

## My Wife's Teen Stud Intern - Ch. 1

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"Hi Babe! How was work today?" I called over my shoulder to my wife as she walked in the front door.

"Blah." Caroline responded grumpily, as she walked behind me to give me a kiss on the cheek. I was making us dinner. Caroline worked in market research and sales at a gymwear company.

"What's wrong? What happened?" I asked

She sat down at the table, letting out a deep sigh. "Nothing, really. We just got this new intern who's a lot to deal with."

"Really?" I replied. "What did this intern do?"

She paused a moment before answering, looking contemplative. "Ugh I don't know, nothing really. I can't even put my finger on it. It's just...an intern should be deferential shouldn't they? A bit nervous and uncomfortable on his first day?"

"I mean...yeah." I replied. "But is that it? He wasn't nervous?"

"No...I mean...I don't know." She replied, sounding exasperated. "He's got this annoying confident swagger to him. I mean he's a big, good looking senior in high school. I'm guessing he's runs the show in his high school, but he brought that cocky teenager attitude to work and it really got on my nerves."

"How so?" I asked, though I suspected I knew. Caroline often caught mens' eyes. She had dark luxurious hair, was cute with round eyes, a button nose, and a large smile, and was further helped by perky C cup breasts. While she mostly kept herself in shape, she had put on a bit of weight since college and didn't have the hourglass figure she used to. Still, I considered myself to have shot way above my class. I was barely taller than her and was pretty slim myself. While I thought of myself as attractive - my facial features were delicate, with thin eyebrows, large lashes, visible cheekbones, and full lips - I was certainly not a picture of masculinity. But I was a lifelong biker so I had a strong lower body.

"He just spoke to me in a way that was off putting, like he was giving me instructions instead of the other way around. He wasn't an ass hole, just kept pushing back. And his suggestions were always good! I couldn't even fault him there. I dunno."

I went over and started rubbing her shoulders from behind. "I'm sorry babe."

She leaned back into me. "I also kept noticing him looking at me. Not leering or anything...but

when I'd catch him....well usually men are a bit...abashed when that happens. But he just looked me in the eyes until I looked away again. It weirded me out a bit is all."

"I totally get why that would weird you out. Listen, he's an intern. Can't you just have him fired?" I asked as I continued massaging her shoulders.

"No...That's the worst part. It's the owner's son, Ryan Winters."

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The next morning I kissed Caroline goodbye as she left. She was mostly over her grumpiness, resigned to making the best out of the situation. I had some misgivings though.

As I biked to work, I couldn't help but imagine all the trouble this ass hole kid could cause to Caroline. She'd already had a long history of workplace drama and bad bosses, and I hated the idea of her having another bad experience.

I resigned not to worry about it at the moment - I would check in on her later. As I continued biking I became caught up in the most distracting thing in my commute. The path I was riding down was frequented by runners, and also ran through a college campus. There were always lots of hot girls in skimpy running outfits. Sure enough, as I rounded a corner I saw 50 yards ahead the perfect petite, toned, yet curvy body of a college girl in pink spandex jogging shorts and a white string tank top. Without thinking, I slowed my bike a bit as I gazed at her. God, there was nothing hotter than gym wear on these girls' perfect bodies. Finally, I tore my eyes away. I felt like such a creep when I caught myself staring at these girls half my age, but it was hard to resist.

My day at work passed uneventfully. I texted Caroline over the course of the day but her responses were sporadic and terse. I asked how her day was going and she said she'd tell me later. As I biked home again, my anxiety grew about what could be happening with her.

As usual, Caroline walked in as I was preparing dinner. She groaned as she sat down - a bad sign.

"Hey babe? How was your day?"

"Ugh, fine I guess. That kid is testing my patience though."

"Still an ass hole?"

"Not...just...frustrating. Anyways, how was yours?"

I told her about my day and we moved on to talk about other things. However, as the week went on, she seemed more and more frustrated by this Ryan kid. Even a bit flustered.

On Friday she came home and I heard her sit down quietly behind me. I looked over and saw a look of frustration on her face. My heart sank and I walked over. "Tell me babe, as I sat in front of her."

She just looked dejected. "I...I'm losing it, Jamie." She looked so sad it broke my heart.

"What do you mean? What happened?"

