



## The Young Intern's Big Break Ch. 04

By Likefinewine1

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*The intern is invited to a rich stuffy party.*

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Susan Foster's heels clacked against the tile floor of the coffee shop. She headed to a booth along the window with two mocha chinos in hand. She set down the two drinks and then slipped into the booth, across from her friend Deborah Crane.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Crane, taking her drink and sipping it.

The two trophy wives were out for the day, dressed to kill, shopping and enjoying the warm weather.

"And thanks for the tennis instructor, he is working out great," Mrs. Crane added with a smirk.

"Oh, no problem."

"How do you like him?" Mrs. Crane inquired, trying to fight back her smirk.

"Umm, he's fine."

"Yeah, he is. Has he helped you with your serve?" Deborah Crane prodded.

"Uhh, yeah I guess," the other married woman replied, seemingly disinterested in the conversation.

Mrs. Crane persisted.

"Did he show you the proper way to pull off a backhand?"

"No," Mrs. Foster answered, peering out the window.

"What about your grip, did he show you proper hand position on his shaft?"

"Uhhh..." Mrs. Foster began.

"Oh, stop it!" Mrs. Crane interjected.

"I know you are fucking him," she added with a sly grin.

"What? Of course I am not," Mrs. Foster lied.

"Yes you are, he told me himself," Mrs. Crane shot back.

"What? I can't believe he..." Mrs. Foster was at a loss.

"Oh, don't be mad, he didn't mean to. We were just starting to...ya know, and he just assumed that you had told me and sent him over to fuck me," Mrs. Crane explained.

Mrs. Foster sat, a bit stunned.

"He felt bad, was actually kinda sweet," Mrs. Crane added.

Mrs. Foster thought about Dean, a smirk now forcing its way across her lips. He was the young man who had fucked her brains out, and who now had fucked her married friend.

"That little son of a bitch," Mrs. Foster said with a chuckle.

"Yeah, but he is something else, huh."

"Oh my god, yes," Mrs. Foster agreed as they both laughed.

"Tell me about it, I am so upset I won't be seeing him this weekend," Mrs. Crane replied.

"Oh, why not?"

"We are heading up the coast this weekend. Actually might be fun, I..." she began.

"Don't change the subject you little whore, tell me everything," Mrs. Crane said, leaning in and sipping her coffee.

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Mrs. Foster was in her bed on Saturday afternoon. Her fingers running through Dean's hair as he devoured her mature pussy.

"Mmmmm, that's it baby," she cooed.

Dean continued to lap at her swollen clit his fingers teasing her opening.

"Mmm, oh, I didn't tell you, I saw Deborah Crane the other day," she added.

"Mmmhmmmm?" was his reply.

"Yeah, mmmm fuck, she said the lessons are going great," she continued.

"Mmmmgreatmm."

"Yeah, and she told me how you fuck the shit of her," she said.

Dean's head popped form her lap, looking at the married woman.

"I, uh...," he tried to retort.

"Oh, don't worry hon, its ok," she said.

"Really? You are not mad?"

"No, not at all," she said with a chuckle as she pushed his head back to her wet pussy.

About an hour later, Dean was headed down the stairs of the Foster's home, having just pleased Mrs. Foster during her "tennis lesson".

He was just about to head out when he was met by Mr. Foster, his boss.

"Oh, Dean, how are ya?" Mrs. Foster greeted the young man.

"Uhh, great," Dean answered nervously.

"Good, and how'd the lesson go?"

"Perfect," Dean replied fighting back a grin.

"Great! Oh, I wanted to invite you to our home next week," Mrs. Foster said.

"Excuse me?" Dean asked.

"We are having a cocktail party, a few people from work may be there, but I wanted to invite you."

"Oh, ok, sounds great."

As Dean headed to his car he felt a little hesitant about the invitation. He was sure it would be boring, perhaps a bit uncomfortable, but he also knew it would be a great opportunity. Dean was just a young intern, but Mr. Foster seemed to take a real liking toward him.

