

An Ordinary Couple

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A couple put on a show for a husband and wife who have never before seen a live fuck

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I was watching from the sitting room window when they arrived shortly after two o'clock that Saturday afternoon. I had put our car away and closed the garage door so they had room to park on our drive. They came in a Volkswagen Polo, about seven years old. He held the door politely while she climbed out. Laura, watching beside me, said, "They look nice enough. Ordinary people." "That's what they said on the phone. I'll go to the door - we ought to offer them something to drink." They introduced themselves as Harold and Charmian. He was in a casual jacket and slacks, collar and tie; nothing special but neat and tidy. Charmian wore a dark blue blouse and matching skirt. The blouse was buttoned to the top. Once they had taken seats on the sofa, I offered to open a bottle of wine. Charmian said they would prefer a cup of tea. "No sugar for me, please, but one for Harold." "Would you like to have a little chat first?" Harold asked when Laura retired to the kitchen to boil the kettle. "We think it helps the first time. It's a bit off-putting when people want to get down to it almost before you're through the door." Harold told us he was 34, an accounts clerk for an insurance company in the City. Charmian was 31, an assistant manageress in a shoe shop in Oxford Street. A dozen years younger than us but that didn't seem to be a problem. I said, "You'll need to guide us, I think. How you want to go about it." I tried to sound a little less nervous than I actually was. "Well, it's not like there are rules. We can do anything you want, but any time someone says no, it means no. After that, we like to play it by ear. Just so everyone can relax and enjoy it." Charmian touched his arm. "Language, dear. You haven't mentioned language." Laura overheard this as she returned with their cups of tea. "Is that a problem?" "No. We just need to know how you feel. Some people are upset by hearing words they already know. It's odd but we can understand it. For ourselves, we think that in the bedroom it's different. Words like 'cock' and 'cunt' add something. We talk a lot." He looked at Laura. "We have our moments, too," she said. "Let's see how it goes - but don't hold back for us. But while we seem to be clearing the decks, what about condoms?" I was pleased when Harold gave a straight answer. "We prefer it without - condoms take away something. But it's a matter of trust, isn't it? Some people don't want to take the chance." Laura and I had talked about this, so I was pleased she had brought it up. We had decided we would make a decision when we saw them. I said, "We wouldn't, either. But if you tell us honestly there isn't a problem, I think we would prefer it without." One bridge crossed. "Do you usually find the first time easy with new people?" I asked. "Well, what's

usually? It's not as though we are doing this all the time. Only every so often, when we feel the urge for a little bit of excitement. This is the first time for about six weeks. And we need to feel we're with the right kind of people - ordinary, like us" "But is it usually easy? For people who haven't - well, done this kind of thing before." "Most times, yes. We try to put people at their ease if they're inexperienced." "Like us," said Laura. "I don't think you'll have a problem. We can tell. Sometimes it feels wrong. For instance, when people think we want money. We don't - doing it for money would spoil it. And we always say no to cameras. Don't want pictures of us in action on the internet. Anything of that sort crops up, we just leave as politely as we can and nothing at all happens." "But not now?" Laura asked. Harold smiled. "We'll find out, won't we? The thing is this: have you ever seen people fucking?" He looked at Laura. "Do you mind me putting it like that?" "No. I've said we don't shock that easily. And anyway, we've seen plenty - pictures, I mean." "Oh yes, we've all seen it in films - but that's only pretending and clever camera work. DVDs or the Internet are what most people see, of course. But what I meant is - being there while two people are doing it. Close to them. Part of it, almost." Laura didn't respond. I know her well enough to understand that she was making her mind up once again. I knew she wanted to because she is a very sexy woman but now the moment had arrived, was she ready? Harold went on, "Isn't that why you've wanted us? To be with us while we do it. You should understand we like being watched. This is what we like to do. Why we are here. It's a turn-on for us, isn't it, dear?" "Yes," said Charmian. "It can be - well, very exciting. I mean, when we were in the car coming here I said to Harold that we never quite know how it will turn out - me on my back, opening my legs ready to be fucked. And two people we haven't met yet watching us. Just thinking about it made me wet." And that really was that. Harold looked round our sitting room and smiled. "Where would you like us to do it? We're pretty adaptable." "Well," said Laura, smiling back. "There's the sofa you're sitting on. But unless you want another cup of tea, wouldn't a bedroom be better? Follow me." So we took the first step along a very exciting path we had spent a lot of time discussing. We used the guest bedroom. Laura's father used to sleep there occasionally but since he died there had been no one. This was an opportunity to put it to good use. There's a double bed and we had moved in two small armchairs - for spectators. "Oh, this is perfect," said Charmian. We'll be fine here." Harold looked at the chairs and said, "Get as close as you like - this is for you to enjoy as much as us. One thing we don't like is doing it in silence. Don't be afraid to talk to us, tell us if there's something special we could do that would be horny for you." "Stripping off would be a good start," I suggested. "Right you are," said Harold. "But can we let Charmian do her party piece first?" "Party piece?" "Well," she said, "you know I sell shoes, and I've been admiring Laura's May I have a look?" Having asked my wife to sit in one of the chairs, Charmian knelt down, lifted a foot and removed a shoe. "Very nice," she said, "do you always wear a three-inch heel." "Not usually around the house but otherwise, yes." Charmian put the shoe back on and turned to Harold with a smile. "I think you'll be pleased - white ones." "White - ?" "Laura's knickers. White is a turn-on for Harold." Laura gave a half-nervous laugh. "How do you know? About mine?" "It's easy really. You remove the customer's shoe, make a remark and look up into their face for a response. On the way, a practised eye gets a quick glimpse under the skirt. It doesn't always work, but especially in summer with short skirts and a

