

My Wife's Best Friend

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No characters in this work are under eighteen years of age.

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Chapter 1

My wife Laura and I had known Pete and Donna for a long time. Laura and Donna had met in the first year at a training hospital when they were student nurses and had become firm friends, living in adjacent rooms in the nurses' accommodation. Pete was already going out with Donna when I met Laura, so it was natural that we all became friends and a solid foursome.

Over the years, we went on holiday together several times and would socialise regularly, have dinners together and even help each other out with mundane stuff like DIY.

Donna was average height, medium build, with longish dark hair. Attractive in an ordinary kind of way, her breasts were only modestly sized and she did have a tendency to rather plump thighs. So it's fair to say, that whilst we were great friends, I never really actively lusted after her. But she was a big personality! You always knew when she was in the room – or even on the same street, for that matter. Her North London genetics could make her sound very loud and brash. Most people would describe her as dominant and at times, overbearing.

Pete was the complete opposite. He was quite short, about the same height as Donna, with a very slim, boyish figure. He had a mane of collar-length hair, a matching moustache and always kept himself immaculately groomed and dressed. He was quietly spoken and was definitely the underdog in that relationship. I often wondered about his orientation, if I'm honest. One thing that Donna was always very clear about: she liked sex – a lot. She would frequently snipe a sarcastic comment at Pete, demeaning his sexual prowess and complaining about how he failed to give her what she wanted.

Laura was very slim, not far off my height, with an almost tomboyish figure, shoulder length blonde hair, long slim legs, quite small B-cup boobs, which were topped with the most perfect, suckable nipples. She had had a convent upbringing and it had been drummed into her from an early age, that just about everything about sex was Bad, Wrong and Dirty. And definitely only intended for Producing Babies. If you contravened any of the laid down rules, you were on your way to Hell, for sure.

All of which was a great shame, because when she was in the mood, she was an absolute tiger in bed. Or anywhere else for that matter. She was dominated by her monthly cycle – her horny hormones would hit her like a train, usually twice a month; around the time she was ovulating and just before her period started. When those wonderful chemicals surged into her bloodstream, she would turn from a frigid nun into a raging part-time nymphomaniac. I think she kind of hated it when this happened, because she loved it but didn't feel in control – and it was in conflict with the way she was 'supposed to behave'. But I

was of course, more than willing to take full advantage of these happy situations when they cropped up, to the point where I started logging the dates of her cycle, to try and estimate when things might get frisky.

There would often be little warning... one summer evening, we had walked to our local pub and were enjoying a drink outside in the late sunshine. She excused herself, then a little later, was sitting opposite me and put one foot up on an empty chair. Allowing her summer dress to ride up her legs, she treated me to a 'Sharon Stone', displaying her naked pussy for me to admire. She had obviously slipped off her panties when she went to the loo. She fixed me in the eye, then ran her finger up her moist slit and brought that finger up to her lips and licked her juice off it – then put her foot back down, allowing her dress to become demure again. Such is the power of women over men... one glimpse of a willing and available vagina and we are irresistibly transfixed. I was turned on to hell.

Needless to say, we finished our drinks in a hurry and left the pub as it was starting to get dark. Our route home took us along a path under a railway bridge. As soon as I thought we were reasonably alone, I grabbed her and pushed her back against the wall, somehow hitching her dress up and freeing the front of my jeans at the same time. Lifting one of her legs, I parted her pussy lips with two fingers, then just rammed my cock into her sopping snatch. Her creamy juices allowed me to slide straight in, right up to the hilt. There was no foreplay, just wanton, animal lust. I wanted to stretch her cunt with my throbbing hardness, fuck her like the bitch on heat that she was, fill her up with my load. It didn't last long, a few dozen animal thrusts and I was spilling in her, shooting my thick spunk up deep inside her.

Whilst I was trying to regain my breath, and furtively glancing around to check that no-one was watching, I slipped out of her and tucked my cum-covered cock back into my jeans. With wobbly legs, we walked home hand in hand, giggling about what had happened... on the way, she lifted her dress and showed me my spunk oozing out of her and trickling down her thigh. By the time we got back, it had made its way right down her leg – a sight I found very erotic, and something I have enjoyed seeing ever since – the creamy results of my efforts dripping out of a satisfied pussy.

So our sex life wasn't without its occasional high points. Another time, we were doing the tourist thing and were visiting an old museum ship. Laura was attractively dressed in a short denim skirt and white cheesecloth blouse, with only a thin lacy bra to help prevent those lovely nips making too much of an appearance. (Side note: ladies, please will you stop wearing those awful padded things which are all too common now? They are about as sexy as a stab vest! Rant over.)

