

Terry Deever - a Very Lucky Man

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A woman explores her sexual development at the age of forty-eight

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Terry Deever's cock is hard, and getting harder. He is in the drawing room of a large house in the most well-to-do area of the city. A woman (whose age he judges to be about fifty) is sitting next to him on the sofa. She is running her hand along the inside of his thigh, into his groin. She says, "I want you to fuck me? Can you do that?" When he doesn't reply she continues, "My cunt is very wet." She takes his hand. "Here. Feel." How Terry came to be in this situation, and what happened next, is an interesting story. ***** Terry Deever's good luck began while he was still at school. The choice of after-school activities was limited. He didn't fancy martial art, drama or chess so, on a whim, he joined the camera club. The master in charge was an enthusiast who saw in Terry a natural pupil. In time, he guided Terry to a college course where his talents developed to the point that he emerged as one of the top three graduates in his year. Then he needed a home for his qualifications. Sports photography in freezing weather didn't appeal. Nor did joining the paparazzi with a long lens hoping for a shot of a royal nipple or a flash of aristocratic knickers. He found a position with a public relations agency but soon grew bored with being the junior on a commission to illustrate a factory brochure. That was when he saw a vacancy advertised at a long-established studio in the city centre. The business was mainly portraits or covering weddings, office balls and the like. It wasn't exciting but Terry did it well and struck up a rapport with the elderly proprietor. The next stroke of good fortune occurred when the proprietor decided on early retirement. He had a villa in Spain and an invalid wife whose doctor recommended the move to a warmer climate. Offered the chance to take over, Terry pooled his savings with a legacy from a grandparent to persuade a sympathetic bank manager to make up the deficit. At age twenty-eight, Terry had his own business (plus overdraft). Now he had the freedom to develop the increasingly popular, and valuable, video coverage of events that had previously been dealt with by stills and albums. For a year, Terry went to night school after hours to learn the intricacies of video editing. Once launched, it needed only the most trifling changes for Terry Deever to become Terence De Vere. His product was good and word of mouth did the rest. As he prospered, he needed to take on an assistant, went back to his old college for a recruit, was offered a choice from the top three who were about to graduate and chose Chloe, the one with big tits. So it came about that they had been commissioned to cover the Gladdings' wedding. Larry Gladding had the Volvo main dealership for the west of the county with three showrooms and a

steady turnover. The wedding of his only daughter was a no-expense-spared operation. Ten days later, Mrs Gladding asked Terry to call round in the afternoon with the proofs. Which is where this story begins. ***** He is in the drawing room of a large house in the most well-to-do area of the town. A woman (whose age he judges to be about fifty) is sitting next to him on the sofa. She is running her hand along the inside of his thigh, into his groin. She says, "I want you to fuck me? Can you do that?" When he doesn't reply she continues, "My cunt is very wet." She takes his hand. "Here. Feel." She moves the gusset of her knickers to one side and he feels. His finger finds a hard clitoris, slick with her juices. She is, as she says, very wet. "But not like that," she says. "A proper fuck. You know what I mean?" He does. Nods, unable to trust himself to speak in case he breaks the spell. "Look," she says, "I saw your assistant at the wedding. Pretty girl with all the assets. You like big tits?' He feels the need to find his voice, but is wary of saying the wrong thing. "I think most men do." "And are they good? Hers, I mean. I take it you've had your hands on them." "As a matter of fact, no. Chloe has a partner. An older woman." "Oh dear. But never mind. I think I may be able to satisfy you on that account. Do you want to see." Her hands are already on her blouse buttons when she has another idea. "No, I'll tell you what, I want to see, too. Show me your cock." She holds out her hands, pulls him to his feet and kisses him, tongue exploring greedily in his mouth. This is the moment when a bridge is crossed. In a frenzy of fumbling, buttons are undone, zips are opened, and garments fall to the floor. When his boxers disappear to reveal a cock sticking out at right angles, she takes it in her hand. "Oh my. I was right. I just knew you would be big. I knew it. Now I need to see how you use it. Very good for a tit fuck, would you say?" Her bra is with the rest on the floor. She uses both hands to cup her substantial breasts and thrust them towards his face. He licks a nipple. It is like a small dark pebble. She makes a sound of approval as she pulls his head into her chest. But her intention is more basic. She pulls away. "Shall we fuck?" For the first time, Terry asserts himself. As she moves to remove her knickers, he asks her to wait.. He has been wondering if it is possible to get his cock into her while she is still wearing them. But that only gives her another idea. She says, "Are they important for you? I don't mind. Do you like the colour - midnight blue, it's called?" She turns round and bends forward, stretching them across her arse. "If my knickers get you going perhaps you would like me to lie across your lap so you can spank me." She is already pulling him back on to the sofa and getting herself into position. Terry has no experience of spanking but it doesn't need much figuring out. First, though, he lets his left hand reach under her body to grasp the tit that is hanging down. His right hand smooths the silky fabric of the knickers across her buttocks. She widens her legs so he can feel between, pushing the sopping gusset into her cunt. "Nice," she says. "Now go for it." He raises a hand and brings it down on a taut backside. And again. After the third time, she says, "Harder. Don't go mad, but I think harder than this will be good." He thinks maybe this is new for her, too. This time his flat palm stings her arse. The little yelp she gives is a sign of approval. "Better," she tells him. "More of that, but soon I want to fuck." He counts a dozen slaps before she decides she can wait no longer. The knickers are removed in a single smooth motion. She arranges a cushion for support as she lies back with her arse on the edge of the sofa. She spreads her legs, crooks her hands behind her knees to pull them up, and says, "Would you like to taste me?" Needing no

