

The Arrangement

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My wife arranges for me to be taken care of when she's away.

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After Sue had left, I'd barely had time to tidy up, stack the dishwasher and pour myself a glass of wine before the doorbell rang. I opened the door to be greeted by Helen's impish grin. 'Helen! What a surprise! Come in. Would you like a drink? Tea? Coffee? Or join me with a glass of wine?' 'I'm driving, but one glass of wine should be okay,' she smiled. Helen was an ex-colleague of Sue's. They'd kept in touch even though Sue had moved on – although I hadn't seen her for a month or two. At some point during that time she'd swapped her shoulder-length, light brown hair for a shorter, 'dirty' blonde style and it suited her. 'I like the new hair style,' I told her as I ushered her into the lounge and quickly poured her drink. I've long held the belief that women can be sexy without being particularly pretty and Helen was a case in point. Whilst there was nothing wrong with her body, I would have described her face as being rather plain. But when she flashed that wicked grin of hers, she appeared undeniably sexy – something which was definitely enhanced by her new look. 'Thanks. I'm still getting used to it but I think I'll keep it for a while.' 'You should. It suits you. What did Stan think about it?' 'You know, I don't think he's noticed,' she frowned. 'If he has, he's never mentioned it.' 'Well, never mind,' I shrugged. 'Anyway, delighted as I am to see you, I must tell you that you've just missed Sue. She left about half an hour ago to go to one of her conferences. Won't be back until Friday.' 'Oh. That's a shame. I was hoping to pick her brains about something that came up at work today.' 'You'll just have to come back another time,' I suggested cheerfully. 'I guess so. Well, I won't take up any more of your time,' she said, setting down her glass. 'There's no need to disappear on my account,' I said quickly. 'At least take your time finishing your drink.' 'I'm not stopping you doing anything?' she asked. 'Only skimming through the television channels,' I shrugged. 'I'm willing to bet there's not a lot worth watching on a Wednesday.' 'Okay then,' she grinned, picking up her glass again, 'but promise you'll kick me out when you're fed up with me?' 'If you wait for me to kick you out,' I told her, 'you could be here for a long time.' She laughed and relaxed back into her chair. 'So what sort of things do you get up to when Sue's away?' 'Apart from the wild parties and drunken orgies? Not a lot.' 'Mmm! Wild parties and drunken orgies? How come you've never invited me?' 'Fear of rejection,' I said sadly. 'Nothing kills the mood quicker than being turned down by a sexy woman.' 'But what makes you so sure those sexy women would turn you down? Think of the opportunities you may have missed!' 'Good point,' I nodded. 'Okay then, next wild party or drunken orgy – you're top of the list for an