Where was I? Yes, on this old ship, which was frankly, pretty boring, had it not been for what happened next. I was leading the way through one of the ship's corridors when Laura took my hand and guided it between her legs. Pressing my middle finger against her pantie gusset, I could feel the warm wetness behind the thin fabric. As we walked along, I managed to ease my finger round the seam of her panties, to slip between her pussy lips. My finger was met by a delicious amount of thick, creamy pussy juice, which meant only one thing... 'I'm hot, I'm horny and I want to get fucked – hard!'

The problem was, it was a tourist destination, so was consequently very busy with people. We almost broke into a trot, as we tried to find somewhere – anywhere – that we could be alone for a few minutes. We went deeper and deeper into the ship, till we got to the areas that most people didn't bother with. We kissed deeply, she leaned back against the wall... I knelt down and pulling her now-soaking panties to one side, ran my tongue up and down her sopping slit, savouring the taste of her fuck-me-right-now pussy juices. 'Give it to me now', she was saying. 'Fuck me hard.'

I managed to unbuckle my belt and pulled my jeans down a bit, then stood up and slid my whole rigid length into her. I wanted to get deeper still, so lifted both her legs up round my waist... feeling my cock banging against her cervix, delighting in her wanton wetness, oblivious if there was anyone watching. Groping and pinching her tits, it was a wild ride... pure lust, take my fucking cock, bitch; her completely lost in her sexual heat. Before long, I was pumping jets of cum deep inside her and we started to collapse and recover. She was able to pull her panties back into place, to stop most of my jizz from oozing out of her. Luckily, no-one saw us!

Then there was the time we were sitting in a pub, having a quiet drink. The conversation steadily became more explicit and I started whispering to her, all the things I was planning on doing to her when we got home. After a little while, her expression changed... she went kind of rigid, her eyes rolled, as if she were having some kind of seizure and had her crossed legs clamped together. She grabbed my hand and dug her nails in and stuttered 'I'm cumming!' Well, I have never, before or since, managed to make a woman orgasm, just by talking to her, so I was both taken aback and very, very turned on by this.

We quickly finished our drinks and got into the car. I hadn't even put it in gear, when she had my trousers undone and was sucking my cock like her life depended on it. Luckily, it was only a short journey along a country lane to get home! Briefly pausing for breath, she said 'Just pull up somewhere... you can fuck me up the arse if you like.' I didn't need any second bidding. While she continued pumping my cock in and out of her hungry mouth, I managed to drive, after a fashion, till we got to a rural lay-by.

I immediately stopped the car, then went round to the passenger side. I opened the door and pulled her round, so her legs were toward me. Reaching under her arse, I grabbed the back of her panties and yanked them off. Pausing briefly to bury my tongue deep inside her dripping pussy, covering my face in her thick juices, I then rubbed my aching and engorged cock up and down between her pussy lips and over her swollen clit, covering it with her natural, slippery lubricant and getting her even more turned on in the process. But there was no way my cock was going in her pussy tonight! She had offered – that once in a blue moon offer – to let me fuck her up the arse, and nothing was going to stop me now.

Grabbing her ankles, I pushed them up as high as the confines of the car would allow, then eased forward till the tip of my cock was at her puckered anus. I gave it one last rub between her pussy lips to get some more of her juice on it, then pressed forward. Resistance... a little more pressure... suddenly, her sphincter relaxed a little and the head of my cock nudged into her tight little bum hole. As soon as the head of my cock was in, her ring muscle started contracting and pulsating, almost milking my cock. With

that tight muscle around the most sensitive part of my cock, I could easily have cum like that, basically being wanked by her arse. But I wanted more, I wanted to impale her, right up her shit chute, feel my balls slap against her arse. So I pushed forward, and slowly, her arse began to relax and before I knew it, I was balls deep in her forbidden place. She was writhing in ecstasy, grabbing me and digging her nails in wherever she could. I pressed my thumb against her clit and was twisting one of her swollen nips with my other hand.

Moments like this don't last long... the sheer eroticism, coupled with the cool outdoor air on my arse, mixed in with the excitement and risk of shagging in a public place, soon add up to the point of no return. Before I knew it, we were both having a shattering orgasm and I was pumping jets of hot, sticky cum deep inside her rectum.

None of this has really got anything to do with the story at hand, but serves to illustrate the Jekyll and Hyde character I was living with. One, or possibly two, days per month, Mrs Jekyll would turn into the horny Mrs Hyde. Nothing was out of bounds, as long as she got fucked, long hard and deeply on 'those' days. The rest of the time, it was a case of 'You needn't think I'm putting that thing in my mouth!!' or, 'Don't be disgusting!' or 'We're not teenagers any more!'

Unfortunately, as the years went by and kids came along, the Mrs Hyde days got fewer and further between. What sex we did have was now called 'lovemaking' and was becoming so vanilla, it was boring. Pussy licking disappeared off the menu, on the basis that it was 'dirty' and she often nearly pulled my ears off, dragging me back up the bed, when I did attempt to go down on her. Which was a great shame, because Laura had the prettiest, most delectable pussy I have ever seen, out of the dozens of women I've bedded in my time. It was perfectly formed, with neat, tucked-up lips and just begged to be licked. She also invariably tasted delicious!

