Exposing Cindy - Chapter 9 - educating our youth

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Jim and Stephen want both want me....together.....

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Chapter 9 - they want to share me....
Saturday was going to be a big day: Stephen's 18th birthday: Saturday, February 22, 2008. It was going to be a big day indeed. Jim took us to dinner at the country club.

Over dinner, Stephen and Jim joked with each other and they both flirted with me. Jim made it clear that he was comfortable with Stephen making sexual innuendos directed towards me. Jim referred to me as 'their girl' and 'their date' throughout the evening.

Jim asked me over dinner, "How does it feel having two dates for the evening?"

It was clear to me that Jim was trying to advance his fantasy of actually sharing me with Stephen. I must admit, the idea was growing on me a bit too. "I feel like a very lucky girl to be escorted with two such handsome and sexy men."

"Yeah some women might think you are 'over the limit' being out with two dates," Jim quipped.

I accepted the joke and responded, "They are just jealous that I have both of you tonight." Jim was not being terribly subtle in where he was trying to steer the conversation tonight.

"Stephen, what great insight do you have tonight as you turn 18?" Jim asked, engaging Stephen in the conversation.

Stephen smiled, thought for a moment, and replied, "I do not have enough experience to have much insight, but I do feel very lucky to be here with the two of you tonight."

"Thank you Stephen. Cindy and I are glad you are with us as well. And I know Cindy likes having two men for her dates; she loves being the center of attention." The sexual innuendo of Jim's comments could not have been lost on Stephen.

Stephen merely replied, “I think she deserves to be the center of attention. She is pretty much the perfect lady, you know.”

“Thank you Stephen. That is very sweet. It is not a very accurate assessment; I am a long, long way from being perfect, I hope you realize. Nonetheless, thank you for the compliment.” I placed my hand on his thigh momentarily out of reflex as I spoke, and then removed it. We were in the country club with our friends, so I really did not need anyone seeing me with my hand on the 18 year old birthday boy’s thigh.

The flirting and shameless compliments continued through dinner and desert. We returned to the house around 9:30 p.m., feeling good and enjoying each other’s company. And the sexually charged banter continued.

Jim suggested we watch one of his favorite movies, Casablanca, with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. I thought it was an interesting movie choice, very interesting. Jim offered me a glass of merlot and offered Stephen his first beer in celebration of his 18th birthday.

I protested, “Jim, Stephen’s parents expect us to use better judgment than getting their son drunk on his birthday.”

“First of all, one beer is not ‘getting Stephen drunk’; second, if he has a third, fourth or fifth beer, he is having them in the safety of our home, not on the road with his buddies someplace where a lot of bad things could happen; and finally, he is 18 years old tonight, and I think he is now old enough to make this decision for himself.” Jim responded with authority, before continuing, “Stephen, would you like that beer or not? And don’t let Cindy dissuade you from having it if you want to.”

It was ironic; no, actually it was silly, that I was expressing concern about Stephen having a beer in the context of the relationship I had allowed to develop with him. I knew it was silly as I was saying it.

Stephen looked at me, to make sure he was not going to get a rebuke from me, and then turned to Jim, “I think I would like a beer.”

“Good man! And you don’t have to stop at one. This is a big night for you, and I am pleased that Cindy and I are here to celebrate it with you.” Jim returned moments later with our drinks and started the movie.

Jim sat in his recliner and Stephen and I shared the couch; however there was ample room between us. Over the next two hours, Jim kept my wine glass full and replaced Stephen’s beer as frequently

as Stephen finished the last one. As the movie ended I counted that I had four glasses of merlot, and Stephen was nursing his fifth beer. Though not drunk, his face sported a smile that revealed a state of euphoria brought on by the alcohol. And I was pretty relaxed and mellow myself; maybe a bit too relaxed.

Casablanca, for those who are not familiar with the film, is a love story set in northern Africa during World War II, in which Ingrid Bergman has an affair with Humphrey Bogart before returning to her husband at the end of the film.

As the credits rolled at the end of the movie, Jim asked the open question, “So do you think she made the right choice? Or should she have stayed with Bogart?”

