

# exposing Cindy - educating our youth - Chapter 7

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*Stacey visits, and she takes a liking to Stephen...*

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Chapter 7

Exposing Cindy – educating our youth

“Stacy’s visit”

The situation, while incredibly exciting and pleasurable, was getting out of control. Jim had witnessed the entire scene with Stephen from the bedroom closet, and had cum twice while watching. But rather than being satisfied, this seemed to ‘fan the flames’; he seemed intent on finding a way to ‘join the action’. He wanted to have both Stephen and him to take me on together; to ‘tag team’ me.

Stephen, on the other hand, was obsessed with his new found love and sex goddess. He rushed home from school daily to have me before Jim got home. In fact, he skipped basketball practice on Monday to get home early. I told him that was not acceptable. The reason his parents allowed him to stay with us was to finish his senior year and to compete in sports; not to have wild sex with the wife of his host. He agreed that he would not skip practice any more.

But he would come home and immediately find me, and begin fondling and kissing me. And because we typically only had a little more than an hour before Jim arrived home each night, Stephen felt a sense of urgency to move the action ahead rather quickly. And while the situation was sexy, it felt a bit rushed to me. But Stephen was becoming a skilled lover, and he usually got me off at least once during the allotted time.

After a couple of week's of this routine, I knew what to expect each day upon Stephen's arrival each day. In week two, there was an unexpected interruption to our routine. On a Thursday afternoon, before Stephen arrived, a good friend of mine, Stacey, dropped by unannounced. Stacey was my best female friend in college. She was two years younger than me.

Stacey was tall and statuesque. At 5 ft 10 in. she had the long legs and figure of a model. She was an avid tennis player and had the sleek look of a well conditioned athlete. She had a blue-eyed, 'blonde' Swedish or Norwegian appearance to her that I envied.

She was married and had two young children. Her husband was a 'stay at home dad' who took care of the children while she earned a good living working as a geologist for an oil company in the Dallas area. I suspected her appearance made it difficult for the men in her office to concentrate with her in meetings. She was gorgeous.

She was driving into Houston for a conference on Friday when she decided to see if she could catch me home.

I was glad to see her, and actually felt a bit relieved that her presence would interfere with Stephan's routine. It would give me a night off, so to speak; and as much as I enjoyed being the center of attention of both Jim and Stephen, I was wearing out a bit (literally). I was having a little difficulty keeping up with Stephan's incredible libido. And, as a result of the vicarious enjoyment Jim was experiencing, Jim's sex drive had kicked into high gear as well.

In short, I was being slowly fucked to death by my two men. It was a very nice way to go, but it was a bit overwhelming at times. I welcomed my 'night off' due to Stacy's presence.

Stacey and I had been visiting in the front sitting room when Stephen came home. I had just gone to get us each a second glass of wine, and was in the kitchen when Stephen bolted through the back door into the kitchen.

I had my back to him, holding the two wine glasses, when he came up behind me, hugged me, kissed me on the neck as he reached around to feel my breast. With the two glasses of wine in my hands, I could not block his uninvited touching of my breast.

I quickly turned to him and said, "Stephen, not now; I have a visitor...."

Stephen and I both turned quickly towards a noise at the kitchen entrance, and we saw a very shocked Stacey watching this very brief scene unfold. Stacey had heard Stephen come in and had followed me into the kitchen to meet my young boarder.

Apparently, she had seen the hug, the kiss on the neck and his cupping my breast; and she was shocked at the implication. I felt my face burn with embarrassment, mortified that my good friend had witnessed this teenage boy fondle me.

I tried to ignore the awkwardness of the situation and introduced Stacey to Stephen. Stephen quickly removed his hand from my tit, and was equally embarrassed at being caught by Stacey as I was.

Stacey was polite, and said nothing in Stephen's presence; but she gave me a knowing and questioning look as she shook Stephen's hand. Stephen was polite, but excused himself immediately to escape the embarrassment of the moment.

As Stephen went downstairs to his little basement fortress, Stacey raised her eyebrows and asked simply, "OK, what was that about?"