As did his wife.

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It was Saturday night as Dean headed to the Foster's home. He had not been there earlier for the weekly "lesson" as Mrs. Foster had a lot of prepping to take care of.

He approached the door in his brand new suit. A black Italian suit that fit to perfection. It cost quite a bit but with his extra income from "tennis" lessons, he could now afford it. He finished the look with a simple black tie.

He rang the bell and waited at the door. When it opened, his eyes fell on Mrs. Foster.

It had been a while since he had seen her all dressed up. She looked great.

She wore a sexy knee-length pleated cocktail dress with a halter neckline. It was similar to the one she wore when he first met her, although this one was white, had crossing beaded black straps around the midsection, and although her tits still looked great, was less revealing.

Her hair appeared a bit shorter, and it fell in soft waves just below her shoulders. Her bangs falling across her face making her somehow sexier. She wore 5 inch black opened-toed shoes to complete the look.

"Oh, hello," she said brightly.

"How are you?" Dean replied, leaning in for a hug.

"You look amazing," he whispered in her ear.

"You too."

He gave her a once over, and licked his lips slightly.

"Stop it, not tonight," she answered his thoughts.

Dean just smirked, figuring she was probably right, as she led him inside.

The place was really done up with flowers, music, and waiters serving hors d'oeuvres and drinks. There were several bars and from what Dean could guess, one hundred or so people.

Mrs. Foster led Dean to her husband, who was chatting with a few people.

"Honey, Dean has arrived," she said to him.

Dean's boss turned to his wife, and saw Dean.

"Oh, hey, how are you?" he asked.

"Fine, sir," he answered.

"Hello, I am Dean," he said, shaking the hand of the man next to Mr. Foster.

It was one of Dean's qualities that made him so likeable, not waiting to be introduced, but having the confidence and outgoingness to introduce him.

Mrs. Foster noticed his ease in such an atmosphere and felt herself get turned on a bit.

"Oh, sorry," Mr. Foster began. "This is my sister Kate and her husband Roger Cooper," he finished.

"Pleasure to meet you," Dean said, shaking their hands.

Kate seemed pleasant enough. She was an attractive woman, a bit older than Mrs. Foster perhaps. She was definitely not like the older women Dean had come to know as she appeared a bit less glamorous and certainly seemed natural.

Mr. Foster and Mr. Cooper appeared to be friends, probably in the same tax bracket. They were very much alike, although Roger seemed a bit older, and a bit balder.

"So, how's working for my brother-in-law, a real pain in the ass, huh?" Roger asked.

"You said it, not me," Dean replied and they all had a laugh.

In his head, he was rolling his eyes. This was just the type of phony banter he was afraid of.

"I am going to grab another drink," Kate announced.

"I will go with you," Mrs. Foster replied, and the two ladies headed to the bar.

Dean was stuck with the two men, unsure if he could take it.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, there are some people I must say hello to," he said, as he had spotted a few people from work.

The only people from the firm were some of the partners. Regardless, Dean had to say his hellos.

It wasn't until Dean's second drink that he saw Mrs. Crane. He had never seen her dressed up, and she looked amazing. While Mrs. Foster seemed to go a bit more modest and conservative, Mrs. Crane had gone sexy.

The straps on her dress seemed to be really working to hold in her large fake breasts that were pressing up over her deep neckline. The dress was a gold fitted silk cocktail dress. The hem was just above the knee, showing off some great legs, which ended in a pair of 6 inch gold strappy heels. He headed over to her just as her husband left her side.

"Mrs. Crane," Dean said as he approached.

She turned to look at him, and smirk ran across her face.

"My, my, you clean up very well," she said.

"And you look amazing," he answered, eyes running all over her.

They stared at each other for a moment, both hungry, when Dean remembered.

"Oh, by the way..." he leaned in a bit closer. "Thanks for telling her."

