

# Stan figures it out

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*How can Stan please his wife Rowena when he doesn't even like fucking?*

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This is a rewrite of an earlier version. I hope you agree that this is much better. People look at me and think I'm a man's man. I've been told by a good number of women (and some men, too) that I'm ruggedly handsome. I have no idea exactly what that means, other than some of the people who told me this let me know clearly they wouldn't mind getting physical with me. OK, I like sports. I've been in the military most of my career, and take care of myself with daily workouts. My wife, Rowena, says that I'm the perfect man for her – with one huge exception. Sex has never been much of a motivator for me. Oh, I like it, and I enjoy being intimate with Rowena, but I'm happy if we do it three times a month. She wants it three times a day. So that's a big problem, since she wants more than I'm up to giving, and I want her to be happy and satisfied. So we hit on a compromise. We have sex at least once a week, and other days I get her off with my mouth. I've learned my way around her pussy and know every fold and crevice and bulge of her, and know how to make her scream with pleasure. But over the years it's been clear that while she loves me eating her pussy, she really likes having a cock buried in her, thrusting her womb out of the way, exploding in hot cum that coats her love hole and drips out. And that's what happens when we do have sex, but frankly, sex bores me. I mean, what is it? You stick it in, you push down, she pushes up, and after a while you blow your wad, and make a mess. What's the fun of that? It's not like I get any kind of 'WOW' from it. I do it for Rowena, but aside from the minimal pleasure of blowing a wad, it's like, so what? I get so much more out of munching her pussy. Anyway, I felt badly that Rowena, who really liked sex, wasn't getting what she wanted from me. She wanted to fuck, bang, shag, screw, schtup, get some, be a piece of ass or tail for some big cock, have some nooky, ride the wild horse, make the beast with two backs...you get the idea. It was bad enough that I wasn't that interested. But why should Rowena have to suffer? She liked how I ate her good and regular, and she had great orgasms that way, but she told me that as much as she loved it when I ate her, there was nothing like being spread by a nice thick cock, drilled and pumped until her pussy overflowed with cum. And once a week wasn't enough for her. And frankly, I felt it was a chore to do that much. We tried dildoes, but it wasn't the same. Oh sure, they spread her nicely, but the dildo wasn't a real cock. I felt worse and worse about how I was depriving her of her desires until I suggested that I would understand if she wanted to take a lover to make up for my inability to please

her. She looked at me like I was crazy. "Why would I do that?" she asked. "You're the man I married, for better or for worse, and that's the way it is. I made a commitment to you, and that means nobody else. So don't ever think about such a thing!" I said nothing, but I could see that I must have planted a seed, because I saw her lingering longer over male models in magazines, looking at the men we saw when we took our daily walks, and commenting on how handsome some of the men on the television were. A few weeks later she later, after dinner, she said, "Stan, we need to talk." I thought I knew what was on her mind, and I was right. She said, "Stan, I've been thinking about what you said? About me taking a lover? I don't know that I can. But I don't know that I can go on without it. I love what you do to me, and you know how to satisfy me with your tongue, but I really need a man to fill me up." "I know," I said. "That's why I suggested it. I know it won't be easy for me, knowing you're being satisfied by some other guy, but I love you so much I want you to have what you need. And since I can't meet your needs, I love you enough to be OK with you fucking some other guy. I'm not much of a lover, but that's no reason you should be without some." She leaned over and kissed me deeply. "You are so, so, good to me. But if I'm going to do this, I feel I need to involve you. That way we're doing this together, not me doing it just for me, without you. If you're not involved in my sexual needs, I don't want to do it." "What do you mean?" I asked. "I want you to pick out the guy that's gonna fuck me. And I want you to be there when he fucks me so I can think of you while he's fucking me." "That's asking a lot," I said. "It's bad enough I can't fuck you the way you like, but to watch you get fucked by some other guy? Jesus, I don't know if I can do that." "I can't do it any other way. If you love me, you'll be there when I get fucked." "I need to think about it," I said. "Take all the time you need," she said. Over the next few days I dreamed about watching her fuck other guys. In all my dreams the men had gigantic cocks, eight inches ten inches fourteen inches; four or five inches in girth. And each time one of them fucked her in my dreams, she gasped with pleasure like she never had before. Like most dreams, it was unrealistic. It would take five minutes for her lover – always some faceless cock-bearing man – to bury his cock in her pussy because it was so long it took all that time to shove it all the way in. But what bothered me most is that I would see her hold him to her, wrap her legs around him, and see him pound her, her tits shaking, her gasping and moaning in pleasure, saying to me, "Stan, he's so much better than you!" It was one thing to say to her she should have her needs met and have some fun in the process, but to be humiliated in the process? I wasn't interested in that! This went back and forth in my mind for days, and then Rowena said to me, "Stan, you haven't said anything about...you know what. Where do things stand for you?" I didn't know what to say. At first I was mad at her, since it sounded like she wanted me to hurry up and find her some cock. Then I remembered that it was my idea that she find a guy to fuck her since my fucking was, in a word, lousy. So I had nobody but myself to blame. But the more I thought about it, the more I began to like the idea. If I was in control of who she fucked, then it was almost as if I was the one fucking her! Right? And once I came to that realization, I was OK with it. I explained what I'd been thinking, and that I was going to find some cock for her. She was thrilled but a little nervous. "What if they don't like the way I look?" she asked. That was ridiculous. She was forty two, and as far as I was concerned, at the height of her beauty. She had thick blond hair with red highlights, big blue eyes with

