tightening, and her body quivering while Dylan never let up. As soon as her orgasm passed he let go off the woman and she fell forward. Having been fucked nearly across the bed, when her arm went out they landed on the floor beside the bed.

Her hands were flat on the floor, her knees still on the bed, and her ass in the air. Dylan, standing on the bed, clutched her hips and continued his assault, working toward his second orgasm. He slammed his hips against her with such force the whole house shook.

"Yesss baby, you are so fucking hot!" he encouraged, pounding her cunt.

Cecilia loved his word but could barely support herself, knowing if he let go of her hips she would go toppling to the carpet.

He finally did let go. Feeling himself slip out, he took hold of his cock and stroked.

"I'm gonna cum." he told her.

She tumbled to the ground and quickly turned, kneeling and massaging her tits.

"Yes baby, do it." offering her body to him.

He kept his eyes on her as he stood on her bed above her, stroking his rock hard shaft.

For the second time he exploded all over the married woman, this time all across her face, chest, stomach, legs, whatever part of her she offered to him as she knelt below him, feeling like a sexual goddess.

A few minutes later they both came down the stairs, he fastening the belt on his jeans, she in a robe.

The husband sat waiting but the two of them ignored him as Cecilia showed Dylan to the door.

"Mmmm thank you, that was just what I needed." she purred.

"Was my pleasure." he said, kissing her. "Give me a call whenever you need it again." he added.

"Oh I will." she said with a smile. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Dylan headed to the car as she closed the door behind him. She turned and headed back upstairs, still ignoring her husband. He heard her say.

"Ohh, BJ's. I get it now."