An Ordinary Couple - conclusion

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Harold and Charmian are not swingers, but every now and then they like to spice up their sex life by letting another couple watch while they fuck. They visit Barry and Laura who themselves are not swingers but are looking forward to seeing a live fuck for the first time. They get on well together and, at the end of Part One, Charmian has had two explosive orgasms. Now Harold has just shot his cum on to his wife's pear-shaped tits.

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He had seen what Charmian and I hadn't noticed while anticipating the grand finale: Laura had slumped in her chair, half reclining, her skirt raised and her hand gliding inside the white knickers. Embarrassed now, she covered herself and apologised.

"Nothing to be sorry about," said Harold. "I expect you can't wait to get at it yourselves now. In case anyone comes to call or little Johnny comes home for his tea. We'd better leave you to it."

"No, please don't go." This was Laura interrupting quickly. "I mean - well, perhaps you could stay for a while. To see ..."

I confess I didn't know what she wanted. Perhaps at that point she didn't either. But they agreed to stay. Charmian said, "Well, that's nice. You obviously enjoyed it."

"A lot," I said. What had been exciting for me was the way it had lifted the curtain on the most intimate area of someone's private life. Charmian was an assistant manageress in a store on Oxford Street. Tomorrow I would see dozens of women like her and I would wonder if - like her - they came alive when they got on their backs and opened their legs to a hungry cock. Of course they do, and now I would look at them and imagine them doing just that. "It was - well, very exciting for me."

"And for me," agreed Laura.

"So what would you like us to do? Harold can go again if that would be good. Give him half an hour."

“Maybe a bit more,” said her husband, handling what had become a very limp dick. “That was quite a session.”

“But you could do it all again?”

“Not exactly the same. We don’t have a set routine, like first this, then that. For it to be good, it has to be spontaneous, doing what we feel like at the time. And it would be nice if you wanted to join in, wouldn’t it, Char?”

“For both of us, yes it would.”

I looked at Laura. “We’ll see,” she said. “But tell us how you got started with - well, with this.”

“It was funny really,” said Harold. “In the summer we like to go for a picnic - there’s an area in Epping Forest we enjoy. Usually fairly quiet, not too many noisy kids. We take a few sandwiches and a thermos of tea and just wind down after a week at work. And this particular Sunday we had it all to ourselves.”

“So there I was, minding my own business, lying back on a blanket with my eyes closed, half dozing, when this devil,” she nodded towards Harold, “this devil put his hand up my skirt. Well, one thing led to another and before I knew it my knickers were off, I was on my knees and Harold was in me from behind.”

“Very good it was, too,” said her husband. “Until suddenly, this man appeared from the trees. I was a bit shaken and stopped, and really I was wondering what to do - pull out, or what - when he said, ‘Please don’t stop. You do it very well. But do you mind if I just watch?‘ He was about fifty and he sounded like a well-educated chap, and I saw that he had his cock out and was stroking it.”

“So did I,” said Charmian, “and I was turned on. I told Harold to keep going if he could.”

“It wasn’t difficult. My cock was still up for it and Char was very wet, so I just kept pumping her the way she likes it. Like you’ve seen her. And then, all of a sudden, he gave a little noise and shot his cum on the grass. He said, ‘Thank you. I enjoyed that,’ wiped his knob with a handkerchief. zipped himself up and disappeared back into the trees. I couldn’t have stopped if I’d wanted to, and just as I came we heard a car start up and drive away.”

“Did it ever happen again?”

“No. We went back the next Sunday and a couple of times after, but we never saw him again. The

thing was, we couldn’t forget it. Just thinking about it could get us going. So we looked around for a way to have someone watch us. And I found an ad for a hotel in Spain.”

“And that was a mistake,” Charmian added.

“It looked all right. They were open for broadminded couples only, twenty-five and over. It was easy to get the message, so we booked a week. A bit pricey but we took it anyway. The only flight we could get meant we arrived late. When we checked in the reception guy asked us if we wanted to ‘join in straight away.‘ He didn’t say join in what, but we were tired and went straight to bed.”

“But we soon found out. Next morning at breakfast. It turned out the hotel was a bit out in the country and had walls all round. Breakfast was served on a patio by the pool. When we got there, we couldn’t believe our eyes, could we?”

“No. There were several couples there, some just having breakfast. All the women were topless. Well, perhaps we shouldn’t have been surprised by that. But there was one woman sitting on the edge of the pool, dangling her legs, and there was a man in the water giving her a lick. Another couple were fucking on a sunbed. At half past nine in the morning.

