

You never know a woman

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After all these years, wife can still up and surprise me.

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How much do you know your partner?

Even in later years, contrary to popular belief, new things can and do happen. We have been married now for many years, enjoyed each others company, grown together, produced our children and basked in the love of our grandchildren. Without giving too much away, our eldest daughter is thirty five and mother of four boys.

In those years together, we have played, tried many things, with varying degrees of success. Several of those experiences have formed the basis of stories published to the net on many sites, some of them here. (If you cannot find them, just ask me and I will forward the links.)

So to this new experience; I suppose I should allow a brief description to paint the background as it were.

Carol, my wife of thirty seven years, is slightly overweight (she says), is still a good looking woman and, in my view, goes in and out in all the right places. The sight of her naked still raises interest in me and a word or look can produce a night of passion, especially when that look is framed in any one of the several outfits we have bought to play in. I don't see a woman who is closer to sixty than fifty, I see a woman who remains as sexy as the day I met her.

The advantage of years is that, the frenetic love making of early years has passed. These days, it is a more relaxed and satisfying excursion into nerve ending stimulation. Foreplay can take care of as much as twenty minutes or more depending on our mood. Our irregular sessions can be more than a couple of hours of pleasure in various positions until exhaustion and secretions have run out.

Anyway.

Sunday afternoon, as she was drying the dishes I had washed from our midday meal, she announced, as if it were nothing more than an everyday topic of conversation that she wanted to try a three or more some.

Now, anyone who has read stories of mine that covered our early years, "The Lesson and Role Play" to name two of them, will know that I have a broad mind. But, I have to admit that this turn of events caused me to pause for a second or so. Together, we have watched many porn movies which involved one, two or many participants, but at no time had she mentioned a desire to try the various mixes of sexes. Suddenly, at the tender age of fifty six-ish, she nonchalantly throws this innocuous comment into our everyday conversation, as if it were no more than a casual observation of the weather.

Eventually, after a few seconds of getting my thought processes back into alignment, I asked her what had brought this sudden desire to the fore.

“Well...” She began. “I was chatting with Janice the other day and she told me about a swinging club she and David go to occasionally and I thought that it would be nice perhaps, to try it out with other people, sort of branch out, as it were.”

“So you want to swap partners? Is that it?”

“No, not swap partners, but have a woman or a man come join us here.”

Carol has always said that sex belongs in the home, in the bedroom, between two people, in private and not for general consumption so, having someone visit for the purposes of a sexual encounter is something of a departure from that particular view point, but not so far away as going to a club. There is some logic to it I suppose, it is still in our bedroom after all.

“So, who have you got in mind?” Applying male logic to the situation helped me to arrive at the entirely wrong conclusion that there might be an ulterior motive. Perhaps she fancied the milkman or the postman.

“No one.” She answered. I thought I detected a lack of full information or evasiveness. I am naturally suspicious when confronted with an unfamiliar situation.

“Well, male or female?” I had my preference of course, true to the masculine train of thought.

“Either or both.” She continued wiping the dinner plate with the tea towel, but looked askance at me to gauge my reaction.

“Well how about Janice, she is most likely up for it?” Janice had something of a reputation, living up to the Happy Divorcee myth to the full.

“Hell, no. Janice is a slut and met herself coming back from around the block. She’s had more pricks than a pin cushion. I was thinking of a complete stranger, perhaps a couple off of Anywebcam dot com. I know you visit the site often and chat to several people on there. By the way, it would have been nice if you had asked me first before putting those photos up.”

I must have glanced down or looked guilty in some way because she laughed.

“I want it to be someone neither of us knows and it needs to be someplace else, like one of those Travel Lodges. They couldn’t care less what goes on in their rooms just so long as you pay.” Carol smiled no more than a curl to one side of her mouth in her impish way when she has an idea.