I pondered the question for a second, and responded, “She had an impossible choice. She loved both of them. No matter what she chose, she was going to regret giving the other one up. She wanted them both.”

Jim answered, “The guys both made a mistake too. They should have agreed to share her.”

“Why do you say that?” I was honestly curious to hear his reasoning.

“Well, she wanted both of them; she was in love with both of them. She was never going to be happy giving up either of them. She was always going to be longing for the one she gave up. She would grow to resent the one she stayed with. If they wanted her, they would have to share her.”

I thought about Jim’s logic before answering. “You may be right, but do you really think two men could share a woman, one woman? Without killing each other? Or her?”

Jim did not hesitate with his answer, “If they really loved her, they would want her to be happy. That is what would be important to them. Besides, a woman is biologically and emotionally equipped to handle two guys.” Jim chuckled. “Stephen, what to you think? Could two men share one woman?”

Stephen was caught off guard by Jim’s question. “I don’t know; I guess so. It would depend upon the guys and the woman, I guess.”

I jumped back in, “What do you mean ‘a woman is biologically and emotionally equipped to handle two men?”

Jim smiled broadly, “Well, physically, a woman is biologically equipped to accommodate more than one man at once. Men cannot handle more than one woman at a time.”

“Huh?” I was not sure what he was saying.

“Men have but one penis; women have multiple places to accommodate a penis, or places to accommodate more than one penis.”

I blushed deeply as I understood what Jim was saying, “Jim you are such a pig. I can’t believe you said that.” I just shook my head. “And emotionally?”

“Women have a capacity to love multiple men; men have trouble loving anybody. If a man finds a woman he truly loves, he should not let the fact that she is also in love with someone else keep him from the one thing in his life that could make him happy: her.” Jim finished his beer, and got up to go to the kitchen. He returned with two beers and another glass of wine for me. He handed a beer to Stephen before continuing. “Stephen could you share a woman you loved with another man, if the alternative was losing her? “

Stephen was obviously uncomfortable with the direction of this conversation. “I don’t know. It would be kind of weird and all. But if I loved her, I guess I would share. I don’t know. Could you?”

Jim seemed to expect the question and was ready with an answer, “Yes. If I loved her, and if I knew she loved me, I could. If I knew that her involvement with this other guy was not a threat to our relationship or a threat to her love for me. Yes, I think I could share a woman that I truly loved. If that would truly what it took her to be happy; yes I think I could.”

Jim took a long sip of his beer, and then looked at me. “Cindy, have you ever thought that you could get seriously involved with two men at the same time?”

I blushed at the directness of his question. I felt my pulse quicken as I tried to think about my response. I know the alcohol influenced my judgment, but I was fairly candid in my answer, “I believe it could happen, but it would have to be two very special men.”

I thought to myself, ‘Jim, you are a very bad boy.’ And I knew I was stepping farther and farther out on the thinning ice as the conversation progressed. But I knew that we were gradually approaching a critical junction, a decision point, that I was not ready to cross. I was nervous and conflicted. But I did care for both of these men deeply, of that I was sure.

Jim stood up, and announced, “Let’s move this discussion to the hot tub. I have it all tempted up. Stephen, are you up for joining Cindy and me in the spa?”

Stephen nodded tentatively, “I guess so.” I wondered what was going through his mind. I knew precisely what was going through Jim’s mind.

Despite my apprehension and the internal conflict I was experiencing, I did not object. I knew Jim wanted to share me tonight. And I knew that by going into the hot tub with both of these men, in my inebriated state, and in their inebriated state, I was advancing Jim’s plan. And that once they shared me, Stephen would be emboldened to take me even when Jim was home, and he was going to be staying with us for another four months. If I proceeded with this, I was allowing a bizarre situation to develop in my home; and the thought of this both excited and scared me.

But I said nothing, made no protest, and I complied. With my pulse racing, I put my bikini on and grabbed a few beach towels and joined Stephen and Jim, who were already in the spa. I saw that these two had gotten yet another beer and were in a deep conversation, when I climbed in the hot tub.

As I climbed into the spa, I heard Jim saying, “Hell, I know you have a crush on her. Who wouldn’t? She is absolutely perfect, and she is gorgeous. If I were your age, I’d be in love with her too. I am more than twice your age and I am in love with her.”