female assistant, women are not always careful about keeping their legs closed.” “It’s clever, though,” said Harold proudly. “Then she comes home and tells me what she’s seen that day, and often that sets us off.” Harold look to his wife for approval, and she nodded. “I like white, myself. It always reminds me of our wedding night. We’d fucked before then, of course, but there was something special about Char stepping out of her wedding dress and lying across my lap with her arse in the air in white knickers.” “But not today?” Laura asked with a glance at Charmian’s dark stockings. “No,” said Harold, who was already unbuttoning his wife’s blouse. “Black today. Sometimes people have a special request - red is a favourite - but we find black is a turn-on most times.” He pushed down the zip of her skirt and Charmian posed for us unselfconsciously. Black bra supporting ample breasts, French knickers, suspender belt and stockings. A bit obvious, I suppose, but I liked it. I think I was getting hard. “Are you a tit man?” Harold asked. Before I could respond, Laura spoke. “Of course, he is. Aren’t all men? I mean - oh, they’re gorgeous.” Harold had unclasped the bra and Laura’s exclamation matched my thoughts. “You will like these then.” He cupped a hand beneath one and lifted it for us to admire the contour. Because these were not conventional round breasts - they were pear-shaped with prominent, dark nipples. Harold bent his head and applied his tongue. Charmian smiled. “He can do that as long as he likes,” she said. “I just love it. The trouble is he can’t usually wait to get into my knickers.” As she spoke, a pair of eager hands was already peeling the garment down her thighs before guiding her to the bed. There he asked her to lie on her back and spread her legs for our inspection. She was shaved and the lips were already puffy and I thought they appeared damp. The pale thighs above the black stockings were an almost obscene invitation. I definitely knew I was hard. I wondered about Laura. As though reading my thoughts, Harold said, “There may come a moment when you two may want to stop being voyeurs and join in. We don’t always make that offer, but I think you would be OK. If you get the urge, if you know what I mean. Yes, Char?” “Not a problem for me. But they don’t have to.” “Of course not.” I had wondered if this might come up, and I wasn’t sure what the outcome would be. Laura had been half excited, half nervous about meeting Harold and Charmian. She’s no prude and very open-minded about sex with me, and she admitted she was aroused by the thought of watching. That far would not be a problem. But I knew in the back of her mind she wasn’t at all certain whether she would ever want anyone but me to fuck her. There was also the matter of how I would feel if that possibility arose. I put the thought aside: I’d make decision if the situation arose. Meanwhile, Harold was swiftly stripping off. “My turn now,” he said, taking Charmian’s place on the bed. She knelt between his legs, took his cock in her hand and lifted it to her lips. “You’ll not see everything, of course,” he went on. “You can see how she works the shaft with her hand while she only takes in the head, but when she sucks it all in you have to guess what’s going on with her tongue.” “It seems to be working,” I said. His tool was already erect and Charmian was still gobbling it greedily. “It’s not one of those monsters you read about - eight or nine inches. I suppose there may be some but we haven;t seen any. We measured me once and it was four-and-a-half. Char says when I go at her with it, it must be the full five. It’s how you use it, really.” After a while, Charmian removed her husband’s dick from her mouth completely and held it out for us all to see. She had had a substantial effect. “Good enough for me,” she said proudly. “Now sixty-nine. The way

