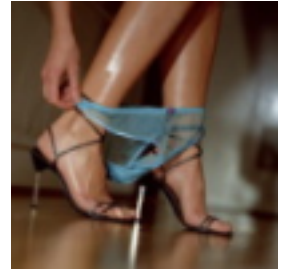


Exposing Cindy - The butterfly vibrator - part one

By submissivemom72



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Jim gives me a new toy, and wants to try it out in public.....

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/exposing-cindy-the-butterfly-vibrator.aspx>

Volume three: Exposing Cindy - The butterfly vibrator Chapter one – a night on the town Jim and I had been married several years, and we had a reasonable assortment of various experiences in the first years of our marriage. So I was not shocked when he showed up on a Friday evening with a gift for me; a ‘butterfly vibrator’ which had its own harness to hold it in place; however a pair of latex panties had me confused. "OK, what's with the girdle?" I asked. I knew at 5 ft 4 in. and 105 pounds with a slim waist and perky breasts, my figure had not deteriorated to the point of needing a girdle. "That's to hold the vibrator in place." Jim responded. The harness resembled a g-string that held a vibrating set of ‘wings’ against a clitoris. The device had a six foot wire connected to a controller that held the batteries and allowed the device to be set on any of five intensity levels. The harness would not actually function holding the vibrator in place, so my engineer husband found an improvement to the design: latex panties. At Jim’s request, I stripped and stepped into the harness, placing the vibrating wings on my clit. Then I wrestled into the latex panties, securing the 'wings of the butterfly' securely in place. Jim turned the vibrator on the lowest setting and it buzzed to life. It felt great. Jim tested several higher settings, and I found that the mid-level setting of three was very arousing, but level four was too simply too intense; and level five was simply unbearable. Jim informed me we were going out tonight to ‘test drive’ my new toy. My protests were immediately dismissed I was instructed don my ‘butterfly vibrator’ and to get dressed in a rather sheer, tight fitting blouse, that would accentuate my erect nipples nicely; and to wear a wrap around skirt that came just below my knees and a pair of my best FMPs (fuck me pumps high heels). I bathed, put on my make-up and donned my assigned ‘outfit’ for the night. Jim ran the wire from the controller and batteries out the waist band of my skirt and placed the controller in my skirt pocket, where he had easy access to it. He set the intensity level on three which was highly stimulating but not enough to bring me off. In fact, it was just enough to leave me in a constant state of sexual frustration. I could not help rocking my hips as the constant buzzing on my clit reminded me of how badly I wanted to cum. We arrived at a club, not far from our home. It had a nice bar and dance floor, and the music catered to people in their mid-twenties to early thirties. Jim got us a table near the dance floor and ordered us a round of drinks. “Baby this vibrator is driving me crazy. It has me just on the edge.” I confessed as I squeezed Jim’s

