

My Wife's Teen Stud Intern - Ch. 7

No one objected to Ryan's suggestion that we keep biking and, as we set off again, my mind was a panicked jumble of emotions. Caroline kept shooting glances my way, her expression inscrutable.

God what was happening? How could I have let it come to this. I felt so embarrassed and stupid. My beautiful wife was with us! What had gotten into me? As we biked I hung back from the group, no longer pushing to be in the front. My heart beat fast with the worry of how this could affect my marriage. Would Caroline leave me? I felt desperate to put my sweatpants and long sleep shirt back on - to cover up this sham - but they were in Ryan's bike bag.

The terrain narrowed and we stopped riding side by side, switching to a line one at a time. I brought up the rear. For about 15-20 minutes we rode that way until the trail widened a bit. I had spent the whole time figuring out what to say to Caroline, but hadn't come up with anything particularly good. Still, with Ryan and Princess still in front, this was as good a time as any that I'd have to talk to her.

I pulled alongside her. "Babe...I...uhh...that wasn't what it looked like okay?"

"Oh really?" She asked without glancing at me. "What did it look like?"

"I mean...I...I know it looked like I...like Ryan and I..." I couldn't even say 'kissed', I was so embarrassed.

"Okayyyyy..." She said, indulging my rambling. "So then what WAS it, if not you making out with Ryan while rubbing his cock."

My cheeks went crimson and heart dropped, hearing her talk like that. I guess that answered my question about what exactly she had seen. I mouthed wordlessly like a fish out of water as Caroline looked at me expectantly. I almost abandoned my lame excuse before going for it, not knowing what else to say. "I just...just didn't want you getting in trouble is all."

She took a long moment, looking away to watch the path ahead as we biked. I kept glancing at her as I waited, not sure what else to say. Finally, she looked at me. "That's very sweet of you then, Jamie. And smart"

I veered and almost fell off my bike in surprise from her response. I forgot the rest of my hastily composed script.

After a moment I replied, hesitant and unconfident. "Umm...yeah well...thanks for understanding? It was probably a bad idea though...?"

"Why do you say that?" She asked. "You did what you had to do, Jamie, as you said."

"But..." I started to object.

"We can talk about it later babe." She answered as Ryan and Princess began to drift back towards us.

Notwithstanding my confusion, I was monumentally relieved. My heart finally started slowing down. We would talk it over more later. Things were going to be okay.

But I couldn't let this go further. Her goodwill would only last so long.

"Let's take a break up here. There's a nice hidden clearing coming up where we can relax a bit." Ryan said.

"God yes. You people are so fit. I need a break!" Princess said, giggling.

Neither me nor Caroline spoke up so we all followed Ryan through a few densely packed trees and into a small and fairly secluded clearing.

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"Here you go ladies." Ryan handed around water bottles. For a moment, I drank in silence, trying to avoid Caroline's eye.

"Heyy!" Princess exclaimed playfully. I looked up to see Ryan had splashed her with some water from his bottle.

She splashed him back as he laughed and, with a mischievous look in her eye, Princess turned to me and sprayed me in the chest. "What the..!" I yelled, shocked at the cold water. Then she lunged towards me with the water bottle aimed my way. Without thinking I ran, spraying water over my shoulder. Caroline joined the water fight, and soon all four of us were running behind trees and ducking and attacking. As it carried on, I couldn't help starting to laugh, my tension easing.

Soon, my water bottle was empty. The same seemed true for Ryan and Princess because they trudged sheepishly back into the small empty clearing. Princess was near me and Ryan on the other side of the open space.

Suddenly, Caroline emerged from the trees with a ridiculous screeching battle cry and dumped most of her bottle of water over Ryan, soaking him. "Ha ha!" she exclaimed, victorious.

Ryan stood there grinning, his incredible body and muscles glistening and dripping with water. We laughed as we caught our breaths. "Oh man, you got me Caroline." Ryan said grinning. He pulled out his t-shirt that had been packed away and started drying his body. My eyes followed Ryan's hands as they ran over his muscular body. His shoulders glinted with the reflection of the sun and I recalled the incredible feeling of those turrets against my palms..

I suddenly realized it had gotten very quiet. Caroline, Princess, and I were all staring at Ryan, enthralled. The giggling and laughing had given way to a palpable tension. Ryan glanced around at us one at a time as he finished wiping his abs dry. He grinned.

