

THE ARRANGEMENT

Pamela, our next-door neighbour was, by any measure, unremarkable. In her fifties, she was about a Size 14, of average height and had mousey brown hair of average length. She wasn't unattractive, but certainly not the kind of woman that many men would actively lust after. The only word you could really use to describe her was 'average', which might be a little unkind, but true.

I'm Alan. My wife Mandy and I had moved here with our two kids about eighteen months previously, and would exchange pleasantries with Pamela over the fence, which would usually be in some reference to the weather, in typical British fashion. The only occasion I talked to her for more than a few minutes, was the time she accidentally chopped through the cord of the hedge trimmer. I offered to safely repair the cable, so she could continue using it.

Over time, we found out that she had been divorced ten or twelve years earlier and had bought her house out of the settlement. She worked as a receptionist at the local doctor's surgery, so would usually walk or cycle to work. Apart from shopping, she seemed to rarely go out, except for attending the Zumba class at the local village hall on a Wednesday evening.

Pamela tended to keep herself to herself, which we were both happy about, as we didn't really like the kind of neighbours who constantly call round for a cup of coffee and a natter. We both worked quite long hours, me at an engineering company, Mandy as a senior carer at a residential old folks' home. Mandy always worked nights because the pay was better. The original idea was that she could do three or four 12-hour nights, then have a few days off, to be with us. But it rarely worked out like that. Other staff would call in sick; holiday cover was needed; staff would just leave. So the duty manager was frequently on the phone, asking her to 'do them a huge favour' and work an extra night. Or two. Or three.

With two young children to care for, this made for a pretty exhausting schedule for Mandy, and shifted a lot of the parenting duties onto me. None of which I minded, as she was only trying to help provide for our family. But needless to say, this lifestyle didn't do much for our sex life. We were only in our thirties and should have been at it like rabbits. But on the rare occasions that we were in bed together at the same time, she was invariably dog tired. After spending twelve hours on her feet, the last thing on her mind was changing into sex goddess mode. All of which was perfectly understandable, but frustrating for me, none the less. Although we had been together over ten years, I still loved, and fancied my wife a lot. She had a perfect Size 10 figure with a peach of a bottom, and 34 B-cup boobs, which were topped with the most perfect nipples I've seen on any woman.

Our social life was equally limited. With young children, even an outing to the local pub was quite a novelty, with the difficulty of arranging a responsible babysitter. So our lives had settled into a seemingly unending routine of working, sleeping, eating and looking after the kids, probably like many other hard-working young couples.

Sadly, much of the time, my only sexual gratification was masturbating to a porn movie after the kids were settled in bed. There were a few occasions when I was feeling horny in bed and would press my aching erection against Mandy's peachy bottom. She would sometimes respond with a drowsy "Help

yourself if you like... as long as you don't mind screwing the dead," and would promptly fall into a catatonic sleep.

There were times when I admit that I did take advantage of her offer. Mandy would invariably sleep in T-shirt and knickers ('In case I need to see to the kids'), so the task involved either trying to pull the gusset to one side or easing them down over her hips far enough to allow access to her delightful pussy. The challenging part was to get the material past the area where she was lying on it, without waking her. But once I'd managed to haul them down far enough, I was able to move closer and steer my throbbing cock between her legs. By this point, I would be really turned on, with the pressure in my balls aching for release. She wouldn't usually be very wet at all, but my leaking precum would provide all the lubrication needed.

Depending on the exact position of her body, it often proved quite difficult to actually get my cock into her pussy. It would be easy to rub it in between her pussy lips, which was pleasant enough, but not to gain that blissful and satisfying deep entry I so craved.

After a few attempts, I found it was much easier to 'accidentally' probe my cock against the tight little bud of her anus. Now Mandy had never really been 'into' anal sex, except on the odd occasion when she'd had too much to drink and lost her inhibitions. But with her fast asleep, here was a chance to satisfy my desperate urge to come and have the added delight of ejaculating into her tight little bottom.

I found that if I maintained a steady, gentle pressure, her little ring of muscle would suddenly relax, and the head of my cock would pop inside her anus. This was the moment of truth. At this point, she would either shift position and spit me out, yanking her knickers back up in sleepy annoyance, or she would continue to lay there, breathing deeply. I would lay motionless, my heart thumping in my chest, trying to control my breathing – and resisting the overwhelming urge to ram my swollen cock right up her rectal passage.

The most delightful thing about these moments, was that her anus would involuntarily twitch and contract, gripping my sensitive cock just below the head, as if her arse were subconsciously processing the feeling of the intrusion. There were times when I was happy to just lie still and revel in the delight of her sphincter sucking and milking my throbbing cock, as I got closer and closer, finally orgasming and jetting my heavy load into her rectum.

Other times, I would be braver and gently push my cock further up her arse, knowing that all the while, she could suddenly stir from sleep and eject my aching prick from her warm tunnel. That fact alone, added so much to the excitement. So any movement or thrusting had to be cautious and gently progressive. When I got really lucky, I was sometimes able to bury my whole length inside her, and have a little time gently sliding in and out, before the urge to come became too strong, and I would loose salvos of creamy spunk deep inside her tight hole.

When I finally withdrew my softening cock, I would always get a tissue and clean up round her arse, before pulling her knickers back up. The funny thing was, she never once commented about her bum being full of spunk, nor made any reference to a strange wet patch in her knickers. Maybe she did know but was prepared to turn a blind eye to me getting a bit of stolen satisfaction once in a while.

So, our sex lives went through this recurring cycle of the occasional bout of wonderful normal lovemaking; sometimes wanking to porn and the rare, but intensely delightful stolen bum-fuck.

