Mrs Jensen's Trainer Week 02

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Mrs Jensen's second week of training.

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Victoria recalled her last session with her personal trainer and it all appeared in a bit of a haze. Had she really been that turned on the she almost crossed the line. She wasn't sure what was going on, but she did know that she spent that night in the shower, bringing herself to climax 3 times.

She also knew that she couldn't finish her normal workouts alone, without getting wet, or having dirty thoughts about her trainer. She had never cheated before, and beside the occasional attraction to some random man, had never had intense fantasies about fucking another man, especially one half her age.

She was not crazy though, her trainer had responded, he did seem to be into it just as she was right? Well maybe not. After all he wasn't the one who was moments away from going down on her. But he was hard wasn't he. He was. That young cock was fully erect, mere inches from her. She could not get the picture out of her mind.

As she looked herself over in the mirror while training, she thought...

"Why wouldn't he be hard, I look pretty good." she thought as she examined herself in the mirror, from different angles. It had only been a week, but she was working out really hard, even adding in a morning session, and she felt there was definite improvement.

"I could still turn some heads, and if this young man likes to look, let him look." she felt good about herself, and the more she thought on it, the better she felt and the more excited she became.

Dan was also very turned on. He was also nervous, knowing that if he crossed the line his job was over. But he also knew that Mrs. Jensen was not innocent, that she was checking him out, that she appeared very interested in him. There was no way she would report him was there? When he hadn't gotten word of any cancellations for the next Monday, he was sure everything was ok.

But how could it be? He was there, he knew what happened. Was she going to pretend nothing happen, or was this mature mother and wife in fact interested in him?

"I guess I will find out Monday." he thought.

Victoria could not stop thinking about Dan, about enjoying a good hard young man. She had been a good wife, a great mother, didn't she deserve some fun. She did, and while driving home from her part-time job she spotted the sporting goods store, and right in that second decided. She swerved into the lot, parked, and went into the store to do some shopping.

SESSION 3:

On Monday night it was a familiar scene in the Jensen house; Mr. Jensen was on the couch watching TV, and Mrs. Jensen was upstairs getting ready for her trainer. The doorbell rang, and Mr. Jensen turned his ear to the hall, not wanting to get up, however it seemed to take his wife a moment to get the door. He was just about to get up, reluctantly, but then heard...

"That's for me, don't get up, I'll get it." Mrs. Jensen hurried down the stairs to allow her young guest in, stopping in front of the door to check herself in the hallway mirror.

She was dressed in tiny little white hot pants, the type dancer might wear, and they made her ass look fantastic. On top she had a thin, barely supportive, spaghetti strapped, light blue top, hugging her body tight and exposing a generous portion of her midriff. Again she had on her little tennis shoes, and hair pulled back in a pony tail, a bit looser than before, with some strands strategically falling across her face. She turned in the mirror, checking her ass, pulling the bottom hem of her booty shorts over her cheeks, making them plump up. She adjusted her chest, grinned at herself, and opened the door.

Poor young Dan. He didn't know what to say, he just stood there speechless for a moment. She looked amazing, and his cock gave an immediate lurch. She knew what she was doing, he was sure of it, and he grinned back her as he passed over the threshold.

"You know the way." Mrs. Jensen said, as she turned on the spot and walked to the basement, making sure to sway her hips as she led the boy downstairs. She could feel his eyes on her, and she felt butterflies in her stomach.

She headed down the stairs, and made sure to tell the young man...

"Please close the door." which Dan did without hesitation.

He walked down the stairs and past some of the clutter that still remained in the basement, and into the little gym. Mrs. Jensen was standing, waiting, with her hips cocked wearing that grin that haunted Dan's fantasies.

"Do you see any improvement." she asked, throwing her hands on her hips.

"Yeah definitely, you've been working hard huh."

"Mmm hmmm and I think you will see I'm even a bit stronger." she answered "Oh! and watch this" she added as she turned her back to him and, to Dan's great surprise, in her little shorts, bent right over in

front of him. "I can almost touch my toes now."

Staring right at this married woman's ass, he moved forward.

"You can do a little better than that." he encouraged, approaching her, gently touching her back, and giving her a slightly nudge, moving her close toward her toes.

"There you go." he said as he continued to stretch her, his bulge lightly brushing against her mature ass.

"Mmmmm, I can feel it." she replied, pressing back into him a little harder, feeling him stiffen.

Feeling she had given him enough, and wanting to drive him a bit crazy, she straightened up and looked over her shoulder at the tortured young boy.

"Shall we begin?" asking in an innocent tone.

"Sure." he replied, not moving from where he was standing "I think you know what to do."

