

# Luella's Libido

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*What happens when a woman's libido goes through the roof?*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/luellas-libido.aspx>

Luella's libido had reached dizzying new heights over the last week. The myth of the female sexual peak in the early 30's shouldn't necessarily be scoffed at. It began on her 30th birthday, she'd been having a roaring time, out with the girls, all dressed up, dancing, drinking bright blue cocktails. Then it hit her, a full on, slap your face, arousal that left her cerise knickers sodden and with an overwhelming urge to touch herself. The obligatory snake of the Ladies queue made her restless. She didn't want to wait. She had to come, and she had to do it now. It was an all-consuming physical ache; the electrical jolts to her crotch were rapidly increasing. She feigned a headache and disappointment at having to cut the night short and ran out into the night, flagging down a taxi. As she bundled herself into the back of the cab, positioning herself right behind the driver for privacy, she raised her short black dress to the top of her thigh. Her fingers dawdled, hesitated, resting, savoring the moment as they plunged deeper, feeling the warm, wet softness. A few light strokes and she was on her way, arching her back out of the seat, lifting her thighs a little. She quickly found her rhythm; fast circular movements of her index finger mounted the growing pressure. Her free hand joined the party, the tiniest of brushes along her juicy pussy lips was all it took, she squeezed her legs together and felt the delicious tremble, and pleasure and trickle of her orgasm explode, and then slowly subside. She licked the sticky sweetness from her fingers and smiled, feeling better now that she had satisfied her lust. As her eyes opened in the morning, her hand instinctively reached down to play, the memory of getting herself off in the taxi kick-started the wanton need once more. Her imagination created various, alternative scenarios. What if the driver had seen her? Would he have watched her in the mirror? Would he have joined in? Would he have climbed into the back and stuffed his fat tongue inside her hole? Luella came immediately, this time able to groan out, long and loud, into her bedroom. Luella enjoyed her own company; she'd never been a wallflower, unable to amuse herself. Putting off having to think about work in the morning was a Sunday night tradition. She picked up her purse and as the late sunshine turned to dusk, she headed into town, selecting a film to watch at the cinema. She relaxed into the chair, into the darkness, into the silence, into the welcome distraction, and then it happened again. It wasn't even a sexy movie, but just like the previous evening, her pussy tingled and yearned to be stroked. Luella glanced around; she was seated next to a couple on her left, a middle aged man on her right. Could she get away with it? She had last night; the erotic

memory instantly decided for her. She placed her sweater over her lap and her fingers promptly tugged at the band of her skirt, slipped further to feel her dampness and gently rubbed her clitoris with trembling fingertips. Nobody seemed to notice as her wrist picked up speed. She sneaked a furtive glance at the men either side of her, both absent-mindedly chomping on popcorn. She pictured them, tongues fighting to sink into her oozing pussy, to eat her out, a delicious snack. She came hurriedly, holding her breath as she twitched, coating her hand in her glossy liquid. She soon became addicted to her game of dare and pussy love. She could hardly leave the house without the urgent desire to masturbate. She excused herself, that next morning, from her office chair to escape to the toilet for a speedy, joyful thrill. She'd got it down to a tee; she'd be so turned on by the time her fingers got busy, she could come in less than sixty seconds. Her favorite escapade was to frig herself mercilessly in front of a mirror, which was a real treat, especially as it was so risky. But she'd managed it at noon in a clothes shop dressing room. She'd pulled the curtain over to conceal herself, discarded the dresses that she had no intention of trying on. She just wanted to watch the reflection of her finger fucking her hole, in such close proximity to strangers. She ripped off all her clothes, tied up her long dark hair and faced the mirror, admiring her plump breasts and pretty pussy that, already, glistened with juice. She let herself lean right into it, the coldness hardening her big nipples immediately. She brushed her crotch up against it, smearing the glass, and whispered a groan. She stepped away, tweaking at her erect nipples until she could wait no longer. She watched as one hand slipped inside, three fingers tightly wedged inside of her. She roughly fucked herself, faster and faster, the sound of the wetness sloshing against her hand bringing her to the brink. She pictured the dressing room assistant pulling back the curtain, catching her, bending down to lick up her come. Her legs buckled, she fell forward, fingers manically rubbing and pushing until the last wave of her climax faded away. Tuesday's lunch hour proved to be no less illicit, she'd realized that she couldn't stop the longing, the need, and the obsession; also that she knew that she didn't really want to. But, curious about the surprising surge of almost constant arousal, Luella visited the library. She scanned the health books, hoping to find information regarding her sexual deviance. She expected that her behavior would be condemned, though with her new rosy pink cheeks and easy smile, she saw it as something more to celebrate. She couldn't find anything relevant, and she soon became distracted by the tight-lipped people and controlled, quiet atmosphere. As a child, Luella had often fantasized about destroying the suffocating peace, perhaps with a shrill, piercing scream, maybe with a raucous bout of laughter? She never did it; she wouldn't have dared, as her Mother would have slapped her bare legs crimson. But now she felt the familiar urge, the heart-thumping desire to rebel. She inhaled sharply, achingly aware of her body, her needs, the way she felt so wondrously alive in this serious place where everyone else behaved like a manipulated marionette. Luella took a seat in the jigsaw corner, selecting a large book to hide her secret. It was too good to pass up; the fire burned between her thighs. She couldn't stop it. Her hand made a fist and her knuckles rolled over her engorged clitoris. An old woman stepped into view, and began to peruse the hobbies and interests section. Luella wondered what her reaction would be if she realized what she was up to? Would she scream and break the infuriating tranquility, the way Luella had always dreamed of doing? She came at once with such vigor that she gripped the

