Exposing Cindy, Cuffed with no key: Chapter 3: Curtis wants to enter me now!

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after cumming in my mouth, Curtis now wants to enter me....and my husband lets him!

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Chapter 3: Curtis wants to enter me now!

The story begins when my husband, Jim, and I host a BBQ party at our home. A co-worker, Linda, sneaks up and handcuffs my boss and me together as a gag. However, the joke turns out to be anything but funny when Linda realizes she did not bring the correct key to unlock the handcuffs. Linda has to travel back across town (from the Woodlands - north of Houston- to Sugarland) to get the right key; which will take her more than 2 hours round trip.

(To understand this Chapter, the reader should first read chapters 1 & 2 – However, for those who choose not to start with Chapters 1 & 2.

The other guests, embarrassed at my boss's and my predicament, excuse themselves, and leave the party around 10 p.m.; leaving my boss and me handcuffed together, alone with my husband. Soon Curtis and I realized that we both have been drinking heavily. Having imbibed a lot of fluids, we both needed to urinate, badly. But my boss, Curtis, could not because while trying to urinate in front of me, he became erect as I watched. I am flattered and amused by my boss's predicament.

My husband and Curtis both are of the opinion that, as a good hostess, I am obliged to take care of Curtis's erection so that he can empty his bladder. With the approval and encouragement of my loving husband, Jim, I do just that. The story continues…)

Previously from Chapter Two:

....For the next several minutes, I licked, kissed and sucked this large, thickly veined penis, slowly moving Curtis closer and closer to his climax. I pumped his cock with my fist while exploring the very sensitive head with my tongue.

Curtis really enjoyed it each time I insert the tip of my tongue into the tiny opening of his urethra. His

penis arches upwards, the head seemed to swell even larger and Curtis moans loudly every time I do this. His reaction fuels my own arousal, and encourages me to do it over and over again; each time evoking the same response. I am growing more and more aroused.

Curtis placed his hands behind my head, and attempted to push deeper down my throat. This is not something I want; I do not want him to try and force himself on me. I tell him that he needs to remain standing still, and not try to 'fuck my throat'; I tell him that we will both enjoy this much more if he allows me to pleasure him rather than trying to force himself deeper into my mouth. Curtis nods in agreement, and allows me to control the action with my fist, lips and tongue. He is so cute; he seems like a little boy who has been chastised for misbehaving.

Despite my instructions to him to stand still, as his excitement increased, Curtis could not help but rock his hips; slightly at first, and more as he gets closer to cumming.

His moans of pleasure became louder and more intense. I knew my boss was going to cum soon. Curtis grabs my head to hold it in place as his loins stiffen, and he arches forward with his hips. I know I am going to get a taste of this handsome black man.

Instantly, a large, viscous string of semen appeared in my mouth, accompanied by a loud, guttural moan from Curtis’s core. The volume of his ejaculate surprised me. The salty, slightly bitter tasting semen overwhelms my mouth, but not in an unpleasant way.

I suddenly learn that a black man's semen tastes the same as a white man's semen; (in case you were wondering, as I was). In a strange, perverse way, the thought of ingesting my boss’s most intimate nectar was emotionally satisfying to me. This experience was going to change how I viewed my boss back at the office; I already liked him much better as a boss!

Before I could ‘choked down’ the first string of semen, another, slightly smaller string erupts in my mouth. For the male readers who have never swallowed a mouthful of semen, I want to explain that swallowing this thick viscous string of sperm without gagging or choking is not an easy thing for us women to do. It really is deeply personal, emotional and submissive thing to do. I would not do it for someone unless I was very attracted to them, and very, very aroused by the situation. In this case, I was both.

The volume of Curtis’s ejaculate was beginning to overwhelm me. He was cumming in a much larger volume than Jim ever had. I felt his erection pulse once again, ejaculating a third time. I was unable to handle the additional sperm in my mouth. I simply could not swallow fast enough. I had to pull away, my mouth brimming with my boss’s semen, as I pumped his erection with my fist. Two long strings of semen shot from his penis and trailed down across my neck and my breasts, forming tiny beads of

sperm drops that glistened like tiny pearls on my erect nipples and breasts. These tiny droplets of semen were actually quite pretty.