“Not knowing quite what to do, we found a couple of sunbeds in a corner and watched what would happen. Pretty much everything did. Several times people wandered over and invited us to join them, but we said it was our first day and - well, basically, no thanks.”

Charmian screwed up her face at the memory. “Eventually, one of the less pushy couples came over and asked us why we didn’t want to join in. And when Harold explained what we were hoping for they said they would spread the word to leave us alone. But then they suggested that after the evening meal we would need to avoid what was usually a free-for-all. Instead, they said, we could go to their room with them for a session.”

“To be honest.” Harold added, “we spent most of the rest of the day in our room watching television - there were several porn channels, so we fucked and dozed. But we couldn’t lose sight of why we were there so we decided to go along to this other couple’s room after the meal. And that was another mistake.

“When we tapped on the door, he opened it, stark naked, and beckoned us in. His wife was already being fucked with two men standing over her waiting their turn. There were two women groping each other on the second bed. It was the last straw. We went back to our room and checked out the following morning, got a taxi into town and found another hotel where absolutely nothing was happening. From one extreme to the other.”

“Probably the worst holiday we ever had. An absolute waste of money. I mean, we’re broad-minded but that was like animals.”

“Back to square one,” I said.

“Yes, but the idea wouldn’t go away,” Harold said, “and after a lot of failures with time wasters, we made contact in a chat room with a couple who seemed like us. And that’s how it turned out when we met, and that’s how we’ve gone on ever since.”

“But even now,” added Charmian, “it’s only an occasional thing - when the mood takes us, really. There are two or three couples we’ve been back to, but sometimes we meet people who are all right at the time but no more and they stay a kind of one-off.”

“And us?” asked Laura.

“Oh, we’re very comfortable with you. We wouldn’t still be hear otherwise. We can go on again, if you like. Just say.”

That was when Harold indicated a cock that was beginning to harden under his handling of it, but wasn’t quite ready for to resume normal service. He said, “If I could make a suggestion, why don’t you two ladies set the example? Always speeds things up for me.”

I’ve often wondered since if that was a spur of the moment remark, or whether it was a cue to Charmian that they had used before. Anyway, she quickly turned to Laura and said, “We haven’t asked you, dear, are you bi? Bisexual, I mean.”

As Laura hesitated, I sensed a possibility that had never occurred to me. After a pause she said, “No. Not - I mean, I don’t know. It’s ...”

“It’s not a big issue, you know. More and more women seem to be these days.”

“Bisexual?”

“Yes. You wouldn’t be surprised if you worked with me. Just think about it. Helping a customer try on a shoe that’s often a size too small, your hand curls round her calf and you look up for approval - “

“Noting the knickers on the way,” Harold interjected.

“Yes, but also quite often seeing a look in the customer’s eyes that has nothing to do with shoes. More about wondering how it would be to have that hand wander a bit further up her leg.”

“And that really happens?”

“Oh yes. I’ve had more than one woman hand over her credit card with a piece of paper with her phone number on it. I remember another one who asked if she could have a think and come back later. That might have meant she would shop elsewhere but it didn’t. She came back and asked to try on the shoes again. Somehow she then managed to lift one leg higher than the other so her skirt rode up - and showed me everything. She’d been somewhere - the Ladies at John Lewis probably - and taken her knickers off altogether.”

“Do you ever follow up?”

“Never. With that customer I thought, if you’re that eager you’d better go back to John Lewis Ladies and get yourself off there. Sex and work have to be kept apart. A few weeks ago Harold told me about a new woman in his office, mid-twenties, big tits, not much to say about any boy friend. Would have been lovely to have her, but sex and work don’t mix.”

“But,” says Harold, looking at me, “that’s not a problem now. Would Laura like to try?”

I look at Laura. She says. “Can you cope? If I do.”

I’m pretty sure I will be very excited but still not sure how much to give away. “If it’s what you want.”

Charmian feels it’s time to stop talking and move on. She begins to undress Laura who doesn’t object. But then Harold interrupts. “Go ahead, Char. But if Laura doesn’t mind, can I deal with the white knickers first?”

Charmian laughs. “I should have remembered - it’s his big turn-on. Across your lap?”

