



Mrs Jensen's Trainer Week 03

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What is Mrs Jensen to do when her trainer goes on vacation?

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"Be right up honey!" Mrs. Jensen called up to her husband.

It had been over a month since she had begun her private training lessons in her basement, and only a little less than that since she began fucking her young instructor.

On this particular day Mrs. Jensen was bent over her blue fitness ball in nothing but her sports bra and sneakers as Dan, her instructor, pounded her from behind.

Tossing her sweaty locks from her face she looked over her shoulder at the firm young man.

"I gotta... make him dinner," she said through her panting.

Dan pounded harder, driving her sexy hips into the rubber ball, only to have them spring back into his with the unmistakable sound of flesh on flesh.

"He is always, uhh fuck, interrupting us," he added, working even harder.

"Don't worry... about him... uhh... just keep fucking me." She pushed back into him.

Doing as he was told he slammed into her round ass, watching it shake, his pace relentless. She watched him work, so young and sexy, when she felt her orgasm approach. "Harder," she whispered, so desperate to cum.

"Uhhhhh fuckkk!!!!" she yelled out, having given up on being quiet weeks ago. Feeling her climax rip through her, she continued to moan, her legs shaking. He never failed her.

Dan increased his pace and she knew he was almost there too, her thoughts confirmed as he withdrew from her, pressed his hips to her, took hold of his young cock and jerked it furiously.

"Mmmm yeah baby," she encouraged.

Watching her over her shoulder, then down at her ass, he stroked. She watched as he tossed his head back and his cock exploded, dumping all of his young hot cum across her upturned ass and back. She couldn't help but press her ass into him, writhing in pure pleasure as she felt his cum drip across her skin.

"Ohh baby, look at what you did," she cooed. Slinking off the fitness ball and to her knees, Mrs. Jensen took hold of his softening cock, and began to clean him with her mouth, smiling as she did.

He watched her. She was incredible, but her control was even better, never calling him or getting them into trouble. She would always wait for their sessions, and then fuck his brains out.

"Honey!!!" came another call from upstairs.

Yanking his cock from her mouth, she smirked at the boy. "Sorry hon, we will have to finish this next time," she said, as she stood up, reaching for a towel to clean herself.

"About that," he began, looking for his clothes. "I forgot to tell you, I am going to be out of town for about a month, so I won't be able to train you for a while," he finished.

Tossing the towel aside, she slipped on her panties. "Really? Where are you going?" she asked, sounded disappointed.

"To visit family, sorry, I forgot to tell you," he answered.

"It's ok, actually my son is coming home from college for the summer, so the timing isn't bad, but what will I do without you," she added with a grin.

"You'll manage," he said.

"I am not so sure about that," she replied, and they both finished getting dressed and headed upstairs.

Before they reached the door, he turned to her gave her a kiss and said, "Bye Mrs. Jensen, I'll be back soon," and they both entered the first floor of her home.

"Bye," she said.

"Bye, goodnight Mr. Jensen," he said as he gave the ignorant man a quick wave.

"Bye," he answered from the couch.

"Great, I am starving," he added to his wife who sat on the arm of the sofa contemplating the great fuck she just had, and how she wouldn't have another for weeks.

"Sounded like you had a tough workout," he said.

"Huh?" she said, lost at first. "Oh yeah," she added with a chuckle, what an idiot.

"I'll start dinner," she added as she headed to the kitchen, wondering what she was going to do over the next few weeks.

About a week went by when Mrs. Jensen realized she was really missing her instructor. She relied on getting fucked relentlessly on a regular basis more than she thought. The only thing that was able to relax her was that her youngest son, Alex, would be coming home for the summer in just a few days.

The weather was turning warm and Mrs. Jensen was excited as she was now able to show off her new body. She bought a few more pairs of jean shorts, little t shirts, and even a few new bathing suits. She felt good about herself and although she was without her boy toy, she looked forward to the upcoming summer.

