

Pants Down Part One

Inspired having watched a voyeur video of many women pissing in a wood, near a road.

I'd had a nice snooze, taken my rest according to the law and was ready to move on with the truck. However it was my business and I was under no pressure to get back to base, satisfied with the days takings. This layby was nearly always quiet as I knew from my many travels, apart from the odd bloke who dashed up in a car, the space wasn't big enough for vehicle much bigger than mine, disappeared into the woods unzipping and emerging a minute or so later with a satisfied look on his face.

This beat up old Volvo, with foreign plates, Belgian I think, slowly pulled round in front of me and parked and I could see a couple and what appeared to be a right old argument going on. There was a lot of handwaving and with my window down I could hear their voices from about twenty yards away. They did sound angry. Suddenly, it went quiet and I saw them both be very still until I saw the woman lean from her seat then she shrieked and clambered out of the car looking frantically both ways and wailing, running her hands through her mousy looking thick mop of hair.

Not wanting to get involved, I studied her from my cab and saw that she was a medium height, sturdily built and wearing a purple, knee length, fitted dress of a shiny material, with sleeves short of her flabby biceps, black sheer tights or maybe stockings and a mauve silky scarf loosely draped round her neck and shoulders, which didn't hide the fact that the neckline was quite low. She wore heavy framed but elegant spectacles on a square and jowly face; I guessed she would be in her mid fifties. She had black court shoes with two inch heels on her feet.

The fact I have described her attire in some detail, will tell you that I am a true pervy voyeur, so any opportunity to view the female form in all its glorious stages of development from preteens to matures is always welcome, dressed or undressed or somewhere in between.

This route is not busy and is my favourite way of getting home off the manic driving on the motorway and she was prancing about looking up and down in both directions, looking very distressed, obviously hoping to see a passing car or something, but also agitated - hopping from one foot to the other, stooping slightly and nipping her legs together.

Then she spotted me and trotted towards my Merc Sprinter truck. I swiftly hid the porn magazine I had been having a lazy wank to and zipped up my jeans. My hard on decreased slightly as she neared, as all thoughts of the open wet and big flapped cunts I had been viewing left my head. I would catch up at home with some videos on the computer anyway, now that the wife having left me a few weeks ago, gave me complete freedom to indulge in my porno voyeuristic adventures.

She peered up at me and was beckoning to come with her, by using gestures but still spouting in French. Before opening the door, I got a tiny glimpse down her neckline of what looked like a white bra, but it didn't seem to be bolstering any great bulk of bosom; there was no cleavage. That alone was enough to tense my cock – a downblouse is always worth a look, however meagre. Verbal diarrhoea spilt from her in French until I held my hand up.

'English eh?' I told her pleasantly.

'Ah 'elp pliss,' she gabbled. " ospital. 'usband ee is ill, pliss 'elp."

"Er let me see," I told her, gesturing towards her car and indicating we should walk there.

She hopped about during her walk, after I locked the van, ahead of me letting my eyes roam over her swaying, tightly encased butt and the definite signs of panty seams carved across her cheeks. Another trousered tense, was manageable before we reached the vehicle. With distress and concern all over her unpretty face we neared the Volvo and I could see the man was bald, small, in a grey suit and lying back in the drivers seat, his mouth open, eyes closed; he looked for all the world asleep. She opened the door and then tapped my arm. I looked back and her face was screwed up with concern and something else, but I ignored her and felt for a pulse. I am the trained emergency member of staff in my employed crew of ten and whilst I didn't intend to move the frail looking guy, I could at least check his functions.

He was dead, but before I could explain, she tapped my arm again.

'Excuse pliss, le toilet, it is urgent,' she explained, splaying her hands palms up and shrugging and trotting off to the bushes.

Now I am always horny and my mind clicked to perv gear, as I realised I had a chance to watch her having a piss. One of the favourite type of voyeur videos for me is when guys with cam corders have been hidden in woods and captured women of all shapes and sizes dropping their drawers for a piss and this seemed to a moment I could see in the flesh. I didn't have my camera with me, although it was in the van, but I reckoned I would lose time. Even in her desperation, she had inadvertently chosen the less used path and not the well trodden one used by the bulk of the wild country pissers who frequented this place. I closed the car door, adjusted my semi erection under my jeans and slid after her, watching her glance around at her chosen very small clearing. I flitted quietly round behind her as she hitched up the dress to round her waist, revealing black sheer tights over a pair of large white knickers, which in one swift and urgent movement were down round her lower legs as she squatted.