This resulted in me getting very frustrated, because I knew what she could be like when she was in the mood! But then we would have one of those (increasingly rare) orgiastic, anything goes, total sex sessions which made everything ok – for the time being. But there was no in-between and no compromise. 'Just the way it is', she would say. All of which was not helped by the fact that as a nurse and mother, it suited her far better to work nights. So even when she had one of her hormone-induced nymphomaniac nights, chances were, she was at work!

Chapter 2

By this time, we had been together quite a while. Pete and Donna had had a baby who was now about 18 months old. We had a child as well... he was about a year old, so both mums had a lot in common.

Donna and the toddler had come up to visit us for a week or so, leaving Pete at their house, with strict instructions to complete a long list of DIY tasks – or else.

Our home was a chalet bungalow, which we were renting in the Herefordshire countryside. It had a nice room upstairs, immediately above our bedroom. So we made up a bed for Donna up there, and put a second cot for her kid in the spare room downstairs, so the two children could sleep together. The house was a cheaply-built '70's construction, so the floors and walls were paper thin – meaning there wasn't a great deal of real privacy.

The thing was, I'd always quite enjoyed teasing Donna. It had always been pretty obvious that Pete was unable or unwilling to really satisfy her highly-sexed womanly needs. She would constantly complain and say things like 'I've tried dressing up in stockings and suspenders and everything, but nothing works!'

Conversely, I had acquired something of a reputation for being 'Good in Bed'. There was a time at the nurses' home – I was staying overnight with Laura and was at the sink, cleaning my teeth, wearing nothing more than a pair of skimpy black briefs. If I do say so myself, I was in pretty good shape – years of hard manual work had given me a good physique, well defined muscles and a trim waist. Donna came barging in through the door on some pretext, but stopped dead in her tracks, eyeing me up and down. Laura and I had just been fooling around a bit, so I was still sporting a semi hard-on and was packing quite an impressive bulge in those briefs. If Laura hadn't been there, I'm sure Donna would have gone for it, right there and then.

When Donna was staying with us, Laura coincidentally had one of her hormonal horny nights. I was fucking her hard, first missionary, then doggy, on our double bed, right below where Donna was 'sleeping'. Laura could be quite vocal when we were having sex like this and I knew perfectly well that Donna would be able to hear all the passionate noises and groans. I made no effort to be quieter – smiling inwardly, the exhibitionist in me knew that our amorous activities would undoubtedly be turning her on. 'Guess what, I'm getting laid and you're not!'

A moment later, we could clearly hear a buzzing noise from upstairs... we both realised, Donna was pleasuring herself with a vibrator! I was astonished when Laura came out with, 'D'you know, it would

really turn me on to watch you making love to another woman? I'd love to watch your cock sliding in and out of someone else.' Gulp. How do you answer that? I gave a rather non-committal reply... 'You do realise that's every bloke's favourite sex fantasy? To have another woman in bed with them and their wife?'

Next, she is saying, 'Do you want me to go up and invite her down here, then?' She gave me a nudge and a sexy grin. 'She's obviously really frustrated.' That was one of those really difficult situations, where you don't know if she actually means it, whether it's some kind of fidelity test, or whether it's just sexy pillow talk. The thought of fucking a frustrated, horny bitch like Donna, while my wife watched, was incredibly erotic. I desperately wanted to say, 'Yes please! Go fetch her and I'll fuck her brains out while you watch! (and hopefully, you join in!).'

But I figured it was just some kind of sexy game, to get me going, and I replied with something really lame, like 'It's a very erotic idea, but we would all have to face each other in the morning. Could be a bit difficult in the cold light of day' and we left it at that, with Donna still buzzing away upstairs.

I spent half the rest of the night, kicking myself for turning down what might have been a bloody good opportunity to have some really raunchy fun, and spent most of the next day feeling quite moody.

That night, Laura was back at work on a night shift, so we had an early meal in the evening. The three of us were just chatting about various things while we ate, when Donna, in her inimitable way, out of the blue came out with: 'I much prefer anal sex to vaginal.' This was typical of Donna... just say it like it is. We were both taken aback, and a bit lost for words, but I gulped and managed a rather lame 'Why's that?', secretly hoping to get a bit more detail. She then went on to explain that 'It feels so much more intense; there's much more feeling!' Pete had apparently 'only got a little one' and 'it didn't really fill her up or satisfy her'.

Laura and I had only tried anal on a couple of occasions – both entirely at my insistence. I really wanted to fuck her cute little arse, but even after a few drinks, she only ever let me pop the head in for a few moments, before complaining that it hurt, and telling me to take it out. So it definitely wasn't on her sex menu.

