

# The Young Intern's Big Break Ch. 02

By Likefinewine1

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*The intern's big night continues.*

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Dean hurriedly washed up, and tried to appear unruffled. Taking a deep breath he left the bathroom, unsure how to face his boss after he had just fucked her brains out on the bathroom floor. Suddenly he had reached the table, and looked over at Mrs. Foster, sitting by her husband's side.

He couldn't believe how normal and respectable she appeared, not after what had just happened. He looked at his boss, making eye contact, and miraculously didn't flinch, that was until Mr. Foster asked, "So how was she?"

Dean hoped that the expression on his face did not show the sudden surprise he felt. "Ummm, excuse me sir?" He managed to get out.

"Your mom, how was she feeling?" Mr. Foster answered, sipping his drink and not noticing any odd behavior from his young intern.

"Oh, oh, my mom, she's fine," Dean declared, as complete relief washed over him.

For a second Dean thought he had already been found out, that Mr. Foster knew Dean had just been fucking his wife in the bathroom. However it seemed that he was completely in the dark, confirmed by a mischievous wink from Mrs. Foster.

"I have really worked up an appetite, can't wait for the food to get here," announced the married woman.

"Might be a minute," replied her husband, as he gestured for another drink, "have another while we wait."

Dean guessed his boss was a good 5 or 6 inches, which may have added to his ignorance, allowing him to more frequently steal glances at Mrs. Foster.

Three people sat in the booth, only too aware of the intense fucking that had just taken place. Mrs. Foster could barely keep from squirming in her seat as the sensation of the young man's cock buried in her pussy and ass, was fresh in her mind.

Dinner came but when Dean would be asked whether or not he liked the restaurant, he would not be able to give a good answer as he never actually tasted the food. All his attention, all his focus was on Mrs. Foster. Seated next to her drunken husband, she kept eyeing her new toy. She would lick her lips, subtly, slowly, sexily. She would casually run her manicured finger tips across the tops of her ample cleavage, driving the boy wild. By the time dinner was done, everyone at the table was feeling a bit of a buzz; however Mr. Foster's was the only alcohol induced. In fact he was so drunk he was running the risk of embarrassing himself, further.

Dean practically carried his boss out of the restaurant, Mrs. Foster followed, her high heels click across the pavement. Dean didn't even need to hand the valet Mr. Foster's ticket, as they know his car by memory. Dean opened the passenger door and shoved the falling over drunk boss into the back seat. He then held the door for Mrs. Foster who gave him a sly grin before sliding in.

Dean watched her hot cleavage as it passed his view and her long sexy legs as she sat, her dress riding up a bit. He also couldn't help but notice that her knees were slightly red, no doubt from being on all fours in the bathroom. Dean climbed into the Mercedes and headed off, as Mrs. Foster brought up her home address on the navigation system.

She then grabbed for her clutch, pulled out a hair clip, and clipped her long mane back and out of her face. "I thought you could drive us home, and then I could call a cab for you, on us of course," Mrs. Foster said.

"Sure that sounds..." Dean began, but was cut off by Mr. Foster.

"A cab, whatta we need cab ffor, I have the Mercedeses," he slurred from the back seat.

"Relax honey, just lay down," Mrs. Foster shot back, as she scooted over in her seat.

Mr. Foster hit the back seat hard, and continued to mumble to himself, drunk like a college frat boy.

Dean felt Mrs. Foster slide over toward him, and he glanced over at her, her large tits inches from him. He thought of the short time he got to enjoy them, and hoped to get his hands on them again.

"I would tell you to just stay at our house, but that might not look good," she said with a chuckle.

"Yeah you're right, I need to get up in the morning, and I doubt we'd get much sleep," he tried to whisper, checking the rear view mirror.

"Mmmmmm, I bet," she replied, digging her hand into the young man's lap.

Dean sighed as he felt her mature hand adroitly find his bulge. His heart was again beginning to pound as he nervously checked the mirror for any stirring of his boss in the back seat. This woman didn't mess around, and he knew there was no stopping her. This was the second time tonight she was stroking his stiff cock with her husband inches away, but the first time she lowered his zipper while doing it.