Jim took another swig of his beer. “And she is crazy about you too.” Jim interrupted his conversation as I entered the spa. “Cindy, you look fantastic.”

It was clear they had been discussing me, my emotions towards them, and Stephen’s infatuation with me.

“Jim are you drunk?” I was trying to figure out how to navigate these dangerous waters. Jim simply ignored my question about his sobriety.

I felt my pulse quicken further, and my nipples grow erect as both me looked at me with a combination of lust and love. I must admit, I enjoyed their lustful and loving gaze. I wanted both of them, and really did not have the strength or desire to stop this train.

“Cindy, I think you should give Stephen a birthday kiss. Stephen, do you think you deserve a birthday kiss?”

Stephen looked at me questioningly and said, “That would be nice.”

“Cindy, go over and give Stephen his first ‘post-eighteen’ kiss.”

It was starting. I was being asked to kiss Stephen as Jim watched. Nervously, I stood up and walked over to Stephen and gave him a light peck on the lips, not really sure what to do. The kiss was soft and tender, but certainly not intimate.

“Oh, boooooo! Hiss! That is the poorest excuse for a kiss I have ever seen. Stephen is that the type of kiss you were hoping for on your 18 th birthday?” Jim asked.

“Not really.” Stephen responded, not exactly sure how to handle this situation.

Jim looked at me and instructed, “Try again, and this time give him a kiss that he will remember.” Jim then reached up and started to untie my bikini top.

“Jim, what are you doing?” I panicked as he began to expose my breasts.

“I want to give you a little motivation here. If you don’t get this next kiss right, you will lose the bottoms too! Now give him a kiss he will still remember on his 68th birthday.”

As Jim removed my top, he pushed me toward Stephen, my breast floating on the froth of the swirling water. Looking at Stephen, Jim said, “Stephen, enjoy your birthday present.”

I approached Stephen and asked, “Are you OK with this?”

Stephen smiled nervously. “I guess so.”

This time, I sat astride his lap, my legs straddling his and kissed him, softly and nervously at first, then opened my mouth and gently slipped my tongue between his lips. Stephen responded slowly but began to return the passion, opening his mouth more widely, and accepting my tongue.

Stephen slid forward slightly pushing his erection in contact with my crotch. I reached down and took his hand and raised it to my naked breasts. I could feel Stephen’s penis throb into my bikini covered vulva as he began to get aroused despite this surreal situation.

We necked for several minutes, as Stephen gently pulled and teased my nipple as my husband watched from across the spa. I could feel his erection growing and pulsing against me as I ground into him with my aroused vulva. I wanted him; I wanted both men. My arousal and the alcohol were clouding my judgment, but I was hot and aroused, and I wanted to make Jim’s fantasy a reality. To be honest, it had become my fantasy as well.

I whispered in his ear, “I love you. God, you make me feel so good. Would you like to join Jim and me

in our bed tonight?”

Stephen looked deeply into my eyes with an affection I cannot describe, and nodded his head as he continued to fondle my breast. I humped my aroused pussy against his erection and said, “Good.” And kissed him deeply again.

Jim, seeming to know that Stephen had agreed to join our ménage, interrupted Stephen’s and my dance of our tongues, and said, “Could I suggest that we move this birthday celebration into the bedroom?”

I looked at Stephen and asked, “Are you sure that you are up for this?”

He looked at me and nodded silently. He wanted this too, but he was a bit nervous. His apprehension was understandable, and endearing to me.

Stephen continued to tweak my erect nipple and replied, “Jim is right, if I love you, and I don’t want to lose you, I better be willing to share you, huh? If Jim is willing to share his wife with me, I’d be a fool to decline this offer. ”

I stood up, my breasts bare and my nipples erect, placed my hands on my hips, and asked, “So what do you two think you are going to do to me if I going inside with you?”

Stephen, who was still a bit nervous and awestruck, looked to Jim. Jim took control, “We will service you and please you. We will treat you like the goddess you are; we will adore and worship you all night long.”

“Well that seems like an offer a girl just cannot refuse. Lead the way my good men. Lead the way.”