long lovely eyelashes; a pert button nose that hovered over lips that asked to be kissed. She had a long slender neck and her tits were set high on her chest. She wore a size 38-D bra, and although she had gained a few pounds since we were younger, the poundage accentuated the curves of her body from an apple shape to more of an hourglass shape. Her ass was to die for, and she had long lovely legs that felt like heaven when wrapped around me. Good looking ankles and feet, too. So the idea that any guy wouldn't jump at the chance to jump her was unthinkable. I said as much. "Oh, you," she said, and blushed a bit. Then she asked me where I was going to find a guy for her, how I would know they were OK and healthy and not into kink or any of that stuff. I didn't know, but I knew how to find out. I had a friend at work, Phil. He and his wife were into swinging, and more than once he had said that he thought we should join him. He was open about his desire to fuck Rowena, but back then it just wasn't even a consideration. So now I approached him with our dilemma. He knew about our lousy sex life – I'd gotten advice from him that didn't help – and now he was willing to help, again. He suggested that she accompany him to one of the swing days at the club, since unattached women were welcome, though not unattached men. It was clear he thought he'd have a good chance to fuck her, so I told him about Rowena's condition, and he said a bit grumpily that I could come along too. Frankly, it sounded better than taking out an ad in the paper, so I said I'd talk to Rowena and let him know. She was a bit hesitant, and wanted more privacy, but finally decided that this might not be a bad way to break the ice. So we said yes. A week and half later, on a Friday night, we joined Phil and his wife as they drove to the club. It was a nondescript building I'd driven by many times, never dreaming what was inside. We pulled up and a valet took the car. I was in a suit, as was Phil. His wife was dressed in a very low cut form-fitting gown that left nothing to the imagination. The top was sheer, and you could see her tits without any difficulty. You could also see that she wasn't wearing any panties, either. The gown was quite short, so if she lifted either leg more than a step or two, it would ride up and you could see her ass or her cunt, depending on where you were standing. When they picked us up, she took one look at Rowena and shook her head. They disappeared into the bedroom and not too much later came out with a Rowena I'd never seen before. She was wearing part of a top that usually had a short jacket over it, but without the jacket her arms were bare, her sides were bare, and you could see she wasn't wearing a bra. She was no longer wearing her panty hose, and I could see she wasn't wearing any panties either; her skirt was slit up the side, all the way to the waist, and there was nothing beneath it. I guessed that, with the right posture, you'd be able to see her ass or cunt also. It seemed to me that both women were dressed for impulse fucking. Anyway, we walked in and went straight to the bar. Rowena and I saw that all the women were dressed pretty much the same – slutty, ready to fuck, and no shame in so doing. Rowena said to me, "You know, I'm a bit uncomfortable. What if some guy comes up to me and wants to fuck me? What do we do then?" I had no time to respond, however, because some good looking guy did come up just then and said to Rowena, "I haven't seen you here before, you beautiful sexy thing. I'd like to fuck you. But who's this?" he added, looking at me. I said, "I'm her husband. But that's OK, that's why we're here. So tell me, you like what you see here?" and I jerked my head at Rowena, who flushed a bit. "Oho, one of those, eh? A watcher. I haven't done that before but I'm willing to try most things at

