

That he lay down his wife for his friend

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 Dec 2010



<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/mature/that-he-lay-down-his-wife-for-his-friend.aspx>

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She walked into the room where we were waiting for the meeting to start, her high heels clicking on the stone floor intending to be noticed. Dutifully most male eyes turned and stared. Female eyes showed no reaction, but Mrs Guthrie, an elderly parishioner sitting on my left said, "Jezebel, Whore of Babylon."

I responded, "Corset (much needed), makeup too thick, shoes wrong colour."

Jean on my right and wife of a cosmetic surgeon said, "Boob job for sure, face lift probably." This was a meeting of our church so of course we were showing Christian charity. Little did I realise that she was going to get me the first sex I'd had for over twenty years.

We discovered her name was Aurelia Russington-Smythe and she'd just moved back to the district from abroad after the death of her husband. And though I'm the most placid of women, everyone's friend and comforter, there was something about her manner and gestures which made me hate and fear her from the first. Double barrelled name would have had me reaching for a double barrelled shotgun if I had one.

After the meeting she made straight for the Pastor, my husband. Mournful eyes as she pouted to him, talking about her dear dead husband and how she hoped she would be able to take up just a little of his time to help her through this dark period. Oh dear, I thought, another Parson Lover. Not the first and not the last. Well you're wasting your time there dear. My man has his faults but anything sexual is not among them. He's been approached by much hotter girls than you and it just washes past him without leaving a ripple on his ecclesiastical calm.

She worked that out for herself fairly quickly in the next few weeks; she tried hard, I have to admit, so hard that I felt I had to talk to her to stop her making a fool of herself and to let the Pastor concentrate on truly needful people. It was my first conversation with her; she'd generally ignored my existence, and I'm skilled in being invisible. Close contact, though, confirmed those snap judgments we had made on that first day, even to the face lift. Worse, she revealed a vicious temper, the fury of a

scorned woman. Not that the Pastor spurned her; he merely treated her the same way as he treats all women, men, children, dogs and furniture. She just couldn't cope when I pointed this out and seemed to think I was in some way to blame.

"This place needs a vibrant woman at the helm, not some drab blancmange. I intend to be in charge round here very soon," she almost spat, "and if I can't do it through him it will be through someone else, and then both he and you, you dried up old stick, will be cast out."

Gosh, cast out sounds exciting, silly cow. I actually said, as calmly as ever, "My dear, we were here before you came, we will be here, unchanged, when you've gone. I suggest you behave in a more appropriate manner towards us all. Oh and I'd sue your beautician if I were you, an awful job."

Aren't I a bitch, I was so contrite I rushed to confess this phrase to my best friend.

But I had intended to make her angry because, "Holding on to anger is like grasping a hot coal with the intent of throwing it at someone else; you are the one who gets burned." (Teachings of Buddha, remember the philosophy degree.) She was angry, she was determined to make both the Pastor, and now me, his wife, suffer and this was good because he and I have developed great inner strengths over the years and could withstand her assaults better than most.

This too, she eventually realised and so she turned her eyes on the congregation to find a man she could ensnare and then dominate. There were some nervous wives who gave great sighs of relief as she dismissed their husbands as possible prey.

Probably the most important member of our community was Donald English, secretary and treasurer of the church and a lifelong friend of the Pastor and me. We and his wife Jane had all been at university together many years ago. He was one of the few men to whom the Pastor would yield on points of religion or procedure. He was my husband's only friend. Donald was also head of a firm of lawyers whose clientele included everyone of note for miles around, high or low, good or bad. He is a very intelligent, kind man who always found time for a smile or appreciative word. (In my last story it was he who complimented me on the meal when others just accepted it. I seem to recall thinking he could have a blow job anytime. He hasn't had one yet but who knows.)

Jane is perhaps my closest friend, but not the recipient of all my confidences. Not even she knows about my trips online and my increasing freedom of sexual expression. She was once very pretty but illness has left her bedridden and she clings to life feebly but with more good cheer than us weaker mortals could contemplate. Donald and Jane loved each other passionately and she has no fear that she would be left to rot in a hospital while Donald enjoyed the high life. A nurse was there during the day and during the nights he had to be away, but when he was at home his time was still devoted to

her. Sitting with them both, talking or trying to play a game are some of the happiest moments of my dull life. They, and especially she, could even bring the Pastor out of his shell.

And then came Aurelia Russington-Smythe.

Slowly but surely she wormed her way into Donald's life, first professionally ("Would you be so good as to help me with all these silly documents?"), then in church matters ("Is there any little thing I could do to help?"), and finally socially. She saw Jane as no obstacle at all; indeed, her very disability would provide a crack into which she could insinuate herself. She could invite him to a little dinner party knowing that Jane could not come and she could pair herself up with him to balance numbers. Her reasoning, which became obvious to all but Donald was — all men want sex, which implies Donald would want sex — he couldn't have it with his wife, so if she could get him excited she could lead him by the nose (or a different protrusion). Not that she was going to give him or any man access to her body more often than she could help. You know the sort of woman I mean, all promise and no action.