She had to pull her married ass away from him with great effort, but just before she did, she gave a slight push back. She then walked a few steps, turned and began her jumping jacks. Once again her chest bounced, now more free than ever. Dan's eyes locked on to the mother of 2's tits, making no pretenses about where he was staring, and Mrs. Jensen just stared back.

After a while, when he knew he had her heart rate up, he moved to some weight training. Having her sit on the fitness ball, which she did by almost obscenely arching her back and sticking her ass out, he instructed her to do a few reps of shoulder presses. He handed her the small hand weights, and she started to push them up over her head, again and again. After a few reps,

"Ooo it burns," she pouted "can you spot me please?"

The eager young instructor position himself behind the fitness ball, and placing his hands under her arms, to assist her in lifting the weights. She felt his fingers touch her bare skin, and an electric shock ran through her body, which seemed to end at her nipples, making them hard.

"7...8....9.....and...10!" Dan counted off, and on the last rep he let his hands drop, allowing his fingers to drift down the sides of her torso, brushing her breasts, down to her hips, and then drawing back.

"Now roll into your back, and give me some chest flies."

"You're the boss." she replied, as she rolled her butt off the ball, and balanced on her back, looking straight up at the fit instructor standing above her.

She began her chest flies, extending her arms out to her side, and then bringing them high in front of her. She never seemed to take her eyes off Dan, and he stared right back. The sight of her hips and stomach splayed out on the ball, her chest as she flexed and stretched, and the tension created by the clearly lustful stare she gave was enough to create more stirring in the young man's shorts.

"Perfect." she thought to herself, and couldn't contain a grin.

She kept working, with his manhood protruding, just inches above her, obvious to both of them. She continued with her set, then back to cardio, and as the workout progressed, so did the sexual tension.

"Ok, now back to the jumping jacks." he instructed.

"Whew, you are really working me today." she replied, panting.

"It's my job." he answered smugly.

She began her jumping jacks, and was really starting to work up a sweat so that her legs and chest shone with perspiration. Finishing her set she sighed,

"Wow I'm really sweating." and then grabbed the bottom of her little top and pulled it up to dab at her sweaty brow. Dan's eyes focused as she exposed more skin to him, the bottom of the shirt being pulled up higher and higher, and he watched as if in slow motion. She may have been nearly twice his age but he could not help but admire her shapely body, hoping to see more. For a moment he caught a glimpse of the underside of her ample breasts. She was really laying it on, maybe it was his turn.

"Ok, let work on those triceps." he announced.

Mrs. Jensen headed toward the fitness ball when her instructor stopped her.

"No, come over to the bench."

He grabbed a hand weight, place one knee on the bench, then a hand, so that he was bent over, and demonstrated how to properly do this exercise.

"Keep your shoulders back, elbow high, and extend your arm back." he told her, then popping up and handing her the weight.

"Like this?" she asked demurely, as she bent over, sticking her ass as far out as she could. Dan had her in the position he wanted her, and marveled at the sight of her. The tiny little shorts she wore rode up hugging every contour of her hips and ass. He eyed her, and walked around to the other side of her, coming up with some made up instructions.

"Make sure you get those shoulder back." he said, gently placing his right hand on her shoulder, the other gently pressing her lower back down so that she arched in the most seductive way, causing he ass to stick out even further. She began raising her arm, slowly and steadily.

"That's it, looking good." he said, letting his hand drift down her back, and over her ass, gently.

"Keep those shoulders back." he said, as he gripped her shoulders a bit more firmly, as to momentarily distract her from the fact that his other hand now rested on her upturned ass.

His fingers settled in between her round cheeks, as Mrs. Jensen just keeps working her triceps, pretending she doesn't notice. Getting a bit braver, Dan just slightly rubs her warm cheek then down her leg just slightly, as waves of electricity shot through the married woman's body. Biting her lip, not sure if she can take anymore, Dan pulls his hand away.

"Ok, switch arms." he said, a bit to Mrs. Jensen's dismay.

Sighing a bit, she straightens up, and moved to the other side of the bench, and beings to work the other arm.

"How do I look?" she asked, looking over her shoulder at him, "How's my form?" her hair moist with perspiration, hanging in her face.

"Perfect." he answered, standing there, rigged as a piece of steal, and making no effort to disguise it.

Mrs. Jensen continued her set, longing for him to work his hands over her body once again. Even through the sweat layer of sweat now covering her body, she was sure she was getting wet. She couldn't bare it, and although she wasn't exactly sure where this whole thing was headed when it began, she now knew what the outcome would be, and she couldn't wait to get there any longer. Staying in the bench position, she laid down the weight she was holding, and brushing the hair out of her eyes. Looking again over her shoulder she said,

"You know we haven't discussed my diet." kneeling up in the bench, making sure to stick her ass out for his viewing pleasure.

