**Exposing Cindy: The Workers**

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

**Chapter 1 – Cindy is sunbathing**

Jim and I had been married about two years, when we bought our first home, a lovely place on a golf course in North Houston. When Jim received a large promotion a year later, we decided to treat ourselves to an 'in-ground' hot tub and spa.

The installation was taking longer than we had anticipated, stretching over six weeks, but the end was in sight. All of the plumbing was complete, the heater and filter units had been set. All that remained was the final electrical and controls tie-ins. The electrician and his helper were due to come on Saturday morning to complete the job.

Jim and I had gotten to know many of the workers, including the electrician and his helper. Brian, was the electrician and the boss. He was about 30 years old, and a nice looking sandy hair guy with a beach boy look about him. Richard, his helper was about 20 or 22 years old, black, tall and slender, but quite muscular. He was a handsome young man, with an engaging smile.

I found both of these guys to be nice and friendly. Jim suggested I give these guys a little 'eye candy' on what might be their last day working at our house. Jim suggested that I sun bath in my bikini on the deck near where they would be working once they arrived.

I protested, "I can't do that. I'd be too embarrassed to be out there in my bathing suit with them. It would be too obvious anyway."

"Not if you were already out there when they came over, and we both acted like we forgot they were coming over this morning." Jim reasoned. "Come on, go get your bikini on and give the guys a treat.

Reluctantly, I complied. I really have never been able to refuse Jim anything. I knew I would eventually agree to modeling my bath suit for these two workers if that is what Jim wanted me to do.

I was lying out back on the deck about 20 minutes when they arrived. They came around the corner of the house to the backyard unannounced, I pretended to have fallen asleep on the deck as the came up. I pretended to be startled "Oh, I forgot you were coming over this morning...."

"Oh, we're sorry. Is it OK for us to finish up, or should we come back another time?" Brian asked. I could see both of them were trying not to stare at my nearly naked flesh.

"No that's alright. Come on back and finish up. I was just catching a few rays before it got too hot." I was shielding my eyes for the sun as I looked at them. "Am I going to be in your way here on the deck?"

"Not at all. In fact we will enjoy the company, and you do add to the view." Brian said in a flirtatious tone.

"Well don't let me bother you." I said as I lay back down on my stomach, closing my eyes, well aware that they were both taking in every inch of my flesh. And I liked being on display.

The guys proceeded to do their worked for about 15 minutes when Jim came on to the deck. "Hi guys." Jim then sat on the edge of the recliner I was lying on. "Baby, you are going to get burned. Let me put some sun screen on your back."

Uh oh, I thought. Jim is up to something. He untied the back string of my top and the string around my neck; and he began applying sun screen to my back. "What are you doing?" I asked in something approaching a 'stage whisper'.

"Just making sure my baby doesn't get burned." Jim said as he massaged the lotion into my back, allowing his fingers to wander down the sides of my breasts as Brian and Richard watched with intense interest. Jim, started applying the lotion to the back of my legs next, paying particular attention to my inner thighs. I was blushing deeply as Jim let his fingers wander up my inner thighs to the gusset of my bikini bottom touching my pussy through my suit in a 'less than subtle manner'.

"Jim, stop it. They are watching." I whispered with embarrassment. This had already gone much further than I anticipated when I agreed to come out here.

Jim then started pulling my bikini top, which he had untied moments before. Jim was tugging it out from underneath me. "Jim, what are you doing?" I was panicked, but trying not to draw too much attention to myself, or to my situation. But Jim ignored my pleas as he pulled my top out from under me and held up it; leaving me topless, laying on my stomach.

Jim turned to Brian and Richard, tossed them the top and said, "You guys need negotiate something good in exchange for this."

And he tossed my top to Richard. "Now Richard, this is a very valuable top; don't give it back too quickly. Get something really good for it." Jim smiled at me, and then walked in the house. I knew Jim would be watching from the kitchen window.

My heart raced, and I could feel my face flush with embarrassment. Still on my stomach, I leaned up slightly, and realized that my breasts were essentially exposed in this position, "Richard, give that top back to me please." I reached one hand out to him.

Brian chimed in, "Richard, you need to think carefully about this. Mr. B. was right; that is a pretty valuable top you have there. Let's think about this a minute,"

Richard studied the top and studied me. He seemed to take an eternity before he spoke again. "Mrs. B, how about getting Brian and me a couple of beers in exchange for your top."

I thought for a moment, then I got up, covering my exposed breast with my hands and walked silently into the kitchen as Brian and Richard watched and wondered what was in store for them this morning. I wondered the same thing.

"They want a couple of beers for my top." I told Jim as I went to the refrigerator.

I took two cans of Lite beer out and started for the door, when Jim stopped me. "I love you baby; I love you so much. Enjoy yourself." Jim said as he kissed me and he untied the bottom of my bikini, pulling it from between my legs. I stood there, completely naked with a can of beer in each of my hands.

"Jim, no! I can't go out there like this. This is too much. This is over the top. No way." I was serious in my protests this time.

"Baby, you look great. The guys will love this. This will be a day neither of them will ever forget. You will be forever etched in their minds." Jim opened the door and held it for me.

I stood motionless for several seconds. "You are really going to send me back out there with those guys like this? Naked?"