He drew back, sipping his drink.

Her smile widened.

"Sorry, hon, I couldn't help it," she said.

"It's ok, just as long as you let me..."

"Oh, Dean, what are you doing here," Mr. Crane blurted as he arrived back, drinks in hand.

"Uhh, oh, hi. Mr. Foster invited me, he is my boss," Dean explained.

"Oh, wonderful. So, hon, I meant to tell you..." he started.

Dean just eyed Mrs. Crane as her husband prattled on, seemingly not paying attention to him.

Dean winked at her, and stepped back, making his way around the room.

Dean made a few rounds, had a few drinks when his cell phone started to ring. He checked who was calling, it was his friend Tim. Dean headed to the stairs, and answered his phone.

"Hey, what's up?" he said, heading up the stairs for some privacy.

"Oh, really? No, I am at a thing," he answered, heading into a dark bedroom. He noticed a coat rack which was filled with coats, obviously belonging to the guests downstairs.

He walked to the back of the room, looking at the window to the large backyard, lit up by scattered flood lights.

"No, it's a work thing, yeah, pretty boring. I'll let ya know if I take off early," he said.

"Yeah, ok, later," he said, turning off his phone, sipping his drink and turning toward the door.

"There you are," came a voice from the doorway.

Dean looked up and saw the silhouette of Mrs. Crane in the doorway, illuminated from behind by the hall light.

"Mrs. Crane, what you doing up here?" he said, smiling at her.

Her heels clicked across the floor as she walked toward the young man, her hips swaying as she did.

"I was looking for you," she answered.

As she reached the sexy young stud, she planted her hand firmly on his crotch.

"I didn't think I'd see you at this party and now that I have..." she purred, pushing the boy back, sitting him on the guest bed.

"I was so upset I had to cancel my last tennis lesson," she pouted, hiking her dress up a bit, and slipping to her knees.

Her well manicured hands went right to work on the boy's belt, adroitly undoing it.

"Uhh, Mrs. Crane, you sure? Here?" he asked a bit nervous.

"Oh, I am sure," she declared, freeing his now stiff cock.

Mrs. Crane wasted no time and plunged down on the hot young cock.

"Uhhh fuckkkk!" Dean moaned out as Mrs. Crane sunk her lips all the way down his fat shaft.

"Gguh" Mrs. Crane pulled her lips from his rod with a gasp.

"Miss me?" she asked stroking his now saliva-soaked cock.

"Ohh yeah, Mrs. Crane," he said, pushing her head back down on his throbbing pole.

She obliged and began an assault of sucking, slurping, and stroking.

His eyes focused through the dark now and he watched as she bobbed in his lap. He reached down and pulled the hair from her eyes, as it had begun to bounce and fall all over.

He could tell she knew time was an issue. She worked fast and furious and he encouraged her work.

"Uhh, that's it, Mrs. Crane," he said.

She answered with muffled moans when...

"Honey?" came a distant call.

Mrs. Crane yanked the fat head from her tight lips and looked up at the boy in concern.

"My husband," she whispered.

"Hon?" came another call.

Dean snapped to his feet, trying to stuff his cock in his pants as Mrs. Crane fell back.

She shuffled to her feet.

"In here, sweetie!" she called out, as she ushered Dean into the nearest door.

Just in time as Mr. Crane came into the room.

"Oh, what are you doing in here?" he asked.

"Ummm, came up to get some lipstick from my coat," she improvised, as this was clearly a lie, although she could use a fresh coat.

She made her way to her coat and applied her lipstick.

"What did you want, hon?" she asked in a blasé manner.

"I want you to meet someone," Dean heard her husband say through the door. Dean turned and found himself in a bathroom. He recognized it as he had been in it before, but when he had, he had entered it through a second door connected to the hall.

He gently made his way to that door and listened.

"I want to land him as a client, so I need you to be charming." He heard the Crane's conversation as they passed the door on the way back downstairs.