Then everything changed in a very odd way. Pamela (remember Pamela?) had invited Mandy round for a glass of wine one evening, when Mandy actually had a rare night off. I really wasn't best pleased, as we had so little time to spend together as it was. But Mandy said that Pamela was in need of someone to talk to, as she needed some advice. She said she would only be gone a couple of hours. So I cleared up the dishes, put the kids to bed, then settled down to watch some TV with a glass of wine for myself.

A couple of hours later, Mandy returned and gave me a kiss on the cheek. She had obviously enjoyed Pamela's hospitality, as she was a little tipsy, but still fetched herself another glass and refilled mine.

"How did the agony aunt thing go?" I asked her.

"Do you mind turning the TV off, please? I have something to run by you."

I wasn't watching anything in particular, so I clicked the remote and silence fell. I turned to Mandy, inviting her to speak.

"OK, this is the situation with Pamela. Basically, she has man-trouble."

"Eh?" I responded, puzzled. "She must have kept that quiet... we've never seen any visitors to speak of, and she hardly ever goes out!"

Mandy went on, "That is actually the problem. She hasn't got a man. She got divorced twelve years ago and well, to be blunt, hasn't had any sex for about fifteen years."

I must have looked somewhat stunned. I was also silently thinking that I wasn't doing too badly in that department, comparatively speaking.

"So why doesn't she get one?" I asked. "A man, I mean. I'm sure there must be plenty of divorced men of her age out there. I mean, she's hardly my cup of tea, but she's not a complete pig either. And she's pleasant enough to chat to."

Mandy started to explain. "Look, we talked for a couple of hours solid, so I can't repeat everything word for word, but essentially, she was really messed up by her ex-husband. Sounds like he was a proper control freak and even now, she has no self-esteem or confidence."

"I see," I responded, although in all honesty, I didn't see. "So, what is actually the problem?" I quickly realised this was a typically insensitive male response.

Mandy, getting a touch exasperated, explained, "The problem, as you put it, is that she is scared to get into any kind of relationship with another man. She's petrified of getting hurt again. Apparently, she did meet some men a few years ago, but none of the meetings went any further, for various reasons. Seems like most of them were chancers, wanting to get their hands on half of her house."

I was tempted to say that Rome wasn't built in a day but thought better of it. I tried to be sympathetic instead.

“You can’t expect to find a soul-mate just like that. It must involve some searching and kissing a few frogs along the way, if you’re ever going to succeed and find Mr Right, surely? I imagine she’d probably scrub up OK and not look too shabby.”

“Hmm, that’s true,” she replied. “The real issue is that she’s realised that she doesn’t actually want a relationship. But she really misses having sex.”

I resisted the temptation to point out that I hardly got any sex either, but decided to leave it, rather than start an argument. Mandy could clearly read my mind, because she added, “You don’t do too badly, so don’t start complaining!”

I decided to lighten the mood a bit and suggested, “So why doesn’t she just get a vibrator, or better still, a male blow-up doll? Then she could get off whenever she wants!”

Mandy gave me ‘that look’. “For your information, she’s got several toys. But anyone will tell you, they’re not the same as having sex with a real human being. Skin to skin and all that.”

Although I was slightly intrigued, I was starting to get a bit weary of this whole conversation. “I’m sorry, but I don’t really understand what we’re supposed to do, and more importantly, why it’s our problem. It’s not like she’s your sister, or even a close friend.”

Mandy tried again. “She really hasn’t got anyone else she can turn to. Women discuss their problems with other women. She knows I’m a caring person and a good listener. So I listened. That might be a bit alien to you, but that’s what women do.”

It was starting to get late, and I had work the next day. I gave Mandy a kiss and a hug and said, “Come on, let’s head for bed. You can tell me more another time.” I didn’t want us to end up getting irritable with each other on one of her rare nights off.

A little later, when we were lying in bed, I slid her T-shirt up to expose a breast, topped with its delectable nipple. Mandy had breast-fed the kids and had been left with nips the size of a pencil eraser. I started to gently suck and nibble it, which elicited a slight sigh from her. She stroked the back of my head as pulled her closer and sucked a little harder.

“Before you get too carried away, can I just ask you something?” she murmured.

“Uh huh,” I responded, my mouth full of tit.

“From a male perspective, do you think Pamela is attractive? I mean hypothetically, do you think men would fancy her and want to... fuck her?” Mandy asked, with the word ‘fuck’ said quietly, as though she was awkward about saying the f-word in that context.

I removed my mouth from Mandy’s boob, so I could reply, “I’m sure someone would... but I only fancy you. You know I love your boobs and your lovely tight, wet pussy.” With that, I slid my hand under the waistband of her knickers and slid my finger between her lips, parting them before dipping my finger into her opening.

“So you don’t have to worry about coming home and finding me shagging the arse off her,” I joked.

I touched Mandy's clit and she gave a little intake of breath, and I quickly pulled her knickers down and off her legs, before burying my face into her pussy. She smelt intoxicatingly good, and I lapped at her clit until she was panting and writhing on the bed.

Moving up her body, I raised her legs and plunged my rigid prick straight into her delightfully moist vagina, burying it balls deep, savouring the moment, before starting to fuck her, hard and deep. Our lovemaking was urgent and intense and passionate. When we were done, we rolled onto our sides, with my semi-hard cock still just inside her, our combined juices leaking between her legs.

Mandy spoke quietly, into my ear, "Pamela asked me if I would let you fuck her."

I snapped out of my post-coital bliss and half sat up. "What? You cannot be serious!" I retorted, not sure if I'd heard correctly. I must have sound like John McEnroe, and I'm sure my voice went up at least an octave.

