

Mrs Jensen's Trainer, Week 01

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A married woman decides to get in shape.

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Victoria Jensen was seemingly like any other middle aged woman living in the suburbs. She had a comfortable life, with a nice house in a safe neighborhood, with a good family, that included her husband and two children, both who were off at college. At 46, she was still a very attractive woman, always a little curvier than her petite frame might suggest. She stood at only 5' 3" with dark hair, which, like most women her age, she dyed to maintain her warm auburn glow. She had begun to develop some wrinkles around her eyes, mouth and neck, and although she was less than thrilled with these new developments, most men felt that her beauty was only enhanced by her age.

Victoria was always a good wife and mother, and while she enjoyed a night out with her friends, and working part-time at a law firm, she prided herself on being a good housewife. Victoria could always be trusted to cook for her family, drive her kids to an appointment, or even scrub the bathtub clean, but this was not to say she wasn't girly, or did not care how she looked. Never one to be high maintenance, Victoria had it easy when it came to finding the right clothes and hairstyle. She accentuated her beauty while never making a big fuss over it. Most of the other moms who knew her would often express jealousy for how good she could look without having to spend hours in the bathroom. However, she was never one to let it go to her head, taking it in stride with a bright smile and a quick joke.

She never enjoyed spending hours at the gym, but was still able to maintain a good physique throughout her life, but in the past few years, she regrettably put on 10-15 extra pounds. No one who laid eyes on her would ever call her overweight, but might even suggest that the little extra weight was carried in all the right places. Victoria, perhaps left with little to do since both her children had left for school, decided to get in better shape.

She nagged her husband to join her at the gym, knowing she would need a partner to get her motivated and she even tried a few of her girlfriends, but they could never sync up their schedules for her to get a consistent workout. She decided to call the gym and see if they offered private trainers, thinking she saw some the last time she was there. When she called, she was happy to hear that they did offer personal trainers, and after answering a few quick questions about herself and what kind of

training she was looking for, she was surprised when the employee on the other end of the line asked a question.

"Would you prefer the trainer go to your home, or would you like to train here?"

She didn't even know this was an option, feeling this was the most convenient way for her to get in shape, especially since the gym was a good 20 minute drive from her house. The employee checked if Mrs Jensen had any equipment to work with.

"I have a work out bench in my basement," she answered.

"Okay, but you may want to buy at least a fitness ball, some dumb bells, and a medicine ball," suggested the employee.

Victoria was excited, as it was going to be easier than she thought. Now she had some prep to do which she looked forward to with enthusiasm. She went to the basement, half of which was cluttered with boxes, Christmas ornaments, and assorted items that had no other place in the house, plus the other half, which was a small gym that her oldest son had put together a few years ago. He had set up a bench, some mats, and even a few large mirrors, but now the assortment of boxes and other items had begun to spill over into the gym area. After a good two days of cleaning up the gym, removing the boxes, vacuuming, dusting, cleaning the mirrors, and organizing all the weights, the gym was beginning to look presentable. Victoria then made a trip to the local sporting goods store, where she bought two different sized fitness balls, a medicine ball, a new pair of cute little tennis shoes, and some workout clothes. She also bought a few hand weights that were more suitable for her size, as opposed to the larger weights left by her 6'2" 200 lb son.

SESSION 1:

All the prep kept Victoria busy, but surprisingly, she almost forgot about her first session on the Monday night. Because she was working part-time, and even though the trainer would only be coming by twice a week, she wanted to train the same time every day. She opted for a later session. 5:30 would allow her enough time to get ready, work out, cook dinner, shower, and spend the night with her husband. But when Monday night finally came around, she was on the couch with her husband and it was a commercial for the latest fitness device made her realize...

"Ooh, I gotta get ready!" she proclaimed, sitting up.

"For what?" he asked.

"My trainer is gonna be here soon," she replied, heading to the stairs.

"Oh yeah," was his only response.

