exposing cindy - educating our youth - Chapter 10

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they want to take me together....

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Sunday morning.

I awoke between my two lovers: my husband of almost 20 years and my teenage lover. I smiled as I recalled making love to each of them last night as we celebrated Stephen's 18 th birthday. It may have been Stephen's birthday, but I felt like it was me who got the 'presents'.

I reached down and said 'hello to little Cindy'. She was wet and content. 'Little Cindy' (my vagina) was still brimming full of the wonderful cocktail of semen from last night. I was postponing getting up and washing the remnants of last night away. I admit, I liked having my men's semen inside me. It is psychologically satisfying to me in a way you may not understand.

Both men seemed to be waking as well. Jim gently took my arm and rolled me on my stomach. "Stephen, let's give Cindy a massage." Jim suggested to his 'partner in crime'.

Stephen rolled over next to me and began massaging my shoulders. Jim focused on the lower half of my body, from the waist down. As Jim rubbed my legs, ass and lower back, his fingers explored my wet, gooey and leaking vagina momentarily. He seemed to be surprised to find the volume of spent semen still remaining inside me.

"Baby, you are sopping wet already", he remarked.

"No baby, that is the pool of semen you guys left in me last night. That is the remnants of a very wonderful night with the two loves of my life. Right now, there are millions of 'spermies' swimming around frantically looking for something to fertilize. Hopefully they won't find anything. But they are swimming around inside your wife. She has been being a very bad little girl lately."

Looking over my shoulder, I could see Jim's penis begin to stir and stiffen as I spoke. I have known for years that the very thought of another man's sperm inside his wife stimulated and aroused him; as

it did me. So I used this knowledge to arouse my loving husband.

Stephen, on the other hand, needed no encouragement to become aroused. He woke with a hard-on every morning; and waking us next to me, in my marital bed this morning, only added to the stiffness of his erection.

I loved having my men erect around me; it makes me feel sexy, desirable and, in a way, powerful.

I felt like I was in heaven. Jim would run his fingers between my legs, massage my clit, insert a finger or two inside me briefly and then return to my ass and legs. I was becoming aroused again. Stephen was reaching around and cupping my breasts underneath me. I repeatedly felt both men's erections bump against my bare skin. This was a wonderful way to wake up on a Sunday morning.

Jim reached into our nightstand and retrieved a tube of k-y jelly, and placed some his fingers and applied the lubricant on my anus. I immediately tensed up. "What are you doing?" I asked with a slight panic in my voice.

"Baby, I want you to try to take both of us together." Jim said as he gently started to probe my now tense and sensitive anal opening. I was too scared to enjoy the soft exploratory probing that was going on at my backside. I just tensed up.

"Jim, if you are suggesting a 'double penetration', you know I can't do that. I can't accommodate either of you back there. I wish I could; I really do. But it just won't work. I'm too small, too tight. It will hurt too much." I really did wish I could take both my lovers inside me together.

"Baby, we will go slowly. I just want you to try."

"Baby, it just won't work. I am too small, too tight back there. Both of you are too big." I was trying to impose some reality about the physically geometry of Jim's request. "Baby, if you want both of you inside me together, I will suck one of you and take the other in my pussy. That, I can do. That I would be happy to do for you; for both of you."

"Cindy, we will be very gentle. We won't go any faster and further than you are comfortable with. I just want you to try to take us together. I want you to have both of us inside you together." Jim pleaded.

If you have been reading my stories, you already know, no matter ridiculous the requests may be, I always try to comply with Jim's requests; but I knew I could not accommodate either of these men in my backside. I really wanted to do this for both of them. The idea of having both my men inside me in that manner did appeal to me emotionally and sexually; however, the physical geometry just did not

work for me.

“Jim, it’s not going to work. I am just too small, and too tense, and too scared. You would have to get me very drunk before I could even make a legitimate attempt at this.”

Jim surprised me and stopped probing my ass, and seemed to consider what I was saying. “I think you are right. If we are ever going to do this, we want it to be right. You are too tense, too scared right now. We’ll wait.”