"Uh huh. Seriously. She finally came out with it and asked if she could possibly 'borrow' you from time to time. She just needs an itch scratched. No candlelit dinners, no kissing, just sex."

I was utterly taken aback, wondering if my ears were lying to me. My thoughts were racing. For fuck's sake, I didn't even fancy the woman.

"I can't believe you've even suggested that!" I retorted. "I mean, don't I get a say in the matter? I'm not some performing animal or a stud dog you take to a bitch! And besides, you would be as jealous as hell, and we'd end up getting divorced. So, no way is that going to happen!"

Mandy smiled. "Calm down, it was only an idea. She said she really admires your body... you are in good shape, after all. And I'll let you into a little secret..."

She paused, and then continued in a sexy, low voice, "It wouldn't make me jealous. In fact... and I've never told you this before, but it would really turn me on to watch you having sex with another woman. It wouldn't be like you cheating on me, it would be with my consent, after all."

I didn't know what to think. "Can we sleep on this, please? Right now, this conversation sounds completely bizarre."

"Hmm, no problem," Mandy murmured, turning her back towards me and wiggling her bottom against my penis, which was starting to stir again. I took the opportunity to slip it between her legs and rub it between her pussy lips, still slick with our love juices.

We drifted into sleep, and I dreamt of big women with enormous breasts and gaping vaginas, which threatened to engulf and suffocate me.

When we woke the next day, we were kept busy by the normal morning routine, so we didn't raise the matter which had been broached the night before. Mandy didn't have a shift that night, and when I got home from work, she and Pamela were sitting in the garden, enjoying the evening sunshine with a glass of wine.

Mandy jumped up and gave me a hug and suggested I sit down, while she fetched me a cold beer. Pamela smiled, a little shyly, at me. But it was too warm for work clothes, so I went into the house to quickly change into shorts and say hi to the kids.

Returning to the garden, I gratefully sank some of the beer, then discretely checked Pamela out. She was wearing a loose-fitting knee-length blue summer dress, which made it hard to gauge what her figure was like underneath, or indeed, whether she was wearing a bra. Her boobs weren't very pronounced, but I guessed she probably had a nice handful. I noticed that she crossed and uncrossed her legs several times, giving me a nice flash of a shapely thigh when her dress slid up a little. She was certainly a bit bigger than my petite wife, but had to admit, she had some curvy womanly charms.

I caught Pamela glancing over at me a couple of times and was secretly hoping she was taken by my bare chest and biceps. The conversation was just general chat; I was beginning to wonder if the discussion last night was just a prank on Mandy's part. After a while, Pamela said that she should go home and get her dinner. Mandy agreed, and said that she should get ours served up.

Both of the women got up and walked towards the house. Mandy was in tight jeans, which showed off her bottom to perfection. She has the kind of arse that men openly stare at — something I never minded, as I took it as a sideways compliment. Pamela's bum, although bigger, wasn't huge, from what I could make out through the dress... in fact, she demonstrated quite a nice little wiggle as she walked. Maybe the Zumba was keeping it all nice and toned?

As I contemplated the remainder of my beer, I began to wonder what it would be like to give the sex-starved Pamela a bloody good rogering. If nothing else, she would certainly be very grateful. But with Mandy watching? I wasn't so sure. My thoughts were disturbed when Mandy called me for dinner.

It wasn't until the kids were in bed and we were settled on the sofa, that the subject of Pamela cropped up again.

"So how do you feel about sticking that lovely cock of yours into another woman, like a knight in shining armour, coming to save a damsel in distress?" Mandy asked, with a little chuckle.

"Darling, I think 'damsel' is a bit generous, to be honest... more like an old maid," I replied. "I mean, she must be at least twenty years older than us."

"I know, but she keeps in pretty good shape, for her age," Mandy added, a little defensively.

"What I don't understand," I started, "is why she needs servicing by her next-door neighbour. She could tidy herself up and go off to the pub or a club in town and pick up a bloke for a quick screw. Why me?"

"Fair one. I did ask that question too," Mandy replied. "It's quite simple really. For starters, she works in a very publicly visible job at the surgery. She'd hate the patients and doctors to think she was just some kind of tart — which she really isn't.

"Plus, she lacks the confidence to be able to do that on her own, and she doesn't have anyone to go with. I don't imagine you'd want me chaperoning her, just so she can get laid, would you?"

I shook my head. "So why doesn't she just set up a profile on Tinder?" I asked. "We could even help her with that."

"The same problem applies, if you think about it. Her picture would be plastered all over the internet, and word would get round like wildfire in a place like this!" Mandy placed her hand on mine, and added "There is something else..."

"Go on," I said, for want of something better to say.

"Pam has this kind of fantasy... it sounds a bit weird, but she's been reading stuff and telling me about it. Do you know what a glory hole is?"

"Sort of," I admitted. "A woman is put in a small room and men stick their cocks through a hole in the wall, for the woman to suck, or fuck themselves on."

"Correct," Mandy said. "I didn't know about that until she told me, and I won't ask how you know!"

Mandy gave me another of 'those looks' and went on, "The thing is, the idea of that really excites her... the idea of sucking the cocks of anonymous strangers and then being fucked by them, never knowing who they are."

This whole conversation was getting more bizarre by the minute. I was really surprised at the way Mandy was discussing all this stuff so openly and in such crude terms. Her terminology was normally much softer and her attitude toward sex so much primmer and more proper. Clearly, she and Pamela had been having some pretty frank and in-depth conversations!

"So if that's what Pamela wants to do, why doesn't she just do it?" I asked. "If the idea turns her on that much, maybe she should try it. It's none of my business what she gets up to on a Saturday night."