Dean turned to the sink, looking at himself in the mirror.

"That was close," he thought, as he worked to clean himself.

"Unfortunate, though," he thought, as that was a great blowjob and the rest of this party was as dull as could be.

"Well, I guess there is the free booze," he thought, trying to look on the bright side of things.

After a few moments he had relaxed himself, gotten his erection down, and felt he looked presentable.

He turned to the hall door, and began his exit when he was stopped by another voice.

"Dean," came the whispered voice of Mrs. Foster.

He turned; Mrs. Foster was heading toward him down the hall. She quickly pushed him back into the bathroom, looked around, and slipped inside.

She dove right onto the young man, kissing him hard and deep. Dean wrapped his strong young hands around her, roaming across her back, grabbing her ass, which was remarkably round and firm for a woman her age.

He broke the kiss and asked, "I thought you didn't wanna do this tonight?"

"Of course I did," she said, panting. "I just didn't think we should," she continued, her hands reaching

for this cock, rubbing him through his pants."But seeing you in that suit, mmmmm" she continued, now lowering his zipper, pulling his cock through the opening. "It reminded me of that first night we fucked, remember that?" she asked, stroking his cock which was now hard again.

"Uhhhh, oh, yeah."

"Mmmm, wanna fuck me again like that?" she said with that wicked grin.

"What? Like this?" he asked rhetorically.

Her mouth opened to respond but all that came out as a gasp as she was suddenly spun around and bent over the sink, just like that first night.

"Uhh, fuck, yessss," she cooed, tossing her hair aside and looking over her shoulder.

She frantically pulled at her dress, bunching it up around her waist, exposing her hot ass and her sexy bikini cut panties.

Dean took hold of the tiny elastic, looking at the married woman, over her shoulder.

"Do it," she whispered.

Just like the first night, Dean tore her panties from her hips. The rip echoed through the bathroom and Mrs. Foster moaned, writhing, feeling she could cum right then.

Dean tossed the shredded fabric against the mirror, and Mrs. Foster watched them fall to the counter. Just as her eyes focused on her useless little panties...

"Uhh, fuckk!!!" she felt the young stud shove his entire length in her mature pussy.

Dean took firm hold of her tiny waist, making sure to keep the hem of her skirt up as he began to pound the married woman.

Perhaps he was sexually frustrated from the interrupted blowjob from Mrs. Crane, or maybe it was just that Mrs. Foster was so damn sexy, whatever the reason Dean pounded her mature pussy with an intense vigor.

Mrs. Foster reached a hand out, planting it firmly on the mirror before her, steadying herself as she shook all across the sink.

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

With one hand bracing herself on the mirror, she turned her shoulders, twisting so she could look the boy in the eyes. With her free hand she grabbed for his tie, pulling him into her, harder, deeper.

The young intern stared into the married woman's eyes, fucking her with all his might, right in her house, during a party.

All of a sudden there came a, 'DING DONG!'

"Uhh, fuckk," moaned Mrs. Foster, "I... have to... go."

"What? Why?" Dean asked, still pounding away.

"Someone's...at...the door," she let out.

"So?"

She leaned back, her back to his chest, kissing him.

"I have to be the good hostess," she pouted.

Dean clutched her big tits, squeezing them through her halter top.

"No, stay," he growled.

"Sorry," she moaned, and then pressed her ass firmly against him one last time before pushing him away, and pulling her wet pussy from his stiffness.

Arranged herself quickly as the bell rang again she turned back to Dean.

"Sorry again," she said, kissing him, then exiting.

Dean watched her leave, and shoving his still rock hard cock back into his pants.

Zippering up, he once again turned to the mirror. Shaking his head he felt both incredibly lucky and unfortunate at the same time. He was completely frustrated, but hearing the party downstairs, and thinking of what just happened, he had to laugh.