Of all the things Jim could have done or said at that moment, deciding to stop and wait was the absolute last thing I expected. I looked at both men with bewilderment; waiting to see where this was going; what was next. With both my men erect and ready to go, I was shocked with Jim’s next statement as well.

“Stephen, let’s take Cindy out for Sunday brunch at the club.” Jim said as he got up from the bed; his erection waving proudly in front of him.

I did not want our morning interlude to end right now. I just wanted to stop the thoughts that either of them could take me anally.

“I don’t think you two are in any shape to go out in public with those hard-ons. I would be happy to take care of those for you. I just can’t take either of you up my backside.” I offered.

I felt guilty that my resistance to the double penetration offer was leaving my men unfulfilled this morning. I really did not want either of them having to take care of their erections manually, or for them to be frustrated. In fact, I took great pride in thinking neither of these men would ever be frustrated while living under my roof; I intended to see to that for the next several months, as long as Stephen was staying with us. Honestly, it was a matter of personal pride to me that neither man would ever have to look elsewhere for satisfaction. I wanted to be ‘all the woman’ they would ever need.

But Jim was calling the shots. “No baby, we are going to spend today getting you in the mood. You do not need to worry about us this morning. We are going to spend today getting you relaxed and ready for both if us. Let’s get ready and go to brunch.”

First, if getting me relaxed was his intent, he was missing the mark. I was nervous, slightly scared, frustrated and now I was feeling guilty. I looked over at Stephen who was still next to me on the bed, and quite erect. He was still slowly rubbing my shoulders as he watched these events unfold.

Stephen got up slowly, and merely said, “OK, brunch it is. You’re the boss.” His penis was still straining to the ceiling, and bobbed up and down in the most erotic manner imaginable as he got up. He was obviously disappointed. I knew he would have opted to have me give him some release, either vaginally or orally; but he was going to honor Jim’s instructions at the moment. But if it had been Stephen’s sole decision, he’d be fucking me right now. I, too, was disappointed in the new direction my morning was heading.

Jim instructed me, “Cindy, you go get cleaned up and get ready to go to brunch. Wear that green halter sun dress I like; but don’t wear any panties. I want you naked and accessible under the dress.”

I felt my face redden at the thought of going to the club ‘commando’, sans underwear. This was a new twist. There would be friends and neighbors there. And, while the halter dress that Jim had instructed me to wear came down past my knees, it was silky and clingy. This particular dress did not have a built-in bra, so my nipples, when erect (which I knew they would be), would be plainly visible. And I knew that the movement of my bare ass under the silk material of the skirt would attract attention from each and every male that I encountered. I was going to be exposed to a point just short of being inappropriately dressed at the club. These thoughts embarrassed and excited me.

I showered, and took a douche’ and washed the spent semen from my vagina and uterus. Normally, I would be kind of sad removing the final traces of my lovers semen from inside me, but at the moment, I was pre-occupied with the day I was facing.

I dried, set my hair and donned my make-up, as I prepared for my date with my two lovers. As Jim had instructed, I put on the halter dress and felt very naked, very exposed as the silk material of the skirt caressed my bare ass. I put on some pumps with 3 inch heels to give me a bit more height. I did not wear hose.

I inspected myself in the mirror. The dress was flattering, no question about it. The thin silky material accentuated my nipples nicely. It was readily apparent to anyone looking at me that I was braless. The 3 inch heels caused me to stand in a manner that pushed my tight little ass out nicely. Yes, I looked good. I felt more exposed than I probably was.

It was nearly 11:00 a.m. when Jim and Stephen walked me to the car. As Jim held to front passenger’s door open for me he said, “I want your bare ass on the seat on the drive over to the club.”

These instructions send a shot of excitement directly to my loins. I raised the back of my skirt and sat my bare bottom on the cold leather of Jim’s large BMW sedan as Stephen climbed in the car behind me. The leather on my bare ass kept me keenly aware of my level of exposure. And the instructions

Jim was giving me tapped directly into my submissive nature. I was become aroused without either of my men even touching me.