"Well," Mandy said, "Think of the potential problems. For a start off, she has no idea where those events are held. Second, there's a big risk of someone recognising her and third... think of the dangers – sexual diseases and personal safety. Honestly, it's OK as a fantasy, but really not something that could ever happen in real life."

"So, what then?" I asked, a bit glumly, beginning to feel like I was being very negative and ungrateful about the whole thing. I suppose I also wanted to demonstrate appropriate resolve for my fidelity to my wife, and not just agree to extra-marital sex without hesitation. Still, I did fleetingly wonder how much of a fight I would have put up, had the woman in question been a knock-out 25-year-old.

"Well," she replied. "You can't deny that you must be feeling at least a bit flattered, that a woman you hardly know, wants to throw her knickers at you. And I did notice the way you were teasing her out in the garden in your shorts!"

I grinned, knowing I'd been busted.

She went on, "The thing is, Pam knows us and therefore trusts you. She'd feel safe... comfortable even, doing 'it' with you. And I admit, I'm curious about watching you, you know, with her. But I would be jealous if you two kissed, or anything like that, Basically, she just wants to feel a hard penis inside her again."

I pondered for a moment. "So if... and it's a big 'if'... and I'm not saying I'm agreeing to it, we went ahead with this, how would it work? Would I just go round and spend the night with her? What have you two got in mind?"

Mandy chuckled. "No, nothing like that. I wouldn't like that; it would be too intimate. What she said would really turn her on, is a little scenario, something like this: at a pre-arranged time, she would come round and be kneeling on the sofa or an armchair. You would just come in, lift up her skirt, pull down her knickers and... fuck her senseless!"

Before I could reply, she added, with a grin, "We're thinking of other things too, to spice it up!

"Come on, you're getting the chance to stick that cock of yours into another woman's fanny... you might even enjoy it! I know I'd enjoy watching you satisfying her. So are you up for this?"

I pondered a moment. "Up... might be the issue," I replied. "How am I supposed to get turned on and well, get erect, under those circumstances? It would be a total disaster, not to mention really embarrassing all round, if my old man decided not to play ball."

Mandy had a sly look in her eye and fished around in her bag. She brought out a small medicine tub and rattled it. "I 'borrowed' these from the drug cabinet at work. We give them to old men with prostate issues. I know very well what the side effects are... let's just say, you won't have a problem in that department for hours, maybe a day, after taking one of these! And besides, my part would be to get you 'ready', shall we say? Pretty sure I could get you in the mood," she added with a mischievous grin.

"Jesus, Mandy, you are the most scheming woman! You seem to have thought of everything. Does Pam know about these as well?" I asked, examining the little pills.

"No Alan, she doesn't. I think we should have some little secrets, don't you? I may have just let it slip that you are a good lover and basically, a horny bastard, though," she added with a wicked grin.

Before I had a chance to say anything more, she went on, "Maybe we should try one of these? Just for scientific research purposes... it is Friday night, and we haven't got work, after all. All this sexy talk has definitely got me in the mood!"

With that, she went off to the kitchen to get a couple of large glasses of wine. When she returned, she handed me one of the tablets. We chinked glasses and she said, "Here's to 'The Arrangement'!"

I washed the tablet down with a mouthful of wine and then asked her, "How long will this take to work?"

"It should get into your system in an hour or so. There's no rush, because the effects can last 24 hours or more. Now I'm just going to drink this, then go and have a lovely shower and get myself ready for my man!"

"Hmm," I replied. "It's a good job you're used to working nights. If this thing works like you say it does, I've a feeling you might not get much sleep tonight! I'll have a shower when you're done."

With that, Mandy disappeared upstairs, and I could soon hear the sound of running water. After a time, she called down to say that the shower was free. I finished my wine, then went upstairs and took a

fresh pair of shorts and a clean white t-shirt out of the airing cupboard. I didn't bother with underwear. Mandy was in the bedroom, with the door shut, obviously doing woman things.

I showered and shaved my pubic area. I'd got into 'manscaping' some years before and loved the smooth, naked feel. I often wished that Mandy would get rid of hers, but she preferred to just trim, saying it was too much effort to keep it smooth. I paused for a moment to wonder how Pamela's vagina might look... Would she have it bald and smooth, neatly trimmed, or maybe she would have a wild, full bush? Would she have nice, suckable nipples? Would she be into anal? It dawned on me that I was getting quite intrigued with the idea of fucking our next-door neighbour. And while those thoughts were going through my head, things were stirring down below. By the time came to pull my shorts on, I was sporting a healthy semi.

When I returned downstairs, Mandy was sitting on the sofa, wearing just a long cotton summer skirt and a cheesecloth blouse. She obviously hadn't bothered with a bra, as her prominent nipples were poking through the thin material. She had clearly made an effort; her nails were painted; she'd applied some delicate make-up and she smelled divine. I was glad I'd shaved and splashed a bit of after-shave about.

"Wow, you look lovely! Good enough to eat!" I said, winking at her, and sitting down beside her. Mandy lifted her feet and lowered them into my lap, then started wiggling her toes around over my crotch.

"Maybe you should," she said with a little smile.

"Should what?" I asked.

"Eat me," she giggled. "Besides, I've got a little surprise for you."

She continued wiggling her toes around in a most seductive way. My cock reacted by engorging with blood and rapidly swelled to an uncomfortable extent, within the confines of my shorts.

"I take it everything's going well down there?" she asked, grinning. "Fetch us another glass of wine, please darling, then you can see your surprise."