He could swear the sound of his zipper dropping echoed through the car loud enough to wake the dead, but had to admit he didn't care, he was so turned on. "Uhhh, you're fuckin' crazy," he let out, eyes darting from the road, to the mirror, to the road, and then on Mrs. Foster.

"I know," she said, biting her lip, peering up at the boy.

He felt her reach inside and wrap her hand around his rock hard tool. Dean could hear fragmented drunk sentences coming from the back seat but pushed them out of his mind as Mrs. Foster struggled to free his cock.

"I need to get a good look at this thing," she said, practically panting. Finally she was able to free the intern's cock, and they both felt a shudder run through them as she did. Dean almost swerved off the road and was fighting to maintain control of his boss' Mercedes, knowing he had no control over his boss' wife.

Mrs. Foster scooted closer and began stroking what must have been the biggest and youngest cock she had had in ages. She stared at it, pumping her married fist up and down his unbelievable hard shaft.

"Mmmmmm, look at that thing," she said to herself.

"You like me stroking it Dean?" she asked the young man, who was barely able to avoid hitting the car in front of them. "You liked fucking me with it?" she asked, stroking faster.

"Yes," he answered, taking his eyes off the road for a moment to look into her dark sexy eyes, panting.

"Then you are going to love this," she replied with that wicked grin that could break any man. She leaned into the firm young man, slowly.

"I hab a boat, we chould go on my boat," mumbled Mr. Foster from the back seat.

Edging closer, not taking her eyes off Dean, she addressed her husband. "Go to sleep honey," she told him, just before she lowered herself into Dean's lap, opening wide and engulfing his rock hard cock with her hot married mouth.

"Uhh fuck," Dean shouted out, unconcerned with his sleeping boss behind him. He looked down at the back of Mrs. Foster's head and she bobbed in his lap, feeling her hand pumping his shaft as her mouth worked the rest. She let out moans and she enjoyed this young meat, slurping noises filling the cab of the Mercedes.

She began taking more, sucking faster and faster. Soon she had to pull her mouth from his cock with a slurp as she struggled to catch her breath. Dean reached to adjust the automatic seats, scooting his back as far as he could, feeling it bump in Mr. Foster who let out a moan.

Mrs. Foster smiled at him, her hand never leaving his dripping cock. "Thanks," she said, lowering herself back to his cock.

This time with more room, she was able to lean her head back on the steering wheel and allow Dean to watch her work. It was no easy task, his eyes switching from the road to her, but he had to look. He wanted to watch this amazingly sexy woman, this married woman, stuff his young cock into her mouth.

He pulled up to a traffic light, taking the time to lean back and enjoy. Mrs. Foster looked up at him as she slowly swallowed as much as she could before gagging slightly and having to pull away; saliva connected her lips to the boy's stiff meat.

Mrs. Foster glanced at the navigation system and noticed where they were. "We are almost there," she said, before plunging back down and devouring Dean.

She no longer was putting on a show, but instead working as fast as she could. With her lips still firmly around his cock, she knelt up on the passenger seat for a better angle. Dean watched her hot ass stick high into the air, barely covered by her dress. One hand on the wheel, he reached over for her ass, Mrs. Foster letting out a soft moan.

Still sucking for all she was worth, she reached back with a free hand, and pull her dress around her

waist. Her bare ass and pussy were now exposed, having lost her panties earlier in the bathroom. Dean reached back, rubbing the married woman, eliciting moans, moans that were muffled by a mouth full of cock. As she bobbed in his lap he could feel her large full tits against his leg, and not being able to resist, he reached under for them.

POP! Mrs. Foster pulled the young prick from her mouth and kneeled up on the seat. Her right hand still stroking the boy, she used her left to pull her halter top aside once again, and expose her store bought tits to the young intern. Once again he had to take quick looks at the woman, trying to not cause an accident. With a free hand he wrapped his arm around her waist, and pulled her chest to him. Mrs. Foster let out a squeal as he sucked and bit at her erect nipple.