As I fought to swallow the volume of semen, which was already stored in my mouth, his penis erupted a fourth time; this time only a small, few drops of sperm trickled down the head of his cock and over my fist and down his shaft and on to his massive balls. We were both a bit of a mess with his semen now. The distinctive aroma of Curtis's semen was very pleasing to me. His scent only serves to arouse me further.

When I had swallowed the load in my mouth, I leaned forward and kissed the head of his cock. As I pulled away, a small string of sperm formed between my lips and his penis, until it snapped, landing on my lips and chin. I used my tongue to lick this residual into my mouth as both Curtis and my husband watched in aroused amazement.

I look at Jim to see how he is handling this. His erection is obvious. He smiled and simply said, “I love you, baby; I really do.”

I respond simply with, “I love you too.” And I meant it. Yes, I really do love my husband. No, it was deeper than that; I adore my husband.

Chapter three begins:

Curtis looked down at me, as I held his large black cock in my tiny fist as it continued pulsing in front of me and said “Thank you, that was wonderful.” He turned to Jim and said, “You are a very lucky man, this is a very sexy woman.”

My breasts were still heaving from the excitement and my nipples were erect. I could feel my pulse throbbing in my clitoris along with the pounding in my chest. I was aware that my vagina was leaking; my lubrication was running down my inner thighs. I was so very aroused. I needed something; anything to bring me off now. I just needed to cum.

I noticed two things right away: 1.) Curtis was not growing soft after cumming. In fact, he was every bit as rigid and hard as he was immediately before depositing the large dollops of semen in my wanton mouth. And 2.) Curtis no longer seemed to be overly concerned about emptying his bladder. He seemed to be adequately distracted now, and he seemed to be more interested in placing his erection someplace nice, tight, wet and warm, than he did in urinating.

I leaned forward and kissed the dark pinkish-purple head of Curtis’s magnificent penis and it pulsed up in response. I looked at my husband, smiled, and asked him, “Are you OK baby? Is what I just did

OK?”

“Oh yes, that was very hot to watch.” I could see the large boner Jim was sporting inside his shorts. He continued, “What do you need baby? What do you want?”

“I don’t know, but I need something right now. I am right on the edge.” I responded.

Curtis looked to Jim and asked, “May I take care of her?”

“Please do. Please take really good care of my girl.” Jim said with a nod and a smile, as my husband gave our guest permission to fuck his wife.

Jim was giving me (or perhaps 'lending me' is more accurate) to our guest. I do not completely understand it myself, and I certainly cannot explain it, but having Jim give me away, or more accurately, 'lend me' to someone else, arouses me more than I can describe. I felt like a prized and cherished possession that my husband was sharing with our guest; a prize of great value to be loaned to this large, handsome black man as my husband watched with pride. God I love that man. And I felt loved and desired at that moment.

Jim and I both knew I needed to be fucked. Jim could have elected to fuck me first; but he chose to share me; to give me to someone else instead. It may be difficult for the reader to understand this, but I knew that by giving me to Curtis, Jim was demonstrated just how much he owned me and how much he loved me. And by accepting the fact that Jim was going to let Curtis fuck me, I was actually validating the fact that I belonged to Jim, I was his to give; I belonged to Jim body and soul. And I would comply with anything my husband wanted of me. I was his to give away.

I occasionally read about cuckold couples, where the husband is aroused by the wife humiliating him in some manner. Our relationship could not be further from that situation. I love, and I adore Jim. And he loves and adores me. And when I allow other men to fuck me, to cum in me, or in my mouth, it is me submitting to my husband because I love and trust him.