I could feel my face burning crimson as I tried to think of what to say, "Oh he is just a horny teenager who gets a little frisky; a little too frisky sometimes. I have to put him in his place sometimes."

Stacey stood there, arms crossed with a look that indicated she was not buying any of the nonsense I was spewing. "Cindy, have we met? Do you think I have gotten stupid since the last time we were together? What's going on?"

She uncrossed her arms to take the glass of wine I handed to her. She nodded her head towards my wine glass and said, "Go ahead, take a drink of wine. You look like you need it. And then tell me what the fuck you are up to?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. He just feels a little too comfortable flirting with me. I should have done a better job discouraging it from the beginning. But now he seems to be confused with exactly where the boundaries are." My answer did not even sound reasonable to me.

"Cindy, he was feeling you up when I came around the corner. I think he knows where the boundaries are. Have you already done the nasty with him; or its that still in the future. I know one thing, that young man will be fucking you soon, if he hasn't done so already."

I realized that my continued denial sounded ridiculous, even to me. I decided to admit to the obvious. "Things did get a little out of hand after he first came to live with us. I admit it."

Stacy smiled broadly, "You go girl. I am so proud of you. You are living every woman's dream! Damn, and he is very cute too. Does Jim suspect anything?" There was no admonishment, only admiration in her response.

Out of fear, I backed off my confession....."I am not admitting to anything here. Nothing is going on." I tried to retreat from my previous admission.

“Bull shit girl. ‘You be doing it with that teenager’.”, she said in her best Ebonics accent. “I am not criticizing you. Hell I wish I had a teenage lover. I’d ‘be doing it’ with that boy too if I could. Honest I would. You are my new hero.”

I guided us back to the front room. I did not know if Stephen was eavesdropping, but I did not need him hearing this conversation.

Stacey and I talked for the next two hours over two more glasses of wine. With each glass of wine, she was able to pry more information out of me. She was obviously enjoying my situation vicariously; enjoying it too much, I might add.

Repeatedly, she told me how she envied me; how she wished she had a young lover; how she would fuck that boy in a ‘New York minute’.

I joked at one point, “maybe I should loan him out to you?”

Stacey jumped on that, “Don’t make any offers you won’t back up. I’d love for you to send him my way. I would teach that youngster a thing or two; things that he might not learn from ‘sweet little Cindy’.”

Since Stacey and I had both had four glasses of wine over two hours when Jim came home, he could see we were pretty drunk when he arrived. Jim offered to fix us dinner and insisted that Stacey spend the night. She was definitely too drunk to drive to her hotel in the Galleria area of Houston.

Stacey never made any inappropriate references in front of Jim or Stephen during dinner; she behaved herself admirably. She crashed in one of my son’s room, who was away at college. I worried that my horny friend might venture downstairs during the night looking for Stephen, but she behaved all night long.

Since she had meetings early in the morning, she got up and left before any of the rest of us awakened. About mid-morning Stacey called me to thank me for the hospitality, and the wine. As she ended the call she said once again, “And enjoy your young lover. And if you ever want to ‘broaden that boy’s horizons’ with another older woman, be sure to send him to me. I would love to give him a lesson or two.”

“I will certainly keep that in mind. I will give that all the consideration it deserves. I worry you might not send him back to me though.” I shocked myself with that last statement.

“Oh, I won’t steal him from you; I would just borrow him. I would return him as good as ever; he’d just

be a little wiser and more talented is all.”

“I’ll get back to you on that, you wicked lady.” And we said our goodbyes and hung up.

Stacey’s comments weighed on my mind all day. Should I offer this experience to Stephen? I admit, I felt a twinge of jealousy thinking about my tall, statuesque friend taking my young lover to bed. On the other hand, it might help Stephen put the emotional aspects of our relationship in the proper perspective. After all, Stephen and I were not ever going to be in a committed, monogamous relationship.

And despite Stacey’s act as the ‘black widow’, ready to consume any male she encounters, I felt Stacey was actually a kind, gentle and caring lady who would treat Stephen with tenderness and affection.

