**Cindy and Her Sensitive Camel-toe**

by harry lime

**Chapter 1**

It was entirely conceivable that Cindy Nelson truly had no idea exactly what was meant by the term “camel-toe”. She had a graphic on her memory screen of a dirty camel standing chewing a cud of noxious substances and some guy in a white robe holding the reins like he was either the owner or the user of the huge beast. In her vision, she could not quite see the legs of the camel and actually had no idea at all of the shape of the feet all the way down at the bottom.

Thus, when Carlos Nunez told her with a deplorable sneer in his accented English,

“Pretty baby-girl has plenty of nice camel-toe underneath her black tights”.

Cindy was not certain what he meant, except it sounded exceptionally dirty and she felt like he had just pushed her face in the mud that spotted the playground outside the dingy schoolhouse at the end of Cobbler’s Lane. It was bad enough that he was always peeking up under her skirt on the staircase or accidently rubbing his oversized business on her legs in the hallway or at assembly, but now to be told right from his dirty lips that she had something called a “camel-toe” was the straw that broke the camel’s back.

Cindy cornered her best friend Nikki in the lunch room and inquired in a whisper.

“Tell me truly, Nikki, what is a fucking “Camel-toe” and where is it located?”

She was surprised to see the petite Nikki put her hand down between her legs and press hard into her private parts.

“Right down her, you ninny, it’s your pussy or, at least, the outline of your pussy lips on your panties or your tights and it shows up your slit all the way from the front to the back.”

The slender dark-haired girl demonstrated with casual emphasis showing Cindy exactly what she meant and it was obvious to both of them that the dirty-mouthed girl with the heart-shaped bottom was more than willing to show her business to anyone with an interest in such things.

Cindy tended to be much more circumspect in matters of a sexual nature and she tried her best to hide the fact that she was still a dreadful “Virgin” in both her feminine slit and her tight little rear door that enjoyed being touched and rubbed by male hands but seldom entertained the thought of actually taking a knob of flesh inside its portals except for possibly a well-washed and smaller digit of a true gentleman.

Carlos was neither a gentleman nor was he inclined to be slow and gentle in opening up the tightness of a rear portal when he was addressing it with serious intent.

Cindy was certain that if he managed to get her into some sort of defenseless position, she would suffer the consequences and find out once and all what it felt like to be stuffed and stretched with a package of oversized equipment hardened into resolute attention by her bared buttocks and fettered ankles and wrists. He was the sort that enjoyed that sort of thing and seemed to be more excited by resistance than cooperation when he had a bird turned upside down and ready for action. She vowed that if he ever had her in his grasp she would pretend complete surrender and make no movement no matter how undignified his disturbance of her inner calm and total disregard for her feelings in carrying out such nonsense.

“Nikki, have you ever been taken by someone against your will?”

Her best friend looked at her and smiled, knowing that in a certain way that her beautiful friend was secretly intrigued by the thought of being forced into submission, but was hesitant to describe her thoughts, even to her best friend.

“That is a personal question, my little dove, but I will disclose that I have indeed been used in such a manner by more than one villain and am still here to talk about it like a normal person.”

Cindy sat down on the window pillow and looked out at the birds fluttering in the branches of the budding new growth. They were all a-twitter with the sure knowledge that spring was upon them and soon they would be mating with their new-found partners and building nests high away from danger to protect their all-important eggs. Her special spot between her legs was already overflowing with her female juices just from hearing the whispered words from Nikki’s pretty red lips. Her closest friend had been battered against her will by a friendly weapon and not just once but on several occasions. The startling news surprised her because her friend was extremely flirtatious and she would have expected some sort of bitterness against the other gender as a result of such unkind treatment. She seemed to have survived her ordeals with shining success and Cindy waited patiently for her to impart some knowledge about how a female learns to accept her fate and still function as a part of the human race with all her instincts still intact and no rancor to spoil her disposition.

“My first taking was by my favorite uncle, the Earl of Langton. You met him last summer at our country estate in Cornwall. I bet is it hard to believe that kindly old gentleman would be capable of such tomfoolery, but I assure you he was all business when it came to the taking of both my virginal and my anal cherries without any hint of mercy.”

Cindy let her hands wander down to her nipple and her little trigger at the top of her slit waiting with a little happy smile on her innocent face for the rest of the story. Nikki noticed right away that her friend was enjoying the moment a bit more than a young maiden should under the circumstances, but she was determined to finish the story because she had wanted to share it for a long time but never had the opportunity to tell her friend about her past troubles.