least once. So let me tell you a bit about me. I'm married, of course – all the men here are – and my wife likes variety so we come here and swing. She gets some, I get some, and then we go home and screw like bunnies. It really spices up our sex life. Oh yeah, my vitals? I'm six and a half long, three and a half thick." Rowena was flushing and starting to breathe harder. I saw how excited she was and decided this might not be a bad place to start. So I said, "OK, uh, what should I call you?" "How about Drake?" "OK, Drake. I think my wife likes what she sees, but I'm the one who calls the shots. So if you wanna fuck her, I'm gonna be there, and it's up to me what happens and what doesn't happen." "What do you mean by that?" "No rough stuff, no kinky crap, just good old fucking." "I can eat her pussy?" "Sure." "Can I fill her cunt with my cum?" "You can cum wherever you want." "Anal sex?" I looked at Rowena. She shook her head slightly, no. "Nope. She doesn't want it. And I'm there to make sure that what she doesn't want doesn't happen. And no spanking, either." "I don't know," said Drake, "I like slapping the ass of a woman I'm fucking." He paused a moment. "I'll tell you what. Why don't you show me your tits and let me feel your pussy and I'll let you know. Rowena was so shocked that she just went ahead and pulled down her top, letting her big beautiful tits spill out. He bent down and licked a nipple, and then gently nibbled it. Rowena gasped with pleasure and put her arms around his head, holding him to her. One of his hands found her leg, moved up her thigh, and started caressing her pussy. Her legs spread almost involuntarily, and I could smell her wetness, and knew she wanted him. She gasped again as his fingers slid into her. "Well?" I asked. He pulled his face reluctantly from her tit. "Yeah," he said, huskily, his hand still stroking her pussy. "Uh, what do we do now? This is the first time we've been here," I said. He laughed. "Follow me," he said. We moved towards the back. Phil saw the three of us and gave me a thumbs up while his wife was on her knees swallowing some guy's cock. We mounted a set of stairs, and found an open door. We went inside and shut the door; inside was a big bed, a nightstand, and the lights were low. Drake said to Rowena, "Take your clothes off, slowly." She began to weave back and forth, almost dancing, almost swaying, and slowly dropped her skirt. I was right. There was nothing underneath it. She kicked off her shoes, and lastly she wiggled so slowly out of her top, teasing us with seeing her tits, then almost not, the almost yes, and then she was naked. I was so busy watching her that I didn't see that Drake had stripped during her show. He was standing there, sporting a thick erection, and Rowena looked at it with a hunger that had been unfulfilled for so long. She walked over to him and dropped to her knees, and took his cock in her hands. She rubbed it against her face, and her cheek and bent over it, just to smell the male smell of a hard erect penis waiting to penetrate her pussy and bring her to the peaks of passion. She shivered with anticipation, and then she told him to lie on the bed. He did, and she began touching him all over, with her hands, her lips, her tits, and her pussy. I don't think this is what Drake had in mind when he first came over, but he was clearly getting into it. Rowena had his cock in her hands, and was gently wanking him. If anything, it was almost as if his cock got bigger from what she was doing to him. It was pulsating and turning purple; and then she took his cock in her mouth. She liked to do that to me, too. I can tell you, her mouth was made for cocksucking. She was a genius at cocksucking, and her abilities hadn't rusted even though it happened less and less between us. If anything, it looked like she'd been thinking how to improve them. Drake suddenly howled with

