

Exposing Cindy - Cuffed with no key - Chapter One

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Exposing Cindy - Cuffed with no key - Chapters 1 & 2 Chapter one – I am unexpectedly bound to my boss At the time of these events which occurred late September, two summers ago, I had just turned 38 years old. I was (and still am) working in a law office in North Houston. Both of my sons had returned to college, so Jim and I were 'empty nesters' and had a little extra freedom around the house. To celebrate the end of summer, and the start of football season, we had a BBQ/pool party at our home. If you have read any of my previous adventures (exposing Cindy series), you know we have a large, secluded back yard with a pool with waterfall, and a large hot tub/spa. The yard was perfect for entertaining. One of the guests was a lawyer who recently joined the firm. In actuality, he was one of my bosses. Curtis was a tall, very handsome black man who had a power build and a commanding presence. He was articulate, poised, confident and pleasant with an engaging smile. He seemed to always show up at company functions unescorted, and after making an obligatory appearance, Curtis would usually make an early, but polite exit. The early exits, coupled with his reserved but confident demeanor, gave Curtis a mysterious quality that seemed to drive the single girls in the office absolutely nuts. He was the subject of much 'water cooler' gossip and speculation. Truth be told, if I had been single, I would have lusted after him myself; but as a happily married woman, I simply put these thoughts out of my head. Linda, who was a legal clerk in the office, seemed to be absolutely obsessed by Curtis. She was recently divorced and had gotten a bit of a reputation of being 'easy'. Rumor had it she was systematically working her way through all the firm's partners and associates; and it seemed to vex her that Curtis was not eager to join her list of conquests; but that was not for lack of Linda's trying. She was anything but subtle. The party was going well, the guests were enjoying themselves, and the margaritas and beer were flowing freely. I was on my second margarita, and beginning to feel relaxed, when I saw Linda and Curtis chatting by the waterfall. Linda had been staking out her territory around Curtis, flirting shamelessly despite the signals that Curtis was sending that he would prefer to mingle with other guests. Curtis was wearing a white polo shirt and white shorts with sandals that contrasted his muscular ebony build quite nicely. Linda wore a yellow, halter sun dress that showed a bit too much cleavage. She was a tall, leggy, brunette with large brown eyes and an ample bosom. Unlike me, who has small, perky breasts, Linda

had 'hooters' that men seem to die for. It pissed me off that most men preferred her 'size 38D rack' to my size 34B 'little titties'! But even I had to admit that she was a sexy looking woman; however, her forward aggressive style did not seem to be working on her selected prey tonight. Around 9:30 p.m., Curtis began making noise that he could not stay late as he had another engagement later in the evening. When Linda heard this, she explained loudly that she was going to make sure he did not make an early retreat tonight. She reached into her purse and removed something, and suddenly took his wrist in one hand, and placed one cuff from a pair of handcuffs around his wrist, as we watched somewhat amazed and stunned. Holding the other cuff, she led Curtis over to me. He followed her with a strange look as he tried to figure out what she was up to. Linda then took my left wrist before I could think or react, and cuffed Curtis and me together. Both Curtis and I looked at each other in disbelief. "Cindy, you are in charge of keeping track of Curtis tonight and making sure he does not give us the slip. Since you are married, I can trust you to behave yourself; him, I am not too sure about." Linda said in a blatantly flirtatious manner. I blushed deeply at the sudden and unexpected attention that was being thrust upon me. I could feel my face burn crimson as I looked at Curtis, and at our guests, trying to figure out how to react, and what to do. For a moment I was speechless. Curtis smiled and said calmly, "Linda, this is all very amusing, but I think you are embarrassing Cindy. You need to remove these cuffs." "Nonsense, Cindy knows this is an honor. She understands that she is to be entrusted guarding you tonight. She needs to make sure you don't give us the slip again." Linda said before scurrying off to the bar, leaving Curtis and me chained together. I looked around and saw my husband, Jim approaching trying to discern what was happening. Before I could explain the situation to Jim, Curtis said, "Cindy, I am sorry about this. Linda gets a bit carried away." Then Curtis looked to Jim and said, "Jim, it seems one of your guests has chained me to your wife. I hope you are OK with this until we can talk some sense into her." "Curtis, I understand completely. And just so you know, there is no one better to be chained to than Cindy." Jim joked and gave Curtis a wink that was meant to let him know that my husband was not upset by this. Jim then turned to me and said, "Cindy, why don't you take Curtis over and get him another drink. I will try to get Linda to outline the terms of your release." I was not sure how to feel, or what to say as Curtis led me over to the bar area where we each got a margarita. I could feel the stares of several of my office workers as they tried to assess the situation. I was embarrassed, but there was nothing I could do. Besides there was something appealing about being coupled with this very large, very attractive black man. I was wearing a red and black, one piece bathing suit and sandals. The suit was form fitting and flattering, but not obscene. But suddenly, in response to my embarrassment and excitement at being chained together with Curtis, I realized my nipples were now fully erect and were poking out like firm pebbles, obvious to anyone's gaze, including Curtis; and there wasn't anything I could do to hide my erect nipples from anyone's and everyone's gaze. Curtis and I each got another margarita and sat together and chatted innocently. Although he had worked in our office for some time now, this was really the first time that he and I had really talked. I found him intelligent, charming and pleasant. We each had three large margaritas as we visited over the next hour. I could feel the tequila relaxing me quite a bit. I wondered when Linda was going to end this silly game, but I was honestly enjoying the