"Well, my shorts are soaked." he pulled the corner of them. Water dripped off them and the fabric clung to his body, revealing the outline of his massive package very clearly. My mouth went dry.

"Maybe..." Caroline started, then coughed, her voice sounding hoarse. "Maybe you should take them off to air dry them?"

I glanced at her, she was standing next to Ryan and biting her lip, staring down at his crotch.



Princess stepped next to me. "Yeah..." She said. "I think that's a great idea."

Ryan shrugged. "Well, if you insist." He pulled down his shorts.

He wasn't wearing underwear...

Caroline and I both gasped as Ryan's absolutely massive cock came into view.

It was like nothing I'd ever seen. It hung low, almost halfway down his dense thighs. Ryan's cock was thick from base to tip, with large veins running along the top. Even though it was soft, I was sure it was firm, substantial, big, strong...I wasn't sure I'd even be able to wrap my hands around it.

But...but why was I thinking about that...

I shook my head, trying to clear it. As

I did I felt a hand on my back.

“God that’s hot” whispered Princess in my ear. I looked to the side at Princess, who now stood at my shoulder looking towards Ryan. When I looked back, Caroline was on her knees, her hands on Ryan’s cock. She stared at his cock completely enthralled, her eyes bulging. And his cock. Oh god his cock was so big in her hands. It was easily too thick for her to get her hands around, and too long for her to cover it all with two hands even if she tried. I watched in disbelief as she began to stroke Ryan’s massive cock.



I wanted to call out, to object. But what could I even say! Given how Caroline had just found me, what leg did I have to stand on!? And...and...

Look at that cock. Damn it was massive.

I..

I..

I lost my train of thought...

With one hand, Caroline stroked slowly up and down the length of Ryan’s unbelievably thick and long shaft, the velvety skin resisting only slightly. With the other, she played with the bulbous and inflaming head. I followed the path of her hands, as enthralled as she was by their journey. God it must feel so thick and powerful in her hands.

As if reading my mind, Princess spoke up. “Mmmm...his cock feels so good, Jamie. The most powerful tool you’ll ever handle....” My hands twitched.

“Come here baby...” Princess pulled me into a kiss and I realized I was desperately horny. I threw myself into the softness of her lips and body. It didn’t compare to Ryan, but it was something, and I needed something. I closed my eyes, trying to focus on her luscious breasts pressing into me and even daring to squeeze her full and round ass. As I manipulated it, I couldn’t help but think of how Ryan had squeezed my ass when I had massaged his shaft. I tried to imagine his huge hard hands grasping my butt. I moaned and Princess giggled as I fondled her. But I was too turned on to find anything funny. God I needed her to do to me...what Caroline was doing to Ryan...

Pulling away from her I asked: “Would you...I mean...like Caroline is...?” I asked awkwardly, holding her wrist and guiding it towards the tiny bulge in my shorts.

“Ohh...” She gave me a sad face, pulling her hand free of mine and patting my cheek softly. “Oh no honey...that’s not our role babe...”

“Whhattt?” I asked, my voice seeming to slur with my desperation. What did she mean by “our role?”

“Shhhh...Look...why don’t you just watch your wife for a minute”

She pushed I looked out of the corner of my eye towards Ryan and Caroline again.



Caroline still stroked Ryan's incredible manhood, enthralled. Ryan's hand was in Caroline's hair, running through it and petting her. She was seemingly no longer aware of anything around her except Ryan and his cock.

Princess's warm breath brushed against my face as she whispered to me, so close. Ryan was hardening, his cock impossibly getting longer, thicker, BIGGER.

"Oh my god..." I whispered.

"Look at that cock, Babe. Isn't it incredible?" I couldn't deny it; Ryan was stunning, and his cock was a work of art.

"MMMmmm...watch this. Oh Caroline is going to love it." Ryan had started pulling Caroline's face towards the head. I gasped as, without hesitation, without so much as a glance in my direction, my wife opened her mouth eagerly and engulfed the enflamed head of her teenage intern's cock.

She moaned loudly and I whimpered along with her. She began bobbing on his cock, her eyes closed. She worshiped his manhood, pawing desperately at his shorts and alternating between trying (and failing) to take him deep, then gasping for breath and licking up and down the long, thick, hard shaft.

Princess moved so she was behind me, her head over my shoulder and lips close to my ear. We both faced Ryan now, and I stared, captivated by my wife's submission to this young adonis.