It didn't take me long to hurry back from the kitchen with two glasses of chilled white wine and resume my position, with her feet in my lap. I was lucky that Mandy had been blessed with nice, pretty feet, so I had no hesitation in lifting one of her feet and taking her toes into my mouth. She sighed as I sucked on her toes and swirled my tongue around them. I repeated the treatment on her other foot, then she drew her knees up, and allowed her skirt to fall down her slim thighs, before parting her knees to display her pussy for me. Holding her skirt around her waist, she showed me what she'd been doing in the bathroom. Her pussy was now completely shaved, with the exception of a small triangle with its point at the top of her slit.

"Oh, wow, that looks absolutely delightful," I said admiringly. "I can't wait to lick it!" I ran my thumb over her inner lips, which were peeking out from her folds, shiny with a trace of moisture.

I moved to kneel on the floor beside her and Mandy reclined into the sofa, her knees apart, affording me a perfect view of her freshly groomed pussy. Resisting the temptation to ram a couple of fingers into her, I grazed my fingernails first over one nipple, then the other. My lightest touch caused them to swell and tighten, totally visible through the near-transparent cotton of her blouse.

I couldn't resist any longer. I leaned forward and touched my tongue against her pussy lips. Mandy sighed audibly and pushed her hips up to meet my mouth. My tongue dived into her, finding her opening and the copious juice which was building up inside. Her outer lips were beautifully smooth, a delight on my face and lips. Mandy had a truly pretty pussy; a neat little slit with lovely, tucked-up inner lips.

It was around this time that the full effect of the pill hit me. The visual stimulation of seeing her enchanting pussy, coupled with the delectable taste of her juice, was enough to trigger me to a full erection. But this wasn't just any old erection. Every vein, artery and capillary in my cock was so pumped with blood, they felt like they were going burst. The skin in the head felt stretched to the limit as my cock grew to what felt like double its normal size. I shifted in my shorts to allow my prick the space it needed.

I was just about to present my mouth back to her lovely pussy, when an idea suddenly struck me.

"Mandy, go and fetch Pamela. Tell her to get her arse round here double-quick and bend over on the sofa. Now!" I almost shouted at her. Mandy froze for a second and took a long look at me. Moments later, she was shoving her feet into sandals and was heading for the front door.

Then, thinking about what we had agreed about Pamela's fantasy, I went and stood at the top of the stairs. While I was waiting, I stripped off my t-shirt and shorts. My painfully rigid cock sprang out into the fresh air. I gently stroked it, marvelling at the swollen purple head, which was huge compared to normal. My shaft felt as hard as wood. Christ, I hoped one or both of them would come back soon, as I desperately needed to sink this searing hot pole into something cool and wet.

Just then, I heard the front door open and the women whispering and giggling to each other. Peering over the top step of the stairs, I could just see into the lounge. Pamela had done as instructed, and was kneeling on the sofa, her feet bare, with her face pressed into the back cushion. She was still wearing the blue summer dress, which in her position, had ridden halfway up the back of her thighs.

Mandy stood at the bottom of the stairs, put a finger to her lips, indicating to me to be silent, then beckoned me down. As I descended the stairs, I got to the point where my cock was level with her face. Her eyes went wide when she saw the size of it, and she tentatively opened her mouth to suck on the swollen head, before feeding as much as she could into her mouth. Swirling her tongue around the super-sensitive glans, she raised me to a new level of desire.

I gently pushed her head away, and she reluctantly released my prick from her mouth, swallowing the mass of saliva which had gathered in her mouth.

Mandy silently mouthed "Go to her!" and settled into the armchair in the corner of the room. I don't know why I'd been concerned about the idea of Mandy watching me fuck Pam. The way my cock felt

right now, I'd have fucked an old hag in the middle of the market square. I was in a red mist, entirely focused on the shapely arse presented to me on the sofa. I felt like a randy dog approaching a bitch in heat.

I covered the few steps from the stairs to the sofa, then ran my hands over Pam's curvy arse, squeezing her buttocks hard, and pulling them apart with my hands, knowing that this would be parting her pussy lips. Pamela gasped as I roughly shoved my fingers between her legs and groped her pussy through her dress.

Fuck, I felt so fucking horny, it was as if I could screw the entire female population of our village, then start at the first one again. I just hoped old Pam was going to be able to take my rock-hard pole, otherwise I was going to split her in half.

I wasted no time in hoisting her dress up around waist, exposing a large pair of very un-sexy grey granny pants. I was feeling totally rampant and was more than a bit pissed off at her lack of effort. I grabbed the material and pulled them into a rope between her buttocks, then yanked them upwards, so they would cut into her arse and pussy. Pamela yelped like a stuck pig.

I was genuinely fucking annoyed that this woman had come round to be shagged but had turned up wearing something like that. Before I knew it, my hand came swinging down and delivered a stinging slap to her right cheek. Pamela yelped. Her left cheek got the same treatment, followed by the right, then the left again. Moments later, red weals started appearing on her buttocks, with the clear impressions of my fingers.

I whispered in her ear, "Next time you turn up to be serviced, you will not wear those things, if you know what's good for you."

Pamela nodded into the cushion. I thought I detected her sobbing quietly.

I roughly grabbed the material and ripped them apart down one leg hole, then the other, before pulling them from between her legs and discarding them on the floor. I shoved her head down into the sofa, then used the fingers of both hands to pull her cheeks apart. She was completely and utterly exposed. Her vagina split open like a ripe peach, her inner lips glistening with her juices. Her anus, on full display, was a joy to behold. She had a delightfully puckered hole, with a complete absence of skin pigmentation outside of the anus itself. I resolved that I would enjoy fucking that tight little hole very soon.