Slightly embarrassed, we managed to change the subject by clearing the plates and taking things out to the kitchen. Laura busied herself with getting ready for work and Donna went to settle the kids down for the night. I washed up and tidied the kitchen, by which time, Laura was getting her coat on, ready to go out.

With the prospect of another pretty boring evening, watching dull TV, I gave her the usual kiss and 'have a good night' routine, at which point, she leaned close and whispered in my ear 'You can fuck Donna if you like.' It was one of those rare occasions when I was totally lost for words, wondering if I'd heard right. I was still standing there rigidly dumbfounded when her car went off down the road.

My mind was scrambled as I tried to reconcile this in my head... Did she actually say what I thought she'd said? Was I hearing things? Did she mean it? Was it just a 'test', with Donna primed to report back about any advances on my part? Apart from anything else, would Donna actually be up for it? I didn't know what to think, but I could feel my pulse racing.

I was still caught in this dilemma when Donna called out to me and said, 'Is it ok if I have a bath?' I snapped out of my trance and replied, 'Yes, of course, there's plenty of hot water, go ahead.'

Now, sometime ago I had noticed, when I was sorting some stuff in the loft, that there was a gap in the bathroom ceiling, just where the coving met the ceiling. It was almost invisible from below, but from a vantage point in the loft, I had discovered that it was possible to see the whole of the bath and the toilet area – something that came in very useful when we had a beautiful 19-year old German au pair staying – but sorry, that's another story.

While the water was running, I crept upstairs and positioned myself in the loft, then kept very still. Before long, I saw Donna enter the bathroom and close the sliding door. She stripped off, then sat on the toilet, obviously having a pee before her bath. I had only ever seen her boobs once before, when she was breast-feeding; now was my chance to have a proper look.

It did occur to me, that my peeping behaviour was probably unnecessary, because if I'd asked her straight out, she would probably have just stripped off for me. But peeking through the crack in the ceiling gave an added voyeuristic thrill – the stolen glimpse of someone naked, knowing they can't see you looking at them.

Her tits were still quite large with pronounced deep brown areolae round her rubbery nipples. She bent over the bath, to stir the water and check the temperature and in the process, gave me a lovely view of the curve of her bottom. As she lowered herself into the bath, I could see the triangle of curly pubic hair round her pussy. I watched with interest and got quite aroused as she washed her body all over. She seemed to be paying particular attention to her breasts and pussy, and I was hoping she might continue on to masturbating properly and give me a proper show.

But she then sat up and started to wash her hair. I reckoned I'd seen the best part, so decided to creep out of the loft while the coast was clear. Heading to the bedroom, I undressed and changed into my dressing gown, to be comfortable for the evening. Then I went back to the lounge, when suddenly there was a cry from the bathroom: 'Ow ow ow! Help!'

I opened the sliding door a little and asked what was wrong. She was kneeling in the bath, still completely naked, with her eyes screwed up. 'Got bloody shampoo in me eyes, haven't I!' she moaned. I went and fetched a plastic jug from the kitchen and filled it with warm water from the sink. I gently poured it over her eyes to try and wash the shampoo away, but naturally took every opportunity to look her body up and down, while her eyes were shut.

Not bad, I thought... she had recovered from her pregnancy well and now had quite a trim tummy... thighs looking pretty shapely, her boobs looking as though they were still swollen with milk and slightly veiny, not surprising as she was still feeding her child. I got a second jug of water and rinsed her eyes again. 'Is that better?' I asked, placing a hand on her shoulder. Her skin felt nice and soft. She blinked a couple of times, then looked up. 'Oh, yes, thanks darlin'.' Giving my hand a squeeze, she said, grinning 'You can give me back a scrub if you like.' Which is, as anyone knows, a euphemism for 'You can feel me all over then fuck me.'

Taking the bar of soap, I started to sensuously rub it all over her shoulders and neck, making sure that my fingertips delivered pressure in just the right areas to have the effect I wanted. She was soon relaxing and sighing with pleasure.

'Tell me something' I said. 'Did Laura have a little chat with you before she went to work?'

She grinned and said 'Uh-huh. We've talked a lot about it. Fact is, I'm so horny all the time. I want sex – lots of it. But Pete doesn't do it for me, he doesn't seem interested. I don't want to be 'made love to', I need to be fucked, hard and regularly. I think I scare him to be honest. I'm always frustrated, because I need a real man! Laura has even admitted that we're both with the wrong partner. She said she and Pete should sit on the sofa holding hands and us two should be fucking like rabbits!'

She looked a bit glum when she was saying all this, because we both realised, that although we both loved - and had had a child with - our respective partners, you can't make someone behave in a way they're not biologically made to. Sexual incompatibility doesn't make for a happy relationship.