She slipped her hand into the back of my shorts and squeezed my ass. Her other hand caressing my hip. "Mmmmmm...you're ass is so nice, baby. No wonder Ryan loves it."

This, finally, caused me to speak. "He loves it?" I whimpered.

"He does, sweetheart. Ryan thinks you're so hot," she whispered, her fingers trailing down my neck and her other hand squeezing my ass. *"He's told me all about your outfits and your body. He wants you, Jamie. He's told me what he wants to do with you."* I moaned, shocked by her words.

"Look, he's looking at you baby. He wants you." Sure enough, Ryan was staring at us...at ME...as my wife sucked his cock. The smallest of smiles played across his lips. I...I couldn't look away.



"Mmm...*Isn't he hot?*" she whispered, her voice low and husky. Princess continued, her words sending a shiver down my spine. *"You know you think he's hot. You want him, don't you, babe?"* I was unable to speak, unable to deny as she placed soft kisses on my cheek and neck. I bit my lip. "Say it, baby. Tell me how hot he is."

I looked Ryan up and down, taking in his muscular legs, beautiful muscular body, broad shoulders, huge arms, chiseled core and of course his massive cock. And then my eyes met his again, and I melted, my body trembling under the power of his confident gaze as my wife slobbered all over his cock. "Oh godddd he's so hot." I whispered, unable to stop myself.



"Mmmm...that's it baby. That's right. He deserves to be worshiped by beautiful women, Jamie. Don't you want him?"

I moaned but didn't respond.

"Caroline doesn't look right, does she?" she murmured, her lips close to my ear. *"She's not doing him justice. But you, Jamie... you would look so much better on that cock."* Her words sent a jolt through my body. I felt my cheeks flush as I imagined myself in Caroline's place, worshipping Ryan's manhood.

"You're so much hotter than Caroline," Princess whispered, her fingers gently caressing my ass, slowly working between my cheeks. *"She doesn't deserve that cock. But you do. You'd look so good on it, Jamie."* I moaned softly, an

intense desire coursing through my veins.

I WAS hotter than Caroline.

He continued to stare at me as he guided Caroline up and down his shaft. He didn't want that ugly cow. Princess said he wanted me. But how could that be? He had her and I was a...

"But...but...I'm...." I moaned between gasps, my thoughts spilling out.

"Oh sweetie. That's nothing babe." She turned my head towards her and we kissed deeply again. As we separated she looked in my eyes. "So am I, Jamie."

I looked from one of her beautiful eyes to the other as Princess's hand guided mine to her crotch, and I felt the tiniest of bulges beneath her shorts. My eyes widened as I realized. "*You're...*" I began, my voice hoarse.

"*Yes, I am,*" Princess said, her smile never fading. "*The hottest women are like us, Jamie. Like you and me.*" I stared at her, my mind reeling. Princess was a boy? But she was so beautiful, so feminine. I...I couldn't believe it.

She kissed me again, tipping my chin up as I kissed her over my shoulder, and I didn't object. When we separated, I spoke softly. "How?"

"Ryan, Babe." She grinned. "I used to be like you baby, but that naughty boy is like a dog with a bone sometimes. I didn't have a chance." Again we kissed, and I reveled in the sensation of her. She exuded femininity. Her body was incredible. It wasn't possible.

As I processed this revelation, I turned back to Caroline and Ryan. Princess's hand in my ass became even more invasive and I arched my back, staring ahead. Ryan personified confidence and control, enjoying himself calmly. Caroline, on the other hand, acted desperately, sloppily - still on her knees, her lips and tongue working feverishly on Ryan's cock. As I watched Caroline's sad attempts to get Ryan off, I knew Princess was right. My wife was out of place, her movements awkward and ungraceful.

Princess's pushed two fingers into my mouth. Automatically I began to suck them. Princess's other hand pressed against my entrance as she continued driving my ass crazy. "It should be you, baby." Whispered Princess. "You could do better. You should be the one on your knees, pleasing Ryan." I sucked on Princess's fingers, moaning my body going wild as Princess manipulated my ass, unable to look away.



I stared at Ryan, who had turned in my direction, looking straight at me. The back of Carolines head, now bobbing back and forth, blocked my view of Ryan's cock. His hauntingly stern gaze penetrated my soul.

"It should be you... You'd look so good worshipping him. Think of how hot it would be..." She went on and on and....

I moaned as my body began to convulse, tipping over the edge.