And so it proceeded step by step. Donald of course was totally unaware of what was happening; in love with Jane as he was, he just didn't think of being seduced and thus had no defences against her attack. He literally couldn't understand the hints and warnings given by his friends. "If she is bad, he can't see it, she can do no wrong; Turn his back on his best friend if he put her down." That was not from the philosophy course, but the coffee bar Juke Box! (Juke Box, Coffee bar — showing my age here!)

Eventually even Jane, isolated as she was in her room, became aware of something not quite right and tried to raise her fears with Donald. Being totally innocent, he could not see what was about to happen. ARS (A Russington-Smythe to you) had blinded him completely.

The pastor was getting more and more distressed at his friend's behaviour and finally he summoned me to his study for a discussion on the serious issues involved. This was like a sermon but I was occasionally allowed to make comments, but I couldn't pleasure myself on the woodwork.

"I greatly fear, wife, that I am at a loss dealing with this type of problem. It is beyond my understanding. Donald is such a good man that I don't like to think of his actions as sins, if indeed he has done anything.

"Indeed, until he actually does something wrong — let us be blunt — until he has carnal knowledge of her, he will be offended by any interference. He will not believe he is doing anything wrong or would do anything wrong. By the time he has sinned it will be too late.

"How do you think Jane is taking it? Can she influence him?"

"I spoke to Jane today. She is most distressed and concerned. Indeed, she told me there was some acid in the garden shed; would I take it and throw it in the Smythe woman's face. Something like that will happen unless we stop the small maybe sin; there will be a large actual one, and I fear Mrs Smythe will not be the one to suffer."

"That is what I fear. The tragedy will spread to us all, but for Jane it will be intolerable, and for Donald not much better. I fear that I may be to blame."

"How so, Pastor?"

"When she first arrived she gave all her attentions to me. Had I responded in the way she hoped she would not be intent on subverting Donald. Perhaps I should try and distract her."

My God he's actually thinking of going with the bitch, to save his friend. Over my dead body. I've not been celibate for twenty years just to see you with that slut. Both of you would get the acid. But hang on, if sex is the answer to the problem, Donald needs it more than fat arse and who could give Donald a bit of relief? I wonder who I'm thinking of!

"That would not help now. It is too late. She would love to have two men at her beck and call, playing one off against the other. What had started as a friendly gesture would break that friendship."

For friendly gesture read lust. I want to kill the sanctimonious bastard. I'm far sexier than her if only he would look. I'm surprised he can't see the steam, still he never notices me at the best of times.

"However," I continued, "your suggestion raises in my mind an alternative, but one which I don't think you could authorise or condone."

"I believe I would countenance any solution that protects Donald and Jane."

"Consider the state that we think Donald is in, driven by carnal lusts. Think back to the days before the Lord called you and you had the natural desires of young men. Remember how there were times when you too were consumed with desire and could think of little else. But when the desire was satisfied you could think clearly again."

"Not a life I wish ..."

"No, say nothing but remember as best you can. It seems to me that if Donald's desires, inflamed by that woman, were to be satisfied in some way he would be able to think clearly for long enough to

listen to reason. Maybe then he would see her for what she is and see what she is doing. We should ignore what she is after and reclaim Donald for ourselves.”

“There is some truth in what you say. But it would require asking some woman, a woman whom Donald would find more attractive than Mrs Smythe to perform this distasteful task.”

Distasteful; I see you're gagging to do it.

“Though I must say that I would prefer such a solution were it possible. As you are aware I do not enjoy physical intimacy.”

Ooops I may have misjudged you. Now I almost want you to go and do it so long as I can watch. Come on girl, propose plan B

“Quite so. It must be some else, someone who would be prepared to give without asking for any reward, someone who would be completely discreet.”

“But whom could that be, who shall we ask?”

I paused for a second so as not to appear too eager. “Here am I Lord, send me.”

“You?”

“Unless you can suggest someone more fitted. Jane trusts me, Donald trusts me.”

“And would you be prepared to do such a thing?”

“Yes, if that is your wish? No, that is unfair. If you knew that I had such a plan in mind would you actively stop me? I feel that if I deal with the immediate physical side then you could more than deal with the long term spiritual side. Your prayers would make us all strong.”

Listen to me. Mustn't over do it.

The phone rang at this point. An omen perhaps...

“It's Jane,” he said. I heard my friend's distressed voice but could not make out the words. Were we too late with all our talk and no action? He concluded the conversation with the words, “Be brave Jane, my wife will be with you shortly and will do all that is necessary.”

“It appears that Donald told Jane that he was going to a dinner party at Mrs Smythe’s and there were to be others there. Whether he believes this or not, Jane has discovered it is to be only Donald and her. He leaves in an hour. I have said you will go round and talk to him.”

There was a pause. “You will perhaps need to change.”

If he knew what I was wearing under my plain dress he could have sent me off there and then.

I stood up, looked him in the eye and left for my room. I quickly showered; dressing was simple. I slipped on some exotic underwear, some thigh boots, a little make up, a little perfume and then put back on my plain long dress to appear decent to any I passed on the way.