we do it is one of our specialities.. You on top, Harold.” For this manoeuvre, Charmian lay on her back on the bed and Harold knelt astride her head, facing towards her feet. She then reached round his right leg to grasp his cock and hold it in an upright position. When she began to stroke it slowly, her tongue licked the underside of his balls and back towards his arsehole. It made contact and he croaked, “Yes, that’s it. Good girl. But careful now.” It seemed there was only so much of this Harold could cope with this early. His next move was to topple slowly forward so that his head came to rest between his wife’s thighs. Inching forward at the other end, he nestled his prick between her tits and then brought his tongue into play. His fingers were holding Charmian’s lips open so he could concentrate on her clit. For her part, she was alternately using her hands to squeeze her tits round his cock and then applying subtle stimulation to his arse cheeks and sphincter. Laura looked at me. “Remember this,” she said. “For later?” “Perhaps.” Without pausing in her attention to Harold’s cock, Charmian looked up at us and said, “This is going to be great. I can tell from how hard he is already.” Her husband, busy with his tongue was in no position to say anything. In any case, Charmian was beginning to lift her arse from the bed, pushing her cunt against his mouth as though she might come at any minute. Apparently, Harold could recognise the signs and backed off and turned to us. “Would you like us to fuck now?” “Yes please,” said Laura, letting her hand run across the front of my trousers, checking that I was already fully aroused, but trying not to be obvious about it. As it happened, they wouldn’t have noticed - they were changing positions for the next phase. Charmian was on her back again, knees raised and wide apart. Harold dipped three fingers into her cunt and withdrew them. “Is she very wet?” I wanted to know. “Oh yes, he knows that,” Charmian replied. “But he likes to get his cock very slippery with my juice before he starts.” We watched as he collected more secretion and applied it with long, careful strokes to a very stiff shaft. When he was satisfied, he took it in one hand and rested the knob against Charmian’s cunt lips. The slightest pressure then took the head inside. He paused. “Good. Tell me when, Char.” “When you like. This is for your benefit - I can take it all whenever you like.” So Harold gently pushed his cock, little by little, into that receptive hole until it was fully buried. For a while he didn’t move. “It’s just brilliant in there,” he told us, as though we couldn’t guess. “and it’s important to get control before you do anything. It is for me, anyway. Char is very patient while we get this right. But I’m OK now.” And then to his wife, “Ready?” “Yes, but don’t get carried away like this or Barry and Laura won’t see much. Let me come on top.” They had promised we would be able to see, and they were as good as their word. Harold lay on his back, Charmian settled astride him facing us, then took his cock in her hand and slipped it easily inside her. “Good?” “Very. Now fuck me.” She started to ride him, lifting herself until his member was almost completely out before slowly sliding herself down the full length of the greasy pole. “Fingers, dear. Let them see. I’ll lift.” What that brought about was a wonderfully erotic exhibition for two onlookers who were seeing their first live fuck. Harold cupped his hands under Charmian’s arse, lifting her on and off his rigid dick. His wife now reached down with her right hand and let her fingers work on her clit - which we could see was firm with lust and shiny with her juice. The rhythm was slow and careful, Harold warning her when her squirming movements were in danger of taking him too far too soon. After a while, she said, I could come soon - can you cope?” “If it’s just fingers. Don’t ride at

