

# Mrs Jensen Relapses

By Likefinewine1

Published on Lush Stories on 12 Feb 2013



*Just when she thought she was out, they pull her back in.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/milf/mrs-jensen-relapses.aspx>

Victoria Jensen thought back to one of her last sexual escapades. It was with a man young enough to be her son, and it took place right in her office.

At the time the experience was magnificent. She remembered being bent over her desk and fucked furiously by her sexy young coworker. The whole thing was incredibly hot and she loved it at the time, even when she was almost caught by her husband. Getting some distance from it, however, gave her a different perspective. She knew her marriage was in a lull. That didn't mean she wanted a divorce, nor did she want to be fired. Screwing around was dangerous.

"And what if my sons found out?" she thought one day.

"I should have worried about that before I fucked my son's friend," she admitted to herself.

As Mrs. Jensen mulled it over she knew what she was doing was wrong, no matter how great it felt. No matter how liberating, sexy and fulfilling.

"I have to stop."

She knew this but doing it was going to be hard as she had developed a craving for firm young men. Maybe with a little effort she could get her husband more interested in fucking her. It had been almost a year since she began working out and she looked fabulous. Maybe she could even get her husband to work out with her, especially now that she had given up her fuck-buddy trainer.

On this day of what Mrs. Jensen has been calling her 'sobriety', she was at the local shopping mall. Over the past year she had found herself at the mall many times, looking for new clothes to match her ever improving body. With spring approaching she needed some new outfits. On this particular outing she brought along her husband, hoping that he might help her pick out a few choice numbers.

"I mean what man wouldn't wanna play a little sexy dress up with his wife," she thought.

But there he was, moping around the department store, appearing totally uninterested. 'Sobriety' had been tough, but she thought she was doing well. Of course there was that one relapse. But that was months ago, only about two weeks into her 'program' besides she didn't think it was totally her fault anyway. Who could blame her when after her husband demanded that she stay home to wait for the cable guy, saying her job wasn't important anyway, she had found herself bent over the arm of her living room sofa being plowed from behind by that very cable guy.

Cable boy really. But that was six months ago, and incidentally it was the last time she had an orgasm that wasn't self inflicted. No, she had been good, and who cared if even now as she browsed through some sexy new outfits her husband remained uninterested. Maybe he needed to be surprised, maybe she had to take control.

"Hey hon, why don't you just head over to the electronics store while I grabbed a few things for myself," she told her husband.

Maybe this would give her a chance to grab some hot outfits that she could model for him later. Maybe then he would take some interest in her new body. Damn she hoped so.

"Okay great," he said, and he was off without hesitation.

Mrs. Jensen let out a sigh while trying not to think about what was going on. Instead she tried to focus on finding some nice little outfits that, even if her husband didn't enjoy, she at least would feel good wearing. Not only was she in the best shape of her life, but with a little extra income from her new job she was able to take better care of herself all around.

She could afford to treat herself to a manicure and pedicure every now and then as well as splurge occasionally on her hair. In fact she had recently been to the salon and was happy with the results. Her hair was softly curled, falling just below her shoulders. She had opted for a little more volume, which felt age appropriate as did the decision to not completely dye out her gray. She was nearing fortyeight. There was no need to look silly. Besides, her body more than made up for her graying.

She strolled around the store looking for something to catch her eye. She was dressed in a cute pair of skinny jeans, and a form fitting blouse, nothing exciting. What was exciting was underneath. She had learned when shopping that in order to judge whether she liked something she needed to look good head to toe. That's why she was wearing a matching black lace bra and panties as well as her favorite black four inch platform heels.

Mrs. Jensen spotted a cute blouse on the wall, but even in her four inch heels she could not reach it.

She stretched, grabbing the bottom and tugging in hopes it would slip off the hanger, but alas it did not. She was about to give up and ask an employee for assistance when she heard someone behind her.

"Need help with that?" came the voice from behind.

"Yes, please. That'd be great," she answered, turning around.

Standing there was a very tall, very handsome young man. He reached out effortlessly and retrieved the blouse, handing it to Mrs. Jensen.

"Here ya go," he said with a smile, eyes locked on the married woman.

"Thank you."

Her eyes lingered for a moment then she started to walk away. Any other time she might have stopped and chatted with such a handsome man, but no, not anymore. She headed to the dressing room thinking she had done good by walking away. She even convinced herself not to look back and even though she knew he was staring at her ass she made no attempt to wiggle it for him.

"That wasn't so hard," she thought.