invitation in this regard, Terry kneels and applies his tongue. The lips are puffy and slick with juice. He holds them apart with his fingers and inserts his tongue. Finding the clitoris is easy. He licks and she bucks against him. Cunt juice smears across his lips and chin. How does she taste? Very good. He is more than ready to get into her and she has been quivering with lust but she teases herself one last time. She wants his cock in her mouth. "Don't cum," she commands. "I want that in my cunt. Save the full blow job for another time. I can swallow if that would be good for you, but not now. Next time we'll do that." "Next time?" "If you are as good as I think you'll be, there'll have to be a next time. Maybe lots. Oh, Terence, there's so much I have to tell you. But fuck first, talk afterwards." Terry doesn't cum in her mouth but only by a great effort of will. She has voluptuous lips and an ingenious tongue. At the same time, her hand steals under his balls, her fingers curling subtly. A thumb applies pressure across the base of his cock, helping to hold him in check from an uncontrollable ejaculation. When she lifts her head to announce it is time, she asks, "What about a condom? I don't need one but I've bought some if you would prefer that." "Thanks, but it's better without." "Good. I hoped you would think so. I want to be able to feel you in there." Finally, they fuck. She resumes her position on the edge of the sofa, her spread legs an obscene invitation. When he stands between them, she takes his rampant cock in her hand and feeds it slowly into her cunt. "All the way," she instructs. "I want to have it all. Like ... that .. yes ,, push slowly ... that's it. That's good. Don't move yet. Just press hard on top of me. When I tell you to start to move, don't get carried away. Not too fast too soon. If you get close, tell me, and we'll stop. As long as it's good for you, it will be for me, and we want to make it last, don't we?" Terry certainly wants to enjoy every minute with the hot wet flesh folded around his shaft and sucking at his knob. When eventually she asks him to start moving, he does so with the utmost caution, careful not to excite himself too quickly, concentrating on letting her feel the full, stiff length pull almost out and then slide, inch by inch, back in again. He tries to maintain pressure on where he feels her clit must be. She wriggles appreciatively. More confident of control, he responds to her request to speed up. They find a rhythm that works well for both. Only when he needs a time-out do they change position. She wants him in her from behind, and bends over the sofa, reaches back to collect his cock and steer it into her generously lubricated hole with ease. "Oh, yes," she says, "That's just as good. Do me, Terence. Just don't cum yet. Please." His eyes are fastened on the tiny brown sphincter while his cock plunders her cunt. Tentatively, he presses a finger tip against the arsehole. This, too, is a new experience for him. He wonders how she will react. If he is mildly disappointed when she doesn't encourage him further, there is soon compensation. She allows his cock to leave her cunt with a juicy plop and turns round. "I want to go for it now," she explains. "I'll show you how. Once I start to cum I will tell you, and then you can let go as well. Be nice if we can get there together but don't worry if we don't. If you cum first, I can finish with my fingers. I won't mind. It's been so good already. Now, sit here." Once he has taken her position on the edge of the sofa, she puts her arms round his neck and straddles him. With little difficulty because she is so wet, she lowers herself on to his rigid member. Then she locks her feet behind his knees and starts to fuck, levering herself by her arms and lowering herself with a satisfied grunt. "It's good, Terence. The way I need it. Can you put your hands under my arse and help?" He does so, happily surprised to find that no matter how hard

