

Cynthia in the Real World Part I

By harrylime

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Cynthia was mostly described by her friends and her teachers as “The best little girl you ever did see!”

She was probably the brightest 16 year old student the New Delhi Girl’s Academy ever had under their tutor ledge. Her Father was a recently retired Colonel in the employ of the Golden Star Trading Company headquartered in Calcutta and Istanbul. Her Mother was unfortunately a victim of the typhoid epidemic that swept the coastal regions of India almost a decade prior.

In less than a year, Cynthia would be graduating from the Academy. With her Father caught up in matters of vital commercial interest, she had absolutely no idea where she was going to go. It had been suggested by the kindly matron that she remain to assist in readying their young female charges for the reality of life beyond these sheltered walls. Cynthia was not very keen on that option as she had already spent ten long years in the formalized lifestyle of a female student in an exclusive private school.

She really wanted to see a little bit of the world. She wanted to mingle with the crowds of people she saw from her window each and every day. Above all, she wanted to discover what secrets lay hidden under the form fitting trousers of young males she had only spied from a distance. There were no males allowed into the Girl’s Academy. It would be most unseemly and lacking in good manners to have the young females associate with those members of the human species who possessed a cock. Cocks were expressly prohibited inside the confines of the school. All teachers were female. All members of staff were female. The mere mention of such things as cocks, kissing and roving hands

would be immediately dealt with by a visit to head mistress Felicia for a severe correction.

Cynthia had never had a real correction. She had only her palms smacked with a ruler for things like giggling at something funny in the classroom. The other girls over the age of 16 and eligible for a correction told her of the terrible things that head mistress Felicia had done to them. They told her of the spankings and the humiliation of standing long periods of time with their bloomers down to their ankles in her tiny office. Sometimes she would rub a very salty cream on their battered rumps and make the tears come to their eyes. She professed it was a "soothing cream" but the girls knew better. The older Felicia enjoyed her job in correcting the young girls. They had no right to be so much younger and prettier than her. Felicia was never happier than when she could bring one of the young ladies to tears and sobs. Often after administering corporal punishment, she would lock her door and bring herself off with a vigorous frigging using the handle of the paddle she liked to use on her charges.

Cynthia loved to hear these stories. For some strange reason, they seemed to make her all wet down there inside her bloomers. When she was given the opportunity to look at the red bottoms of the naughty young girls, and even touch their glowing red heat with her fingertips, Cynthia felt that feeling deep inside and had to rub herself a little bit just to make it go away. Her best friend, Angela, told her it was a sin to touch one's self down there; but she knew it was the only thing that relieved her enough so she could fall asleep.

Cynthia was so looking forward to graduating in a few short months.

Cook told her most of the staff would not be coming to the school in the morning. She inquired the reason why and the cook replied,

"The workers want more money, child. They want the soldiers gone from their country. They want to be free to decide for themselves what kind of government they want to have."

That was a little bit much for poor Cynthia to absorb. The only thing she really understood was the bit about money. All the other girls told her she was so lucky to have a parent with lots and lots of money. Cynthia didn't think so at all. She never even saw any money at all. The school handled everything. She never even ever had a coin to buy a sweet in the market place.

On Sundays, they went to the church for services. Cynthia liked the church. She felt so safe inside. She was ready to have the priest hear her sins in the little side closet. He was a very old man. This was the closest she had been to a man since her Father visited last year. She told the old priest how sorry she was at committing her sins.

“Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. I have been touching my legs at nighttime so I can go to sleep.”

“Why, child, touching your legs is no sin. Where exactly did you touch?”

Cynthia pulled up her checkered uniform skirt and put her finger right on her pussy slit.

“Dear me, young lady, you have been knocking on the doorway to hell.”

She was a little frightened by that and quickly asked the man dressed in a long black robe why a place like hell would possibly want inside her little tinkle hole.

“The road to hell is a mysterious route, little one; it sometimes needs to be checked over for dangerous twists and turns. Come sit on my lap and I will inspect your road with my fingers and make sure it is safe to travel on.”

“Will my sin be taken care of if I get my road inspected?”

“Spread your legs wide and put your hands on my divining rod. When I inspected your road to hell, you must pull my divining rod hard to make your road nice and safe and free from sin.”

Cynthia grabbed hold of the old priest’s cock with both hands and commenced to jerk him off in a steady rhythm. She was not fooled by his silly story at all. She figured out the old man was just trying to get his hands on her pussy and get a bonus jerk off at the same time. It was all right with her because even an old man’s cock was better than no cock at all.

The fingers in her little cunt made Cynthia all squishy and anxious inside. She knew she wanted something more but was afraid to find out what it was.

“I don’t find any problems on your road, little lady, but you do have some very wet parts and your road is very narrow.”

Cynthia was humping her vagina on the old man’s hand as hard as she could and she was jerking him so fast that he started to spurt creamy stuff all over her school uniform. He gave her a handkerchief from his pocket to mop up the mess.

She smiled at the priest and watched him sniff her scent on his fingers.