Stephen came home, but rather than immediately assaulting and fondling me, he wanted to know what Stacey thought about what she saw yesterday. He was mostly concerned about whether or not he was in trouble for getting caught nuzzling me and feeling me up in the kitchen.

I was pretty honest in my response, “Stephen, Stacey correctly deduced that you were more than just a ‘boarder’ to me. Based on what she saw, and my reaction to her questions, she knew you and I were intimate. She did not condemn or criticize me; rather she was complimentary and a bit envious.”

“Envious?”

“Yes, she thinks you are a very attractive young man, very appealing to her; and she wishes she had a young man to share similar experiences with. She thinks every woman my age needs a ‘Stephen’ in her life.”

A smile broke across his face as he beamed; relieved that he was not in trouble with me, and obviously flattered that Stacey found him so attractive and desirable.

“Stacey also asked if I would loan you to her.”

That last comment just hung in the air. Stephen looked at me confused and shocked; trying to discern whether or not this was a joke or a serious possibility. He obviously had never considered taking other lovers in addition to me.

I decided to broach the subject head on, "Would you want to spend some time with Stacey if you could?"

“Seriously? Would you want me to do that?” He was being cautious now.

“Stephen, I would not want you to ‘do that for me’; but if you would like to see what it is like with another woman, I would not be offended. I would support you doing so. But definitely don’t do this because you think I want you to, or expect you to. Only do this if you want to do it.”

“You wouldn’t be mad at me?”

“Oh baby, no. I wouldn’t be mad. I don’t expect you to ‘forsake all others till death do us part’ for me. I love what we have, and I will always cherish it. But I do expect that you will be with other girls and women. No, I would not be mad at all.”

“She is pretty. And she does seem nice. How would this happen?” Stephen was obviously excited by the very thought of being with Stacey.

“I am not sure. Let me think about that. Would you like to go downstairs with me for a while before Jim gets home?”

Stephen nodded. I took him downstairs and we made love on his bed. It was lovely and sensual rather than rough and passionate. I did not cum, but it was very satisfying nonetheless.

“Stephen, I am going to go back on the pill so we can make love without these condoms. I miss having your semen inside me. I like that aspect of love making.”

Stephen seemed to like that thought and the idea that soon he could take me without a latex barrier between us. He liked it a lot.

We de-coupled and I went upstairs. I called Stacey on her cell phone. The conference was just ending and she was preparing to head back to Dallas that evening.

“Would it be possible for you to stay another night in Houston, with us?” I asked.

“I suppose I could. Mike is home with the kids, but he would understand if I got held over another night. Why?” Stacey sounded a bit confused by the request.

“If you can stay until mid-afternoon tomorrow, I think I can make your fantasy a reality.”

Her voice changed, she immediately understood my reference to ‘her fantasy’, and she was intrigued,

“Tell me more.”

“Jim plays golf tomorrow morning. If you were here when he left, I believe I could give you and Stephen some time alone. He is very intrigued by you, and I think if you don’t scare him off by coming on too strong, he would love to be with you.”

“Oh Cindy, you are an angel; a wicked angel, but an angel.” It will take me a couple of hours to get from the Galleria to your home in the Woodlands. If I leave now, I can be there by 7:30 at the latest. What time do you guys eat?”

“We will hold dinner for you. Don’t rush.” She arrived shortly after 7 p.m.

Stacey, Jim, Stephen and I had a nice dinner. After dinner, Stacey and I shared several glasses of wine, while Jim drank a few beers. And we visited before retiring to bed. Stephen hung with us for a while before escaping to his basement ‘man-cave’. There was no reference to any plans for tomorrow by anyone.

I decided not to share the possibility of Stacey & Stephen hooking up with Jim. I did not feel I could explain why I agreed to do it; I was not sure I understood why I agreed to Stacey’s plan myself. As I prepared for bed, I thought like I might have made a mistake in inviting Stacey over again. But once the plan was in motion, there was really no turning back.

The next morning, Stacey & I sipped our coffee and visited some more as Jim prepared to leave. Once out the door, I turned to Stacey and said, “OK, I guess it is show time.”

