**Exposing Cindy**

**Exposing Cindy Ch. 01**

by[**cindyexposed**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2009290&page=submissions)©

I am dedicating this story to Sarah...who is the cause of this entire experience...  
  
Unlike most of my stories which actually occurred in years past, or in the case of the incest stories, are the product of my warped and vivid imagination and fantasies, this story is true and occurred recently. It was not planned, it just happened.  
  
**Introduction:**  
*It was Monday evening, Memorial Day, 2014. My boys were home from college, we had spent the day golfing, grilling steaks, and relaxing. The boys were in the upstairs game room watching some movie. Jim, my husband was downstairs watching basketball play offs in the living room. And I was on the landing that overlooks our entry way, 10 to 12 feet from the boys, playing on the computer.*  
  
My wicked side got the best of me, and I logged on to Literotica to see if there were any comments on my most recent story, 'Kimberly's sin'. I had a lovely message from a young girl from overseas who enjoyed my stories, particularly, 'Kimberly's sin'. I responded with a thank you, and instantly a message popped up to join her in a chat room. I then went to her profile page, and learned a bit about her, and to put it bluntly, I was intrigued. She was beautiful, sexy and interesting.  
  
I know I should not do this with my sons only a few feet away, but I gave in and entered a chat room with Sarah. The conversation started out innocent enough. She acknowledged that she was a lesbian; I admitted that I had virtually no experience with women, but did fantasize about it on occasion.  
  
Deeper into the conversation, I also admitted to Sarah that, as my name suggests, I and a bit of an exhibitionist, and that I have a definite submissive streak. That was where my troubles, and excitement, began. Sarah assumed the role of my master.  
  
"Where are you?" she asked.  
  
I explained that I was on the landing at the computer station.  
  
"Are you alone?" she inquired.  
  
"No, my two sons are home from college, and are only a few feet away, so I can't play right now." I cautioned.  
  
"Remove your panties." Sarah commanded.  
  
"I can't do that. The boys are right here." I typed, nervously.  
  
"Yes, you can. Go in the other room, and remove your panties. Tell me when you have done it." Sarah typed.  
  
I sat there for several moments, flustered, confused, unsure what to do. But I also knew I was growing aroused by her commands. After about two minutes, I locked the desktop, and went into my bedroom, removed my clothes, and donned a t-shirt that came down to my mid-thigh. It was a shirt that I frequently sleep in. I removed my panties and left them on my bed.  
  
I looked at myself in the mirror. I clearly did not have a bra on; that was obvious, my nipples were erect and poking at the cotton fabric. I did not think the boys could tell I did not have any underwear on though. I walked nervously past them, back to the computer, and unlocked the desktop.  
  
I felt so wicked. The potential of being caught added to my excitement.  
  
"I did it." I typed. I could feel the excitement growing in my vagina as it became wetter.  
  
"Do you know how to kegel?" Sarah asked.  
  
"I am not very good at it, but, yes, I know how to kegel." I responded.  
  
"Do it. Contract your vagina, and hold it for me."  
  
"OK." I held my vagina clenched for the count of ten. Sarah had me repeat this several times.  
  
"Spread your legs for me, and kegel" she instructed.  
  
I looked over at the boys. My youngest, who is 19 and a sophomore in college, was facing me. He glanced up and seemed to sense something was up; but clearly did not know what. I looked down and saw that my knees were partially hidden by the computer desk. I knew my son could not see my knees or between them.  
  
I did precisely as Sarah instructed. I spread my knees and clenched my vagina as I watched cautiously to make sure that I was not attracting too much attention from my sons. My son had returned his attention to his movie.  
  
Sarah then typed, "you know what you are?"  
  
"what?"  
  
"You are 'my little cunt'."  
  
I looked at the screen for a moment, not understanding why this stimulated me; then I typed, "Yes, ma'am.'  
  
"Say it." Sarah commanded.  
  
I typed in "I am your little cunt." and realized that I was growing wetter and wetter.  
  
"I want you to touch yourself for me.", appeared on the screen.  
  
"Can I go to my bedroom?"  
  
"No."  
  
I sat there, conflicted, and aroused. I looked over at the boys. They seemed to be occupied with the TV. I slowly moved my fingers down to my clit, which was hidden my the computer desk and touched myself. It took about a minute of clitoral stimulation before I felt a small orgasm overtake me. I bit my lip as my orgasm approach to keep from moaning. I tightened my thighs and came watching furtively to make sure the boys were not paying attention to the activities of their depraved mother.  
  
I typed into the computer, "I just came for you."  
  
"Did the boys notice?"  
  
"I don't think so." I responded. Then I typed, "I need to go masturbate with my vibrator. Can I go into my bedroom?"  
  
Sarah responded, "Yes, but leave the door open."  
  
I got up, and walked as nonchalantly as I could past the boys, "I am going to turn in a bit early boys, keep it down out here."  
  
"OK, mom." The younger boy answered with a strange, quizzical look. I wondered what was going on in his head at this moment.  
  
I went into my room, leaving the door halfway open, retrieved my largest red vibrator and slid it under the covers. I turned on the fan to create some white noise so the vibrator would not be heard, and climbed under the covers. I soon had the vibrator buried deep inside my vagina, and I had a strong, satisfying orgasm.  
  
I opened my nightstand drawer and stored the large red device, that moments before had been inside me. And went to sleep as I thought about my desire to please and obey Sarah.  
  
The next morning, before catching a plane for a business trip to Chicago, I sent Sarah a brief note. "I can't believe I did that last night. I am so embarrassed, and still so aroused. But I enjoyed it."  
  
Sarah was not oon-line and did not respond to my note immediately.  
  
Sarah instructs me to expose myself at the hotel  
  
I arrived at the hotel, and immediately logged onto my computer to check my messages. Almost instantly, I received a request for a chat with Sarah, which I accepted.  
  
"Are you alone?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, I am in a hotel room. I am out of town on business." I replied.  
  
"Tell me about your room. What does the window face?"  
  
"I am on the 19th floor. It faces an office building."  
  
"What are you wearing?"  
  
"I am in my business suit."  
  
"Go to the window, open the drapes and strip naked."  
  
"OK." And I did as instructed. I could not tell if anyone from the adjacent office building was looking, but the act itself excited me. "I did it." I typed upon returning to the computer.  
  
"Get a pen."  
  
"I have one."  
  
"Write 'Sarah's cunt' on you mound."  
  
I did precisely as she ask. "I did it."  
  
"Call room service and order a something."  
  
"I can't answer the door like this!" I protested.  
  
"Yes you can. I will let you wrap yourself in a towel. But you must accidentally let it fall away. You must act embarrassed."  
  
I suddenly could feel my heart pounding in my chest. This was getting serious. I could just refuse. I could just drop off line. But I didn't. Something inside me made me want to obey. I picked up the room service menu, and called down and ordered one piece of chocolate cake. The lady who answered told me it would be 10 to 15 minutes.  
  
I told Sarah what I had done. And then I elevated the risk of the game. I told Sarah that I had brought my largest vibrator with me on the trip. I knew that by telling her this, she would involve the vibrator in the game.  
  
Sarah instructed me, "take it out and leave it where the room service person can see it. Make it obvious."  
  
My heart was pounding. I knew that by telling Sarah about the large dildo, I was inviting this humiliation. My hands were shaking as I removed the large red phallic shaped device from my suitcase and placed it on the night table, precisely where the delivery person could not avoid seeing it.  
  
Sarah and I continued chatting while I waited anxiously. I got a towel and turned on the shower, to create the 'pretense' that I was just getting into the shower when the delivery arrived. After 15 minutes or so, there was a knock on the door. I quickly typed "they are here." And went to the door, wrapped in only a bath towel.  
  
A young, tall, well build, black man, who looked to be 19 to 22 or so, was holding a tray on his shoulder when I opened the door and invited him to set the tray on the table. He was confused, and intrigued by my attire. He was wearing a name tag that said 'Denzel'.  
  
I blushed deeply as he looked at me questioningly. He did not say anything as he set the tray down, but when he glances at the red 8 inch dildo on the nightstand he looked at me with shock, then amusement. He smiled broadly as he looked back at the large vibrator and then back at me. I could feel my face burning with humiliation.  
  
Without saying a word, he handed me the check to sign. As Sarah instructed, I accidentally 'lost the towel' as I was trying to sign the check.  
  
"Oh damn, I am sorry." I said as I pretended to try to catch the falling towel before it hit the floor. Denzel picked up the towel and slowly handed it back to me, taking a moment to glance up and down my naked form.  
  
It was probably only 10 seconds that I stood there completely naked, waiting for Denzel to hand me the towel, but it felt like an eternity. I have never felt so naked, so exposed, or so vulnerable before in my life. I felt my heart racing, and face blushing and my vagina leaking.  
  
Denzel handed me the towel slowly, smiling broadly. I wrapped the towel back around me, and thanked him. I could feel the wetness starting to leak from my vagina.  
  
After entering an obscene tip on the check, I handed it back to him, and thanked him and showed him to the door. He thanked me as well.  
  
I returned to my computer to report in to Sarah that I had performed my task as instructed. She wanted to know whether it was a male or female, what happened, how did he react when I lost the towel , etc.  
  
I described everything in detail to her.  
  
While I was answering her questions, there was another knock at the door. Sarah instructed me to answer it.  
  
Denzel had returned. He handed me a card with his cell phone number on it. He asked me if I would please call him when I was done with the cake, so he could pick up the tray and dishes. I allowed the towel to slip down and expose one of my breasts as we were speaking, but I pretended to not notice my exposed nipple.  
  
He left my room again for the second time in 5 minutes. I reported the events to Sarah on the computer. Sarah typed, "call him back now!"  
  
"I can't do that" I typed.  
  
"Yes you can. Do it."  
  
"But what will I say?" I protested. This was already going much further than I intended.  
  
"I will tell you what to do. Just call him back, and then come to the computer for instructions."  
  
I was leaking on the seat, I was so aroused at this point. I dialed Denzel's number and he answered immediately. My voice quaked as I asked, "Denzel, this is Cindy in room 1956. Could you come back here for just a minute?"  
  
He said he would be right there. I could sense some excitement in his voice.  
  
I had just typed, "I made the call." When there was a knock on the door, He had not even gotten to the elevator when he received my call. I typed hurriedly, "He is here."  
  
"Answer the door and come right back."  
  
I opened the door, holding my towel in place, and said, "come in, I will be just a second." And sat at the computer. I looked over at him and typed to Sarah, "He is walking towards me now." That was the last thing I was able to type for some time.  
  
"What is happening?" Sarah typed, but I was not able to respond.  
  