As we got out of the bubbling spa, I could see both men were erect, very erect. Both penises were sticking up a couple of inches above the waistband of their bathing suits. Both men are circumcised, and their erect bulbous heads formed a terribly erotic sight as we exited the spa. “Oh, my, you two look like you are ready for action. Are those erections for me?”

“They certainly are, Cindy,” Stephen replied as we entered the house.

Jim moved ahead of us and started a fire in the fireplace in our bedroom, while Stephen dried me off with an oversized towel. Jim returned and removed my bikini bottoms as Stephen dried my breasts. “I want you two naked as well.” I instructed them to remove their bathing suits.

They complied, standing in front of me. They each lowered their trunks allowing their erections to spring free. I looked at the two men whom I loved, their penises straining towards the ceiling. Both men looked great, both had wonderful builds. Jim looked marvelous for a 40 year old man. But, honestly, Stephen's 18 year old body was magnificent. There is something about the youthful, muscular build of an athletic 18 year old that arouses me tremendously.

Both men had wonderful cocks. But Stephen's was slightly longer, and considerable thicker. And best of all, both erections were mine; both belonged to me and no one else. I liked having a this pair of stallions ready to service me. What girl wouldn't?

I walked over and stood facing my men in front of the fire. I liked the radiant warmth from the fire on my naked bottom. I caught my reflection in the mirror, I looked good. My breasts were firm, my nipples erect and up turned, my pussy covered with the thinnest trace of blonde pubic hair. The thin blond pubic hair was almost translucent and did little to conceal my wet and aroused vagina.

I placed my arms on the mantle and stood there, my legs spread slightly, exposing myself to the inspection of my two lovers, as the fireplace turned my bottom a reddish-pink from the warmth. I was ready to accommodate both of my lovers. I glanced in the mirror again to see me standing with my arms and legs spread in front of the fireplace, prepared to be inspected, fondled and used by my two erect and adoring lovers. It may sound conceited to say this, but the truth is, my reflection in the mirror was a beautiful sight.

Jim approached me first, and ran his fingers across my inner thighs, slowly moving up to my pussy. I opened my legs slightly to give him better access. Stephen watched as my husband slowly massaged my erect clitoris, and separated my lips. "Oh baby, you are so wet down here. Stephen, feel how wet Cindy is."

Stephen approached me and replaced Jim's fingers with his own. I rocked my hips to each man's touch. There is something very sexy about being displayed this intimately to the two men you love.

"Cindy, could you tell the difference between our touches?" Jim asked.

His question caught me by surprise. "I think so," I panted, continuing to rock my hips as Stephen stimulated me. "I don't know."

Jim opened my dresser and retrieved two red and blue print scarves. "Let's find out." Jim handed one of the scarves to Stephen and said. "OK. Let's deprive her of her sight, Stephen. Let's see what she can distinguish us apart from our touch. You blindfold her."

Stephen then placed the scarf over my eyes and tied it firmly behind my head. As Stephen was affixing my blindfold, Jim tied one end of the other scarf around my wrist. Jim then led me away from the warmth of the fireplace, and laid my back on the bed. I could still see faint red and blue tinted light through the silky material, but my sight was essentially removed.

“Don’t remove this without permission, Cindy,” Jim ordered.

Neither man spoke, but I could hear some movement over the sound of my heavy and excited breathing, which was labored by the excitement of everything going on.

I felt someone sit next to me on the bed and take the scarf which was tied to my wrist, and loop it through a opening in the headboard, and bring it back to tie my other wrist. I assumed it was Jim who was tying me up this way; it was something he had done to me previously, and I recognized his technique of immobilizing me. With my hands tied to the bed, above my head, and blindfolded, I felt very vulnerable and excited. My men could now do what they pleased with me. I could feel my breasts heaving as I breathed.

Jim arose from the bed, and I heard some movement, and some indistinguishable mumbling, and then silence for nearly a minute. Next I felt someone climb between my legs and spread my knees wide apart. And then they kissed my pussy, and began to lick and suck my clitoris. The technique was different from what I was used to from Jim, so I assumed it was Stephen tasting and sucking on me. The sucking of my blood engorged clit caused me to moan loudly.