It was 5:15, so Victoria hurried up the stairs to get ready. She pulled her shoulder-length brown hair back into a tight ponytail, stripped off what she was wearing, and grabbed her work-out clothes. She pulled a nice tight sports bra over her 36Cs, and pulled on a thong. Then she put on a form fitting pair of black capri gym pants, and finally a snug black t-shirt. She was just lacing up her shoes when the doorbell rang.

"That must be your trainer!" her husband yelled out from the couch downstairs.

She was ready just in time, and headed downstairs, when she realized she didn't even know if her trainer was male or female. She didn't really care, and remembered telling the woman on the phone, "Doesn't matter, as long as they get me in shape."

Now she had a mild curiosity that lasted just a few seconds, as she would soon find out. Reaching for door handle, she opened it.

Standing on her doorstep was a good-looking young man. He stood about 6 foot, with short dark hair, and dark eyes. He was obviously in good shape, as he was a trainer, but not overly muscular. He was dressed in a pair of gym shorts, sneakers, a t-shirt featuring the gym's logo, and carrying a clipboard and a gym bag. Victoria would have to admit he was a rather attractive young man, young enough to be her son. However, she disregarded any of those thoughts, smiled and said, "Hello, you must be my trainer."

"Yes, Dan. Are you Mrs Jensen?" he asked, extending his hand to her.

"That's me," she answered brightly, shaking his hand. "Please, come in," she added, moving aside to allow the young trainer entrance.

"Is it the trainer?" called out her husband from the next room.

"Yes, dear," she said, leading him past the living room where her husband sat.

Looking over his shoulder, Mr Jensen watched as her wife and the trainer passed by.

"Hey," he said.

"How are you?" responded the trainer.

"I set up a small gym downstairs," said Victoria, as she opened the door to the basement.

"Great," said Dan, glancing over at Mr Jensen, who had gone back to his show. He moved by Mrs Jensen, smiling, and headed down to the basement. He couldn't help but notice what an attractive woman Mrs Jensen was. Being a trainer and having spent a lot of time in gyms, Dan was no stranger to fit, attractive women. But there was something appealing about Mrs Jensen that he could not deny. As he entered the basement, he did as he often had to do, and put his immediate attraction aside; this was his job.

"I hope this works ok for you," Mrs Jensen said, as she flicked on the light to the small gym she had put together.

Looking it over, Dan considered it. It certainly was not state of the art, but it would do just fine, and he wanted to start their first session in a good mood.

"Yeah, this will work great. We are gonna work real hard down here," he said, turning toward her with a bright smile.

Relieved, Mrs Jensen smiled back, excited to get started. Dan had her sign a few forms, told her about his credentials.

"You seem to be in pretty good shape," he said, his eyes gliding over her quickly. "What are you hoping to get out of the workout?"

"Well, I would like to lose a few pounds, but I am more interested in trimming a few inches, and tightening up some areas. My arms, my belly..." she hesitated for a moment, "...my butt, and I don't wanna get too muscular."

"I know exactly what you mean," smiled Dan. "We are gonna work you fast and hard; you're gonna be sweating quite a bit down here."

"Oh really?" was her response, as she stood focused on her young trainer.

"Yeah, we have to get those muscles burning, fast, and we will need to mix in some good cardio to shred a few of those extra pounds," he said with a smirk, and placing his clipboard down on the bench. "How's that sound?"

"Great," she answered, looking eager.

"Let's start with some cardio, get ya loose, get your heart rate up. In the gym, I would have you all over the treadmill or elliptical, but we can just do some good old school exercises." He was still smiling. "Give me some jumping jacks."

"Ok," she responded, shaking herself out a bit, getting ready for a good workout. She began her jumping jacks, and after a few quick instructions on how to perform a more proper jumping jack, she was off. Dan could not help but notice her chest bounce slightly under her shirt, her sexy little pony tail swaying, and as he watched and circled her, he noticed for the first time, held tight in her gym pants, her sexy round ass. After a good minute of jumping jacks, a cry came from upstairs.