Her buttocks were glowing bright red from the smacks I had delivered a moment before. Taking some slight pity on her, I drew the flat of my tongue, wet with saliva, over the most reddened areas, eliciting gasps from poor Pam. I continued wetting her buttocks with my saliva and alternately smoothed my hands over them, whilst using the pressure of my palms to pull her buttocks apart, opening her vagina and making her arsehole wink.

Her pussy just had a few wisps of hair peeking around the lips. She had quite nice, neat inner lips which were protruding from her pussy like a little flower. The smell of her was delightful... the smell of sex... woman on heat. The pheromones which say, 'Come and fuck me.'

I couldn't resist running my tongue all the way from her clit to her anus, only pausing at the vaginal opening to scoop out her juices. God, she tasted good! Musky and sweet and creamy, like melted vanilla ice cream. As I licked, so she flowed. A steady trickle of juice poured into my mouth as I tongued and licked her. Pamela was shimmying her ample bottom in response to my oral ministrations and moaning softly into the sofa.

I got her to arch her back, so her pussy was better presented to me, and concentrated on tonguing her clit, feeling it swell as I made circles and flicks with the tip of my tongue. Oral sex in this position, of course meant that when my tongue was on her clit, my nose was in her cunt. When I pushed my tongue into her pussy hole, my nose was nudging against her anus.

I wanted to send clear signals to Pam, that her bum hole was also on my agenda tonight. I had every intention of thoroughly violating her rectal passage before the night was out. After lapping at her cunt hole for a while, and savouring her mature woman's juices, which were trickling steadily into my mouth, I moved my tongue to her anus.

Starting with little lapping motions, I then used my hands to pull her bum cheeks apart, which stretched her anal opening. Making my tongue into a hard point, I thrust it repeatedly at her tight hole, until her ring relaxed for a moment, and suddenly, my tongue was inside her. Pam was shaking and making whimpering noises. Letting go of one bum cheek, I pushed my thumb deep into her tight cunt as I rimmed her arse. Pam gasped loudly into the padding of the sofa.

My prick, by this time, was set to explode. It was almost glowing with the pent-up pressure of the blood within. But I knew I had to open up this gash before I could impale her. I stood up and shoved a few fingers between her pussy lips, pulling her open, before drilling two straight into her 15-years-without-sex cunt. Pam gasped out loud as my fingers ploughed into her wet snatch. I hardly gave her time to recover, before adding a third. Rotating my hand, I started pumping my fingers in and out, hitting her G-spot every time. I moved my fingers in and out, faster and faster, till my hand was a blur. Her juices were gushing, and my hand was slapping against her vulva as she was clearly heading toward her climax. As she approached her peak, I drove my index finger straight into her arsehole. Three fingers in her cunt and one in her arse, slamming in and out, and she convulsed into a full-body orgasm. Her back arched. Sweat poured off her. Her head thrashed from side to side. Her cunt was in spasm and was ejecting her juices in little squirts, all over my wrist. I smiled inwardly... not only got one seriously horny bitch here, looks like she's a squirter too!

I gave her precious time to recover. Using two fingers of each hand, I forced them into her pussy and forcibly pulled her cunt open, stretching the poor sexless bitch, in preparation for the meaty rod which was to follow.

Pam had degenerated into a quivering mass of flesh and had turned into putty, utterly submitting to whatever I chose to do to her.

It suddenly occurred to me, that so far, I had only seen, albeit in the most graphic way, her pussy and arsehole. In that moment, I remembered wondering about her breasts and nipples.

Taking my hands away from her pussy, I slid them over her hips and up her body, curving them round her front, till they cupped her pendulous breasts. They felt so big and soft and pliable under her dress – no bra in evidence here! I could clearly feel her big, rubbery nipples and gave them a firm pinch. Pam jolted again. I kneaded her boobs, like a mound of dough proving in each hand. Pam certainly had a lovely pair of tits, a proper handful compared to Mandy's.

Mandy! Mandy, my loving wife! Shit! I had totally forgotten her. Was she still watching, or was she busy packing my bags, ready to throw them out? Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I snatched a quick glance behind me, to be greeted by the sight of Mandy, one leg over the arm of the chair, her eyes glazed with a faraway look, her hand delving between her legs.

An enormous sense of relief washed over me. This was going to be OK.

Shoving down on Pam's neck, I pressed her head right down into the sofa, causing her arse to pert right up and pushed her knees even further apart. 'Here it comes, lady... the big moment,' I thought to myself. I rubbed the end of my engorged penis up and down her dripping slit, until it located the unused opening. Then, steadily easing forward, I pressed home, easing my throbbing and swollen dick into her soft channel. With my hand holding her shoulders down, her arse was presented high into the air, giving me the best possible angle to plough into her depths.

She was copiously wet. Her juices were running down her thighs and were pooling on the sofa, where her knees made an indentation. Thank goodness it was a leather sofa, or there would have been a major clean-up needed.

Pam winced as my painfully hard cock forced its way in the first couple of inches. God, she was tight. I paused for a moment to allow her to get accustomed to it, then used the palms of my hands to pull her bum cheeks apart, stretching her opening.

Then, I gave a forcible shove forward and my cock ploughed right into her warm, velvety depths. I was buried, right up to my ball sack, the head of my cock against her cervix. Pam squealed.

I started a steady thrusting movement and felt her vaginal opening start to relax a little. I was soon able to start a rhythmic pistoning motion, pulling out as far as her inner lips, then ramming home to hit her cervix. Then I started varying the movement, first stabbing to one side, then the other. Pam clearly liked this, as she was thrashing her head about and gyrating her torso. Her pussy walls were squeezing my cock in little spasms. I savoured these sensations by remaining still for a few moments, before continuing my pounding assault.