With my arms tied about my head, I could not reach down to guide my lover’s head with my hands; I was left to move my hips to try to influence where he should focus his attention. Then I felt someone climb on the bed near my head and position himself to feed me their erect cock into my mouth. Like a good girl, I opened and allowed them to penetrate my mouth and lips.

I was confused and excited. I had assumed it was Stephen sucking and licking my pussy, but the penis being offered to my mouth seemed thicker and bigger than Jim. I could not tell which lover was in which position. I thought I would be able to tell by the smell of the person whose cock was in my mouth, as people have their own unique scent, but the smell of the chlorine from the spa, overwhelmed any natural scent I might have detected. I simply did not know. And the fact that I did not know whose cock I was sucking added to my excitement.

The lover between my legs was certainly getting my attention as he focused exclusively on my engorged clitoris, sucking more and more blood into the very sensitive nubbins. I humped against his mouth and moaned loudly. At times I wanted to tell him to pause for a moment; that I was too sensitive, that the sucking was too intense; but the large throbbing penis that was fucking my mouth

prevented me from doing anything more than moan. And the moans seemed to my the erection in my mouth swell even larger.

I felt his fingers start to open up my vulva, indicating an assault on my vagina was being imminent. I moaned approval as his fingers entered me, and began massaging my g-spot. Coupled with the rhythmic sucking on my clit, I was rapidly approaching my first orgasm on the night. I sucked hard and deeper on the erection in my mouth as I felt the first waves of my climax crash over me. My hips bucked wildly, and I strained at the scarves restraining my hands.

As soon as the first wave of pleasure rolled across me, the sucking on my clit became far too intense. I wanted to break free, but restrained as I was, I was helpless. I lifted my hips off the bed in a frantic attempt to break the suction on my clitoris, but my oral lover just became more violent with his fingers inside me; and his massaged of the inner walls of my womb harder and sucked harder on my clit, forcing another series of contractions to rock my core.

My orgasm triggered the erection in my mouth to beginning pulsing more forcefully, and the first of a series of eruptions began as the first large string of slightly bitter and salty semen splashed into my mouth. It was a large dollop and I felt overwhelmed by the initial volume. I would have been tempted to spit it out had I been able to pull away from the erupting penis in my mouth, but in my position, with my hands tied above my head, my only option was to swallow or gag. I swallowed and felt the second string of warm semen spurt in my mouth. I immediately started to ingest the second and third string of the gooey essence of man.

Amazingly, being forced to ingest this substantial volume of sperm and semen aroused me at the moment and triggered my second series of orgasms as my lover continued to assault my mouth and tongue with his erection. I was enjoying being forced to drink the slightly bitter nectar of one of my lover’s sperm, but I did not know which one. This 'forced feeding' touched my submissive nature in a manner that is difficult to describe or understand. I was being fed their seed, and all I could do is swallow it, and I was enjoying it.

After the second series of orgasms, the lover who had been sucking and fingering my vaginaremoved his fingers from my womb, and released his suction on my clit. He then climbed between my legs into position to penetrate me. With his erection pressing against my now wide open, dilated vulva, he slowly penetrated me.

As one lover began to fuck me,the cock in my mouth was withdrawn. As the penis was taken from my mouth, I felt one last string of semen drape across my cheek. With my hands tied, I was unable to wipe the semen from my face. I wondered whether the man who was now starting to punish my vagina with increasingly forceful thrusts of his erection found the semen splashed across my face

arousing or repulsive. Regardless, it did not deter him from fucking me with a vengeance, but he did not lean forward and kiss me either.

I could still taste the residual semen in my mouth as the tempo of the man fucking my vagina continued to gain momentum. I felt my pussy open even wider to accommodate him as he did. My anonymous lover was banging my cervix, deep inside me and rubbing on my g-spot. He raised my ankles up, pulling them over his shoulders. This forced my ass off the bed, leaving my weight resting on my shoulders. My ankles were by his ears now. With my hands tied above my head, I was totally and completely vulnerable in this position. He was in complete control. I could feel the bulbous head of his cock rubbing hard against the front of my womb. He was pushing deeper into me.