On Saturday morning Mr. and Mrs. Jensen got in their car and headed to the bus station where Alex would be arriving. It was a nice warm summer day, so they drove with the windows down, enjoying the cool air.

They parked the car headed to the platform. After just a few minutes of waiting, "Mom, Dad!" came a call down the platform.

Their son Alex approached his parents, dropped the bag in his hand and hugged his mom and dad. It was only after she had hugged her son that she realized he was not alone.

"And this is?" Mr. Jensen asked.

"Oh yeah sorry, this is Dave a friend from school," he answered.

"David," said Mr. Jensen, shaking the young man's hand.

"How are you?" asked Mrs. Jensen, shaking his hand as well.

"Ummm, I told him he could stay with us for a while," he continued.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jensen were caught off guard; however they didn't want to be rude.

"Why didn't you tell us?" asked Mrs. Jensen.

"I didn't know until just before I left. His parents are moving, but had to move out earlier, now they are in a hotel for a while, so I told him to stay with us for a few weeks," he explained, a bit apprehensively.

The Jensen's considered it for a minute then Mrs. Jensen answered, "That's fine, he is certainly welcome, I just wish you would've called."

"Thank you very much, ma'am," Dave responded.

Mrs. Jensen was happy to see the boy was very polite, and he seemed nice enough. In fact, when the moment was over she noticed that he was quite an attractive young man. Aren't they all, she thought.

With that they packed up the car and headed home.

On the ride home Mr. and Mrs. Jensen were able to catch up with their son and his friend, asking them about school. The conversation continued into lunch and Mrs. Jensen was feeling more comfortable with having David with them as he was very personable and polite, as he went to clean up his plate at which Mrs. Jensen cut him off, always preferring to be a good hostess.

The boys were tired and decided to just stay in for the day, watching TV and playing video games. Watching David in her home Mrs. Jensen couldn't help but notice how charming he was. He was tall, with short dark hair, a good build and a sexy smile.

After dinner she stood in her kitchen, cleaning dishes and straightening up, as her mind wandered to the young man.

"Stop ogling your son's friend," she had to remind herself. You are just in need of a good fuck from your hot instructor is all, she thought. Hmmm, Dan is only a few years older than David, she realized.

She was snapped out of her little daydream by a sound behind her. David was reaching into the frig for a couple of sodas, and he noticed Mrs. Jensen's slight jump.

"Uhh Alex said I could grab some cokes," he added innocently.

"Sure hon, make yourself at home," she answered with a warm smile.

"Thanks," he started, "for everything I mean." He stood with the sodas, looking over the mature

woman.

He noticed from the second he saw her on the platform how attractive she was, but he was able to ignore it, she being his friend's mom and all. Now however, her standing there in her little jean shorts, and a top that was just a bit too small for her, he couldn't help but notice how sexy she was.

She stared back, thinking of the hot young cock she usually enjoyed during the week, and how much she missed it already.

"Dave, what ya doin?" came the call from her son in the other room.

"Thanks again," Dave said with a smile, exiting the room.

Mrs. Jensen sighed, disturbed by her thoughts.

That night in the shower while she masturbated, envisioning her young instructor fucking her on her workout bench, she was shocked when her son's friend suddenly popped into her head.

She continued to play with herself, wondering if it was really that wrong or at least, worse than what she had done already. She thought of her affair and didn't really feel bad about it. Her husband rarely showed her attention, he didn't even seem to be excited about what great shape she was in. She thought of her instructor and although she thoroughly enjoyed their time she didn't have feelings for him.

Perhaps all she really wanted was a good hard young man.

With that thought she came hard against her own hand, cementing the nasty thoughts in her head.

The next day Mr. Jensen headed off to work, and at about 10 am the boys finally awoke. Mrs. Jensen was already up, doing chores around the house, and because it was a gorgeous day she had planned on lying by the pool for a while. She dressed in her new red bikini over which she wore a short little blue sun dress, and completed the look with a pair of wedge heeled sandals.

