

The Sagitarius

By WildCougar

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How I found my first cub

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On the way back from that tropical island I was horny like a bitch in heat. I was at the connecting airport, eating some fast food with my tropical island native friend. I told her about my condition and she suggested I should get a "Tuesday man". I said " a WHAT?". She told me she had a Tuesday man and a Sunday man. I was incredulous. She explained that she had two men who she maintained as regular fuck buddies. I couldn't imagine how she could get two. Not that she was unattractive, but its complex to set that up with one guy, I couldn't imagine how you could do that with two. How would you find them? Then she told me about Craigslist. She said that she'd placed an ad in the casual encounters section. That's the section for people who want sex, no strings attached. Fuck buddy classifieds. Friend with benefits, booty call, lover, partner (for bumping uglies). That's what I needed. I was a newly minted single woman and I didn't want a boyfriend. I just wanted to fuck. And fuck and fuck. But I was very skeptical about placing an ad for that sort of thing. She told me it was easy and effortless. You place an ad, you screen the guys, meet them in public and pick the best one. She said I should be very specific about what I wanted because I would get A LOT of replies and it would take a while to sort through them. I asked her if the guys were weird or ugly or creepy or dangerous. She said they were normal, good looking guys with regular jobs. I couldn't believe it. I'm an adventurous sort of girl, so I decided to try it out. I placed an ad and got over 100 replies in a couple of hours. She wasn't kidding. I went through them and picked out a bunch of men I liked. The first guy I met was James. I liked his picture because he had these big sad eyes. His face was on the average side, medium brown. He had some nice lips, though. Those big eyes are what got me. I'm a sucker for sad eyes. When I met him at a bar, I was pleasantly surprised. He was better looking in person than his picture. Handsome, actually. He was about 6'1, broad shoulders and a slim build. IT network guy. He was quiet, but when he talked, his voice was musical and hypnotic. Listening to him talk and looking into his eyes started a low hum in my body. It was strong and I felt I should take it slow. Even though I set out to get a quick fuck buddy, I wanted to get to know this guy. Something about him was, well, I couldn't put my finger on it. We talked for four hours and then he walked me to my car. He kissed me and it was incredible. I pushed him away because I'd just met him and I was feeling things I didn't think I should. At least not so quickly. We agreed to meet another time. We talked on the phone every day after that for hours and I agreed that he could come to my place. He didn't want to rush me. That

was sweet. When he did arrive, we kissed again and I felt a strong pull. I knew he felt the same thing by the way he was grabbing me. We stood there kissing for a few minutes and I led him to the bedroom. The only thing I remember after that was the moment he entered me. He filled me with electricity, every inch of him tingled inside me. Every movement was pure ecstasy. I could only moan. It was a constant orgasm. He kept saying "oh my God", over and over. It went on for I don't know how long, but at one point I felt that I left my body. We did it over and over until we were completely spent. He could barely walk. I didn't know what to call it, but there was some incredible magnetic force between us. Every time after that was just as good. It was scary. Every time we did it I felt like he became a part of me, like he was melting into me. And I into him. I tried to figure out what it was and remembered the last time I felt this with a man. It was fifteen years earlier. So I asked James when he was born. He was a Sagittarius. That was the sign of the man who held my heart hostage for three years after I stopped seeing him. Fifteen years ago. It took so much time and so much effort to get unhooked from that man, I didn't want to repeat the experience. It was the same feeling of being drugged and unable to leave, unable to physically separate myself from him. Every time we had sex the pull of the magnet got stronger. He started to ignore my texts and phone calls. I panicked. I called him and yelled. I was losing my cool. And him. We argued and made up, but only for a little while. Soon he was fading from me. I wondered if the magnetism scared him, too. I was a little relieved when he stopped texting me altogether. He would have been the end of me. He would have made me into a raving lunatic, just like I was fifteen years before. Check out my blog for more stories. All my stories are 90% true. I just changed the names and a few details.