



# A Change in Circumstances - Part 1 - I Really Couldn't Help Myself

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Published on Lush Stories on 22 Jan 2014

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*I couldn't believe my wife's friend was this depraved, but I was powerless to stop it.*

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I have been married to Jennifer for about four years now. When we first met, Jennifer came complete with her best friend Melissa, who at that time, was in her early thirty's. Slightly over a year ago Melissa and her boyfriend moved away and are now working and living some distance from us, it was a bit of a wrench since the girls seemed to be so close. Both women were very attractive and outgoing and we all had a few laughs together despite our age difference. Over the years Jennifer (I will call her Jenny because that is what I always call her) and I have always had a good sex life, though I have to admit that the last year or so have seen our sexual prowess cool down quite a lot, well I suppose we are in our mid fifties. I am not sure why our sex life has calmed down, perhaps it's life catching up on us or perhaps we have just changed over time. For me this was all to change when we visited Melissa and her boyfriend Andy over the Christmas period. The four of us were destined to go out one night, but Jenny had come down with stomach cramp and felt unwell. Andy and Melissa went out anyway as they were destined to meet up with some friends at a local pub as well as spend time with us. Jenny was in bed at about ten in the evening and after I had changed into my dressing gown, I went back downstairs to watch television. At eleven thirty I was on my way to bed when I heard loud noises close to the house. Bright lights punctuated the windows of the glass fronted door. I opened the door to see what the problem was outside. I noticed Melissa bending over the back seat of a taxi and obviously struggling with a very drunk and disorderly Andy. The taxi driver was not helping in the slightest and Melissa was fighting a losing battle trying to get Andy on his feet and out of the taxi. I decided to lend a hand and hoped that my dressing gown would stay in one piece. Melissa was more than grateful for my help and between us we managed to get him on his feet. I eventually marched him into the house. Melissa paid the taxi and followed me indoors. I got Andy through to the kitchen and propped him up in a high chair leaning against the corner of the wall. Melissa joined me and we both stood there looking at him. "The bastard," she threw the comments at

him rather forcefully as if I were not there. I looked at her and raised my eyebrow. "He's a little drunk," I replied, "that's all." "No, he's a bastard for getting in this state in the first place." "Let's get him to bed," I said and made to move him from the chair. "The fucker can stay there," said Melissa as she walked off to the lounge. I had to leave Andy where he was as he was far too heavy to handle by myself. He slumped forward onto the table which was probably a far better position for him than upright. I went to join Melissa and find out what the problem really was. I entered the lounge and saw that she was standing facing the sofa, a few sobs left her lips as she watched the sofa. I said nothing but just looked at her. Her long hair flowed over her black dress which was set off with red stockings or tights, I wasn't sure which, and ended in black stiletto's. She looked very sexy standing there. I resisted the urge to comfort her and reckoned she would tell me what happened in good time. "He's a bastard for getting in such a state tonight, it's a kind of special night for us and he's gone and ruined it." "Ruined what?" I asked. Melissa placed her hands at the nape of her neck and then I saw one of her hands slide down her back. The zip of her dress was following her hand in perfect unison. She then started to slide it from her body. "This was not how it was supposed to be," she started, "we were supposed to come in, and I was to drop my dress for him." Her dress hit the floor the instant she said the words. I watched, dumbfounded, as she now stood there in a maroon red bra and g-string. She was wearing stockings held up by a maroon suspender belt. Everything matching. She looked a stunner and I felt my cock twitch underneath my dressing gown as I watched my wife's best friend stand before me. "Then he was supposed to come up behind me and fondle my bum," her hands started to caress the cheeks of her bum as she uttered the words. "He was supposed to have dropped his trousers and taken out his cock for me and then my knickers were supposed to be ripped forcefully from my body," as she spoke, she begrudgingly slipped her thumbs into her g-string and slid them down to her knees, as she bent over I could see the fullness of her arse cheeks and the cheeky smile of her pussy between them. She stood upright again and let her knickers fall to the floor over her silky stockings. It was only then that she stepped out of her knickers and turned to face me. Melissa stared directly into my eyes. "Then...he was supposed to push his rock hard cock right up inside my wet pussy and fuck me senseless over this sofa," she pointed to the sofa as her words finished. I too looked in the direction of the sofa as she pointed. By the time I looked back to her I could see her gaze was fixed on my groin. In a state of semi arousal, even though I was in partial shock as to what was happening, my mind had been telling my cock to grow. The dressing gown was having real problems hiding my stiffening member and Melissa was looking right at it. I found myself, at fifty six years old, gazing at the perfect body, perfect skin, and perfect vision of sexiness, that I guess I would ever have the opportunity to look upon in my fading years. I felt horny and instead of trying to control my hard-on and cover it up, spluttering excuses as I made my exit, I just stood there. I let it grow, I let it start to tent my dressing gown as I watched Melissa's semi-naked body in front of me. I don't know what it was that was driving me. But I just said it. "So is it?" I asked. "Is it what?" she replied. "Is it wet." I watched as she slipped a finger over her pussy and into it. She parted her legs slightly as she did so. She pulled it out and looked at it. I watched her study her own finger and I felt my cock twitch. It was getting much harder under the gown. "Very..." was her reply. My cock twitched