The boys came bounding down the stairs, headed to the kitchen where Mrs. Jensen was mixing some iced tea. They began on a late breakfast as most boys their age do while Mrs. Jensen continued her work.

As she worked around the kitchen Dave couldn't help but steal glances over at her, trying hard not to be caught by Alex.

Mrs. Jensen was not as dense as her 19 year old son, and did notice Dave watching her. She began to move a little more gracefully, sticking her chest out a bit more than usual. Nothing outlandish, just enough to get a 19 year old worked up.

Dave was snapped out of it by the sound of Alex's spoon loudly hitting his empty bowl of cereal. Alex stood up taking his bowl to the sink.

"Ok I'm gonna go change," he said.

"Where you guys going?" asked Mrs. Jensen.

"Oh, just going in the pool for now," he answered.

"Just come upstairs when you're done," he said to Dave as he had been too distracted to finish his cereal.

Alex pounded up the stairs as Dave sat, eating, feeling a bit awkward.

Mrs. Jensen walked over to the young man whose eyes shot up to her, looking her head to toe. "All done?" she asked softly.

"Huh? Oh yeah, thank you ma'am," he said, smirking back.

"You are very welcome," she added as took the empty bowl and spoon, turned and headed to the sink. On the way she "accidentally" dropped the spoon, as it clattered to the floor. "Oops," she said, as if out of a movie, she bent over at the waist to retrieve the spoon.

Dave sat, staring at the married woman. As she bent her skirt rose up, revealing well toned legs, especially for a woman of her age. Mesmerized as her ass was barely covered by the dress, and her heels just accentuating everything. He was disappointed when she finally stood back up, along with his young cock.

"Shouldn't you go change?" she said over her shoulder at him.

"Yeah, you are right, thank you ma'am," he answered as he strolled off slowly, trying to take in as much of her as possible.

She laughed at herself and shook her head. What are you doing? she thought. If she thought she was able to calm her libido down, it was shattered when the boys came back down the stairs. Dave was in a pair of white swim trunks and nothing else. She checked the young boy out, and although he wasn't in the shape her trainer was, he looked good. Not very muscular, just young and tight, and with just the right amount of hair on his chest. He looked yummy.

"We'll be by the pool ma," said Alex as they passed through the kitchen to the back patio.

Dave in toe smiled as he passed, looking at his friend's mom one last time before exiting.

About 20 minutes later Mrs. Jensen headed outside with some iced tea and chips. She set them on the patio table and watched as the boys goofed around in the pool. She watched David climb from the pool, his strong arms as he pulled himself up the edge. She eyed his dripping wet body and just before he dove off the diving board, she swore he glanced her way, smirking.

Mrs. Jensen could not get the young man out of her mind, and was about to resolve herself to masturbation when an opportunity presented itself that she could not resist. At around noon the phone rang and Mrs. Jensen answered, "Hello?"

"Oh hi Mrs. Jensen, this is Amy," came the voice on the other end. Amy was a girl Alex had been dating on and off for a while. Mrs. Jensen knew little of her, but she always seemed nice. "I heard Alex was home, is he around?" Amy asked.

"Yes he got home yesterday, just a minute," she answered, pressing the hold button on the portable phone and heading outside. "Alex, Amy is on the phone," she called out to the boys who were horsing around in the pool.

The two young boys looked at each other, and then Dave asked, "She the one you were telling me about?"

"Yeah, I'll see what she's up to," Alex answered climbing out of the pool. "Thanks ma," he said as he grabbed the phone and headed inside.

Mrs. Jensen stayed on the patio. "Having fun?" she asked.

Wading into the shallow end and smoothing his wet hair back on his head Dave smiled at the sexy mom. "Yeah, it's a great day," he answered.

"It certainly is," she said softly, and although she wore her sunglasses she would've said the boy was an idiot if he couldn't tell she was looking right at him.

