

## **WOMEN TELLING THEM: Carla's fantasies**

Carla is 40 years old and lives in Milan with her husband and two children.

She works full time as a mother and part time as a librarian. She tells us her story about her.

I come from a rather conservative Catholic background.

My parents never talked about sex with me, except for a few hints every now and then. I didn't discover sexuality until I met my husband, minded and very affectionate. We have been married for eighteen years and I have two beautiful children.

My husband is used to traveling a lot for his work, and a few years ago I read that most of the pay-per-view movies rented in hotels were porn and the average length was thirteen minutes.

I told my husband and he laughed and said, "It seems fair to me."

: But for me it is very different. I love getting lost in long, elaborate fantasies, keeping my body always aroused, I love caresses. I can spend hours like this before I reach an orgasm. My fantasies tend towards exhibitionism, even if in real life I am very reserved and I never let anything leak out. "

In my first fantasy, I would like to be interviewed for a new study on female sexuality.

The interview takes place at the headquarters of a researcher in the researcher's office university, everything is very professional. The assistant gives me the consent forms to sign and promises that my identity will be protected. Then the doctor arrives for the interview. He is older, in his fifties, very confident, the kind of man who looks down when he walks.

He asks me questions about my sex life, how old I was when I started masturbating, how I lost my virginity, how many times I have orgasm with my husband.

At first I am shy, but as I warm up, I begin to tell him things that I have never told anyone before.

Sometimes, when I have a couple of hours off for this fantasy, I focus on all the details of the questions and answers and notice the way the doctor's eyes begin to glow despite his serious expression, the way he moves on. chair as if he had to fix something in his pants. After I have answered all the questions, the doctor tells me that he would like to invite me to participate in an extra "laboratory" phase of the study.

He leads me into a dimly lit room. In the center of the room there is a comfortable padded recliner and the doctor tells me to lie down and relax and then disappears into a dark corner of the room, turning on a warm golden light that illuminates only my body. Then he explains in measured tones that I will provide very valuable data for his study of him, if I agree to be filmed while I masturbate.

I lay back in the chair trying to convince myself that I'm doing this for a good cause, and finally my fingers creep up to unbutton my blouse.

"Wow, look what he's doing!"

I see that there are three figures in the corner: One crouched behind the camera, the doctor = and another young man in jeans, the source of this enthusiastic exclamation.

I realize that the doctor lied to me. This is a show, not science. But the truth is, this is my fantasy, of being watched as I masturbate, not just for the advancement of science, but for the personal training of three curious men. My bra opens from the front (as if I knew this would be comfortable when I got dressed for the interview) and when I unfasten, my breasts are in free fall.

"Impressive boobs". Then comes a harsh comment, "You can even leave the room if you can't stop yourself from making unprofessional comments."

I pinch my nipples and roll them between my fingers. My pussy is swollen and throbbing and I feel small electric bursts of pleasure. I move the skirt up to my waist and pull my pantyhose down to my knees; my completely wet panties seem almost glued. I put a finger on my clit and started rubbing it.

Now is the time for the first question in our survey. Are you having particular thoughts or fantasies in this moment?

"I'm thinking about hot sperm splashes," I gasp. "I love it when a man cums on my breasts. But my husband doesn't do that often. He likes to come inside me. " My finger is flying over my swollen clit and I am whimpering. Suddenly a young twenty year old jumps out of the shadows, with his cock gonfio in hand. "I'm about to come," he tells me. "Open your mouth, let's see how much sperm is on our tongue". One jet hits the target, another my cheek, the rest my chest. I spread the patch, messing my breasts, moaning with pleasure. Another young man comes out, pulling his cock out of his pants. I take it in my mouth and start sucking. The young man lets out a groan of appreciation.

"You can't do this," the doctor flutters. "This is a female masturbation studio, not a porn movie." I have both hands clenched on muscular ass of the young man and I know he is going to shoot his load, he is always hard in my mouth. With a thrill, and a series of quick strokes, he ejaculates in his mouth and gulps, swallowing it all.

He tastes salty and sweet at the same time. It is the doctor's turn, even if he seems reluctant to participate. I smile. "Oh, no, doctor, I have several plans for you. I want you to lick my pussy while you take notes on the interview. Isn't that right, doctor? All this talk of scientific research, when in reality you just want to see the ladies playing with themselves so you can watch the video later in the office and masturbate".

He can't really answer because he's already buried his face in my pussy, his nose sticking out over my fur. He is doing a good, albeit very professional job. His tongue makes small figures on my clit and of course his hand is between my legs jerking off his tool.

My second fantasy is a little different. In this I was just hired by a very prestigious company. However, the job has great benefits and bright prospects for my career and I can't refuse. One day, in the late afternoon, I am called to the president's office, he is very friendly and offers me a sherry =

and he asks with obvious concern, if I'm enjoying my job at his company. Before I can answer, he tells me to lie down on the carpet and pull my underwear down. He puts some kind of lube on my finger and slides a finger into my vagina. His secretary looks at us smugly. Mira then goes on to explain that the technique involves using the vaginal muscles to milk a man's penis to reach orgasm in such a way that he does not need to move at all, simply leaving the woman to do everything.

My muscles need to be stronger and I have to learn several other tricks, but if the president wants, I'll do anything. The first exercise is to tighten my muscles there every day, with and without the barbells.

Mira invites me to put my fingers inside her, to get an idea of what I'm feeling. Trembling with embarrassment and excitement, I slide two fingers into her pussy. The sensations are incredible. Her warm satin walls close around me and begin to sway, sway and knead with perfectly controlled timing until my finger is wet with her moods. Mira smiles and tells me that the second exercise requires that I come to the studio after work, with the president, who leaves the room and comes back with a box containing a very realistic dildo, the kind with rubber veins and testicles. She smiles at me. "It is company policy to give these guys a name. What will you call yours?" I mumble the first word that comes to mind. Just then I remember

where I saw these things before. A long time ago, in an erotic magazine there was an advertisement for something similar, if not in the photo there was a naked woman riding the dildo, her head thrown back in ecstasy. The president I in

life at dinner together. He always invites clients to dinner when they are in the midst of important financial negotiations. I look at the customer and smile happily and accept the invitation.

The poor boy is red in the face and his cock is at attention, because of course, he was watching and listening to my training in the next room. After dinner we all go back to the president's office with the idea of continuing the negotiations, but this time I sit on the edge of the desk, with my legs open just enough to fill the room with my natural scent and give the client a vision of my pussy, completely shaved. By now the guy is sweaty and shivering and will sign anything to get me back to his hotel. I have already been told that there will be a very private celebration when the deal is done. Sometimes, in my fantasy, the customer comes back to the hotel and fucks me like a cow in heat. But I usually end up cumming as the guy takes the pen to sign, and his eyes are darting at my pussy poking out of my skirt and I can tell you that he wants me more than anything else by signing any contract. I think it's interesting that my fantasies start with me being all shy and repressed, but then I transform and become a great cow.... I would have a lot of fantasies to write a whole book, and I really like sharing them with lovers of the genre.

*From <https://raccontierotici.it/donne-si-raccontano/>*