

# Exposing Cindy: my sessions with Sawyer

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*I agree to teach my friend's son about love making*

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I spend time with my friend's son! Introduction: I love young men. I love their innocence, energy, their lust for life. I love how excited they get and how hard they stay. I love the embarrassment they experience if and when they cum to quickly and how with the slightest encouragement, they are hard and ready to go again after they cum. But most of all, I love knowing that they will never forget the intimacy of their encounters with me and that they will be better, more considerate lovers after spending some time with me. In a very real sense, it is a gift I can give to them and to every woman with whom they will be intimate. This is the story of one recent encounter I had with a wonderful young man named Sawyer. Sawyer was seventeen when I first met him. An interesting and unique aspect of this story is that my experience with Sawyer came with the encouragement and approval of my husband Jim, and at the request of Sawyer's father. Glenn was a good friend of my husband. Jim and Glenn have been friends since college. They shared a great many things; including, on occasion, me. Yes, for some unexplainable reason, since before we were married over twenty years ago, Jim has enjoyed exposing me, and on occasion actually lending me, to other men. If you want to understand the details of how my life as a 'hot wife' first began, read my story 'Exposing Cindy: Spring Break'. It is the factually accurate story of how Jim guided me into a lifestyle I never expected, do not fully understand, but enjoy nonetheless. After my initial encounter with Glenn several years ago, Glenn, Jim and I would get together occasionally, for an evening of dining, flirting and dancing that would often lead to an evening of petting and 'no holds barred' sexual abandon. In addition to the wonderful sex with these two men, I also have a strong emotional bond with both of them. Glenn is far more than a 'fuck buddy'. He is a close and trusted friend whom I actually love. But this story is not really about Glenn, it is about an unexpected request he made of me. This story begins at Christmas, 2012, over a dinner with Glenn and Jim. It had been several months since Jim, Glenn and I had been together. I wanted to see Glenn before my boys returned home from college, which would definitely impede my ability to entertain my close friend in our home. Because of the taboo nature of a woman dining with her husband and her lover together, we would typically eat at elegant restaurants across town, away from where I lived. I felt I was reducing the risk of running into those in Jim's and my social circle who would be overly curious about the two men with whom I was dining and with whom I



was flirting so shamelessly, and whose hands seemed to be touching my arms, shoulders and legs as we talked and laughed together. I do not think anyone needed to be overly astute to watch the interaction between Glenn, Jim and me to conclude that both men seemed to think I 'belonged' to each of them, to be shared between them. I love the attention I get when I am with the two of them. There was something very sexy, and highly arousing to me, to be escorted by my husband of twenty years, and this large, strikingly handsome and powerfully built man, for whom I allowed very intimate privileges. I would feel a level of wicked excitement walking into a nice restaurant between my two men, holding each of their hands, knowing that I caught stares from other women who were wondering just what was the nature of the relationship between me and my two lovers. I caught stares of disapproval and envy as the ladies looked at me in a state of disbelief that I was brazenly flaunting my two men. I often fantasized that these women, who looked at me with scorn, knew that I would have both men inside me before my evening was over. I enjoyed knowing that while outwardly disapproving of me; many of the women who did so were actually jealous of the thought that I would be driven to ecstasy by these two men later tonight. Over the past few years, Glenn and I had become far more than sexually charged lovers; we became close and intimate friends. We confided in each other about many things, as friends do. Over dinner that particular evening, Glenn was lamenting the social ineptness and awkwardness of his only son, Sawyer. It seems that Sawyer was a seventeen year old high school senior who was a good student and a fair athlete but incredibly awkward around girls. Glenn indicated that Sawyer was beyond shy; he was actually scared of the opposite sex. Sawyer lived most of the time with his mother, Glenn's ex-wife, but spent many weekends with Glenn. Glenn's ex-wife was going to be out of the country over Christmas, and Sawyer and Glenn were going to spend the entire Christmas break together. Glenn was having a hard time connecting with his son. He indicated over dinner that Sawyer seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time in the shower or in his room on the computer; time which Glenn was sure was actually being spent jacking off repeatedly. "If that boy doesn't learn to at least talk with women, he is going to spend his entire life 'spanking his monkey' alone in his room," Glenn announced with a mixture of concern and disappointment. I said that I personally found it cute and appealing that his seventeen year old was shy to the point of being a bit afraid of the opposite sex. Jim seemed to agree with Glenn, "Yeah, he needs to move from the fantasy of masturbation to the reality of discovering a woman. He will be headed off to college in a few months, and he needs to break out of his shell." Jim paused, sipped his drink and then continued, "What he needs is a gentle, caring experienced woman to bring him out of his shell." Both men smiled broadly and looked directly at me. Immediately, I knew where this was headed. "Oh no you don't. Don't put this on me," I protested. "That would just be too weird, too.... I don't know, too something. I don't do fathers and sons." Both Jim and Glenn roared in laughter. Glenn responded, "No one is suggesting a threesome with my son involved, Cindy. Even I am not that depraved. But you could spend some time with him, help him to get over his shyness, build up his confidence, and teach him a bit of how to act and what to do." I quickly looked around the restaurant to see if anyone at the adjacent tables was eavesdropping in on our intimate conversation. We did not seem to be attracting any unusual attention from our neighbors. I sat there silently,