Seconds later, steam arose from under her large white butt and I altered my stance to allow me a better look. I was maybe six feet away and could see the gusher of urine. I love that sight, whatever their age and I slipped my zip down, dropped my jeans a couple of inches and my cock rose hard in my hand with a few strokes.

I hadn't had a good fuck for a couple of weeks now, so wanking was my usual outlet while seated in front of the computer, often watching voyeur videos of just such a scene and being amazed at how the guys with the cameras capture the views. Many of them were from Eastern Europe, primitive areas behind wedding halls in some cases. Even the brides in all their white finery had to resort to the bushes for a piss.

A scenario started to whirr through my dirty mind. Her husband was dead and looked like he was taking a snooze if anybody looked at him. She didn't know he was dead and was just so relieved to empty her bladder. There had been no one around when I followed her. She couldn't run with her underwear round her legs. Surprise would be a major factor. Her cunt was open and wet. My cock was rigid and I could do with a shag. I watched the long flow, it was a long piss, but I spotted the signs she had nearly finished as she peered down between her legs and started to wobble her bum up and down to shake off the drops.

I lurched forward onto her back and pushed her off balance, at the same time grabbing the mauve scarf and covering her mouth with it, pulling it tight and knotting it. She tried to struggle, her hands planted on the prickly, piss fouled earth from previous visitors, but she was no match for my strength as I dropped to my knees between her feet, forcing her legs apart as much as they could, restricted by her tights and knickers and aimed my knob at what I could see were some ragged thick flaps round her cunt.

She was slack as I expected and I slid in easily and started to shag her hard. Her cellulitic pitted rump with the many marks of knickers and tights imprinted on her white floppy flesh, nearly lowered to ground, but I insinuated my hands under her hips and hoisted her upwards as I shafted into the mire of her mature snatch. I held her up as I explored her butt crack, spreading it to expose her arsehole. It was surrounded by a thatch of brown hair and I jammed my thumb into the greasy pucker. She started to beat her forearms and hands on the ground, whether in protest or pleasure – I didn't give a fuck, as I rammed quickly, giving her full length of my six but very thick inches. I came with one hell of a shunt and rush of adrenaline and stopped, resting against her butt, panting with effort as my jism flooded her cunt.

The world was quiet apart from my grunts and panting and her muffled whimpering and I let my dick soften and pop out. Letting her sink to the ground, I then lay on her and checked the scarf to ensure it remained a gag, but plus a blindfold, then I knelt beside her and flipped her over. I removed her sensible court shoes, tights, knickers finding in them – a wrap around panty liner, smelling the white cotton gusset finding it damp and very strong. They went into my pocket. I grabbed her wrists and tied them together with her tights., looping the spare stretchy length round a sturdy root, which kept her arms raised over her head.

Forcing her flabby white thighs apart, I got my knees between them and inspected her genitals.

She had a thick bush that had been trimmed each side, but a considerable amount of stubble was growing back. I flattened a hand on her pubic mound and pushed upwards, creating a belly roll of dimpled pale flesh and pulling the fleshy outcrop of her labial skin with the hairs. I felt all round, liking the sticky fatty mound, its profuse amount of surrounding hairs which wouldn't grow much I reckoned and the three red pimples on her upper thighs. I thrust her legs upwards, bending her knees to her chest and wide open. This made her labia peel open and I gazed at the huge, greasy cavern I had just plundered, leaving rather than taking any treasure. Some of it was already dribbling out of her snatch. I wormed backwards a little and dipped my face into the exposed genitalia and lapped at her greasy old quim, tasting her piss, her sweat and my cum, a sumptuously rich feast.

Levering my torso upwards, I let my flaccid but still heavily swinging cock play across her gash, tensing it while it still leaked the odd drop of cum onto her sex. I wondered if she was still of breeding age, but doubted it; she did look well in her fifties. She certainly had no fight in her, which was helpful. I let her legs flop down and lifted her upper torso, feeling for the zipper of the dress. It slid down and I found her bra clips and undid them. I let her slump back on to the earth and pulled the dress as loose as possible considering her arms were still through it and tied. This revealed a rather plain and saggy white brassiere, which as I had guessed, didn't seem to be filled all that well.