I led Stacey downstairs to Stephen’s room, where we found him lying on top of the covers on his bed, watching ‘Sponge Bob Square Pants’. I smiled thinking that the ‘man’ who had been pounding my pussy and driving me into absolute ecstasy was watching Saturday morning cartoons. But I guess most men never do really grow up, do they?

Stephen perked up a bit as we entered his room. He was wearing a white football jersey and some navy flannel shorts. He had a wholesome, athletic, ‘all-American boy’ look about him. He was a handsome lad.

“Stephen, would you like to spend a little time with Stacey?”

He nodded nervously. He was clearly a bit intimidated by this entire scenario. I found his nervousness cute and endearing. And I suddenly regretted not keeping Stephen for myself. What was I thinking inviting Stacey into the picture? But I was committed and there was no turning back now.

“I will leave you two alone, to get acquainted. Enjoy yourselves.” I looked Stephen in the eyes and counseled, “Stephen, just relax and enjoy. You don’t have to perform. Don’t feel pressured to do anything. If it feels right, OK. But do not feel pressured.” I was uncomfortable leaving Stephen; I felt very protective of him. And yes, I was jealous too.

I turned to Stacey and said, “Be good to him. This young man means a great deal to me.”

“Relax, we will be fine. Won’t we, Stephen? Stop worrying.”

I left the door open as I left, but Stacey shut it behind me. It was out of my hands now.

I went upstairs, and I made myself a ‘blood mary’. I seldom drank before evening, but I felt I needed a drink. I snuck over to the stairway, drink in hand and tried listening, but I could only hear muffled sounds coming from behind the closed door. God I wanted to know what was going on.

I resisted the urge to go downstairs and listen by the door.

I sat, sipping my drink, waiting impatiently. I finished my first drink and made another. They had been alone for about 45 minutes when I heard the first unmistakable sounds of sexual excitement coming up the basement staircase.

Stacey’s moans were penetrating the floor and the walls. Whatever Stephen was doing to her, he was doing it right. She obviously liked it. Stacey’s moans became louder, and more constant as they continued to pierce the floor for 10 minutes or so. Then I heard a pounding that I realized could only be the headboard banging against the wall. And rhythmic screeches emanated from Stacey in rapid time to the pounding of the head board. She was communicating to me and the world that she was having a series of long, continuous orgasms.

I was jealous, angry and growing very aroused. Stacey’s sounds of sexual arousal were exciting me. I felt my pussy getting wet and my clitoris starting to throb with excitement. I could not resist placing my hand inside of my shorts and stimulating my clitoris in response to the sounds of sex echoing all around me. I masturbated sitting there in my living room as I listened to the sounds of sex penetrating the floor all around me.

Stacey let out a loud, bellowing moan, announcing to me, and possibly my neighbors that she reached another climax. Stacey’s loud orgasm triggered my own, as I furiously rubbed my ‘little nubbins’ while sitting on my couch. I tried hard to remain silent, but a muffled moan and a few squeaks escaped me as I came. I could not believe I had just masturbated to a climax in my living

room while listening to Stephen pleasure Stacey.

Then the pounding of the headboard subsided and Stacey's moans grew silent.

I waited impatiently for them to emerge, but they did not. I listened intently, and occasionally heard muffled sounds that might have been sexual, but nothing as obvious as Stacey's previous moans or the banging of the head board.

It was about an hour later when I heard the shower running downstairs. About fifteen minutes later the bedroom door opened and Stacey emerged and came up stairs. Her hair was wet and pulled back into a pony tail. The shower was still running downstairs indicating that Stephen was still washing away his guilt or whatever else he was feeling.

"That was wonderful. He is wonderful. God I love that boy." Stacey was beaming.

"I take it Stephen met your expectations?"

"Met them? He exceeded my wildest dreams. I will be back to see that boy again the first chance I get."

"I'll have to think about that for awhile." I was not so sure I was going to allow an encore performance.

"He is a very big boy, almost too big." Stacey smiled wickedly. "That boy has a marvelous cock and phenomenal staying power."