"Baby, you've never looked better." Jim said as he held the door open a bit wider for me, inviting me to walk through it. I was blushing a deep crimson, my heart was pounding in my chest as I took a deep breath and walked through the door as my husband instructed me to do.

The astonished look on Brian's and Richard's faces was priceless as I walked onto the deck, hiding my breasts with the two cans of beer while my cute little shaved pussy was exposed for their viewing pleasure. I doubted they could tell, but my cute little pussy was already responding and getting wet from being displayed in this manner. I thought to myself, 'forgive me, but I do like being put on display'.

"What happened to the bottoms of your suit?" Brian asked.

"My husband took it." I answered honestly.

"And why would he do that?" Brian asked.

"I guess he wanted to see what you would do."

"And what does he think we will do?" Brian asked honestly.

"I think he thinks you might play with me. I don't know. Maybe he is just waiting to find out what you will do. I guess I am wondering the same thing?"

Brian then walked up and took one of the beers from my hand, and gently rubbed the cold can across my erect nipple before taking a long drink from the can. Brian then kissed me as his free hand gently tugged my nipple. I returned the kiss, wondering what Jim was thinking right now as he watched his sweet little wife get fondled by the electrician. I guess this is exactly what he wanted to see, I reasoned.

As I kissed Brian, I felt Richard approach me from behind, sandwiching me between them. Richard reached around between my legs and started running his fingers along my moist slit. When he found my erect clit, a quiet moan escaped and I felt my body quiver slightly.

I felt Richard's firm penis humping against my lower back as he gently massaged my clit; all the while Brian was exploring my mouth with his tongue and gently playing with my nipple. I knew I was going to get fucked by these two guys. I did not exactly how, where or in what combinations; but I knew I was going to get fucked. And I knew my husband would be watching every stroke of it.

Richard continued to fondle me; with his right hand gently flicking my clitoris, I felt his left hand come between my legs from behind, looking for the entrance to my highly aroused vagina. Almost involuntarily, I felt myself spread my legs and lean forward to allow this young black man greater access. God I felt like such a wanton, sexy slut. His fingers found my opening, and he opened me and entered me with two fingers. I could feel my juices running down my inner thighs as he fingered me. I could actually hear the wet slurping sound my pussy was making as he plunged his fingers in and out of me.

I was arching my hips back to meet Richard's probing fingers when I saw Jim approaching from the kitchen. "Baby, you and your friends come inside. Come on guys, let's go inside before someone sees you all."

Richard's fingers exited my vagina and clit, and I handed him the other beer. And both he and Brian followed us into the living room. "Make yourself comfortable guys. Cindy is in no rush, so take your time guys."

Richard, having already had his fingers deep inside me was the more aggressive of the two. He stripped his jeans and tee shirt quickly. And the largest, thickest and blackest cock I had ever seen sprung free as he lowered his pants. I was taken aback at its size, girth, rigidity and deep black color. I had never been with a black man before, but I had heard all the stereo types and rumors. Ladies, at least in Richard's case, they were all true.

"Oh my God." was all I could say. "Jim, look at that thing."

"Baby, can you handle that?"

"I don't know; I don't think so." To be honest I was more scared of this huge rigid black snake than I was aroused at that particular moment. I walked towards Richard almost in a trance. I knelt in front of him as I wrapped my fingers around his shaft, but my fingers were barely able encircle the large shaft. Richard was also uncircumcised, and I studied the huge purple-black head with a keen interest; pulling the foreskin back and forth, making the ridge of his cockhead appear and disappear. I was like a little girl with a huge toy that both interested me, and frightened me. And yes, excited me.

He stood fully erect, pointing straight up, and he was almost as long as my arm was from my wrist to my elbow, and nearly as thick. "Richard, where do you think you are going to stick that monster?" I asked while continuing to study his penis.

Richard stroked himself towards me and said, "It is going into you, beautiful lady. It is going into you."

"I don't think it is, Richard. I don't think that will fit. Not at all."

Richard lowered himself on to the living room floor, lying on his back in front of me; his penis sticking up. "Come here Mrs. B, you lower yourself on to me, I won't hurt you. You will be in complete control. You take it as slow as you need to. But you will open up just fine for me. Just try a little bit at a time."

I looked at Jim and Brian in amazement. Jim nodded, "Go ahead, baby. Give it a try. See how the head feels inside you at least." he encouraged me. And as I straddled Richard, and directed the pulsing head of his cock towards my opening, I was scared and excited. I wanted to feel him, but I doubted I could take his girth or length.

As I touched the his cockhead to my opening, I was amazed at how very wet I had become; the head was slippery from my juices as I rubbed it across the opening of my vulva. I felt he arch his hips slightly and the head passed into me about an inch, "Wait, not too fast. Don't hurt me." I cautioned.

I felt stretched open and full. I felt the first few inches just inside my opening when I caught our reflection in the full length mirror on the entry way closet door; we were quite a sight. The contrast of my tiny white frame astride his dark black muscular one was stark. But the huge 7 inches of thick cock that remained outside my pussy and its thick head pulsed just inside me looked sexy and scary.

