

didn't even get her name

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one of the most extraordinary sessions of my life

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I'm a regular hobbieist as we seem to be known on Massage Parlor rating websites. I've been going to parlors since I was 18. The reason I went is when I dated my objective was Not to get into a girls pants. I wanted to get to know her; have a nice date. Course after dating for a bit there was sex and making out. I just grew up thinking that being a gentleman you didn't force a girl right out of the starting gate. I went to parlors because the whole object of the lesson WAS to get into a girls pants, no strings attached, as they say today. Except for the payment, but if you date like I do; you pick that tab up as well. I've had many sessions prior to this one. Had quite a few Regulars that I saw and became quite friendly with. Many ladies who befriended me and took me private. Giving me their direct contacts and I went to their homes and did them when they left the parlors and worked it on their own. I just always felt that these sessions were an extension of my regular lovemaking. I wanted her to have as much fun as she was giving me. One session stands out, and I didn't ever see her again or even get her name that night. I've noticed over the years There are transcendent times in a massage parlor. Moments that get stuck in your psyche. Moments you can replay while jerking off when your lonely and they are magic moments, as Perry Como once sang long ago. Those times when you'd swear the corners of your vision were all misty. Well there was one time at this place on the state line I regularly went to that I never ever will forget. I was horny, as usual, and went to the parlor to get my rocks off. I met a large girl at the door she took me back and we went for I think a half hour session. She came back, got nude, rubbed me a bit and I said, "you know what I like?... I like to massage you." She got on the massage table face down and, Well, I did her back. The thing that was unusual about this session is she didn't talk much and for a change neither did I. Usually when I massaged, I carefully missed the erotic places just teasing them a little. As I rubbed her butt and legs she parted them showing me her pussy. I rubbed by her lips, she moaned and then I really started working her pussy. Her legs spread further she even lifted up a bit. I worked her love button harder and harder with my hand. She was getting real wet. My fingers between her lips up and down and up and down. I was standing next to the massage table my cock hard as a rock and she reached around and started stroking. She's still on her stomach, I'm diddling her and she's stroking me faster and faster harder and harder. I gotta hand it to her. It was not an easy position for her hand. She had a good grip and nice stroke and she didn't stop and I was not coming quickly it took several minutes of

jerking me off. We just poked and stroked faster and faster and then we came she arched up I sprayed out my cum on her side, back, and the table and then literally fell over her back in exhaustion. We were both breathing hard. and never said a word to each other it seemed except goodbye. The interesting part, I never got her name. It was the hottest hand job I ever had. One of the most extraordinary sexual experiences of my life. I thank her for that memory to this day!