"Yes, he is gifted." I conceded. I thought about asking for clarification on her comment about Stephen being 'too big', not decided against it. Stacey was a much bigger woman than I am, and while Stephen certainly filled my little pussy up, I was able to accommodate him. I assumed she was exaggerating about his size for the erotic stimulation the image might create.

Stacey grabbed her overnight bag and prepared to leave. "I need to get on the road. Mike is understanding, but after being left with the kids for two days, he will be anxious for me to get back. Thanks for everything; and I mean everything."

"Don't mention it. I am glad you enjoyed it." We kissed each other on the cheek and Stacey left.

I walked downstairs to check on my young man. Stephen was drying off as I entered the bathroom. "Can I come in?" I asked, but entered without waiting to an invitation. "Is everything OK?"

“Yes.” Was his short, curt answer.

Stephen stood there naked, his penis flaccid, hanging down in front of him. It dawned on me that this was the first time he did not grow erect immediately in my presence. That fact alone irritated me beyond belief. He spends two hours with that bitch Stacey and now he no longer gets aroused standing naked in front of me. I did not like this development one bit.

“And?” I pushed to get additional details.

“And what?”

“How did it go? Did you enjoy your experience with Stacey? She seemed to be walking on cloud nine when she left moments ago. It appears you ‘did her some good’. I think you have a new member to your fan club.” I realized I was talking too much out of nervousness. I decided to shut up and let Stephen speak.

“It was nice, I had fun.”

“Did you use a condom?”

“No, Stacey said I did not need one, she is on the pill.”

Stephen was not going to volunteer a damn thing! If I was going to get nay information, I was going to have to drag it out. “OK. Tell me what happened.”

“We talked for a while, then we started kissing, and we had sex.” He paused, thinking what to say next. “It was different than it is with you.”

“How so?”

“With Stacey, it was really obvious that it was about the sex, not about me. I mean, the sex was great and all. But after you and I are together, I feel great. And I know you care about me, and I know that I love you. But with Stacey, I don’t know. After we each climaxed, I knew that was it.” He shuffled his feet a bit, and continued, “I’m not complaining or anything. It was fun. But with you it’s not just fun, it is beautiful.”

“Stephen, that might be the nicest compliment I have ever received from anyone. Thank you. And yes, what you and I have is beautiful. And special. And don’t you ever forget that.”

I walked over and hugged him; and I felt his penis throb upward as I did. "I am glad to see he still likes me.", motioning towards his penis that was swelling and growing slightly now as I hugged Stephen.

"Cindy, can I ask you something without making you mad?"

"Oh my, that sounds like a loaded question; but yes, you can ask me anything you want; and I promise I won't get mad"

"Have you ever had anal sex?" he asked sheepishly.

"Oh my God!" my mind raced to the obvious conclusion about what was behind this question. "Did she put you in her backside? I can't believe it. No wonder she said you were almost 'too big'. Well you certainly crossed another bridge today, huh?"

"We didn't start out doing that. We did it the regular way at first. And she really seemed to like the way we were doing it." He was struggling with telling me this, but he wanted to discuss it with someone. "But after she came the first time, she climbed off me and asked me if I wanted to try something different."

"And of course, you thought 'why not?', right?" By my tone, it was clear that I was not pleased with this development.

"Yeah something like that. Don't be mad. I did not know what she was going to do at first. She got on all fours and told me to move up behind her. She had a tube of lubricant and she put some on my dick. The she told me to keep very still and not to push too fast." He looked at me to see if I was repulsed, angry or worse. "At first I thought she was going to have me do her doggie style; but when she put the head of my penis on her anus, I understood what she wanted."

"Did you enjoy it?" I asked.

"I don't know. In a way I did. She was very tight back there; and that kind of felt good. It was obvious that when I first went in it hurt her; but it seemed to hurt her in a way that she liked. She kept telling me I was too big, not to push, that it hurt; but she kept pushing back against me, driving me in a little deeper. And every time she would push back, she would tell me to be still and that it hurt; but she seemed to like the fact that it hurt a little bit. It was like she was determined to take me back there no matter how bad it hurt. I did not really understand why."