formulating my arguments why this was simply a bad idea. There was a long silence. Then Jim interjected, "Honey, if one of our boys was struggling like this, who would you want to teach them, a prostitute? Or a teenage girl who might mock him or hurt him if he did not get it right at first? Or someone who could understand and guide him, and would do it with care and kindness?" Jim and Glenn were right. If either of my two sons had been overly shy, I would want someone who cared and understood to guide him through their first encounter.... actually someone like me. "But it would just be too weird." I protested, repeating myself but deep inside the concept appealed to me. We spent the next hour discussing and debating whether I would accept this assignment and if I did, just what would it entail? In actuality, I realized early on that I would comply with Jim's desire for me to do this; after all, I always complied with Jim's requests. I just needed a little convincing. Jim and Glenn finally got me to agree to spend some time with Sawyer in a casual, non-threatening setting. It would be up to me, and Sawyer, what the lesson would involve. "Just so we are clear, I am not committing to do anything except spending some time with him, right? What are the boundaries, Glenn? If the situation seems right, and he and I are both receptive, how far would you like me to go here? What are you comfortable with?" I asked. "I trust your judgment. I am comfortable with you and Sawyer exploring anything you two decide to explore. Let's just say, if you would want someone in a similar situation to this giving this experience to your son, then I am OK with you and Sawyer doing it," Glenn said with a confidence and trust that flattered me. After taking a long sip of wine and giving the matter a little more thought, I suggested a plan. "Okay, tomorrow is Thursday. Sawyer is off for Christmas break this week. My sons do not get done with finals and come home until early next week. So we should have some time where we would not be disturbed. If Sawyer is receptive to spending the day with me tomorrow, we will see what happens. No promises." My pulse began to quicken and my vagina began to moisten at the very thought of what I was agreeing to do tomorrow. I continued, "Glenn, if Sawyer is up for this, I want you to drop him off in the morning, and pick him up tomorrow evening. I want to spend an entire day with him, uninterrupted. And in case he and I decide to enjoy some holiday cheer to relax him a bit, I do not want to worry about him driving home with any alcohol in his system. Deal?" Glenn agreed and said he would talk to his son and get back with me that evening. I made it clear that I did not want a night of debauchery with Jim and Glenn the evening before I had my time with Sawyer. I wanted to be well rested, squeaky clean and attractive for my young student tomorrow morning. It occurred to me that I had not had an orgasm since the previous Friday. I should be ready and responsive for my student tomorrow morning. I smiled to myself, silently thinking that by talking me into this, Glenn and Jim had actually talked themselves out of fucking me that night. The irony amused me. I kissed Glenn goodnight at the restaurant table, wrapping my arms around his neck and taking his tongue into my mouth, much to the interest of the people around us. I wanted Glenn to go home with a little bit of a hard-on and think about me that evening. I also wanted the old biddies sitting at the adjacent table, and who seemed to be aghast at my interactions with these two men, to have something to talk about tomorrow. Jim and I said goodnight to Glenn, excused ourselves, and we headed across town towards home. Around 10:30 p.m., Glenn called and told me that Sawyer was very nervous about tomorrow, and he took some convincing, but he agreed to spend the day with

me. Glenn would drop Sawyer off at my house in the morning around 9:00 a.m., after Jim had left for work. I could barely sleep in anticipation of my new student's arrival in the morning. I was in a state of arousal all evening, and it took all my willpower to keep from masturbating before going to sleep.