Pam was producing so much cunt juice, that it was making the most delightful squelching noise as I slid in and out of her, accompanied by the sound of my body slapping against her arse and legs. I guessed Mandy would be enjoying the soundtrack, as well as the visual sight, of me fucking her friend.

I ran my thumb up the inside of her thigh, coating it in her slippery juice, then pressed the pad against her anus. After a few moments of steady pressure, her sphincter opened, and my thumb slid into her rectum. Keeping going with a steady thrusting movement into her pussy, I steadily worked my thumb deep into her arse, until it was fully embedded. I could feel a delicious tightening of her cunt around

my cock and started a steady in and out motion with my thumb. As her ring relaxed to accept the intrusion, I was very tempted to take my cock out of her pussy and shove it up her arse – after all, she was as ready as she'd ever be, but that could wait till later. Right now, I wanted to do what she craved, and fill her hungry cunt with a massive load of my semen.

My thrusts into her were becoming more urgent... I knew I was at the beginning of final approach. It wouldn't be too long till that point of no return was reached. I hadn't come for about a week, and with all the build-up, the drug and Mandy's titillation earlier, my balls were desperately in need of emptying. I reached my left hand under her, and grabbed her tit, which was swinging and swaying in time with my thrusts. I rolled and pinched the nipple between my thumb and forefinger, eliciting an unintelligible groan from Pam.

Extracting my thumb from her lovely arse, I reached round with my other hand and rubbed her swollen clit with my middle finger. Increasing the pressure, I started a rapid strumming motion, which made Pam convulse even more. Her sweat-soaked hair was plastered against her flushed-red face.

I kept tweaking her nipple and vibrating my finger on her clit till Pam suddenly went rigid for a moment, before her body convulsed, like a wave going through her. Her pussy clamped round my cock, and I felt a jet of warm wetness hit my balls and legs. She let out a guttural cry, only muffled by the sofa, as she bit onto the cushion. Her whole body was quivering and shaking, dripping in sweat. She started to collapse forward, so I quickly withdrew my hands and grabbed her hips, pulling her backwards to impale her totally on my cock.

I thrust forward and pulled her back, over and over again, pounding her cunt mercilessly. I was 'in the zone' – that time during a fuck, when you couldn't stop, even if the house were on fire. I could feel the spunk rising in my loins and kept pumping into her, long and hard and deep whilst hauling her pelvis onto me every time I pushed forward.

Then the moment arrived, my seed racing through tubes and up my cock. I pressed down on her shoulders to get the maximum depth possible and with a groan, gave one last, mighty thrust, crushing my cockhead into her cervix as I pumped jet after jet of creamy spunk into her wanton cunt. I felt like I'd delivered half a pint into her. I remained motionless for a minute, panting, as I savoured the sensation of emptying myself into her, before starting a very gentle in and out movement, revelling in the delightful post-orgasm moments.

Thankfully, my cock started to subside slightly. The intense, swollen pressure had now gone, and it felt much more comfortable. Pam collapsed in a heap, sobs wracking through her.

Then I had an idea. Glancing round, Mandy was still spreadeagled on the armchair, with several fingers buried in her gash.

"Mandy, come over here please," I implored. "I'd like you to see this."

Mandy got unsteadily to her feet and came over. I motioned her to kneel down beside me, as I carefully withdrew my sensitive cock out of Pam's abused cunt. My semi-hard prick was coated with Pam's juices and gobs of sperm. I steered it to Mandy's mouth.

“Suck me,” I instructed. She obediently took my cock into her mouth and started gently sucking and swirling her tongue around it, licking off my spunk, along with her friend’s cunt juice.

“That’s it, clean me up. Lick Pamela’s juice off my cock,” I urged. The feelings she was creating were delightfully sensual. She let my cock out of her mouth, then proceeded to lick all round my scrotum. It looked like she was enjoying the taste of her friend’s pussy. ‘Does it get any better than this?’ I thought to myself. Having my cock cleaned by my loving wife, just after I’ve fucked her friend in front of her.

Reluctantly, I eased away from her. Turning to Pam, I used my hands and fingers to open up her gaping cunt. Mandy stared as I showed her the gobs of spunk, which were starting to ooze out of her pussy.

“See how I’ve filled her cunt, like you wanted,” I said, still panting.

“Pam, squeeze your tummy muscles... push it out,” I told her. I reached underneath her and pressed on her abdomen, just above her pubic bone. A moment later, a steady trickle of creamy white goo ran out of her, and landed on the sofa, to mix with all the other liquid. I dipped my finger into Pam’s pussy hole and hooked out a good dollop of spunk, then offered it to Mandy’s lips. She closed her eyes as she parted her lips and put her tongue out, licking my finger clean.

Pam rolled over from her kneeling position, which she seemed to have been in for an age, and collapsed onto her back, still panting heavily, one leg dangling over the side of the sofa. Her face was flushed, and she was still sweating profusely. She basically looked a dishevelled wreck. Her dress had great wet patches, where it had soaked up the fluids on the sofa.

“I’m soaked,” Pam said, in a shaky voice. “I think this dress is going to need a wash.”

“Tell you what,” said Mandy. “You can’t really walk home like that. Take the dress off and I’ll bung it on a quick wash. It’ll be dry in under an hour.”

I liked Mandy’s quick thinking. Even though Pam had probably had enough for one night, it was a clever way to keep her here a bit longer and besides, I wanted to see her tits! I was also harbouring a major desire to fuck her tight little arsehole before the night was out.