I raised up a bit and tried to lower myself down further; a loud gasp escaped my lips as I felt my pussy being wedged open and stretched further than ever before. I had about two inches in me. I looked at Jim, "I don't think I can do this. He's just too big." I was almost crying.

Jim came over and knelt by my side, kissed me with Richard's cock partially in me, and said, "You can do this baby, just work it slowly. Just relax and go slowly," He gently pushed my shoulders down, forcing Richard further into my tight pussy. "I want you to take him, baby. Take him for me."

"Oh shit, he's going into me." I raised and lowered myself slowly at Jim's encouragement, taking myself an additional half an inch deeper with each cycle. I glanced over and now there was three inches of 'unused cock' remaining outside and under my totally stretched pussy. The fullness had aroused me like never before. I knew I was going to cum just like this.

Brian had stripped off his clothes as well, and was standing on my other side, his erection bobbing in front of my face. I took hold of his shaft, and stroked him as I worked myself deeper and deeper on Richard's cock.

Richard was rocking his hips now, stroking in and out of me, but he was careful not to impale me with too much too quickly. He was obviously used to allowing women to come to grips with his size slowly. But he was fucking my pussy. As I raised up and pulled most of him out of me, I looked down and could see a thin white cream of my pussy juice coating the first six inches of his shaft, displaying for everyone precisely how much of his cock I had been able to accommodate to this point. I had never notice the 'white cream from my pussy' on Jim's cock, or anyone else's before; I assume the dark contrast of Richard's skin color made my feminine lubrication so obvious now. But the fact that the last two inches of Richard's cock did not display my juice told me precisely how much more of Richard I needed to accommodate.

As I pushed down deeper, really trying to take more, I looked to Jim and said, "Honey, he is so far inside me; he is fucking your wife's womb. He is all the way up to here." I said as I pointed a couple of inches above my naval. I did not know how far he was up inside me, but I did know it was further than anyone had ever been.

I felt my first orgasm building inside of me, and my movements became faster and more dramatic. "Oh baby, I am going come on this big black dick. I feel it, your wife is going cum on her black stud for you." And I took Brian's cock in my mouth and started fucking Richard with a passion as I sucked Brian. Moaning loudly around his cock, I came violently, with a large and long series of convulsions rocking my tiny frame. And as I came, Richard arched up, fully impaling me, I felt a surge of pain mixed with intense pleasure as his cock pulsed deep inside of me, shooting ropes and strings of his sperm into my womb. My moans triggered Brian who started cumming in my mouth. I was getting fed sperm from both ends, from these two men at the same time, as I had one of the most earth shattering orgasms of my life.

After swallowing the first three long bursts of Brian's semen, I released his cock and fell forward, collapsing on to Richard's chest. I tried to kiss Richard, but he was obviously uncomfortable kissing me after I had just swallowed several mouthfuls of his boss's semen. I felt another smaller string of semen from Brian's cock strike my back as I lay panting in a heap. Richard's large cock still pulsing inside of me. I realized Brian was not completely done ejaculating when I had released his cock from my mouth.

Jim broke the sounds of our heavy breathing with "You did it baby, you took all of him." He was beaming with pride.

I smiled at my husband and simply said, "I did it for you, Honey. I took all of him for you. I can still feel him pulsing inside of me." And then I gave his cock a long firm squeeze with my vagina. "My pussy will never be the same."

I started to pull away from Richard, leaving my pussy wide open and leaking; but Richard flipped me on my back as his cock began trying to enter me again. He was still hard. I wrapped my legs around him and allowed his to slide back inside me.

My pussy was dilated, and the juice and semen dripping from me made his entry easy this time; however I still felt incredibly full. In this position, the head of his cock was hitting the front of my vagina with a force that quickly told me that I could cum again. I looked up at Jim as he watched this 'young black buck' fuck his lily white, blond wife with a passion as I cried out each time he plunged into me. He was thrusting in fully, and I was accommodating his entire tool with each stroke, as my second orgasm arrived. I dug me heels into his ass as he pounded himself deep into me with each stroke.

Jim was stripping off his clothes, as I got fucked. I knew my husband would soon be adding his semen to the large load of Richard's sperm that was swimming inside me already.

"Oh shit, don't stop. Fuck me." I cried out as Richard hammered into me time after time as Jim and Brian watched.

"Jim, can you see how he is pounding my little pussy. Can you see how much he is stretching me? Can you see how deep he is going? Oh, God, I am cumming again." I cried out between thrusts.

And with that Richard buried himself fully, pressing forward to releasing his second load of semen into me, pinning me in place underneath him. I had no choice but to lay there with my legs wrapped around him accepting each and every string of semen he could pump into my womb. I contracted my vagina again and again, milking his huge cock of its last drop.

When he finished and withdrew, I lay there me knees pulled to my chest and looked at Jim, "Look at what he did to your wife's pussy. Can you see how he stretched me out? Can you see how much sperm he pumped into me?"

Jim climbed between my legs and slipped into me with no resistance at all. "Baby can you feel how open I am? How wet I am? You are fucking your wife's very well fucked pussy."

I looked up and saw Brian massaging his cock back to hardness as Jim fucked me. I knew he was waiting his turn to add his semen to the pool, so to speak. Jim did not last long. The excitement of the pounding of my pussy he just witnessed had him on the edge.