invitation.' 'I should think so, too. It's been quite a while since I've been to one.' 'Which – a wild party or a drunken orgy?' 'Either. Both. Whatever. They've been thin on the ground in recent years.' 'But you've been to both?' my interest suddenly sharpening. 'Let's just say that, in my unmarried days, I had my share of fun. How about you?' 'I've been to lots of wild parties,' I conceded. 'Drunken orgies? Not so much.' 'In my experience, the one had a habit of becoming the other,' she said darkly. 'What an interesting youth you must have had,' I grinned, standing up to refill our glasses. 'I wish I'd known you back then.' 'That's not how my boyfriends of those days felt,' she grinned. 'I lost quite a few after some of those parties.' She shrugged, laughed and took a pull at her drink. 'Their fault for taking me.' 'They took you to wild parties and drunken orgies and then complained when you enjoyed yourself?' 'I think it was probably because I had more fun than they did,' she said, with a sigh of reminiscence. 'I can understand their problem. No doubt they thought they would have to cajole you into staying when things began to warm up. It must have come as a bit of a surprise to discover you weren't shocked.' 'Would it have bothered you?' 'I'd like to think not. If I'd taken a girl to something that was likely to end in a free for all, it would be because I was up for it and hoped she would be. So how could I get pissed off if she had a good time. That's easy to say now, of course. I guess it's one of those things where, until it happens, you can't be sure how you'd react.' 'Okay, but would it bother you if you found out your girlfriend of some time had been to one or two such parties and, shall we say, participated fully?' 'Again, difficult to say because, if any of my past girlfriends had enjoyed that sort of party, they never told me about it.' 'What about these days? What if you weren't married to Sue but had just started going out with her and you found out that she had a wild side. Would it put you off?' 'I suppose it would depend on how, if she wanted to continue being wild, it would affect our relationship.' 'What if she said that, no matter how much she loved you, she just didn't think she would be able to stay faithful, but that she would never leave you?' 'Wow! Tough question. Would the unfaithful bit work both ways?' 'Of course – if you wanted it to.' 'Jeez, I don't know. I'd have to think about that one. I mean, I don't think I like the idea of each partner having a string of affairs, flings – call them what you will – behind each other's backs. Maybe the odd one every couple of years or so wouldn't be too bad but, if both wanted regular extra-marital sex, then I think they should be up front about it and maybe do that sort of thing together. Then it might not be so bad.' 'Swinging as opposed to cheating?' she asked thoughtfully. 'Yeah. Or maybe swapping. If it's to be regular part of their lives. At least that way it would be out in the open, both partners consenting and being fully aware of what's going on. No surprises; no sneaking about; no guilt.' 'But the odd affair now and then would be okay?' 'Maybe not, "okay," but acceptable if it was just for the novelty of having a different partner for a change,' I qualified. 'Interesting.' I looked at the empty bottle and Helen's empty glass. 'Should I open another bottle?' 'God, have we drunk one already? I can't drive anywhere now.' 'Then call a taxi,' I suggested, going into the kitchen to fetch another bottle from the fridge. 'The trouble with that,' she frowned, 'is that I'll have to get another one back tomorrow to pick up my car.' 'Couldn't you ask Stan to drive you over?' 'Normally, I could. But he's away tonight and won't be back until tomorrow evening.' 'Well, you could always stay here,' I shrugged. 'We've plenty of beds. You can take your pick.' 'But I've no night stuff with me,' she protested. 'So,' I shrugged, 'do what Sue and I do and sleep naked. There's plenty

of soap and towels and you could either borrow a toothbrush or live dangerously and not clean your teeth.' Helen laughed and held out her glass for a refill. 'What the hell! If you're sure it's no trouble . . .?' 'Of course it isn't! I meant it when I said pick a room. All the beds are made up so you can just go to bed whenever you want to.' 'Okay, great. Thanks. Cheers.' 'Cheers,' I responded. 'So, going back to what we were talking about before,' she smiled, 'you would rather you both swung rather than have individual flings?' 'If I had to choose, then I think swapping would be my first choice, followed by swinging, with individual affairs coming last.' 'Do you think you ever would?' 'I really couldn't say,' I shrugged. 'I mean, we've been married twenty years and there isn't much we haven't talked about, just as there isn't much that two people can do that we haven't tried. We've talked about fantasies and possible situations that we've thought about from time to time – you know, like threesomes, swapping and, of course, swinging. I think we agreed that swapping would be our first choice if we decided to have sex with other people and we both agreed it would be fun to watch each other doing it with someone else. How about you?' 'I'm a bit undecided,' she admitted. 'Mainly because it's not something Stan and I have talked about. But if I was to have an affair then I'd feel it would only be fair if Stan did too.' 'So you'd tell him if you did?' 'Actually, I probably wouldn't. But then I wouldn't expect him to tell me, if he was. It would make it more exciting, somehow, which is why I'd be having an affair in the first place.' 'For the excitement?' 'Well I wouldn't be doing it because I was looking for love,' she said quickly. 'I still love Stan, even if we do seem to have lost interest in the sex side of things.' 'Is sex important to you?' I asked curiously. 'Sue always reckons if she goes without for more than a week, she can feel her personality start to change.' 'I love sex,' she said simply. 'As you may have gathered, when I was younger, I was extremely promiscuous – there's no other word for it – but by the time I'd met Stan I'd calmed down a lot and when we married I was perfectly happy just having the same man night after night. But lately . . . well, not doing it with Stan doesn't help, but I find myself looking at guys and thinking, "Yeah. You'd do." And if one of them started coming on to me, I'm really convinced I'd think seriously about letting him.' 'I don't think you'd have any trouble finding a good-looking guy,' I offered. 'You're a very sexy woman.' 'You think so?' she laughed delightedly. 'Why do you say that?' 'I don't know,' I stammered, relieved that she hadn't felt threatened by my remark. 'Good legs; cute ass; nice boobs and a seriously sexy smile. You give the impression that you'd be damned good in bed.' She laughed. 'But of course I am! And all this while you've been thinking that and I never knew.' 'Well, of course you didn't! Imagine how it would be if every person who ever fancied another person had to tell them.' 'Good point. Well, I'm flattered that you think so, anyway,' she grinned. 'And I have to say you're not exactly Quasimodo, yourself.' 'Thank God for that! But listen, I have to work tomorrow and if I drink any more I'm going to regret it. I'm going to make some tea. Would you like some? Or coffee? Or stay with the wine. What ever you want.' 'Tea sounds great. Thanks.' She followed me into the kitchen and leaned casually against one of the units as I set about filling the kettle. 'So if you were to have a casual affair, would you be up front about it?' 'Probably not. As you said, keeping it secret would add to the naughtiness. Am I contradicting myself? I blame the booze – plus the fact that I've never really thought too much about this sort of thing and you've put me on the spot.' 'My fault, eh? Sorry.' 'You know what I mean.' 'I do,' she nodded, 'and I think I more or less agree with your views.' I