Denzel stood behind me for a moment as I stared at the computer screen, and then his hands slowly reached down and began massaging my shoulders. I just closed my eyes and sat there frozen, not moving a muscle. When I did not resist this initial contact, or complain, he slowly traced his fingers down my front, reaching inside my towel and cupping my right breast in his large black hand.  
  
I sat there with my eyes closed, afraid to move, not knowing what to do. I heard the 'ding' of the computer, telling me that Sarah had sent yet another text, but I did not open my eyes to read her note. I just sat there, frozen and motionless.  
  
Denzel took the towel and pulled it from my front, allowing it to drop in my lap. By now, he was confident that I would not object to his advances. He was standing behind me, reaching over my shoulder, teasing my erect nipple as I sat there saying nothing. I was very aware that my vagina was leaking into my chair. I could feel my pulse in my erect clit.  
  
Very slowly, Denzel spun the chair around so that I was facing him. He stood back and unzipped his pant without unbuckling them. He reached inside and fished out a large semi erect penis. It was the first uncircumcised penis I had ever seen. It was jet back, about 2 inches thick, about 8 inches long, and the foreskin partially covered the large purple-black head. It looked like a large black snake.  
  
He stepped forward and put his cock to my lips. I looked up at him, and felt that I had no say in this matter; he expected me to suck his dick. This was not a request, but a command. I slowly opened my tiny little mouth and took the head inside.  
  
I first noticed an unfamiliar scent from his groin. It was not unpleasant, just different than I was used to. It was heavy, musky, and sexual. I cannot quite describe it, but it was unique.  
  
I could feel the foreskin slide back over the head of his massive cock as it slid past my lips. I slowly reached up and grasped the shaft of his penis. It felt thick and quite heavy; heavier than any cock I had ever held before. My fingers could barely encircle it.  
  
His cock grow longer and thicker in my mouth. I wondered if this massive thing would hurt me if he tried to enter me. I decided the best course was to try to make him cum in my mouth rather than find out if I could accommodate this large penis. I was soon to find out, that would not be an option I was given!  
  
I sucked and stroked his cock until it was hard and rigid. Denzel then pulled his penis from my mouth and took my hand. He led me to the bed where he laid me on my back.  
  
I immediately understood where this was headed, "Do you have a condom?" I asked.  
  
"No, do you?" was his reply as he gently pushed my into a prone position on my bed.  
  
I shook my head, and said, "No, I did not bring one."  
  
"Then I guess we don't need one tonight, little girl." He responded with a confident, matter of fact, attitude that let me know this was not a subject of negotiation right now.  
  
I felt powerless to resist. He was in control now.  
  
Denzel unbuckled his pants as he kicked off his shoes, dropping them to the floor and allowing his large penis to swing freely. He did not remove his socks or his shirt. I had never been fucked by someone wearing their socks and shirt before!  
  
He then started climbing between my legs, and suddenly he stopped. He looked directly at my shaved pussy and read the words 'Sarah's cunt', that I had written there earlier on Sarah's command. "What the fuck is this?" he asked in disbelief.  
  
I explained that I had a mistress, named Sarah who commanded me to write that, to call for room service and to answer the door as I did.  
  
A huge smile broke across his face. "I think I like this lady. But you can tell her for me, she is wrong tonight. Tonight this is my cunt!"  
  
I knew he meant that. He was not asking permission at this point. He was taking what he wanted. He climbed between my legs as he pulled them apart. I was so aroused, but I was scared too. This whole situation had gotten completely out of control. I had not intended to fuck anyone, certainly not unprotected, without a condom.  
  
Why the hell did I let Sarah talk me into this? Oh yeah, I remembered, I was her little cunt tonight!  
  
Denzel kneeled between my legs and did something no man had ever done before; he took his erection and used it to slap against my vulva several times, slapping against my erect clit. It was degrading and stimulating at the same time. He mad no pretense about respecting, or liking me; or even caring about what I wanted. He was treating me like a nasty little whore who would answer the door naked and tease the room service delivery boy.  
  
I moaned slightly each time he slapped his large cock against my clit. I was aroused, and wet; and I would allow him to take me bareback.  
  
Denzel then did something else that was new to me. He started rubbing the head of his cock against my opening without even opening me with his fingers. No one has ever tried to enter me with their penis without stimulating me with their fingers first. But Denzel was going straight for the gold.  
  
"Oh, please go slow. You are too big. I am not ready for that." I begged.  
  
He smiled for a second, and then he looked at the big red vibrator on the nightstand. He got up and grabbed the vibrator, and held it next to his cock. I was amazed that the size was almost identical. My 8" long, 2" thick, phallus was virtual identical in length and girth to his cock.  
  
"Shit, girl. You ain't foolin' nobody. You been using 'dis here phony cock getting yourself ready for me. You ain't got nothin' to be scared of..."  
  
Then he tosses the vibrator on the pillow next to my head and returned to his position to mount my tight little pussy. He pointed the head at my vaginal opening, and then grabbed my legs to pull my ass a bit higher in the air and slowly started to work himself inside me. I felt his stretching me wide. He may not have been any bigger than my vibrator, but he sure felt like it as he began to enter me.  
  
"Ohhhh, please, you are so big, please go slow..."  
  
He just laughed as he stroked himself deeper and deeper inside me. After about four strokes, he was three quarters inside me, and I was starting to respond, moaning at being stretched this way, being taken this way.  
  
"Oh you are so thick. But you feel good." I panted. "But please, don't cum inside me. Please pull out to cum..." I pleaded.  
  
He let out a roar of a laughter. "Sure girl. I will pull out. Don't you worry. I won't cum in your little white pussy." He said and he pulled my legs up, over his shoulders and began stroking into me deeper and deeper.  
  
I could feel my vagina opening up to accept him. He was all the way in. I could feel the head of his cock bumping up against the front wall of my womb, deep inside me. I could feel the orgasm starting to build in my core as he balls slapped against my upturned ass. He was going to make me cum despite the fact that he did not seem to care if I did.  
  
I started to move my hips, arching them to meet his thrusts, taking him as deep as I could. I reached down and grabbed his ass, and pulled him into me. He was plunging into me with a vengeance now, evoking a loud moan from me each time he 'hit bottom'. I was fucking him back, trying to trigger my own orgasm.  
  
With my heels by the side of his head, my ass high in the air and his large boner plunging deep into my womb, I started to cum. "Oh shit, oh shit, I am cumming...fuck me, fuck me hard...please don't stop...Oh shit..." I screamed.  
  
Suddenly, Denzel tensed up and buried himself, balls deep, into my pussy and held me pinned under him as his cock began twitching and pulsing inside of my.  
  
"Shit, Denzel, please pull out, don't cum in me." I pleaded.  
  
But he kept me pinned underneath him as he shot rope upon rope of his thick viscous semen into my waiting womb. Pinned as I was under his weight, with my legs above his shoulders, I lay there accepting his black seed into my cunt.

He held me there for several minutes, as I could feel his large cock pulsing inside me; and I knew he was draining the last drops of his semen into me.  
  
Denzel slowly withdrew from me, and then placed a pillow under my upraised butt, and said, "Girl, I want you to stay just like this until I get back. I will be off work in about 40 minutes. I want you to keep my 'guisum' inside you till I get back. If you are a good girl, I will fuck you again...so don't move."  
  
He left me, my semen soaked pussy elevated in the air, storing his 'guisum', as he pulled on his pants and shoes. And left to return to work. I had been fucked, and used, without a single kiss, or even him fingering me to prepare me. But yet I had a strong, gut wrenching orgasm.  
  
I thought 'why the hell would I stay here in this position, just because he told me to do so?' But that is precisely what I did. I obeyed his instructions and kept his semen inside me for about 40 minutes waiting for his return.  
  
At about 10:10 p.m., a little more than a half an hour after he left, Denzel knocked at my hotel room door. I realize I had to get up to let him in. I ran to the door, my hand between my legs, holding my pussy lips together, trying to hold his sperm in place as instructed.  
  
"Girl, did you do what I said?"  
  
I nodded without uttering a word as I laid back on the bed and elevated my ass once again. I was so humiliated. And I do not understand why this humiliate aroused me so. But it did.  
  
"Good girl. Now I want you to squeeze my stuff out of you while I watch. Go ahead girl, you can do it."  
  
Laying on my back, I placed my heels by my ass and started to contract my vagina, trying to work the semen from my cunt as my young black lover watched. I looked at him and asked, "How old are you?"  
  
"I am 19, how old are you?"  
  
I smiled and saw no reason to lie about my age, "I am old enough to be your mother. I am 41, almost 42 years old." I answered as I strained to push his semen from my dilated pussy. "Do you fuck the hotel guests often?" I asked. I could feel the semen starting to trickle out of me.  
  
Denzel saw the sperm being forced from my cunt too. And started to undress as he said, "That's a good girl, you are squeezing me out, making room for me to put more in...not too often, but occasionally horny white women want to taste the dark side of life, so sometimes I get to stretch their little white pussies." He smiled and continued, "I know for the rest of their lives, they will remember the night they fucked the black bell boy!"  
  
I smiled back at him, "Yes, Denzel, I will remember it too." I grunted trying to squeeze more of his sperm from my pussy. I could feel a large glob running out of me, trickling down the crack of my ass.  
  
Denzel was naked now; this time he took the time to remove his shirt and socks. He had a marvelous and muscular physique. His large cock hung down between his legs like a large, black sausage. He took my hand and turned me over on my stomach. The pillow which had been under my ass was now propping up my stomach.  
  
He then reached between my legs and took a large dollop of his semen, and smeared it all over my crack, including my anus. And he climbed behind me. I panicked. "Denzel, you are too big to go up my backside. You can't do that."  
  
He laughed and said "relax, girl. I awn't gonna try to 'ride the Hershey highway'." (these are the exact words he used to refer to anal sex! I swear.) And he began stroking his large cock and positioning it to enter my doggy style.  
  
I felt him start to enter me again. His spent semen served as a good lubricant, and he had no trouble sliding right in from behind. Grabbing my hips, he began to fuck me, slapping against me. I could feel my vagina responding once again. Each plunge sent me closer to my second orgasm of the evening.  
  
Denzel pounded me from behind and I buried my face into the sheets as I cried out with each violent thrust. I started cumming, and he slapped my ass with each punishing stroke of his large cock. I felt him grasp my hips, pulling me tightly towards him as he unloaded another series of sperm shots into my waiting uterus.  
  
He collapsed on the bed and I rolled over and lay my head on his heaving chest. We fell asleep. Around midnight, I was awakened by Denzel. He was erect again, and was going to fuck me one more time. He pulled me on top of him as he laid on his back. I straddled his and fucked him from above. Until we both came.  
  
"Honey, I need to get some sleep. You got to go home." I advised him after our third fuck of the evening.  
  