As soon as Jim finished adding his sperm to my uterus, Brian replaced him. I barely felt Brian's cock in me, I was so dilated. But I realized this was my first gang bang, and I wanted Brian's semen added to the wicked cocktail of sperm that was churning inside of me.

Brian came, withdrew and I lay there, panting trying to recover. My pussy was throbbing in a series of spasms, trying to readjust to no longer being stretched open, trying to recapture its size and shape. Each spasm felt like it was involuntarily trying to find something to hug, hold or grab on to. And with each spasm I could feel a small amount of semen being pushed out of me. I could feel the semen trickling down my ass slowly and obscenely.

Looking directly at my gapping vagina, Jim said, "Baby, you are dipping with cum. Can you feel it?" I merely smiled and nodded, yes I felt it. And it felt wicked, and delicious, and naughty all at the same time.

When I stood up, the flood from my pussy really started, and large globs of semen started running down my inner thighs. "I need to go clean up guys." I said as I headed for the bathroom. I showered first to wash the large volume of semen from me, then I ran a bath. After dismissing the guys, Jim came in and joined me in the tub, having directed out guests back to the work on the tub.

Jim and I did not talk much in the warm tub; reflecting silently in our thoughts trying to process what had just happened. I broke the silence after a while, "Are you OK with what just happened?"

"Yes. I enjoyed seeing you like that; I enjoyed it a lot. I don't ever want you to do anything like there when I am not here, or when I am not around. But yes, I love sharing you, seeing you react, seeing the pleasure you get. I loved seeing you get fucked." Jim said.

And we spent the rest of the weekend quietly relaxing, making love and assessing what kind of relationship we would have as man and wife.

**Chapter 2: Monday - Richard returns alone.**
I was home alone on Monday, Jim was at work, when the doorbell rang. I was not expecting anyone. I looked at the clock and it was just past 11 a.m.

I opened the door and it was Richard. "Is it OK, if I grab some of the tools we left here Saturday? We were a little distracted when we left" he said with a smirk of sorts.

"Sure, go ahead." I responded. I was wearing a white tee shirt, no bra, and some gym shorts. I felt my pulse quicken and my nipples stiffen just being in his presence.

Rather than going around the house, like I had intended he do, Richard removed his shoes and walked though the house carrying them to the back door. He had a confident demeanor of a man who had recently fucked me and made me cum, twice. It made me uncomfortable. He appeared to have far more control at this moment that I had.

Richard stopped before going out and asked, "Can I use your bathroom?"

"Ahhhh, well,... yes, I guess so." I stammered. Richard smiled, revealing a good deal of enjoyment with my discomfort.

I pointed to the downstairs bathroom, which Richard entered, but did not close the door. He stood in front of the commode took out his flaccid penis, which resembled a large, thick piece of sausage rather than the typical flaccid penises I had experience with, and began to urinate in front of me. I tried not to watch, but I honestly was mesmerized by it.

"Richard, Jim isn't here, and I am not comfortable having a strange man in the house while I am here alone."

"I don't blame you Mrs. B." he said and he shook the final drops from his penis and flushed the toilet. "Would it be OK if I ran through the shower for a minute to wash some of the dust and sweat off me? It is hot out there." Richard removed his tee shirt without waiting for an answer.

"I don't think that is a good idea Richard...."

Richard was already removing his work pants and underwear when I paused my sentence. "I'll will only take a minute; I promise I won't make a mess." He removed his socks and stood naked before me, as he reached in and turned on the water in the shower.

"Richard, you are not supposed to be here without Jim. Where is Brian?" I was feeling a great deal of anxiety at how this situation was playing out.

"He is on a job across town. He wanted me to pick up some tools he will need this afternoon."

"OK, hurry up." I said as I closed the door and went to the kitchen.

I need to call Jim. I called his office, but his assistant informed me he was in a meeting and was not available. "OK, could you have him call me immediately when he is free? This is important, I need to speak with him as soon as I can."

(This all took place in 1993, and was before everyone had a cell phone and I could have called Jim directly! I was stuck with waiting for Jim to finish his meeting until I could talk with him.)

I waited anxiously for Jim to return my call as I listened to the shower running. The water stopped. I looked at the clock it was now 11:42 a.m. and Jim had not called. I was in a near panic. I picked up the phone and dialed Jim's office again. His assistant told me that the meeting was just now ending, and she would have Jim call me before he left for lunch.

"Can I just hold and wait for him?" I asked. "It is important that I speak with him as soon as possible."

"Oh here he comes now." She said. I could hear her say, "Jim your wife is on the phone and needs to speak with you."

Jim stepped into his office and picked up the phone. "Hi honey, what's up?"

"Jim can you talk?" I honestly felt a level of relief just being able to talk with my husband. Being here alone with Richard actually frightened me on some level; having Jim on the phone alleviated my fears slightly. Although he was not physically present, his voice had a calming effect on me.

"Well yeah, I guess so. I was just heading out to lunch with several of the guys."

"Richard, you know, 'hot tub Richard' came over this morning."

The tone of Jim's voice changed dramatically. "When?"

"He is here now. He is just getting out of the shower."

"Out of the shower?" he was obviously alarmed.

"It's a long story. Nothing happened.....yet. But he seems intent on having some fun this morning."