"Stephen, a strange fact about human sexuality is that there is often a very fine line between pain and intense pleasure. And a lot of women are very aroused by having their anus stimulated."

“Do you enjoy it?” Stephen turned this back to trying to learn about my likes and dislikes.

“That is a very personal question, but it is a fair one. I enjoy having my backside touched on occasion, and stimulated. However, I am a pretty small, petite woman and I cannot accommodate even a small penis in my backside. It simply hurts me too much.” I wanted to get back to what happened with Stephen, “So Stacey liked being taken back there, huh?”

“It was strange. It obviously hurt her. In fact, at first, I thought it might be hurting her a lot. She acted like it did and had me hold very still for a while at first. But she wanted all of me inside her. And I did not move much at all, but she had an orgasm almost as soon as I got inside her really good.”

He stopped for a second, and then continued, “Cindy, there is something else.”

“What?”

“It turned me on.”

“What did?”

“The way she seemed to enjoy me pushing inside her despite the fact that it seemed to hurt her. Every time I would flex my penis, it stretched her anus and she made a sounds like it hurt but hurt in a good way. She would groan and grunt, and she would beg me not to move until she could get used to my size. All I had to do was ‘pulse’ my penis and she would moan and bury her face in the pillow.”

Stephen paused to see how I was reacting before continuing. His penis was growing as he told me of his first anal experience. He obviously enjoyed reliving it.

“I kept doing it, flexing my penis in her bottom and that is what made her have an orgasm. She really liked the way I could flex my dick and stretch her open repeatedly. And I liked the way she would react, and almost cry into the pillow from being stretched open like that, but she also got more and more excited. And the fact that she liked it turned me on. When she came, I came inside her backside. She said she loved the fact that I ‘came in her ass’.”

“Is this sick? Am I sick for having done that?”

God I loved this boy. He was the most genuine and sincere lover I had ever known. “No Stephen, you are not ‘sick’. You are completely normal. You became aroused by arousing a woman. There is nothing more normal than that. Now Stacey, she just might be a little sick; but you are normal and

healthy.” I could not help taking the barb at Stacey in my response.

“I only wish if I was going to do something like that, I would have done it with you. At least first.” Stephen seemed to sense I was hurt or disappointed at this point.

But I laughed loudly at his last suggestion that he and I should try anal sex. “Well my good man, that is just not going to happen. Your cock is way too big, and my backside is way too tight and small. The geometry just does not work. No sir, if you want to pound someone’s backside, you better stay in touch with Stacey.”

I hugged him again, and took his partially erect in my hand. “So how well did you wash this thing afterwards? You better scrub this cock absolutely raw if you ever want to get it back in my mouth again!”

He shook his head, “I am thinking that maybe I should not have told you about this, huh? I scrubbed it and scrubbed it. I’m kind of freaked out myself.”

I then led him by his cock back to the bed. I removed my clothes, and said, “Stephen, will you make love to me? I want to feel you inside me now. I want you to show me that I am still the number one woman in your life.”

Stephen’s cock grew fully erect under my gentle stroking. I decided I did not want to put his cock, which less than a hour ago had been up Stacey’s ass, in my mouth right now. That was just too weird. Tomorrow or the next day, I would get over this irrational repulsion; but for right now, Stephen was going to have to do without me sucking on him. And I would have a latex sheathe between him and me while he was in my pussy this afternoon.

Once fully erect, I encase his penis in its protective condom. I laid back and invited Stephen to mount me, to make love to me. He climbed out top of me, and entered me. For the next 15 minutes he fucked me slowly and lovingly. We necked and he caressed my breasts as he slowly pulled out and slowly pushed into me. I loved the feeling of his thick cock entering and leaving me. I was aroused, but did not want to come, this was about emotion and love.

When he finally came inside me, I was so overcome with emotion that I started to quietly cry. Stephen held me as I sobbed silently in his arms. I had fallen in love with this young man. Yes, I loved Jim, and I always would. I would always be Jim’s wife. But I had fallen in love with Stephen as well.

Coming soon – Chapter 8