I was not consulted by either man about this transaction. My husband and my ‘soon to be lover’ simply discussed what Curtis would do to me while I sat there naked and silent. Neither man asked me if I was OK being fucked by Curtis. Clearly, Jim knew, and Curtis seemed to sense, that I would comply with anything they instructed me to do. They were right! I would fuck whoever Jim told me to fuck.

And sitting there, listening to Curtis and Jim decide who would fuck me first simply heightened my arousal even further.

With my husband's permission, Curtis pulled me to a standing position in front of him. With his semen still fresh in my mouth and on my lips, he avoided kissing me. I understood and accepted the fact that he did not want to get a ‘taste of his own medicine’. I did not need to be kissed prior to being fucked; but I did need to be fucked.

Standing there, I looked at our reflection in the large mirror over the sink. Together, Curtis and I made a strikingly erotic image. My left wrist was still handcuffed to Curtis’s right wrist; my bathing suit remained hanging from my cuffed wrist. Curtis’s large, imposing physique dwarfed my tiny petite frame. My small, perk breasts and my shaved pussy gave me a more youthful appearance than my 38 year old age.

Although I was a 38 year old married woman, standing next to this huge, powerfully build black man, I could have been mistaken for an adolescent girl. There was an appearance of innocence in the reflection of this blonde, green eyed petite girl with smallish, perky breasts and a shaved vagina who was looking back at me from the mirror. And this ‘appearance of innocence’ seemed slightly absurd in the context of the fact that I had just willingly ingested a large quantity of Curtis’s semen. I was certainly not innocent.

Nonetheless, standing in front of Curtis’s large, muscular frame, still chained together at the wrists, I could not help but think that the image reminded me of a small, innocent white girl who was soon to be violated by this large black man.

Curtis was naked from the waist down, but still had on the white polo shirt that did little to hide his muscular physique. He could not remove his shirt because our wrists were still chained together. It was a peculiar situation that we found ourselves in, wasn't it?

The dramatic image of the large, deep purple-black snake poking out from his groin was highlighted by the white polo shirt he wore. This added to my sense that this tiny little white girl was soon going to be stretched to her limits. The taboo nature of a large black man ravaging a petite white girl aroused me.

Looking at the simple geometry of these two starkly different figures in the mirror, I had to wonder where that large black erection was going to go? It really did not look like it could possibly fit inside that little girl, could it? It was simply too big.

The imagery, coupled with the concern of how that tiny girl could ever accommodate that huge black cock created a terribly erotic and arousing scene for me. Except for one thing; that tiny little white girl was me! And the thought of trying to accommodate that huge erection in my tiny white, shaved pussy

was rapidly becoming pretty scary. I was not sure I could accommodate him. I was not sure he was not going to hurt me. And I was frightened at the thought trying.

Curtis turned me so that I was facing the mirror as he stood behind me. Still chained together, Curtis took my left arm and had me rest my left arm across my abdomen so his right hand could reach around my side and cup my right breast. In this position, with my back to Curtis, and my left arm chained to his right wrist, I felt confined and restrained. I was being placed into a position in which I would have little or no control over what was done to me.

He leaned forward and began kissing my neck from behind. When he stood up, Curtis literally towered over me. His erection, which stood straight out from his tight abdomen, poked me in my back only slightly below my shoulder blades. At 6 ft, 4 in, Curtis was literally a foot taller than my 5 ft 4 in frame. My head did not come up to his shoulders. I began to panic that he was simply too big; I fear he might be more ‘man’ than I could handle.

It was also clear that Curtis was simply too tall to enter me from behind standing like this. I then saw Jim open the door to the linen closet and retrieve a step stool that I keep in our bathroom. It was a two step, light blue plastic stool and was both strong and sturdy. Jim placed it next to Curtis and me in front of the sink counter facing the mirror. Curtis guided me to step up on to the first step. I was being guided into 'breeding' position for my black stud. Although I was apprehensive, I stepped up and placed myself into an 'accessible' position.

Elevated in this manner, I was now the perfect height for Curtis to enter me from behind. I felt my heart racing in a combination of fear, anticipation and excitement; but the fear was the most pronounced feeling I was experiencing at that moment.