He accepted this invitation to leave and was out the door before 1:00 a.m.  
  
I sent Sarah a note, updating her on how this all turned out. I am waiting for her further instructions.

**Exposing Cindy Ch. 02-03**

**Coming soon: Chapter Two: Exposing Cindy - Facing my husband.**  
  
The evening with Denzel was uniquely dangerous and exciting experience. It was degrading and humiliating; and yet, I came three times.  
  
But most of all, it was stupid. It was irresponsible. It was wrong. I violated one of the fundamental precepts of my marriage. My husband, whom I love dearly, has always allowed me to enjoy any man I fancied, as long as he was made aware of it ahead of time and consented.  
  
Yes, Jim frequently enjoyed sharing me with one, or more, other men. Jim loved seeing other men drive me to orgasm. He loved exposing me to other men. He was not possessive or jealous. In fact, Jim was quite the opposite. Jim wanted to share me widely. However, he insisted on being involved. He was not a 'cuckold' husband who allowed his wife take the lead. He was my real master. I knew it, and he knew it.  
  
And I had committed a grave sin. I violated our agreement. And I honestly feared that it could cost me my marriage.  
  
Why had I been so stupid? How could I have let Jim down so badly? Why was I so susceptible to being seduced by this woman on-line, a woman I would never meet? Why did I obey her in defiance of my husband's instructions and rules? A man I loved, adored and respected?  
  
I wrestled with how to handle this with Jim as I my plane traveled from Chicago the next morning to Dallas. I knew I needed to tell Jim everything, even if it meant the end of my marriage. Being open and honest with my husband was that important to me.  
  
I just did not know how I could ever tell Jim about what happened. But I knew I needed to do just that. I just did not know how.  
  
I lay there in bed that evening and decided that the longer I put this off, the worse it would be.  
  
"Jim, I have to tell you something, and I don't think you will like it."  
  
"OK"  
  
"I did something bad. Or at least I think you are going to think it is bad."  
  
"OK, just tell me. What did you do?" His voice took a serious tone.  
  
"I let someone fuck me last night without your permission. I am so sorry. But a situation got out of hand and things went way further than I intended."  
  
Jim paused before responding. I could not tell if he was shocked, hurt or mad.  
  
"Tell me what happened."  
  
I told him about chatting on-line with Mistress Sarah, about her directing me to order room service and about Denzel.  
  
"Did you climax with him?"  
  
I nodded my head, "Yes, sir. I did. I could not help myself."  
  
"How many times?"  
  
"Three" I said sheepishly. After a moment's silence, I said, "There is something else."  
  
"What?"  
  
"He did not use a condom. He did not have one. And neither did I. I was not expecting to do any of this and I was not prepared. And he wasn't going to take 'no' for an answer. So he entered me unprotected."  
  
"Did he force you?"  
  
"No, not physically; nothing like that. But he commanded me and insisted. I tried to 'get him off' with my mouth, but he did not want to cum in my mouth. He insisted on entering me. And, eventually, I let him."  
  
"Cindy that is just stupid. You don't know what he has. Goddamn it, we agreed to the rules. Goddamn it."  
  
"I know. I am sorry. You have no idea, how sorry I am. You have always let me explore anything I wanted. And I knew the rules. I am sorry." I said with true contrition.  
  
Jim was furious with me. And he was hurt and disappointed. But he was also erect. The vivid image of the young black delivery boy stretching my lily white pussy open aroused my husband despite his anger and disappointment with me.  
  
"You know. You will have to be punished for this?"  
  
I nodded in agreement. "I know. I will do anything to make this right. Just tell me what to do" I said. I was relived that Jim was not talking about ending our marriage. Any punishment short of that was a relief to me.  
  
"First, I do not want you chatting with Sarah any more. She is a bad influence on you."  
  
I shook my head in agreement, I knew he was right. But this was a significant punishment in itself. I had really grown to have a real connection with this young woman from South Africa. I had a genuine affection for her, and she knew how to arouse me.  
  
But Jim was right. She had far too much control over me. If I continued to chat with her, she would get me to do some truly unthinkable acts. She had that much power over me. In fact, I was afraid she would get me to live out a deep seated fantasy I have. Something I really wanted to keep as a fantasy, not make a reality. I knew that she could push me closer and closer to a dangerous edge until I crossed a line I did not want to cross.  
  
But I also knew that ending this relationship would be difficult for me. I really enjoyed, and liked this young woman. She was intelligent, sexy and charming. I have never been with a female sexually, but Sarah could seduce me. I often fantasized about her being my first bi-sexual experience.  
  
But I agreed with Jim's conditions. "OK, what else can I do to make this right?"  
  
"I will have to give that some thought. I want the punishment to fit the crime" he said. "But now, go to my dresser and get a condom and put it on me."  
  
"You are going to wear a condom?"  
  
"Of course. You are soiled now. Until we can get you tested, you need to use condoms with anyone, including me. You will have to go to the doctor and tell him you have been a bad girl and get tested."  
  
I knew that this was more about shaming me than it was about real fear that I had contracted a disease. I knew that Jim was going to make me admit to some of my very close friends, with whom I occasionally have unprotected sex, that I had violated his trust. He was going to insist they use condoms with me for the foreseeable future.  
  
As I walked to the dresser to retrieve the rubber for my husband, I knew that part of my punishment was the constant reminder that I was a bad little slut and I would not get to enjoy his semen, or anyone else's, inside me for some period of time.  
  
And I knew I would comply. I would comply because he told me to. And I would comply because there was something in my warped psyche' that aroused me to be shamed this way. I cannot explain it, but the humiliation of being shamed for being the naughty little slut that I was with Denzel actually aroused me.  
  
And Jim knew this about me. My punishment was going to be a series of humiliations which would embarrass and shame me, but would excite me at the very deepest level.  
  
I placed the latex prophylactic on my husband's rigid erection. He then instructed me to 'make him cum".  
  
I started to climb on top of him when he saw it. He saw the remnants of where I had written "Sarah's cunt' on my mound.  
  
"What the fuck is this?" he asked.  
  
I told him the details of how Sarah had instructed me to write this on my vulva. I explained that the felt tip pen would not wash off this morning.  
  
"Fuck me and tell me the entire story of last night," he instructed. "Do not leave out any detail."  
  
I climbed on top of Jim, straddled him and slid myself down on the lubricated condom sheathed erection and proceeded to tell him the story in arousing detail. I told him how Denzel came back to the room to give me his cell number. I told him how Sarah instructed me to call him back, and how upon his return he fed me his huge black unprotected cock. I also told Jim that Sarah had ordered me to leave my large vibrator in plain sight on the night stand so Denzel would see it.  
  
With Jim's erection deep in my pussy, I began to tell my husband the details of what happened the previous night.  
  
"Jim, when Denzel came back to the room, I let him in, asked him to wait for a moment as I returned to the computer. He stood behind me and reached down inside the towel and began feeling my breast. I just froze and did not say a word as he felt me up. When I did not object, he knew he was going to fuck me. I guess I knew it too."  
  
"Honey, he led me over to the bed and pushed my onto my back, climbing between my legs. Jim, he did something no man had ever done before; he took his erection and used it to slap against my vulva several times, slapping against my erect clit. It was degrading and stimulating at the same time. He mad no pretense about respecting, or liking me; or even caring about what I wanted. He was treating me like a nasty little whore who would answer the door naked and tease the room service delivery boy.  
  
"Jim, I moaned slightly each time he slapped his large cock against my clit. I was so aroused, and wet that I would allow him to take me bareback.  
  
I could feel Jim's erection grow firmer as I spoke indicating that he found the story stimulating.  
  
"Honey, Denzel then did something else that was new to me. He started rubbing the head of his cock against my opening without even opening me with his fingers. No one has ever tried to enter me with their penis without stimulating me with their fingers first. But Denzel was going straight for the gold.  
  
"Oh, Jim, he was so big; actually too big. I was not ready for that. I was afraid he would hurt me.  
  
I was rocking myself back and forth on my husband's erect penis as I tried to recreate the previous night's debauchery. I knew that my best hope at getting out of trouble with my husband was to make this memory sexually stimulating for him. If I could make him cum while mentally visualizing me being fucked by my room service boy, he would begin seeing my mistake in a different light.  
  
I continued to verbally stimulate my husband, "Jim, I was so embarrassed... he looked at the big red vibrator on the nightstand, grabbed my vibrator, and held it next to his cock. My 8" long, 2" thick, phallus was virtual identical in length and girth to his cock. He mocked my concern about his size telling me that I had been getting myself ready for him with my 'phony dick'. Then he returned to his position to mount my tight little pussy.  
  
"Jim, this young black man started to work himself inside me. I felt his stretching me wide. He may not have been any bigger than my vibrator, but he sure felt bigger as he began to enter me.  
  
"He was stroking in and out of me and I started to respond. I was so full but I had not even taken all of him. I pleaded with him to pull out before he ejaculated, but he just laughed and kept pounding my pussy. This black teenager just pulled my legs up, over his shoulders and began stroking into my tiny little white vagina."  
  
Jim's breathing began to become more labored and his erection felt like it was growing inside me. He was close to cumming. I just needed to finish him off.  
  
I reached down and pinched my husband's nipples as I continued to rock on top of his cock.  
  
"Jim, I could feel my vagina opening up to accept him. He was all the way in. I could feel the head of his cock bumping up against the front wall of my womb, deep inside me. I could feel the orgasm starting to build in my core as he balls slapped against my upturned ass. He was going to make me cum despite the fact that he did not seem to care if I did.  
  
"He was plunging into me with a vengeance now, evoking a loud moan from me each time he 'hit bottom'. I was fucking him back, trying to trigger my own orgasm.  
  
"Baby, he had me pinned with my legs over his shoulders, my heels by the side of his head, my ass high in the air and his large boner plunging deep into my womb, I started to cum. He was fucking your naughty wife and he was fucking her good."  
  
Jim moaned, "Baby, you are going to make me cum...I can't hold back much longer..."  
  
"Oh baby, cum for me, just like Denzel did. Only Denzel wasn't wearing a condom." I hissed, knowing that this would excite my husband. "I knew he was going to cum, and I begged him to pull out, not to cum inside me. But he kept me pinned underneath him as he shot rope upon rope of his thick viscous semen into my waiting womb. Pinned as I was under his weight, with my legs above his shoulders, I lay there accepting his black seed into my cunt."  
  
Jim tensed up and let out a long guttural moan. I felt his cock pulse inside me. My husband was ejaculating inside his condom. I truly felt cheated that I did not get to take his semen inside me.  
  
I climbed off him, removed the rubber, and kissed the head of his cock. I discarded the condom and returned with a warm wash cloth to wipe Jim's penis clean.  
  