She sighed "Ryan was assigned as my personal intern for the next two weeks. I had no choice."

"What? Why?"

"His dad wants him to see all aspects of the company, so he's starting in my group."

"Jeez, babe. I'm sorry. Was it bad?"

"I mean...he's smart. But there's a weird power dynamic here, Jamie. Not only am I intimidated by who his father is...but he's also...he's also just intimidating in his own right. I mean, mostly it's fine. But he's just so confident and...like...commanding. Sometimes I feel like I'm starting to intern for him instead of the other way around!"

I didn't know what to say. That was not an attitude I knew well. I wasn't too commanding or confident a person. Caroline often talked about how she loved my soft heart.

"It gets worse too." She continued. "He...he mentioned wanting to see the city a bit since he never spent a lot of time downtown. And, I said there was a lot to do around the office. So he asked if I could show him."

"Woah" I replied, a bit alarmed. "I mean, this kid is just a kid, babe. This sounds a bit weird." I didn't say it out loud but it kind of sounded like a date.

"No, I know I know, but listen I told him you'd come too." She half grinned nervously and then buried her head in her hands. "It's the best I could think of."

"Oh jeez..." I replied, not wanting to say more. I didn't need to make her feel worse about it. "Alright...I guess...So just us three?"

"No...he said he'd bring a date too." she blushed.

"So this is a double date...with your 18 year old intern and some teenage girlfriend?"

"Looks like it..." She grinned nervously, then her face slipped into a grimace. "I'm sorry!"

"I get it, I get it." I replied soothingly. "It's not your fault. So when is this happening?"

She looked back up, a weird half nervous grimace. "Tomorrow."

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So, the following night, after a day of quiet grumbling from me and more apologies from Caroline, we got ready to head out. We were going to a trendy bar downtown that had a batting cage inside. I had mentioned that it might be a bad idea to bring him to a bar, of all places. They were underage after all. But Caroline told me they were just going for the batting cage mostly, and that the place was more like a sports complex than a bar. She assured me she wouldn't be batting though, she was afraid of stuff like that.



I dressed in a black t-shirt and skinny jeans. I was self conscious about how much my ass stuck out in these and how tight they were, but Caroline had just bought them for me and suggested I wear them.

Caroline, I was a bit surprised to see, put on a shoulderless black sundress that showed, while not a ton of cleavage, more than I'd have expected.

"That's what you're wearing?" I asked, looking her up and down appraisingly.

"What? Do I look bad?" She asked nervously.

"No! You look amazing babe...but are you sure you want to look...THAT good?"

She blushed and grinned a bit. "Well..." She paused then continued. "I want to look good for YOU"

babe. I mean...this is a chore but we can still try to have fun, can't we?"

I raised my eyebrows but smiled reluctantly back. "I guess we can try." She smiled beautifully and went to put on perfume.

I followed behind, observing a slight excited air she had. "You know, if I didn't know better babe, I'd say you were excited."

"No." She replied. "I'm not. I'm just glad to be going out with you." She walked to me and put her hands around my waist. "It's nice to know I won't be alone. And you'll be there to back me up."

This time I really smiled, and kissed her softly. She kissed me back, gripping my butt lightly. "Mmm, I love the way your ass looks and feels in these jeans Jamie."

I smiled but stepped back. "Alright let's go, we'll be late."

She slapped my ass and we both giggled as we walked out the door. Maybe the night wouldn't be so bad after all.

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As we walk into the bar I looked around. Yeah this definitely felt like a bar, not a sports complex. Caroline seemed to be thinking the same thing, as she said "Wow, this place is way different at night than when I popped in once during the day."

I replied "It is pretty cool though." And it was, there was live music and dim lighting, except by the batting cages which were lit brightly with some benches around so that people could watch as they drank.

"Oh, he's here." Said Caroline. I looked around, wondering how he got in - someone had checked our ID's at the door.

Caroline started walking to the right and looked in that direction.

"Hi Ryan." My wife said as she tapped this person's arm. Wait, that couldn't be him, could it?

Ryan was huge. My eyes widened involuntarily as I took in his massive form. Ryan gave the impression of being 6'5" or 6'6" because of his sheer size, though he was probably a bit less than that, at least 6'2" or 6'3". He wore a long sleeve sweater and blue jeans which, while not tight, didn't do much to hide how big and broad he must be. He had sandy brown hair cut short and a strong jawline. And Caroline definitely hadn't been wrong when she said he was handsome. Even I could tell that.