Chapter 1: Sawyer gets his first lesson from a MILF: I awoke before six. I heated the hot tub out back and then returned for a bath. I shaved all my 'parts', dried, powdered myself, put on my make-up, and selected my outfit. I wanted to look good, but I did not want to scare him; so I chose a pair of sheer white bikini panties and silk pink gym shorts, and a white clingy top with no bra. Looking in the mirror, I could see that I was still a very attractive woman. My perky breasts and small frame, combined with my short, sassy hairdo, and my large green eyes, gave me a younger, cheerleader appearance than my forty years. I could see that my nipples were clearly evident. Plainly erect, the material did nothing to hide the contour of every slight bump of my nipple; the darkness of my nipple was evident as well. I was dressed provocatively, perhaps more provocatively than I intended, but not obscenely. I fixed myself a Bloody Mary to help me relax until Glenn and Sawyer showed up. I finished my drink, and was getting increasingly nervous when, at 9:20 a.m., they had not yet arrived. I was fixing myself a second Bloody Mary at 9:35 a.m. when the doorbell rang. I felt a lurch in my chest as my heart leaped in anticipation as I walked to the front entryway. I opened the door, let Glenn and his son enter and Glenn apologized for being late. "Someone was a little nervous this morning and took a little convincing to come over. But he is here now. Cindy, this is Sawyer, my son." I was then introduced to a tall, slender teenager, who reminded me of a young Brad Pitt. He was cute, shy, awkward and attractive; and his shyness was adorable! Despite his shyness, and his inability to look me in the eye, he could not seem to keep himself from stealing glances of my erect nipples which were prominently displayed under the thin silky material of my top. Glenn obviously noticed Sawyer's fixation with my bra-less breasts, he winked and smiled furtively at me. Glenn seemed very comfortable that his son would be fine in my loving, competent and compassionate care. Glenn quickly excused himself, indicating that he had a meeting at the office; leaving me and Sawyer to get acquainted. Glenn indicated he would return between five and six in the evening. So, Sawyer and I had eight hours or so to enjoy ourselves and to get acquainted. I wondered how Sawyer would recall these next eight hours years from now, as he reflected back on them. I was pretty sure I would remember this day fondly. I was motivated to make sure he did as well. I guided Sawyer into the family room, where Jim, my husband, had built a nice fire in the fireplace for me before he left. I offered Sawyer his choice of a Bloody Mary, some orange juice or coffee. "What is a Bloody Mary?" he inquired. I offered him a sip of mine, and the expression on his face was priceless. He did not like Bloody Marys! "I guess it is a bit of an acquired taste," I laughed. "Would you like some coffee? Or juice?" "Juice would be nice. I don't drink coffee either." I returned with a large glass of orange juice, and we visited, sitting on the couch in front of the fireplace. It was comfortable, relaxing and exciting, all at the same time as we made small talk, neither of us quite knowing how to broach the subject of sex. We talked about school, sports, his mom, his dad, where he might want to go to college, what he might want to study in college, girls at his school, the recent presidential election. We chatted for more than thirty minutes. I finished my second Bloody Mary, made another, and offered Sawyer a drink. "You mean more