In the parking lot of the club, Jim opened the car door for me as Stephen stood behind him. “Show us your pussy before you get out.”, he instructed. I looked around and did not see anyone else in the immediate vicinity of our car, and raised my hem to show my now wet vagina. I wondered if my lubrication was going to leave a mark or puddle on Jim’s leather seats. I slowly got out of the car and then released me skirt, allowing it to fall back down and cover my nakedness. I was very aroused.

I walked to our table as I felt my erect nipples rubbing against the thin material of my dress and keenly aware of my naked ass being caressed by my skirt. I could feel my face flush with embarrassment and excitement, but I could not look around the room to see what, if any, attention I had attracted. I was better off not knowing who was staring at me.

We were seated and Jim ordered two Bloody Mary’s for us, and juice for Stephen. While Jim would allow Stephen to drink with us at home, he realized that at age 18, Stephen could not order alcohol in public. I had two Bloody Mary’s before Jim switched me to mimosa’s (champagne and orange juice).

I am not a stupid woman. I knew right away that Jim was going to get me drunk today and get me relaxed and aroused enough to attempt my first ever DP (double penetration). And I was aroused enough and submissive enough that I knew I was going to try to accommodate his desire; his fantasy. But I knew I needed to have a lot of assistance from alcohol and I would need to be very, very aroused if there was any chance of success.

I had a bowl of melon slices and some toast. Jim and Stephen both ordered a more substantial breakfast. By the time we left, after nearly an hour and a half, I had consumed two Bloody Mary’s and two mimosa’s and had a nice ‘buzz’ going, but was not drunk. However, I doubt I would have passed a breath-a-lyzer test.

Opening the car door, Jim said simply, “Ass on the leather”. I knew what he meant. I raised my skirt to place my bare ass on the cool leather as instructed. I did not even look around the parking lot to see if anyone was watching my little show.

As we pulled out of the parking lot, Jim said, “Take off your dress.”

I looked at him and saw he was serious. We were only about fifteen minutes from home but the risk of being caught was real. I hesitated, and then complied. I untied the halter from my neck, and lowered the top of the dress, exposing my perky breasts, and then raised my bottom off the seat to slide the dress down. In a matter of seconds, I was completely naked, slouching down in my seat to avoid

adjacent and oncoming cars from seeing me as we drove through our neighborhood towards our home.

I cannot fully explain my conflicted reactions; but I was embarrassed, scared and excited. I genuinely feared being seen, especially by someone that I knew; however, the risk and danger of possibly being caught naked excited and aroused me tremendously. The two Bloody Mary's and the two mimosas lowered my inhibitions and allowed me to enjoy the excitement of this dangerous ride home despite my fear of being caught and the associated potential embarrassment. I could feel myself leaking the wetness from my exposed pussy on to Jim's fine leather seats. I wondered what Stephen was thinking about all of this?

"Touch yourself." was Jim's next order. I paused, and then obediently, I slid down further, spread my legs and began a slow circular motion with my fingers on my erect clit. "But do not allow yourself to cum." His dominance was arousing me even further. I did exactly as ordered. I was sufficiently excited at this point that I could make myself cum if permitted to do so. But I was under orders not to allow that. So I would slow up if I felt I was getting too close to losing my control and cumming. I loved being controlled this way; this is core to who I am.

We pulled into the garage, and closed the garage door. I was led to the house naked, wearing only my 3 inch pumps, and carrying my dress. The walk from the garage to the house is fairly private. Someone would have to actually be half way up the driveway to see my naked walk to the house. The only exceptions were the upstairs bedroom windows of our next door neighbor's house, which looked directly down over our driveway. I decided to not even look up to determine of either of the teenage boys who lived next door happened to be glancing out their window as I made my naked walk from the garage to the house. I realized that those boys next door would be very difficult to deal with if they saw me walking around naked; and I already had all the teenage lust I could handle with Stephen.