Splashing some water on his face he noticed the torn panties on the counter. He grabbed them and looked at the now useless little panties, chuckling. He was indeed very lucky.

Suddenly the door to the bedroom opened and Dean quickly shoved what was left of Mrs. Foster's panties into his jacket pocket.

"Dean? You still in here?"

Mrs. Crane had come back, spotting Dean where she had left him.

"Hmmm, good, you didn't get away," she purred, walking to him.

"You came back," he smiled.

"Mmmhmmmm," she let out before kissing him hard, his hands roaming her tight body.

"Now, where were we?" she joked as she dropped back to her knees.

Her hands ran up and down his thighs, and she stared up at him.

"Take it out," she whispered.

Obedying her request, Dean dropped his zipper, pulling is still semi erect cock free, for the third time tonight.

"Mmmmm," she moaned, taking it in her fist.

"I couldn't get this out of my mind," she said, jerking the young meat before her.

"And your husband?" he asked, looking down at the hot married woman.

"I gave him the slip." she replied with a smirk, pulling his heavy balls free and flicking her tongue across his swollen head.

Dean chuckled back at her, then watched as she opened wide and engulfed his cock, again.

She bobbed down on his cock, her hand stroking in unison with her mouth.

After a few strokes of her lips, she pulled back with a loud 'POP!' holding his impossibly rigid cock by the root.

"Umm, Dean?"

"Uhh fuck, yess, Mrs. Crane," he let out, looking down at her.

"Why do you taste as if you have been fucking someone?" she asked quizzically.

"Ummmmm."

Just then the door from the hall opened once again.

"Dean, I hope you are still in here..." Mrs. Foster said, before seeing the scene before her.

Mrs. Crane was on her knees, Dean's stiff cock jutting from her fist. They both looked to Mrs. Foster, and in a moment, Mrs. Crane realized the cause of her inquiry. Smiling brightly Mrs. Crane went back to sucking Dean's cock.

"What are you doing?" Mrs. Foster asked, shocked.

"What?" Dean replied, Mrs. Crane still bobbing along his shaft.

"I leave for two minutes," Mrs. Foster shot back, watching her friend blow her boy toy.

Pulling the young fresh cock from her mouth Mrs. Crane said,

"Oh, stop it," she said, grabbing Mrs. Foster's hand and yanking Mrs. Foster to her knees beside her.

Mrs. Foster landed on her knees in front of Dean, as he watched in awe.

"Don't think this gets you off the hook," she said to him as Mrs. Crane aimed his throbbing cock at her mouth.

Mrs. Foster's eyes fell from Dean's to the cock before her. She opened wide and took him deep.

"Uhhh, fuckk!!" Dean let out, snapping his head back and shutting his eyes.

He could not believe this was happening. He opened his eyes and looked back down to be sure it

was, in fact, true. Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Crane, on their knees sucking his rock hard cock.

Mrs. Foster moaned around his shaft as Mrs. Crane slipped the straps from her shoulder, tugging the top of her dress down and exposing her huge tits.

Mrs. Foster pulled the cock from her lips with a slurp, immediately shoving it between Mrs. Crane's ample cleavage. Dean began fucking her silicon-filled tits as Mrs. Foster wiped her mouth and staggered to her feet.

Dean watched as she untied her halter dress, working herself out of it. He removed his jacket as he continued to rock his hips forward, humping Mrs. Crane's chest.

Mrs. Foster, now completely nude, save for her high heels, sidled up next to Dean as Mrs. Crane popped his cock back into her wet mouth.

Mrs. Foster began unbuttoning Dean's shirt, reaching her hand inside to feel his firm chest. Soon she had stripped him down; all the while Mrs. Crane continued her ministrations, now with Dean's fist grabbing her long hair, assisting her in her work.

Dean had one arm around Mrs. Foster, his hand plunged between her legs, rubbing her wet slit as his other hand urge Mrs. Crane further down his shaft.

"Uhh, fuck, baby, you are so hot," Mrs. Foster said breathlessly.