I slept that evening with my head on his chest, grateful that my inappropriate behavior did not cost me my marriage.  
  
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**Mistress Sarah - Chapter three**  
  
I am forced to face my assailant:  
  
In chapter two, I told you about my husband's and my relationship. I told you how Jim shared me with other men on occasion, often with young college students. But Jim had one rule: I was not allowed to 'party on my own'. Jim's rule is that I needed his permission before getting involved with anyone. And on this night in Chicago , I violated this rule with a room service delivery boy.  
  
In chapter two, I related how I confessed my transgression to my husband. I confessed it in excruciating detail. And although he was furious, the details of what happened at the hotel, aroused Jim.  
  
About a week later, Jim brought the subject up again.  
  
"The guy you fucked in Chicago, do you still have his telephone number?"  
  
"Denzel? I think it is more accurate to say, he fucked me, rather than I fucked him. And he fucked me up pretty good with you, too, if I recall," I replied nervously. I was still ashamed of my actions that night.  
  
"Regardless, do you have his number?"  
  
Strangely, I had kept the card that he wrote his cell phone number on it. It was in my purse.  
  
"I do still have his number. Why?"  
  
"I want you to call him and see if he would be willing to get together with the two of us."  
  
I was shocked at this suggestion. "Why would you want to get together with him?" I asked with a confused tone.  
  
Jim responded, "I want to meet him. He is the only person who has fucked my wife who I have not met. I want to meet the man who got you to do this."  
  
"Are you serious? He is in Chicago. You would actually fly up to Chicago to meet him?"  
  
I felt my pulse quicken at the thought of making the call. "What would I say to him?" I asked.  
  
My humiliation was being taken to a new height. I did not understand it, but I was suddenly aware of my clitoris. The thought of talking to this young man again frightened me; but it also aroused me.  
  
Jim instructed me to make the call, and gave me some guidelines about what to say. My hands were literally shaking as I dialed the phone.  
  
On the third ring, he answered.  
  
"Denzel, this is Cindy B. You probably don't even remember me, but you delivered me some cake to my room at the Westin Hotel about a month ago and you gave me a lot more chocolate than just a piece of cake. Do you remember?"  
  
"Damn, who is this really?"  
  
"This is Cindy. I was in room 1956, wearing a towel when I answered the door, and you took care of me, several times. Remember?"  
  
"Is 'dis really you? Are you back in town?"  
  
"Yes it is me. And no, I am not back in town. But my husband and I are going to be back in Chicago soon, and I wanted to see if we could get together for a drink. He wants to meet you."  
  
"What the fuck! Your husband wants me meet me? Are you fuckin' nuts girl? You told him about me? You crazy. This is fuckin' crazy, bitch."  
  
"I tell my husband everything. And he understands. He is not pissed at you at all. He just wants to meet you."  
  
"Why?"  
  
Denzel's apprehension was obvious.  
  
"I don't know."  
  
I paused for a moment trying to construct a response. I decided that the best option was to tell the truth. I simply said, "Well that is not true; I do know. My husband occasionally let's me be with other men. But he always knows who they are ahead of time. You are the only man I have been with that he has not met. I guess he wants to see who was able to fuck me without getting his permission first. "  
  
"Are you fuckin' with me? You serious?"  
  
"Yes, do you want to speak with him?"  
  
"Fuck no!"  
  
There was an extended pause in the conversation as Denzel tried to process what was being said. "So he is not pissed? He is not coming here to put a bullet in my ass? He is not coming here to fuck me up?"  
  
"No, not at all. In fact, if you are cool with it, he wants to see you and I together again, only this time with a condom. You see, he likes sharing me with other men, but he insists they wear protection."  
  
I paused for a moment before continuing, "If you do not want to see me again, that is OK. But he wanted me to make the offer."  
  
"Your husband told you to call me and offer to fuck me while he watches? Seriously? He wants to watch me fuck his woman? What's he gonna be doing while I fuck you, spanking his monkey?"  
  
"Yes, he wanted me to make this call. I know it sounds weird but it is true. He'll probably just watch. And no, he won't be masturbating while he watches. He'll get his later, probably after you leave. I know it sounds weird. If this is too much for you, just say so. I'll understand."  
  
The conversation continued like that for about fifteen minutes. Denzel was clearly very apprehensive, but he also seemed to be intrigued. I sensed the idea of pounding my pussy again while my husband observed his prowess had some appeal. We discuss this for a while until Denzel finally agreed to meet us at a bar a few blocks from the Westin hotel where Denzel had used me a month earlier.  
  
I hung up and reported back to Jim that the arrangements had been made for this coming Friday. That evening, Jim made flight and room reservations for the following weekend. He booked us in the same hotel where Denzel had taken me a month and a half earlier.  
  
Jim instructed me to not masturbate until after we returned from our Chicago adventure. I would be 6 days without having had an orgasm when we flew to Chicago this weekend. Jim wanted me primed and ready. For me, six days was a long time between orgasms. I would be climbing the walls by Friday.  
  
Friday afternoon we headed to DFW airport, boarded our flight and headed off on our adventure.  
  
On the plane, I took Jim's hand and said, "I am sorry I did not get your permission before letting Denzel fuck me. I promise, I will never violate your rules again. Thank you for not 'kicking me to the curb' over this. I love you so much, and I will do anything you ask of me."  
  
"Cindy, I love you too. But I have to know you belong to me. Even when I loan you to other men, I need to know you still belong to me."  
  
"Oh god, Jim, I do. You own me. I am yours totally. I could not stand it if you ever abandoned me. I am yours and no one else's. I will go with whomever you tell me and let them do whatever you allow, but I am yours."  
  
I started to cry as I squeezed his hand. I meant every word I said.  
  
We landed, caught a taxi, and checked into our room. Jim instructed me to call Denzel and confirm our date at the bar Denzel had selected. We were set to meet that evening at 8 p.m.  
  
Jim instructed me to bathe, shave 'my parts' while he selected my outfit.  
  
When I finished bathing, I exited the bathroom wearing the robe provided by the hotel. Lying on the bed was the black halter sundress Jim had selected. Nearby were a pair of nylons that required no garters to stay up, and a pair of high heel pumps. It was not surprise that there were no panties for me to wear. I would be going 'commando' tonight.  
  
I dressed as Jim watched.  
  
Also, on the bed was a box of a dozen 'magnum condoms' in a gift bag. Jim told me that I was to give this 'gift' to Denzel when we arrived, and instruct him that if he wanted to enter me tonight, he would need to wear these.  
  
"But a dozen?" I asked.  
  
"I did not want him to run out," Jim said with a wry smile.  
  
Jim then handed me a felt tipped pen. I looked at him somewhat bewildered.  
  
"Write 'Jim's pussy' on yourself, just like you did for Sarah."  
  
I blushed at being reminded of that fateful night. I was ashamed at how badly I had behaved and how I had responded to Denzel. But the memory of being fucked like that, and used by him like I had been still excited me. Just the memory had my vagina starting to lubricate.

I nodded and took the pen.  
  
"OK, but she called me her cunt, not her pussy."  
  
"I know. But I think pussy is a nicer term. That is my pussy. And you are my woman. I want Denzel to see that. I do not want there to be any doubt in his mind who you belong to."  
  
I did as instructed as Jim watched. I raised the hem of my dress and neatly printed 'Jim's pussy' on my shaved mound. My hands were shaking as I printed 'Jim's pussy' on my bare vulva. I could feel myself starting to leak already in shameful anticipation of being shared. As humiliating as it was to think about, the thought of being used by my ebony young friend was arousing me already.  
  
"Are you going to join in tonight, or just watch?" Jim has been known to do both when he shared me previously.  
  
"I don't know. I will see how the evening goes. I am not even certain I am sharing you yet. I want to see if this guy deserves to have you again," Jim said, indicating that this would a 'play it by ear' sort of night. He was not committing to anything without meeting Denzel first.  
  
I wanted to prepare Jim for what we might encounter tonight. Jim has shared me with numerous men of all races over the years. Both Jim and I had previously enjoyed black men pleasuring me. There was something visually stimulating seeing the contrast of our skin color. But typically, these were actually college students at a local university. And such, they were educated, intelligent and were of an economic status similar to Jim's and my own. Denzel was not like these college boys we enjoyed previously.  
  
"Jim, this is not the type of guy we typically party with. He is a little rougher around the edges than you are used to, and not as well educated as the college boys you typically select or as our 'friends'. I don't know why I reacted the way I did with him; he is really not my type."  
  
"I know. You went 'slumming'. I get it. I want to see you do it again. I want to understand what turns you on about this guy," Jim replied.  
  
"You mean other than his eight-inch long and two-inch thick, jet black cock?" I said, trying to make a joke.  
  
"Yeah, other than that."  
  
I paused for a moment and then verbalized my thoughts.  
  
"Jim, I cannot explain why I came so hard and so easily with him. There wasn't a deep connection of any sort. He acted like he did not even really like me that much. He certainly did not respect me. Do you remember what I told you that he did immediately before he entered me the very first time?"  
  
Jim looked at me with interest and merely shook his head.  
  
I took a deep breath, before continuing. "He knelt between my thighs, and he took his huge black cock and slapped it against my clitoris six or seven times. Not really hard, but just hard enough to make me moan a bit each time he did it. He made it clear that he was not wearing a condom. And right before he entered me, he made me ask, no really beg him to fuck me. No one had ever done that before, or since. I felt like he was doing these things to sort of degrade me, or to make sure I knew I was his nasty little slut that night."  
  
I paused and then continued. "But, Jim, I actually almost came while he was slapping his dick against my vulva. Each time he took his dick and slapped my pussy with it, it was like he sent an electrical shock through my clit. He had me begging for him to please put it inside me. I can't explain it, but lying there with my legs splayed apart while this teenager slapped the huge black erection against my sloppy wet pussy almost drove me over the edge before he even tried to put the head in. And really, he was just a kid. I think he told me he was nineteen-years-old."  
  
I could see a large bulge forming in the front of my husband's pants as he formed the mental image of Denzel slapping his dick against my vulva. The scene excited both of us. I liked exciting my husband this way.  
  
"And Jim, do you remember what I told you happened after he made me cum, and pumped me full of his sperm. What he made me do then is even more degrading. I had told him that he needed to pull out before he ejaculated. He just laughed and fucked me harder until he came. But rather than pull out, he buried himself inside me 'balls deep' and pumped me full. I was pinned under him and I could feel him throbbing inside of me, deep in my womb as he pumped rope after rope of his sperm inside me. There was nothing I could do but accept his ropes of semen inside me.  
  