“Yes please,”says Harold, seating himself on the edge of the bed, still using slow hand movements to get extra hardness into his dick. Charmian leads Laura over to him and helps her to lie across his lap, face down. Laura looks up at me and smiles in anticipation, all inhibition rapidly disappearing in incipient lust. I find it is very good for me. Time to stop being wary. I step out of my trousers and y-fronts and start to work on my cock, though in truth it doesn’t need much.

Harold is feeling my wife’s arse through her knickers. His hands mould the soft material to the contours of her buttocks. She murmurs softly. His hand slips between her legs. She widens them to

give him access. Charmian says, “She’ll be very wet. He’s good at this.”

I think to myself that the pair of them are apparently good at everything. I hope there will be something for me, too.

Harold reluctantly decides it is time to give way. He gets Laura to stand while he slowly eases the white knickers round her arse, which he fondles for the last time, down her thighs and legs until she steps out of them. He picks them up to show us the stained crotch. “Very wet,” he says. “She is so sexy - and all yours now, Char.”

Soon the two women are on the bed. My wife has her legs open, knees drawn up, hands teasing her nipples, eyes closed. Charmian, the shoe saleswoman we met for the first time less than two hours ago, the woman with the high cheekbones and the sensual mouth, looks down approvingly. “Lovely,” she murmurs, “it won’t take long. Harold has got you in a state, hasn’t he?”

Laura doesn’t reply and Charmian lets her head rest on Laura’s inner thigh, her eyes only inches from the glistening labia. She tests the opening with a tentative finger. “Oh, yes. You are more than ready. This will be very easy. So don’t work for it. Just take your time while I do things with my tongue and fingers, and just come whenever you are ready. It will only be the first, I promise.”

Passivity might have been the advice but it is very quickly clear that Laura isn’t finding it easy. At the very first contact of tongue and clitoris she emits a long drawn-out sound - a kind of oooohhhhhhh - and her pelvis jerks up to reciprocate the pressure. Charmian’s hand moves in to augment what her mouth is doing. I glance at Harold, who is still masturbating carefully. “”Tongue and two fingers,” he says. “It never fails. Not when Char does it.”

He is right. Within minutes, I can see the familiar signs. Laura is ready to come. Already she is so advanced it wouldn’t be possible to stop if she wanted to. And she doesn’t. Her hands leave her tits and come down to clasp the back of Charmian’s head. Her arse is pushing up from the bed. Charmian is tonguing and fingering her. The orgasm is the kind I have known in our own bed only when Laura has been without for a while for whatever reason - no fucking, no masturbating, saving up for a delirious release.

Credit to Charmian - she has unlocked something elemental in my wife, something I have since learned is now there to be tapped into at heightened moments. This ordinary couple are in the process of taking our future sex life to a whole new level.

The wind-down is prolonged, an indication of how far Charmian has taken her, and how determined Laura is to savour every last throbbing second. But eventually, she sits up and asks, “Should I do that

for you now?”

Every minute, it seems, a new Laura exposes her innermost libido, confident in herself and what she is discovering she likes, knowing that I am watching, wanting, I now suspect, to take me with her. My cock tells me I am more than ready.

“Of course, dear,” says Charmian. “But start with my tits. That always does it for me. Then the rest.”

Charmian lies back, arms and legs spread wide. Watching Harold sliding his cock into that voracious cunt half-an-hour ago was only the beginning. Now my wife is planning to taste it.

First, she kneels to deal with the gorgeous pear-shaped tits. Lifting them one by one to her lips, first licking then nibbling the nipples. Charmian says, “Good. Be careful but not too hard. Then down below soon.”

The hint is taken. While Laura nibbles she kets one hand slide down to Charmian’s cunt, seeking the clitoris. The combination seems to be just right for her partner who wriggles encouragement. After a while, she says simply, “Now, please, Laura.”

As far as I know my wife has never had an experience with another woman, but she takes to it with ease, enthusiasm almost. Her fingers part the swollen lips, slide each side of the clit and her tongue makes contact. My cock is sticking out at right angles and I remove my hand for fear of doing too much too soon.

Harold, too, is now at full erection and bending down to speak softly into Laura’s ear. “Keep licking but use two fingers inside. Finger fuck - in and out. Not too fast. She’ll need longer than you did. When it starts to happen, go in as firm as you like with your fingers and hold them there. Having something to press against while she comes is good.”

