

Emma's Bedroom Talk Why I am Frustrated 3/31/13

By : blushing beauty 6519

Tonight's post was intended to have me missing Mystery Man and turned into venting about Hubby's lack of desire to have me in the bedroom. I am sexually frustrated and do not have a clue how to resolve this issue.

UGH! Sorry, if I sound like I am ranting but, I think that is how I would describe this article.

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Dear Ladies,

3/31/13

April Fool's Day marks 17 days since I have heard from Mystery Man. It also, makes a full 5 weeks since hubby has had an orgasm with me. During this time I have had emotional ups and downs that have included smiling, laughing, and crying for no apparent reason. My outbursts have been noticed and questioned often by my 18 year old daughter, who keeps asking me who I am talking too. Apparently I have taken on a new behavior of speaking to myself. Today I found myself mumbling that "I need to be fucked." Yes, in a whisper on Easter Sunday at Wal-Mart.

My two men are driving me batty. Hubby was drug to the doctor's office and made to sit there while I explained that he has had trouble having an orgasm for 5 years. The doctor added fuel to hubby's reasoning by saying that sometimes pressure can lead to failure to cum. Hubby ignored the other part about being severely over weight and having high blood-pressure. Before we left the office hubby told the doctor that it was a new issue and no big deal. Thankfully for me the doctor firmly stated that "5 years was not new!" We left with a prescription for Cialis that the insurance company would only fill 3 pills and pay for half of the cost. At \$33 per pill that left us paying \$50 out of our pocket. A cost we cannot keep up for long.

Getting hubby to take the pill was next to impossible. He screamed at me that I was trying to kill him. He was upset that I took them to California with us and tried to unpack them without me noticing. When I finally forced it down him, he yelled some more then squeezed a bottle shooting water in the rental car. I found a secluded place and tried desperately several nights in a row to give him oral sex so he would blow. To my amazement he found every reason to stop and return to the hotel. His excuses ranged from I see a cars headlights to I do not feel well tonight. My favorite was "The police could come and think you are a hooker!" Then he added thinking he was being funny: "A cheap \$2 hooker that does not know how to give oral sex right!"

Nevertheless I have tried everything I can think of to get this man to cum in my mouth so, I can swallow. This is something I truthfully never had heard of before I read stories on this site. I guess I have lead a sheltered life. However, I am ready, willing, and hopefully able to fulfill my promise to suck his load down if and when he gets off in my mouth. Today I purposefully canceled Easter festivities at my sister's house to stay home with hubby and the kids. This morning started off promising as he made serious advances with me in the bedroom. I am just now at this late stage of life beginning to cum while I am with hubby. This inability to achieve an orgasm must have most of you shaking your heads at me. I have also, been masturbating like crazy from sheer frustration and teach myself how it will feel with hubby.

To make matters worse there are few people I can discuss these intimate matters with. I made the mistake of telling a friend I have known only a short while about hubby, my sex life, and Mystery Man. At first she was excited to hear about everything and then it turned into a strange encounter as we got drunk off of Jack Daniels. She tried to turn Mystery Man into something bad and of course I did not like that. I also, slipped at work after a couple of days that Mystery Man was a man and not a woman. I have posted some of the tips that Mystery Man has given me on Facebook without naming a gender at all. From my Facebook Friends comments they all thought he was a woman.

I am getting sick and tired of this double standard that married woman cannot or should not have guy friends. Really, people do you think that I am a walking whore? I admit that I do come off strong to men but, truthfully I speak the same way to my best friend of 33 years. She knows a lot of my story and brought up the subject of divorce. Her friend who recently split from her hubby of 15 years did so, because she said

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her hubby began to change into a person she did not recognize anymore. She explained that one morning she got up reassured to be divorced and left her son with her hubby to have divided custody.

That is why I was seriously thinking about dumping hubby. After all he has threatened to take the kids to another state and leave me here to live with my sister. He changed his tune when I countered his offer before our trip by saying that with my teaching degree I could support myself. I receive my diploma this May. Quickly he responded with a goofy comment that "I will pack you in my suit case." Since that day he has made it clear that we are in this marriage for the remainder of our time together. That would be fine if he made attempts to satisfy my newly found sexual urges. Instead I am writing to you because, hubby has insisted on watching the movie Chasing Maverick which is a new release that he can play anytime. He just said calmly "Go to bed I will wake you up later." Yeah, right he said that last night and slept on the couch until dawn.

Perhaps I am the one to blame for not participating in the bedroom on many occasions when hubby made advances to me. I had many excuses but, more often than none it was late and I was too tired. I firmly regret tapering our sex life down to a few measly times in a year. If only I could go back to our honeymoon days and keep the flames burning from there I sure would. Our first night together as man and wife found us staying up all night screwing several times. Then in the morning we dumped syrup all over each other and screwed in that. After which we took a shower and did it again before checking out of the hotel. That was 23 years ago and now I cannot even pull him away from the Boob Tube!

My other aggravation is I am truly afraid that Mystery Man has become bored with his new little toy and will not respond to me. I tell you this constant sex on my brain is making me very irrational. Sex no matter what shape it comes in oral, anal, fingering, sucking, chocolate showers, and spanking keep following me everywhere I go. This is a bad thing at my G-rated job. To make matters worse hubby has started making comments that I am coming on way to strong. UGH! Really, it is not like I want to introduce chicken blood or devil worship into our bedroom jaunts! I just want to have us both cum together or at least during our sexual time while holding one another close.

I do not know what I have gotten myself into and I am thinking maybe I should have just stayed glued to the couch shoving my face with food. Now my daily exercise and reduced intake of food has shaved off my protruding belly that used to stick out further than my boobs. My new hair doo is cute too and men are starting to give me second glances. There is nothing I can do but hope and pray that hubby will finally accept my new assertiveness and finds a way to satisfy the both of us in bed. I feel like I am dumping on everyone tonight more than usual. I also, believe I am just restating what I have written before. I am sorry, and will try to come up with a funnier or at least a new line of subject for next time. However, if I write the way I suck hubby's dick I would not expect anything different for a while.

Heartfelt Sincerity, Emma

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