Pulling it away off her tits, they were indeed a sad long pair of saggies, almost flat in the way they had slid to her sides as if trying to hide their shame in her armpits. However her nipples were something else and made up for the sorry pale, blue veined specimens they were mounted on. She had quite wide areolae, only slightly darker than her breast flesh, pocked with a myriad of minor bobbles and lumps, but in the middle sprouted a sort of conical tip, that was maybe a centimetre high and same round at its base, tapering up to about half a centimetre. I love the variation in teats and these were gorgeous. Flicking them amused me, as they seemed to harden; no matter what a women's thoughts are, their body often gives them away and as it was a very warm day and yes her mammaries were out in the fresh air, I reckoned she was excited if not thrilled to be where she was.

I was totally relaxed about my work. She was passive, there had been no other vehicles as I would have heard them on the gravel and I had just complete a successful and unusual rape. I was amazed how calm and cool I was considering the evil situation I had created.

I shuffled up alongside her head and moved the blindfold. Her squinting poor vision eyes, minus her spectacles, which must have been somewhere in the undergrowth, were cold but not scared as I lowered my cock over them, making her blink and shut them tightly, smearing her with the drops and trails of our combined smeg. I exposed her nose and rubbed my greasy knob round it, making her smell our sex. Loosening the gag took some thought, but as I did so, I grabbed her jaw and deformed her mouth into a sort of pursed lips expression, than I dragged my cock over her lips and into the hole between. I didn't dare to let her mouth free, expecting a scream, but I was happy with my evil lot making her taste us and thinking about an exit from the scene.

I re-gagged her and slung her over, to remove her dress, which tore having snagged a thorn and her brassiere. I tore the dress into two strips, carefully I placed the remains next to her shoes, wanting to collect everything before I left. I tied one strip of the shiny purple material to a small tree and round her right ankle. Then I spread her legs wide to tie the other ankle to the root of a healthy shrub. Her hands were still tied above her head. I stood over her and gazed at the flabby whiteness of her ageing body, wondering why she was here, apart from the piss, in the first place.

"It's your problem madam," I murmured, aiming my stream of piss on her, covering the whole of her supine situation.

I made sure I soaked her slack old cunt with the hot flow and made her eyes squint with the pressure and the acid content as I finished my ablutions at her face. Adjusting my clothing, I collected the discarded stuff, spotted her spectacles and ground them into the soil, broken and splintered with the heel of my boot and slid easily to the edge of the shrubs and checked outside. The Volvo and the van were still exactly as I had left them. Where else would they fucking be? I chuckled to myself as I saw that there were no other vehicles around, this late Friday afternoon.

Bunging the stuff in the van, I approached the car finding and taking the woman's handbag. I took

the old man's wallet and also a large, soft travel bag from the boot. I left a dress and a suit hanging under plastic shrouds, against the rear windows. I double checked everything, leaving the car keys in the ignition. I made a cursory wipe of everything I could remember I had touched, although there was no previous record of me in DNA or fingerprints, but it would help to deflect the pigs for a while.

I sat in the van and rifled through her handbag, finding an ornate card which was a wedding invitation, the occasion was tomorrow about fifty miles west and they were off the obvious route really. Maybe they were arguing about being lost, there was no map or sat nav in the old motor, maybe they were arguing about stopping to let her empty her obviously overloaded bladder, who knows? I thought as I drove away. The old boy's heart attack I surmised was rustled up by stress, if that's what he had died from.

Back at home, I emptied the travel bag and found a plastic bag with one large, pale blue cotton, pair of dirty knickers, which smelled powerful. More clean stuff. Madam Rousset aged sixty one, I saw from her passport was a 38B cup bra size and of course the bag included the man's clothing. I pondered my activities, sipping a large G&T before I went to the pub for a meal, where I made plans. In bed later, I had a great wank, smelling her dirty knickers from the bag and the ones I had taken from her. Even her tights had the unmistakable scent of a woman's crotch. I went over the incident in my mind before nodding off to sleep – unworried. The rape had been out of character and I quizzed myself about it – but without too much stress. Shit happens and she got it.

The following day I drove fifty miles and found the church where the foreign couple were aiming for. I wondered if they had been missed at a pre wedding party last night. There was a very large crowd milling about and I was as smartly dressed as most of the men, it wasn't a penguin suited job, just smart casual, but they looked rough end of town types, even pikeys maybe but only a few of them. But the women were something else. Bunch of tarts really; orange faces, incredibly short skirts, lots of thick thighs, not much material on top trying to cover some spectacular racks, bare rippling midriffs, daft hats, bare legs and impossibly high heels. It was a beautiful sight in lusting voyeur terms.

And then I met her Granddaughter

To be continued