He was quite handsome with his slightly unkempt dark hair and beard stubble. He had a certain cute and rugged look. It didn't hurt that he was about six foot two and apparently in great shape. He was not much for fashion in just a pair of jeans, a graphic T, and a gray hoodie, but what boy his age is? She guessed him to be in his early twenties.

"Stop thinking about him," she told herself.

With that she was able to focus on her shopping. She slipped on the blouse and headed into the dressing room hall to check herself in the mirror. It was cute but she wasn't sure if it was right, so as the music played softly in her little dressing room she changed out of the blouse and headed out to look some more. As she headed out she tried not to wonder whether or not the young man was still there.

"Just shop."

She continued to browse for a few minutes, picking out a few items. She actually did get lost in her shopping, so much in fact that when the young stranger spoke again she was startled.

"How'd it look?" he asked.

"Oh, it was okay but not for me," she said, stealing glances at him against her better judgment.

"Yeah I didn't think so, seemed a little old for you," he added with a smirk.

She laughed.

"Oh yeah? And how old do you think I am?"

"Age has nothing to do with it really. I just meant you could pull off something a little more..." he hesitated to say what he wanted and a sly smile crept across his face.

"Yes?" she queried, again knowing she shouldn't.

"Fun," he said with a light chuckle.

"Like what?" she shot back.

She didn't know why she was even playing this game. Correct that. She knew why, but she also knew she shouldn't. But then again, it was just harmless flirting she told herself.

"Hmmm," he pondered, looking around.

"Yes just harmless flirting," she thought again.

She repeated this in her head and she followed him toward a rack. Flirting. If he picked out a nice outfit that made her husband wanna fuck her the that's a double win for her, but it was just flirting.

"How about this?" he said, pulling a blouse off that rack.

He held up a long sleeved scoop-neck top. It had blue and white horizontal stripes and although it was nothing too wild Mrs. Jensen thought it could classify as fun.

"Okay, maybe I'll try it on," she said with a chuckle.

She headed toward the dressing room again, trying to put some distance between temptation and herself.

She tried on what she had selected and after a few disappointments, grabbed the sexy young stranger's choice. She pulled it on over her sexy bra, down her slim torso, and because it was a long top, slid it over her jean clad ass. She headed to the hall to check the mirror. She turned and checked herself out. It was simple but looked good. It clung tight to her body and pulled taught across her ass.

"I think I have good taste," the young man said.

Mrs. Jensen looked up into the mirror. Behind her, down the hall at the entrance to the dressing room, was her young admirer.

"Ya think?" she asked, trying to casually check herself in the mirror.

"Oh yeah. Except I thought these jeggings might go better with it."

She couldn't believe this kid.

"How old are you?" she asked in disbelief.

"Twenty-two."

She felt herself moisten. She looked at him through the mirror, knowing she should tell him to leave her alone.

"But it feels so good to have someone appreciate my sexy new body," she thought.

Fighting back a grin she turned on her heels and headed straight toward the boy. He who had seemed so confident all this time appeared to hesitate for a moment. It was just for a second, as if he realized he had bit off more than he could chew. She approached and just as she reached him her hand went out. Snatching up the jeggings from him she headed back into her changing room, lips pursed, fighting a smile.

The young man watched her close the door and heard the unzipping of her jeans. He felt himself harden just a bit as he waited in great anticipation. Inside Mrs. Jensen was sliding on the jeggings, shaking her head at why she was even humoring this boy. 'Sobriety', remember, but she had to admit it felt good. She worked hard to look good at her age. Someone should appreciate it.

She swung open the door, the young man was right where she left him. She stepped out, still fighting her desires, she slowly checked herself in the mirror.

"Yes!" he said enthusiastically. "That looks great."

She had to admit, he was right. She turned in the mirror and she noticed how great her ass looked in it. She was sure he noticed too.

"I think you're right," she said brightly.

They stood there uncomfortably in silence. She could feel his eyes running all over her body.

"Now I think you need something a little more... formal," he said before turning to leave.

"What?" she called out.

"Wait," he answered.

She did wait. All too eagerly in fact. Her heart was racing and she couldn't tell if that was good or bad. Before she could decide, he was back.

"You'd look great in this."

He was holding out a short sleeved mini-dress with a scoop neck and slightly deeper scoop back. It was white on top, stopping just below the bust line, and black on the bottom. It was sexy but not trashy. Her eyes lit up.

She grabbed it and hurriedly headed back into the stall. She couldn't help but be excited.

She had to remove her bra, or else it would show.

