Exposing Cindy - butterfly vibrator - chapter two

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Published on Lush Stories on 01 Feb 2012

Jim invites Bob home with us.....

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Coming soon) **Chapter two – back at home**

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I had a bit more to drink at the club and had partially recovered from my very public orgasm on the dance floor when Jim shocked me by inviting Bob to come back to the house with us for another round of drinks in the our new spa.

Jim teed up the conversation with, “Bob, since I am driving, I have to limit my alcohol intake here. Would you like to join Cindy and me back at our home for a few drinks where I can relax, have a few drinks and unwind myself?” Before Bob could answer, Jim added, “You can dance with Cindy some more at the house.”

“Jim, I can’t think of anything I would enjoy more than dancing with your lovely wife again. I’m in.” Bob responded enthusiastically.

I tried to catch Jim’s eye to convey my feeling that this was a bad idea. This was a friend he played golf with every week. Bob and his fiancé’ were often guests at our home. Jim had already ‘loaned me out as a dance partner’ to Bob at the club, and Bob & I had crossed a line that was going to make the next family BBQquite awkward, but the events on the dance floor were completely impulsive; I had not planned to have a climax grinding myself into my husband’s best friend. That was spontaneous, and involuntary. What Jim was initiating was planned and contrived.

But despite my misgivings, Jim paid the check and we started for home, Bob in fast pursuit; undoubtedly expecting to ‘play with Cindy some more’. OK, I admit, on one hand, I was anxious, excited and slightly aroused at the thought of having two men tonight. But I also thought that getting involved with a friend we would see socially was asking for problems.

We arrived at the house, and Jim immediately went to ‘temp up the hot tub’, as I got Bob a beer, and myself a glass of merlot.

“Cindy, I really enjoyed our dance tonight.”

“Well I had an unexpected reaction to you, but you really didn’t follow the rules. I thought I was going to pass out, it was so intense. I am embarrassed that I did not behave better on the dance floor.” I confessed my humiliation quite honestly to Bob.

"Nonsense. You were great. A perfect lady." Bob walked over to me, and took the controller to the vibrator out of my skirt pocket again. And there is no one here now to worry about.”

I guess I could have stopped him as Bob prepared to turn the vibrating device on, but there is something about my make-up that simply prevents me from stopping men from…..well anything. I may resist a bit, but in the end, my nature is such that I end up complying with them. It is a submissive streak that I do not understand, but I must acknowledge that it exists. It has caused me embarrassment, and awkward moments; but it has also led to some intensely pleasurable encounters.

So when Bob reached into my skirt pocket to retrieve the controls to the ‘butterfly vibrator’, I wanted to stop him, but something deep in my core wanted to comply even more.

Bob switched the device on to level three, and the device, which was still firmly pressing against my clit. buzzed to life. In the quiet of my living room, you could barely hear the low pitched buzz. I stiffened slightly at the sudden stimulation on my clitoris, and I could feel my nipples spring to attention as well.

“How’s that feel Cindy?” Bob asked. Jim was still outside fiddling with the hot tub heater.

“I don’t know.” I stammered, “I guess it feels pretty good.” I confessed, embarrassed to be discussing the reaction of my clitoris with Jim’s best friend. “I am sorry I reacted so badly on the dance floor tonight.” I continued. “I feel bad. I don’t think Nancy (Bob’s fiancé’) would have been too proud of either of us tonight. I like Nancy, I would not want to do anything to insult or offend her.”

“Well, I don’t think Nancy ever needs to hear the details of tonight.” Bob quipped back.

“That might be for the best.” I answered. I realized that the vibrations on my clit were starting to get to me, and I was involuntarily rocking my hips so slightly. I also realized my voice had changed slightly, there was a more sultry, sexy tone as my arousal returned.

“So Cindy, do you have other toys I should know about?” Bob asked coyly. He turned the control up just for an instant, sending a shock through my clitoris, causing me to instantly lurch to attention to Bob’s obvious amusement.

"No. I think you know all too much about my toys already.” I could feel my pussy begin to moisten with anticipation. “oh, you devil, you are starting to get to me again....."

I realized that Bob was really enjoying exerting a level of control over me. And despite all mydesire to resist responding to his attempts to dominate me in a way; I did enjoy the game he was playing. I enjoyed being toyed with this way; it aroused me. I struck some deep seated desire I had to be controlled and teased by attractive and strong men. And the subtle but unmistakable rocking of my hips as Bob controlled the vibrations on my ever sensitive and erect clitoris was evidence enough that Bob’s teasing and toying was doing its magic on me. he knew it and I knew he knew it.

