Oils For Sale

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Craigslist is a great place to sell things.

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So I had just received my new line of massage oils and put my old ones up for cheap on CraigsList . In less than an hour I received an email from someone wanting them for the price I was asking, too. I have to admit, CraigsList is an awesome service. The guy that wanted them had mentioned he was learning deep tissue and shiatsu massage and wanted to get started without putting out alot of money. He wanted to come by the next day and pick them up but he was so close that I told him I would deliver them right after my dinner. He was a little hesitant but agreed after I told him how close I was.

I hadn't planned anything for my dinner so I packed up all my oils and headed out the door figuring I would stop somewhere up the road and eat but every place was either packed or just didn't sound appetizing, so I headed over to drop off my old oils not realizing I was much earlier than had let this man to believe. I slowed down on Elsenburg Lane where he said he lived and started reading the numbers on the mailboxes. I zipped past 509 then 513, and slowed down at the next house and saw the number 515 right on the mailbox and turned into the slightly downhill sloping driveway. I stopped the car and reached for the door. I was quite a bit early and I hate to do that to someone but I had tings to do and places to go so I grabbed the box of oils and headed for the door.

I knocked lightly at first but there was no answer and I knocked again slightly louder. I figured no one was home so I started back to the car. I heard the twisting of a lock and then the opening of a door that revealed a very handsome looking gentleman with thick, greased back hair and a smile that could win over even the hardest to get lady. He peeked his head out and smiled. "Are you the Lady with the oils?"

"Yes," I said apologetically. "I am so sorry for showing up so early, I can come back later."

"No," he begged. "That's quite alright, I can get out of here early then. Why don't you come in and I uh..," He held the door open and led me in. Though he was a little out of sorts, shirtless and wrapped

in a towel, he was very courteous andI noticed his hair wasnt greased, it was wet and he was looking damn good to me. He pointed towards the couch. "I wasn't expecting you for another hour and I just got out of the shower so let me grab some clothes and I will be right with you."

"Actually," I blurted. "Don't bother, I can just leave these here and you can send me a check. I'll send you my address in an email." I set the box of oils on the floor and he stopped, turned around in nearly perfect golf form and started walking towards me.

"Well I sort of wanted to talk to you a little about them, if you have a minute. I just don’t want to make myself a little presentable if you know what I mean," he said in a very frank tone.

I chuckled a little and smiled at him. "I am a masseuse, you know. Quite frankly you are actually wearing what I would call work clothes," I said as I smiled and nodded. I honestly was getting some good eye candy for once and didn't really want him to get dressed. He was built well and evenly tanned like a summer nudist. He had thick calves and big feet and it was all I could do to keep from undressing him further in my mind. His chest was broad but not bulky like a weightlifter, just nicely toned. "Besides, there's really not much to them. They are just light skin oils that work in evenly and help your hands glide through rough muscle."

"Well," he started. "I'm really new at this," he said as he began to walk towards me in a slow, inquisitive manner. "Like, which oil is best for what?" He knelt down to the box and began to finger the bottles and pull each one up and attempt to read the label. It was apparent he was overwhelmed. I knelt down and pulled out one of the bottles.

"Each one is a little different," I explained while pointing at the label. "And you will just have to figure out which works best for you, not the person you are massaging, but YOU. You are not going to do anyone any good if you are not comfortable with the glide your oil provides." After viewing the label where I had been pointing I noticed that I had a clear view up into his towel and followed the curve of his thigh up as high as I could see and sure enough there was his penis resting up against is leg. Apparently his leg waskeeping the poor thing from rearing up to its natural erection angle. I quickly looked up at him thinking have no doubt been caught looking up his towel but when my eyes reached his I found him looking up my skirt and probably noticed the sheen of excitement I, myself was sporting. I smiled at him and he quickly met my eyes with a smile, too and we both shared a semi-uncomfortable moment. "This one here, for instance," I started "heats up when you get friction going on it. Here, stand up." I ordered. "Stand up and turn around and I will show you what I mean."

He smiled really big as if he were going to make a joke but then let out a sarcastic, "O.K." He stood up and turned and I watched his erection snap up and shake the towel quite considerably but he turned quickly to get it out of my view. I put the oil on my left hand and rubbed my hands together

quickly, then I placed my hands on his lower back and began to work his sides while digging my thumbs into his backbone. Still kneeling down I was reaching up slightly more than I'm used to. "You feel it?" I asked

"Oh my God," He blurted in disbelief. "I hope I can get as good as you, holy moly that feels awesome!" He sounded as if he just couldn't contain himself.

"Do you feel the heat?" I asked.

"No more than just from your hands," he said. I stopped massaging him and grabbed the bottle to check the label.

"Oh wait, this is the one that heats up on membrane contact," I said with a chuckle and in one motion I reached back up to his back and spun him back around to face me while I put the bottle back into the box. As I lifted my head his towel slipped off and is hard cock slapped me right in the kisser and made a slap loud enough to wake the cat. "Oh my God," I said as I covered my mouth with my hand. "I am so sorry," I said giggling into my hand.