"Hold on. Let me tell the guys to go to lunch without me, and shut my door." Jim was gone about a minute when he returned. "OK, are you still there?"

"Yeah, I am in the kitchen." Just then I heard the bathroom door open and Richard walked towards the kitchen, naked, drying his head and face with a towel; his massive penis was swinging proudly in front of him with each step. "Richard is coming in to the kitchen right now. Jim what do you want me to do?"

"Well what is he doing there?" Jim asked, still confused about the situation I was in.

"Jim, he is coming out of the shower, and he is naked in my kitchen. What should I do?" There was a level of panic and excitement in my voice. Although Jim had shared me with other men before, this was the first time I did not have him there to control the action and, if needed, protect me.

Richard walked up to me, his penis was growing erect now, growing longer, thicker and stiffer. It poked straight out from his tight abdomen, basically horizon. The situation was surreal, fraught with danger and excitement. Despite my panic and fear, my pussy was reacting to this beautiful, naked black man who was approaching me. Seeing me on the phone, Richard remained silent, but gently pulled at my erect nipple through my tee shirt. "Jim, he is in the kitchen and he is starting to feel me up." My voice was quaking slightly.

"What do you want to do, Cindy? What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to be here to protect me. I am very nervous doing this without you."

Richard then gently pulled my tee shirt up, as I switched hands with the phone allowing him to remove my shirt, and expose my breasts. "Baby, he's undressing me. He just removed my shirt. Honey, he wants to fuck your wife again."

Jim was silently trying to process this unexpected chain of events. Richard then lifted me up, placing me sitting on the counter, bare breasted and parted my legs so that he could step between my knees, his penis was now fully erect and pointing towards the ceiling. Richard leaned forward and took one of my nipples in his mouth, sucking it gently as his fingers explored my crotch through the material of the gym shorts. I was hot and wet, aroused, but scared. "Jim, he is sucking my nipple and playing with my pussy. Baby, he is going to fuck me; I know he is. You should see how hard and big he is....."

I continued to give Jim details of the proceedings over the phone. Jim asked a few questions, but mostly just listened. I knew this was exciting him as he sat in his office 20 miles away, unable to do anything but listen to what was happening to his wife.

Richard, grabbed the waistband of my gym shorts and my panties together, and started pulling them down. I instinctively raised my bottom off the counter to allow him to remove them. "Baby, he is taking off my panties now. He is going to try to fuck me, should I let him? I don't see how I could stop him anyway. Oh god, he has me naked here in the kitchen and his dick is so fucking hard and erect. Jim, he is going to fuck me whether I want him to or not. Baby, I am going to get fucked and you are not here to protect me."

Richard looked up and smiled at me in response to this last comment.

Richard grabbed a chair from the breakfast table, and sat in front of me. I was naked except for my white socks and tennis shoes, the coolness of the granite countertop was distinct on my bare ass.

Richard scooted the chair forward as he parted my knees, separating my thighs. He pulled my legs forward so that my bottom was barely in the counter.

Richard leaned forward and kissed my shaven pussy, running his tongue up my slit until he found my erect clitoris. He gently sucked on my clit. All I could do is moan.

"What's happening? What's he doing to you?" Jim asked with a bit of panic in his voice, but the intense pleasure on my clit had all my attention; I could only answer with a moan.

After sucking on my clitoris for several moments, Richard stood up, pushed the chair away and pulled my hips forward so my ass was hanging off the counter slightly. He began rubbing the he of his uncircumcised penis up and down my slit, lubricating his head with my flowing juices. I set the phone down in a hurried attempt to balance myself and keep from falling off the counter.

My conversation with my husband was over, but I knew he would continue to listen and form a mental image of what was transpiring.

Richard found the opening of my vulva, as he slowly pushed the head of his cock between my very wet but very tight lips. "Richard, go slow. Don't hurt me." I cautioned.

He moved in and out, as he had on Saturday morning, gaining a little depth each stroke. I was a bit more comfortable knowing that I had accommodated his massive tool before. Nonetheless, I needed time for my pussy to adjust to this massive intrusion. But I knew it would fit without destroying my pussy. I was bracing myself against the counter as I watched his black cock stroke deeper and deeper into me, my pussy looked obviously stressed by the girth of his erection; but it did feel wonderful being taken like this.

Richard grab my legs and pulled them around his torso; and reaching under my ass, pulled me up, holding me partially impaled on this massive erection. I admit, I liked being held in this way, my tiny petite frame hovering over an massive erection that was partially piercing my tiny vagina. I do not know exactly why this position was so appealing and arousing to me. But part of the appeal was the knowing that in this position, I was Richard's little 'fuck doll', completely helpless and vulnerable. With several inches of his erection inside me, hovering over the remainder of his massive and rigid penis, he could fully impale me at his whim. I was at his mercy to be gentle and not hurt me; I liked that feeling of vulnerability.

Richard started lifting me up and down, pushing himself deeper into me. "Careful now Richard, you don't want to tear me apart." But I could feel myself opening up and I was meeting his thrusts by pushing down on his intruding penis. I leaned backward slightly, forcing the head of his cock up against the front wall of my uterus. "God you feel good. I love the way your cock fills me, stretches me."