"Honey, phone call for you!"

"I'm busy, tell em I'll call em back," she yelled out, looking at Dan in an apologetic way.

"He didn't wanna join you, get in shape?" Dan asked, stealing a few more quick glances at her.

"Nope, he's a bit lazy, so it's just me," she replied with a grin. "Is that ok?"

"Perfect," he answered. "Now run in place for another minute, get your knees high," he told her, getting right back into her workout.

Mrs Jensen was beginning to work up a sweat ,so Dan moved her to some light weight training. He had her grab some hand weights, and do squats and shoulder presses at the same time, first demonstrating the proper form, and she couldn't help but admire his body. His toned arms and strong legs were in such contrast to her small frame.

She took hold of her weights, and tried to mimic his movements. He walked around her, watching her form.

"Oooo, these are tough, my shoulders burn," she said, breathing heavily.

Dan was walking around her, and again couldn't help but notice her ass push out, just perfectly as she squatted. She was really sweating, facing the mirror doing her squats, when she thought she saw her young trainer steal a peek at her ass.

"No, he was just checking my form," she thought to herself, and the workout continued. She kept alternating between cardio, whether it be jumping jacks or running in place, or some sort of weight

training. He had her lay with her back on one of the fitness balls, and do chest presses, as he stood over her to spot her.

"Nice and slow, really feel it," he said, as she lay below him, her eyes focused on the weights as she pushed them over her head, until she glanced back. Perhaps it was from all the working out, sweating and panting, or perhaps because she hadn't been fucked in over a month, but she couldn't help her eyes from settling on this young man's crotch. He couldn't be more than 23-24, but that didn't stop her from noticing the bulge pressing through his shorts. He didn't have an erection, but his young cock was still noticeable and she had to force herself to look away.

After a few more rounds of cardio and weight training, Mrs Jensen was worked, tired, and sweating. Dan, being a young virile man could not stop himself from checking Mrs Jensen out, and a few times, having to conceal a semi-hard cock. They were almost finished.

"We have to make sure to stretch before we stop," he said.

With that, they began a few minutes of stretches, including having Mrs Jensen bend over and touch her toes. A good stretch, but once again the young man found himself focusing on her round ass, as she attempted to touch her toes. She has a good 8-10 inches from actually touching her toes and complained.

"I am so out of shape, I can't even touch my toes."

"Don't worry, just keep up with these exercises, and I'll be back on Thursday. You'll be in shape in no time," he said, smiling brightly.

She straightened up, finished a few more stretches, then Mrs Jensen escorted Dan upstairs and to the front door. She closed it behind him.

"Time for dinner?" her husband asked.

Victoria Jensen headed toward the kitchen, feeling pretty good. It was a hard day, and she knew she had a long way to go, but she looked forward to more sessions with her private trainer.

SESSION 2:

Victoria kept up with her workout for the next few days, and was feeling good about the possibility of some progress. When Thursday night rolled around, Victoria was up in her bedroom getting ready. She pulled on a new pair of gym shorts, nothing obscene or too tight, just a nice pair of running

shorts, and opted for a slightly larger lycra sports bra, with a bit of a scoop neck, no shirt. At first she was apprehensive about just a sports bra on top, but it covered well and she looked good in it. If she was exposing more skin than she did on her first session, it was purely a subconscious effort. Again she pulled her hair back into a ponytail, a little higher up than on Monday, and once again laced up her cute little tennis shoes.

The doorbell rang, and Mrs Jensen headed down to start her private workout session. Opening the door, she greeted Dan, who was dressed in almost the same attire as the previous session. Dan immediately notice Mrs Jensen's bare legs and midriff. In his opinion, the little weight that she had complained about added some curves and smoothness that he found quite appealing, although the thought of a slightly firmer and toner Mrs Jensen also got his mind racing.