“You’ve thought about this haven’t you?” I would never be one to accuse my wife of having seditious thoughts, but here, from her own lips, was proof that she not only had the thoughts, but also the makings of a plan.

“Some...” She admitted. “...I just kind of wondered what it would be like, having a different man screw me while you watched and perhaps, have me watch you with another woman.”

“So, you don’t want to mess around with the woman then?”

I didn't say that. I think it might be nice to try. I have wondered once or twice, what it felt like for you when you lick me and I can think of only one way to find out."

We finished the dishes, put them away and made a cup of tea to take into the lounge. I was thinking, thoughts rapidly running around my head, visual scenarios for Carol's head between the legs of some strange woman neither of us knew. And, of Carol, kneeling in the doggy position while an Adonis shaped young man rammed into her. The inevitable arousal made its presence known with the suffusion of blood to my organ.

That evening proved to be one of those nights when sex transcends the physical act and spraying my cum all over her clit as she rubbed it furiously was only an act on the way to a fulfilment that culminated in a mutual satiation.

We spoke about this turn of events, chatting and planning on how it might be achieved. We decided against having someone from we couldn't rely on discretion and that, to Carol, was paramount.

It's all very well thinking it, but the actuality is not quite so easy. Contrary to popular belief on so many web-sites, people are not just gagging for sex. Standing on street corners or hanging around in bars, just waiting for the opportunity to present its self. And then, there is actually going out on the hunt, as it were. Where does a couple who are more than twenty five go to meet strangers? Carol had already said she was not interested in going to a club. It might have helped, but in some twisted logic, she preferred that the person we hit on was not at a predestined place, purely for the motive of finding a sexual encounter.

I booked us into a Travel Lodge in Southend, thinking that the bars would be quite crowded and we might stand a good chance of hooking up with some one. Well yes, the bars were crowded, but everyone was at least half our age and, if they did look our way, only saw two old people dressed in clothes way too young for them. Perhaps we tried too hard to integrate and meld, perhaps we were

too old, but it was obvious that we would not hook up.

Back at the hotel room, after giving up for the night, I fucked her all over the room, starting in the easy chair and finishing on the edge of the bed with my cock in her arse as I pulsed my expend deep into her. Now, that is a rare treat for me. Carol's arse is something of a shrine, a place to be visited on special occasions only.

We tried again, finding a motel just outside Brighton in Sussex . Brighton is known for its liberal attitudes, has the highest population of gays in the country per capita, but, even with Carol dressed in leather and fishnet stockings, we didn't raise so much as an eyebrow except from some guy way too drunk to get off the stool he was on, let alone raise a woody.

We had some wild sex in our room later, Carol fired up with the imagination of having a second man in the room and me, playing along with the scenario. The night came to a close as she performed oral on me, sucking my balls dry in front of our web-cam and allowing my cum to dribble past her lips, to fall on her tits in globules. Now that video did make it onto our profile on

"Perhaps this wasn't such a good idea." She said to me as we cuddled before sleep overcame us and the warm glow of sex slowly dissipated.

"It is a great idea. We're just not going about it in the right way I think." I nuzzled her neck and slid down to hold her in an embrace with her bottom in my stomach.

"Perhaps we're trying too hard." But how do you try less?

We tried on a couple of occasions, booking into a Travel Lodge or Motel, but were met with the same disappointment. For some reason, it just didn't happen. I suppose there was a bonus; we travelled England, visiting places we would not have otherwise. Gradually, the idea faded into a fantasy that we played out on occasion to enhance our lovemaking.

September came and went, melding into October, even melting into each other. The weather had been very hot, days and nights only differed by sunlight. Bed clothes were too much to bear.

We attended the wedding of Carol's boss. The woman had decided to marry a guy some fifteen years her junior, but explained in one of those girly moments, that he had the staying power of a horse and was hung like one too.

Of course, the reception after the ceremony was fuelled with a plenitude of drink and food. She had hired a barn so that she could get enough room for the three hundred guests. A bar had been brought and a band that was surprisingly good, belted out popular songs from a raised dais. It was a great night.