I looked over at Jim as I stepped onto the stool. I looked over my shoulder and saw Curtis's large erection pulsing slightly up and down. It seemed larger, and thicker, now that he was preparing to enter me than it had earlier when I was teasing him to orgasm with my lips and tongue. I estimated it was nearly nine inches long, more than two inches in girth. Its deep black purple shaft was capped by a very distinctive ridged head that was a slightly lighter, deep, dark pinkish color. The darkness of the thickly veined shaft gave it a threatening, almost sinister appearance. Clearly, that thing could hurt a girl. I was very intimidated by this huge cock.

In a shaky voice that belied my fear and excitement, I said to my husband, “I don’t know if I can handle him, Jim. He may be too big…I don't know if he will fit. He may hurt me.”

Despite my fear and apprehension, I knew, and Jim knew, I would submit. I would comply. I would attempt to allow this huge black man to enter me. I would do it because Jim wanted me to do it.

Curtis responded, “Cindy, I will go nice and slow; I won’t hurt you.” I looked at Jim and he simply nodded. I knew he was instructing me to attempt to take Curtis inside me.

Curtis reached down between my legs from behind to open me with his fingers. I was forced to lean forward and brace myself with my one free arm on he marble counter top. I was very wet, and already quite open as his fingers found the opening to my vagina.

I moaned slightly as he slowly inserted one, then two, fingers into me. Curtis moved slightly to my left to give him a better angle to probe my vagina and rotated his hand so that his fingers curved downward towards the front of my vagina. In moving to my left, he was stretching my left arm around my front, twisting me slightly, enhancing the feeling of restraint and helplessness. Yes, I was going to be probed and then fucked and at this point, there was nothing I could do to stop it. I was little more than breeding stock for this large black stud at this moment.

This entire situation played to my submissive nature and aroused me.

His fingers curled downward as he probed deeper, and in this position, I could feel him begin to massage the front wall of my uterus. His long, thick fingers were deep inside me; it felt like he was reaching up inside my womb. I began to respond to the deep invasion of the core of my womanhood. He massaged my front uterine wall more and more firmly. I began to moan loudly as I pushed myself backward to increase the depth of this invasion, struggling to balance myself with one arm which was outstretched to support myself against the counter.

After a few moments of being finger fucked by Curtis, I looked over my shoulder at Jim and panted, “Oh baby, he is getting to me…he is getting me very excited….he is going to make me cum….” Jim was now had his penis out and was stroking himself. “Baby, are you going to let him make your little wife cum?”

“Yes, baby, several times. I am going to let him do whatever he wants to please you. Curtis, give it to her.” Jim commanded.

With that instruction, Curtis forced his fingers deeper into my womb, finding my cervix, and pushing me over the edge to my first orgasm. I braced myself with my free arm against the counter, fighting to keep my balance as I pushed back against this intrusion as a loud orgasm scream erupted from my belly.

“Oh shit, oh, oh, god, ….I am cumming….” I cried out as wave upon wave of pleasure crashed across my body. I felt like my knees would buckle as I became dizzy, my head spinning in orgasmic

pleasure.

I attempted to recover from this first orgasm, panting and trying to catch my breath. “Curtis, would you like to enter her?” Jim asked, as I panted in orgasmic bliss. Curtis needed no more encouragement.

Curtis suddenly withdrew his fingers, as I humped uncontrollably backwards against the air. My pussy felt suddenly empty and I needed something inside me, anything at that moment. I was not done cumming yet. I needed more. Little did I know how much more I was in store for.

I was moaning and uncontrollably humping against air in my heightened state of arousal as Curtis positioned himself behind me and placed the large head of his erect cock at the wet and fully dilated opening of my vagina. Still in the throes of my orgasm, any fear I might have had about accommodating this large man were gone. I needed his large black dick inside me, and I needed it now!

