

Sex Story: Getting to Know Sherry

My friend asked me to contribute to this blog. She knows I've been writing a journal for years and thinks now that I am single, my journal should be more interesting. I don't know about that.

I was married for 22 years. I married my high school sweetheart like so many other stupid girls from my small town. I think I should get a medal for making it last for so long. Mark and I were the last of our "gang" to divorce. There were five of us that got married within a year of each other.

This is supposed to be a sexy blog so I guess I should stop talking about my husband. He definitely was not like the men in the romance novels I used to get off on. I would rub my pussy at really good parts, imagining I was the damsel in distress being swept off my feet by the hot, long haired, muscular stud.

I especially liked the ones where the man was really aggressive. 'He ripped the bodice of her dress, exposing her heaving bosom.'

I think about all the sex I've missed out on for the past 22yrs. I'm glad I married him because I wouldn't have had my kids, but I know I missed out on a lot. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if I fucked his best friend Gary all those years ago.

Gary came on to me one night after him and my husband had been drinking all day. My husband passed out and Gary was still wide awake. He was swaying from side to side in the kitchen, holding onto the counter telling me how he wished he married me instead of Mary. I was speechless because I had always felt that way myself.

Gary stood about 6'3 and was muscular from his job as a carpenter building houses. He was blond and had the fullest lips I had ever seen on a man. They were kissable lips. I know that term is always used to describe a woman's lips, but his lips were full and kissable. His hands were big and callused, so different from the accountant's hands my husband sported. As we stood there in the kitchen, I could picture those hands all over my tits. I imagined him pinching my nipples with his rough fingers.

I told him he was drunk and didn't know what he was saying. He told me I acted like I needed a good fuck with a big dick. I was shocked as I'd never heard anyone speak that way before, let alone to me. Whenever my husband wanted to fuck, he always asked if I felt "frisky".

I told him I should get to bed because I didn't want anything to happen. He told me I was scared because he was right, I did need a good fuck and didn't like

being confronted with it. I tried to be snotty when I said he had no idea what my [sex](#) life was like and how inappropriate he was being.

I know what I wanted to say. I wanted to tell him he was right, I needed to get fucked. I needed to feel how my girlfriends told me they felt when they were having [sex](#).

Fifteen years later I still don't know what it feels like to enjoy [sex](#), but I will find out. I wonder where Gary is today...