

Massage Experience

"Wrap your legs round my back" he grunted as he fucked me.

I did as he asked. It was a little better for the penetration was deeper, but I knew that I was still a long way from an orgasm.

This hadn't happened in our twenty three year-long marriage until a few months ago, but this was now the third or fourth time my husband was having difficulty making me cum.

"Let me do this Cat" he whispered reaching behind him and grabbing my legs just beneath my knees. He hauled them up and dangled my ankles over his shoulders. He resumed ramming his cock deeper, faster and harder into my under-lubricated cunt. It was uncomfortable. "Any good?"

"No not really. Are you near?"

"Yes very."

"Then cum, don't worry about me you just do it."

We didn't talk about it afterwards. But then we had never discussed sex much, we just did it. Even then, in the last few years as his business travel and work hours had increased so the frequency of our sex decreased. I sometimes wondered if he was getting it elsewhere, but I doubted it. Richard is a 'proper' person, he's respectable and does things by the book, after all he is a lawyer. In fact he is a very successful corporate lawyer with a leading law firm that has offices in New York and London. He has overall responsibility for all international mergers and acquisitions. It is that which takes him to New York at least once a month.

"Oh yes, yes, oh God" I groaned as Richard fucked me from behind a couple of weeks later

I was on all fours kneeling beside our bed. I was naked. My full breasts were dangling down, he was buried in me fucking me doggy style, squeezing my tits and pinching and pulling my nipples as I feigned an orgasm. It was the first time in my married life I had done that.

Over the next couple of months I was home alone frequently. There was nothing unusual about that, but it was starting to get at me. I was bored and lonely for my two children were both away at university. I was also bored with my marriage, bored with life in general and bored with my husband. When he was home we argued more than we ever had.

"Isn't there anyone else in your fucking law firm who could go to New York now and then?" Is an example of the sort of remark that I threw out to start yet another row.

I knew our marriage was in serious trouble. I had big doubts that we would survive as a couple unless something significant changed in our relationship. Just what that 'something' was I didn't know.

I was seriously contemplating an affair or trying to find a toy boy or fuckbuddy, but I knew that would be messy. I didn't want to have the guilt trips, make excuses and start telling the endless lies that affairs always necessitate. My thinking was that if my husband wouldn't 'service' me then I would find another way and that might suffice thus, avoiding a break-up. Tortuous logic I know, but that is the type of thinking that extreme sexual frustration induces.

"Mmmmm yes she's lovely" I said to a friend who was talking about Nichole Kidman.

"I think she's gorgeous, I could so easily fuck her" Pauline who I had known for several years said casually.

"What?" I said incredulously.

She smiled. "Only joking Cat, after all I'm a happily married woman aren't I?" She said standing up and looking at me over her shoulder as she went out to play a round of golf.

"It looks lovely madam" the sales assistant in the boutique dress shop said looking me up and down.

I was on a shopping trip in Harpenden, a town near to St Albans where we live for some outfits I was going to take with me on a trip to Los Angeles with Richard. His firm was opening an office there and we would be staying for ten days. We would be attending a number of events including the formal opening and the associated dinners and lunches as well as sunbathing and, of course, shopping on Rodeo!

"You don't think it's a little tight on me do you?"

"Er no not really" she replied standing behind me as we both looked into the full length mirror.

"Not round here?" I asked running my fingers across my boobs.

"Well yes it is, but then you are nicely full there madam aren't you?" She asked placing her fingertips softly on the material covering the outsides of my breasts in the pale lemon, low cut, tightly fitted dress.

I felt a surge of something and suddenly realised that it was arousal. I looked at her in the mirror. She was older than me, probably in her early fifties. She was short and very slim, her figure was almost that of a young man or, boy even. She had an attractive, without being beautiful face, big eyes, thin lips and a rather prominent nose. Her hair was dark and short, again almost a masculine look.

I smiled at her in the mirror.

"Yes and they make buying dresses so difficult."

"Well we'll just have to try harder won't we? We can't have these not looking their best can we?"

I gulped as she held my gaze her fingertips still resting on the sides of my boobs.

'Fuck she's coming onto me' suddenly hit me. I panicked.

"I think I'll leave it" I hurriedly told her.

"What the dress?"

"Yes."

"We do have a couple of others similar to that, madam" she went on.

"Perhaps another time?"

I got out of there quickly and drove home. 'What the hell's happening to me?' I asked myself later that evening after I had been to the gym. I undressed dropped the singlet, cropped lycra pants, thong and sports bra onto the floor. Naked I went to the bathroom and stared at myself in the mirror. I was horrendously frustrated. I needed sex, I wanted to be held and then fucked, but I had no one. No one that is than myself. So I held my breasts, I squeezed them and pinched my nipples. I fumbled between my legs gradually dropping to the granite tiled floor. It was cold to my naked bum and back, but that didn't stop me lying on it, raising my knees, opening my legs and plunging my fingers on both hands onto my clit and up my cunt. As I fucked myself I was horrified to realise that in my mind it was the sales assistant who was holding me, kissing me, caressing me and yes, fucking me.

It was at the end of a long day. We had played twenty seven holes of golf, had dinner and prize giving and now twenty or so of us lady golfers were sitting around drinking. I had no reason to hurry home for as usual Richard was away. I was sitting on the outside terrace with Pauline, the married lady who had said she would like to fuck Nichole Kidman. We were alone on the large terrace and she was smoking a cigarette. We were both slightly pissed.

"Did I shock you the other day Cat?"

"When?"

"About Nichole Kidman."

"Actually yes you did."

"Well couldn't you?"

"Couldn't I what?"

"Oh I don't know" Pauline replied shaking her head so that her long black hair shimmered in the moonlight as she took a large sip of her vodka and water and then lit another cigarette from the stub of the previous one.

"What do you mean?" I pushed now quite interested.

"You remember what I said don't you?"

"Of course."

"Well I didn't really mean just that."

"So what did you mean?"

"Look I don't want this to sound like a come one, but have you ever messed around with other women?"

"You mean sexually?"

"Yes."

"No I haven't."

"Never?" She asked tipping her head back and blowing smoke into the air as I sipped my white wine.

"Are you curious?"

"Well actually I am becoming so as I get older."

"Again don't this the wrong way, but you really should try it."

Smiling I said. "Is that an invitation?"

She looked at me her dark eyes sparkling and smiling replied. "I have a strict rule Cat, never fuck my friends."

For the rest of the evening I couldn't get my mind off what Pauline had said. She had been so open and matter of fact about it. We'd chatted a little more as she smoked her third Marlboro Light. I was interested, but was loathe to show that too much so I didn't ask many questions, even though I wanted to. She told me that it had started a few years ago.

"The silly bugger" she laughed talking about her husband. "Persuaded me to try swinging."

"What wife swapping?"

"Yes but the husbands, I quickly found out often don't just swap their wife with another bloke, they swap with the wife as well."

"What you went with the other bloke's wife?"

"Yes and it was fantastic."

"I see."

Over the next couple of weeks before we left for LA, I seemed to be seeing bi or lesbian happenings all over the place, there were even lesbian kisses in two of the soaps I watch. I read about it, saw stuff on the net and had a female trainer at the gym, who was rumoured to be gay, try it on with me...