"After he filled me full, he pulled out and he placed a pillow under my ass to elevate it and instructed me to lay there holding his 'sperm inside me until he returned after his shift was over. I don't know why I did it, but I did. I found it wildly exciting to be humiliated and degraded in that manner that evening. But honey, I did as he instructed. I lay there alone for about forty-five minutes holding his sperm inside me until he returned to fuck me again. I do not know why it turned me on so much, to be treated like that.  
  
I could see from the tent in the front of Jim's pants that he was now fully erect.  
  
"Cindy, if you keep talking like that, I am going to have to fuck you right now." Jim warned. He was right. Not only did my description of my first encounter with Denzel have him erect, it had me leaking down my legs. I wanted to fuck my husband right then, but we both decided that it would be better to wait.  
  
We took a cab to the bar and arrived a few minutes past eight. I was already quite aroused when we arrived in front of Leroy's Old Time Tavern. The bar was in the basement of an older red brick building. We descended the outside staircase and entered the dimly lit room. Immediately I realized we were the only Caucasians in the bar. There were a few Hispanics, but the majority of the clients were African American.  
  
I felt every eye looking at Jim and me as we entered. Being the only white people, we stood out. I was nervous and I took Jim's hand.  
  
The place was clean. There were about a half dozen tables between a dance floor and the bar. The music was loud, but you could still talk if you leaned close to whomever you were trying to communicate. Several large black men were playing pool on two pool tables in the back room. They interrupted their game brief to check out the 'hot white bitch' (me) as I entered the bar. My eyes had not yet completely adjusted to the darkness as I tried to find Denzel.  
  
Finally, I spotted Denzel sitting at a table with another black man. "There he is."  
  
I led Jim to the table and said, "Denzel, I would like you to meet my husband, Jim. Jim, this is Denzel." Then I looked at the other man at the table. I looked back at Denzel and said, "I was expecting you to be alone."  
  
Initially, Denzel ignored my comment about the other man at the table and directed his attention to Jim He stood up to greet Jim. Jim was one or two inches taller than Denzel with slightly broader shoulders.  
  
Jim and Denzel shook hands and exchanged niceties as we sat down. Denzel leaned over to me, placed two fingers under my chin to lift it up and kissed me briefly on the lips, and said, "Girl, you're looking fine as ever."  
  
I assumed that by kissing me, Denzel was testing Jim's reaction. Jim did not react.  
  
I wondered what all these other black men sitting at the tables around us were thinking when this young black man kissed me in front of my husband. Did they suspect the bizarre relationship my husband and I have? Did they suspect that I was here to get fucked by this young black man? I concluded that not only did they suspect; I felt they likely knew why Jim and I were here.  
  
The thought that these men all knew why Jim and I were in this bar embarrassed and excited me. I do not understand the reason, but having people know just how naughty I was planning to be tonight had a peculiar appeal. It aroused me.  
  
Jim and I sat opposite each other since Denzel and the stranger were already sitting in the other two chairs. I wished I could have sat next to my husband. I would have felt safer and less vulnerable. As it was, I felt quite alone and isolated at my end of the table.  
  
Denzel introduced us to his roommate, Tyrus.  
  
I was taken aback by the Tyrus's presence. I had not anticipated Denzel bringing a friend. This was an unexpected complication. I think Denzel sensed my hesitation.  
  
"Tyrus is sort of my wing man. My back up in case your husband was not as cool with all this as you wanted me to believe." Denzel and Tyrus exchanged a knowing glance before continuing. "Man, I just can't get my head around your arrangement."  
  
We ordered drinks; I ordered a double vodka orange juice. I needed some alcohol, fast.  
  
We stumbled through the awkward beginning of our conversation. It was clear that Tyrus knew about what happened between Denzel and me, and he understood that Jim was bringing me here tonight for a repeat performance.  
  
Denzel broached the subject again by asking Jim, "So you know about me and your lady? I mean she told you what happened, and you're cool with it?"  
  
Jim simply nodded and said, "I believe she has shared every sorted detail. And yeah, we are cool."  
  
Denzel took a big swallow of his drink and continued, "I just don't get it. Man, if someone fucked my bitch like that, I'd want to cap his ass. I would sure as fuck put a cap in her ass if she was answering the door flashing guys and shit."  
  
"I don't expect you to get it. Our relationship is unique. But it works for us. I enjoy seeing her pleasured. I understand you did a good job of it too. It intrigues me how you pleased her so."  
  
"Yeah, she did go off like a roman candle when I was pounding her." Turing to his friend, he said, "Tyrus, this bitch cums hard, and she's a screamer."  
  
Jim interrupted the conversation, "Denzel, I assume you mean no disrespect, but let's not call Cindy a 'bitch', especially when she's sitting right here. OK?"  
  
"Sure man, I'm down with that."  
  
Jim had established a bit of the pecking order by telling Denzel that tonight I was to be shown a bit more respect than he had shown me a month ago. I liked the fact that Jim did that.  
  
Most men would have been insulted or threatened having these two black men discuss their wife's sexual behaviors so openly. And most men would have been intimated being the only white man in a black bar. Jim was not most men.  
  
Jim is an imposing man. He stands 6 ft. 3 inches tall, weighs 210 pounds, and has broad shoulders and large arms. He has been an avid weight lifter since college. Even though he is 44 years old, his physique clearly indicates that you do not want to fuck with him. He also exudes confidence without being arrogant or cocky in any way. God, I loved that man.  
  
However, both Denzel and Tyrus were good sized men too, but neither were as physically imposing as my husband. I sensed both of them were just a little bit uneasy. Initially, both seemed to be concerned that Jim might be here to settle some score. Jim made it clear that was not the case.  
  
We ordered another round of drinks and started to work through the awkwardness of our situation. I asked the waiter for another double screwdriver. I hope that two doubles would help relax me and loosen me up a but.  
  
I studied both men's faces. They were attractive with relatively refined features albeit youthful . Yes, they were really just boys who were here tonight to fuck a middle aged white woman. But they were attractive and nice enough.  
  
"So you're really okay with your wife and me?"  
  
Jim smiled and said, "Yeah. How can I be upset with anyone coming on to her. I mean, look at her. And she did kind of provoke you, didn't she? She told me that she answered the door wearing just a towel, right?"  
  
"Yeah, I was mighty provoked all right, all nine inches of me was provoked right into that tight pussy" he said with a laugh.  
  
Denzel might not refer to me as a bitch again tonight, but he was still pretty crass as he described what he had done to me at the hotel last month. Jim seemed to be OK with the direction the conversation was headed. In fact, he seemed to encourage it a bit as he allowed Denzel to describe my most intimate reaction to him to his friend.  
  
I wondered what these two black men, who appeared to be just barely of legal age, thought about Jim and me. OK, I knew what they thought of me. I knew that they saw me as just a middle aged slut looking for some dark meat to feast on. I knew that they did not respect me. And as shameful as it is to admit this, I found their lack of respect somewhat stimulating. In the deep recesses of my psyche', my shame and humiliation excited me. Something deep inside of me wanted to be their dirty little slut tonight while Jim watched over me and protected me.  
  
But I also wondered, what did they think of Jim? Jim's physical presence was intimidating. Jim did not fit the stereo-typical image of a weak, sissified cuckold who allowed black bulls to pleasure his lily white wife. In fact, he was pretty much the exact opposite of the stereo-type. But still, I felt that they could not understand, or respect, a white man that gave his wife to black strangers.  
  
Jim was confident and in control. There was nothing weak or sissy about him. And truthfully, while it excited me on some level to be shamed and humiliated myself, I could not abide Jim being disrespected. And I knew, he would not tolerate either of us being disrespected either. I hoped these two young men understood that, or it would be an unpleasant evening.  
  
"Cindy, don't you have a present for Denzel?" he asked referring the gift bag full of over-sized condoms and tube of K-Y jelly I was holding.  
  
I nodded and handed the bag to Denzel as I said, "If we do anything tonight, you need to use these."  
  
Denzel took the box of Trojans magnums out of the bag, and placed the box on the table for anyone to see. I was mortified.  
  
"That is very nice of you, Cindy." Turning towards his friend, he said, "Ty, I might let you use a couple of these tonight, too."  
  
"Denzel, please put those back in the bag." I looked around and saw two men at the next table laughing knowingly as they looked at the box of prophylactics. There was no doubt in their mind, or anyone else's, what was going to happen to me tonight. I had been brought to this bar by my husband to pick up my black bull for the evening. Or should I say 'bulls'?  
  
I was so embarrassed that every one knew that I was a middle aged white slut who would be fed some black cock.  
  
I had been wondering if Tyrus would excuse himself once it was clear that Jim was not going to react badly. But he seemed to think he was invited to this party. And Jim seemed comfortable with both men being here. In fact, I sensed that Jim actually liked these two young men enough to loan me to both of them for a few hours. No, Tyrus was planning to be part of the party.  
  
Jim confirmed that Tyrus was invited when he asked Tyrus, "Would you like to dance with my wife?"  
  
Jim frequently invited men to dance with me in bars before inviting them to our room or home. I knew the 'dance rules' too. When I was on the dance floor with a man Jim had selected, I was not allowed to prevent them from touching me. I could try to verbally dissuade them from touching me, but I could not physically block their hands or remove their hands.  
  
This often resulted in an interesting dynamic on the dance floor. Many men would 'cop a quick feel' to gauge my reaction. I would verbally tell them they should not be doing that, but I was not allowed to physically resist. Often times they would continue feeling me while others watched while I tried to convince them to stop without physically resisting. The fact that I was verbally discouraging them while physically allowing them to continue touching me served to heighten the excitement of being fondled in public; both mine and theirs.  
  
Since Jim invited Tyrus to dance with me, I knew he intended to let both men have me tonight. And they had 12 condoms to do it with. I was going to be a very sore little girl in the morning.  
  
I took a large sip to finish my cocktail before being led to the dance floor by this young black stallion. The two double screwdrivers were beginning to work. I was starting to feel a bit 'light headed' already. Two to three drinks were typically my limit. I have the equivalent of four drinks already now.  
  
As I left the table I asked, "Jim, would you order another drink for me?" I did not just want to relax, I wanted to eliminate all my inhibitions.  
  
We moved to the center of the dance floor. I wrapped my arms around his neck and he pulled me close, grasping my buttocks with his large black hands. He ran his hand under my dress and cupped my bare ass. "Girl, you ain't got no drawers on."  
  
"Be good there young man. We are in a public place. Don't be flashing my ass to everyone. We'll get thrown out of here," I cautioned, but allowed him to feel my ass.  
  
I felt his cock pulse against my upper abdomen as he pressed himself against me. I wished I was taller so that his cock would grind against my pelvis; but at 5 ft. 4 inches tall, his larger frame simply towered over me. His erection was not able to contact my vulva.  
  
He brought one hand up to the side of my breast and started to feel me up.  
  