"Well, it's still early, I prefer to get you in the habit of training before we move onto diet." he added, professionally.

Getting to her feet, Mrs. Jensen wiped wet strands of hair from her face, and walked toward the obviously rock hard young man.

"You sure we don't need to talk about it sooner?" she asked, panting slightly.

"I think we will figure out something for you, don't worry." he replied, trying to fight back a grin.

Mrs. Jensen got closer and closer until she was mere inches from him, he could feel her heat. Despite how warm she was, her nipples were stiff, pushing through her little top.

"Good," she said "because I am very particular about what I put in my mouth."

Just as she finished her sentence Dan felt Mrs. Jensen dip her warm hand into his shorts, gripping his young hard cock. Moaning slightly, Dan stared back, asking,

"Is that right?"

She slowly pumped her hand up and down his pulsing manhood, and he could feel her wedding ring brushing his lower stomach.

"Mmmmhmmmm," she responded, and then leaned in for a wet kiss, sucking his lower lip then pulling away.

"And right now I am very hungry." What was she saying? She didn't know where it was coming from, all she knew was she wanted that hard young cock, and wanted it now. With that, she sunk to her knees before him.

Dan swallowed hard, his heart rate increasing as he watched this married mom of two, with her hand still around his fat shaft, grab the waist of his shorts, and pull them down.

She exposed his cock to the cool air of the basement, pushing her fist back to the base and onto his body so she could get a full unobstructed view of this hot young tool.

She kneeled there for a moment, mouth open, mesmerized. Licking her lips, she looked up at him, breathing heavy; she looked back down at the cock before her.

Her instincts took over, and she dove in, engulfing the cock with her hot mouth.

"Uhh fuckkk!" moaned the young trainer, placing his hands on the back of her head, gently at first, afraid of offending the mature woman.

Mrs. Jensen continued to bob, hard and fast, as if this was her last chance. Her hands pumped whatever cock she couldn't fit into her married mouth, but wished Dan would not be so timid with his hands. After feeling him try and pump his hips into her, only to hold back, she knew he needed some encouraging. She pulled the fat cock from her mouth with a loud slurp,

"Don't be shy." she said, swallowing the built up saliva in her mouth, then diving back in.

Dan gripped more firmly, and started to feed her his hot cock, fucking her face. Mrs. Jensen was more turned on than ever before and pulling her hands off this fresh meat, gripped at her own tits, clawing at her shirt, pulling it up, and tugging on her nipples.

He tried to go deeper, and Mrs. Jensen started to gag on his swollen head. He watched as she struggled to take him and he sped up, ready to fuck her throat till he came. But he needed to fuck her. Gripping her he forcefully pushed her from his cock, leaving her empty and looking up at him, afraid something was wrong.

Before she could speak, he kicked off his shorts, grabbed her by her hips and tossed her over the bench, ass in the air. She was so turned on by his strength, and let out a moan when he gripped her tiny shorts, and yanked them off in one swift motion.

She repositioned her hips a bit, her knees on one side of the bench, her hands flat on the floor on the other side. She was sweating hard now, and wiping hair from her face, looked over her shoulder to watch him as he positioned himself behind her.

She was burning with anticipation and he rubbed himself against her, then without warning, slammed his whole hard length inside her. Whipping her head back she moaned loudly,

"UHHH FUCK!" as the young stud began his assault on her married pussy.

She watched in the mirror in front of her as this fit young stud peeled off his shirt, grabbed her hips and hammered away. So enthralled with the fucking she was receiving she didn't even stop enjoying

it when her husband, shaken by the scream he heard, yelled out,

"Everything OK down there?"

"Uhhh FINE... JUST....AN INTENSE..... WORKOUT!" she yelled out as Dan hammered away harder, lifting her knees off the ground and shifting her hips over the bench.

What a sight Mr. Jensen would've walked in on if he was more curious. His wife, wearing nothing but a little tank top, shoved over her tits, and tennis shoes, was ass up over a workbench, struggling to keep her toes on the floor so she could push up and meet the thrusts of her young trainer.

But he was not as curious as he should have been, and just asked,

"I'm getting hungry, are you almost done?"

Mrs. Jensen looked over her shoulder at the boy fucking her, raising her brow and giving him a look as if to ask "we going to be a while?" He just nodded back with a smug grin on his face.

"YEAH SORRY..... WE HAVE.... MORE TO DO!" she shouted.

She heard her husband grumble, but couldn't concentrate as she now had her face flat on the floor, legs in the air, as Dan swung one of his legs over the bench. Straddling the bench, and Mrs. Jensen's ass, he pounded away.