“The Earl was a widower and I had a certain sense of loyalty to him because he always found time to listen to my complaints and my distress at being sometimes pushed aside by the wealthy children of the more affluent side of the family. Sometimes I would snuggle up to him in his great leather chair and squirm on his lap the way I knew he liked it the best with my arse cheeks shoved up tight against his manly privates. It amazed me that a man of his years still had the ability of forming a cock-stand of such magnitude and I pretended it was just a toy to be stroked and played with when the whim hit my silly brain. It never occurred to me that he had any inclination to be buried up to the hilt in my still innocent pussy or even shoved in between my cheeks for explorations of a more sinful category.”

Nikki saw that her friend Cindy was fast approaching an orgasm of some magnitude from the way she pushed down hard on the soft pillows with her clenched arse-cheeks and the look on her face was not of innocence but of sheer lust still restrained but desperately seeking release like a little bird leaving the nest for the very first time. She moved closer to her and let her hands rest without movement on the top of Cindy’s frantically fumbling fingers waiting for the rest of the story. Her tongue was protruding slightly from her sweet red lips in a way that suggested she was in need of liquid sustenance in a world gone suddenly dry with erotic urges. The older, worldlier girl knew her young friend needed a companion tongue to consummate her need for oral coupling, but she was wise enough to realize it would be premature to make such a startling commitment before the groundwork was laid down below.

“I must admit that I was fully shocked when the Earl pulled my clothing from my bottom and bared my hidden cheeks to his passionate view. At that moment, I knew all was lost and I had no idea if his target was my female entryway or my delicate and sensitive little pucker hole that was truly my “Secret Garden”. I discovered he was enamored of both of my entryways and would soon be able to declare his full knowledge of both passageways to paradise.

I have to confess to you that the humping took forever and he had all the stamina of a much younger man. Eventually, his spunk was spent in each area of attention in a way that left little white puddles of evidence to show our guilt. In a way, I held no rancor against the man because I hold a dear spot in my heart for him as he reminds me in a way of my beloved father with his deep scowl and furrowed brow as he gave me the belt for my transgressions against proper behavior.

It was amusing when he insisted I use my pretty mouth to cleanse his tool of manly status because I was almost ready to beg him for that privilege just to get his taste firmly set in my brain and anchored as a motivation for future adventures.”

It was at this point that Cindy pushed Nikki’s pretty fingers into her puddle between her legs and lifted her knees around Nikki’s shoulders in a way that insured her unmistakable orgasm that made her slender body thresh about in wild abandon locked onto her best friend as her shelter against the storm that racked her flesh.

Nikki leaned forward and took the opportunity to teach the young girl how to properly use her tongue in tongue to tongue combat of a kinky kind with lots of spit and saliva exchanged to seal their oral depravity in a way that left no doubt it would be repeated in other locations with equal success. Somehow, Nikki managed to insert two fingers into Cindy’s frightened sphincter spreading the tiny opening with gentle probes to introduce the concept that her rear door was for far more than disposal of digested waste. At first, Cindy was guiltily fearful because it was supposed to be a Cardinal Sin of some import. Then, after long moments of calming pleasure, she opened up wider and her sphincter relaxed guard on the hidden treasure of her anal delights.

One look into Cindy’s lust-filled eyes convinced Nikki that she had discovered a new truth about her best friend. There was no doubt in her mind that little Cindy was one of those females that valued a little posterior pleasure to round out her menu for carnal delights behind a closed bedroom door.

“I see you liked my story about my first time with my uncle, the Earl of Langton. Now, I will tell you about the visiting priest from Spain. His name was Father Resurrectus and he was most learned and liked to bounce me on his lap with my bloomers down around my ankles in a shameful dance that must have delighted the devil if he was watching. No matter how hard I tried to escape his strong encircling arms, it was to no avail because he was the sort of person that always finished what he started without fail. He sprinkled me with his brand of holy water on more than one occasion and I soon grew to look for his mood and need for my feminine solace in his world of male only affairs. It didn’t take long for me to form a sort of dependence on his ministrations that were more carnal than religious and I was distraught when he was reassigned to the convent for redemption of the souls of the sex-deprived sisters. I had no doubt it was to be a successful tour of duty for him because he was the sort of dedicated person that had no reluctance to dispense his brand of solace to any female follower.”