Dean kissed her lips, tasting how sweet she was, as he heard gagging noises coming from Mrs. Crane.

He continued to rub Mrs. Foster, finding her swollen clit, as he fucked Mrs. Crane's throat.

It eventually became too much for her, and she could not breathe. Slapping his grip from her hair, she pulled away gasping for breath.

Dean looked down at her, realizing what he was doing and bent to her face.

"Oh, I'm sorry, baby, was I rough with you?" he asked, kissing her.

"Uhh huhhh," she responded, staring him in the eyes as hers watered.

"But you like it rough, don't you?" he asked

"Uhh Uhhh," she answered again, grinning.

With that answer, Dean lifted her to her feet roughly, pulling her skirt up around her waist and bent her over the sink.

"Uhh fuck, yes, that's it," she moaned, rubbing her clit, waiting.

Mrs. Crane was not wearing panties. Dean should've guessed.

The young stud plunged himself deep inside Mrs. Crane's dripping cunt, his eyes diverting to Mrs. Foster, who was perched on the sink, rubbing herself and enjoying the show.

Dean looked from the goddess fingering her dripping pussy, to the goddess bent over before him, and felt a surge of power and confidence flow through him. Grabbing Mrs. Crane's arms, just above the elbow, he pulled her back. Her back arching, tits pointing to the ceiling, he pounded her harder than ever.

The sounds of their bodies thrusting together, her ass slapping against his hips, filled the bathroom, and no one seemed to be concerned.

"Uhh, I am going to cummm..." announced Mrs. Crane.

Dean kept a steady pace until Mrs. Crane's climax was met, her body began to shake, moan escaping into the hallway.

Dean let go of the married woman, and she was sent crashing into the counter, bent over it, still orgasming.

Dean signaled for Mrs. Foster, who, wearing nothing but high heels and a grin, sauntered over to the now nude young stud. As she approached, Dean took hold of the cheating trophy wife and lifted her into the air, dropping her on his big cock.

"Uhh, yesss," she let out as Mrs. Crane continued to shake and pant over the counter.

Mrs. Foster wrapped her legs around the boy's waist as he lifted her and slammed her down his rigid pole.

He held her in the air effortlessly, her arms around his neck, her store-bought tits bouncing between

them. Mrs. Crane, coming down from her orgasm, slinked to her knees, watching as Mrs. Foster got fucked.

She watched his cock plunge into her friend's pussy, and when he slipped from her grip, Mrs. Crane took hold of that big cock and shoved it back into her wet mouth.

Dean stared into Mrs. Foster's eyes, holding her as he felt Mrs. Crane work him with her mouth.

When Mrs. Crane pulled the prick from her lips, and went to reinsert it into her friend's dripping wet cunt, she was stopped.

"Put it in my ass," Mrs. Foster said, trying to look down at her friend.

"You sure?" Mrs. Crane asked.

Looking into the boy's eyes, she answered.

"Yes."

Grinning back, Dean lifted her legs higher, and bent his knees a bit, allowing easier access.

Mrs. Crane watched carefully as she slowly shoved his fat length into her friend's tight asshole.

"Uhhhh yesssss," came the guttural moan from Mrs. Foster.

Mrs. Crane watched as the fit young man effortlessly lifted Mrs. Foster up and down his shaft, as if he were using her ass to jerk himself off.

Mrs. Foster moaned from the sensation of his cock in her ass, a carnal pleasure she didn't know she had until just a few weeks ago.

As she was almost lost in her lust, she was snapped out of it by a knock at the bathroom door.

"Just a minute," Mrs. Foster moaned out, biting her lips to prevent anything else from escaping.

"Susan, is that you?" came the voice on the other side.

"Uh, yes, dear," she shouted to her husband as Dean slammed her down on his rock hard cock.

"Hurry up, there are some people I need you to meet," he called out as Mrs. Crane struggled not to laugh.