She went on, 'Laura told me that it would really turn her on to watch you making love to another woman. She'd hate you to go off and cheat behind her back but said it would be alright with her if we were to have a scene together. In fact, she said it would be a real turn-on.'

I could feel my cock reacting to this sexy conversation and could feel my heart thudding in my chest. I hadn't had any decent sex for several weeks, so my equipment was definitely locked and loaded.

Thoughts were racing through my mind... is this some kind of honey pot trap? Was she suddenly going to announce that I'd been busted as a filthy, cheating husband and was going to tell Laura that my dick was ruling my head and that I couldn't be trusted?

But by this time, my higher brain functions were being controlled from much lower down my body. There was no way I could snap out of this and reject her, then retreat from the bathroom. In that moment, I made my decision. Or, should I say, my cock made the decision for me.

'So is that what you'd like?' I asked, in my best, seductive voice.

'You must know I've always fancied you, you daft sod'.

I slid my soapy hands over her shoulders and headed them down her front, encircling her breasts, rolling the nipples between my thumbs and fingers. Her slight moan was enough to tell me she was enjoying this. Squeezing behind the nipple, I saw a tiny jet of milk squirt out of her teat.

'Does that feel good?' I asked. 'Oh yeah, do it harder', she sighed. I pinched her nipples quite hard and was rewarded by seeing a fan jet of white milk spray out of both of her teats. 'Oh my god, that's so sexy' I told her.

I scooped a handful of bathwater and rinsed her boobs, then leaned forward and took her nearest nipple into my mouth. Swirling the nipple in my mouth and running my tongue over and around it, Donna laid back and was squirming with pleasure. Then I started a pulsing, sucking motion – and before long, I could feel jets of warm milk hitting the back of my mouth. 'Ohh, that goes right down to my pussy' she said. 'My nips are so sensitive.'

This was my cue to explore further. Dropping my left hand onto her knee, I drifted it up the inside of her thigh until I felt my fingers brush her pubic curls. I felt her thighs part slightly, as if inviting me to go on. My fingers soon found the cleft between her lips and slid inside, to be greeted by a slick wetness, quite unlike the bath water. Even though she was in the bath, her pussy was wet with her juice! My forefinger slid in easily, allowing my thumb to rub on her swollen clit.

My right hand was still massaging her left breast, squeezing and pinching the nipple. This woman was now putty in my hands, writhing and moaning quietly. My swollen cock was now sticking out obscenely from the gap in my dressing gown and I could feel precum starting to ooze from the tip.

'I think we need to get you out of there' I suggested. I handed her a towel as she climbed out, which she used to wrap round her hair, leaving the rest of her body naked. I took the opportunity to grasp her buttocks and pull her pussy to my face... she instinctively leaned back, to angle her pussy towards me.

My pointed tongue traced up and down her puffy pussy lips, slid between them and found her big, swollen clit, poking out from its little hood. She grabbed the back of my head and pushed me in harder. 'Lick me harder. Lick my cunt. I need it bad! Suck my clit!' I eased her back, so she could support herself on the sink and bend her legs a bit more to give me better access. I used both of my thumbs to pull her lips apart and expose the beautifully smooth, soft, wet flesh in between.

I was alternating between sucking on her clit, which was now the size of a prawn, and driving my tongue deep inside her pussy, to draw out the flow of fresh, creamy juice. With two fingers inside her and a final, rapidly vibrating left and right movement of my tongue on her clit, she went over the edge into an orgasm, which left her trembling and weak-kneed. 'Oh my god' she said, when she got her breath back a bit. 'That was so good, I haven't had anything like that in ages.'

I got another towel and started to dry off her body, making sure I used the opportunity to explore her whole body in the process. Then she dropped down to her knees and took hold of my swollen cock, smearing the precum down its length, using her fist in a firm wanking motion. Then she brought her lips to

the tip and ran her tongue round the head, then suddenly plunged the entire length in her warm, wet mouth. It felt as though it was going right down her throat and she started making those wonderful, guttural gagging noises as she plunged it as deep as it would go.

Then pursing her lips, she applied the most amazing suction as she withdrew, producing the most sublime sensations. Then back down again... I grabbed the back of her head and started really fucking her face. Laura would never suck my cock like this – if she ever did, it would be a token lick and a little suck. She would never even contemplate letting me cum in her mouth.

Donna really knew what she was doing and was clearly loving it. Briefly pulling my cock out of her mouth, she said, 'Give it to me, cum in my mouth' and then continued deep throating me. As my cock went past the back of her tongue, it felt a lot like fucking a pussy, and my thrusts and her head movements were becoming more urgently rhythmic. I could feel my balls tightening and my spunk starting to rise. She grabbed my arse with both hands, urging me to fuck her face.