I climaxed, my body shaking with pleasure and my eyes finally closing as Princess continued to rub against me and I continue to suck on her fingers. The inside of my eyelids were filled with images of Ryan's body and cock.

When I finally opened my eyes, the scene had changed. Caroline was still sucking Ryan's cock, but was visibly tiring, her movements even more sloppy and pathetic. Princess had joined them, her lips locked with Ryan's in a passionate kiss. Ryan's hand rested on the back of Caroline's head, guiding her movements, while his other hand squeezed Princess's ass possessively. The kiss with Princess broke as she rested a hand against his chest, smiling.

This hot, beautiful, perfect woman...She was like me...And she looked so incredibly happy and content.



Again I locked eyes with Ryan. He'd been content to let Princess do the talking, but finally he spoke up.

"I think your wife could use some help, Jamie." He released Caroline, who continued sucking licking and sucking desperately, but she was so slow now. So out of shape. Ryan's cock showed no signs of slowing down though.

But my blood was cooling as my orgasm subsided. If I did what they wanted, there would be no going back.

I wrenched my eyes forcefully away from the trio. *"I-I have to go,"* I stammered, my voice shaking. No one objected. No one said anything.

I pulled up my bike and took one last look. Princess was dropping to her knees beside my wife, who finally looked at me. Was she sneering as she continued to suck Ryan's cock? Princess joined her and Princess looked away again, pushing her lips against Ryan's huge balls instead as Princess took over the shaft like a fucking expert.

No one looked at me any longer. After watching another half-minute, I finally mustered the will to turn and flee on my bike, pedaling away as fast as I could. Now I didn't have a ride home, so I biked. The trip was long, a full 90 minutes. As I cycled, the image of Ryan's cock being worshipped by Caroline while he kissed Princess burned in my mind. It was the hottest thing I had ever witnessed, though Caroline's presence ruined it. She didn't belong in that scenario; she wasn't hot enough for them.

But me... I was. I couldn't stop myself from imagining myself on my knees, taking Ryan's cock deep into my throat. That cock...I thought of little else on my way home. Fuck though...

I pushed the memories away and tried my best to think rationally. This was my happy place, on a bike. I could think clearly. I knew I had to put a stop to this. It had become absolutely insane and I had let it go way too far.

Yes. I would stop it now. I HAD to stop it now.

I felt a small measure of relief and confidence flow into me as I finally made a decision, no longer stuck in limbo like I had been for the past weeks. But I was still nervous about at least one thing - what were me and Caroline going to say to one another when we saw each other after that?

When I finally got home, Caroline was already there. To my surprise, she hugged me as I walked through the door.

She stepped back, still holding my hands. "Babe, I'm so sorry. Are you mad at me? Of course you are. Here, let's get you comfy and I'll grab you some coffee. We'll chat." She took off my coat and hung it on the rack.

I stared at Caroline, dumbfounded by her nonchalant attitude.

"I know what it looked like. But it's just like you said, Jamie. We just have to pretend for a while. To keep him happy. It's not the end of the world."

God I couldn't handle this. I had just made a decision and now Caroline was IMMEDIATELY confusing things again. How could she act like what happened was no big deal? Like it was just some "act" for her career?

"Caroline, this is insane," I said, shaking my head. "Ryan had his dick out and you were...you were..." I couldn't even finish the sentence. The image of Caroline on her knees, worshipping Ryan's massive cock, flashed through my mind again. I felt a confusing mix of anger, jealousy, and arousal.

Caroline sighed. "I know it looks bad, Jamie. But you have to understand, this is how things work in the fashion industry sometimes. A little flirting, a little fooling around - it doesn't mean anything. It's just part of the game. And he's the boss's son."

"Part of the game?!" I exclaimed. I was so surprised. Was she sincere? Was she really not mad at me? And not attracted to Ryan?

"I...I guess so..." I replied weakly, still in my red biking outfit.

Her shoulders sagged in relief. "Ok thank you so much." She kissed me. It wasn't pleasant after the other kisses I'd had today. But it WAS my wife, so I kissed her back.

She pulled away and gave me a tight smile, patting my arm.

She was about to turn away but then seemed to remember something. "Oh...and..."

She made a sheepish nervous face.

"What?" I asked, worried.

"Well...Ryan wants to do some more market research with you on the Fe-Male line. He's going to pick you up tomorrow to do some shopping at the mall...That okay?"

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