"You need to behave. There are too many people around to get too frisky in here" I admonished him again. But he did not listen.  
  
"I am behaving. If I wasn't behaving I'd lift you up right now and fuck you on the dance floor. I am on my best behavior" he said as he continued to grind his growing erection into my belly. I looked over at Jim and Denzel as they watched me getting 'felt up' on the dance floor. They seemed to enjoy what they were witnessing.  
  
Tyrus leaned forward and kissed me. I opened my mouth and accepted his tongue in my mouth as he teased my nipple with his large fingers. He had pulled the hem of my dress up so that the very bottom of my buttocks was visible to those sitting at the tables adjacent to the dance floor. I heard several 'hoots' and 'whistles' from the gallery as they enjoyed the show.  
  
I was starting to respond to his touch and kiss when the song ended. We returned to the table, but rather than allow me to sit on my chair, he pulled me on to his lap.  
  
I could feel his dick throbbing against my bare bottom as Tyrus placed his hand on my inner thigh.  
  
"Denz, did you know that your lady ain't got drawers on," Tyrus announced loud enough for the next table to hear.  
  
Denzel responded, "I told you she was wicked hot and nasty."  
  
I spotted my drink and asked Jim to hand it to me. I took a long swallow as Tyrus ran his fingers further up my inner thigh.  
  
"Ty, you need to behave. There are people around. Jim tell this young man to be good. He's getting a little carried away here. Denzel, tell your friend to settle down" I pleaded looking for some support from the other two men at the table. I kept my legs together preventing him from actually reaching my vagina.  
  
His cock pulsed against my ass again.  
  
Jim smiled and asked, "Well what exactly is Ty doing that concerns you?"  
  
With his fingers trapped between my thighs, I looked at my husband and said, "He is trying to finger fuck your wife right here at the table."  
  
Jim looked at Denzel, and then back at Tyrus. Took a sip of his drink and said, "Okay, I think we need some type of compromise here. Tyrus, if Cindy gives you one nice kiss and lets you feel how wet you are making her, will you behave while we are at the table after that?"  
  
Tyrus smiled broadly and said, "sounds like a deal".  
  
Jim looked at me and said, "Cindy, give him a kiss and let his see how wet you are."  
  
"Jim, there are people around."  
  
Jim just said, "Cindy", indicating that I should comply. I opened my thighs and kissed Tyrus. Our tongues chased each other from mouth to mouth as his fingers found my wet opening. His middle finger slipped right inside me. I kept my eyes tightly closed, not wanting to know who was watching this shameful display.

I broke off the kiss and whispered in his ear. "Okay, a deal is a deal. You need to take your fingers out of me."  
  
I continued to look down, avoiding eye contact with anyone at the adjacent tables. My knees were about six inches apart. Tyrus's arm was between my thighs. His hand was up, under my dress. No one glancing over at our table could mistake what was occurring. It was clear to any observer that he was fondling my vagina under my dress.  
  
"This bitch gonna need some diapers she's leaking so much."  
  
Jim ignored the 'bitch' comment. He and Denzel both just chuckled at my humiliation, watching with amusement as Tyrus continued to stimulate me. I could not keep from responding to his touch, despite the feeling of humiliation knowing that men and women were watching from adjacent tables while Tyrus 'finger fucked' me.  
  
I tried to remain motionless, but I could not keep from rocking my hips slightly as Tyrus's fingers were conducting massage at the very opening of my vagina. I bit my lower lip and tried not to respond. My arousal was growing. I started to hug Tyrus around the neck more tightly trying to sit still. I just could not remain motionless.  
  
With Tyrus finger just inside my vagina I looked over at my husband and begged with a whimper "Jim, could we go somewhere a little less public? I will do whatever you ask of me, but take me out of here, please."  
  
Jim understood both what I needed and wanted. He could sense that I was at risk of 'going off right' there at the table.  
  
Jim smiled, nodded and turned to Denzel, "Guys, would you like to join Cindy and me back at the hotel?"  
  
Denzel responded, "That just don't work for us. We both work at the Westin. Can't go back there tonight when we are not working. No way to explain what we were doing there when we aren't on duty. Why don't you crash at our pad tonight?"  
  
As Denzel spoke, Tyrus withdrew his fingers from between my legs. I closed my thighs together and adjusted the hem of my dress. I still could not look at the people at the adjacent tables. I stood up and walked over next to Jim. His arm came up around my waist and he patted my butt in a manner meant to convey that he loved me. I needed that reassurance now. I needed it badly.  
  
"Where do you guys live? We don't have a car, we took a cab to the bar," Jim responded.  
  
"We have a place about two blocks from here," Denzel replied.  
  
The idea of going to their place made me very uncomfortable. There was an element of safety back at the hotel It was clean, secure and I knew Jim could protect me in our hotel room. I did not know what I to expect back at their place. It was far more risky.  
  
After a moment's hesitation, Jim looked at me and asked, "Cindy, can you handle both of these men?"  
  
I felt my face burning as I tried to answer. My voice quivered as I said, "I don't know. Do you want me to?"  
  
"Of course I do. I want to see them feed you all of the black dick you can handle."  
  
"You're coming back with me, right? You aren't sending me back with them alone, are you?" I feared being sent off with Tyrus and Denzel without Jim there to protect and support me. I was slightly inebriated now, and I was feeling a bit emotional.  
  
Jim laughed, "Well you did not need me to protect you a month ago when you took care of Denzel; did she Denz?"  
  
"No, she handled me just fine by herself," Denzel returned the laugh.  
  
I lowered my eyes in humiliation as they discussed that fateful night of a month ago when I was teased, degraded, fucked, and forced to hold Denzel's semen inside my womb all evening. "I'll do whatever you ask Jim," I said softly.  
  
"What? Cindy, I can't hear you. You have to speak up."  
  
I looked up at all three men and repeated, "Jim, I will do whatever you ask. I am yours. You can give me to whomever you want." I had long ago resigned myself to doing anything my husband asked. "But please don't send me there alone. Stay with me."  
  
"Baby, I will stay with you. I want to be there while you accommodate my new good friends here. Finish your drink and I'll pay the check."  
  
Jim paid the bill. Denzel and Tyrus led me up the stairs out of the bar. Every man in the bar knew I was being led to be bred by these two black bulls with my husband's endorsement. Everyone knew I was a middle aged white woman who was going to be stretched open by large black dicks tonight. Not just one black dick, but two. Everyone knew what a nasty little slut I was tonight.  
  
As soon as we reached street level, Tyrus lit a joint of marijuana, took a long hit and handed it to me. It had been decades since I smoked grass. I looked at Jim questioningly.  
  
"Go ahead, take a hit. It may help you," Jim instructed. Jim knew that marijuana not only lowered my inhibitions, he knew it also raised my libido considerably. Grass made me horny as hell.  
  
I did as I was told. I took several more 'hits' as I walked the two and a half blocks to their apartment between Denzel and Tyrus. Jim walked a couple of paces behind us, watching these two men fondle me as we walked. Hands were on my ass and all over my breasts as we walked down the sidewalk.  
  
I attracted some wickedly disapproving stares as my black studs felt me as we walked. Despite my humiliation, I could feel my lubrication leaking out of my, coating my inner thighs.  
  
By the time I reached their apartment building, I could feel the beginning effect of the marijuana combined with the alcohol. I was feeling slightly light headed and euphoric.  
  
We arrived at their third floor apartment. I stepped inside and was pleased to see that it was simple, but clean. The living area had a couch and recliner and one straight back chair. A flat screen TV hung on the wall.  
  
As the door closed behind me, I heard the lock latch and the chain slide across its slider. I was locked inside with three men; my husband and my two bulls. It might have been the marijuana induced paranoia, but I felt as though the locks were designed to prevent my escape. I felt more like I was locked inside a cage with wild animals than it felt like the locks were there to protect me from dangers outside the apartment.  
  
Jim took my hand and pulled me towards him. He placed his fingers under my chin and raised my face towards his. He kissed me deeply as he untied the halter strap from around my neck, lowering the top and exposing my perky, erect breasts. I had my arms around his neck and sucked his tongue deeply into my mouth as he teased my erect nipple.  
  
At that moment, all I wanted was to continue kissing my husband and to take Jim inside me. I needed to be fucked by my husband, and to take his semen into my womb. I needed to make love to Jim. But that was not what was 'in the cards' for me tonight. No, tonight Jim was preparing me to breed repeatedly with these very young black men. And both my husband and I knew I would do precisely what Jim asked.  
  
While he continued to kiss me, Jim then reached around behind me, unzipped the halter dress and let it fall to the floor. Jim guided me to step out of it, leaving the black halter dress on the floor. With the exception of my high heel pumps and my stockings, I was now naked.  
  
Denzel moved behind me, and while I continued to kiss Jim, I felt his hand cup my ass and reach between my legs searching for my opening.  
  
We momentarily broke our kiss, but I kept my arms wrapped around my husband's neck. I did not want to let Jim go. I did not want Jim to let me go either. I needed to be held by him right now.  
  
I whispered into Jim's ear, "He is putting his fingers inside me."  
  
Jim looked into my eyes and said, "I know".  
  
By now, Denzel had the tips of two fingers inside me. He was wiggling his fingers just inside my opening from behind. He was nudging my legs apart with his knee. I was forced to squat to allow him the 'access' he was demanding, and Jim was allowing.  
  
"What are you going to let them do to me?" I whimpered.  
  
You may not understand this, but while on one level I really did not want to be degraded and used this way, the entire situation of my husband loaning me to these two black youths, who really did not respect, or even like me, was arousing me deeply.  
  
"I am going to let them fuck you over, and over again, until they can't get hard any more. I am going to let them fuck you raw. Is that okay with you?"  
  
Jim's words caused my heart to pound in my chest. He knew precisely the words that would excite me.  
  
With my arms around Jim's neck, and Denzel's fingers inside the opening of my vagina, I looked over and saw Tyrus had removed his shoes, shirt and was stepping out of his pants. A large, thick purple-black dick hung 7 or 8 inches between his legs. It was thick and firm, but appeared to be too heavy to stand up on its own.  
  
I looked back up at Jim, and with my voice shaking, I said, "If you want them inside your wife, I will take them, Jim. I will let them do anything you ask."  
  
Denzel's fingers were opening me up as I hugged my husband. This entire situation was surreal.  
  
I do not know if it was because of the marijuana, but I felt very emotional at this moment. I felt tears start to form in my eyes and my voice quaked as I begged, "Don't let go of me. Hold me while they do it."  
  
I wanted my husband to hold me while he gave me to these men. I needed him to comfort me right now. I knew I was going to behave like a nasty slut, but I needed to be loved while I did it. I needed to be reassured that Jim loved me even while he let these men fuck me.  
  