At the conclusion of this story, Cindy allowed Nikki to work her head and her mouth between her legs for a long time. Of course, she eventually fell into one of her terrible orgasms that racked her slender body with convulsions of tides of passion that made her more animal than human and unable to speak coherently for quite some time.

**Chapter 2**

Cindy was much inspired by her best friend Nikki’s stories about carnal depravities and she wanted desperately to test out some of the new knowledge with a partner of great stamina in those matters that females desire the most.

The horny Carlos was not on her list of prospective oral, anal or vaginal short-list candidates despite the fact she could easily see his bulky business was impressive to any female with an urge to merge with a masculine person without a thought to propriety or moral character. However, the fellow seemed to be always nearby and available for instant use with a “use by” date far into the future. Her only other possibility was her somewhat feeble Uncle Rodney with a dick that was limper than one would like in situations of great urgency. She had labored in his manly garden often attempting to create a hardness that she could put to immediate use. Sometimes she would be forced to bounce her heels on his bottom to induce him to plunge in deeper in her puddle of desire. At such times, he would stiffen and spray her insides with his masculine spoor like a young lad out on a spree with a gaping gash of bottomless reception.

Finally driven to the edge of frustration in need of deep penetration, Cindy resorted to surrendering unconditionally to Carlos’s ministrations knowing that he would likely disappoint her by arriving at the finish line before she had even warmed up properly. Her concerns were realized quite quickly and she attempted to remedy the situation by using her saliva-laden lips to bring him to a repeated cock stand without additional delay.

She was successful in her endeavors but the wily Carlos was now fixated on her posterior portal. Cindy was not overly enthusiastic about being anally speared by Carlos’s huge poking tool because she had a particularly tiny opening back there and she feared he would stretch her so grossly that she would have to seek solace with salves and potions for a long time afterward in order to merely sit down or relax in comfort on one’s own tail.

Of course, Carlos got his way and she presented her bottom to him like some sacrificial lamb for the slaughter in biblical times. At first, he toyed with her haunches, slapping and spanking her like she was some naughty child. It annoyed her at first, but after some discomfort, the rhythm of the pounding was like a spur to her shameful desire for impalement in her nether regions. She lifted her flanks and allowed Carlos to enter her at his will and soon he was buried to the hilt in her fundament spreading her tiny star widely with his oversized cock.

Carlos grabbed her elbow and pulled her backwards into his groin digging an additional few inches inside her sensitive interior. She started to wail like a little baby looking for her mama’s milk. The feeling of being completely stuffed was uncomfortable at first but after some spirited humping she was more enthusiastic about the whole project to the point of crying out,

“Yes, Carlos, you darling man, right there. That is so good, Carlos. Don’t ever listen to me when I say no ever again.”

Eventually, the ass-loving Carlos drained into her gut and she quieted down a bit knowing that the man had oodles of stamina and would be pestering her soon enough.

She relied mostly on her family trust fund for her financial prospects, but the economy had receded of late and she found that she needed additional income to balance her expenditures. Her family lawyer advised that she leave her principal intact, which was always good advice and to seek employment which was booming for young women recently due to several political changes of direction in current society.

The advertisement simply stated at a young female of good up-bringing and with a grasp of English spoken with upper-class diction was sought for forty-eight hours of contracted labor in the Stanley and Stanley Merchants of Fashion in a desirable part of the city. She took the mass transit conveyance withstanding the unsolicited touch of several innocent looking males in the process and arrived at their doors at exactly 9:01 the next morning. The plain-looking middle-aged woman dressed all in black like she was in mourning greeted her and directed her to the rear of the store to discuss the details of the available position with a Mister Lucas Stanley described as the “floor manager” of the ladies fashions.

She had expected an older gentleman but was pleasantly surprised by a recently graduated young man with the fresh bloom of student days still upon him. In fact, she was certain he was her junior because she had recently attained the dreadful age of twenty and four in an age when most eighteen year old females were wedded and had one or more children. She would soon arrive at the “old maid” status so deplored in social circles if she didn’t settle down and find a suitable cock to service on a regular basis in exchange for a few paltry vows and the awarding of a different name.

“May I ask, young lady, are you seeking employment with our firm?”

It was a simple question and yet she still hesitated.