He was standing solemnly by the door. He took my hands and his eyes seemed moist. “Be brave. Save Donald from his folly, save Jane from disgrace and desertion.” He turned and walked back to his study.

I will never understand how his mind works. How can he not see the lust in my eyes as I go to do my duty! But as the good book says (nearly), Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his wife for his friend.

A five-minute walk took me to their house and, as a thousand times before, I let myself in and went to Jane’s room. She was sitting up in bed, wet-eyed and miserable. She saw me and begged me, “Please stop him, please I couldn’t bear it if he left me.”

I held her hand for a moment and said, “Hush be calm, it will be all right. Leave this to me. I will do what is needed. Remember that the Pastor and I love you both. Now have there been any calls since you called me?”

“No.”

“Good. Then take the phone, call her and say that Donald has been called away on urgent business and regrets that he will be unable to make the dinner party tonight. Send your best wishes to the other guests, let her think you don’t know her plan. Then leave the phone off the hook for at least half an hour.”

“What are you going to do?”

I looked at her. “Jane, I am going to his room, I’m going to tell him that she has had to cancel and then I am going to seduce him. I trust you don’t mind. But believe me, after I have finished with him

he will not want her or anyone for a day or so and we will have time. May I?"

She half smiled and nodded. "Yes," she whispered, "please have him for me, anything but her."

"Then do as I say and then rest. I will call in before I go. He will come later and you both can talk."

With tears in her eyes she whispered, "Thank you."

I left and knocked on Donald's door. "Donald, it is I. I have a message for you from Aurelia."

He came to the door fresh from the shower dressed only in a robe and looked expectantly.

"She tried to phone, but you were engaged, she has to go out on urgent business and must call off the meal tonight."

His face dropped. "Oh dear."

Somewhere in his eyes I saw that his first thought that she was playing with him, driving him madder by delay and I knew that he had hoped to be intimate with her that night, knew it was to be just them. Perhaps not seeing her for what she was, had thought there would be no harm done. I felt sorry for him, but I was doing this as much for my sake as his and so I walked forward and hugged him. "You poor dear, were you hoping for some relief? It must be so hard for you."

He looked surprised at my bluntness but returned the hug. I felt the signs of his already expectant member. Rather than pull back, I pushed myself gently against it to stop it going away. Then I looked him in the eyes and kissed him on the lips and said, "Donald, you don't need her, if you want sex, take me."

He pulled back, shocked. "What do you mean?" I said nothing but slipped off my dress. His eyes grew wide at the sight, such was the state she had got him into. I took him into my arms and kissed him again passionately. I didn't want to give him time to think, just to yield to his desire. After a moment he kissed me back hard, opened my mouth with his tongue, placed his hands on my bum and pulled me tight against him.

The effect was all I could have hoped for. He opened his robe, he was now naked and erect. He simply picked me up and threw me on the bed crying with unrequited passion. He took hold of my panties and ripped them apart. Luckily anticipation had made my cunt wet, for he spread my legs, lay on me and entered me with one hard thrust. My scream was silenced by his mouth on mine and then after two or three hard thrusts he came in me, filling me with his hot cum. His body pulsed two,

three, four times more as the last drops of cum were ejected inside me and then his body relaxed and I felt his whole weight on me. And he started to sob with both relief and shame for what he had done.

I put my arms round him and crossed my legs behind him, holding him firmly against me whispering in his ear, "Relax my darling, relax. It's alright, it's what I wanted and when you are ready again, I want you to fuck me soft and gently for a long time."

"But I've just raped my best friend's wife"

Oh dear guilt trip, but then that was what this was all about; he's thinking with his brain at last. But I ain't done baby. I want more.

"Darling, I came here for you, I took my dress off for you. You did not, would not, could not rape me. Never say or think so. If anything, I seduced you, so don't feel guilty. Jane knows I'm here, the Pastor knows I'm here and all three of us are glad it's me and not that woman."

He lay there with me silent but for gentle sobs. "Oh god I've been such an idiot."

"Yes you have, but more than that you have been a victim. Your kindness has been totally abused by a grasping evil woman."

He started to move. "I must go to Jane!"

I tightened my grip. "No not yet, we haven't finished here. Jane is alright. We are going to repeat ourselves, gentle love making, between friends, gentle so that you have no guilt. Tomorrow we will be back to normal but tonight for a few hours you and I are going to relieve our frustrations so that we have the strength to carry on our demanding lives. I came here to provide an outlet for both our frustrations and so that we could think clearly, and I'm still wanting. "

"Thank you."

"Don't be silly, listen to what I say. I'm using you for my needs as much as I am serving you. That is why you can start making love to me. I have a body and that body needs a lot of attention. Please..."

I felt his body relax and he pushed himself up on to his elbows. He smiled wryly; Donald was back, albeit in unusual circumstances. "And what is my lady's pleasure?"

"You may start by kissing my mouth, licking my lips, kissing my neck and then breasts till my nipples are hard. Then kiss your way down to my feet removing any remaining clothes. Then you can kiss

your way back up to my pussy, lick me till I'm shaking and then fill me with your cock and cum in me again as hard as you like. If that is agreeable?"

"I think I could manage that."

And that, dear reader, is just what he did.