situation, and Curtis's attention. I started to feel my bladder remind me that I had not peed in some time. "Curtis, I hate to end our wonderful conversation here but I need to pee. Where the hell is Linda?" "Funny you should say that, but so do I. I should not have had that last margarita. She is over by the waterfall. Let's go have her put an end to this silliness." Curtis said as he stood and started to lead towards our warden. We approached Linda and explained the situation, and our dire need to empty our overfull bladders. Linda smile coyly, and after some cajoling, relented fished out a key from her purse and attempted to release the handcuffs. She fumbled for several moments, obviously becoming flustered before announcing, "Shit, shit, shit. I can't believe I did this." "What? What did you do?" I asked in a panic. "I grabbed the wrong key. I am so sorry. I will run home and get the right one. I am so sorry." She said in obvious panic. "Linda, you live in Sugarland. That is over an hour from here. It will take you more than two hours to make the round trip. Goddamn it!" I was pissed. Curtis expressed his intense displeasure at Linda as well as she scurried out the door with promises to be back momentarily. I knew we had at least two hours before she could make the round trip back to Sugarland in southwest Houston back to the Woodlands well north of the city. Exposing Cindy - Cuffed with no key Chapter 2 – We have to relieve our bladders! I looked at the clock and it was almost 10:30 p.m. and guests, who were embarrassed for me and my predicament, began making excuses and leaving. The co-workers from our office were peeved at Linda, and expressed their irritation with her prank, as they left, assuring me that they were sure she would be right back. The last guest said their goodbyes about 10:50 p.m., leaving Jim, Curtis and me alone to deal with this totally embarrassing situation. As the final car pulled away, I looked at Jim and said quite honestly, "I can't hold it for two hours waiting for Linda's return! I am going to wet myself." Curtis agreed, "Neither can I." Jim paused for a moment, and then offered, "I understand. This is a mess. But we are adults, and we all know we have bodily functions. I guess you two will have to use the facilities while chained together." I looked at Curtis sheepishly, and he nodded. "Sounds like the only reasonable approach to me," he said. I felt my heart pounding in my chest as I contemplated what this meant. I am not a prude, and I am not overly shy about my body; but this was a man with whom I worked, with whom I would see every day at the office. Sharing a bathroom with him was not something I planned on doing. But I saw no other choice. I then led my large black friend through my bedroom and into my master bathroom and said, "No peeking, OK?" I said, trying to make light of the situation. "Cross my heart," he said, making an 'x' across his chest. With a very heavy sigh, and with my heart pounding, and face burning red, I tried to remove the straps of my bathing suit, and lower it, freeing first my breasts; but I struggled getting it off my bottom. The fact that my one arm was tied to Curtis at the wrist made this very difficult. And I could not master the maneuver. Jim seeing the difficulty I was having came over. "Let me help you. Lower both your arms." With both my breasts exposed, and nipples erect, I stood there waiting for Jim to assist me in removing my suit. Jim lowered the suit, and removed my free arm from the strap. Then he pulled it down past my bottom, allowing me to step out of it, but leaving the remaining strap, and the bathing suit, hanging around my cuffed wrist. I was mortified being naked in front of one of the lawyers from my firm, and could not look in his face. I backed up towards the toilet, and sat down. But I was also excited and getting aroused by the