I began to feel my orgasm approaching. "Your going to make me cum again, aren't you? I want all of you inside me again. Damn you reach so deep into me." I was moaning, partially for Jim's sake on the phone. But as my orgasm approached, Jim slipped from my mind and my sounds became incoherent moans of pleasure. As I came I announced it to the world.

But Richard was not quite done yet, he kept bouncing me up and down on his cock, I could not stop cumming. "Oh baby, we need to stop. You need to let me down. I can't keep cumming like this. Please, just let me catch my breath. Oh God, I need to stop, it is too much." I was babbling. I had lost complete control of my body. I was convulsing with waves of pleasure, and I wanted to stop.

Finally, Richard stiffened, fully imbedded himself deep inside me and erupted with spasm upon spasm as he pumped me full of his seed. I loved taking his young virile black semen into my womb. I don't know why, but having a man cum inside me seems like the most sensual of acts, the most personal of exchanges two people can experience. And Richard was giving my his full load again.

With his cock still deep inside of me, Richard carried me to the couch where he collapse backwards with me on top of him. I feel on his chest, cuddling as his penis continued to throb inside me. I love this post coital cuddling, especially when the man's penis remains inside me and firm. I think I could remain like that for hours after an orgasm, feeling close, intimate and feeling my man's penis to remind me of how fully I had just been taken, how completely I was just fucked and, in a manner of speaking, how completely the man owned me at that moment.

We remained like that cuddling for several minutes until I remembered Jim on the phone. "Oh shit, Jim is still on the phone." I said as I lifted off Richard's wonderful cock and freed myself.

Picking up the receiver, "Jim are you there?"

"My God Cindy, what happened? I am going out of my mind here." Jim said with a great deal of anxiety.

"Jim, your wife just got fucked; she got fucked real good. Baby, your wife's tight little pussy has been abused this afternoon. Richard left a huge deposit of semen in your wife's womb. You better hurry home to take care of your wife's sloppy and sore pussy. Can you come home for me, baby?"

"I am going to try, Cindy. I am going to get home as soon as I can."

"Hurry baby."

Richard got dressed shortly after that. He still needed to deliver the tools to Brian across town. He had already used his big tool on me. I walked him to the back door, still naked. I kissed him goodbye and thanked him; and he fingered my pussy one last time as he left.

Jim was home within the hour. I had put on a pair of panties and a robe to keep me from leaking Richard's sperm all over the house and furniture as I waited for Jim. Jim was very wound up when he arrived, and immediately removed my panties to inspect what damage Richard had inflicted on my sore, swollen pussy. He seemed very pleased with what he saw, and once again, quickly added his semen to the cocktail of sperm swimming inside of me.

Yes, being his wife had some real advantages.

**Volume three: Exposing Cindy - The butterfly vibrator

Chapter one -- a night on the town**

Jim and I had been married several years, and we had a reasonable assortment of various experiences in the first years of our marriage. So I was not shocked when he showed up on a Friday evening with a gift for me; a 'butterfly vibrator' which had its own harness to hold it in place; however the pair of latex panties also contained in the package he handed me had me confused.

"OK, what's with the girdle?" I asked. I knew at 5 ft 4 in. and 105 pounds with a slim waist and perky breasts, my figure had not deteriorated to the point of needing a girdle.

"That's to hold the vibrator in place." Jim responded.

The harness resembled a g-string that held a vibrating set of 'wings' against a clitoris, or more specifically, against my clitoris. The device had a six foot wire connected to a controller that held the batteries and allowed the device to be set to any of five intensity levels. Jim knew that the harness would not actually function holding the vibrator in place, so my engineer husband found an improvement to the design: latex panties.

At Jim's request, I stripped and stepped into the harness, placing the vibrating wings on my clit. Then I wrestled into the latex panties, securing the 'wings of the butterfly' securely in place. Jim turned the vibrator on the lowest setting and it buzzed to life. It felt great. Jim tested several higher settings, and I found that the mid-level setting of three was very arousing, but level four was too simply too intense; and level five was simply unbearable.

Jim informed me we were going out tonight to 'test drive' my new toy. My protests were immediately dismissed I was instructed don my 'butterfly vibrator' and to get dressed in a rather sheer, tight fitting blouse, that would accentuate my erect nipples nicely; and to wear a wrap around skirt that came just below my knees and a pair of my best FMPs (fuck me pumps high heels). Jim was explicit, I was not allowed to wear a bra tonight.

I bathed, put on my make-up and donned my assigned 'outfit' for the night. Jim ran the wire from the controller and batteries out the waist band of my skirt and placed the controller in my skirt pocket, where he had easy access to it. He set the intensity level on two which was highly stimulating but not enough to bring me off. In fact, it was just enough to leave me in a constant state of sexual frustration. I could not help rocking my hips as the constant buzzing on my clit reminded me of how badly I wanted to cum; but I simply could not 'get there' at level two.

We arrived at a club, not far from our home. It had a nice bar and dance floor, and the music catered to people in their mid-twenties to early thirties. Jim got us a table near the dance floor and ordered us a round of drinks.

"Baby this vibrator is driving me crazy. It has me just on the edge." I confessed as I squeezed Jim's hand.