Denzel knelt behind me and pulled my hips backward slightly, forcing me to bend forward. Standing like this in my high heel pumps was difficult for me. I kept my hands on Jim's shoulders to balance myself as Denzel's two fingers invaded my uterus. He plunged two fingers inside me forcing me to grunt as I struggled to maintain my balance.  
  
"Oh god, Jim, it feels like his entire fist is inside me...oh shit"  
  
With Denzel kneeling behind me, I felt his fingers curling towards the front of my womb, finding that special spot on the front wall of my vagina that triggers my orgasm. I tried to keep my hands on Jim's shoulders, but could not keep him from moving away from me, leaving me bend forward at the waist, while I was being fingered. Tyrus immediately stepped in front of me where Jim had been moments before. He placed one hand on my head and held his large erection in front of my lips. I knew what he wanted.  
  
I looked over at Jim. My husband simply nodded and said, "do it", instructing me to allow Tyrus to use my mouth.  
  
I wrapped my tiny white fingers around the thick black shaft. I was amazed at how thick he was. My fingers barely encircled the black shaft.  
  
I opened my mouth and struggled to take him inside my lips. But I could not open my jaw wide enough. He was simply too thick. I kissed the head, licked the head and pumped the shaft as his friend assaulted my womb with his fingers. Actually, I was using Tyrus's erection to help me keep my balance.  
  
Despite my shame at being treated like such a slut, I was responding to the fingers massaging my uterus. I could feel my vagina dilate, deep inside, telegraphing the extent of my arousal.  
  
I stopped kissing and licking Tyrus's cock, but continued to grasp it for balance. I was squatting and pushing back against the fingers buried deeply inside of me. I felt my climax approaching rapidly.  
  
"Oh fuck, Jim, he is going to make me cum...oh fuck, I can't help it...I am going to cum," I screeched.  
  
Bent over at the waist, Denzel's fingers in my womb, balancing myself with Tyrus's erection in my fist, I started to climax. I quaked and convulsed. I fought not to fall as these powerful waves of pleasure rocked me.  
  
Denzel quickly removed his fingers from my vagina, leaving my dilated pussy to go through a series of spasms, searching for something to grasp.  
  
Jim stood me up, and handed me the bag of condoms.  
  
"Cindy, help your dates get properly dressed."  
  
Denzel protested, "Man we don't need to wear those. It's like showering with a raincoat."  
  
"I am afraid so. It's either wear these or 'no fucking my wife tonight'. It is that simple," Jim responded.  
  
After one or two more protests, both Denzel and Tyrus seemed to accept these terms and conditions. Jim nodded at me and repeated, "help your dates get dressed".  
  
Still trying to recover from my climax, I struggled to open the cardboard box and then struggled again with the tin foil wrapper. I felt the wetness seeping out of me as I finally tore the tin wrapper with my teeth. I waved Tyrus over to me. His large cock swung in front of him; it seemed too heavy to actually point up. I grasped the heavy shaft and placed the lubricated roll of latex in the large, purple head and started rolling it over the distinct ridge and down the shaft.  
  
Tyrus filled the condom fully, stretching the beige latex almost to the breaking point.  
  
I watched Denzel stripping while I placed the beige prophylactic on his friend. Denzel's cock was slightly longer and harder but not quite as thick as Tyrus's thicker, heavier cock. Denzel's penis stood erect while Tyrus poked out and slightly down. Looking at Jim, I said, "I did not exaggerate the size of his erection, did I?"  
  
"No, baby, you didn't," was Jim's response, as he began shedding his clothes too. It appeared that Jim intended to join in the fun tonight. It appeared that I was going to have three dicks to contend with tonight.  
  
I motioned for Denzel to approach me.  
  
"Denzie, let's get you dressed as well," I said as I ripped open the second over-sized condom with my teeth. I stretched the latex sheathe over the coal black erection. Now both my men were safety contained in their protective barriers. They could take me and use me, but they could not infect or impregnate me.  
  
As soon as I completed the installation of my men's latex sheathes, Jim led me over and bent me over the back of the couch.  
  
Jim walked around the front of the couch and sat down in front of me. He took both my hands in one hand holding me in place. He asked, "Gentlemen, who would like to be first? Ty, since you have never enjoyed my wife's hot little twat, why don't you take her first?"  
  
I could feel my heart racing as I prepared to be penetrated. Bent over the back of the couch, Jim holding my hands in place, I felt quite vulnerable. I could feel my vagina dripping with anticipation as Jim gently massaged my shoulders and upper back with one free hand as he held my two hands together with his other.  
  
With Jim holding my hands, keeping me bent over in position to be mounted, I felt as if I was shackled in place. I realized that I had asked Jim to hold me while these boys took me, but this was not exactly what I had in mind.  
  
Tyrus positioned himself behind me. I felt him sliding the lubricated latex encased head up and down my slit.  
  
Jim held my hands, holding me into position to be mounted and asked, "What's he doing back there, baby?"  
  
"He is running the head of his dick up and down my slit. I am pretty sure he is getting ready to fuck your wife." I felt the thick head starting to press into my dilated vulva. "Oh god, he is pushing into me now. Are you really going to let him fuck me like this?" I said with a whimper.  
  
With Jim restraining my hands and holding me into position, I was quite vulnerable. I could not even reach behind me to try to slow his rate of penetration. I was powerless to do anything but allow him to pry himself into my wet cunt. I felt so dirty and naughty.  
  
Having just climaxed myself with Denzel's fingers inside me, I was aroused and open. I felt the ridge of his head pass my outer ring. The texture of the latex was different and quite distinct from the warmth and smoothness of an unprotected penis.  
  
Ty pushed into me. I felt him trying to press too deep.  
  
"Oh shit, too much, that hurts," I begged. He pulled out and slid back in, forcing himself deeper inside me and evoking another cry of mixed pain and pleasure from my core. He pulled out and pushed back in again, deeper still. Tyrus repeated this sequence several times, forcing himself deeper each time.  
  
I felt his pace start to increase, and his penis began to grow harder inside me. His erection was actually growing as he fucked me. But I also was aware that he could not force his entire length inside me. When he was inside me as deep as he could go, his balls and legs were still not touching my buttocks. He had more dick to offer than I could accommodate in this position.  
  
His hands grasped my hips as he started pumping in and out of me with an increasing pace. Suddenly, Tyrus stiffened and I felt his penis pulse inside me. I knew he was pumping his prophylactic full. I remained bent over accepting his climax.  
  
After several very arousing moments of his penis pulsing inside me, Tyrus withdrew. As he exited me, my vagina made a strange slurping sound. I was aroused, but had not cum. I was close, but did not quite get there. Before I could even process what had just happened, Jim stood me up and turned me to face Denzel.  
  
Denzel walked towards me; his 8 inch erection stood swayed proudly in front of him. His rigid cock strained towards the ceiling like a jet black snake covered with transparent beige latex sheathe. The distinct head stood prominently atop the thick shaft. Even covered with the latex sheathe, the thick veins were plainly visible. This huge, erect cock was an intimidating sight.  
  
Jim kept his hands on my shoulders, in effect, offering me to Denzel. Denzel's erection literally almost came up to my chin as he approached me. My pussy was still experiencing a series of spasms from Tyrus's sudden withdrawal. Jim stood behind me, and raised my arms, placing them around Denzel's' neck.  
  
I was being presented and offered to my youthful black lover.  
  
I kissed Denzel as I wrapped my arms around his neck. Denzel pulled me up, off my feet, and placed his hands under my thighs. He lifted me up, forcing my legs open and placing my thighs around his waist. I wrapped my legs around his torso.  
  
I could feel his erection throbbing us against my vulva, searching for a 'point of entry'. I was ready to accept my second black bull of the night. I moved to position my vagina's opening over the pulsing head.  
  
Denzel began lowering me, impaling me on his rigid, black rod. I felt the head start to penetrate the outer ring of my vagina. I looked at Jim as I lowered myself on the huge black cock that was piercing my vulva. With my arms around his neck, and my legs around his torso, the head of his cock slowly arched up and slide deeper into my wet opening.  
  
Denzel handled my 114 pound frame easily. With his hands under my thighs, he lifted me and lowered me in a series of moves, each cycle penetrating me more deeply until he had 6 inches of his dick inside my tiny pussy. I did not know if I could take any more of him; it felt like he was 'hitting rock bottom' with the pulsing head of his cock.  
  
Denzel surprised me, with about six inches of his large dick inside me, this young black man walked me over to the wooden, straight back chair. He sat on the wooden straight back chair with me still impaled on his erection.  
  
I tried to control the amount of penetration by lowering my legs to the floor, but my short legs barely reached the ground. My toes were straining to reach the floor when Denzel lifted my legs up and placed them around his core once again. In this position, my legs around him waist, I held myself up with my arms, using Denzel's broad shoulders for leverage.  
  
I looked between my thighs and saw at least two inches of his erection remained outside my vagina when I felt I could not take any more of him inside me. I was trying to prevent being impaled on his long erection that was wedged deep into my womb in this position. He was simply too big.  
  
He arched his hips forward, forcing his rigid erection deep inside me uterus. The sudden, unexpected penetration sent sharp, searing pain into my core. I yelped, "Oh fuck, Denz,...oh shit, I can't take that much of you...oh fuck...you are too deep...it hurts..."

"Jim, he is too big. Oh shit, I can't take him...it hurts...too deep...don't hurt me...please...I need time...oh shit..." I whimpered. I felt myself begin to cry out of fear. The pain in my womb was intense.  
  
Jim tried to calm my panic. "Baby, relax. You can do this. You'll be OK. Just relax. You can take him. Take all of him; for me, try to do it, baby"  
  
Jim wanted me to take this huge black dick inside me. I would do whatever I could to accommodate my husband's desires and the desires of my young black bull but I did not know how I could accommodate this large cock. I tried to lower myself down, grunting with pain as the head wedged deeper inside of me. I just could not take all of him inside me.  
  
"Oh god, I can't. It hurts too much."  
  
Jim then shocked me.  
  
"Baby, try him bareback...take him bareback."  
  
I looked at Jim in disbelief. "What?"  
  
"You can do this if you take him bareback."  
  
I was holding myself up on Denzel's shoulders as I tried to confirm what I thought Jim was telling me. "Are you sure? I mean you want me to take him bareback'? Really? I thought you didn't want me to let him cum inside me?"  
  
"Yeah, baby., I know. But now I want you to take him like you did last time. I want to see his spunk dripping out of you when he is done with you, Will you do that for me?"  
  
I felt my heart pounding in my chest as I tried to process this request. I do not know why, but the thought of taking Denzie into my womb, unprotected, and accepting his semen into my womb, was terribly exciting. It was dangerous and stupid, but I wanted Jim see me do it.  
  