This kid is 18!? I thought. God we're practically wearing the same clothes but...

He grinned down at Caroline and gave her a one-arm hug. Her body was practically enveloped by his. As he hugged her he glanced up at me, his look a penetrating one.

After what felt like a beat too long, they separated.

"Hi there, I'm Ryan." He reached his hand out to me. I shook it. "Hey there bud, I'm Jamie." I said, trying to be a bit condescending, he was a kid after all. But his hand was massive and his grip like iron. He gave an extra hard squeeze at the end and I couldn't help wincing. He grinned.

He released my hand and I grabbed Caroline's hand, perhaps overly possessively. He smiled down at us holding hands. "You two are so cute."

I was so weirded out by this. I glanced sideways at Caroline but she was blushing and looking down.

"It's so nice of you to show me around." Ryan continued. "This is Princess."

He gestured to his right. A mature, attractive woman stood next to him in a tight white mini dress. She was a knockout with large breasts and a petite toned hourglass figure. The mini



dress revealed a hint of cleavage and a lot of toned, thick, beautiful legs. She smiled and held out her hand to introduce herself. My voice caught trying to respond and I coughed. I basically never spoke to women this attractive.



She went on to shake Caroline's hand. "Hi, umm...Princess? Do you have another..." began Caroline as she shook this woman's hand.

"Just Princess." she replied, smiling. She looked us both up and down, appraisingly, as she shook our hands.

"Got it. So...how do you two know eachother?" Caroline continued.

She and Ryan glanced at each other and Ryan put his large arm around her, resting his hand on what I now saw was a large, perfect, ass. "It's a long story..." Ryan said. Princess giggled.

Princess must be at least 10 years older than Ryan. Caroline and I were both confused and glanced at one another, but we didn't say anything.

"Shall we grab a drink?" Suggested Ryan.

“Umm, sure. But...I’m afraid we can’t get you anything alcoholic, bud.” I said.

“Babe...” Caroline said warningly.

“No, no. I totally understand...babe.” Ryan grinned and winked at me. God, I could tell why Caroline hated this kid. “Grab us some cokes, we’ll meet you at the cage.” With that he and Princess turned and walked towards the batting cage.

“So this is what you’re talking about.” I muttered to Caroline, grumpily.

“Yeah...kinda. Sorry...” She kissed me on the cheek and followed after them.

And off I went. Whatever, I wouldn’t make a thing of it.

As I navigated back to the batting cages balancing four cokes, I decided that I needed to chill out. Caroline didn’t seem as unhappy as I expected, so maybe I didn’t need to hold a grudge against this kid for making her life hard.

I arrived and Ryan and Caroline were sitting next to one another looking in at the bleachers with Princess at bat. Princess wasn’t bad and it was a funny sight. Here was this unquestionably hot woman in a tight dress, standing in a wide batting stance with a helmet on. They sat on a bench situated behind the cage behind home plate. Ryan and Caroline were cheering her on and I joined, handing out the cokes. Soon after Ryan stepped in and helped Princess with her stance, standing behind her and grabbing the bat around her.

I was struck with the image. They made a stunning couple, both so hot, her pressing her ass back into his crotch and looking up flirtily at him. She leaned her chin up and kissed him over her shoulder and I found myself staring. They kept going and finally I managed to tear my eyes away. I looked at Caroline. She was biting her lip, staring as well. I nudged her and she snapped out of it, and gave a quick nervous giggle.

“Kids’, right?” I said. “Yea...totally...” she answered faintly. We continued to hold hands as Ryan and Princess took a few more swings, and a few more kisses, before stepping out.

For a while it wasn’t so bad. We made small talk for an hour or so and watched others batting, which was pretty entertaining. For a while, Ryan and Princess danced together as Caroline and I looked on. We weren’t much for dancing and anyways didn’t think it appropriate, given the circumstances. They really made an attractive couple, even with the age difference (which continued to weird out Caroline and me as we tried quietly to guess how they knew each other). It kind of felt a bit weird to be hanging out with people as cool and attractive as they were. I felt very plain and boring as I watched them dancing, trying to act casual with my wife. Finally, they wandered back over to us and Ryan glanced back towards the batting cage, which was now finally empty.