Moments later, my cock was spasming and I fired jet after jet of thick spunk down her throat. I could feel her swallowing as she gulped it down. My legs were wobbling, and I was trembling all over. She finally drew my twitching cock out of her mouth and gently sucked the last few drips out of me. I was so sensitive, I had to reluctantly ask her to stop and gently eased her head away.

'Mmm, I love the taste of cum' she murmured, licking her lips. 'Oh my god, that was amazing' I sighed. 'You are the first and only woman who's been able to make me cum, just by using her mouth!' I told her, quite truthfully. 'Maybe I should give Laura some lessons! What do you think?' she said, giggling.

'Let's adjourn to the bedroom, shall we?' I suggested. 'Tonight, I'm going to fuck you absolutely senseless.'

She wrapped the other towel round her body, and we headed for the stairs. 'Wait a moment', I said. Standing behind her, I ran my hand up between her legs and wormed my thumb into her wet pussy. 'Now let's go upstairs' I said, pushing upwards. My thumb was gyrating inside her and my forefinger was rubbing against her clit, as she struggled up the 13 stairs, on the verge of cumming all the while. I slipped my thumb out, licked it clean and then left her in that worked-up state, so she could dry her hair, while I fetched us both a glass of wine.

When I joined her again, I said 'You know what I'd really like to do right now... if you are ok with it?' 'What's that?' she says, eyes sparkling. 'I'd love to shave your pussy, so you're completely smooth.' 'Really? You serious? No-one's ever done that for me before, I've only ever trimmed it. That would be so sexy – as long as you're careful!' I told her 'Not to worry, I'm not going to slice any bits off! I have a vested interest after all!'

So, I went and fetched a bowl of warm water, razor, gel and a dry towel and took them all back upstairs, where Donna was lying on the bed, wearing just a robe. Over the next few minutes, I lathered and shaved

her whole pubic area, then thoroughly rinsed it all off with warm water and a flannel, before patting it dry with the towel.

This operation gave me the opportunity to really look at her pussy properly. In the bathroom, I'd been in too much of a hurry to ram my tongue into her, to really check her out. But now all the hair was gone, I could see everything beautifully. Her pussy was fleshier than Laura's, the skin around her outer lips tinted a little darker. The outer lips were quite pronounced and puffed up, the inner lips projecting outside a little. Clearly still aroused, her clit was poking out, big and easy to find. To be able to finish the shaving around the lower end of her pussy and arse, I'd got her to put her knees on her chest and splay her legs wide apart. This afforded a totally unimpeded view of her bum hole. I was enthralled by what I saw... it was perfect! Tinted a light brown colour, the dark colour only extended to the opening itself – she had none of that 'anal shadow' on the surrounding skin, which is all too common. Her anus was perfectly formed and kept twitching and winking as I worked around it. I couldn't wait to stick my cock in it and see how it would feel.

'How's that?' I asked. She ran her fingers over her mound and down the sides of her pussy. 'Oh, it's so smooth, I love it, it feels so sensual.' 'I'd better just check with a tongue test!', I said, moving between her thighs. Holding her legs behind her knees, I pushed her legs up and apart, so she was completely exposed, then proceeded to give her another thorough licking, sucking on her flaps and running my tongue up and down its length, from the bridge between her pussy and arse, right up to the top of her clit, until she was gasping with pleasure again. 'Where the fuck have you been all my life?' she asked.

'Turn round and 69 me!' I was happy to oblige and positioned myself above her, so that my cock slid straight into her waiting mouth, whilst I continued to fervently tongue her swollen clit and finger her pussy hole. Her juices were flowing freely now and oh, she tasted so good! I had to swallow repeatedly to drink it down. Then, pulling her hips higher, I reached my tongue down and flicked it over her tight little anus. I felt her quiver and knew that she wanted more. I repositioned slightly, so I had better access, then by pointing the tip of my tongue, was able to insinuate it into her tight little butt hole. She reacted by pushing her hips up against me, my mouth now hard up against her anus. Forcing my tongue hard against her little opening, it found its way in through the ring of muscle and – suddenly, I was tongue-fucking her arse!

The thought flashed through my mind 'There is no way on this planet that Laura would let me do this... she hardly ever let me lick her pussy! But here I am, with a woman who is loving every second of it!' In the meantime, Donna was sucking and slurping on my cock and balls, creating the most delicious sensations with her mouth and tongue. But suddenly, my cock was out in the fresh air again... the previous sensations were replaced by an even better one – Donna grabbed my hips and pulled me nearer her face – she was returning the compliment by energetically tonguing *my* arse, whilst pulling and stroking my cock with her hand. The feeling of her tongue probing and lapping round my sensitive anus was unbelievable. My cock was so hard, it felt like it was going to burst.

I pushed down, encouraging her to do it harder. This was just the kind of dirty, wanton, no-holds-barred sex I had been craving – and I think that went for her, too. I was getting dangerously close to cumming again – which I didn't want to do yet. I had other plans!