He cupped his hands over his stiff member and while profusely apologizing, he was reaching for the towel. Herecovered histowel and began to back up towards the bedroom but I grabbed the towel and pulled it towards me.

"Hang on, hang on," I said. "If you’re going to be a masseuse you can not let your subject get embarrassed or you lose your client. Come back here, stand there naked and know that it's ok." I demanded as I pulled on the towel to get him back over to me which he slowly agreed. "Falling towels, erections and wet twats are a natural phenomenon in the world of massage. I am sorry for giggling. I didn't expect to get slapped in the face with your meaty friend there, which, by the way is very impressive." I winked and smiled at him and he stood up straight which, of course, getting him out of embarrassment was my intention. He did NOT need to know whether or not I was telling the truth, although the widening of the eyes may have given it away. He stood there quite nicely in front of me like a good boy and I was still on my knees which led me to believe his thick erection was not going to go away anytime soon. I looked up at him and smiled. I rubbed my hands together again. "As I was saying, this stuff here heats up when it comes in contact with membrane." I smiled even bigger and held my hand directly under his beautiful cock that just happen to be pointing straight out of his body. "May I?" I asked and he looked at me very puzzled.

"You mean I'm going to have to give hand jobs, too?" He said worriedly.

"No," I assured him. "But this was not supposed to be in my box of oils and now it's on my hand, you

have an erection and I hate wasting anything." I paused, looked straight ahead at his cock and smiled. “It would certainly help your stress but I’m not going to wait long for an answer, you know. I would certainly understand if it were too….” He moved his thick cock back into position directly over my hand before I could finish. “awkward for you” Islowly pushed out the last few words of my sentence while wrapping my fingers around his pulsating staff and began to work the oil in, lightly at first but then my grip grew stronger as I came back up his shaft and held my finger and thumb just below the head of his cock. I stopped briefly to look at him but all I saw were his eyes rolled into the back of his head. I could feel the pulsing strength he had in his manly tool and was a bit surprised to feel dampness deep in my panties. As many times as I have done this for others, I was actually getting turned on this time.

“Wow,” he moaned. “You have some kind of touch there.” He seemed to be trying to say under his breath and then he took a deep breath.

“Years of practice, I guess.” I assured him, twisted my hand and slid down his cock, squeezing hard enough for him to almost lose balance. I ran my right hand down the base of his cock and cupped his testicles in my grip, then pulled his shaft down, passing it to my right hand and cupped the head of his hard steel with my fingers while my left hand slid down his shaft and caressed his balls.

“Oh my God,” he said softly as again I pulled his cock down to switch hands and when my left hand took hold I wrapped his head within my fingers and twisted lightly. Again I pulled his cock down where it was pointing straight out and pushed it through the curved fingers on my right hand. I watched closely as the proverbial snake made its way out through the hole created with my finger and thumb and like a cobra, spit its venom directly at me, coating the corner of my mouth. I backed up a bit and fluttered my eyes but held my grip. I looked up at him and his face was slightly contorted as if he were in pain but it was obvious, it was all pleasure.

“Shit!” He shouted and jerked back. I quickened my strokes on him and pointed his cock straight up but I was too late as he shot a nearly endless stream of cream through his next thrust forward that I attempted to duck but landed right under my left eye. I kept stroking him while finally returning his cock to an upright position and the juices began to bubble out the tip like a churning volcano. He jerked again in and out of my hand landing his last shot of pleasure on my thigh so close to my hiked skirt that I remember thinking if he had squirted me any higher up my leg, I would have been cleaning off my panties and that thought just sent a rush of pulsing through my clitoris that wouldn’t stop but held me right on the edge of orgasm. I stood up quickly and looked him directly in the eyes. He was coming down off his “high” and his breathing was still erratic but I grabbed his hand and stuffed it under my mini skirt.

I put his finger on my panties right at my little love button and while slightly quivering I blurted. “Hold it

right there!” He didn’t move for a minute and then he snuck his fore finger under my panties and pushed with slight force. “Oh fuck!” I shouted as I gyrated around his fingers. “Fuck, fuck, fuck,” I shouted and grabbed his hand and held it still. The flow of sexuality rushed through my body so fast, I could hardly remain standing. I had my head on his shoulder when I looked up at him and he was smiling ear to ear. He began to gently rub my lips around and then he removed his hand after I let loose my grip. “I am sorry, I didn’t mean to lose it there,” I said. “But I guess I got a little turned on.” I smiled, pulled my skirt down and put my hand on the side of his face. He looked in a daze, still. “Gotta run.” I exclaimed and turned to the front door. “They’re all yours and if you need any help or questions answered, give me a shout.” I strutted my way out his door like a high class hooker and waved and I headed out the door and shut it behind me.

He did call me for pointers several times and I did have to rush over and show him first hand but those are other stories that I may never reveal. J