"So tacky," she thought as she tossed it on the bench.

She plumped up her hair, and her tits, smoothed out the tight dress and exited. The boy's expression was priceless and to her it was worth all the innocent flirting just to see him there staring at her. She now modeled it with more enthusiasm than the previous outfit. One hand on her hip, cocking it out to one side.

The boy stepped forward.

"How does that feel?" he asked the sexy mature woman modeling before him.

"Amazing," she answered, running her hands over her tight body.

"How does it look?" she asked.

"Fantastic," he answered.

"Really?"

"Do you have to ask?" he said with a smirk, his eyes drifting down.

Her eyes followed his, landing on his crotch where a visible bulge was on display.

"It looks that good?" she said softly, swallowing hard.

Her mind was racing. How had she found herself in this situation, it was like young studs were just drawn to her. She eyed him, fighting against what she wanted and what she knew was right.

Her hand reached out, cupping his incredibly hard cock. What she wanted won out.

Her hand worked slowly, rubbing over his denim clad crotch. Feeling the hard young tool in her hands excited her like she hadn't been in a long time. She began rubbing faster. Her eyes were still on his crotch and when she finally looked up. She could not resist.

She dove into him, kissing him hard like a hungry animal. The boy kissed back clutching her around her thin waist, pulling her hips into him. Forcefully he pulled away, Mrs. Jensen's whole body writhing, trying to make contact again. Instead the young stranger shoved her roughly back into her changing stall. Looking around to make sure no one was around he followed her inside.

She dove back onto him pressing his back to the wall almost impaling him on one of the hooks. The married woman wasted no time in going for what she wanted. She yanked off his hoodie and unbuckled his pants in a hurry She yanked his zipper down, pulling his stiff cock free. She took the time to admire her prize. He was big. Proportionate to his larger frame but huge in her small hands.

"God I've missed this," she moaned.

Before he could even respond, the mature woman dove down, sucking his swollen head between her lips. Bent at the waist, her ass out, almost banging into the wall behind her. She moaned over his rock hard cock, so stiff it would barely move under her ministrations.

The boy reach over her, groping for her ass that she stuck out and wiggled for his pleasure. Pulling the skirt of the dress up around her waist, he exposed her hot black panties. Running his hands between her round cheeks, he rubbed her moist pussy then grabbed at her panties, pulling it, forcing it to rub against her mound. He kept pulling, rocking her back and forth, sending himself deeper. Remembering her last encounter in her office, she yanked the young cock from her mouth and said,

"Rip 'em off," then dove back in.

He smirked, excited beyond belief, and pulled, sending his cock down her throat. She gagged. He watched her back arch and her ass rise up just before they tore. She heard them rip and felt her ass and pussy exposed.

They both stifled their moans as she continued to work the young stranger's impossibly hard cock. Thankful they did stifle when suddenly she heard a voice.

"Hon? You in here?" came the call from Mr. Jensen.

Pulling away from the hard cock.

"Yes sweetie," she answered, then shoving that thick cock back into her mouth.

He found the stall that his wife's voice was coming from, standing in front of it, totally unaware that on the other side his wife had a young cock stuffed down her throat.

"You gonna be a while?" he asked.

Pulling the stiff member from her mouth once again, she straightened up. She put a finger to the boy's lips, telling him to be quiet. He was frightened and turned on more then any other time in his life. This was amazing.

"Yeah," she called out. "Still got a little more to do," she said with a wink.

Turning around she stuck her hot ass out while reaching behind her for that stiff pole. She rubbed it against her pussy as her husband went on.

"I was going to head to the food court. You gonna be hungry?" he asked.

"I think I'll be okay," she answered just as she arched her back, looked back at the stranger and

eased onto his young cock.

Her eyes rolled back as he filled her, her mouth hanging open trying to be quiet.

"Okay, I'll meet you there," he said.

She looked over her shoulder, right into the stud's eyes. A smile broke through the corners of her open mouth. He reached around her, pulling her tits free of her tight dress.

"Uhhhhh byeee," she sighed pressing her ass against the boy's hips.

The young man listened until he knew her husband had left before grabbing her naked hips and pulling her firmly against him.

"That your husband?" he asked her.

"Shut up and fuck me," she said sticking her ass out further.

Clutching her hips he began to fuck back, making that mature ass shake. It was all she could do to not moan out and scream in pleasure. Leaning forward in the small stall she was able to place her hands on the opposite wall and push back, meeting his thrusts.

She hung her head, her hair falling over her face as she took this firm, deep fucking. It had been too long since she had been fucked this way. She missed young hard cock.