My head was absolutely spinning from the alcohol, the exposure that was being forced upon me and the excitement of my submission to my husband. Stephen seemed to enjoy taking all this in. He seemed to be taking mental notes of just how to direct and control me. If there was any doubt in his mind about my submissive nature, it was being stripped away completely now. Stephen was being given an 'instruction manual' on my psyche'; a fact that may well come back to haunt me in the future.

Once inside, Jim took me in his arms and kissed me deeply as he ran his fingers between my legs, opening my lips and testing my wetness. His fingers across my erect clitoris caused me to moan and shutter. He turned me towards Stephen and instructed me to give him a kiss as well. Standing there naked in front of my young lover, as my husband offered me to him, was very erotic to me at the moment.

Stephen responded as I hoped; he kissed me deeply and I could feel his penis throb against my bare belly. He was obviously up for whatever activities and festivities Jim had in mind this afternoon.

Jim retrieved a large bottle of tequila and two lemons, three shot glasses, a knife and a shaker of salt, and headed into the living room. To my relief, he closed the shades on the front window. He then started a fire in the fireplace. Stephen and I watched the preparations with keen interest. Jim then brought a large thick comforter out of the bedroom, with four pillows and spread them out in front of the fireplace.

He placed a large tube of K-Y jelly on the coffee table. The sight of the K-Y jelly immediately brought me back to the reality of what Jim intended to attempt today, and despite my slightly inebriated state and the level of arousal I was feeling, this thought still scared me.

I was a total emotional mess at this moment. I was aroused both physically and emotionally. In my slightly inebriated state, my judgment was a bit more clouded than it would be normally. The idea of taking both men together appealed to me on an emotional and aesthetic level; but I really did not think I could accommodate either of these well endowed men in my backside. And my fear had me tense and was interfering with me being able to relax and enjoy the moment; yet being here, naked with the two men in my life was somewhat surreal and exciting. My mind was racing in many directions.

Jim put some relaxation music on the stereo. Despite the warmth from the fireplace, being naked as I was, I started to get a bit of a chill. Jim gave me a small blanket to wrap around me shoulders. The blanket did provide some warm, but did little to hide my nakedness from my admiring pair of stallions.

“You two seem over dressed right now. I would like to see you both naked as well.” I suggested.

“All in good time, my love. All in good time.” Jim responded with a very poor British accent. I loved the man, but doing impressions was not a talent my husband possessed. “Ok, we are going to play a bit of a drinking game her to help Cindy relax a bit. The rules are that when it is your turn, you take one shot of tequila, and then you tell the rest of us a fantasy or secret desire you have, or you tell us about something sexual you have done. I will go first.”

Jim sliced the lemon. He poured the three shot glasses full with tequila. Jim then took the lemon slice in his left hand, licked the area where his thumb and forefinger meet to moisten in, and salted it. He licked the salt from his hand, downed the shot in one gulp, and sucked the lemon.

“Stephen, it is lick, swallow and then suck with tequila. That is, lick the salt, swallow the tequila and then suck the lemon.” Jim turned to me, “Cindy, with sex it is lick, suck and then swallow.” Jim

laughed loudly, thinking his joke was far wittier than it really was. I did not expect to ever see my beloved husband on ‘Comedy Central’.

“OK, my secret fantasy is that I would like to see Cindy dance topless once again.”

As some of the readers may recall, Jim entered me in a topless dance contest during a spring break trip to Florida years ago when we were still in college together. (the story ‘exposing Cindy – spring break’ describes that adventure --- an adventure that laid the foundation for many subsequent events in my life.) I was shocked that Jim had revealed this ‘well kept secret’ to Stephen. Stephen looked at me surprised and amused.

“Again?” Stephen asked. “You were a topless dancer once?” The intrigue in Stephen’s voice was evident. I could not tell if this information excited or disappointed him. (I was reminded of the song ‘My Angel is a Centerfold’.)

Jim fielded Stephen’s question before I could. “Yeah, sweet Cindy has been on the stage before. She was very, very good. The crowd loved her. I think we can get her to tell you all about it sometime. Cindy, your turn.” I could feel myself blush as Jim revealed my past.