orange juice?" he asked. "That or something a bit stronger. Your dad indicated that since you were not driving, and since you are in safe hands, so to speak, it would be okay if you had a little drink. You do not have to, but it might help you relax a bit. I could put a little vodka in some orange juice for you. It is called a Screwdriver. You might like it." Sawyer agreed, and I made him his first Screwdriver. He tasted it and determined the taste was not too offensive. He drank this drink as though it was soda, and asked for another. "Okay, but take it easy on this next one. I want you to sip it, not gulp it down. You don't want to get sick and ruin our morning." Sawyer nodded agreement as though he understood. We returned to the couch, and I decided to be direct and I asked, "So do you know why you are here today?" Sawyer's face turned bright red at the question. God I wanted to hug him he was so cute in his embarrassment. "I don't know. I guess so," he stammered. He suddenly could not look at me, his eyes were glued to the floor. "Sawyer, do not be embarrassed. It is okay. First, you do not have to do anything you do not want to. We can spend the day just hanging out and talking if you want, honest." I could feel my smile growing, revealing how very cute I thought this situation was. "Are you okay?" He just nodded. "I tell you what, let's spend some time talking about our bodies. You have a rare opportunity now. You can ask me anything you want about a woman's body, or more specifically, about my body, and I will tell you anything I can. I am giving you the keys to the kingdom so to speak. So what are you curious about?" I paused. "I don't know..." was all he could muster. "OK, if you won't ask me about my body, I will ask about yours. How often do you masturbate?" I figured I would break the ice one way or another. Sawyer's expression was a combination of horror and disbelief that I would ask about his masturbatory habits. "I don't masturbate," he said denying any culpability. I chuckled loudly, "Now Sawyer, you and I both know that is not true. If it is, you are the only person on the planet who doesn't. I masturbate. Everyone masturbates. It is normal and healthy. If you did not do it, there would be something wrong with you." "You masturbate? How do girls masturbate?" he asked, suddenly, his interest clearly piqued. I decided that if I wanted him to be open and honest, I needed to be open and honest with him. "Sometimes, I just rub my clitoris. I use my fingers and make small circles around my clitoris until I achieve a climax. It helps me go to sleep at night. Occasionally, when I am feeling particularly naughty, I insert a device inside me and use it to stimulate the inside of my vagina, while I am using my fingers on my clitoris." "A device?" "Yes, I have a couple of vibrators that are phallic shaped." "Phallic shaped?" "Phallic shaped, it means shaped like a penis. Would you like to see the vibrator I use the most?" I asked coyly and seductively. I knew his prurient interests now had taken over his shyness. My young student was far too curious to turn away from this opportunity now. Sawyer nodded his head timidly. "Wait here." I got up, went to my bedroom night stand and retrieve my favorite vibrating dildo. It was a little more than eight inches long and two inches wide, with a large prominent head and a series of thick veins running down the shaft. Aside from the fact that it was bright red and larger than 99% of the real male members I had encountered, it looked and felt fairly realistic. I turned the vibrator on and it buzzed to life. I handed it to young Sawyer for his inspection. The front of his pants was now tented up as he held a device that I had freely admitted to him had been buried deep inside my vagina recently. As he studied the large phallus, he remarked with genuine concern, "Cindy, this is a lot bigger than I am." "Oh Sawyer, I am