"Hey, Dave?" Alex called out as he reentered the patio.

Dave reluctantly looked passed Mrs. Jensen to his friend.

"You mind staying here for a few minutes, I have to go say hi to Amy," he explained.

"Yeah sure," he said with a chuckle, knowing Alex had to go alone on this one.

"See ya later," Alex said as he headed inside.

"Have fun," Dave called after him.

Mrs. Jensen was still standing there in her little sundress smiling down at the young man in the pool. "It really is a nice day huh?" she commented.

Before David could answer Mrs. Jensen reached for the bottom of her dress and pulled it up and over her head. The young man watched as this mature woman revealed to him her sexy new bikini. It was red with white trim and was a tad too revealing for a mother of two.

His eyes were transfixed on her, and she knew it, as she snaked into one of the chaise lounge chairs. Dave stood at the edge of the pool watching her as she settled in, her toned legs out before her, soaking up the sun. Dave felt anxious and although he wanted nothing more but to stare, he decided to do a few laps to work off some of his energy. Eventually he worked his heart rate up enough and needed a drink. He headed to the stairs near Mrs. Jensen's end of the pool, stepping out and stealing more glances at her. He moved to the patio table and poured himself a drink, when in mid sip,

"Can you pour me a glass please?" Mrs. Jensen asked without looking at him, her face still pointed toward the sun.

The young man poured her some iced tea and walked over to her. "Here ya go," he said, handing the woman the drink.

Sitting up she took the cool drink from him and sipped while he stood, unsure what to do.

"Sit down hon, take it easy," she said, sitting up further to give him room at the bottom of the lounge chair.

He sat down, and couldn't help himself from looking her over.

"So how are you doing David?" she asked.

"I'm great, and thanks again for everything," he answered.

"Oh stop thanking me, it is my pleasure." She waved him off. "So how is school? Made lots of friends?" she inquired.

"Umm yeah, I mean Alex and I are close, but yeah, things are going well," he said, wishing he was the one with sunglasses so it could hide his blatantly staring.

Mrs. Jensen noticed this, and smiled through another sip of her iced tea. "So tell me," she began, setting her drink down, "do you have a girlfriend at college?"

"Uhh no," he laughed.

"Oh come on, I find that hard to believe," she teased, running her fingers across her smooth thigh.

Dave watched her and felt himself stirring in his swim trunks. "Uhh," he said, laughing, "I didn't say I didn't meet some girls, but uhh," he trailed off, laughing more.

"Oh I see," she said, looking at him from over her sunglasses. "Are there a lot?" she asked.

Dave felt himself growing harder, trying to will his erection down. This is your friend's mom, he thought to himself. "Uhh, a few," he answered politely.

"I bet," she replied quietly, glancing at his obvious hard on.

Dave felt like he had to get out of this situation. Standing he looked for an excuse to leave. "Umm I think I should grab a towel," he said.

"Whoa, wait a minute," Mrs. Jensen interjected reaching her hand to his hip, stopping him. He stopped in his tracks, looking down at this incredibly sexy mom, as she tossed her legs over the edge of the chair, sitting on the chair. "Where are you running to?" she asked innocently.

"Uhh nowhere I just think that uh..." he couldn't think.

"I thought we were chatting?" she asked.

"We were, I just...." he began.

"Have you always had such luck with the ladies?" she continued.

"I do ok," he answered, knowing there was nothing he could do to hide his erection.

"What kind of girls do you like?" she asked.

"Ummm, I don't know, fit I guess, brunette," he answered.

"What else?"

"Nice legs," he responded.

"Older?" she interjected.

"Excuse me?"

"Do you like older women?" she clarified.

"Uhhh I guess," he answered.

"Well by the looks of it, I'd say you do," she said, nodding toward his hard cock.

"I'm sorry ma'am," he started.