I thought to myself, ‘you really are a slut, aren’t you Cindy? A little stimulation and you are humping at air, ready to take all comers.’ But I could not help the way my body reacted, or the desire to submit to a man that was imprinted in my psyche….it was simply how I was wired....

Jim entered the room and saw Bob standing next to me with the controls in his hand, and he immediately understood that the evening games had begun. “Warming her up, Bob?” he asked. “What level you starting her out on?” Jim turned on the stereo, which Bob took as an invitation to dance with me.

“I thought I would warm her up on level three for a while.” Bob said as he pulled me towards him, took me in his arms and started dancing slowly with me.

I accepted that tonight I was a toy for their amusement; a role that would lead to considerable pleasure for me as well. I wondered how Bob seemed to instinctively know that I would respond to a slightly dominating approach? What signals was I sending out to men that give my ‘secret code’ away?

Jim sat on the couch and watched as Bob danced with me, and slowly ran his fingers along the sides of my breasts. Meeting no resistance from me, Bob became bolder and began feeling my nipples, as my husband watched. My arousal was building and my hip movements were becoming less subtle and more pronounced. I looked over at Jim, and said “He’s starting to get me warmed up. Do you like watching your friend feel your wife up?” Jim nodded.

"Jim, how far are you going to let him take this?" I asked.

"Baby, I think we will just play this by ear and see where it goes." Jim responded

I then kissed Bob, as his caressing of my breast became more insistent, firmer. Bob reached down and ran his hand up under my blouse, contacting my bare breasts for the first time, as we kissed and swayed to the soft music.

I looked over at my husband and asked again, “Baby, what are you going to let your friend do to me?” I liked talking with Jim while Bob fondled and teased me. I don't know why, but it made the encounter seem like both Jim and I were sharing it more.

Jim smiled, amused by my question and said, “I don’t know. What do you think I should let him do? Bob, what should I let you do to Cindy?”

Bob continued to arouse my erect nipple and I continued to grind my vibrating clit into him. He looked at Jim and replied, “Jim, my man, I think you should let me tease Cindy until she begs us to let her climax. That’s what I think. How’s that sound to you, Cindy? How about if I tease you until you beg for relief?”

His words were like a shot of adrenalin to my pelvis. All I could say was, “Oh my, you two are just too wicked. I think I might be in for a long night.”

With that, Bob turned the intensity level up again, only this time he left it up. And again, my knees buckled, my back arched, and I grabbed on to Bob for balance, “Oh shit, oh shit, Bob. Goddamn it, I don’t know if I take it.” He was trying to drive me over the edge for the second time this evening.

Bracing myself on his shoulders, I stammered, “Jim. Shit, it’s so intense.”

"Give yourself a second." Jim assured me.

In a matter of minutes, maybe less, I felt the orgasm building. Soon, I knew I was too far gone to recover. I could not stop the inevitable now. “Fuck, I’m going to cum again. Oh, shit. Jim, baby, I can’t stop it. He’s going make me cum again while you watch.” And I kissed Bob deeply as I moaned into his mouth while sucking his tongue into mine. I frantically humped against him, unable to stop the waves of pleasure that crashed across my body. I was out of control, again. Only this time, with no other people around, I did not have any reason to be quiet with my orgasm.

After the initial orgasm, I wanted to stop, to come down, but Bob was not going to let that happen. He wanted to force wave after wave through my pelvis. He was enjoying my uncontrolled humping and

convulsions. The emotional and physical toll was too much. My body could not take the ongoing intensity of these exhausting forces that had overtaken me. “Please.I need tocome down.”I beggedas the convulsions continued to rock my core.

After a few moments of my pleading, Bob complied and lowered the intensity level, proud that he had evoke such a response from his friend’s wife. I don’t think I have ever experienced such a powerful, earth shattering physical or emotional response. Being held up on that orgasmic plateau for an extended period of time, unable to stop cumming, unable to stop the waves of convulsions that were rocking my body impacted me more dramatically than I would have expected.