AT about three o'clock in the morning, Carol and I had run out of steam. Neither of us was drunk, but certainly, we were light-headed as we bade our goodbyes and well wishes to the happy couple who were grappling on the dance floor.

We shut the door on the barn, sealing of the sounds of the band and hundreds of people enjoying them selves.

Our pre-arranged cab, that was to take us back to our hotel, wasn't anywhere to be seen. The night

was pitch black, illuminated by stars and a few forlorn lamps that hung on the sides of the timber barn creating halos of dim light.

It was still warm, heat radiated from the ground coming up through the soles of our feet as we waited. We cuddled and looked for the stab of headlamps that would signify the arrival of the car.

I said something about having a quickie in the hayrick while we waited, Carol laughed, a tinkling trill that really meant, nice idea buster, but it isn't going to happen. We decided to walk down to the gate to the lane where the cab would come from.

The gate stood agape and had someone leaning over the top bar. It was too dark to really see who until we were within touching distance.

The woman was obviously drunk and had thrown up at least once. Carol went to her aid, asking if she was okay and could we do anything to help.

She responded, saying that she was alright, but really wanted to get back to town to her hotel. With Carol's aide, she managed to stand and wobble around on the uneven ground. Carol was trying to sober her up a little, asking questions in an effort to get the woman's head into gear. Gradually, and after the removal of some impossibly high heeled shoes, her charge straightened up.

Suddenly, the darkness of the night was split by the twin beams of headlamps on full, scything through the blackness, coming down the lane. Our cab had at last arrived.

Carol had obviously offered to give the hapless woman a lift and helped her into the rear of the car and then followed her in to sit on the back seat. I sat at the front and confirmed to the wordless driver, our destination. Denise, Carol's new friend, was staying at the same hotel so, that was useful.

Half an hour later, after driving through deserted streets and country lanes, we arrived at the hotel. The cab dropped us at the front and sped away without a word from the driver through out the journey.

Denise couldn't remember her room number and said her husband had the key, but he had left the reception earlier with a couple of guys who were going to find a bar. Their relationship sounded rocky. We told the night Porter that we would look after the hapless Denise and that he should leave a message for her husband so he would know where she was.

Carol decided that Denise might feel better after a shower; she would certainly smell a lot cleaner out of her stained dress. Regurgitated red wine clings in an acidic pungent way. So the two ladies left me to the coffee maker while they attended to Denise's plight.

"Can you hand me my robe?" Carol's disembodied voice came from the bathroom after ten minutes or so.

I grabbed the robe from the closet and handed it through the door while telling her that coffee was made.

A few minutes later, a dishevelled Denise came out of the bathroom, her dark blonde hair plastered in corkscrewed ringlets, dripping onto the robe that she had wrapped around her and clasped at the neck by her hand.

“Thanks.” She said as I handed her a cup. She sipped and winced at the hotness, then walked over to the stool in front of the mirrored dressing table. I could hear Carol in the shower, the sounds of water coming from the open door, faint wisps of steam escaping around the door frame.

“God, I look a mess.” I didn’t know whether I should answer or not so, decided to say nothing.

“Listen, thanks for looking after me. I guess I drank a bit too much after Ron left.”

“No worries.” I glanced up and looked at her reflection in the mirror. The robe was open at the neck and gave a tantalising glimpse of creamy flesh and the swell of her breasts. She smiled in the mirror and took a sip of her coffee, closing the vee shaped view of her chest.

I got another robe from the closet and took it to the bathroom for Carol who was just getting out of the shower.

“What do you think?” She whispered.

“I think she will be okay after some sleep.” I answered.

“No dummy, what do you think about... you know, the three of us?” I could see the excitement in her eyes at the prospect. “She likes her tits played with and has a huge clit.”