I was ready to move off the subject of my ‘tittie dancing experience’ as quickly as possible, so I proceeded to down my shot just as Jim instructed. I felt my head spin slightly from the rapid infusion of alcohol into my system. Then I thought about what I wanted reveal. “OK, I confess that it arouses me considerably that I do not know who came in my mouth last night. I do not whether I swallowed Jim’s or Stephen’s semen last night; and wondering about it turns me on. I guess I am a bad little girl, huh?”

Stephen was smiling broadly. He obviously enjoyed this revelation about how my uncertainty aroused me. I inferred from his reaction that it may have been Stephen’s sperm that I ingested last night; but I could not be sure. I still do not understand what it is about not knowing whose semen I swallowed that adds to the excitement of this memory; but it clearly does. I suspect many of you are just thinking that ‘she is one weird chick’. You may be right; but I can’t help who I am.

Now it was Stephen’s turn. Stephen was priceless as his face contorted when he banged down his ‘first ever shot of tequila’. His eyes watered and he coughed as the potent liquid burned its way down his throat. He tried to hide the discomfort it caused; but he could not. Both Jim and I could not suppress our laugh at Stephen’s reaction.

“Oh Stephen, you are adorable. I do love you.” I blurted out in a laugh. It came out without me even thinking.

Trying to control his coughing, Stephen’s voice cracked as he spoke, “Well all of a sudden I have a new fantasy about seeing Cindy dance topless. I have never even been in a topless bar, but now I want to go to a topless bar and see Cindy dance.”

“Jim, I am going to strangle you for telling Stephen about that. Stephen, that was a long time ago, when I was in college. But if I were ever to do that again, I would love to have you in the audience to cheer me on.”

“So you were about my age?” Stephen was not going to let this go.

“A little older than you are right now, but yes, about your age.” I had been backed into a corner and forced to justify my behavior when I was 19 years old to this teenager, whom I was currently fucking. This situation was simply insane.

“That is so friggin’ hot.” Stephen was enjoying the thought of me on the stage in front of a room full of men.

I decided to change the subject. “OK, you two are definitely over dressed. Either you remove some clothes, or I am putting some on. I like seeing my two ‘stud muffins’ with a little less on.” With that, both me stood and stripped down to their skivvies. Stephen, who was already partially erect, was making a very interesting tent out of the front of his boxer shorts. Jim had not started to ‘come to attention’ yet.

“Much better. Stephen come here for a second.” I beckoned him to me. Kneeling in front of him, I reachedup and removedhis boxers. He stepped out of them and I took his semi-erect penis into my mouth, and began sucking it.

I loved feeling it pulse and grow as my tongue stimulated it. I removed it from my mouth, and looking up at Stephen with the most sultry look I could, while still holding his penis in my fist, I placed the tip of my tongue into the tiny opening on the tip of his penis. I love the look of total ecstasy on his face as my tongue probed into his tight urethra. “You like it when I do that, don’t you?” I said, before probing his urethra with my tongue yet again. I loved the way Stephen’s penis pulsed each time I inserted my tongue there.

“Oh God, yes. I do.” He responded with lust ringing from his voice.

I looked at Jim who was removing his underwear as hispenis was now growing erect, “You like watching me do that to him too, don’t you?”

“Bunny, I do. I love seeing you tease Stephen that way. You are the sexiest woman I have ever met.” Jim said with obvious love and admiration. Now that I had both of my men erect, I was ready to proceed with more tequila shots.

Jim poured another round of shots and we started round two. I was already feeling a warm buzz that would cloud my judgment. He took the first shot from ‘round two’ effortlessly. “I like the idea of Stephen and me taking you together this afternoon. That’s my fantasy.”

“That’s pretty lame Jim. We all already know that is your fantasy. I think that is cheating.” But I let it go at that. I wanted to get buzzed. I wanted to remove all inhibition and fear that was clinging to my psyche’.

I salted my hand, licked the salt, took my shot, and sucked on my lemon slice. The tequila seemed to go to my head immediately. I was starting to get drunk and it was not 2:00 p.m. yet.