again as she sucked it into her mouth. All of a sudden I felt my heart start to beat faster, it was now or never, I could stop this right now if I wanted to. Melissa slowly walked towards me, she was staring at my groin. All I had to do was put my hands up in the air, stop her from walking towards me, apologise and leave. I was transfixed at her wanton behaviour, the story she had related went around my head several times, and I just stood there. With one swift move she had negotiated the folds of my dressing gown and her hand had encircled my raging cock. The dressing gown fell half open. Her hand clenched around my cock and she fisted it. Melissa let out a wanton groan as she pulled on it a few times. Then without warning the dressing gown was apart and she was pushing it off my shoulders. I was suddenly naked in front of her. She stepped in closer and grabbed my cock again and started to pump it in earnest, her other hand snaked under my balls and she cupped them and fondled them. I suddenly wanted to tear off her clothes, throw her onto the sofa and fuck her. As I watched her play with my cock I could see how randy she was. She seemed horny, almost desperate for cock. Her complete attitude drove me to the edge of no return. I wanted her. Melissa sank to her knees and within moments her mouth engulfed the head of my cock. Her hand was still pumping on it and she was still groping my balls. I felt her lips and tongue slide along my cock as it slowly disappeared inside her mouth. She had swallowed almost three quarters of it before she stopped and bobbed her head up and down on it. In an involuntary movement I grasped the back of her head with my hand and thrust my cock into her mouth. She looked like a slut in front of me, but she was a young slut and I was pushing my cock into her mouth. Her hand then came up to grasp my cock, removing her mouth at the same time. I felt one of my balls being sucked into it and then her tongue snaked all along the shaft until once more her mouth engulfed the head of my cock. Without warning, Melissa stood up. "I want to be fucked very hard John," she said, "and you can take me anywhere, and I mean anywhere." I looked into her eyes as she started to walk backwards, towards the sofa, her hand extended to grab my cock to make sure that I followed her. "You can fuck me anywhere ..." she reinforced the word anywhere. Melissa stopped by the sofa. "How do you want me John, where do you want that cock to penetrate me." Her words were filthy, and I loved every one of them. Every time my mind processed her filthy words, I wanted to fuck her, pump my cock into her and ravage her young body. With her legs against the sofa, I reached out to her breasts. Melissa watched as her tits were pulled out from her bra to rest uncomfortably on top of it. I bent forward and sucked on each one in turn. "That's it John, suck on those tits, bite my nipples, suck on them," she encouraged; her hand came around the back of my neck and pushed me into her breasts. Melissa was breathing heavily as I greedily sucked on her tits. "Do you want to taste my pussy?" she asked with a grin. I lifted my head and nodded. Melissa stepped backwards and stood on the sofa. How her high heels didn't penetrate the leather I will never know. She then slid down against the back of the sofa. In one motion she squatted and spread her legs wide. Melissa thrust her groin forward to the edge of the sofa. Her hands came to rest on her knees and she watched me with intent. Her arse was completely suspended from the seat of the sofa. "There you go, get your fucking tongue in there," she instructed me. I looked in her eyes. They were glazed over in lust. One of her hands then snaked its way to her pussy and she started fingering herself. My gaze suddenly changed as I watched her slide a finger