sorry. Yes, it is bigger than almost any man. That is sort of the point, if a woman is going to sacrifice the intimacy of a real man, she can get any size plastic dick that she wants, and it never gets soft, it never cums too quickly. All it demands is some new batteries every couple of months. But that is still a very poor substitute for a real man with a real functioning penis.” I took a sip of my drink and Sawyer followed suit, making a bit of a face as he sipped the vodka laced orange juice I had concocted for him. “OK, now I have told you how I do it. It is your turn. How do you masturbate?” Sawyer was still a little apprehensive of sharing these details, so he asked another question, “Cindy, how often do you masturbate?” I decided to be quite honest, “Unless my husband and I just had intercourse, and I have just achieved an orgasm, I pretty much try to masturbate every night before going to sleep.” “Try to masturbate?” he asked with a puzzled look. “Yes try. Often I am too tired or distracted and I give up before I achieve an orgasm. I probably actually get there about half the time. But I try almost every night. Also, sometimes I do not achieve a climax during intercourse, so I have to finish the job manually so to speak so I can get to sleep. What about you?” He smiled and seemed to understand it was time for him to contribute something to the discussion. “I guess I jack off a couple of times a day now. It seems to be my favorite hobby these days.” “That’s cool. It is one of my favorite hobbies too.” I said trying to reassure him that this was normal. “Where do you do it? And how?” I was enjoying this discussion and I wanted to form a vivid picture of this teenager masturbating. Sawyer was clearly beginning to relax now, feeling more comfortable opening up. “I guess I jack off every night in bed, and I usually wake up hard and jack off again in the shower in the mornings. I just make a fist and pump my dick with it.” I sensed that he liked having this intimate discussion and his bulge in front of his pants seemed to grow larger and more pronounced as we talked. I watched as his penis throbbed in the confines of his jeans. “Does talking to me like this excite you?” I asked looking directly at his crotch. “It does a little bit.” He smiled as he answered, knowing that I was not offended by the growing erection in his pants. “That’s good, this excites me too. What would you like to do now? We can keep talking and visiting, or you could explore my body a little bit if you want. Would you like to kiss me?” I asked, in as innocent a voice as I could. Sawyer just nodded silently. “Slide over here a little closer, so I can see what kind of a kisser you are,” I said as I patted the cushion closest to me. As Sawyer slid closer to me, I lifted his chin with my fingers and slowly leaned in to touch my lips to his. Slowly we kissed, gently at first, I instinctively opened my mouth a bit and Sawyer began to explore my mouth with his tongue. I wanted to go slow, to not rush. I traced my fingers down from his chin to his chest, as we necked for several more minutes. Our breathing became a bit more labored, indicating our growing arousal. I could sense Sawyer rocking his hips slightly and I could feel my pulse in my clit, a definite indication of my own arousal. With my hand on his chest, I gently teased his nipple through the cotton of his t-shirt. Very gingerly, he moved his hand up my side to my breast, waiting cautiously to see if I would stop him or allow him further exploration. I broke our kiss for just a moment to say, “It’s OK, you can touch me.” And then I kissed him again, taking his tongue deep into my mouth. His hand moved over my breast to my very erect nipple. I moaned around his tongue as he explored my erect nipple for the first time. I could feel my vulva growing wet, and opening up. I was growing very aroused as my teenage lover felt me up on

the couch. I broke our kiss again and bit gently on his neck as I moaned. "I love the way you are teasing my nipple, Sawyer. God, you are getting me wound up." With that encouragement, he slid his hand under my shirt and touched me skin to skin for the first time. Again I moaned. I let him feel me for several minutes, as we both rocked our hips in growing excitement. I let my hand trace down his tight abdomen, past his belt and touched his erect penis through his jeans. I quickly found the head and gently explored the dimensions of his erection. Like his father, he was a well endowed man. He was larger than Jim, my husband. "Oh, baby, that is a very nice erection you have there." I panted as I continued to gently explore and tease him through the denim material. "Very nice indeed. If you are a good boy today, I may teach you how to use that penis to please a lady." Sawyer started to pull my shirt up, and I raised my arms to allow him to pull my shirt over my head. He stopped and stared at my erect breasts momentarily. "Do you like my little titties? They are awfully small." "They are beautiful," he said cupping them with admiration. "Kiss my nipples, please," I instructed as I guided his head to my breast. He took each nipple in his mouth and gently suckled at my breast, the right and then the left as I moaned softly. After a few moments of this, I stood in front of him, my bare breasts still exposed, and said, "Sawyer, for the next several hours, I am yours. You can explore my body and learn how to touch me, how to arouse me, and how to please me. We are in no rush now. So take your time. If you feel the need to cum, don't worry, just tell me, and I will take care of you. At your age, you will recover quickly. Okay? Don't be embarrassed about anything." I stopped long enough to allow this situation to soak in a bit. "Now I want you to come with me into my bedroom and you are going to give me a massage, okay? And you will learn about my body. You will learn to read my signals. You will learn to know when your touch is pleasing me and when it is not." "Sawyer, before we go into the bedroom, I want you to remove my shorts and panties," I said, as I raised my arms above my head, posing in front of him like the goddess that I felt I was at that moment. "Go ahead, take off my shorts and panties." Sawyer reached up and slowly pulled down my shorts and panties at the same time. I stepped out of them and stood before him naked. "Go ahead, look at me, touch me." His fingers traced up my inner thigh and I opened my legs slightly for him. He studied my vagina intently, before touching it. "Yes, I shave my pubic hair. Do you like that?" He simply nodded. "Can you smell the scent of my arousal? That is the scent of my lubrication. It is one of many signs that I am aroused, and receptive." His fingers then traced up and separated the moist lips of my vagina, contacting my clitoris for the first time. I moaned, "Oh you found my clit; that is a very important button when you are touching a woman. Touch it gently.... oh not too hard or too fast. That's it very, very gently at first. You have to wake it up gently. Tease it awake." He rubbed my magic button for a few moments while I rocked my hips, moaning. I could feel the moisture seeping out of me as I grew wetter and wetter. "Let's go to the bedroom." Sawyer arose from the couch, and stood in front of my naked form. He had his father's height and stood a full foot taller than me. His belt buckle was almost even with my bare breasts. His crotch bulged uncomfortably. I looked into his eyes as I unbuckled his belt, fumbled with the metal clasp of his jeans and then slowly unzipped his pants. "You look very uncomfortable, all bound up like that. Let's give 'little Sawyer' a little room to breath, shall we?" I slowly lowered his pants, allowing them to fall to the floor. His erection literally sprung

