

The Lady and the Tramp

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The vicars wife just can't resist in the end.

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Suzie was generally happy with her life. Married to Jason, a Vicar, Suzie had become a sort of freelance amateur councillor, or agony Aunt, to her husbands flock, or at least the female half, and kept herself busy. Jason had three parishes to cover, that kept him busy. Suzie showed her face in all three places, but did more of the group stuff, flower club, help the heroes coffee mornings and child related things, in the parish where she lived, Lower Bannerfield in Hampshire. A quiet country village, as yet not ruined by motorways etc. One of the problems that seemed to have fallen into her lap, due to the simple fact that no one else wanted to deal with it, was the tramp. Jed, although nobody knew if that was his real name, was not a dictionary defined tramp, he had a home. A broken down caravan that was unclaimed by anyone else, was presumed to be his as it saved having to find him a bed elsewhere. Jed's appearance however, was definitely that of a tramp. Dirty clothes in need of wash and repair most of the time, and seldom clean shaved or a trimmed beard, just unkempt growth, unclean teeth and boots held together with string and hope. Jed could do many things, mend fences, dig holes, clean cars and farm equipment, he was great with animals and seasonal crops. In spite of his clothes, he kept his body clean by washing wherever he could, and ate whatever came his way. He was, in all honesty, rather useful at times, but could also be a bit of a worry. Every now and then, one of the local wives would confide in Suzie how they had seen Jed washing and sometimes masturbating, in a shed, a yard or where he thought he was unobserved. A plain, simple speaker, Jed was not really the kind of man the wives felt like confronting, nor did they want husbands involved for various reasons. Jed was strongly built. No, this was a problem for the vicar's wife, Jed needed to be told to clean up his act, and Suzie was being asked, indirectly, to tell him. At forty, Suzie was no prude, her sex life with Jason the Vicar was a bit slow, love making was maybe only four or five times a year, and unimaginative, but she had accumulated a fare amount of worldly knowledge one way or another, and even though she had her own standards and thoughts, she never judged others nor made comparisons. The problem with Jed however, would be something for which Suzie had no precedent, and would need some thought. Jed, mid fifties maybe, was solidly built and looked healthy enough. He could work hard so his stamina had not suffered because of his life style, but his social skills had. He didn't do small talk, he was direct and took people at their word until given reason not to, and then all trust in them was dropped. On Thursdays Jed weeded in the cemetery beside the

church, next to the vicarage at Lower Bannerfield. Today was Thursday. Suzie had the kind of looks you'd expect from a weekend news reader, or daytime TV presenter. Not outwardly sexy or provocative, but with an attractiveness that was there for those that looked for it. Her wardrobe was made up of a lot of second hand clothes, bought in one village and worn in the others, but as she always looked smart if demure, as befitted the wife of a clergyman, Suzie was warmly known as "The Lady" locally. A sort of long bob cut made Suzie's dirty blond coloured hair bounce as she walked, and Jed also noticed, as always, the shapely calves and the perfectly sized breasts of the five foot nine vicars wife as she walked toward him. "Hello Jed, fancy a cuppa and a sandwich, take the chill off for a bit?" Suzie asked. "Thought you'd never ask Mrs." Jed said good humouredly in his slight Hampshire dialect. Suzie had no real dialect or accent, which just added to the "Lady" element the locals had pinned on her. She chatted about the weeds and weather as she led Jed to the kitchen where she often served him tea and something to eat during his Thursdays work. Suzie brought the conversation round to the other places Jed had worked in recent weeks, and how his life was in general. "So I don't suppose you have much time for a lady friend then Jed, or are you keeping her a secret?" "Can't see no woman having ought to do with me Mrs, not much to offer an' all that." "You must still have certain feelings though I suppose?" Jed spoke his thoughts in his usual direct manner. "Sounds like you're coming on to me Mrs, not after a bit of rough are you?" "Oh heavens no," Suzie spouted quickly, knowing she was making a hash of it and deciding to be as direct as the tatty clothed man opposite her. "No, it's just that, well, you do seem to choose some less than private places to relieve your, certain, frustrations?" she stumbled. "Say it direct Mrs, I won't take no offence." "Well Jed, you do," Suzie paused, still a little uncertain, "well, masturbate where people see you, and it's quite off putting to some of the ladies even if you don't see them. No one's actually trying to make trouble, but, well, there are certain standards I suppose." "Can't 'elp having a feeling now and then, what am I meant to do, if I wait 'til I go home, it's all subsided." Jed replied with no hint of embarrassment. "But most people just ignore it and wait until they can do these things privately, it's good manners if nothing else Jed, and it may cost you work." said Suzie, with a touch more confidence now. "Well" Jed said as he stood up and reached down to his crotch in move a little fast for Suzie to follow and keep eye contact. "how comfortable do you think it would be walking round with this keep poking at your belly?" and he produced over the waist band of his track suit bottoms a long, thick and heavily veined penis with a deep purple, circumcised head, and Suzie nearly fell of her chair. It took a few seconds for Suzie to be able to speak, or even realise her jaw had dropped. When she finally gathered herself, she said; "Well the first thing is put it away, now!" and as Jed complied, "My God Jed, you can't go round doing things like that, it's just not done. Perhaps you'd best think on what I've said while you get back to work." surprised to get the words out as she was quite flustered. "I'll get changed first if that's all right Mrs." responded the deep voice, casually. At her husbands suggestion, Suzie kept one of Jed's few changes of clothes in the utilities room where, each Thursday, Jed would change and leave his other clothes to be washed. There was a big old shower, left from an earlier era of the building, where Jed could wash as well. It was a Christian act and not out of character for Jason and Suzie, who were always helping the community in some way or