Mandy helped Pam get to her feet and gently slipped her dress over her shoulders, allowing it to fall around her feet. Pam stood there in her nakedness, and I have to admit, she really had quite a nice body. Her boobs were a lovely size, at least a D-cup, with very little sag. They were topped with lovely nipples, a bit bigger than Mandy’s, and looked temptingly suckable.

Her tummy was showing a little middle-aged spread, but she was in really quite nice shape. My eye travelled down to the juncture of her legs, where she sported a triangle of neatly trimmed mid-brown pubic hair. All in all, she had a lovely womanly figure, and I particularly liked the shape of her thighs, and the way they tapered from her knee. She would look good in stockings, I thought. I was seeing Pamela in a different light. No longer a frumpy, middle-aged woman, but a hot lady with a burning sex drive.

Mandy scooped up the dress and headed to the kitchen.

“So do you like what you see, then?” Pam asked. She was holding her hands in front of her, fingers intertwined, as if unsure of herself.

“Yes, I do like,” I confirmed. “Honestly, you’ve got a lovely figure. And I’m not going to add ‘for your age’, because lots of women of any age, would be very happy to look the way you do!”

Pam smiled at the compliment. “Would you mind if I go and get a shower? I think I really, really need one!”

“Of course,” I replied. “I’ll come and get you a towel.”

Pam followed me up the stairs and I fetched her a big bath sheet out of the airing cupboard.

I was just about to turn and go back downstairs, when on impulse, I lowered my head and took one of her nipples into my mouth and rolled my tongue around it. Pam sighed and steadied herself against the wall. “Oh, that feels lovely... it’s been so long!”

Releasing her nipple, I said, “I just have to ask... did you enjoy it? As much as you’d hoped?”

“Oh Alan, I don’t think you really needed to ask that,” she replied. “I feel like I’ve been fucked to within an inch of my life. I lost count of how many times I orgasmed. The best sex I’ve ever had!”

She reached out and gave my cock a gentle squeeze. It responded by twitching and swelling slightly.

Then she added, “Oh, by the way, sorry about the knickers. I forgot I had those on and, well, I didn’t exactly have much notice to come round! But I liked that dominant side of you, it was quite a turn-on. My bum is still tingling!”

I left Pam to have her shower and joined Mandy in the lounge. She had very thoughtfully brought in three cold beers and had wiped down the sofa.

“Jesus, you two made a proper mess on there,” she quipped.

“Pam’s just having a shower,” I said, by way of explanation. “I think she needed one! But what I really want to know is, did you enjoy the show? It looked like you were.”

“Well, I have to be honest, I did feel a twinge of jealousy when I watched you licking her, you know, her pussy. We hadn’t really agreed that would be part of it.”

I replied, “I understand that. But you have to realise, there was no way I’d have been able to get into her, without getting her ready. She was basically a 50-year-old virgin.”

“Was it nice, fucking her? I got really turned on, watching you slamming into her. You were like a wild animal... different from when you make love to me. So, was she nice and tight, then?” Mandy asked with a grin.

“You’re not kidding, especially after taking that tablet. I felt like my cock was going to explode at times.”

I couldn’t really tell her, what a complete delight Pam’s pussy was. I was still recalling how her vaginal muscles milked my throbbing cock.

"Maybe we should give you a half dose next time?" she suggested, with a giggle. "I'm looking forward to hearing Pam's take on your little performance!"

I pulled her close and gave her a deep kiss. Speaking quietly, I said, "Do you know, one of the best bits, was when you took me in your mouth and licked me clean? That was so sensual and erotic, knowing you were also licking her juices off me. Did she taste nice?"

"Mmm," Mandy replied. "You know I like tasting myself down there. She tasted similar, but different. Nice."

Mandy gave my cock a fondle, and I could feel the blood starting to course back into it. As she stroked, it started to swell and stiffen.

Dropping to her knees, Mandy slid my semi-erect penis in between her lips and sucked it deep into her mouth. I delighted in the warm, wet, swirling sensations she was giving me. I gently held the back of head, encouraging her to keep it in deep as it grew bigger again.

I noticed movement out of the corner of my eye. Pam was standing on the stairs, wrapped in a towel, intently watching Mandy, on her knees, sucking my cock. She parted the towel and slipped a hand between her legs. Mandy was engrossed in her ministrations, so didn't notice Pam. I was thoroughly enjoying both Mandy's tender attention, and the eroticism of the situation. Pam the voyeur and me the exhibitionist. Pam's other hand went to her breast, which she squeezed and pulled. She was clearly turned on by the scene.

"There's a cold beer here, Pam," I called to her. "Come and join us."

All credit to Mandy, all she did was turn her head slightly to look at Pam, and continued to suck me so nicely, but she finally released my cock from her mouth, and slid her fist up and down its length, lubricated by her slippery saliva. My cock was nearly back to full strength.

"Looks like someone's ready for Round Two," Pam said, her eyes wide and licking her lips in a lascivious way.

"A cold beer first, I think!" I said, reluctantly letting Mandy release my cock.

Pam and Mandy settled on the sofa, me into an armchair. Then Pam said, "To be honest, I think if anyone's getting a Round Two, it really should be you, Mandy. I've had all the attention tonight and shouldn't be hogging your husband. You've had no action at all."

Mandy replied, "That's OK, Pam, it's your night and I am enjoying watching you both. But if you two are going to get it on again, I'm going to fetch a couple of toys, so I can satisfy myself properly. Then Alan can give me a damn good seeing-to in the morning!"

Mandy went off upstairs, no doubt to have a rummage in her bedside drawer.

I turned to Pamela. "Pam, it's occurred to me that I know almost nothing about you. I have no idea about your previous sexual experiences... what you have or haven't done. You seemed like a woman who was desperate to be fulfilled and truly satisfied, to be honest."

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