

Obsession

I am thirty-five years old and consider myself a happily married man. Sex with my wife is great, always has been, but there are only so many things I can do with her. Although I never brought it up, I know she would never be into a threesome for example. And even if she were, how could we look into each other's eyes again after such an experience? But for a very long time, even years before I met my wife, I have been obsessed with escort girls. Sex with a complete stranger who will do anything you want no matter how kinky and will promptly leave once you are finished provides me with a rush I can't get anywhere else. Of course it is about the sex, I would be kidding if I said it was not, but it is more than that as well. Searching online for an elite escort agency, browsing through their girls, then choosing the one I want is certainly a thrill. Say what you will, I do not consider it cheating. I know many people may think that hypocritical of me (and perhaps downright cruel) but since there are no feelings involved, it does not register as an act of betrayal. At least not in my mind. I've had sex with hundreds of escorts during my 12 years of marriage and I sleep perfectly well at night.

Thankfully, my wife does not suspect a thing. I am the kind of man who can keep the fire burning at home while still having random sex with expensive escorts from all over the world. My job forces me to travel quite often, so I have had the pleasure of meeting and sleeping with high profile escorts from many different countries and continents. No matter where I am, one of the first things I do when I get to my hotel is check online for local escort services. Nobody knows about this part of my life, not my coworkers, not even my closest friends. The less people know about my private affairs the better off I am, and the lesser chance of my wife finding out. One of my most recent trips took me to the United Kingdom for the very first time. Needless to say, I had heard marvelous things about London escorts and their beautiful, talented girls. As soon as I learned about the trip I began fantasizing about how many different escort girls I would contact and sleep with. I must have gotten too anxious, because in my excitement I nearly blew my cover at home.

Rarely do I surf the web for escort services while at my own house, and when I do it is always on my private laptop which only I use. But one night – I believe it was a few days before my trip to London – I had left my computer at the office, so I waited until my wife was sound asleep, then turned on her laptop and Googled "UK Escorts" and came across www.londongirlfriends.com. I was instantly captivated and spent nearly 2 hours checking out the site, the girls and their respective pictures. Particularly mesmerizing were the pictures and profiles of their busty London escorts. Since I am a man who likes women with big breasts, this is a section of the site I spent a good deal of time on. I began to really look forward to my trip.

However, the next morning I was subject to a rude awakening. As I walked into the kitchen to get my morning cup of coffee, I saw my wife sitting at the table going through the very same site I was checking out the night before. I stood there for a few minutes, completely speechless, unable to move a muscle. She sensed my presence and turned her head to look at me. I asked her what she was looking at, and she replied that she had found the address in her web browser history. "Did

you use my computer last night?" she asked. No, I lied. "Then I don't understand how this could have gotten here" she said. I believe I mumbled something about spam and pesky viruses, and that she should close that site and run her antivirus program immediately. I then drank my coffee, probably faster than normal, and proceeded to get dressed and head for the office as quickly as possible.

That was a close call, but she never brought it up again, and my trip to London was an unforgettable experience. My very first night in the city I was attended to by a beautiful blonde escort, and the next day I had fun with two beautiful girls who made all my sexual fantasies come to life. To be completely honest, I had a different girl every single night and things only got better and better every evening. For my last night in the London, I decided to do something I had never done before, which is call for 3 girls at once. They stayed for 5 long, memorable hours and my hands still tremble from the erotic memories.

Is what I have an addiction? Yes. Can it be considered a sickness? Perhaps, I guess it depends on who you ask. Is it an obsession? Definitely. I love my wife with all my heart and she is still my life partner, but every now and then I have to satisfy my urge for sex with an escort. I make love to my wife, but I fuck the shit out of escort girls. It's as simple as that. That's just the way I am. Some people need booze to help them get through their daily routines, others need to smoke pot. For me, it is sex with a complete and beautiful stranger, a woman who will do what I tell her to and not ask uncomfortable questions. You only live life once, so live it to the fullest and without regrets.