

Masturbation Blues

By Woman

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No borrowsies!!!! Please respect my work and my work will respect you. Ask before you borrow. I do get quite rude and nasty when people steal!!!

I try to tell people I am a klutz... they just never listen

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I am not a novice when it comes to masturbation, I'd actually be very embarrassed to share with you exactly how long I've been tickling my own fancy. Yup. Even when there is someone occupying my bed for a time, I find that I still masturbate for various reasons. Proud accomplishments? I've discovered that if my mind is properly stimulated, I can orgasm in just under five minutes. I timed it and everything. Yup. Had nothing better to do. I really do like the way I taste. I've discovered that if you eat enough mangoes? Your juices really do have a hint of mango. Or that could have been I just didn't wash my hands well enough and I was tasting real mangoes. In any case, it has happened on more than one occasion so I am so not going to knock it. Well this is another story time with Woman's Brain. So relax, grab a drink, prepare to laugh at me then think you are being mean by laughing at my own misfortune, but don't worry. I can usually entertain myself for hours with my own misfortunes... You'll have me as company. Don't feel bad for laughing! Please. Laugh away!! Let me tell you were I am. I have been having a rotten week. The one person I have wanted to see for a long while has not been around much, the web site I was hoping to buy a few corsets from with a borrowed credit card decided to no longer ship to China, the Gigi toy from Lelo- I have wanted it so much over this past year in a very fun blue, they would not accept the credit card. I've stubbed my toe today more times and I can count this morning, I've a burn on my arm that got itchy and I scratched the blister off to my shouts to the wall, I've walked into enough doors and door frames, I've had to edit and fix a somewhat serious email, and my brain and my body were quite literally exhausted by 11am. So The Boys who called to chat, decided that I need to be carefree and put myself in their care for a while. And of course as soon as their massages started, they proceeded to pass out. Bastards. So here I am, my feet being played with for the next ninety minutes, then I shall treat myself to a sixty minute back and butt massage. And hopefully fall asleep. Now. Back to the masturbation blues blog post. I think it was the end of May, on a Sunday. My lessons were canceled, Jorge felt great (I name my boo boo's and Jorge was a soft tissue ulcer in my arm/wrist.), I could finally wield my Fun Factory Toy the way god invested them to be wielded, with some force, with some speed and some slight rotations

hitting ever amazing spot within me with his ridges causing me to shiver, squirm, moan and whimper in pleasure. Having already come so hard and so fast... Wait I am getting ahead of myself. Back up. I mean if I am going to tell a story, may as well tell it in order. I was in a chatroom talking to a good friend, when the conversation turned somewhat sexual. And with the mood I was in... Not having been able to play just the way I like to for a few weeks for my wrist and arm was in pain, I was finally excited at the possibility of a very well earned release. So the conversation turned very erotic, he was describing how he wanted to do the most amazing things to my body, to just take me and ride me over his work bench, to make me scream and so much more. Needless to say I am a Horny Woman naturally, so it really does not take much to get me wound up. He then suggested we take the conversation to Skype and cam. In Skype, my hands free to pinch my nipples, to run my fingernails over my belly, further heightening myself....my fingers reaching further toying with my lips, my moans filling his ears while he explained in a very amazing accent what else he wished to do to my person. I was gone. I had just had the best orgasm I had had in a month, and I wanted more. My body was on fire, I was sweaty, my hair was sticking to my face, my body was squirming, and I seriously was not in the mood to stop. I was in that place where the world could end and I'd be arriving at the gates of heaven- or hell- pissed off that I didn't get to finish. My pussy being rammed by that toy, my juices I could smell, my lips swelling slightly, my nipples so hard they actually hurt, and I am just pounding myself over and over again. My feet on the end of my couch, knees bent, my left arm on the back of the couch pushing my body forward to take more of my now fully turned on toy (turbo charge rocks!!!), when suddenly... I scream. "Ah baby cum!!" he says. With my body so tight and in a very odd position, my head cocked so my right ear was touching my right shoulder and my hand pushing my body in some odd way, my scream was not one of orgasmic release but one of muscles being pulled, tendons being stretched further than they are supposed to be. Needless to say; it was a scream of pain. Making him wince with a, "No you fucker! It hurts!!" shutting him off without a word of goodbye, trying to do some stretches to see if that would help. Ahhh... Nope. Even more painful. Well the following day was a Monday, and I could hardly move my head or my arm. Smiling was torture. Laughing was impossible. And I had to climb eight flights of stairs that day to get to classes. I was wearing my flip flops/thongs, and wearing them on a dusty marble floor, you have to be very careful. Whimpering as I fell over, twisting trying to get up, somewhere in the span of ten seconds, I no longer just had pulled muscles. I felt things tear. Well, almost a month later, my first masturbation injury (that I care to share that is) almost fully healed, I still get the occasional ache at the end of a long day, or a long play time... At least now I can laugh, smile and play and say damn the world. So kids, remember, that even when you masturbate, you open yourself up to a wide range of sports like related injuries. So make sure to exercise first, warm your body up, then remember...a tight poonani is a happy poonani. And that's my story of the Masturbation Blues.