"Sure... dear, in uhh minute," she answered.

After she heard footsteps down the stairs, she looked into the young man's eyes.

"Fuck me."

He continued his assault on her tight hole until she tightened and her orgasm rocked her. She shook in his arms, her legs quaking as she came.

"Uhh yess, oh fuck, yess," she let out, coming down from her climax.

"I want that," Mrs. Crane said.

Without any further encouragement Dean released Mrs. Foster, dropping her to the cold tile, and scooped up Mrs. Crane, once again bending her over the counter.

Mrs. Foster scrambled to gain her composure. She turned and watched as Dean once again had Mrs. Crane over the sink, only this time, he entered her tight ass.

"Uhhhh, holy shit!" came the moan from deep inside Mrs. Crane.

Mrs. Foster leaned over the counter, running her fingers through her friend's hair as she watched her take half his young cock in her ass.

"Oh fuck, how do you do it?" Mrs. Crane asked Mrs. Foster breathlessly.

"I love it," Mrs. Foster replied.

Mrs. Crane looked back at the young man who was still halfway inside her tight little hole.

"Do it," she demanded, in defiance of her friend.

Dean looked to Mrs. Foster, smirking, as he brought one foot up to the counter for deeper penetration and abandoning any pretenses of being gentle, shoved his entire length inside her.

"Uhhhh fuckkkk!!!" she yelled out in pain.

Dean did not let up as Mrs. Foster barked words of encouragement. He continued to pound away, through Mrs. Crane's cries of, "Oh shit!!" and "Fuckk!!", as he knew she would eventually cave like Mrs. Foster.

Finally she did as her moans changed to, "Yesss" and "Fuck me!!", until finally she came, shaking and wiggling like a worm on a hook.

Through her orgasm, Dean kept up his pace, until finally, after all he had been through that night, the blowjobs and interruptions, sex and interruptions, he was about to cum.

Mrs. Crane looked to Mrs. Foster, a devilish grin on her face.

"I did what you like, now you do what I like," she said to her friend.

Mrs. Foster was unsure what she meant, but suddenly Mrs. Crane pulled her to the floor, kneeling before the young man. Mrs. Foster watched as Mrs. Crane jerked the young man, whose whole body seemed ready to explode.

She watched her friend's fist pump that young cock, watched as her wedding ring caught the light with each upstroke, and watched in surprise when Mrs. Crane suddenly stroked the cock right at her.

She looked up at the boy who watched in complete awe as his cock surged with an intense heat and exploded all over her married face.

Mrs. Crane pumped thick ropes of young cum all across her friend's face. Mrs. Foster snapped her head back in surprise as cum was planted across her cheeks, hair, forehead, and nose.

A shot hit her lips and chin, and when it became too much for her, Mrs. Crane directed the eruption to herself.

Jerking him, she delivered even more cum onto her own face, as Mrs. Foster and Dean watched on in amazement.

"Yesss, give it to me!" she demanded, eliciting more ropes of cum across her cheeks and mouth.

After being covered in an unbelievable load, both mature ladies looked up at the young stud, breathless.

"You two are something else," he said, panting.

The two women looked to each other, completely fucked and dripping of hot young cum.

They smiled.

It took them a few minutes to clean up and get dressed. Each had a thin layer of sweat on them, but they did their best to cool down. Once dressed and arranged, they left.

Mrs. Foster kissed her stud goodbye, winked to her friend, and exited through the hallway door. Mrs. Crane waited a moment, kissed Dean and grabbed his groin, then exited through the bedroom door.

Dean waited another minute, fought back a grin and headed to the hall door.

When he opened it, he was startled by someone trying to enter the bathroom.

"Oh, I am sorry," said the woman.

It was Mrs. Cooper, his boss's sister.

"It's okay, sorry I took so long."

"No problem, I was just trying to get away, anyway," she said.

"Oh, really?" Dean asked, this time unable to fight back his grin.