continued making the tea it what had suddenly become a thoughtful silence. I had to admit I was enjoying the conversation even if there was a very real danger of Helen noticing the bulge in my jeans. Talking about sex with a sexy woman does it for me every time. Possibly she felt the same way because she started talking about holidays while we stayed in the kitchen, sipping our tea. Twenty minutes later she set down her empty mug and straightened up. 'So, Mr. Thompson, if you would be so kind as to show me the rooms you were talking about, I'll think about going to bed.' It felt strangely exciting, leading her up the stairs and I tried to think about my work schedule for the next day, to keep myself calm. Standing on the landing, I gestured to the three bedroom doors. 'Take your pick.' She opened each door in turn and quickly gave the rooms the once-over. 'Any one?' she queried. 'Absolutely.' 'Then I choose this one,' she said stepping into the master bedroom. 'This is our room,' I said, resigning myself to moving out for the night. 'Good choice.' 'It seems stupid to mess up one of the other beds for just one night,' she explained, her face serious, but her eyes dancing with mischief. 'What do you think?' 'You're suggesting we share?' 'If that's okay with you?' she nodded. 'Hell, Mick, we're not silly teenagers any more. We're both adults. We're not going to see anything we haven't seen before. You understand I'm speaking generally, rather than specifically?' 'Of course. But, seriously, Helen, I have to confess that on all previous occasions when I've shared a bed with an attractive, naked woman, I've found it very hard to keep my hands to myself.' Hmm. Well then, maybe I should confess that on all previous occasions when I've shared a bed with an attractive, naked man, it was for the very reason that I didn't want him to keep his hands to himself.' 'Oh,' I said. 'Wow.' 'I know. So if you'll give me time to have a quick shower, I'll join you in this bed.' 'Okay,' I said, my mouth suddenly dry. 'Everything you need, including the shower, is in the en-suite. I'll go down and lock up.' 'See you soon,' she grinned. I messed around for ten minutes or so, washing and drying the glasses, tidying up in the lounge, before going back upstairs. Helen was lying in the bed, the duvet pulled up under her chin, wearing her sexy grin. I slipped into the en-suite to take a shower myself. Once I was dry again, I considered putting on a bathrobe. Then I decided it would be ridiculous to wear a robe for the four steps from bathroom to bed and opted for a towel around my waist. In the end I figured I wouldn't bother with anything. We both knew what was going to happen and would be seeing each other naked within the next few minutes, so why the need for modesty? Her grin widened as she focussed on my erection, swaying impressively as I walked to the bed. I slipped under the duvet and into her waiting arms, my mouth finding hers in a hot and heavy kiss. The duvet was slowly pushed lower and lower as we explored each other's bodies until my erection was once more standing free and I was able to see her clean-shaved pussy for the first time. 'Like it?' she giggled. 'I decided I didn't like the fact that my head-hair was blonde and my pussy-hair was dark.' 'You could have bleached this hair, too.' 'I suppose so, but I just figured shaving would be easier and cheaper.' 'Not to mention, sexier,' I told her, cupping her mound. She shivered and reached for my dick. 'Can I suck your dick?' 'Only if I can lick your cunt.' She shivered again. 'Normally I hate to hear that word. But, right now, it sounds great. I'd love you to lick my cunt.' 'And I'd love you to suck my dick,' I replied solemnly. We spent several high enjoyable and rather noisy minutes sucking and licking. Then, to my surprise and delight, she licked passed my balls and began tonguing my ass. Not to be outdone I