"I can tell. You have that beautiful flushed look that you get before you cum, and your nipples are even more erect than usual. It is a good look. You carry it well." Jim reached into my skirt pocket and removed the controller. With a strange look on his face, Jim unexpectedly turned the intensity level up, sending a shock through my clit and up my loins.

I bolted to attention, grabbing the sides of the table with both hand, responding instantly to the intense vibrations on my clitoris. "Oh God, Jim, please, too much....too much....please."

After about two or three seconds, Jim returned the intensity to the more tolerable level three. But it was obvious, Jim enjoyed my sudden and stark reaction to his 'test'.

"Whoa, that must have hit a nerve." Jim joked, proud of himself.

"It's like a lightning bolt hitting your baby's clit. At the higher levels it is too intense; more painful than pleasurable. But is gets my attention, that's for sure." I paused for a second, then continued, "this level you have it on now is nice; and it warms me up nicely."

We sipped our drinks for a few minutes before Jim took me out on the dance floor. It was a nice slow song and Jim held me close, and teased my erect nipples as we danced, though I doubt anyone noticed my husband feeling me up.

When we returned to our table, we found the waitress had brought us another round of drinks. Just as I sat down, Bob, one of Jim's golfing buddies came over to the table to say hello. I was a bit put off by Bob intruding on our play date, but made pleasant talk with him and Jim asked him to sit down and join us for a drink.

Bob seemed quite distracted by my braless nipples which were standing at attention under the sheer silk of my blouse.

After a few minutes of small talk, Jim shocked me by reaching into my skirt pocket and pulling out the vibrator controller. I gave Jim my most serious 'WTF' look, indicating I did not think this was a good idea, not a good idea at all.

The controller and wire, which ran into my skirt waistband, definitely caught Bob's attention. "Jim, my man, what's this?"

"It's Cindy's controller." Jim responded with obvious amusement. I could feel my face flush with embarrassment.

"You have a controller for your wife? I need to get one of these. How does it work?" Bob clearly had not yet figured out the puzzle.

"Cindy, tell Bob how the controller works."

I blushed ever more deeply, "Jim! Stop it."

"Now Cindy. This is nothing to be ashamed of. Bob just has a keen intellectual curiosity about such matters. Tell him how it works."

I sat there fuming, not sure what to do, but realizing that in the end, I always do comply with Jim's instructions and requests. Without looking at either man, I said, "it controls the vibrator Jim gave me earlier tonight."

"You have a vibrator inside you?" Bob asked in disbelief.

"Not internal; external." Was my curt answer.

Jim then handed the controller to Bob, placing the intensity of my clitoral stimulation in his friend's hands, so to speak. It should be no surprise to anyone, least of all me, that the very first thing Bob did when handed the controller was crank it up to level five.

I bolted to attention, again grabbing he sides of the table as I shook, rigidly immobile, feeling like my eyes were rolling back in my head. "Oh shit, oh shit, please turn it down...that is too much ....oh God, I can't take it....please....turn it down."

Bob complied, and returned to the level to 3, but he was very impressed with my reaction. "Jim this is the coolest thing I have ever seen. Damn son, this is great. Did you see how Cindy reacted. Oh man, I love this thing." And he turned it back to five for a brief instant before returning it, delighting in initiating another sudden and violent spasm.

Jim smiled, "do you want to test drive it on the dance floor?"

Bob looked at me, then Jim, "Do you mean it? Hell yeah. Cindy, would you like to dance?"

I looked at Jim pleadingly, "Jim, this is a bad idea. Let's not do this. Not here."

Jim dismissed my concerns again, "Oh, what can happen? It'll be fun. Trust me. Have I ever led you astray before?"

"We'll discuss that last question later." I said to Jim. I turned to Bob, took his hand as he led me to the dance floor. "Can you behave yourself? Or should I ask can you be trusted with that damn thing?" motioning to the controller in his hand.

"Of course. I am like a boy scout." He replied flippantly.

As we walked from the table to the dance floor, my mind wandered; I thought of my puppy, Buffy. Buffy is a honey colored cocker spaniel that Jim gave me as a Christmas present the year before we were married. She was the cutest thing, and I adored her. When Buffy was about 1 1/2 years old, Jim convinced me to breed her and sell the puppies. I remember vividly taking my baby, Buffy, to the breeders where should would be 'introduced' to Beau, the stud dog. As I handed the leash to the breeder and he led Buffy away, she looked back at me, scared and confused. She did not fully understand what awaited her. Beau had already caught her scent, and he fully understood what was about to happen; but Buffy was scared and confused, and unaware. She showed her fear as she looked back at me as she we led away to the breeding pen; her huge brown eyes asking me 'mommy, what are they doing to me?' It tore my heart to see her look back at me that way s as she was being led away.

Now Bob was leading me to the dance floor. The wire leading from the controller in Bob's hand into my waist of my skirt, was amazingly similar to a leash, and as I looked back at Jim, scared and confused, as if to say 'what are you going to let him do to me?' At that moment, I understood exactly how Buffy felt that day she was led away for Beau to 'mount' her. I felt like a 'bitch in heat' being led to a breeding cage; however, unlike Buffy, I had some idea of what was happening. I had an idea about what awaited me on the dance floor. And it scared and confused me. But knowing that I was being led to a 'breeding cage of sorts', also excited me on some level. I knew that Bob had caught wind of my 'scent'. I knew I was about to be played with and teased. And the fact that this was occurring on a public dance floor limited my options of how I could respond. And the fact that my husband, Jim, not only approved, but was enjoying my predicament, excited me.