“OK, I can’t believe I am going to admit this, but the idea of have the two of you inside me, one in the front, the other in the back, is starting to grow on me. I still don’t think I can actually do it, but I think I want to try.”

Stephen then took his second tequila shot. He handled this one much better, with minimal coughing.

“Jim pour me two more shots. And Stephen, tell me what you want to do to me today.” I was feeling bolder now that I had added two shot of tequila to the Bloody Mary’s and mimosas from brunch.

I took my third shot and waited for Stephen to entertain and excite me with his description of what he intended to do to me. The tequila was working its magic as my head was spinning slightly and I could feel the liquid courage building in my veins.

“I guess I am going to try to have anal sex with you while Jim is inside your vagina.” Stephen was testing the waters so to speak about how graphic he should be with his description.

“So it is you who wants to take my backside, huh? Do you think you can be trusted back there? You will have to hold still and let me control the action.” I took my fourth shot. I was getting pretty drunk now. I could feel the warm lust sweeping over my entire body aided by the alcohol.

Jim was watching and enjoying the exchange between Stephen and me. He remained silent for the moment.

“Yes ma’am. I know I have to let you move back on me rather than me push into you. I need to let you control the penetration like Stacey did.”

Jim came to attention quickly on this last statement. “Wait a minute. Are you telling me you fucked Stacey in the ass? How in the world did you manage that?” Jim was obviously caught off guard, as was I by this revelation.

I jumped in. “Yes, Stephen and Stacey had some ‘quality time’ while she was here last week. I was aware of it.”

“Well you little son of a gun. You nailed sexy Stacey. Hell I have dreamed about doing that for years, and she never even looked my way. And you nailed her in the ass? You should be giving me lessons rather than the other way around. Damn son, you are now elevated to hero status. You are now a goddamn legend.” Jim was taking this well.

I was very glad that he was not angry that I had not shared this with him previously. His penis seemed to grow in response to this knowledge. And now I felt a little shot of jealousy as I saw Jim grow erect and Stephen light up under Jim’s praise for nailing Stacey. These two men belonged to me, and they did not need to be ‘gushing’ over that gorgeous bitch Stacey; they were supposed to be gushing over me!

OK, I am getting bored with this discussion about Stacey.” I honestly admitted. “If you two want to compare notes and fantasies about her, I will leave you to ‘jack each other off’ with Stacey stories.” I knew I was sounding like a jealous bitch; I could not help it.

Jim realized where this was heading fast and changed direction. “No, Stacey is not any part of this. We are here to please the sexiest, most beautiful woman on the planet, Cindy. Stephen tell Cindy what you want to do to her today.”

Stephen also realized that he needed to get my mind off Stacey and back on the concept of me being the 'cream filling in an Oreo sex cookie' this afternoon. “Cindy, you are going to be straddling Jim as I come up behind you, and slowly enter you. I will let you control the action, but I am going to penetrate your bottom as Jim makes love to you.”

The mental picture that Stephen was painting was arousing me. “Jim, we all need a couple more drinks.”

Jim poured another round. I was well ahead of both guys in my alcohol consumption, but I needed to be. I quickly downed my fifth shot and knew that I was now well passed being ‘legally drunk’. I could

feel my tongue thicken as I spoke. I was slurring my words ever so slightly. And drunk as I was, my language became slightly more crude.

Looking at my husband, I said, “So you are going to let this young man fuck your wife’s ass today?”

“Not only am I going to let him, I am going to hold you while he does it. I am going to spread your cheeks for him as he enters you. I am going to be making love to you while he climbs behind you and enters you.”

Both men were very erect now, and the combinations of the sexy talk, the anticipation of what was coming, the two erections straining towards the ceiling in front of me, and the high alcohol content in my blood had me quite aroused and I was becoming convinced I could do this. I could feel my vagina opening and leaking in wet anticipation. My pulse was noticeable in my clitoris.

Jim stood, pulled me to my feet, and led me to the couch, where he leaned me forward over the back of the couch, placing me in a position where my bottom was elevated above both my feet and head. “Oh baby, what are you going to do to your wife now?”, I whimpered in anticipation of my first double penetration my voice was slightly slurred.