proceeded to tongue hers. 'That's so dirty – but so good,' she panted, some time later when we were once more face to face. 'I know.' 'I hope you're planning on sticking your dick in there, at some stage tonight,' she said. 'Mrs. Rogers, are you asking me to fuck your ass?' 'You know, Mr. Thompson, I rather think I am.' 'It will be a pleasure,' I grinned. 'God, I'll say,' she groaned. Her nipples felt like hot, hard little pebbles under my palms and she moaned as I squeezed them. 'Enough with the foreplay, Mick, I want you to fuck me. I want your dick deep in my cunt. I want to feel your cum pumping into me.' 'Shit, Helen, I want to fuck you too! And once I've cum, I'm going to lick that juicy cunt of yours clean before rolling you over and fucking your ass.' 'Do it, Mick,' she said urgently, her thighs spreading wide beneath me. 'Fill my cunt with your dick.' Sue arrived home around six on the Friday and took a glass of wine upstairs with her as she went for a long soak in a hot bath. Then she came down again wearing only her silk dressing gown, to share the Chinese takeaway I'd bought in the meantime. When we'd finished she drained the last of her wine and gave me a wicked grin from across the table. 'Did you miss me?' she asked, unfastening the sash of her robe and allowing it to fall open. As always, I was captivated by the sight of her breasts. She ran her hands over them slowly, pinching the nipples until they stood out like little cherries. 'Of course.' 'Want to fuck me?' 'Definitely.' 'So why do you still have your clothes on?' 'I thought I'd wait until we got upstairs.' 'Let's do it here, first,' she suggested, shrugging the robe off her shoulders. 'Here?' I repeated, pulling off my sweater. 'Yes. Here. I want you to fuck me over the table. No foreplay – just shove it in.' She stood up, carelessly pushed the remains of the meal to one side and lay back on the table, propping herself up on her elbows. I quickly moved to stand between her wide-spread thighs, looking down at her glistening cunt as I tore my flies open. Despite the speed with which we had moved from eating to almost fucking, my dick was already hard. She let out a low, throaty laugh – a combination of triumph and need – and reached for it with one hand, pulling me closer until the head was nestling between her lips. then she looked up and caught my eyes. 'Do it, Mick! Fuck me!' I took her with a single thrust that had us both groaning with pleasure and, with the table creaking and the dishes rattling, I slammed into her over and over again until she came with a loud cry of satisfaction. 'God, you're good,' she sighed contentedly. 'It takes two,' I reminded her, easing my still stiff dick out of her cunt. Her juices had been flooding out of her, trickling down between the cheeks of her ass to form a little puddle on the table. It was the work of seconds to pull her legs up and hook her heels over my shoulders. Then I repositioned my dick against the puckered ring of her ass and pushed firmly. 'Dirty bastard,' she giggled, as she opened for me. 'You shouldn't have such a cute ass,' I growled, now more than halfway in. 'Good job I like it this way,' she said, before letting out a moan of appreciation. 'Is there any way you don't like it?' I grunted. 'If there is, I've yet to discover it. God, that feels good!' She was quiet for a few minutes while I fucked her slowly, allowing her ass to adjust to my invasion. Then she began urging me to pick up the pace a little. Soon we were going at it hard and fast and I felt the inevitable about to happen. 'I'm going to cum,' I panted. 'Good!' Some minutes later, once I had withdrawn and we had got our breath back she suggested we continued in the comfort of our bed. 'I'm going to need to do some cleaning up. Why don't you straighten things up down here and lock up and then join me?' Some ten minutes later – and after having a quick wash myself – I joined