"If you are sure that is what you want. I'm not going to be in trouble for letting him pump me full, am I?"  
  
"No baby, I promise. This one is on me. This is my idea."  
  
I looked at Denzel and said, "Lift me off for a second. You won't be sorry. Jim wants you to take me bareback."  
  
Denzel face lit up like a kid on Christmas. He stood up, with his dick still inside me. Standing, he lifted me high enough so that his erection slipped from my vagina and then lowered me to the floor, standing naked in from of him.  
  
I grasped his thick shaft and fumbled trying to remove the latex sheathe from his long, black cock. Because of the lubrication from the condom itself and my own vaginal juices, I could not seem to grasp the edge of the prophylactic. It was simply too slippery. My fingers kept slipping off as I tried to remove the rubber that was stretched so tightly around this large ebony snake that was sticking straight up.  
  
Glancing at Jim as I struggled to free Denzel's dick from its confines, I wanted to confirm Jim's request one last time. I wanted to give my husband one last chance to change his mind. "Are you sure you want me to do this? You are sure you want me to take him bareback? He is going to fill me with his seed, you know?"  
  
I saw Jim's cock arch up noticeably as I uttered the words 'fill me with his seed'. The idea excited my husband, a lot.  
  
Jim nodded and said, "I'm sure. But you need to take all of him. Will you do that for me?"  
  
"I don't know if I can, but I will try. He is very big, you know."  
  
Perhaps it was because it was stretched so tightly around his thick shaft , but I could not seem to remove the rubber from Denzel's erection. Denzel finally got impatient with my fumbling with the slippery wet latex condom. I could not seem to get a hold of it. He reached down and was able to remove the latex protection from his rigid erection. He tossed it on the table next to the chair.  
  
His naked, unprotected cock stood straight up, straining towards the ceiling.  
  
"Let's move to the bedroom. Jim wants me to take all of you inside me. I need you to lie on your back on the bed and let me control the action, okay?" I suggested.  
  
Jim interrupted us. "Baby, I have a better idea. Denzel, I would like you to take her the way you did back at the hotel. Cindy told me that you gave her one of the most powerful orgasms she has ever had. I would like to witness what you did to her that night that made cum so hard."  
  
Denzel smiled from ear to ear. He was absolutely beaming as he answered, "Yeah, I guess I can do that."  
  
He looked at me and said, "That means you won't be in top, little lady. You ready to get fucked good and hard, and to take my load?"  
  
I nodded nervously, "I guess so. I mean, I guess we'll find out how ready I am."  
  
I was still apprehensive. I was not at all certain I could accommodate that huge dick. On the other hand, I had done it once before more than a month ago.  
  
Denzel led me to the bedroom. The bed was not made, and there were clothes thrown over the back of a chair. Denzel cleared the mess from the bed with one swipe, sending clothes and blankets to the floor.  
  
I climbed onto the bed and rolled on my back. Denzel climbed between my legs and, placing his large black hands on my knees, he pulled them apart with a sudden, slightly rough motion. There was nothing gentle about it.  
  
Then he saw it. He saw "Jim's pussy' printed neatly on my shaved vulva. "What the fuck girl? You been writing on your pussy again? Damn girl, you gotta stop doing that."  
  
Jim spoke up, "I had her do that. I wanted you to understand that this was a loan, not a gift. You need to know that is still my pussy."  
  
With his hands still holding my knees apart, looking right at my gaping vulva, Denzel replied, "Got it boss. She's still yours. But I'm gonna be stretching that pussy out of shape now. But you get it back when I'm done...I got it." Then looking back at me, he added, "It is a pretty pussy though."  
  
Laying there on my back, my legs being held open by my black lover, I looked over at my husband, I said, "You know, I am doing this for you."  
  
Jim nodded and said, "I know. I love you for doing it." I liked hearing that. In fact, I really needed that reassurance as Denzel prepared to mount me.  
  
Both Jim and Tyrus were watching intently; their erections in hand anticipation.  
  
Then, just as he had during our previous encounter, Denzel took his erection and used it to slap against my vulva several times, slapping against my erect clit. It was degrading and stimulating at the same time. He mad no pretense about respecting, or liking me; or even caring about what I wanted. He was treating me like a nasty little whore.  
  
I realized that he took Jim at his word and was going to try to recreate the interaction I experienced in the hotel room more than a month ago. I was so aroused, but I was scared too. This was a freaky situation. My original encounter had not been gentle, affectionate love making. No, it was far from it.  
  
I moaned slightly each time he slapped his large cock against my clit. It was like a mild electric shock when through my clit with each slap of his dick.  
  
I was so fucking aroused, and wet. And at my husband's request, I was prepared to allow him to take me unprotected. I looked at Jim and saw his cock arch up slightly each time Denzel smacked my clit with his large, firm, black snake. Jim was enjoying this show.  
  
Denzel pointed the head at my vaginal opening, and then grabbed my legs to pull my ass a bit higher in the air and slowly started to work himself inside me. I felt him stretching me wide.  
  
I looked over his shoulder and mouthed 'I love you' to Jim as Denzel slid inside me. My husband mouthed back "I love you too'. I needed to know that. I would do anything Jim wanted if I knew he really loved me...and I did know that.  
  
I felt slight pain as he stretched me open.  
  
"Please, you are so big, please go slow..." I pleaded.  
  
He just laughed as he stroked himself deeper and deeper inside me. After about four strokes, he was three quarters inside me, and I was starting to respond, moaning at being stretched this way, being taken this way.  
  
"Oh you are so deep. But you feel good," I panted. I wanted to recreate the mood of the first time Denzel took me for Jim's sake. "But please, don't cum inside me. Please pull out to cum..." I pleaded, feigning concern. But Denzel, Jim and I each knew that Denzel was not only allowed to ejaculate inside me, Jim wanted him to do it.  
  
"Sure, I will pull out, just like last time. Don't you worry. I won't cum in your cute little white pussy" he responded with a laugh. Denzel pulled my legs up, over his shoulders and began stroking into me deeper and deeper.  
  
I could feel the head of his cock bumping up against the front wall of my womb, deep inside me. I could feel the orgasm starting to build in my core as he balls slapped against my upturned ass. He was going to make me cum as Jim and Tyrus watched.  
  
I started to move my hips, arching them to meet his thrusts, taking him as deep as I could. I reached down and grabbed his ass, and pulled him into me. He was plunging into me with a vengeance now, evoking a loud moan from me each time he 'hit bottom'. I was fucking him back, trying to trigger my own orgasm.  
  
As I approached a climax, I often could feel my womb 'open up'. On rare occasions, when I was very aroused, my vagina opens up deep inside me. It is almost like someone is inflating a balloon in my womb. It was a peculiar feeling when I 'opened up" like this. This only occurs when I am extremely aroused.  
  
My entire insides felt like they were able to accommodate any penetration. When this occurred, I knew my climax was inevitable and would be powerful. I was rapidly approaching the point where my climax was unstoppable.  
  
With legs over his shoulders, my heels by the side of his head, my ass high in the air and his large boner plunging deep into my womb, I started to cum. "Oh shit, oh shit, I'm gonna cum...oh god, Jim, I'm cumming...fuck me, fuck me hard...please don't stop...Oh shit...don't stop..." I screamed.  
  
Denzel was now punishing my womb with his rigid black cock. He would pull all the way out and plunge back into me. I felt his large balls slapping against my upturned ass, demonstrating without a doubt I was taking all of him. Each punishing thrust send another orgasmic wave of pleasure through my core.  
  
I was squeezing my own nipples as he continued to pound into me.  
  
Suddenly, Denzel tensed up and buried himself, balls deep, into my pussy and held me pinned under him as his cock began twitching and pulsing inside of my open and welcoming uterus. He kept me pinned underneath him as penis erupted, shooting rope upon rope of his thick viscous semen into my waiting womb. Pinned as I was under his weight, with my legs above his shoulders, I lay there accepting his black seed into my cunt.  
  
He held me there for several minutes, as I could feel his large cock pulsing inside me; and I knew he was draining the last drops of his semen into me.  
  
Denzel slowly withdrew from me, and then placed a pillow under my upraised butt, and said, "Girl, I want you to stay just like this. Don't let any of my 'spunk' leak out of you."  
  
I nodded and raised my bottom up to allow him to place the pillow under me. "  
  
He stood, his cock still erect, leaving me with my semen soaked pussy elevated in the air, storing his 'spunk'. Jim looked over at Tyrus and offered me to our new friend, "Ty, would you like to add your seed to my wife's pussy?"  
  
With my bottom elevated with a pillow, Tyrus climbed into position and slid right in. My lubrication and Denzel's semen made his entry easy. He was hard and ready. He pumped in and out of me, slapping his balls against my ass as my husband watched.  
  
"Oh, you feel good" I cooed as he fucked me. But having just experienced two orgasms, I was not going to climax again so soon. After several minutes of pounding into me, Tyrus stiffened and ejaculated inside me. Adding his semen to the load already stored in my uterus.  
  
I was sloppy wet now. The semen from two men was swimming inside me, and leaking from me. I looked up at my husband, "Honey, do you want to add yours?"  
  
Jim did not answer. Instead, he climbed between my thighs and slid his erection inside me. After having Tyrus and Denzel inside me, Jim felt small, but I wanted his semen nonetheless. He entered me easily.  
  
"Baby, did you like seeing me fuck those boys? God, they were huge. But I took them, I did it for you." I whispered into my husband's ear as I wrapped my arms around him, hugging him close to me. "Do you feel how wet I am? God I am so open I can barely feel you. Will my pussy ever be the same?"  
  
My words seemed to excite my husband. I felt his cock grow harder, and begin to pulse. "Kiss me" I insisted as his orgasm began. Jim kissed me passionately as he began to ejaculate inside me, adding his semen to that sperm already stored inside me.  
  
I wanted Jim's seed mixed with the other sperm inside me. I loved how he convulsed as he came.  
  
I lay there, with the semen of three men inside me. I was content. My two orgasms had me well satisfied.  
  
The rest of the evening is a blur. I really cannot say how many times they entered me, or came in me. But I remained 'open for business' until they all finished.  
  
Sometime after 1:00 a.m., Jim called a taxi and took me back to our room. We slept until noon., had breakfast and headed to the airport.  
  
On the flight back to Dallas , I took his hand, and asked, "did you get want you wanted last night?"  
  
"I think so...but I really liked seeing those big black dicks pounding you. I might want to see you do that again."  
  
I just replied, "Okay."  
  
Then I added, You know the semen from three different men is still draining from me, you know. I have quite a mess in my panties."  
  
Jim smiled and said, "Denzel was right, you are wicked hot and nasty."  
  
The end.