inside herself. "It's so fucking wet!" she exclaimed. "Get your tongue down there now..." I slipped to the floor. Kneeling, my hands came up on her arse as I bent forward. Her body arched forward as my lips made contact with her pussy lips. She was right, she was so fucking wet. My tongue slipped all over her pussy. I found myself pulling on her arse as much as she pushed forward, each of us eager to get my tongue inside her. I pushed my tongue forward and I felt her lips separate as it pushed its way up and into her silkiness. "That's it, get your tongue right up my cunt," she said as her hand clasped the back of my head. Her words were depraved, but they were the best words that I had heard in a long time. She pulled my head in towards her as she thrust herself onto my tongue. "Fuck your tongue into me you little whore," she taunted me. My tongue was right up inside her. Her juices were flowing out of her, into my mouth, and then down and around my chin. I was actually dripping on the sofa by the time I pulled my tongue free and started to lick and suck on her clit. Melissa started to groan and moan loudly, so much so, that I felt she would wake Andy up, even though he was in the kitchen. With every thrust of her body towards me, I sucked and licked her clit. My cock was rock hard as I knelt between this wonderful woman's open legs. Her wanton behaviour was superb. She acted the compete slut and almost instructed me as to how I should behave. I loved every minute. I realised that I needed to fuck her, otherwise I would probably cum all over the floor. I stood up quickly, my cock swinging wildly in front of me as I told her to turn around and face the sofa. Melissa groaned as she moved around. Her tits fell against the soft leather of the sofa and I saw her hands come up underneath her to pinch her nipples as her knees made contact with the seat. Her legs fell across the sofa and her high heels slipped off the end into thin air. Her arse was up high and her pussy was glistening with expectation. I struggled to push my cock down to its horizontal position. I placed it at the entrance to her pussy and then I pushed forward. "Yes, that's it, fuck my cunt..." I could tell that her eyes were closed as she abandoned her inner body to me completely. Her fingers and thumb pulling on her nipples as she let me have her. It was that word 'cunt' that had me pushing my cock in all the way. In one swift movement, I had bottomed out and my cock was engulfed by her 'cunt' as she so disgustingly put it. I started to thrust into her slowly savouring the feeling of such a tight pussy. I kept my cock in deep but I could sense that Melissa wanted more. I fucked harder until I had to grab her waist and pull her back towards me as I devoured her inner depths. The sight of her dressed in red on the black leather sofa was exquisite. Her stockings were grinding on the leather as she was being pushed into the sofa. Her suspender belt struggled to keep her stockings attached to the top of her thighs and her ominous heels threatened anything that came close to them as she bounced on the sofa. Melissa was a gibbering wreck at the end of my cock. Her words of filth had no bounds. It wasn't long before I felt the need to spunk into her body. It was hard not to under these circumstances. But all was about to change. "John," she said in between gasps, "fuck that cock up my arse." I slowed down to a gentle fuck. In fact I almost stopped dead. I could not believe my ears. Was she telling me to fuck her arse. "What was that?" I asked. "Fuck my arse...please John, please..." I still couldn't believe my ears but I pulled my cock from her pussy. Melissa started to jump up and down on the sofa and was visibly pulling on her nipples. "Yeah, it's fucking going up my fucking arse," she gloated. "Fuck this slut's arse...go on John, fuck it in there." I placed my rock hard cock at the