“I thought you two were in here to sober her up not fool around.” Damn! I thought, that would have been hot to see.

“So what do you think?” Carol was pushing me toward the door.

Denise was still sitting on the stool, but the robe was now crumpled around her waist, leaving her top half exposed while she appraised herself in the mirror. Her smile left no doubts of her condition. Whatever she and Carol had done in the bathroom had ignited a flame to which she was inexorably drawn.

Carol pushed past me and went to Denise, bending her knees behind her so that their heads were on a level and eyes locked in a silent communication in the mirror. I stood, statue like and watched as Carol kissed Denise’s neck below her ear and slipped her hands around to grasp her breasts. Denise inclined her head, allowing Carol a better access to her neck and covered Carol’s hands with her own over her breasts.

And then, they kissed, a little awkwardly, with the position they were in with Carol behind Denise. Their mouths were clamped together as they readjusted so that Carol was kneeling in front of Denise her breasts held in each hand, nipples pinched between thumb and fore finger.

They stood still joined lip to lip, tongue to tongue. Robes slid off to land at their feet, forgotten. Denise’s arms slipped around Carol’s waist and grasped her buttocks, nails digging into flesh, making small dents and separating her cheeks a little. She pulled Carol to her, their bodies melding into a seamless closeness, breast to breast, hip to hip and mouth to mouth. Carol’s fingers dug in deeply into Carol’s ass cheeks while Carol encircled her neck, locking their mouths together while tongues explored each other.

At a mutually agreed, but silent signal, they fell onto the bed, still clasping each other, still kissing. Carol's hand, the one not supporting Denise's head, had managed to find her breast and then her nipple. She squeezed it between thumb and finger, rolling the hard little nub, pulling slightly, arousing it to harden further. Denise sought Carol's mound. Somehow, she managed to reach down between them without getting in the way of Carol's busy hand. The first touch made Carol shudder. A finger must have found her clit as they lay side by side.

I sat down on the stool to watch the unfolding events, my cock straining to bust out of my trousers and join in the action.

Carol wriggled down and pushed Denise onto her back. She kissed and sucked her nipple into her mouth which had Denise gasping while her claw like hands pressed into Carol's head.

She knelt at Denise's side, still with her mouth clamped to her breast. Slowly, her free hand began a tantalisingly slow quest for Denise's mound and sex. Finger tips travelled inexorably downwards, tracing circles over her skin, producing small shivers of increasing excitement as the anticipation of intimate touch became nearer.

From a watching point of view, it was delicious to watch. Although it wasn't me whose fingers were doing the travelling, I too, could feel the mounting sexual tension between these two women and from my vantage, the view of Denise's darkly haired snatch, waiting for Carol's fingers to at last find it, was almost too much to bear.

And then, the lightest of touches to her hood had Denise arching her back and gasping. Her breath became even more ragged as the single finger explored further and hooked slightly, trapping her clit against her pubic bone. It was electric and had Denise writhing, her legs twitching as an obvious orgasm ripped through her. She grasped Carol's head even harder, forcing her mouth onto her breast as she struggled through her climax.

I was amazed at the speed Denise had cum. It seemed like they had only just got on the bed, just got into the first throws of passion and already, she was creaming. It bode well for the next hour or so.

Carol broke free from the clutches of Denise's clawing hands at the back of her head. She knelt up and then adjusted herself so that she was between spread knees. Deliciously slowly, putting on a show for me and teasing Denise, she lowered her head, aiming at that glorious bush.

Her tongue found Denise's furry slit and began to lap at her juices, running the tip of her tongue over her clit and then burying it as deeply as she could in her hole.

Claw like talons gripped the bedding as Denise thrashed her head from side to side, mouthing ohmigod, ohmigod. And then she came again, shivering as her orgasm ripped through her. I could see the corners of Carol's mouth raise in a smile before being mashed against her new friend's cunt to bring her off once again.