He entered with a smile, suppressing those thoughts that had been coming more frequently, and once again headed down into the basement. They began as they did before, with some cardio, and again, Mrs Jensen was jumping up and down. Now, with just a sports bra on, her chest was even more exposed and Dan watched as the soft tops of her breasts tried to work themselves free of their lycra confines. Feeling a stirring in his shorts, and swallowing hard, Dan moved on to the next exercise. The rest of the workout went on very much as the previous, but this time with a focus on her core. Using the fitness ball more, he had her doing crunches and planks.

A slightly more intense workout than the previous, Mrs Jensen began to really feel it working.

"Wow, I can really feel it in my core," she said, finishing up her crunches.

"Hey, you asked for it," he replied.

He then had her sit on the fitness ball and do squats, requiring her to throw her arms over her head, jump up off the ball, and land in the same spot. Mrs Jensen had some difficulty, losing her balance, so her young resourceful instructor suggested focusing on balance and tightening her core, by not jumping as high. This resulted in her bouncing, just a mere inch or so, off the ball, repeatedly. Once again, the visual was not lost on Dan. He watched, losing count of her reps, as she arched her back, ass out, and bounced repeatedly against the large ball.

Instinctively, he told her, "Make sure you are good and tight, in your core." He was still staring, and once again, there was stiffening in his shorts, which all of a sudden felt a size too small.

Now, Mrs Jensen being a great housewife, and often very sweet and warm, did not mean she was an idiot. As soon as she began bouncing up and down, she knew how she looked and what her body was implying, and the fact was, she kind of enjoyed it. She stayed focussed, but stole some glances

at the good looking young man who was alone with her in her basement. She watched, and smiled to herself as she stuck out her ass and rather forcefully slammed it down onto the fitness ball. She watched him watch her; she was not a fool, although she was surprised by the dampening between her legs.

Dan moved her back to some cardio, and then more core strengthening, and the more Mrs Jensen noticed Dan watching, the more she would play into it. She liked having a sexy young man check her out, so she did small things like arch her back a bit more than she had to, or grabbed onto his arm for support when she really didn't need it. And when he wanted her to work on her lower back, by bending over the fitness ball and doing back extensions, she made sure her mature round ass was pointed high into the air. As she did her back extensions, she knew she had started this whole tease as a bit of a joke, just a playful confidence booster; but with each extension, pushing her ass up for his pleasure, she could not get rid of the visions in her head: of the 20-something boy taking her roughly from behind in this very position. She was having a great workout, but the mental pictures of being pounded from behind by a man young enough to be her son, was really making her heart pound, so much, in fact, that she was almost relieved when he said she could stop.

Dan was trying so hard to remain professional, and he had to pull himself away from her ass. He began walking around her as she worked, and had, perhaps instinctively, stopped right in front of Mrs Jensen. When she had relaxed and looked up, Dan's bulge was no more than 6 inches from her face. When Dan looked down, realizing where he was, it was too late, and he was frozen there, just staring at this mature woman whose eyes were clearly on his cock. Mrs Jensen stared, and her body began to squirm without her knowing, rolling her hips back and forth over the fitness ball so that she crept towards, and then away, from what appeared to be a fat young cock. It seemed to go on for hours, as she gazed upon him, her mouth opening slightly, salivating. She moved so close to the young man's tool, that he could feel her breathe on it, resulting in it stiffening even more. Mrs Jensen noticed, licking her lips; she opened a little wider and moved in once again.

"Hey, hon, are you almost done? I'm getting hungry!" yelled out her husband from the floor above.

The sound of her husband's voice calling out to her snapped Mrs Jensen out of her cock-induced daze. Flustered, her eyes darted around for a place to rest, and swallowing hard, she got up from the fitness ball without making eye contact.

"Umm, thank you, that was a great workout. See you Monday?" She finally pulled her eyes up toward Dan.

In slight shock, Dan thanked Mrs Jensen, and then left, trying to hide the most intense erection he'd ever had.