"You certainly do not have to be sorry," she said, placing her hands on the boy's hips. She looked down at his bulging crotch, her mouth watering. The young man did not know what to do, but he knew he wanted to stay; this was the most erotic moment of his young life. And although it was very hot out a chill ran through his body when he felt his friend's mom rub his cock through his bathing suit.

"Uhh fuck Mrs. Jensen, what are you doing?" he moaned out.

"What? You want me to stop?" she asked, rubbing his fat cock, her pussy moistening.

"Uhh no, but what about Alex?" he said watching her.

"Are you going to tell him?" she asked, pressed her mouth over his wet bathing suit.

"Uhhh no," he let out, "but what about Mr. Jensen?"

"He's not here is he?" she said, and grabbing the drawstring on his suit, she pulled.

"No," he answered quietly.

"Then relax," she said just as she began to lower his trunks. She looked up at him, then down as she revealed more of the boy. She watched as the young neatly trimmed hair came into sight, and then she let out a soft moan when the root of his young cock was revealed.

She stopped for a moment, looked up at the pained young man, licked her lips, and looked back at his cock. She pulled them down further and further, his cock seemed to go on forever. She watched in great anticipation, realizing this might be the biggest cock she had ever seen when suddenly she reached the end.

The young man's cock sprang free and slapped the cheating wife in the face.

"Uhh! Holy shit hon," she gasped, looking at the young tool before her. Her eyes looked up at him in amazement, and he now looked down with confidence. Looking back at his cock, she took it in her hand, unable to wrap her fist around it completely. She laughed to herself as she began to stroke it. "This certainly is a great day," she said looking up at him.

He smiled back, then. "Uhhh fuuuck," he yelled out, unable to control himself as without warning this married woman plunged down on his big young cock. She shoved him into her mouth as far as he would go. She had learned over the many sessions with her trainer that she enjoyed deep throating; however this boy might prove to be a challenge. Coming up for air, she looked to the boy, then back to his cock, trying again. Gagging, she pulled back, stroking his cock which was already slick with her saliva.

She dived back in, momentarily abandoning her mission of taking him deep and instead bobbed along his huge shaft. Mrs. Jensen was so excited, she was unsure what she would do without her trainer, but now here she was, mouth stuffed with young cock. She was in heaven.

The young man, emboldened by the married woman's forwardness, took hold of her ponytail by the root. When he heard her moan around his cock, he gave her a bit of a shove down his young tool, gagging her a bit more.

Mrs. Jensen worked faster, enjoying this fat young piece of meat. Feeling like he was taking control, Mrs. Jensen used her free hands to grab her bikini top and pulled her tits free. As the incredibly hung boy fucked her face she grabbed and pinched her erect nipples, moaning around his tool.

He worked harder, deeper and Mrs. Jensen once again felt him hit the back of her throat. Gagging she pressed her hands to the boys hips, pulling her mouth from his cock. Panting, she took a minute to catch her breath, stroking the fat young cock before her. Guiding him by his cock, Mrs. Jensen slipped to her knees, and sat the eager young boy in her place on the chaise.

Mrs. Jensen grabbed the boys swim trunks, putting them under her knees, pushed her sunglasses up her nose, and smiled at young David. She was determined to not let this young cock beat her. Holding the cock by the root, she opened wide and lowered herself down until she was met with resistance. Getting lower, sticking her ass out, she relaxed her throat, and swallowed the boy.

"Uhhh fuck Mrs. Jensen," moaned the boy.

Mrs. Jensen felt triumphant as she closed her lips around the base of the hot pole. With the cock buried deep, she began to rock back and forth, as if she was taking it doggy style, only instead it was her throat being fucked.

David ran his hands up and down her sides, clutching her hips and guiding her into him. He heard her moan and felt her hands rub and tug and his huge testicles. He reached out for her ass, sending himself even deeper. Gagging again, she released him from her throat, stroking, she said, "Uhhh fuck baby, we should go inside," licking his saliva soaked cock.