I saw one woman look at the thin red wire strung between Bob and me, and I blushed with embarrassment. What did she think the wire was? Did she know? Did she think it looked like a leash? Did she know I was being led away from my master to a 'breeding cage"? My face burned crimson, my heart pounded and my loins ached at these thoughts. There were all kinds of emotions running through my mind, and we had not even made it to the center of the dance floor yet!

The first dance was to a fast song, and we danced, the vibrator remained comfortably on level 3. We danced close, close enough to keep the wire from being too conspicuous, but not too close as to be really touching each other during the initial song.

The next song was a slow number and Bob pulled me close to him. Despite my confusion, shame and the fear running through my mind, the buzzing on my clit did make me a bit more amorous than normal. I enjoyed being held close by Bob, feeling my erect nipples pressing against his chest. I began to relax just a bit, and enjoy the gentle stimulation on my clit.

But I guess the temptation was simply too great for Bob. Bob could not resist turning the intensity up to four. I became more rigid immediately, I felt my knees buckle slightly, and I was forced to lean in and brace myself against him for support. "Oh shit, Bob, that is too much, too intense,....please...it is too much."

"Give it a second. I think you'll get used to it."

"Bob, I don't know if I can't take it. It is so intense." I realized that I was pressing myself firmly into Bob, and I was now involuntarily grinding my pussy into Bobs crotch. "Shit. Oh Bob, this thing is driving me nuts." My arms were tightly wrapped around his neck. I could not control my hips, I was shamelessly humping and grinding into Bob's penis, which now was rapidly becoming hard and pressing back into me.

"See, Cindy, it's starting to feel good isn't it?"

I simply nodded, amazed at my response. Bob's hands were still on my back, but he was certainly pushing me into him, very pleased with my loss of control. And he was right, it did start to feel good.

I have no idea who else was watching. I know Jim was taking in the entire show. But I assume other patrons were also aware of my wanton behavior and movements on the dance floor.

"Bob, please, you are going to make me cum right here. Oh shit. I can't help it. I am losing it." I hissed into his ear.

But sparing me from an untimely orgasm was not what Bob wanted at this moment.
I felt it starting to build, and I knew there was nothing I could do at this moment to stop my very public orgasm. Despite my efforts to control my arousal, I knew I was moments away from reaching a climax.

"Oh God, I'm cumming." I hissed into Bob's ear, as I humped shamelessly into his erect penis. Then, in an instant of confused lust, I kissed Bob deeply, opening my mouth to accept his tongue. In response, his hand reached up to feel my breast. We were both completely unaware of anyone around us. I ground my crotch into him shamelessly; unable to control my pelvis as the waves of pleasure shook me to the core. I convulsed and quivered. I wanted to stop cumming, but the intense vibration on my erect and sensitive clitoris kept me at an elevated peak of excitement; I simply could not stop my ongoing orgasm.

It was a long and powerful orgasm that sent waves of pleasure through my loins and my abdomen. I shuddered as I sucked Bob's tongue into my mouth. His fingers were pulling my erect nipple until it was borderline painful.

"Oh, please.....I need to stop.......please, let me stop......please turn that damn thing off." I was whimpering now, he had complete control and I had none. I was not aware of others around me. I was not aware of Jim watching us. I just shook and humped involuntarily as the 'forced orgasm' continued for several seconds until Bob turned the intensity down. I was convulsing with a mixture of pleasure and discomfort. You cannot understand the intensity I was experiencing, or my need to come down from this high.

Bob had the good sense to turn the device off, and my arousal subsided as the song ended. I stood there a moment, my head resting on Bob's shoulder, panting, as I tried to recover. I was afraid to look around the room to see if anyone was staring at me, aghast of my indecent display on the dance floor. I could not deal with the shame of looking in the eyes of those around me at that moment.

As he led me back to the table, Bob simply said, "That was the sexiest thing I ever saw. You are the sexiest thing I ever met!"

I responded sheepishly, "You were a very bad boy. You are no boy scout! You cannot be trusted with any type of power over me; or any women I suspect."

Jim was smiling from ear-to-ear. "Cindy, did you do what I think you did out there? Did my wife have a little orgasm on the dance floor?"

"No baby, I did not have a 'little orgasm' out there. I had an earth shattering, eyes to the back of the head, almost black out, head banging orgasm out there. And your idiot friend cannot be trusted with the controls to my clitoris."

"Well goddamn, it was hot to watch. Smoking hot. You two are a trip." Jim was beaming, obviously pleased with the way this turned out. "So Bobby, how does she handle on the dance floor?"

"Jim, my man, she handles like a dream. She corners tight, and she responds great when you accelerate out of the curves."

I looked at both of them, shook my head, and said, "you two are a couple of adolescent morons. You really are."

I had several more drinks to calm my nerves, before I could look around the bar trying to determine if my scandalous behavior was attracting scorn. I honestly could not tell if it was. I could not tell if I had attracted much attention or not.