situation. Curtis now knew what no one else at the office knew--Cindy shaves her pussy! Although I was 38 at the time, I was still a very attractive woman. I stood a petite 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighed about 113 pounds, and had firm, perky breasts. With blonde hair and green eyes, several people tell me that I resemble Meg Ryan. I glanced up at Curtis's torso as he stood in front of me, and there was no mistaking the tent that was forming in his pants. Seeing me naked, sitting on the toilet, trying to pee had aroused him. And honestly, being naked like this, coupled by the large bulge in his shorts made me very aware of the pulse in my now erect clitoris. Jim stood several feet away taking all this in. There was a noticeable bulge in my husband's pants as well. I tried for several minutes to pee, but could only get a slight trickle out. I was too nervous to relax enough to empty my bladder. "Jim, I can't relax, please run some water." Jim turned on the spigot, and took a damp wash cloth and handed it to me. I placed it across my lower abdomen as Curtis watched with a keen interest. The wetness of the wash cloth coupled with the sound of the splashing water was all it took and suddenly a long, power stream of urine erupted from me. God I felt wicked peeing in front of these two men. I felt like a naughty little school girl doing something wicked with the boys behind the garage or in the bushes. When I finished, I wiped, flushed and stood up, giving Curtis access to the commode. "Your turn," I said, again without making eye contact. Curtis unzipped his shorts with his right hand, the one that was cuffed to me, he reached inside his shorts and with a struggling motion, he fished out his penis. What he pulled out was truly amazing. What emerged can only be described as a long, thin, dark purple snake. It was the biggest and blackest penis I had ever seen. I could not help but stare and gasp. "Oh my", escaped my lips before I could catch myself. It was partially erect, sticking straight out from his zipper a good seven or eight inches. And it throbbed as I watched. My expression of surprise, and my stare, seemed to arouse Curtis even more. His penis began to thicken and grow as I looked on. In a matter of seconds it was pointing up slightly, not quite fully erect, but very firm, and thick. I looked at Jim and smiled, "Honey this is a very big man." Jim nodded in agreement, but did not speak. My husband just stood back and watched this erotic predicament I found myself in. Curtis tried to point his penis down towards the toilet, but he was too hard, too firm, and too erect. There was no way he could urinate in his current state. "Cindy, I apologize, but I seem to be responding to the situation here." Curtis acknowledged. "I think you are going to have to give me a little help before I can pee." I looked at Curtis in disbelief, trying to understand what he was saying. "Jim, I need Cindy to make my tool behave a bit better. I cannot pee like this. Is it OK if Cindy gives me a hand here?" Curtis seemed to be making a statement more than a request right now. I looked at Jim to gauge his reaction. Jim thought for a second, smiled and said, "It seems like that is the only reasonable solution to this dilemma." Did I understand Jim correctly? Was my husband instructing me to masturbate this gorgeous specimen so he could relieve his bladder? Curtis took Jim's words as all the encouragement he needed, and he kicked off his sandals, unbuckled his shorts and allowed them to fall to the floor. As he stepped out of his shorts, his enormous boner bounced in front of him poking out from under his shirt tails. He turned towards me and looked into my eyes, and simply mouthed the words 'thank you' silently, lowered the lid on the commode, and guided me to sit in front of him with his massive erection at eye level to me. He then took my free hand and placed it on his hard penis.