At last, satisfied she had sucked all the juice out of Denise, Carol readjusted and straddled Denise's head, facing her knees and insisting that the favour be returned. She was duly given the service, a tongue sought out her inner recesses and lips sucked hungrily on Carol's pussy lips. While she was being eaten out, Carol stuck three fingers into Denise and finger fucked her as hard as she could, showing me her cunt, split wide apart with half a fist jammed inside. Denise's hips were bucking frantically at the onslaught and a muffled "Oh fucking hell" came from the vicinity of Carol's tongue lashed cunt.

Carol squirted in ecstatic reaction, nearly drowning poor Denise below her. She tried to swallow, but the sheer volume and sudden gush had it pouring from her nose and mouth as she gagged and dribbling into her ears. I knew how she felt, having done the same on several occasions.

They settled for a few moments rest, both overcome by the intensity of their respective orgasms. There they were, lying breast to breast, hip to hip, sharing the same air and suddenly giggling at the release they had had.

“What’s so funny?” I innocently asked them.

“The look on your face is what’s funny”. Carol answered. “You look like your about to explode.”

“Not far wrong. God you two look fantastic together.” And they did and I wanted to join the picture.

I shucked off my clothes, leaving them in an untidy heap on the floor. My rigid cock pointed the way, straight at the two giggling women who were still clasping one another.

“Denise...” My wife started. “...would you mind awfully, if my husband fucked you?” She asked it in an exaggeratedly polite and comical way, causing them to giggle again.

“Well, of course not my dear. I mean, what damage can one small cock cause?” With that, they were both roaring with laughter.

The effect was a self-conscious deflation of my manhood. Feeling that I was being ridiculed and ganged up on drained the desire right out of me. I suppose it must have been plainly obvious because they stopped laughing and turned very serious suddenly.

Being manhandled by two women is something of a novelty. Wordlessly, they flipped me on my back. Denise straddled my cock while Carol sat on my face. Her cunt smelled fantastically, musky and slick with her love juices still drying on her gorgeous lips. I slurped and licked, tasting her and getting more and more excited, knowing that she had really cum hard from her bout with Denise.

My cock had instantly revived, now that Denise was guiding into her furry muff with a fist wrapped around it. Pretty soon, she was riding me with all of my meat stuffed deeply into her body.

A slight change of angle indicated that they were kissing each other, possibly even fondling breasts. I couldn't see, but the thought drove me over the edge and I blasted all my pent up cum right into Denise's guts.

But they were not yet quite finished with me. Denise continued to ride my softening dick, my cum making squishing sounds as it was mashed out of her and rubbed all over my balls as she writhed and squirmed and rubbed her clit, hard against me.

Carole, meantime, was squirting all over my face. She had squirted a few times during our marriage, but never twice as she had tonight and never all over me. It was a fantastic feeling, having her feminine nectar anoint my skin.

Knowing that my dick needed a little time to recover, I squirmed out from under them and, while still on my back, looking at them kiss and grapple tits. I slide a couple of fingers into both of them and somehow, managed to find a clit on both thumbs while fingering.

Fingering them like this had them clasping each other as if to stop them from falling flat on their backs. It was fantastic, looking up at two pairs of tits jiggling as they shuddered. Both were moaning and panting and grinding their hips and cunts against my fingers, getting faster as they neared yet another climax.

Almost as soon as the idea entered my head, I had slid my little finger in both their asses. That drove Denise completely over the edge immediately. She screamed "Oh my fucking god." At the top of her voice and blasted her cum all over my hand and wrist. That proved to be the trigger for Carol who spasmed with a grunt and a howl.

It was time to rest. We all desperately needed to catch our breath and calm down after such frenetic activity.

Within minutes, Carol was dozing, lying on her side while Denise lay in the crock of my arm, her tousled hair tickling my nose.

"Do you do this often?" She asked her voice little more than a whisper.