The honest answer was money plain and simple and the fact that she needed a steady income to supplement her trust fund if it were ever to last into her waning years possibly still single and alone in the world. Of course, she could not give that simple answer because she instinctively knew that the very truth of “needing” the employment would be the kiss of death to her chances of being selected. Besides, the young man might want to take advantage of her situation and use her need to secure some sort of arrangement giving him access to her feminine favors for the granting of her wish to be employed. In all honesty, she would be inclined to follow the commands of the handsome young man providing he showed some degree of respect and polite conversation regardless of their other connections either in the business world or areas not related to personal connections.

“I am becoming quite bored at home lately and feel the need to have greater social contact with the general public. I am well acquainted with the fine reputation of your establishment and feel that a relationship of mutual benefit would be apropos to fill our common needs at present.”

It was all a lot of gobbledygook in all honesty, but she felt that some degree of deception was indicated in the current job application process until she knew the hidden thoughts of her interviewer and the potential employers. It was just like her father had always taught her to try and be one step ahead of the others if you wanted to win the prize.

The young gentleman went over her CV and noted verbally that she had two years at university studying business economics and he seemed to find that the most interesting fact of the interview. At the conclusion, she thanked him and asked in a respectful voice,

“When do you think I might hear of the decision, Mister Stanley?”

He looked up at her somewhat startled and hastened to add,

“Oh, right now, Miss Nelson. We certainly do want you on our staff as soon as possible.”

She managed to hide her amusement because the “staff” she had in mind was located below Mister Stanley’s belt and she daydreamed about riding on it all the way home to her afternoon tea.

The first day on the job, Cindy was measuring and cutting swatches for the samples provided customers deciding about the style and color of their selections. A young man that looked very much like Mister Lucas Stanley stood behind her and casually rubbed his hard erection across her bum like he was sampling her offerings for a later showing.

Poor Cindy didn’t know if she should be shocked or complimented because in all honesty the touch of the hardness in that spot made her womanhood quiver in anticipation of some sort of dalliance in the offing. She looked into the eyes of the young man and asked,

“I say, Mister Stanley, is that advisable right out in the open in front of all the staff?”

He smiled and pressed his greedy knob up tightly against her forewarned flesh.

“I don’t believe we have met, Miss... ? I am George Stanley and handle the accounts payable and accounts receivable up on the mezzanine floor. I am the chap that will give you your salary each Saturday like clockwork at close of business just like all the rest.”

Cindy knew she was blushing but she stayed calm and responded,

“That is quite all right, Mister Stanley, sir, my name is Cindy Nelson and I was hired by Mister Lucas Stanley for a beginning job in ladies fashions.”

He continued to smile and did his best to hide the fact that his hard dick was now fully seated between the gap in her rearward facing cheeks like a bird in a nest settling in for a long juicy night. She was certain he was shocked that she was not wearing the customary shaping garments underneath her long dress. It was a habit of hers ever since her year in Ireland at her aunt’s castle on the moors. Running and walking without the restraining stays and whalebone was her special joy and she was wont to give it up without some drastic reason like a fractured spine or some other dire circumstance. Of course, the price she had to pay for her wantonness was the constant diddling of her private parts on the public conveyances and now the direct approach technique of the Stanley working in the main office.

She would never give up her freedom of physical movement for respite from the pawing hands of men that to touch and not have any commitment to a relationship of any degree no matter how tenuous and free-spirited. In the case of Mister George Stanley, she felt that given the right circumstances, she would always be able to keep George in line by feeding him little bits and pieces like crumbs to a hungry bird.

Her first paycheck was welcome because she had a number of small debts to local merchants that she was beginning to feel guilty about not paying. Her trust fund was in safe territory, but her income was reduced by the loss of almost half her interest yield and this job would make up the difference provided she could suffer the indignities on the bus and the risks of involvement at her place of business.

She had made her first commissioned sale to a middle-aged lady of breeding and rang up a goodly supply of undergarments that were somewhat risqué by current social standards. The entire time, Cindy had the distinct impression none of the undies were for the benefit of her spouse who was a sedate judge semi-retired and living in the country whilst the wife was lording it over a number of servants and hangers-on in the city with her generous larder and supplies of booze provided at all gatherings.

She had confided in Cindy that she had a full contingent of his majesty’s royal military services at her disposal for nocturnal duties of the secretive kind. It was quite a shock to Cindy to imagine the upper-class woman shedding her garments for the pleasure of different gentlemen each weekend but the lady assured her it was the best way of keep a little spice in life when one reaches middle-age.