I felt the head pulsing at my opening and slowly push past the tight outer ring of my vulva. I could feel the distinct ridge of the large head as it entered me. It stretched me, but the fullness of it was arousing and pleasurable. Curtis withdrew slightly and plunged forward again, slightly deep this time, causing me to gasp as I felt this massive erection prying my vagina open.

The size of his penis was almost more than I could handle, and he continued to enter me deeper and deeper with each stroke; stretching me open and filling me completely. I was experiencing a unique combination of pain and pleasure as Curtis gently forced himself deeper into my tiny white pussy, prying it open wider and penetrating me deeper than I think it had ever been taken before. With each stroke, I felt that I was been stretched to the limit.

I looked over my shoulder to see that there was still more than 2 inches of black cock sticking out of me when I thought I had reached my limit. I did not think he could go any deeper without really hurting me. “Stop….too much….you are going to hurt me….please, Curtis….no deeper…” my voiced quaked with a combination fear and passion.

Curtis stopped moving momentarily as I was steadying myself, bent over, with his cock deep inside me. I felt his erection pulse inside me, stretching me open as he flexed his massive dick inside me. Each flex evoked a combination of a moan and a gasp from my core. “Oh, god…I am so full…please…wait a second…give me a chance to adjust….” I begged.

“Push back on me…” Curtis instructed as he stood still, about 3/4rds of his black cock buried in my fully stretched pussy. I began to rock my hips, leaning forward, and then pushing back on him. “That’s it baby, push back…that’s a good girl….that’s my good little girl…push yourself back on my

dick….good girl.”

I began to push him fully into me each cycle, trying to get him further inside me. I could feel him striking my inner core with each stroke. I was becoming more aroused each stroke, and I began to vocalize my building arousal. I grunted each time I tried to force more and more of him inside me, but I seemed to have taken all of this massive cock that would physically fit inside me.

Curtis slowly began to rock his hips in timely to my thrusts, meeting each thrust. I could feel his large bulbous head striking my womb and cervix. Curtis began to take over the movements, fucking me as I tried to hold myself steady to accept his thrusts.

He then surprised me; and caught me completely off guard. Curtis grasped my left buttocks with his hand and I felt his thumb start to ‘investigate and explore’ my backside. I have never been into anal sex; in fact, I have always found it too painful to even complete the act. However, for some strange reason, feeling Curtis’s thumb resting on my anus as he fucked me from behind was strangely erotic and pleasurable. It was so wicked and depraved, it was somehow sexy. I felt the tip of his thumb enter my anal sphincter every so slightly. No one other than my husband had ever touched me there; that had been off limits to all partners until now. But propped up as I was, and with one arm restrained in a handcuff, the other balancing me on the counter, I was in no position to interfere with anything Curtis wanted to do to me. And having my anus penetrated ever so slightly by my lover’s thumb was oddly arousing. This slightly deviant act seemed to push me over the orgasmic edge. I knew I would climax soon. I could feel it start to build inside my vagina. I was past the point of no return.

I looked over at Jim and cried out, “Oh baby, he has his thumb in my ass!”, as Curtis probed my backside. I wanted my husband to understand exactly what was happened to his wife at that moment. I wanted Jim to experience everything happening to me vicariously. I clenched my anus slightly as he wiggled his intruding thumb. I felt so wickedly sexy at his moment.

I began to moan as I felt my orgasm approaching, “Oh god, I am going to cum again….Jim, he is going to make your wife cum again!” That was all the encouragement Curtis needed as he picked up the pace, forcing himself deeper inside of me. The pain was mixed with pleasure as each thrust both forced me open more deeply, and forced me closer to my impending orgasm.

I then felt Curtis’s balls begin to slap against the back of my legs, telling me that he was fully embedded in my cunt. So in addition to having the very tip of his thumb inside my very tiny asshole, I realized that I had taken all 8 to 9 inches of his rigid cock.

“Oh god, fuck me Curtis, fuck me hard…” cried as I felt the first wave of my climax crash through my core. I shuttered and quaked and Curtis continued to slam his cock in and out of me. His balls and

abdomen were now making a very distinct slapping sound against my ass as I came over and over again.