“We are going to finger your ass for a while, to get you prepared.”

“Oh, I am such a naughty girl. I shouldn’t be letting people finger my asshole.” The alcohol had taken over at this point, and I was enjoying the thought of what was going to happen. And I was talking about it far more bluntly than I would under any other circumstances. I was enjoying the moment.

Jim handed the tube of K-Y jelly to Stephen, and said, “Would you like to do the honors? Would you start to prepare Cindy?” Jim moved from behind me and sat on the couch where he could hold me and kiss me as Stephen moved behind me.

I heard the sound of the K-Y jelly being squeezed out and then felt Stephen apply a liberal amount to my anus. I looked at Jim, who was sitting next to me, his hands gently massaging my hanging breasts as I leaned over the back of the couch. “Oh baby, he’s starting to play with my anus. His fingers are starting to enter your wife’s tight little asshole. Oh, God. His finger is inside me.”

“How’s it feel baby?”

“Oh Jim, it feels tight, but it feels kind of good too. I want to do this for you. I love you so much. I love both of you so much. Oh baby, he is fucking my ass with his fingers. Oh damn, it feels good. I can’t believe I am doing this. I am such a bad girl, letting you two play with my bottom like this.”

Jim’s penis looked harder and larger than I can ever remember seeing it. “Baby, do you like knowing he’s fucking my ass with his fingers?”

“Oh yes, I like it a lot.”

I started rocking my hips back and forth in response to the anal stimulation, pushing myself back against his probing fingers. “Try two fingers in me, Stephen.” I wanted to give this attempt a real chance of working. I wanted to do this for both Jim and Stephen.

Stephen withdrew his finger and then I felt the tips of two fingers at my anal sphincter, stretching it open and working their way into me. I could not believe it; I was taking two fingers. I looked to Jim, “Oh baby, he has two fingers in me now. Do you think I am a bad girl for doing this? Tell me I am still your good girl. Tell me that it is OK that I am letting him do this to my ass.” Was almost crying as the alcohol and the anal stimulation combined to release my emotions in an unexpected way.

“Oh baby, you are my good little girl. You are a very good girl. I am so proud of you.” Jim then looked to Stephen and said, “I think she is ready.”

Stephen withdrew both his fingers and Jim led me over to the comforter spread on the floor in front of the fireplace. The warmth felt wonderful. Jim laid on his back, his erection pulsing noticeably as I straddled him. I was able to insert Jim’s erection in my wet and dilated vagina easily.

Stephen then climbed behind me and positioned himself to assault my backdoor. Jim reached up took my face and pulled it to his and kissed me deeply, probing my mouth with his tongue, as he held my butt cheeks apart. I then felt Stephen place the head of his penis at my anal sphincter, and slowly began pushing into me.

I broke the kiss with Jim, I need to be able to guide Stephen at this moment. I needed to be able to talk to my ‘back door lover’. “Oh baby, be careful; go slow. Let me push back on you.” I could feel the large head prying my backside open. It hurt, but the pain was tolerable, even pleasant at first. Then as the ridge of the head of his erection began to try to pass inside my sphincter, the pain increased suddenly.

“Oh God, it hurts, hold still, don’t push.” Stephen remained motionless for a moment as I waited for the pain to subside and I focused on relaxing and taking him deeper. I slowly pushed back on to his very firm erection. And with a combination of pain and pleasure I was able to push myself back and have the head of his penis penetrate past my opening. Once the ridge of the plumb-like head had passed inside me the pain largely disappeared. I was able to push him deeper, several inches now. I

was ecstatic at my success. He was inside my ass!

I looked into Jim’s eyes and I beamed with pride. “Baby, I did it. I did it for you. He is in my ass. Oh damn, he is so far inside my ass.” I leaned forward and kissed my husband with joy at my accomplishment. Stephen then flexed his penis and the expansion stretched my anus suddenly. “Oh damn, you are stretching me open.” It hurt, but it hurt in a pleasant way. The pain actually felt good in a weird & perverse way. It aroused me.