Standing up, with her tits pressed out before her, she led the boy across the patio by his cock. Opening the sliding door, she led him inside; they both felt the cold air conditioned air hit them. She went to lead him through the kitchen, but the eager young man could not wait any longer. Abandoning any apprehensions he might have had, he knew he had to fuck this woman, this mom of his college friend.

Grabbing her wrist, he pulled her back, as she let out a gasp of surprise. Grabbing her by the hips he lifted her ass onto the kitchen table and admired her body. "Fuck Mrs. Jensen, you are so hot." He ran his hands all over her mature body.

"Mmmm, thank you, hon," she purred.

"Your body is incredible, you must work out a lot," he said cupping her tits and pressing his face to her chest.

"Uhh baby if you only knew," she laughed, her hand running through his hair.

He continued to enjoy her amazingly firm breasts as he felt her reach for this stiff cock. Yanking her bikini bottom to the side, she pulled at his cock, guiding him to her.

Scooping his arms under her legs, he yanked her hips closer until he felt her place him against her opening. Mrs. Jensen took off her sunglasses, tossing them aside, wanting to get the best view of the fucking she was to receive. Staring right into the eyes of this married goddess he pressed forward, nearly splitting her in two.

"Uhhh fuck!" she moaned, dropping back onto her elbows.

Holding her legs high and wide, the young man began to slide his fat long tool in and out.

"Come on baby, I know you're not shy," she said thinking on how he had fucked her throat, "fuck me," she told him.

Smirking at her, he began fucking hard, faster, clutching her hips and pulling her to meet him.

"That's it sweetie," she encouraged.

Harder and harder he drilled her, the whole table rocking, sounding as if it would collapse. Mrs. Jensen reached her arms behind her, clutching the other end of the table as David plowed into her, watching her tits shake from his intense movements.

Suddenly the portable phone on the wall next to David rang, startling him. He momentarily stopped his fucking, looking from the phone to the Mrs. Jensen.

"Ignore it baby, keep going I am so close," she said through panting breathes.

Always one to respect his elders he continued to pound her married pussy even as the phone rang.

"Yes baby, don't stop!" she demanded.

He did not let up, fucking her through the ringing phone, then through her loud cries of pleasure.

"FUCKKKKK YESSSSSSS!!!" she yelled as a long awaited orgasm shot through her.

She had needed that, but was still not going to let this moment go to waste. Pushing the boy away, he stumbled back into a kitchen chair. Without missing a beat and with the energy of a woman half her age she jumped off the table, discarded her bikini bottom, and turned. With her back to the boy, and her knees together, she sat, impaling herself on his still rock hard shaft.

"Mmmmm fuck," she purred as she felt him slide back inside.

He watched her ass as it pressed down into his lap, this was amazing. Alex's mom, in nothing but her wedge sandals and bikini top, was now bouncing on his cock.

She was merciless as she continued to push up and smash down into him. Like it was one of her training exercises, she worked steady, up and down. In fact, when she thought about it, it was exactly like one of her training exercises.

His strong hands on her hips, guiding her down, until she grabbed them, place his hands onto her tits. Reaching around he fondled her tits, using them to pull her down, as Mrs. Jensen took a moment to reach her arms back, undoing her ponytail. Shaking her hair out it fell down her neck and back and Dave watched it shake and bounce with her movements.

Once again the phone rang.

"Uhh, always being interrupted," Mrs. Jensen moaned. Mrs. Jensen leaned forward, the boy's cock still inside her, as she took the phone off the hook. Sitting back down on the young cock she tossed her hair aside and way from her ear, hitting the "talk" button. "Hello?" she answered, continuing to bounce on David's shaft. "Oh hi hon," she said, as the boy behind her tried to suppress his moans. Still riding David's cock, she continued, "Yeah, no it's fine, yeah he's right here, sure," he heard her say.

Holding the phone over her shoulder while still bouncing against his lap, she said, "It's for you."