another. Jed changed and washed as Suzie went off to the church to find something to do to calm her nerves. Jason noticed that Suzie was out of sorts, but when she said it was just something she had on her mind regarding the local women, Jason left her to it without prying. Women's things was one of his less competent areas, and he was very glad that Suzie took care of them. Twice a day at least during the next week Suzie found herself at the kitchen table, visualising what Jed had shown her, and letting her libido get control of her thoughts briefly. On such occasions she felt herself dampening between her legs and immediately found herself something to do elsewhere. The following Thursday, as Jason once more set off for Bannerfield Major, Suzie found herself getting a little nervous at the thought of Jed coming round to weed, have his cup of tea, and change. No one had mentioned any more about him being seen, but she still had not spoken to all the women concerned since last week. She grew more anxious as lunch time approached. Having made a pot of tea and some corned beef and tomato sandwiches, Suzie went to call Jed. She wore a simple pale blue one piece dress, and low healed shoes, nothing out of the ordinary. Jed saw her approach and waved to say he would be in very shortly. Suzie waved back and retired to the kitchen. "Afternoon Mrs, looks like rain later, not 'til after tea time though I reckon." "Good, at least you won't get wet then. It's looking good out there, you do a thorough job Jed." she praised him between sips of tea. Conversation, strained as it always was with Jed, continued until; "So, anyone else moaned about seeing my cock then?" Jed asked in his direct manner. With a gulp of her mouthful of tea and a sharp intake of breath, Suzie replied; "Oh Jed, your social manners are horrendous. No, no one has said anything, but you could be a bit more subtle about the subject." "Sorry, but I don't beat about the bush me, always to the point me." It was a strained lunch time on Suzie's part for another reason too, she kept seeing the vision of Jed exposing himself the week before, and the warm feeling it gave her in her nether regions was a concern. She was glad when, having finished his lunch, Jed said he would change before going back to work. How on earth she had let herself peer through the gap on the hinged side of the slightly ajar door, Suzie couldn't grasp. A vicar's wife looking at an old tramp as he towelled himself off.. What would people say? She was getting that damp feeling again as Jed dried his semi hard member by the sink, and she finally found the strength to move away and get busy elsewhere. Jed Noticed the shadow move past the door, and smiled. For the Vicar's wife, the next seven days held many more visualisations of what she tried hard to forget. Jason, her trusting husband, had his mind on the upcoming harvest festival at Theaton Wheetly, where he would also meet the Bishop. The following Thursday, Suzie waved her husband off and set to with the hoovering, dusting and a small piece for the parish news letter. Always at the back of her mind was Jed, and the fast approaching lunch time when once again, she would struggle to keep her mind out of his trousers. Surely this was no way for the wife of a clergyman to behave. She refused to admit that she was actually looking forward another glimpse of the man's, well, the man, even to herself. As Jed entered the kitchen Suzie, a little nervous, poured the tea and uncovered the tuna and cucumber sandwiches. She unconsciously glanced at his crotch, not realising either, that Jed saw her do so. After the usual pleasantries, such as they were with Jed, it was Jed himself that broached the subject upon which Suzie was sweating. "I expect Mrs, you'll be glad to know I've kept it in my trousers since we spoke, but I don't mind telling you it's a bit cramped