hand. "I can tell. You have that beautiful flushed look that you get before you cum, and your nipples are even more erect than usual. It is a good look. You carry it well." Jim reached into the pocket and removed the controller. With a strange look on his face, Jim unexpectedly turned the intensity level up, sending a shock through my clit and up my loins. I bolted to attention, grabbing the sides of the table with both hand, responding instantly to the intense vibrations on my clitoris. "Oh God, Jim, please, too much....too much....please." After about two or three seconds, Jim returned the intensity to the more tolerable level three. But it was obvious, Jim enjoyed my sudden and stark reaction to his 'test'. "Whoa, that must have hit a nerve." Jim joked, proud of himself. "It's like a lightning bolt hitting your baby's clit. At the higher levels it is too intense; more painful than pleasurable. But it gets my attention, that's for sure." I paused for a second, then continued, "this level you have it on now is nice; and it warms me up nicely." We sipped our drinks for a few minutes before Jim took me out on the dance floor. It was a nice slow song and Jim held me close, and teased my erect nipples as we danced, though I doubt anyone noticed my husband feeling me up. When we returned to our table, we found the waitress had brought us another round of drinks. Just as I sat down, Bob, one of Jim's golfing buddies came over to the table to say hello. I was a bit put off by Bob intruding on our play date, but made pleasant talk with him and Jim asked him to sit down and join us for a drink. After a few minutes of small talk, Jim shocked me by reaching into my skirt pocket and pulling out the vibrator controller. I gave Jim my most serious 'WTF' look, indicating I did not think this was a good idea, not a good idea at all. The controller and wire, which ran into my skirt waistband, definitely caught Bob's attention. "Jim, my man, what's this?" "It's Cindy's controller." Jim responded with obvious amusement. I could feel my face flush with embarrassment. "You have a controller for your wife? I need to get one of these. How does it work?" Bob clearly had not yet figured out the puzzle. "Cindy, tell Bob how the controller works." I blushed ever more deeply, "Jim! Stop it." "Now Cindy. This is nothing to be ashamed of. Bob just has a keen intellectual curiosity about such matters. Tell him how it works." I sat there fuming, not sure what to do, but realizing that in the end, I always do comply with Jim's instructions and requests. Without looking at either man, I said, "it controls the vibrator Jim gave me earlier tonight." "You have a vibrator inside you?" Bob asked in disbelief. "Not internal; external." Was my curt answer. Jim then handed the controller to Bob, placing the intensity of my clitoral stimulation in his friend's hands, so to speak. It should be no surprise to anyone, least of all me, that the very first thing Bob did when handed the controller was crank it up to level five. I bolted to attention, again grabbing the sides of the table as I shook, rigidly immobile, feeling like my eyes were rolling back in my head. "Oh shit, oh shit, please turn it down...that is too muchoh God, I can't take it....please....turn it down." Bob complied, and returned to the level to 3, but he was very impressed with my reaction. "Jim this is the coolest thing I have ever seen. Damn son, this is great. Did you see how Cindy reacted. Oh man, I love this thing." And he turned it back to five for a brief instant before returning it, delighting in initiating another sudden and violent spasm. Jim smiled, "do you want to test drive it on the dance floor?" Bob looked at me, then Jim, "Do you mean it? Hell yeah. Cindy, would you like to dance?" I looked at Jim pleadingly, "Jim, this is a bad idea. Let's not do this. Not here." Jim dismissed my concerns again, "Oh, what can happen? It'll be fun. Trust me. Have I

ever led you astray before?" "We'll discuss that last question later." I said to Jim. I turned to Bob, took his hand as he led me to the dance floor. "Can you behave yourself? Or should I ask can you be trusted with that damn thing?" motioning to the controller in his hand. "Of course. I am like a boy scout." He replied flippantly. As we walked from the table to the dance floor, my mind wandered to my puppy, Buffy. Buffy is a honey colored cocker spaniel that Jim gave me as a Christmas present the year before we were married. She was the cutest thing, and I adored her. When Buffy was about 1 1/2 years old, Jim convinced me to breed her and sell the puppies. I remember vividly taking my baby, Buffy, to the breeders where she would be 'introduced' to Beau, the stud dog. As I handed the leash to the breeder and he led Buffy away, she looked back at me, scared and confused. She did not fully understand what awaited her. Beau had already caught her scent, and he fully understood what was about to happen; but Buffy was scared and confused, and unaware. She showed her fear as she looked back at me as she was led away to the breeding pen; her huge brown eyes asking me 'mommy, what are they doing to me?'. It tore my heart to see her look back at me that way as she was being led away. Now Bob was leading me to the dance floor. The wire leading from the controller in Bob's hand into my waist of my skirt, was amazingly similar to a leash, and as I looked back at Jim, scared and confused, as if to say 'what are you going to let him do to me?' I understood what Buffy felt that day she was led away for Beau to 'mount' her. I felt like a 'bitch in heat' being led to a breeding cage; however, unlike Buffy, I had some idea of what was happening. I had an idea about what awaited me on the dance floor. And it scared and confused me. But knowing that I was being led to a 'breeding cage of sorts', also excited me on some level. I knew that Bob had caught wind of my 'scent'. I knew I was about to be played with and teased. And the fact that this was occurring on a public dance floor limited my options of how I could respond. I saw one woman look at the thin red wire strung between Bob and me, and I blushed with embarrassment. What did she think the wire was? Did she know? Did she think it looked like a leash? Did she know I was being led away from my master to a 'breeding cage'? My face burned crimson, my heart pounded and my loins ached at these thoughts. There were all kinds of emotions running through my mind, and we had not even made it to the center of the dance floor yet! The first was a fast song, and we danced, the vibrator remained comfortably on level 3. We danced close, close enough to keep the wire from being too conspicuous, but not too close as to be really touching each other during the initial song. The next song was a slow number and Bob pulled me close to him. Despite all the my confusion, shame and fear running through my mind, the buzzing on my clit did make me a bit more amorous than normal. I enjoyed being held close by Bob, feeling my erect nipples pressing against his chest. I began to relax just a bit, and enjoy the gentle stimulation on my clit. But I guess the temptation was simply too great for Bob. Bob could not resist turning the intensity up to four. I became more rigid immediately, I felt my knees buckle slightly, and I was forced to lean in and brace myself against him for support. "Oh shit, Bob, that is too much, too intense,....please...it is too much." "Give it a second. I think you'll get used to it." "Bob, I don't know if I can't take it. It is so intense." I realized that I was pressing myself firmly into Bob, and I was now involuntarily grinding my pussy into Bob's crotch. "Shit. Oh Bob, this is driving me nuts." My arms were tightly wrapped around his neck. I could not control my hips, I was