Jim came over to me and began undressing me, first removing my blouse, and exposing my breasts, then removing my skirt, and panties, leaving me standing there with the vibrator held in place by the silly harness. I felt ridiculous standing there, on display with the vibrator harness wrapped around my naked pelvis. Without the panties to hold it properly in place, it was no longer up against my clit, but was hanging somewhat uselessly away from my pussy. Standing there like this, shortly after having a loud and violent climax, made me feel very foolish. I wanted to remove the device completely, but I knew I needed Jim’s permission first. “Jim, can I take this silly thing off now?”

Bob’s expression showed that he recognized the significance of me asking Jim’s permission. Up to this point Bob may have sensed my submissive nature, but he now was fully aware of the submissive relationship I had with my husband. I could almost see the wheels turning in his head as he processed this new information.

Jim responded, “Certainly honey, take it off. It has served its purpose tonight. We won’t be needing it any more.”

I stepped out of the harness and handed the vibrator to Bob, who placed it with the controller on the coffee table. I turned to Jim, placed my arms around his neck, my head on his shoulders, and I started to cry silently. Tears were running down my cheeks on to his shoulder. I did not quite understand the emotional release then, and honestly I still do not.

“Baby, what’s wrong?” he said as he lifted my chin to look into my eyes.

“I don’t know. I am just being silly. I guess it is a combination of things. Jim, the last orgasm was so very powerful it just stirred some deep emotions in me. I felt really out of control. I couldn’t stop cumming. And just now, standing here naked in front of you and Bob, I felt a wave of humiliation at being exposed like this. I can’t explain it, I felt more exposed with that damn vibrator against my clit than I do now, in your arms completely naked. Silly huh?” I wiped my tears on Jim’s shirt before continuing.

“Jim, I know you have shared me before, but this time was different. Before I always knew you were in control, you were there and you would protect me. Somehow, tonight it felt like you gave complete control to your friend. And I lost control of my reactions, and I felt vulnerable, more vulnerable than ever before. I felt helpless. It felt like Bob could make me cum any time he wanted, and I could not control it. I know you were right here the whole time, but I felt so alone as he forced me to cum. I know, this sounds silly; I don’t understand it myself. But my reaction, my loss of control scared me.”

Jim kissed me deeply, with love, not passion. “Oh baby, I love you so much.” He said, which started me crying again. “Let’s all get in the hot tub and calm down a minute.”

Jim then whispered in my ear, so Bob could not hear, “Cindy, are you feeling up totaking care ofBob tonight, or do you want me to send him home? He hasn’t cum yet, but ifwe need some time alone, I will send him off with a hard dick and blue balls.”

I shook my head slightly, and said, “Jim will you hold me while he fucks me? I’ll let him fuck me, if you will hold me while he does it.” I needed the closeness with my husband right now, but I did want to ‘get Bob off before he went home’. I felt that I owed Bob that much.

“Cindy, you are the most beautiful and sexiest woman in the world. I love you so much.” Jim said as he walked me over to the couch. Jim sat on one end, as he had me lay down, my arms around his neck. “Bob, if you would like to enjoy my wife a bit before you leave, now if your opportunity.” Jim said to Bob.

Bob stripped off his clothes quickly. Jim held me, gently caressing my breast, as I continued to cry in his arms. I was having a emotional released that I did not fully understand.

As I lay in Jim’s arms, I glanced down at Bob. He was naked and erect. He had a nice physique and a firm waist. He penis was a nice size, and very firm. I would guess he was 6 ½ inches long and a reasonable girth. He was an attractive man.

Bob crawled between my legs from the other end of the couch, gently separated my legs and began to rub the head of his erect penis across my wet slit. Having just cum, my vagina was open and wet, and presently little resistance to Bob entering me. I did not speak, just cried quietly in my husband’s arms as Bob slowly entered me and fucked me, as Jim held and caressed me.

It felt good, but was not overly passionate. In fact, it felt like both men were sensing my need at that moment to me held, loved and caressed, and the coordinated their movements to jointly ‘make love to me’. It is a very peculiar feeling being fucked my someone while your husband holds you, kisses you

and caresses you.

After about 4 or 5 minutes, Bob’s movements became most forceful and I could feel his erection grow slightly more stiff as his movements slapped up into me deeper and further. His impending orgasm did arouse me physically, and while I did not climax again myself, I did find myself responding to his heightened arousal by meeting his thrusts with my own moans of pleasure and rocking my hips against him to push him as deep as I could.