A little confused, David grabbed the phone from her. "Hello? Oh what's up Alex," he said, trying to sound casual, as he spoke with Alex while his mom rode his cock. "Yeah, no prob, uhmmm..." he said trying to hold back his pleasure as Mrs. Jensen pressed her ass firmly against him, rocking her hips back and forth then in circles.

"Mmmm fuck," Mrs. Jensen let out.

Nervously David held his hand over the receiver; however it seemed unnecessary as Alex continued on.

"Yeah man, yeah sound good. Ok." He grabbed Mrs. Jensen's hip with his free hand as she continued to gyrate her hips over him. "Yeah, ok, see ya soon, bye." He hung up and tossed the phone aside.

Mrs. Jensen snapped her head to the side, trying to see the boy. "'See ya soon'? How soon?" she asked.

"Like 10 minutes," he said placing both hands on her hips, pulling her into him, "he's coming by to pick me up."

"Well we better hurry then," she said, running both her hands through her hair, as she smirked over her shoulder at him.

He smiled back as Mrs. Jensen went back to bouncing up and down his stiff shaft. Faster and harder than before, it was clear she was riding with intent.

"Come on baby, cum for me," she pleaded.

Unable to sit and just let her ride David clutched her hips, shoved her off his cock.

"Uhh baby what are..." she began, but was cut off when she was roughly bent over the kitchen table in front of her.

"Mmmmm yeah sweetie," she said, looking over her shoulder, "UHH FUCKKK!" she yelled when he reinserting his throbbing cock back inside her.

Holding onto her hips, he hammered away, and once again Mrs. Jensen had to reach out and hold onto the other side of the table, this time on her stomach.

Her hips pressed into the edge of the table, her hot little heels lifting off the ground so that she was on her tippy toes, begging for more. Obliging the married woman, David lifted his foot to the edge of the table going deeper than ever.

"UHHHH FUCKKKK!" Mrs. Jensen yelled, her eyes opening wide in shock, looking straight ahead, holding on for dear life.

Dave slammed his hips against her ass, his pace relentless. "Uhhh fuck Mrs. Jensen, you are so hot," he said through gritted teeth.

"Keep going baby, don't stop," she demanded, feeling another orgasm build. "Yes, don't stop, don't stop, uhhhh fuckkk!" she screamed, feeling that familiar feeling wash over her.

The boy grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, her ass pressing into him as she orgasmed, shaking beneath him, her body trembled. Through her climax he continued to pound her married pussy, until,

"Uhh fuck Mrs. Jensen I am going to cum," he announced.

"Mmmm, yes baby," she said, pushing him away, "cum on my tits." she ordered, as she spun around and dropped to her knees in one motion.

Grabbing his cock, she aimed him at her chest, and stroked him furiously. Her chest shaking, supported slightly by her bikini top that was pull under her tits.

"Keeping going Mrs. Jensen," he pleaded.

"Yes baby, cum on my tits," she encouraged.

When the first bit of cum dribbled from his tip, she felt a bit disappointed, but suddenly the young boy slapped the woman's hand from his cock, replacing it with his. He stroked it at her, unleashing a huge rope of cum across her tits.

"Uhh yess baby," she moaned, grabbing her tits and offer them to him.

He continued to coat her chest in his young cream as she moaned in pleasure. Feeling bold, and knowing this mother of two was a freak, he aimed his cock at her face. Catching her off guard, her head snapped back in surprise as he blasted her right in the face with a huge spurt of young cum.

Shot after shot spurted from his cock, and she took it all in great surprise, her mouth agape. He expertly stroked his fat cock and planted his seed all across her face. When he was finished she just stayed on her knees, marveling at what had just occurred. David standing over her, out of breath and amazed.

"Fuck Mrs. Jensen, you are some MILF," he told her through panting breaths.

Feeling his cum drip down her chest and face, she asked, "What's that?" looking up at him.

"Mom I'd like to fu..." he began.

"Hey," she said, cutting him off and lightly slapping his leg, "That's so crude."