Since she had realized a nice commission on the sale, Cindy accepted the lady’s invitation to a party on Saturday night next and she revitalized one of her mother’s fine gowns to wear as she had no fine threads of her own to show off at a party. It was a lack of interest in buying social engagement items that was her weakness. She did have a large collection of French undies and night wear but had scant chance to parade them for the enjoyment of some male in dire need of female companionship.

The party at Judge Adam’s town house was a great success and she was helping her new friend scoot the leftover partygoers out the door when a pair of uniformed sailors boosted them both up the spiral staircase with their strong arms used to lifting weights of all sizes and shapes and asking them to show them their undies like a prize for having drunk a lot and still not being drunk in the bargain.

Cindy thought that they were joking but when she saw the judge’s wife start to strip, she realized this was the real thing and no game that the men were playing just to amuse them with the flirting game.

When it came her turn, she stripped down to her favorite French flimsy that displayed her prominent camel-toe in all of its splendid glory for the entire world to see and admire.

One of the uniformed men came to her side and slid his palm up under her bottom and cradled her like a baby rocking her back and forth until she had no recourse but to spray her feminine juices all over the fluffy white carpet.

When she looked over at her new mentor, she saw the mature woman down on all fours like one of her father’s hunting dogs looking over her shoulder at the approaching hard cock ready to make her whine and growl like a bitch in heat.

It was so inspiring to Cindy that she imitated the lady and did the same thing until eventually her trigger was pulled her orgasm took over making her make the most outrageous noises so animal like in their rawness and brutal response.

She decided right then and there to accept every invitation from the friendly lady in the hope that her need for diverse pursuits would be satisfied in her house.

**Chapter 3**

After the party at Judge Adams house, Cindy became fast friends with the orgy-obsessed wife and she would often go down on all fours to seduce the male attendees to impulsive humping action on the fluffy white carpet.

Cindy was becoming aware of the fact that it was her devious clitoris that actually controlled her social interaction at the parties but she considered it a perk of her employment at the shop and she thought of her service there as reward for giving up her cunt and her pretty little bum for the use of all the party-going males around her.

She noticed that the more cream she received at the party, the more she desired and sometimes from multiple partners at the same time.

She looked in the full wall mirror in the Judge’s study at her naked body covered at both ends by males with oversized cocks and a third underneath her poking her in her tightly clenched sphincter like he had tunneled his way to paradise.

Cindy saw the lust in her crying eyes and she knew that the dick in her ass was the best of all although she loved the other two cocks as well working their way into her thirsty throat and up inside her dick-deprived quim hungry for serious pounding from a resolute fellow with only one thought on his decadent mind at the time.

The exhausted girl was resting in the kitchen drinking a nice hot cup of tea when one of the maids burst through the swinging doors and announced in a shaking voice, “They did me in my rump and how am I ever going to explain to my parents that two guys diddled my bum while I just stood there with a silly smile on my face to show my attitude was quite servile and submissive.” The two other servants in the kitchen were properly sympathetic to the poor girl’s wails of displeasure at being nailed unceremoniously right in front of all the other guests and her backside bared for viewing by them all as she had to take the dicks inside where they stretched her so much that she became afraid that she would never get back to normal when all was said and done.

The maid had a name tag on her uniform in front just above her apron that said “Josette” and Cindy thought that was a particularly nice name for such a plain looking female in her early twenties. The maid pulled up her skirts so they could all look at her brown eye and tell her if they saw any damage.

She joined in the group and probed the girl’s reddened rim with her little finger causing her to stifle a gasp of surprise at the further insult added to her injury. The bottom line was that I saw no permanent damage sustained and the girl looked none the worse for wear except for some leakage of cream from her anus that I dabbed at with my hanky to clean her up and make her pretty ass all shipshape for her boyfriend or lover when she returned home after the party with the rich folks at the Judge’s mansion.

She told the rather plain maid that she should stay in the bent over position whilst she got some cream from her gold lame purse to apply to her battered backside. “I promise that this cream does wonders and you will back to normal before you even reach your home.”

The girl looked up at her through tear-laden eyes and thanked her most profusely for her aid in the unpleasant circumstances.