book, concealing her masturbation, with her free hand, and struggled to keep her mouth shut. The aftershocks of her orgasm caused a tremor in her legs, she felt glad she was sitting down. As ever, nobody suspected a thing, not even the elderly dear, now only a meter away from a satisfied, serene Luella. She removed her hand, smelling her pungent, sweet aroma which stained her sticky fingers. She wiped them dry on the pages of the book, marking them with her personal scent. The following day she went to lunch with her work colleagues, to a fast food restaurant. She left them midway through the meal and violently came against the toilet cubicle door. Her fingers smelled of pussy, beef burger and salty fries for the remainder of the afternoon. Thursday was a scorching hot summer's day, which left the entire office perspiring and feeling stifled, despite opened windows and the fans on full pelt. She couldn't wait to spend some time outdoors today, free of company, alone with her thoughts. Luella ran out into the street, escaping the revolving glass doors. Her high heeled feet stomped with speed, her eyes searching for the first open green space. She stepped into the park and off came her pinching shoes, her bare feet felt sublime on the luscious grass. The park was packed: picnics, mothers with children, dog walkers, a young couple with lust filled eyes, determined to touch one another at any potential opportunity; a tap to the knee here, a tuck of stray hair behind ears there. The tanned dark haired boy stared at his girlfriend's ample cleavage which popped over the top of her tight sundress. She watched the pretty blonde freckled girl acknowledge his gaze by squeezing her arms together in such a way that her lovely breasts squashed up like they were starring in a bodice ripping costume drama. Luella spread out, on her front, knowing very well how this would play out, although she wondered how she could manage to get herself off in such an exposed busy place. The implausible challenge made her pussy drip. She imagined herself between the insatiable young couple, his fresh cock banging her, his eyes lusting after the sight of a brand new pussy to play with. She considered the conquest of forcing the girl down on her, ordering her to lick her until her boyfriend came in a shuddering explosion, his girlfriend could lap that up too. That was more than enough to ignite Luella's libido beyond the realms of containment. She ceased to care about discretion, so far down had she gone into the depths of intense heat. She let her crotch grind slowly across the ground below her, swiftly moving her white lace panties to one side, dragging up her skirt. The second that her bare pussy touched the ticklish blades of grass, it was over, a shocking short but strong bolt of an orgasm arrived, she bit her hand as the spasms of joy whimpered to the end. But it was today's plan that excited Luella the most. She'd taken the scissors and snipped a small hole into her right side jacket pocket. She'd planned ahead and brought her largest handbag to place on her lap. And as she sat on a very full and busy 25 bus, every bump in the road added to the bliss of her finger secretly slipping through the hole of her jacket, up her skirt and merrily playing underneath.