Her stud began to pick up the pace. He grabbed at her arms, pulling them behind her. Her back arched, tits out and her head snapped back. She stared at the ceiling but unable to focus on anything but the feeling of the stiff pole pounding her pussy.

She was slamming against his cock, her hair bouncing wildly in her face but she didn't dare move. All she could do was pant and wait for her impending orgasm.

"Don't stop, uhhhh I'm gonna cum," she moaned out.

Sweat was beginning to cover her body as her heat began to rise. The boy tried to minimize the sound of his hips slapping against her well toned ass but as he fucked her faster, harder, he was unsuccessful. Her body froze then the long awaited orgasm ripped through her. She tried to remain silent.

"Uhhhhhhhhh fuuuuckkk!" she grunted as she came on his fat peice of meat.

Her body felt like it was pulsing with electricity, bringing her back to life. She spasmed a bit, still with cock buried inside her. She knew again this was wrong, but when it felt like thos how was she going to resist. She hadn't felt that in a long time. She was so grateful to the young man who was still pounding away at her from behind.

"You are so fucking hot," he whispered.

She twisted around to look him in the eye, reaching back and clutching his neck. His hands moved to the top of her dress, pulling it down so that her whole dress was around her waist.

"Uhhh fuck, you think so?" she asked sincerely.

He yanked her off his cock and practically tossed her on to the changing stalls bench. She fell seated.

"Oh yeah," he answered, getting between her legs.

She smirked at him, spreading her legs wide until each heel clad foot was braced against the side walls of the stall. She pulled her hair from her eyes and watched him peel off his shirt, now clinging to him from his sweat, and take hold if his fat shaft.

She spread her already battered pussy with one hand and fondled her tits with the other. He slid back inside her and they both moaned out loud. He leaned over her, supporting himself with his hands on the wall behind her.

She watched this young stud lean over her, powerfully sawing himself in and out of her married cunt. Her body was shaking, her legs falling over his shoulders. He took her dainty ankles in his hands and ripped her legs wide open once again, her heels clattering against opposite walls.

"I wanna see you as I fuck you," he said quietly.

Her eyes lit up and she smiled wide through gasping breathe. She laid there legs wide, hips hanging off the bench. Her back laid flat. Her head pressed against the back wall, seemingly uncomfortable but for the hard young cock inside her.

"Uhh fuck," he moaned and she knew he was close.

She shoved his hips away and his stiff member slid out of her. Before he knew it the married woman

was on her knees, his cock stuffed to her throat.

The young stranger grabbed her by her hair, moist with sweat, and began to fuck her face. She didn't protest, instead moaned around his cock, as he pounded his fat prick against her throat, making her gag over and over.

"Uhh fuck," he moaned, and again she shoved his hips back.

Kneeling there in her high heels, the unpaid for dress around her waist, she spread her knees and sat back on her haunches.

"Cum all over me," she demanded.

She presented her body to him, her hands cupping her tits, rubbing her thighs. She was writhing before him.

She watched as he grabbed his fat young cock, stroking it at her.

"Cum on!" she begged.

Her hand running between her legs, back over her trim hips, across her round tits, clutching at her own neck. And when she saw his muscles tighten and the first thick rope of cum eject from that beautiful cock she closed her eyes, arched her back, stuck her tits out, and threw her head back.

She felt his thick load splash against her cheek, down her face and neck. She heard him moan and felt another shot land on her tits and belly. Another on her thighs and pussy. She felt him cum all over her, showering her in his potent load, sending another orgasm ripping through her.

She felt him unload all over her, felt him worship her body in the most primal way possible. She opened her eyes and saw his appreciation dripping down her skin. She felt so hot and sexy, for the first time in a long time, the proof plastered all over her. Panting, she took hold of his softening cock, licking it clean.

"Thank you," she said. "I needed that."

"No, thank you," he replied, panting.

She smiled.

Surveying the scene she was at a loss of how she was to clean up, she was drenched in thick young cum. The stranger offered her his t-shirt. She took it and began to wipe herself. She noticed a good deal of cum on the dress.

"Oops," she said, laughing.

"I'll go pay for that right now," he said, buckling his pants and zipping up his hoodie to cover his naked chest.

Before he exited he turned to the well fucked married woman kneeling on the changing room floor.

"I never got your name," he said.

She just smiled back. He got the hint, let out a chuckle, and left.

She knelt there, cleaning up all that cum, and had to laugh to herself.

"Well, I guess I'm off the wagon."