And that is what happens. Taking advantage of everything Laura is offering, Charmian is mistress of her own orgasm, taking her time, letting it build, talking too. “You’re right dear,” she tells Harold. “This is a real sexy one. She doesn’t need teaching. Barry is a lucky man.”

Then she falls silent, her eyes close, she bites her lower lip. I’ve seen her do this when Harold was fucking her earlier and I sense that she is willing herself into the final phase, feeling the tongue and fingers charting the path to fulfillment, picturing in her mind Laura’s head nestling between her legs.

This climax is entirely different from the one Laura has just shown us. Charmian grasps material from the bed cover in each hand, concentrates fiercely and lets nature have its way. No histrionics, much

deep breathing as her the pear-shaped tits rise and fall, a kind of half twist of her body to prolong the contact with my wife's tongue, and that does the trick. Her eyes open and she looks down at Laura whose attention she has so deeply absorbed, and says, "Thank you, my dear. That was just perfect. Not many are as good as that."

I wonder how many other women have preceded my wife, but I find I am proud of Laura for being so good. I am also indescribably horny and wondering where we go from here. This time, it is Harold who picks up the cue. He says, "I know you two ladies aren't complaining but don't forget us, will you?"

Afterwards I wonder if this isn't another pre-planned bit of dialogue, an exchange they have used with other couples. Anyway, it prompts Chamrian to say, "You're right, but it depends on Barry and Laura, what they would like. Perhaps they just want to fuck while we watch."

"Or?" The question came swiftly from Laura.

"Or," Charmian goes on, "I know Harold would like to fuck you. And if Barry wants to put that into me, he is more than welcome." Suiting action to words, she knelt in front of me and took my cock in her mouth with relish. I looked at Laura who smiled, nodded and turned to grasp Harold's dick with fingers still slippery from Charmian's cunt juice.

It was the start of more than half-an-hour of sex without inhibition and in all its combinations. At first we fucked side by side, Harold on top of Laura, me pinning down Charmian and pumping steadily. That woman was fantastic. Nothing would have been easier than for her to open up, take me in, tell me to go harder and in seconds I would have filled her cunt with the cum that had been building inside my balls all through that erotic afternoon.

But that wasn't her way. Whether it was down to past experience, or just to a sexual sixth sense, she understood implicitly my state of arousal from minute to minute, from one wriggle to the next, from an early warning to take a time out to a sharp "Now fuck again." Always wanting more but always careful how she took it.

More than once I was conscious of Laura reaching across to squeeze my hand and catch my eye. "Good for you?"

"Yes. You?"

"Wonderful."

Are all cunts more or less the same? Probably they are, give or take the care that has gone into preserving the grip. But the mind plays its part, too, and pressing my chest against the pear-shaped tits while I felt her inner warmth and wetness enfolding my dick, I registered a difference between Charmian and Laura. Not something better, just different. Gradually, I discovered that it was possible to respond to Charmian's intuition and fuck with control.

We went at with gusto and a certain amount of subtlety, too. Changing positions, changing partners, changing back again. At one point, when Harold and I felt the need for restraint before resuming coupling, Laura and Charmian slipped into a sixty-nine until Laura came.

The climax came when Harold was on his back, cock sticking up like a flag pole and Laura was kneeling over him sucking it. Charmian had asked for a vigorous doggie and the sweat was dripping off me as I gave it to her. But then she shuffled us round until we were directly behind them. Charmian looked back at me and mouthed, "Keep doing me," when she lowered her head towards my wife's backside.

For a moment, I wasn't sure of what is was seeing, but my cock gave a massive jerk as Charmian's tongue found its target. Laura shrieked, "Oh my god, she tonguing my arsehole. Yes, just there. Do it, do it. Make me come. Put your tongue in there." Her hand flew underneath her and she triggered her last orgasm of an unbelievable experience. Harold made his contribution by jerking his cock until he splattered my wife's tits with his cum.

I was still clinging on to Charmian's hips and plugging her cunt for all I was worth until I felt her come too. How she did it, I don't know because I had no contact with her clit. Laura says it may have been brilliant mind control. Anway, just as I was about to let my load go into her, she shrugged me off, rolled me on my back and plunged her mouth on to my dick, sucking greedily. Out of control, I surrendered. The spasms were out of this world as she drank the lot.

There's not much more to tell. We were a bit quiet as we gathered up our things and got dressed. Harold and Charmian declined our offer of another cup of tea, we exchanged polite kisses, and they left.

We watched them get into their car and drive away. An ordinary couple.