"Mmmm fuck baby," she let out, still jerking him off with a free hand. "You really like em huh?" she asked, and he just moaned a yes into her tits.

"I wasn't really sure about 'em, but let's finally get some good use out of these things;" she said, as she pulled away from his assault.

He checked the road, then her, heart pounding. Mrs. Foster pulled another dirty grin, and then leaned into the boy's lap, mashing her chest against his pole. Feeling her soft flesh against him, Dean momentarily lost control of the car, then pulling it back into place. He could hear Mrs. Foster giggle and after a few adjustments she was able to wrap her big tits around his pulsing cock.

She put both her hands on the sides of her breasts, her wedding ring scratching Dean's stomach as she fucked him with her incredible mounds. Faster, harder, she had to make him cum. "Come on baby, cum for me, you made me cum, now I want you to cum," she encouraged.

"Uh yeah keep going!" he shot back. Dipping her chin down, and sucking on his head with her tits still wrapped around him. Dean reaching again for her pussy, rubbing her clit furiously. Mrs. Foster's mouth sucking on the swollen head, her drool running down the shaft and lubing her cavernous cleavage, her body pressed so tightly against him. Young Dean had one hand firmly on the wheel, the other rubbing the married woman's clit faster and faster.

"Uhh, I forgot my cell phone, I gotta uhh hmmm, honey? You there?" came another drunken slur from the back seat.

Still tit fucking the young man Mrs. Foster wrenched her lips from the end of his prick. "I'm here honey, uhhh fuck, go back to sleep," she said, going right back to the job at hand.

Dean continued his manipulation of her little bud, rubbing enthusiastically. Mrs. Foster couldn't tell

when she was more turned on, now, or about two hours ago when she was on all fours getting fucked in the bathroom. Regardless, she was on the verge of another orgasm.

"Uhh yes, I'm gonna cum!" Dean announced.

Mrs. Foster, pulling her tits from the erect shaft, pushed her mouth down the young man until he was buried to the hilt.

As the orgasm hit the intern it was sheer luck that kept them from a severe accident. He tightened up and delivered 1, 2, 3, loads down the woman's throat, she swallowed in vain, all too much for her to handle. Pulling the spasming member from her mouth, with her right hand, offering her tits with the other, she jerked the fat cock. "Cum on these tits baby, come on," she pleaded, but there was no need.

"Uhh yeah Mrs. Foster, fuck," moaned out the young man. Dean tensed again, delivering another thick load, this time across her tits, neck and collar, his hand still rubbing her wet pussy. Another shot across her chest, and when the 3 streak hit her she lost control, cumming again, this time against the boy's hand.

"Uhhh yesss!" she shouted, grinding back on his hand, rubbing his softening shaft across her tits.

"Mmm yeah," she purred, coming down from another orgasm.

Mrs. Foster then sucked his cock back into her mouth, cleaning it before sitting back on her heels, her tits exposed, covered in hot young cum. "Fuck Mrs. Foster," Dean started, out of breath, "you're amazing."

"Thank you hon," she said looking down at the mess, "you're not so bad yourself."

Reaching into the back seat, Mrs. Foster pulled her husband's handkerchiefs from his pocket and proceeded to wipe herself clean. Just as Mrs. Foster had cleaned up, and stuff her DD's back into her dress, they pulled up to the Foster's ridiculously large home. Dean took a moment to stuff his cock back into his pants and zippered up.

"Ya know I am still ahead of you," said Mrs. Foster.

"Excuse me?" the intern asked.

"You've made me cum twice now, and you only once," she answered with a wicked grin. "We'll have to

get you caught up," she added.

Dean stared back, filled with a bit of fear and great enthusiasm, over the fact that this was not over.

"Now help me get him in the house, and we'll call you a cab," she said in that nonchalant manner that she seemed able to switch on whenever she felt.

Opening her door and exiting. Dean heard her door close and sat for a moment, taking in all the occurrences of the past few hours, when he was snapped out of it by the sound of his boss stirring in the back seat.