I clambered off her, before it was too late and stood beside the bed, 'Come here', I said, pulling her to me, so her arse was at the edge of the bed and pushed her legs right over. I bent down and gave her pussy and arse one more good reaming with my tongue, then stood up and ploughed my rigid cock straight into her dripping pussy. It felt lovely and warm and wet, but she wasn't quite as tight as my wife. She felt much softer inside. I gave a few good, hard, thrusts, then pulled out and repositioned.

Remembering what she had said over dinner... I pressed the tip of my cock against her tight little ring. A slight push and the head slipped in, to a little gasp from Donna. My cock is only average length, but it's really thick, so I knew this was going to stretch her, good and proper. Safe in the knowledge that this was really 'her thing', the thing she had been craving, I gave another steady push and my cock disappeared all the way into her bum hole, her muscles pulsing and contracting, milking me as I lay in there. The sensations were amazing... I didn't need to move... her arse was exquisitely gripping and squeezing me, my cock was twitching and throbbing in return. I was so glad she already sucked me off, otherwise I would surely have shot my load right then.

'Oh, my fuck! That is just exquisite... just so erotic', I sighed. I used my thumbs to spread her gaping pussy, which made the sight in front of me, even more compelling. Seeing my cock buried deep inside her, but with her pussy still empty, was just wonderful.

Reaching up, I squeezed both her breasts, just behind the nipples, with a resulting spray of warm milk. I could feel the muscles in her rectum contract every time I pinched them. In spite of the suction her lovely arse was creating, I started pulling back, so I could plough in again. It was like a tiny mouth, trying to hold on to me. I pulled right out, allowing her sphincter to contract for a moment, then rammed my cock in again, right up to the balls. Over and over I did this, until she was making strange animalistic guttural noises. I knew she was on the point of cumming again.

Wanting variation, I pulled out and buried into her pussy. Then out of her pussy and up her arse. Every time, this incited a gasp from her. I repeated this over and over. In the pussy, up the arse. In the pussy, up the arse. We were both totally 'in the zone', filled with wanton lust, totally compatible with each other. They could have dropped the bomb and we wouldn't have noticed.

Donna was thrashing about, eyes screwed shut and grabbing the sheets in her ecstasy. I pressed the pad of my thumb onto her swollen clit and rubbed it with a rapid motion. I had learned that she liked firm pressure on her bud, for it to be treated quite roughly. Finally, I could feel my relentless and unstoppable orgasm building. Skewering her arse with my rock-hard cock, I pounded at her bum hole without mercy, faster and faster till I exploded my cum load deep, deep inside her bowels.

When we had both recovered slightly, I managed to get onto the bed and roll her on her side, so we were in 'spoons', with my softening cock still gripped in her twitching arsehole, gently caressing her breasts, feeling the milk still dribbling from them.

'Did you enjoy that?' I asked. 'Oh my god. Best fuck I've had in years, darlin'. I haven't cum like that in a long time', she said, still panting.

I was revelling in the eroticism of the moment, my semi-hard cock still up my wife's friend's arse... does it get any better than that? I could feel her bum muscles contracting and gripping my cock, causing new life to stir in it. I was swelling up again and was beginning to feel like having another go – and I hadn't even slid out of her!

I gently rolled her onto her front and pulled a pillow down, which I pushed under her hips, to raise her bottom up a bit. This presented me with the perfect angle of attack, and the sensations produced were quite different for both of us. In this position, she was completely at my mercy, with nowhere to go. My fat cock had somehow regained its full strength and I was drilling into her dirt box as deep as I could go. Reaching round the front of her, I was able to rhythmically frig her clit and could feel a fresh gush of pussy juice oozing between her legs.

At this point, I so wished I had two dicks, so I could fuck her pussy as well! I could feel the build-up starting again, so pulled her up into a doggy position, but then pushed her shoulders down, so she was totally bent over, utterly prone to my assault on her rectum. I repeatedly pulled right out, then rammed back into her greedy arse, knowing she was getting the full effect of the whole of my length ploughing into her.

Her moaning was incessant, accompanied by a stream of obscenities. 'Fuck my fucking arse! Fuck it hard, you bastard. Give it to me. Fill me up with spunk!' Even having cum twice, this was too much, and before long, I was squirting my third load of the night, right up her most private place. We were both done for, totally satiated... my cock was sore and my balls were aching. I collapsed on top of her back and we lay there for a while, panting and exhilarating in the afterglow of great sex. I couldn't remember the last time I had been so turned on, to be able to cum three times in one night.

I eventually slipped my cock out of her and left her to sleep, returning to 'our' bedroom to enjoy a night filled with dreams of wet pussies, swollen tits and gaping arseholes.

In the morning, I was in the kitchen making tea when Laura got home - the moment I had been dreading. The warm glow of satisfaction from the night before, quickly turned into a sinking feeling in my stomach.