the same time. We're not in a hurry." Maybe Charmian wasn't as close as she had suggested because it took a while. But it was worth it. As the orgasm got closer and closer, she closed her eyes and bit on her lower lip, oblivious now of us watching, all her concentration focussed on the feeling of a strong cock right up inside her and the demands of her clitoris. Laura squeezed my hand and asked quietly, "Do I close my eyes when I'm getting ready to come?" "As far as I can remember. But bear in mind I'm not always in a position to see." We like to get Laura off with me coming up into her from behind and slightly underneath. And we sometimes do it the way they were here, and for sure Harold couldn't see though he would be conscious of her rapid finger work and the contractions of her cunt muscles round his dick, signalling a big, devouring orgasm. When it arrived Charmian clutched her groin with a wild ecstatic moan. Harold clamped down hard on her, hands on her hips to hold her in place, prolonging the orgasm with his hard cock rammed up inside her. Her pear-shaped tits bobbed provocatively and then settled as Charmian, breathing hard, regained her composure. "Charmian, that was fantastic." Laura had certainly enjoyed watching. "I could feel everything as though it was happening to me. I can only thank you for wanting to share it with us." "The thing is, we do it like that at home and it is always good, never fails to go right through me. It feels very loving the way Harold helps it to happen. But just now there was something extra, knowing you were watching, willing me to come. And when I did it was - just fantastic." "But there's more, if you want," Harold added. "Yes, please. Anything you like doing." This was Laura, increasingly enthusiastic. Almost unbelievably, they made it last more than half an hour, changing positions, varying the pace and the firmness, talking to each other, explaining to us. With Charmian on her knees and Harold penetrating her from behind, we noticed how her response grew more urgent when his finger flirted with her pretty little arsehole. That got Harold going and he said he wanted to slow down for a while. They moved into a spoons coupling, Harold still getting into her from behind but now reaching round and fondling the superb pear-shaped tits. When Charmian turned on to her back, Harold knelt between her legs while fucking her so that she could work on her nipples, dark, sharp points of undiminished desire. Charmian's suppleness and subtle realignments kept the tension high, opening herself from different angles, closing down to improve the friction for Harold's cock. The second orgasm came when they contrived to get get into the X position, legs interlocked with Harold's arm under one of his wife's knees. We saw how carefully he maintained contact with her clit as his strong dick slid in and out. When Charmian closed her eyes and bit her lip, we knew where she was heading, but now more slowly, more calculatedly. They were like trapeze artists in a familiar routine, each trusting the other to take them on the hurtling ride to ecstasy. It arrived with a prolonged moan of deep, deep fulfilment from Charmian. Harold, considerate throughout, pressed the weight of his body on to her where they were joined at the groin. His cock was still hard inside her. That was when Charmian, still gasping for breath, said, "Don't come inside me, dear. Let them see." "Oh yes," cried Laura, "yes, please. We need to see." "Where do you want it, then?" "On her tits. Please, on her tits. Will there be much?" "There should be. We have a rule when we are meeting people - no sex for three days beforehand. That's not easy for us, but it gives him plenty in store." Harold withdrew, Charmian stretched out on her back and he knelt beside her, cock in hand. "This may take a little while," he said, slowly stroking

from balls to purple head. Charmian explained, "When you saw us right at the start going very slowly, hardly moving, that's when Harold gets control for a long session. But once he feels right, he can go on for ever, it seems like." "Lucky man," I said. "But he'll get there. Soon he'll be ready to speed up and I try to help him by putting ideas in his mind." "What kind of ideas?" "Well, how about picturing himself shooting his cum on Laura's tits instead of mine?" "Oh my god, yes! That would do it." Harold was now wanking himself with more pace and a firmer grip. When the distended head appeared through his clenched fist I thought I could see pre-cum escaping. "Go on, dear. Do it. On my tits but imagine it's Laura." Harold needed no more encouragement. With a huge groan he guided his dick towards the pear-shaped tits and a jet of pearly cum emerged. Then another. And another. Eventually, when Harold had squeezed out every last drop, his wife began to massage it in. "It worked, didn't it? The right suggestion." Charmian said. "Partly," said Harold. "But Laura helped." 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. (to be continued)