her in bed, moving in close and reaching for a breast. She let me stroke her for a few minutes and then took hold of my hand. 'There's something I have to tell you,' she said. 'What?' I asked. 'While I was away . . . ' 'Yes?' 'I, er, didn't always sleep alone.' 'Huh?' I hadn't really been listening, but suddenly she had my full attention. 'You mean . . .?' 'I mean I had sex, got laid, fucked a guy.' 'Bloody hell! How come?' 'Because I could. Because I'd had a few drinks and was feeling horny and the man I really wanted to fuck was a hundred miles away. And because it wasn't the first time.' 'What?' 'The last couple of conferences I've been to, I've hooked up with a guy who, like me, is married, away from home and horny.' 'I don't know what to say,' I stuttered. 'I see it as a bit of harmless fun,' she continued calmly. 'Jerry has no intention of leaving his wife and I have no intention of leaving you. But, like I say, I get horny and fucking Jerry is naughty and exciting. But it made me feel guilty – which is why, when Helen mentioned she was thinking of having an affair, I pointed her in your direction. You did fuck her while I was away, didn't you?' 'Oh my God! So her turning up an hour after you'd left was no co-incidence?' 'Not at all,' she grinned. 'I knew you thought she was attractive, so I told her I didn't think you'd need much persuading to bed her. Now, whenever I'm away, if I feel like screwing Jerry, I can do so with a clear conscience knowing you're doing the same to Helen.' I had to laugh. Talk about devious – and the beauty of it was we were no longer fooling around behind each other's backs. It was a classic case of having cake and eating it and I had to admire the way she'd organised it all. 'You're a sneaky bitch, you know that?' I told her affectionately. 'I know,' she giggled. But there was a hint of relief in her tone. It could all have gone terribly wrong if I hadn't succumbed to Helen's sexy charms. I resumed my fondling of her breasts and she sighed with pleasure and reached for my dick. 'I take it you're happy with the arrangement?' 'Just as long as we can do this every time you come home.' 'Whenever you want – you know that.' A couple of weeks later I got a phone call from her shortly after midnight. 'Hi, honey! Did I wake you?' 'No, but if you'd left it another half hour or so . . . How are you?' 'Pretty good,' she told me. She sounded lazy and just a little smug. I could guess why. 'Are you alone?' I asked. 'Yes. Jerry's just this minute gone back to his room. I'm lying here, my legs still apart, feeling his cum trickling out of my cunt, wishing it was yours. Are you alone?' 'Helen left about thirty minutes ago.' 'Is your dick all sticky?' 'Definitely.' 'Are you feeling sleepy or do you want to talk for a bit?' 'Let's talk.' 'Good. Are you still feeling horny?' 'Every time I hear that tone in your voice I start feeling horny.' 'Mmm. I am a bit, too. Wish you were here to take care of it.' 'Me too.' 'Listen,' she said. For a moment I wasn't sure what I was supposed to be listening to and then I heard the wet, squishy sounds. I listened to her playing with herself for a few seconds and then she came back on. 'Could you hear it?' 'Sounded like you were playing yourself – and that your cunt is very wet.' 'And sloppy!' she giggled. 'Are you hard?' 'Nearly.' I started rubbing myself, picturing Sue lying as I had seen her countless times before – shamelessly revelling in the fact that she'd just been fucked. 'I was thinking,' she said, 'how much I'd like to see you fuck Helen. Will you let me watch sometime?' 'Oh God! If I'd needed any help getting hard, she had just provided it. 'Of course, I might not be able to resist joining in,' she added. 'Do you think you could satisfy two women at more or less the same time?' 'I don't know,' I said, my hand sliding up and down the shaft of my dick, 'but I would have a lot of fun trying. When you say joining in, do you mean with me, or with both of us?' 'It would

depend on how I felt at the time. Why? Would you like to see me and Helen doing it?' I groaned, not far from cumming, despite my exertions with Helen. She recognised the sound and laughed. 'Here's a thought for you – how would you like to watch me being fucked?' She laughed when she heard my groan. 'You're nearly there, aren't you? Maybe this will help: imagine watching me sucking another guy's dick. And watching him with his head between my legs, licking my cunt. And then watching him slide his dick into me. Shit, I'm nearly there myself. Oh, God, yes! Aaaaah!' Listening to her talk had brought me to the edge, Hearing her cum was enough to nudge me over and I started to cum too. The first spurt almost reached my chin, the rest spattered over the lower part of my chest and, finally, my belly. For a moment or two, I could just hear Sue panting and then she gave a weak little giggle. 'Wow! That was a first. . . Mick?' 'Here. Just catching my breath.' 'You came too? Fantastic. Well, I need some sleep so I'll leave you to it. Good night, honey. Love you.' 'Love you too. Night babes.'