But after giving me a kiss and saying, 'Good morning', she pulled me in close and whispered in my ear, 'I quite fancy some of what you gave Donna last night! In fact, I want to hear all about it... so I'm going to take Donna a cup of tea, and we're going to have a girly chat...'

My heart sank, thinking 'This is where the fireworks are going to start!' As she disappeared off upstairs, I was still wondering if my cock and balls had willingly led me into a carefully contrived trap. But after a while, I could hear the sound of low voices and then giggles. It sounded like Donna was doing most of the talking, doubtless recounting our escapade of last night, but I couldn't make out what they were actually saying. But from the tone of the voices, at least it didn't sound as though I was about to get my balls cut off with a carving knife!

After a while, I went into our bedroom, to try and hear better. I still couldn't hear the words clearly, but I could definitely hear that buzzing noise we'd heard the previous night!

It must have been an hour later when Laura came back down. She was no longer in her work clothes and was just wearing a dressing gown belonging to Donna – and was looking very flushed. Without saying a word, she came up to me, then took my hand and guided it between her legs. I took the hint and slipped a finger between her pussy lips. She was soaking wet, full of thick, creamy pussy juice!

'Donna told me all about what happened', she said in a husky voice. 'I got so turned on hearing all the details about how you two fucked each other silly, I just had to have a play. Donna lent me her toy and I came three times by the time she'd finished telling me.'

I was so relieved! 'I thought you'd be jealous' I said, as I worked my finger into her pussy. 'I am a bit... but only because you two obviously had a lot of fun, and I missed out! But you're going to make that up to me later!'

She went on, 'Though I am glad you had the decency not to fuck her in *our* bed. That was nice of you, because I don't think I would have liked that. And she told me that the two of you didn't really snog each other – so it was just sex, by the sound of it. Deep kissing is really intimate, and I *would* have been jealous of that. Save that for me, eh?'

I was almost speechless. I couldn't believe how utterly *reasonable* she was being!

'So, here's the deal... you have my permission to fuck her whenever you want. I know how horny you two are, and if that makes you both happy, it's fine, because I'm not really like that. Well, not very often, anyway. There's just two conditions...'

'Which are?' I asked, curious now.

'That you always tell me what you've done, no fucking her behind my back without telling me – and, I want all the details, ok? That's a real turn-on for me!'

'And the other thing?'

'That you save some for me, for when I want it!' she said, cupping her hand over my prick and balls, giving them a gentle squeeze.

'Now I'm going to go to bed to get some sleep. I'm not working tonight, but I want a few hours.' She eased my hand away from her sopping snatch, pulled me close and gave me a deep kiss. 'And you, mister, had better take it easy today and save your energy. You're going to need it for a repeat performance tonight!'

Licking her musky juice off my fingers, I could feel my cock stirring again at the thought of what might happen later.

Chapter 3

A few minutes later, I heard the toilet flushing and Donna came into the kitchen. Wearing just a white T-shirt and some silky pyjama shorts, her big dark nipples were clearly visible under the thin fabric, reminding me of the night before. 'Good morning' I said, smiling at her. 'How are you feeling', I asked. She was grinning like the proverbial Cheshire cat.

'Like I've had the best sex in my life... I feel like a woman again!'

'Mmmm, so do I!' I said, playing on the words whilst squeezing my hardening cock through my dressing gown. 'I feel satisfied, but so turned on as well. I feel horny again!'

'Cool it, tiger!' she said. 'I'd love a Round Two as well, but we need to behave today. From what Laura was saying, you're in for a busy night tonight! She was really turned on when I told her all about what we got up to!'

Unwilling to take 'no' for an answer, I turned her round so that she was facing the sink and gently pushed her forward, so she was bent over slightly, taking her weight on her hands. I eased my hand down the back of her shorts and worked my middle finger between her pussy lips, finding her still slick with juice. She moaned softly as I easily slid two fingers into her pussy, rotating them to press my fingertips against her G-spot.

'Aww, you're going to get me going again, if you don't stop that!' she said under her breath, which was now becoming more ragged. I slipped my fingers out, but put my other hand between her shoulder blades, to prevent her standing back up.

Raising my hand to my mouth, I wetted my thumb with saliva, then returned my hand inside her shorts, drilling my middle finger into her pussy and at the same time, applied firm pressure to her anus with my thumb. She wriggled slightly and, in a moment, it slid in, past her ring of muscle and was then completely embedded in her tight little arse.

Accepting the welcome intruder, she bent over further to give me better access. I began a rhythmic motion, pumping my thumb and finger, squeezing them together, delighting in feeling the thin wall between her pussy and arse. I moved my other hand round to rub her clit through her shorts. Donna was squirming, impaled as she was on my digits, thrusting her arse back to drive them deep. I kept up the

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