Slamming his hips down into her he watched as her ass shook with the force of his thrusts. She lost all sense of where she was as his intense pounding was bringing her to her first orgasm, which she tried her best to stifle.

He watched her, with her cheek pressed into the matt, as she bit her lip trying to contain her moans. He forced his young cock deep inside her, holding it there.

"Uhhhh yesssss" she moaned through clenched teeth.

Once she came down from her orgasm, Dan flipped her off the bench and onto the floor. She scrambled to get back up and found her young boy toy, laying on the bench, cock pointed to the sky.

"Come on, get on."

Mrs. Jensen didn't hesitate a moment, and threw her leg over the young man, impaling herself on his

rod. She leaned forward, hands on his torso, ass sticking out, and began to ride. Her hair still in a ponytail, but it was a mess, sweaty and all over the place. She continued grinding her pussy on the stiff pole between her legs, grabbed for the elastic in her hair and pulled it out, tossing her head back, and working him even harder.

Dan clutched at her hips and caught sight of her in the mirrors along the wall. While she was not as young or fit as some of the women he knew, she looked amazing. On her toes in her little tennis shoes as she switched from grinding back and forth, to lifting up and slamming down on his thick young cock.

Mrs. Jensen tossed her hair to one side, and stared down at the young boy, riding him for all he was worth. She had no idea how long she was bouncing on his stiff pole. It could've been 5 minutes or an hour, but it didn't matter, soon she was building to another orgasm.

"I think I'm going to cum again." she said, through bated breath.

Before she knew what was happening, Dan had scooped his strong arms under her thighs, lifted her into the air, and placed her back down on his face. Confusion coupled with pure pleasure, Mrs. Jensen grabbed a fistful of Dan's hair with one hand, and the weight bar that ran across the bench, with the other.

Dan's arms were wrapped around her thighs, pulling her into him as she thrashed her clit across his tongue. She was close to cumming, when again,

"Hey honey? Do you mind if I just make a microwave dinner?" came the call from upstairs.

"Uhhh, YEAH SURE HONEY!" She yelled back, with her head looking straight up at the ceiling, her hair draped back, now gripping the bar with both hands. Violently she grinded back and forth, pressing down into the boys face with no concern if he could breathe or not.

"JUST... uhh fuck... LEAVE ME ALONE!" and with that she came all over the young instructors face, forcing herself not to scream out.

"Uhhhh fuckkkk" she moaned through gritted teeth, as her hips jerked, legs going numb.

Panting, she pulled her pussy from his face, staring down at him. Her mouth was hanging open, and a grin snuck from the corners of her mouth.

"My turn." was his only response, and Mrs. Jensen's eyes went wide with shock as she was once

again lifting into the air, this time laid flat on her back on the bench.

Dan wasted no time inserting his still steel hard cock inside her, grabbing the back of her knees and spreading her wide.

She knew he was dead set on cumming too, and how could she blame him, he just gave her the 2 greatest orgasms of her life.

He pounded away, and she just laid back and enjoyed the view, looking from his eyes, to his fit young body, and to his fat cock splitting her in 2. She wanted him to cum, and she could tell he was close.

"Uhh fuck!" he let out, when fear hit her.

"Don't cum in me." she said, reaching under her own leg, which he was still held high and wide, trying to shove his hips back.

Obeying her request he pulled out, seizing hold of his rigid cock, wet with her juices, and stroking it fast.

He threw his head back, let out a deep moan, then snapped his attention back down; being young he was very eager to watch the outcome. Mrs. Jensen was eager as well, and she was treated to a splash of cum in her face and hair. Mrs. Jensen flinched back, her expression one of surprise and pure pleasure. She marveled at his youthful climax as he continued to spray across her neck, tits, and all over her stomach.

She lay, panting, feeling his thick load streak across her face and body. She had never seen a man cum so powerfully.

He stood over her, breathing heavy, looking down at her, drenched in his hot seed, coming down from an amazing orgasm. She looked back, smiling. After what felt like hours, he stood up, finding his shorts, and putting them on.

She rolled to her side and watched him cram his still semi-hard cock into his shorts, and search for his shirt. He finally found it, pulled it on and looked to her.

"See you on Thursday?"

She just nodded back, laying there like a goddess. Dan approached her, kissed her once, and then headed to the door.

She heard the front door close, and stood to get dressed. Before she did she checked herself in the mirror. She looked fabulous. She knew there was very little change from the beginning of her training, but she thought, standing there naked, that she looked better than she ever had. Perhaps all she ever needed was a hot young stud to fuck her brains out.

"Still, I think I'll continue my training."