entrance to her arse. I couldn't believe I was doing it. At fifty six years of age I was about to penetrate the arse of a thirty-three year old. It was also to be the first arse that I had fucked in my entire life. I pushed forward. I was expecting a scream or two to emanate from her mouth; it seemed so tight pushing my cock forward. All I got were words of encouragement. "Push the fucker in, go on, push it in," she screamed at me. "Oooo fuck yes, this is what Andy should be doing right now!" she exclaimed. I decided that gentleness was now out of the question. With my cock head well past her sphincter, I pushed all the way in. I heard a long drawn out groan come out of Melissa's mouth. "Now fuck me with it..." she commanded. I started to fuck my cock in and out of her arse. It was tighter than her pussy and I knew that I was not going to last very long. I decided there and then to give Melissa the fuck of her life. I was slamming my cock in and out of her arse with some force. With every inward motion Melissa let out a groan followed quickly by an expletive. It was all perfectly timed. I pounded her time and time again. Her filthy words were starting to rub off on me as I started to talk back to her. "You like it up your fucking arse don't you..." "Is it big enough for you, is it!" "Do you want it harder," the last words were uttered through gritted teeth as I grabbed her hair and pulled her head back towards me. I thrust into her a few more times while pulling back on her hair, gritting my teeth with every thrust forwards. "Where do you want my spunk you filthy bitch," I told her. "My face...my face," she gasped. I was too late the first jet shot right up her arse. I pulled my cock from her as quickly as I could and held it tightly, without hesitation she spun around and slid down onto the sofa. With her face pointing upwards I shot my second load onto it. My cum, shot across her face, nose and chin. A third jet joined it, with subsequent streams making it onto her chin and down and over her tits. I was breathing heavily and pulling on my cock continuously in front of Melissa. With her fingers she started to spoon my cum from her cheeks into her mouth. I stood back from her and watched her smiling as she swallowed my cum. A stream started to pool on the end of her chin and I watched as it dropped to the sofa below. Melissa just leant back into the sofa and fed herself all the cum that she could gather; like it was some kind of nectar, or medicine from the god's that had to be taken twice a day. She seemed to love it. With every moment I was becoming more and more uneasy with the situation. I guess, guilt was starting to set in. Melissa must have sensed it. "Don't be guilty," she told me as she stood up, "that was a wonderful fuck, I needed it badly, and I'm glad it was you that gave it to me." "I know Jenny is upstairs but don't feel bad about this, it was fucking wonderful. Trust me, please." I nodded my approval, but I didn't really understand her words. We eventually made our way upstairs. We left Andy in the kitchen, he was just too heavy to move in his state. I used the bathroom to wash myself so that Jenny would not smell or taste anything unusual on me in the morning and I eventually slipped into bed. Melissa just went straight to bed. I lay awake for ages going over the whole evening. How it all transpired, how she so desperately wanted to get fucked in the arse and how we never actually kissed at all. It was all sex from start to finish. I started to wonder whether it was all orchestrated but quickly shelved that idea. I would never have known that Melissa could act the way she did when it came to sex. It just goes to show how much you really don't know someone, even when you have known them for a good few years. I awoke the following morning wondering whether the night before actually happened. I reached out for Jenny in the bed next to me but all I found was

bedclothes. I got out of bed, dressed and went downstairs. I found Jenny and Melissa in the kitchen, laughing and having coffee together. As I entered the kitchen I heard Jenny say to Melissa, "Oh! I do hope it worked..." I looked at them both, and they in turn smiled back at me. "Oh! You're up?" questioned Jenny. "Yes, what do you hope that has worked?" I asked. "I was just chatting to Melissa about her job," replied Jenny. "Coffee?" asked Melissa. "I'll make it," I replied. I had a thousand and one questions on my mind for Melissa but I guess they would have to wait. "Andy is comatose upstairs," she said, "he crawled into bed at about four in the morning," she winked at me, "I don't think we will be seeing him anytime soon," she added. She then turned to Jenny. "If John had not helped me get him in the house, he would still be in the taxi, or worse, on the floor outside," she laughed at his expense. I acted as normally as I could and smiled inwardly given the fact that this 'butter wouldn't melt in your mouth' angel in front of Jenny was a wanton whore only nine hours previously. It was as if she couldn't remember anything at all, but the glint in her eyes told me a different story. I spent most of that morning watching her arse swing about as she performed some household chores. Once or twice I offered to help in order to get a few questions in about the previous evening, but every time, Jenny was always quite close. By the evening, Jenny and I were getting ready to leave and I had realised that that was going to be the one and only time I would see Melissa in that state. That wanton state that she had worked herself up into; that depraved state that she displayed to me. I will forever, remember that I fucked her in the arse. I hope she would remember it as well.