“Caroline, why don’t you give it a try?” Ryan finally suggested, nodding that way.



She looked back over her shoulder at the empty cage. "Oh...sure yea" she replied.

"Wait...really?" I asked her. "Are you sure?" She had been hit by a pitch badly as a kid and had never really recovered. She always flinched when I threw anything towards her, even just a light keychain.

"Umm..." she glanced at Ryan then me again. "Yeah, I'll give it a shot."

She walked in and I went to stand by the fence to give instructions as she got ready for the first pitch. The machine shot out the ball and she flinched and jumped back. I tried giving her assurances and told her it's okay to step out after the same thing happened again.

Ryan said "Hold on, let me help." He stepped into the cage and, shockingly, stepped behind Caroline like he had Princess. I glanced over at Princess, expecting her to be shocked and maybe angry, as I was, but she was just grinning slyly. She glanced at me and winked before looking back.

I looked back too and Ryan was speaking softly in Caroline's ear. She grinned and looked up at him and, for a second, I thought she'd kiss Ryan just like Princess had. I gripped the cage, saying "You okay, Caroline?"

She glanced at me and her smile slipped. "Yeah..I am."

"She's good, babe." Ryan said to me, winking.

They stood in there for a pitch, not swinging just practicing staying in there. Then he helped her try one swing and, thankfully, stepped out.

This time, the pitch came in and...Caroline hit it! We all cheered and Caroline stayed in for two more, swinging hard. She didn't have another hit but came out of the cage beaming. "Good job, Babe!" I said.

"Thanks" she said quickly to me before turning to Ryan. "Thanks so much, Ryan." She said seriously. "I really appreciated that."

"It was my pleasure." Ryan said kindly. Caroline smiled at him as princess stepped up, putting her arm through Ryan's. She turned to me. "You're turn, Jamie?"

I did pretty well, getting a fair number of hits quickly, Caroline and the others cheering me on. But part way through I was distracted by overhearing Ryan speaking to Caroline. "Your husband has...quite the ass, Caroline. It looks amazing in those jeans. You're a lucky woman."

"Ryan!" She replied, but playfully. I saw her hit him lightly on his thick arm. She went on "He's a lifelong biker. I do love that biker ass, it's true." She giggled and Ryan chuckled.

I had been bent over quite a bit for my batting stance but now straightened up, embarrassed. The remainder of my at bats weren't great.



Finally it was Ryan's turn. He walked into the cage and pulled off his sweater. Holy shit. He wore a tight white tshirt underneath. His muscular arms stretched the short sleeves to the limit, and his pecs pressed out the chest of the shirt in a display of his broad chest. Part of his shirt was pulled up when he pulled off the sweater and his rock hard abs were momentarily visible. I thought I heard a soft gasp to my right but when I looked at Caroline she was looking down at her feet.

He stepped up to the plate and...I mean...he just pummeled the ball as we looked on. It was a truly impressive display of power, coming right

after what I now realized was a bunch of weak ground balls hit by me.

“Wowww...” Caroline said. “That’s crazy. He’s so good.” I felt embarrassed, unreasonably resenting Ryan for his performance.

Finally, he finished and we joined up again. He had a light sheen of sweat on his arms and biceps. “That was fun.” he said cheerily.

“You were so amazing, Prince.” Said Princess, giving him another deep kiss. I looked away embarrassed, but noticed Caroline did not. I looked at my watch. It was 11 pm.

“Well, guys. This has been really fun.” I lied, after they separated.

Caroline glanced at me, but didn’t object to the signal of the end of the night.

Princess looked sad though. “Oh that’s it. You guys don’t want to keep this going? We could grab a coffee? My apartment is just a few blocks away.”

What? That was a weird suggestion. Ryan just looked back and forth between me and Caroline, his arm around Princess.

“Uhh...no thanks.” I replied. There was an awkward silence. As was her way, Caroline couldn’t stand it and rushed to fill it in.

“Next time!” She piped in.

“Great idea.” Ryan answered. “Let’s do it again next weekend?”

Caroline glanced at me, shrugging apologetically. “Sure.”

Inside, I groaned.

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