I was babbling incoherent moans of pleasure and pain, as he punished my pussy forcing wave upon wave of orgasmic pleasure to rock my most inner core. I actually shrieked "Oh god, I am cumming." as tears started streaming down my face from the emotional and physical release I was experiencing, or perhaps enduring is more accurate. Regardless of the cause, I was moaning and crying as I climaxed very loudly.

Curtis was now punishing my previously tight pussy with a series of violent, pounding thrusts. By now my head was pressed forward, pressing against the mirror, as I was now using both my head and my one free arm to balance myself against these powerful thrusts as the orgasmic quakes almost made my legs buckle from underneath me. I fought to keep from collapsing.

I then felt Curtis’s pace quicken slightly and then his legs and core stiffened as he grasped my hips and buried himself deep inside as his entire body pulsed and quaked rigidly. I could feel his erection pulsing and swelling inside me and I knew he was erupting in my womb. With each large violent pulse of his erection, I knew he was shooting large ropes of his black semen into my tight white pussy. He was planting his seed deep into my womb.

For an instant, I had a passing thought that I should have insisted he wear a condom, but it was far too late to think of that now. In reality, I doubt any condom I would have would fit this huge man; he was simply too large for normal sized condoms.

His sperm was now swimming in my womb and my belly. In a perverse way, I liked the thought of having his semen deep inside me. I cannot explain it, but I like imbibing, either orally or vaginally, the semen of men with whom I am emotionally attached; and I was rapidly becoming emotionally attached to my new friend, Curtis. I seemed to become emotionally attached to any man who forces multiple orgasms to rock my core.

I looked over my shoulder at Jim, and simply said, “this is a very big man…very big indeed. I may never be the same, baby…he is pumping me full of his sperm, baby.”

Jim smiled and replied, “I know baby, but you took all of him.” Jim said this as a matter of pride, beaming that his wife had accommodated this huge black man. I liked the fact that my husband was proud of me for doing this…I liked it a lot.

I acknowledged Jim's compliment, "I did, didn't I. I really did not think I could do it, but I did handle all of that huge cock, didn't? When I started to climax, it just felt like I opened up even more deep inside

me to let him in!" I said with the pride of someone who had accomplished a great feat.

While still couple together with Curtis, I turned my attention back to my lover, “Curtis, you made me cum so hard….thank you.” I felt his cock throb inside me again. I tightened my vagina and gripped his penis; and his cock pulsed again. I ‘hugged his cock’ with my vagina several more times, attempting to milk every drop of his sperm into my womb.

“God you are a sexy woman.” Curtis said as he stroked in and out of me several more times before slowly withdrawing. As he withdrew, my vagina made a rather pronounce wet, swishy sound, and began to spasm slightly. My pussy seemed to be looking for something to fill the sudden void; it felt lonely and empty now.

Yes, his withdrawal made my pussy feel suddenly vacant and empty. I could feel that my vagina remained gaped open as I felt the first strings of his semen begin to slowly drain out of me. I wondered what Jim thought about this. I wondered what my husband thought about my pussy gaping open as my lover’s sperm slowly leaked out of me, running down my legs.

When I stood up, I felt t sudden rush of semen draining out of me as my vagina spasmed trying to adjust to the sudden emptiness. I involuntarily reached down to catch the large globs of semen being forced out of me as Curtis and Jim watched in amusement.

I felt very wicked and naughty, and I liked knowing that this turned on my husband beyond belief. I liked the fact that seeing Curtis's white nectar flow out of me aroused my husband.

Jim stepped forward and taking my free hand as I stood up. Jim then led me, with Curtis still chained to me, out of the master bathroom and towards the large king sized bed in out bedroom. Curtis willingly followed, his large black cock swinging proudly in front of him. Jim looked at Curtis and simply said, “I hope you do not mind, but I need to fuck my wife right now….”

Coming soon: Chapter Four: these men are insatiable….