“Stephen, do that again.” I braced myself. And his erection pulsed again and again inside me, each time stretching my tight asshole that was hugging the shaft of his erection so tightly. “Oh damn, that gets my attention! I don’t believe it. I have you in my ass.”

I looked at Jim now, “Can you feel him in your wife’s ass? God it feels like the two of you are rubbing together inside me. I am so stuffed so full of your dicks!”

Stephen started to move slightly in and out, probably only an inch or two, but the tightness of my anal sphincter made even the slightest movement feel dramatic, like he was turning my bottom inside and out with each minor stroke.

Jim started to move in and out of my vagina as well. As Jim moved in me, he said, “Yes baby, I can feel him in your ass. You are such a good girl.”

It took several moments for both men to find a rhythm that actually synchronized their strokes together. I kept telling Stephen to be careful, go slow, don’t pull out too far. My instructions to Stephen seemed to arouse Jim all the more. The pain was gradually disappearing completely, and Stephen was gradually getting bolder in his movements. The combination of anal and vaginal stimulation was building inside of me. I started moving back to meet each man’s thrusts, grinding my clit on Jim’s pelvic bone. My orgasm was building slowly, but distinctly.

“Oh shit, baby, I think I am going to cum.” That statement was all it took for both men to start pounding me more violently, trying hard to push me over the edge. But rather than hurt, the increased tempo and the deeper, harder thrusts drove me closer and closer to the release I craved. I rubbed my clit against Jim, humping as Jim pounded my vagina from below, and Stephen took full advantage of my open and exposed backside.

“Cum with me.” I cried out as I knew my orgasm was imminent. Suddenly, the waves of my first climax crashed over me, quaking my core. The combination of clitoral, vaginal and anal stimulation drove me to an intense reaction I have never before experienced. I was babbling incoherent sounds of pleasure that I cannot begin to type down here. I was a woman possessed as the powerful orgasm

rocked my body. The dick in my ass, and the dick in my pussy kept plunging in and out of me, sending wave upon wave of orgasmic pleasure over me.

My orgasm quickly triggered the orgasms of my two men. Jim stiffened underneath me, thrust his hips forward as his penis began pulsing inside me, shooting string upon string of semen into my womb. Almost simultaneously, Stephen pressed deep into my rectum with his erection and I could feel the distinct pulsing of his erection. Each pulse stretched my anus reminding me how very tight I was hugging his cock. I could distinctly feel him throbbing as he pumped his semen into my now sodomized bottom, pressing his entire body against me ass.

After emptying his seed in me, he collapsed on top of me, and I collapsed on top of Jim.

“Please stay inside of me. Don’t pull out yet.” I asked. “I want to savor this moment.” All three of us were panting heavily. I flexed my anus and my vagina in succession, causing each penis to respond with a wonderful pulse in return. My men had taken me completely, in every way imaginable. I had taken my men together in a way I did not think was even possible; and I did it for my men.

I lay there, both penises continuing to pulse as they drained the last drops of semen inside me. I wanted this moment to last forever. After many minutes, maybe four or five, Stephen began to withdraw from my ass. Now, absent the excitement and lust of my arousal and building orgasm, Stephen’s withdrawal was painful. “Oh damn, go slow. Shit that hurts.” But he exited me in a few seconds and the intense pain was gone.

Jim kissed me, and said, “Thank you for doing that. I am so proud of you for taking us both that way.”

“I did it for you.” And I disengaged from Jim’s penis and got up. My head was still swimming from all the alcohol I had consumed. I knew that tomorrow I would be hung over, with an aching head, and a sore ass. But I felt very happy at this moment.

“I am going to take a long, hot bath. Thank you both.”

As I lay in he warm bath water, soaking my now sore anus, I reflected on what had just happened, what I had just done. This was a one time event. But I was glad I was able to accomplish this at least one time for the two men I loved. I knew I would be sore and hung over tomorrow, but right now I felt sexy and loved, and content.