He was pounding my open pussy more vigorously now. He was pulling all the way out of me, leaving just the tip of his erection at my opening before pounding down with all his force deep into me with violent thrusts.

Quickly he sent me over the edge again as his punished and abused my vagina with a brutal, savage pounding. I was cumming and I could not stop. Each powerful thrust into me evoked a loud grunt and moan; only to be followed with his withdrawal and a subsequent impaling by his large thick cock.

His paced quickened and I knew he was getting ready to cum. “Oh baby, cum with me. Cum in me. Spill your seed in Cindy’s pussy. Your cock feels so good.” I said, not even knowing which man I was encouraging to cum inside me!

He made one last powerful thrust and then remained buried inside me, his balls were pushed against my up-turned ass as his penis throbbed violently inside me, pulsing, pumping his semen out. After a series of pulses, ejaculating inside me, he lowered my legs from his shoulders, relaxed and collapsed on top of me.

I lay there, wrapped my legs around him, wanting to hold him in place. I was unable to wrap my arms around him to caress him due to my restraints. And then to my disappointment, he silently disengaged, leaving my pussy strangely empty, as it spasmed, involuntarily, to fill the gap that was suddenly there. The spasms seemed to be my vagina’s attempt to find something to grab a hold of, as I could feel the semen seeping out of me with each spasm, and running down the crack of my ass, and dripping on the bed beneath me.

I could hear the movements and hushed mumbling at the foot of the bed, as I lay there alone, empty dripping semen and savoring the taste of semen in my mouth as my breasts continued to heave up and down. I wanted to be held, but all I could do is wait to see what was next.

Jim’s voice came from a direction I was not expecting, and asked, “OK, Cindy, who was who?”

Startled, I turned in the direction of Jim’s voice, and honestly said, “I don’t know. I thought it Stephen was sucking on me, but then I thought it was Stephen’s penis in my mouth. I just don’t know who was who.”

“Ah, see Stephen, we are indistinguishable to her. She cannot tell us apart.” Jim then began to untie me and removed my blindfold. As my eyes tried to readjust to the light, I could see both men were still partially erect.

The each climbed into bed with me and gently massaged me, and, as they held and caressed me, I began to cry quietly. I had such an emotionally charged series of orgasms that I could not contain my emotions at the moment.

“Baby, what’s wrong?” Jim asked.

“Nothing is wrong. I am just being silly. But I love you two so much, and that was beautiful, what we just did. I am happy to be here with both of you. I really do love you both.” I rolled on my side to kiss Jim, and he held me. I felt Stephen’s erect penis approach me from behind.

“Jim, hold me while Stephen fucks me.” I whispered to Jim. I positioned myself to allow Stephen to enter me from behind asI cried silently in Jim’s arms. Stephen fucked my slowly and lovingly as my husband held me. My tears dropped ont Jim's face as Stephen fucked me from behind. I kissed Jim, exploring my husband’s mouth with my tongue as I felt Stephen’s pace quicken and his penis begin the throb inside me. I knew he was ejaculating inside me; only I did not know if he was adding his sperm to my husband’s or merely adding to the deposit he made in my moments before.

Stephen remained inside me after he came a second time, and I fell asleep with one lover's penis growing soft inside me while I wept silently while lying in my husband’s arms. I was a very content and happy lady at that moment. And there was almost nothing I would not do to please my men.

I woke a while later and asked, “Jim, which one of you was in my mouth? Who did I just swallow?” Iwas not sure exactly why knowing was important to me.

“Bunny, I don’t think Stephen or I will tell you that. In fact, I think we are going to take you fairly frequently like that from now on, and I think you will spend your day wondering whose semen is slowly draining out of your pussy, and whose semen is in your beautiful little tummy. I think that will be a good thing for you to ponder in the hours while we were are away from you.” Jim smiled devilishly.

Damn, my husband knew me, and knew just how to climb inside my head. And he was right, not knowing whose sperm was swimming in my belly at this moment and whose was swimming up into my womb, in search of an egg that, hopefully,was not there, was terribly exciting to me.

I feel back asleep content that I had both of my lover’s semen inside me, and I was sleeping between the two men that I loved so dearly.