I could also feel Jim's penis growing hard and throbbing against my side as he kissed me while Bob fucked me. I enjoyed Jim’s reaction to Bob’s increased rhythm. The excitement of both men aroused me.

I looked up at Jim and said, “He’s going to cum in me baby. Your friend is going to give me his seed.” And I kissed Jim as Bob pumped into me, stiffened his loins and shot his strings of white sticky semen into my waiting vagina. I was no longer crying. I felt fulfilled in the arms of my man, and enjoyed the knowledge that our ‘family friend’ had now given me a part of himself that we would not openly discuss at the next pool party or the next BBQ attended by his fiancé.

There are a great many things about my sexuality I do not understand, among them is the satisfaction I get from taking a man's semen deep into my womb. I like knowing he is pumping it into me. I also enjoy the constant reminder over the next several hours as his semen leaks out of me. The sticky wet cum in my panties keeps me aroused for hours. I wonder if other women have similar reactions.

Bob, lay on top of me for a moment, his penis continuing to pulse inside me, pumping the last drops of his sperm into me as Jim and I necked and caressed each other. And after a few minutes, Bob, sensing that this was an intimate moment between Jim and me, withdrew from my leaking vagina, and quietly began to get dressed. At that moment, I wanted,….no I needed, Jim inside of me. I needed to make love to my husband.

While Bob quietly dressed behind me. I sat up, and kneeling in front of Jim, I began to undress him. I removed his shirt, and unbuckled his pants. Jim cooperated by lifting his hips and allowing me to pull his trousers off him. I then removed his socks. I looked at his strong, naked physique; and while still kneeling, took his cock in my mouth, kissing and sucking him until he was fully erect; which did not take long.

With his beautiful penis throbbing straight up toward the ceiling, I climbed on him, straddling Jim and slid him deep inside my wet, slippery pussy. Jim took hold of my breasts and we began fucking each other.

Bob stood behind us, and simply said, “Don’t worry about me, I’ll show myself out. You kids go ahead and enjoy yourselves.”

“Good night, Bob.” I replied without looking at him.

“Guys thanks for a wonderful evening, we will have to do this again sometime. I thoroughly enjoyed myself.” Bob continued as he walked towards the front door.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. We’ll see. This may be a one time event. We’ll see Bob. Give Nancy our regards.” I said, while continuing to ride up and down on Jim’s wonderful penis.

“I may not mention that I ran into you two to Nancy.” Bob said as he opened the front door.

“Good night, Bob.” I said as he walked out.

I then focused my full attention on Jim. My emotional released earlier had left me in an unusually needy and vulnerable mood. I wanted to cum with my husband, and even more, I wanted him to cum inside me.

I could feel his cock rubbing against the front wall of my vagina, and I knew if Jim could hold back for a couple of minutes, in this position, I could cum. I rode him harder and faster as I got closer. At some point, I knew I was going to make it; I knew I was going to cum on Jim’s cock.

“Oh baby, your going to make me cum. Baby, can you cum with me? Jim, it’s coming, goddamn it, I am going to cum again. Baby, pump me full.” I moaned as I leaned forward and kissed my husband with all the love and passion I had. I felt his penis throbbing and pulsing deep inside me. And I knew we had cum together. I contracted my vagina, milking my husband’s cock of every drop of his semen. I wanted it all in me.

Without pulling out of me, Jim stood up lifting me with him and carried me, his erect penis still pulsing inside his wife, through the house to the hot tub on he back deck. We had to ‘disengage’ to climb into the hot tub; and although I wanted to feel him back inside me, once we got in the spa, Jim had lost enough of his erection to make re-entry no longer feasible.

So we cuddled in the corner of the swirling waters. And I pondered the events of the evening, my physical reaction to them, and more importantly, my emotional reaction to them. I was content at this moment, but I was clearly confused. Why had tonight stirred such an unexpected and strong emotional response from me.

I would need to discuss this with Jim, but I did not have the emotional energy at this instant.

So I rested with my head on his shoulder, his arm around me, his fingers gently playing with my nipple and I thought about the things I was sure about: I loved this man, I would do virtually anything he asked of me, and I knew he loved me deeply as well.

And I knew that he loved me enough that he could be trusted with my whole heart and my complete obedience; he would never intentionally harm me. Yes, at that moment, relaxing in the spa, with the sperm of two men swimming inside my well fucked vagina, I was content, satisfied and loved. And who can ask for any more than that?