free, and pointed straight out from his tight abdomen. I then pulled his t-shirt over his head as he attempted to kick off his sneakers and get the pants over his feet. He was awkward in a cute, endearing manner. I loved the way his erect penis bobbed up and down as he tried to free himself from the shackles of his pant legs. God, I love young men. After watching him struggle with his pants for several seconds, I interceded, "Whoa there cowboy. Relax for a second." I knelt in front of him and removed his sneakers, and then I took hold of the hem of his pants. "Now step out for me," I instructed, which he did. "Now that wasn't so hard was it? That is your first lesson. Don't get in such a hurry and remember, if it don't fit, don't force it, okay?" I said. While looking up at him from my kneeling position, Sawyer's penis was right in front of my face, semi-erect. I gently took it in my tiny hand, and said, "Well hello there Sawyer, What have we here?" His erection pulsed and grew slightly at my touch. "That is a very fine penis you have here Sawyer, very nice indeed." I stroked him slowly and gently. He was circumcised. Semi-erect, his penis was about six inches long and thick. The mushroom shaped head was very distinct from the shaft. The shaft had a thick vein running along the underside. I continued to stroke him hard, which did not take much. Within a minute his penis was completely rigid, standing at least seven inches in length, straining towards the ceiling. I love the way youthful erections get so hard and point straight up. It is like they are rigid little soldiers standing at attention in tribute to me. I love it. I leaned forward and kissed the head briefly, sort of as an indication to my young lover of potential things to come but I did not take him in my mouth. There would be plenty of time for that later. I stood, and started to lead him, by his penis to my bedroom. He followed willingly, like a good little boy. Once in the bedroom, I pulled back the comforter from my bed, and went to the bathroom and returned with a large beach towel and a bottle of baby oil. I spread the towel over the bed, handed him the bottle of baby oil, and said, "Sawyer, I want you to give me a massage now. It will be a good opportunity for you to explore my body, okay?" Sawyer nodded as I climbed on the beach towel. I laid naked, on my stomach, in front of him. I pulled my hair off my shoulders and said, "Start by rubbing my shoulders with a little bit of baby oil. And Sawyer, it is okay if you get excited. If you feel like you are going to climax from the excitement, just tell me. It is okay. I will take care of you, and we will continue after you have recovered a bit." I looked over my shoulder at him before continuing. "Do you feel like you need to cum before we get started?" His penis looked awfully hard and rigid now. "I think I am okay, Miss Cindy." Sawyer, started rubbing my shoulders. He had wonderful hands and a naturally sensual touch. I moaned appreciatively. "Work your way down my back baby. That's it," I cooed. "You can reach around and rub the sides of my breasts, too, if you want. I am all yours. Get to know my body." I could feel myself getting wetter as he massaged my back and sides. "Now baby, rub the back of my legs." I parted my legs slightly as he moved to kneel between them. I knew he had a good view of my shaved pussy and anus in this position. I could feel myself opening, my vagina dilating from the erotic excitement of the moment. I could feel my juice leaking from my vulva. "Oh baby, your hands feel wonderful. You are getting me wound up. Can you see how wet my vagina is? You are making that happen. You are getting me excited." I started to rock his hips slightly from my growing excitement. "Now baby, rub my butt cheeks. I like that. It turns me on to have my butt rubbed." Sawyer took each butt cheek in one of his strong hands and