Very tentatively, I slowly allowed my fingers to encircle the dark shaft. I could barely get my tiny little hand around it. It felt strangely smooth, and very heavy in my hand. I was intrigued with the coloring as well as the size of this monster cock. It was not really black, but a deep, deep shade of purple. It was a shade of purple that I had not seen before, and it was strangely beautiful to me at that moment. The enormous head was slightly lighter in color than the shaft. It looked almost a deep shade of pink. This scene was arousing me--a lot. He started to rock his hips, pushing his penis into the small circle formed by my fingers. God, he was a sexy specimen. I looked over at Jim to see how he was handling this. I smiled at my loving husband and he nodded his approval. Curtis grew harder, longer and thicker in my tiny hand. His penis felt decidedly heavy. I studied his large black cock as he arched his hips forward and was intrigued by how the tiny slit at the tip would open slightly with each upward thrust, and close again as he pulled back away from my fist. His penis seemed to be winking at me, opening and closing as I pumped him. Curtis then placed his large black hands on the sides of my head and attempted to guide my mouth to his erection. I hesitated. I was not prepared for this. I was not prepared for any of this. Curtis did not try to force me, but merely said, "Cindy, it will help, please." I looked over at Jim, questioning what he wanted me to do. He smiled and nodded. I saw Jim mouth the words "go ahead." I looked up at Curtis as I held his erection inches from my mouth and he smiled. Then he said, "Please, I need this..." I could feel my clitoris pulsing in time with my racing heart beat. I was getting wetter and more aroused by the instant. I glanced over at my husband and he was smiling broadly. He was enjoying the show. He wanted to see his sweet little, petite wife give this large black man some relief. He wanted to see me let Curtis in my mouth. I wanted to savor this moment. I studied his cock as I pumped my fist up and down very slowly. The dark pink head of his erection stood proudly and distinctly atop of the massive dark purple, thickly veined shaft. It was a beautiful cock. Curtis thrust his hips forward on each down stroke of my fist as I came to grips with the fact that I was going to give this man with whom I worked a blow job while my husband watched. I remember pulling my head away as I pumped my fist down, pulling the skin taught, and opening his urethra slightly. I could see a slight trace of semen leaking from his urethra as I opened it. I placed my tongue directly into the tiny hole to taste my boss's semen. I could smell the faint scent of his semen as well. Curtis moaned loudly as the tip of my tongue entered the tiny hole on his erection. His penis throbbed in my hand and pushed up against the intrusion of my tongue. Curtis clearly liked this first contact with my tongue. I held his rigid cock in place as I tickled and teased the tiny opening for several seconds as Curtis shuttered under the intense, almost unbearable, pleasure I was bestowing on him. I then took the head of his cock into my mouth, sucking on it, as I explored the ridge of the head with my tongue. If I was going to do this, I was going to give Curtis the very best, most intense, most erotic blow job that he would ever have. Curtis began to arch his hips, trying to push deeper into my mouth and fuck my throat. I pulled back, holding his erect shaft in my fist, and instructed, "I want you to stand still and let me give you this pleasure. I don't want you trying to 'fuck my throat', OK? You and I will both enjoy this more if you allow me to please you and you don't get in a hurry to fuck my face." Curtis's expression was absolutely priceless. For a brief instant, this large, powerful and successful man looked like a little boy who had just been chastised for running in the house or for some

other minor infraction. As I returned to kissing and sucking my boss's cock I smiled with amusement at the absurdity of my situation. For the next several minutes, I licked, kissed and sucked this large thick 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. Despite my instructions to stand still, as his excitement increased, Curtis could not help but rock his hips. His moans of pleasure became louder and more intense. I knew my co-worker was going to cum soon. Curtis grabbed my head to hold it in place as his loins stiffened, and he made large arch forward of his hips. 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 overwhelmed my mouth, but not in an unpleasant way. In a strange, perverse way, the thought of ingesting my boss's most intimate nectar was satisfying to me. Before I had 'choked down' the first string of semen, another, slightly smaller string erupted 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 emotionally 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. 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, adding even more sperm to 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. As I fought the volume of semen down my throat, 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. The smell of the semen was very pleasing to me. 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 looked at Jim to see how he was handling this. His erection was obvious. He smiled and simply said, "I love you, baby. I really do." Looking up at my husband, with the taste of Curtis's semen fresh in my mouth, and Curtis's large black cock still erect in front of me, I respond simply with "I love you too, Jim." Coming soon, Chapter 3: Curtis wants to enter me now!