"This is something we have been looking to do for quite some time. In fact, we had given up hope that it would ever come about." I nuzzled her crown, liking the smell of her hair. "I have to say thank you Denise, you were wonderful and I hope you enjoyed yourself too."

"I had a fantastic time, thank you. I have never ever cum like that before. Fact is, I have never been with a woman before and as for a threesome... well, it was a first all round."

She said no more for a few minutes, I lay there listening to the soft snore from Carol and the easy breathing of Denise. Then suddenly, she twitched and a sob escaped from her. I had not felt the tears on my chest.

“What’s the matter Denise?” I asked, suddenly concerned.

“Nothing...” She answered through a hitch “... apart from reality hitting home.” Her shoulder shook as sobs wracked her body. “Tonight was fantastic, I will never forget it, but it all came about because of my fucking selfish husband and now, after all this, I have to go back to the shit.”

“I see...” I said, while sagely nodding my head. “...I can’t really answer that one. But, well if you need anyone, you know where we are. If you need a bolt hole, call us, we will pick you up and you can stay with us until you get fixed up.”

“You’re very kind...thank you.” And then she scuttled down the bed and sucked my cock right into her mouth and pumped her fist until my cock blew its second load of the night. She must have swallowed because there was nothing left on the sheet.

We slept till morning with me sandwiched between two naked butts, both beautiful and warm.

The next morning, when we eventually awoke, I was hoping for a repeat performance and had the largest woody of my life. But, I was to be disappointed.

Denise got out of bed first and naked, walked into the bathroom. The sound of her showering soon followed.

“Fucking hell Carol, that was some night.” It wasn’t my best wake up greeting.

“Mm...” Carol stretched, her arms aloft, making her tits rise in a languid pose. We both stunk of sex, the bed, even the room reeked from our excesses. “...Where’s Denise?”

“Taking a shower.”

“Was it a nice blow job she gave you?” I wasn’t certain, but thought I heard a note in her voice that warned me to be careful.

“It was okay.” I decided on noncommittal as the best way forward.

“She sure has an aptitude for sex.” Carol swung her legs over the side of the bed. “I need to pee.”

I was left alone on the bed. I could hear the two women talking softly through the half opened door.

Denise returned, wrapped in a bathrobe. She dressed with her back to me, leaving the bathrobe on

until the last moment. The wine had dried on her dress and was wrinkled from being left overnight in a heap.

Carol emerged from the steam filled bathroom, naked and dripping from her shower.

“Denise is just leaving.” It was a dismissal if I ever heard one. She was gone a few minutes later, leaving nothing more than a memory and a lingering scent from a bottle, fished out of her purse.

Carol squared up to me, standing at the end of the bed, hands on hips, still naked and wetting the carpet with shower water as it dripped off of her.

“Okay Buster. That was absolutely fucking fantastic, better than I thought it would be. But, I have news for you... it will never happen again. Understood?” She jutted her chin out in that way she does when there is no room for negotiation. “I am sure we will fuck our brains out remembering it, but that is what it will be, a memory and nothing more.” Her manner said case closed.

I nodded, too stunned to say anything.

“Good. Now get up and cleaned off. I want to go home.”

It was several days later that I found out what had made her mind up. We had just finished screwing our hearts out and were enjoying the after-sex glow, just before sleep catches up and truth is on the surface.

“I enjoyed it too much...” Carol admitted. I knew instantly what she was talking about. “... I found I enjoyed sex with a woman a bit too much for my liking and really, really don't want to fuck up what we have, just because of sex.”

I nodded and agreed with her. As a one off, it was wonderful and something we would re-live many times over, privately. But, doing it over again would be too damned dangerous, our marriage was too important to us both.

So you see, you never know a woman. Even though you have lived with her for most of your lives, you never know what goes on behind those doe eyes they hide behind. My wife is a closet gay, or at least a Bi, but she chose not to explore it. Looking at her, listening to her as I have for many years, I would never have known. Fascinating creatures aren't they?