she descends or how much she increases the tempo, he remains in total control. He knows now he can take her all the way with his cock. She won't need her fingers. So it proves. Her breasts rub against his chest as she rises and falls, her breathing becomes a gasp, and the orgasm starts. "I'm cumming!" she cries. "Shoot when you want to. Fuck me, Terence. Fill me." One final time his cock is engulfed by a hot, ravenous cunt. She collapses against him. Only then is he conscious of reaching for his own orgasm. It takes a while: Terry thrusting into her, she urging him on because she is still relishing the conjunction of hard cock with wet cunt. He rides her hard until a series of short, sharp spurts up into her depth finish the job. She clings to him in silence for a long time, making no effort to prise herself free from a cock that has not lost all its stiffness. "Did you make it, darling?" He nods, because her arms are still clasped behind his neck, her head is resting on his shoulder and she is speaking very softly close to his ear. "I can still feel it in me. Please leave it there while I talk to you. There's a lot you need to know." "I'm okay," Terry says. "It was very good. All of it. But especially when you came." "The first thing you need to know - and this is very important - is that I am not a slut or a whore. What we've done, I've never done before." Her voice is firmer now. "But I've been planning it, wanting it to be just the way it turned out. I didn't even know if I could. Yesterday I spent an hour on the internet. I found a lot of things I suppose I knew about but I hadn't seen people doing them before. Then I sat down, in that chair there, and did myself. And said 'fuck' and 'cunt' out loud, just to prove to myself I could. They are not words I've used before" "But why? What is this all about?" "I'll tell you, but it must be in confidence. You must promise no one else will ever know." "That's not difficult. Please trust me, or I'm sorry, I can't call your Mrs Gla -." "For god's sake, no. Shirley." "Good, Shirley is better. And I'm really Terry." She pauses, takes a deep breath and starts again. "I do trust you. But the other thing you need to know is that this has only all come about in the last ten days. The night of the wedding, after we dropped the happy pair at the airport, Larry and I came back here, opened another bottle and got, well, not drunk exactly, but tipsy enough that it loosened our tongues, and we talked about something we should have talked about years ago." "Sex." "Of course. The fact is, it's never been great for us. After the honeymoon it turned into routine fairly quickly and that was a long time ago. Nowadays it doesn't often happen and when it does, it's not worth the effort." "I find that hard to believe after..." "It might still be like that if Larry hadn't told me had a confession." "He thinks he's gay?" "No. He has found someone who turns him on. You see, he goes to Sweden for two days every month, sometimes to Stockholm, but mostly to the factory in Gothenburg. And he's met this personal assistant to one of the bosses, married, twenty-four years old. Exactly half my age." Terry thinks this more or less confirms his estimate. "At first I was angry, then hurt. But then I thought, 'We don't get any pleasure doing it, so why deprive Larry of the chance, if that's what it takes?' The thing is there won't be a divorce. Little Miss Sweden doesn't want one, neither do Larry and I. We are good friends, we have a lot in common. Did you know we are doubles champions at the badminton club and played for the county? We have many friends. There are dinner parties, a way of life I don't want to give up." "Yet you've taken a risk with me." "No. That's the point. Larry and I have agreed that our only problem is sex, and that can be solved. Larry diddles Miss Sweden, and he says I am free to do likewise if I can find the right person." "Me." "Larry doesn't know that, but I will tell him. I didn't

know myself an hour ago. But yes, if you want to, I want it very much. Otherwise I will find someone else. I don't want to sleep around. Just have one man to help me explore what I realise I've been missing for a long, long time. Now I hope it will be you." "Two days a month?" "That's the minimum guarantee. We know the Sweden trip will happen, but Larry has other commitments. He's in London today. Between us, we will make sure I know when we will have space." "More than two days a week." "That wouldn't be enough for me. It's ten days since Larry told me, and on every one of those days sex has been on my mind. I thought of you quite quickly. Since then I've been planning, plotting, imagining. Doing myself because I couldn't wait. Is that awful?" "No." There is a long silence while they both come to terms with where they are. It is broken by Shirley. "Well, Terry?" "If you are sure, I think we should try." "Thank you doesn't really seem adequate. But you need to know I am a changed woman, willing to try anything. Wanting to try everything." He grins to lighten the solemn atmosphere. "Could be fun." "I'm sure it will be. But it's my turn to ask questions. Are you married?" "No." "How old?" "Thirty-one." "Long term girl friend?" "Not since about this time last year." "Sex then?" "I have women I see occasionally, mostly married. Nothing serious. And, at a pinch, there's d-i-y." She moves on his lap. "We'll improve on that. Unless I am mistaken there's still something there for me. Want to go again?" This time they fuck on the floor, a cushion under her head for comfort, another under her arse for easy access. She asks him to fuck hard and he has no problem complying, driving his cock into her until her spasm starts, then seeking even greater intensity to help her finish. She cries out, rakes her nails down his back. He continues pumping until the cum climbs from his balls and erupts into her. That evening, Terry is working in his editing suite when his mobile rings. He looks at the display and doesn't recognise the number. "Hello." "Mr De Vere?" "Speaking." "This is Larry Gladding. I would have called you sooner but I didn't get back from London until nearly an hour ago. I've heard from Shirley about this afternoon." Terry sense some awkwardness at the other end. "So how can I help? I believe you already have. But you will understand this is not an easy conversation for me, so I hope you will treat it in strictest confidence so that we never need to have this discussion again." "I can promise you that." "Shirley trusts you, and that is good enough for me. All I ask is that you try to be for her what she wants. Don't lose interest after a couple of weeks and let her down." "I wouldn't do that. Besides, I think we have a lot... a lot to offer each other." "Excellent. And by the way, I would be pleased to see you at my showroom soon." "Well, thanks, but I think you are beyond my budget." "That's not the point. You are doing me a favour, I will do one for you. There's an XC90, sixty miles on the clock, taxed and ready to drive away once you sort the insurance. While Shirley stays happy, that car is yours. Goodnight, Mr De Vere." Terry sets aside his phone and reflects that he is a very lucky man.