Cindy got her cream that she used for such rectal situations and applied it liberally all over the girl’s crack making sure that her inquisitive fingers found the opening of her brown eye to push some inside where it would work wonders in a relatively short period of time. The girl opened her mouth and her pretty pink tongue fell out when Cindy’s fingers explored all the corners of the inside of her crinkled rear door and she reached out with her hand and hung onto Cindy’s arm like she wanted her to stay with her and never take her digits from inside her fundament ever again.

She decided to walk the girl home because she was still upset over the anal impalement and was on the verge of a mental breakdown due to her feelings of shame and disgust at her own weakness in having an orgasm whilst they were humping her doggie style from behind. The girl told her that she was not a virgin because her fiancée had put his stamp of approval on her pussy these two years past and that they were long overdue for a trip to the altar if only they could save up enough money to buy a home for their future family and happy lifetime together.

When we got to her house, she invited Cindy in for a nice cup of tea which was always welcome no matter what the time of day or night. She whispered in Cindy’s ear that her fiancée was somewhere on the premises because she had seen his car outside in the yard parked up against the picket fence around the barn.

They sat in the kitchen and one thing led to another and soon they were both locking tongues with the girl sitting on top of Cindy’s lap like her own baby girl searching for mama’s love in the nocturnal hours. Eventually her head came down to Cindy’s bosom and the girl started sucking at her nipples like she needed her milk to feed her tummy with creamy goodness. That caused Cindy a confused explosion of her female juices down below where the grass grows greenest and she did her best to calm the girl down and give her the love that she desperately needed for instant gratification.

Cindy asked her if she knew where her fiancée was so they would not get caught doing what came naturally right out in the open.

The girl went up the stairs and returned soon after with her face as white as a sheet and her hands trembling with emotion as she explained that she had seen her fiancée humping her mother’s ass from behind with all the vigor of a twenties something young lad on top of a forty year old widow with a husband in the early grave of a miller with particles of dust in his lungs that stopped him from breathing at an early age leaving her to her own devices for finding sexual release.

She whispered in my ear that unlike her experience with the pair of drunks at the party, her mother appeared to be enjoying the anal expedition in a way that she didn’t think she could ever achieve with a hard dick up her back door in such a perverted manner.

Cindy did her best to calm the girl down and suggested they head to her room and try to get some sleep because it was far too late at night to confront her mother with her disgusting hook-up with her fiancée and she might lose her fiancée forever if she confronted the issue head-on.

The girl led her to her bed and gave her a set of her sleeping clothes that fit her perfectly as they were both of the same size although Cindy was certain her facial features were far superior to the girl’s plain looks. Still, their bodies were very similar from the neck down and she really enjoyed the shape of the girl’s ass cheeks which were almost identical to her own. In fact with the pillow on top of her head the girl looked exactly like Cindy and it was like looking in mirror at her own skin and bones.

The took turns at being on top and Cindy had to admit the girl was better than her on top and she managed to give Cindy several satisfactory orgasms just rubbing her clitoris on her hers slowly and looking her straight in the eye with a look of lust that was not to be denied at least not here and not now when her orgasm was building so quickly that it took her by surprise in the end.

Sometime in the early morning hours, Cindy heard a noise at the bedroom door and saw the figure of a man approach her side of the bed. She had thrown off the cover and lay naked to the world except for the pillow over her head to keep out the noise from the irritating rooster that was making a racket in her ears. Josette was completely covered on the other side of the bed almost motionless deep in a sleep that was totally undisturbed. Suddenly, Cindy felt the weight of the fiancée descend on her defenseless back and hindquarters. Knowing that the man probably assumed the naked body underneath him was that of his beloved, she kept quiet not wanting him to be startled and wake up Josette in such a compromising position. She felt him spread her ass cheeks open and he slowly slid into the rear portion of her feminine folds from behind in way that she was openly partial to on any occasion.

Soon, he was pounding her relentlessly doggie style in a prone position and her entire private parts were tingling with the excitement of his weight and his frenzied humping from behind that she loved so very much.

Only moments later, he drained himself inside her filling her with his cream and she took it all in silence accepting his kiss on her shoulder as he left to do his business in the downstairs bathroom and depart for his early morning work in town.

All she could do was turn over and go to sleep until the daylight broke through the window with the arrival of the new day. She was not certain if she would share her experience with her new friend because in all honesty she had found the fiancée to have wonderful stamina and was a fine catch for her regardless of his roving eye and his addiction to ladies bottoms wherever he might find them.

4