shamelessly humping and grinding into Bob's penis, which now was rapidly becoming hard and pressing back into me. "See, Cindy, it's starting to feel good isn't it?" I simply nodded, amazed at my response. Bob's hands were still on my back, but he was certainly pushing me into him, very pleased with my loss of control. And he was right, it did start to feel good. I have no idea who else was watching. I know Jim was taking in the entire show. But I assume other patrons were also aware of my wanton behavior and movements on the dance floor. "Bob, please, you are going to make me cum right here. Oh shit. I can't help it. I am losing." But sparing me from an untimely orgasm was not what Bob wanted at this moment. I felt it starting to build, and I knew there was nothing I could do at this moment to stop my very public orgasm. "Oh God, I'm cumming." I hissed into Bob's ear, as I humped shamelessly into his erect penis. Then, in an instant of confused lust, I kissed Bob deeply, opening my mouth to accept his tongue. In response, his hand reached up to feel my breast. We were both completely unaware of anyone around us. I ground my crotch into him shamelessly; unable to control my pelvis as the waves of pleasure shook me to the core. I convulsed and quivered. I wanted to stop cumming, but the intense vibration on my erect and sensitive clitoris kept me at an elevated peak of excitement; I simply could not stop my ongoing orgasm. It was a long and powerful orgasm that sent waves of pleasure through my loins and my abdomen. I shuddered as I sucked Bob's tongue into my mouth. His fingers were pulling my erect nipple until it was borderline painful. "Oh, please.....I need to stop.....please, let me stop....." I was wimpereing now, he had complete control and I had none. I was not aware of others around me, of Jim watching. I just shook and humped involuntarily as the 'forced orgasm' continued for several seconds until Bob turned the intensity down. I was convulsing with a mixture of pleasure and discomfort. You cannot understand the intensity I was experiencing, or my need to come down from this high. Bob had the good sense to turn the device off, and my arousal subsided as the song ended. I stood there a moment, my head resting on Bob's shoulder, panting, as I tried to recover. I was afraid to look around the room to see if anyone was staring at me, aghast of my indecent display on the dance floor. I could not deal with the shame of looking in the eyes of those around me at that moment. As he led me back to the table, Bob simply said, "That was the sexiest thing I ever saw. You are the sexiest thing I ever met!" I responded sheepishly, "You were a very bad boy. You are no boy scout! You cannot be trusted with any type of power over me; or any women I suspect." Jim was smiling from ear-to-ear. "Cindy, did you do what I think you did out there? Did my wife have a little orgasm on the dance floor?" "No baby, I did not have a 'little orgasm' out there. I had an earth shattering, eyes to the back of the head, almost black out, head banging orgasm out there. And your idiot friend cannot be trusted with the controls to my clitoris." "Well goddamn, it was hot to watch. Smoking hot. You two are a trip." Jim was beaming, obviously pleased with the way this turned out. "So Bobby, how does she handle on the dance floor?" "Jim, my man, she handles like a dream. She corners tight, and she responds great when you accelerate out of the curves." I looked at both of them, shook my head, and said, "you two are a couple of adolescent morons. You really are." I had several more drinks to calm my nerves, before I could look around the bar trying to determine if my scandalous behavior was attracting scorn. I honestly could not tell if it was. I could not tell if I had attracted much attention or not. Chapter two –

back at home (Coming soon)