pleasure. "Oh fuck! Oh fuck! What a fucking great mouth you have! Jesus, your tongue does miracles! OHHHHHHH FUUUUCCCKKK!" and he blew his spunk into her mouth. Some of it leaked out of her mouth, but she swallowed what was in her mouth and then used that marvelous mouth and tongue of hers to clean his cock and balls. She closed her eyes in ecstasy as she licked and sucked him. Drake said, "God, I'm sorry, but what you just did to me, I've never felt anything like that before. Can I at least return the favor?" Rowena said, "I'm expecting you to." And without a word she moved up and sat on his face. At that moment I felt my own cock stirring, which I hadn't been expecting. I ignored it and instead focused on the sounds she made as he nibbled her bud, as he sucked her pussy lips, and as his tongue dove deep inside her. She started to pant with pleasure as he did his best to keep up with her. I felt sort of sorry for him, knowing my way around her pussy better than anyone else and how he was missing various opportunities to pleasure her; and it wasn't enough for Rowena. She stood up and turned around, sat on his face again, and then took his cock in her hands as he desperately ate and sucked and licked and nibbled and munched, but it still wasn't doing it for her. She leaned over and took his cock in her mouth again as she began driving her pussy into his face, but it still wasn't enough for her. She finally rolled off him and told him to move over, which he did. She lied on the bed and spread her legs and said, "Enough screwing around! Fuck me! Fuck me, now!" Now there was no question; I had an erection getting harder by the moment. And I was enjoying having an erection. It wasn't just a thing that was going on, I was getting excited. I really wanted to see her fucked, whereas before I was content just with being there for her. So she was begging for his cock and Drake was only too eager to comply. He rolled on top of her and brought his cock up to her pussy. He slowly began pushing it into her; a little push in, then he'd withdraw. A little more push, then another withdrawal. He kept doing this, adding only a little bit of depth with each thrust until Rowena was frantic with desire. She began shouting at him, "Shove it in! Shove it in me all the way, god damn it! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me, hard!" and all the while, thrusting like mad at him, trying to get his cock deeper in her. And oh my god, I wanted him to fuck her already. Not only that, but I felt that I wanted to fuck her too. Not the way I used to, but the way I saw Drake fucking her. It was clear that as much of a genius Rowena was at cocksucking, this guy was a genius at fucking. I had to admire what he was doing. I'd never see Rowena get turned on like that. It made me wish that I could do this for Rowena, to give her the pleasure she craved from me and my cock. Rowena's pleasure was making me hot, hotter than I'd ever been before. It was all I could do not to pull out my own cock and start stroking it. Finally, after what seemed like five minutes, he was fully buried in her cunt. He held still for at least a minute, feeling the way her hungry pussy sucked and grabbed at his cock, and then he began slowly pulling out, then quickly shoving it back in, all the way. With each shove of his cock into her she gasped, or shouted, or screamed and I saw her arms pulling him to her, flattening her tits between them, while her legs were wound around his ass, pulling him into her. He kept doing this slowly, while she kept urging him to fuck her harder, faster, deeper, stronger, but all he did was fuck her at his own pace which was steadily increasing. As he picked up speed and strength, the quick inward shoves of his thrusts became sources of intolerable pleasure for her; it wasn't long before she said, "Fuck! Fuck! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Oh god, I'm cumming! I'm