in there right now.” “Oh Jed,” she responded reprovably, and as usual a bit embarrassed, “yes I am glad, but must you talk so openly and casually about it, it's hardly talk fit for the table you know.” “Just speakin' me mind Mrs, jus' speaking me mind.” After another embarrassing fifteen minutes of small talk, mainly from the vicar's wife, Jed went to shower and change into the clean clothes waiting for for him. Suzie was like a zombie, drawn to flesh with an odd hunger she could not control. Having finished her tea while Jed showered, she found herself once more at the door to the utilities room, peering through the gap by the hinges, the door not being fully closed. She couldn't see Jed, but the shower had stopped running. Then it happened. “You can see it better like this!” said the tramp as he opened the door fully from the opposite side. Suzie almost froze. Only her head moved, so she was looking straight at the hard cock in front of her. Was it a second or a minute before she was able to raise her gaze to his face? She would never know. Nor would she know why she let him take her right hand, and place it on his tumescence. What she did know was how firm, bumpy and warm it felt, and how her loins were suddenly in knots Jed backed into the utility room, leading the blond with his hard on, until they were beside the rough wooden work top beside the old stone sink. It took no effort at all for Jed to rip her pale green dress down the whole length of the front until it was wide open, and all Suzie could do was give a shy yelp and hold Jed's gaze. With her right hand still attached to his manhood, Jed undid her bra by reaching round, and unhooked the removable straps at the front, so as to remove the garment completely. Suzie's breath was coming in short pants and her body was almost glowing with the onset of orgasm. Lifting her like she weighed no more than a bag of sugar, Jed sat her on the work top, and ripped open her tights at the crotch. Suzie gasped, and did so again as her panties were pulled by the gusset to allow a thick, strong middle finger, to enter her warm wet hole all the way to the last knuckle. She came with a small cry of shame, pleasure and surprise. When Jed removed his evil finger that had brought the wife of a clergyman to a second orgasm, her juices were evident, her nipples like stone, and her heart fit to burst. Her eyes were still glued to his as he lined up his purple headed meat with her slightly hairy entrance, and thrust, hard, all the way into her sex. Only the fourth cock ever to penetrate her, it was by far the biggest and best. She cried out with delight as she was filled, and came again on only his third stroke. If Suzie knew she had wrapped her legs around him, Jed neither knew or cared. He ploughed on just the same, intent on his own enjoyment since the vicars wife's was so evident. He didn't care that his hard, course pubic hair was driving the woman mad as it scraped her button, nor that she was digging her nails into his firm buttocks. All thoughts of her husband, morals or reputation had left Suzie. She was being taken, no, Fucked, by a tramp and no matter that it was rude, rough and wrong, she was in ecstasy. Her quim had never been so used, so well filled, she'd never been really fucked before, just made love to. And as she came again, crying out her joy, Suzie realised this was the only thing really missing in her life. A good, hard solid... Jed grunted. He went up a gear and his thrusts became harder and faster. The whole feel of it changed slightly and Suzie knew what was about to happen. There was a thought trying to work it's way to the front of her mind, but it was like it was wading through waist deep syrup, syrup caused by the feeling of release as Suzie let go all her inhibitions to enjoy her predicament to the full. Jed began to strain as he held her look with steely grey eyes. His own time was close and

that indescribable feeling of immanent release was lurking at the base of his hard rod. Suzie's thought made it to the front, pushed by a wave of pleasurable torment that flowed like a tidal wave over her whole body. "Not in me! Jed not in me, don't finish in me Jed, Jed don't do it in me Jed, Jed. JE E E E D!" Her cum hit hard as she knew full well she meant not a word of what she'd said. Right in the middle of her orgasm she received the full torrent of the tramps exploding release, and the feeling of being filled with the fluids of a man who had no right to put them there, gave her cum such a boost that she very nearly passed out. Jed groaned and grinned as he shot his load into the little blond's snatch. Just what the woman needed, he thought as his body shook with the after effects of his best cum in months. Even as he recovered he could still maintain a semi erection with which to keep his victim excited. Continued thrusting brought her another orgasm while he brought his rod back to full size just ten minutes later, and he just ploughed on. Suzie couldn't keep up, her mind was mushy, she went from laid back to wrapping her arms around him and back again, just revelling in being a simple sex object and used for a man's pleasure. So many times she had daydreamed of something like this, but never for a minute did she ever mean to actually do such a thing. She was a married woman after all. Sometime later and Jed was building up again. His increased effort made dirty slopping sounds and his balls slapped against her, and Suzie just pulled him in further, if that were possible, and came one last time as Jed filled her again with his seed, grunting like a pig as he jerked his cock to it's farthest reaches to satisfy his desire upon the Vicars "Lady" wife. He waited a minute before pulling out, noting how Suzie's eyes were not fully focused. Leaving the disoriented woman sat where she was, he wiped his crotch on the towel, and dressed himself. Suzie looked on in a daze. She was in face saving mode for now and figured, if she didn't say or do anything, it would be easier all round. She was dimly aware of Jed moving, but made no effort to focus on the now. "See you next Thursday Mrs, thanks for lunch." was all he said as he walked out of the utility room. Still stunned, Suzie knew just one thing for certain, she would still wait nervously for Thursdays. Now however, she would be looking forward to them.