

exposing cindy - mistress sarah

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sarah command me to do some unspeakable acts....

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Exposing Cindy

Mistress Sarah

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 in the past week. It was not planned, it just happened.

Introduction:

It was Monday evening, Memorial Day, 2012. 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, 10 to 12 feet from the boys, playing on the computer.

My wicked side got the best of me, and I logged on to Lushstories to see if there were any comments on my most recent story, 'Janet's sin'. I had a lovely message from a young girl from overseas who enjoyed my stories, particularly, 'Janet'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 have a slight 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 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.”

“Okay.” 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 was facing me, 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 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.

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 cum 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 by the computer desk and touched myself. It took about a minute of clitoral stimulation before I felt a small orgasm overtake me. 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.”

“Okay, mom,” the younger boy answered with a strange, quizzical look.

I went into my room, leaving the door 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 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. I enjoyed it.”

Chapter one: Sarah instructs me to expose myself at the hotel

I arrived at the hotel, and immediately checked my messages on lushstories. 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.”

“Okay.” 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 your 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, or teenager, 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. 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.

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!”

“But what will I say?” I protested. This was already going much further than I intended.

“I will tell you what to do. 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.

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. 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 pants 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 black, 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 odor or 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.

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 had 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 8inch long, 2inch thick, phallus was virtual identical in length and girth to his cock.

“Shit, girl. You awn’t foolin’ nobody. You been using ‘dis here phony cock getting yourself ready for me. You awn’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.

“Oh, 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.

“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 as I laid back on the bed and elevated my ass once again.

“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 nineteen, 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 thirty-nine, almost forty 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.

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 ain'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.