cumming!" and then she screamed an inarticulate cry of pleasure and release; her face grimaced as she orgasmed; her body jerked with waves of thrill and satisfaction; her feet balled up as her legs pulled him deeper into her; and her hands grabbed the flesh of his back and held him to her as much as she possibly could. She stopped breathing for a moment, and then started again with a loud gasp. She mewled and whimpered with joy and said, "Oh my god, Stan, that was just fucking phenomenal!" Drake pulled out of her. "Stan? Stan? I was the one who gave you that orgasm! You should be telling me how phenomenal I was!" Still panting from her orgasm, she said, "Yes, Drake, you did well. You're a great lover. You have a wonderful cock. But the only reason I'm here fucking you is that Stan wants me to have the pleasure he can't give me. So the person responsible for my cumming like this is Stan. You're just the cock we used. I thank you for it, but I'm good now. So please leave so Stan and I can be alone." Drake was shaking with rage. "Nobody uses Drake. I fuck women, I don't get fucked by women! And I'm not done fucking you, so get the fuck back here!" I said, "Drake, I told you that one of the reasons I was here was to make sure Rowena was OK. If she says she's done, she's done. Don't be stupid." Drake would have none of it. "I said get back here!" he yelled, and grabbed at Rowena. That did it. My years in Special Ops trained me for all sorts of situations. Before Drake even made contact with Rowena he was on his back with a broken arm. I opened the door and called, "Is there someone from management here?" In a flash, a young woman appeared. She came in and asked what happened. I said to Drake, "Why don't you tell him, Mr. Drake? And make sure you tell the truth." Drake, white faced from pain, his cock fully deflated, said, "I tried to make the lady stay after she decided to go. Her guest..." "Husband," I interrupted. "...yeah, husband, went ballistic and..." "I didn't go ballistic. I used my military training to convince him not to assault my wife. Isn't that true, Mr. Drake?" "Yeah," he said, completely defeated. The young woman was very displeased. "Drake," she said, "This isn't the first time you've been accused of this kind of behavior. You've already had your membership revoked on more than one occasion. You've been banned a number of times from the club. You clearly won't learn what's acceptable behavior, and now you've earned a lifetime ban. I'll call your wife to get you. It's time for you to go, and don't come back." To me she said, "That was really something. You broke his arm? How long did it take?" "About five seconds," I said. "How'd you like a job here? We need someone with your skills." "I already have a job." "What are you getting paid?" I told her. "We'll double it. And you and your wife get to play here for free." I looked at Rowena. She nodded her head, and I said, "OK, when do I start?" "You already did," she said. She left and closed the door. I turned to her and said, "Rowena, I think I figured out my problem." "Really? What do you mean?" "I've cum many times with you, but I never had an orgasm. Before. But watching you go nuts with his cock? I came in my pants." She started to giggle. "Why don't you take off those pants and I'll clean you up?" "First I want to tell you something." "OK, tell me," she said as she started pulling my pants off me. "I got some ideas from watching Drake how to get you going. And I think if I can do that I can have an orgasm with you, and not just cum." She was now cleaning me, and thinking of her with Drake made me hard again. And again I felt my hardness as something pleasurable, not just a simple and frankly annoying response to a stimulus. She used her magic mouth and I came in her mouth and had my own screaming orgasm for the second time in my life. I

was panting and huffing and crying out as she sucked me, and when it was done my legs were shaking. She'd always talked about how a great orgasm made her legs shake, but it have never before happened to me. And then she made me hard for the third time that night – not a bad accomplishment for a forty three year old man – and thinking of what Drake did with her, I did some similar things and others I'd thought of as well. Let's say it took a long time for us to finish because we were both starting and stopping, getting close and backing off, till I made her frantic with cock-lust as she had been with Drake. Later, she told me it was so much better with me because it was what she'd wanted for years, so it meant so much more to her. This time we both had screaming orgasms and made so much noise the young woman from management came in to make sure everything was OK. When she saw us holding each other in a mix of cunny juice and spunk, she laughed and said, "Most of the time, couples come here to fuck people they're not married to. I think this is first for us!" All of us laughed at that. Anyway, every since that night, Rowena and I have been closer than ever. Four nights a week we go to the club. We almost always wind up fucking like crazy at least twice on those nights. Occasionally I've had to use my Special Ops skills, but as my reputation spread talking is usually enough. The breakthrough for me was watching Drake fuck her, and for that I'll always be thankful to him, even if he was an asshole. And every so often, when I begin to slide or lose interest, we find some guy to fuck Rowena. Watching her get fucked, going crazy over cock the way she likes to, it always restores my sense of need for her. And I always get new ideas of what to do with her, and our sex life takes off again. So for all you guys out there who are bored with the same old, same old, sex with your wives? Come on down to the club and watch her get fucked. Get some ideas how to add spice to your sex lives. You'll both be happy you did, and she'll thank you for it.