massaged them, pulling them apart slightly. I knew each time he separated my cheeks he was getting a completely unobstructed view of my parts. "Sawyer, you are getting me all wound up. "Would you like to finger me now? " "Yes ma'am," he said, his voice quaked with excitement. This was the first time he would place his fingers in a woman's vagina. "Okay, open me up slowly, first with one finger then two. That's it oh, that feels good." I humped back against his probing fingers. "Okay, can you feel my uterus? It feels like a very big finger up inside me. That's it, right there. Oh God baby, you are doing me some good now." I started to pant a little. "Now with your finger tips, gently feel the front wall of my vagina. There is an area against the front wall that is a little thicker, and a little rougher, can you find it? Oh that's it baby, oh damn, you found it." I was arching my hips up to allow him to penetrate me more deeply. I was beginning to have trouble talking, I could feel my orgasm starting to build. "Oh baby, that's it. Rub me right there. Oh God that feels good. That's my g-spot. You can make me cum like this if you want to. I can't hold out long like this." I was humping and pushing back to force his fingers in deeper now as I moaned. The sounds coming from me were less and less coherent now and the moans were more guttural. "Oh baby, do you want to make Cindy cum now?" "Yes ma'am," he said as he started to force his fingers in more violently. Suddenly, he had moved his hand and now had three fingers inside me. The sudden stretching of my vagina with his third digit hurt a bit at first, "Oh baby, too much, don't hurt me. Careful now." But he continued the assault on my pussy. He continued to massage my womb and I could feel my pussy opening to accommodate most of his hand. I was losing control. I felt the first wave crash over me, with his three fingers buried deep in my dilated and stretched vagina, I started to cum, the spasms started to shake me. It was a powerful orgasm, and I was not quiet about it. "Oh shit, Sawyer. You are making me cum....oh God....deeper...fuck, baby, push. Don't stop. Oh God!" I screamed as I spread as wide as I could and pushed back as much as I could.... My entire uterus and vagina were spasming as the orgasm quaked across my being. I was cumming hard and making sounds I usually do not make, when Sawyer said, "Miss Cindy, I think I am going to cream. I can't help it." For the briefest of instants I did not understand what my young lover was saying to me. I had never before heard the expression 'cream'. But within the moment, I understood, Sawyer needed to cum. My orgasm was triggering his. "Oh baby, come here quick." I beckoned him to bring his erection to my face. "Come here with that thing. I want to taste you when you cum." Sawyer withdrew his fingers from my wet, spasming cunt, and climbed up next to me, lying on his back. His erect cock was sticking straight up. I grabbed his large erection and put it in my mouth; and not an instant too soon. The instant his cockhead passed between my lips, it erupted with the first ejaculation... a large warm, salty and slightly bitter string of semen shot into my mouth as Sawyer grunted. Before I could ingest the first large dollop of youthful semen, his body stiffened and another string erupted into my wanton mouth. I struggled to swallow this large volume of sperm and I felt his cock spasm again. This time I withdrew my mouth and allowed him to shoot in the air, leaving a sticky white mess on his stomach. I slowly choked down the sperm in my mouth. Sawyer was literally shaking on the bed as he came. "Baby, you get an 'A' in massage with this teacher. Definitely an 'A'! You have wonderful hands, and you made me cum so hard." I smiled at my young stud. "That was wonderful. Now let's relax for a moment before I teach

you about intercourse.” Coming soon, Chapter 2, Sawyer loses his virginity.... to me!