“You are not a sinful girl. You are a very good girl. Keep doing your best to keep people happy and you will be happy yourself.”

Now go say 5 “Our Fathers” and 5 “Hail Mary’s” for your penance and remember to keep your skirt down when any boys are around.

Cynthia hurried back to the school. She did not want to be late and receive a correction from head mistress Felicia. Just as she jumped out to cross the heavily traveled road outside the church, a mini-cab came tumbling around the corner and knocked her back up on the walkway right into large container of yellow onions. She sat on top of the onions stunned into silence and semi-consciousness.

It was almost time for the market to close and for the vendors to go to their homes for evening dinner. The shopkeeper’s assistant was in a hurry and didn’t even look inside the onion container when he threw a cover over it. All the heavy items like that were inside a retractable metal fence to prevent loss from thievery. Cynthia muttered something that sounded like,

“Don’t spank me. I am a good little girl and I was in church.”

A light rain started to fall and the drops saturated the thin cover over the onions and dripped right down onto Cynthia’s face.

When Cynthia woke up, she was really confused. She knew she was a girl but she didn’t remember what a girl was. She knew she was in an onion barrel, but she didn’t know how she got there. She couldn’t remember her name and she had no idea where she was going, or for that matter, where she was coming from.

A noise was coming from the side of the small enclosure. There was a man trying to get into the small shop. She didn’t think it was the owner because he was using a crow bar to open the double locked door. The girl decided it was better to ask for help no matter where the help was coming from.

“Excuse me, sir, could you tell me where I am?”

The young man fell forward, dropping his tools, he was that taken by surprise. They sort of looked at each other for a long time. Then, the man asked her in a stern voice,

“Where the hell did you come from, Darling?”

“I am afraid I don’t know. I think I was in an accident and I don’t remember anything.”

The man had gone back to his work on the lock. This time he was successful and the door opened

wide. The stranger beckoned her to come with him and they slipped into the small store. She felt her heart beating fast. She didn't know if it was because the man was pressed up tightly against her back and her bottom or because she instinctively knew they were doing something wrong. Her fears were confirmed when she saw the man scoop cigarettes and candy from the shelves and into his deep pockets. He also seemed to know where the money was hidden under the cash register and not inside it as expected.

They heard a noise on the street outside and the man put his hand over her mouth and lay on top of her on the wooden floor. She could feel his heart beating even more rapidly than her own and the distinctive outline of a firm and very long cock pressed into the small of her back. She was so nervous; she jumped like a silly goose and pushed her bottom up against him. She had absolutely no idea why she did that except it seemed the appropriate thing to do in the circumstances.

The man stuffed dozens of items into her deep pockets and they tip-toed out the side door and into the dark alley that led to the river. She didn't know how she knew that, she just knew.

They arrived breathless at a black metal door less than 15 minutes later. The man knocked three times and paused and then knocked a single time in some type of coded entry. The door was opened by an older man with a severe limp and several days of beard growth on his sharp pointed chin.

"What have you got here, Nassam, me boy."

"I got us a new crew member, Mr. Viktor. She helped me on the job and kept her mouth shut real good."

The older member of the trio took in the young girl, her quality clothes and her blank look. He figured right away that they might have good uses for a pretty young European girl with a spirit of cooperation.

"You did well, Nassam, but she bunks with me. I don't want you to go spoiling your touch or lose your good luck. I will keep her bottom warm for you, don't you worry. Now, go tote up the haul and see you turn it all in. No keeping little presents on the side."

The girl was nervous sleeping in a bed with a man. She knew she really wanted to do it, but she didn't know why. It was all so strange. Viktor told her to strip to her knickers and get under the cover. She knew he was watching her, but it made her all warm inside and she enjoyed doing it in front of him. She could see Nassam watching from the next room and that made her feel good too.

Viktor's beard was scratching her back, but she did not want to complain. She could feel his strong

legs and his muscular arms wrapped around her like a rope that bound her tight.

“Oh, dear God!”

She could feel the long, hard shaft of Viktor’s cock pressing into her thin knickers. He was oozing a sticky fluid that made her bloomers wet. Viktor hooked his fingers in her knickers and pulled them down to half-mast. His cock was now pushing into her ass crack in a delicious and exciting way. Soon, the head of his cock was pressed up tight against her tight little pucker hole. She was certain Nassam could hear her panting and moaning like a street whore. She so wanted Nassam to think nicely about her, not that she was some kind of nasty girl that spread her legs for anyone.

Her belly was fluttering so nicely now. Her tight muscles had given way to Viktor’s huge cock and opened up her rear door a crack. That was all he needed to push all the way inside, deep up into her virgin rectum.

Viktor began to lose all sense of decorum. Cynthia’s tight rectal channel surrounded his plunging cock like a soft velvet glove. He mounted her from behind and drove her down hard into the mattress. Her moans changed to grunts. A deep throaty grunt each time Viktor bottomed out in her tight little ass.

Nassam heard it all from the next room. He lay on his stomach and wrapped his legs around his favorite pillow giving it his full length of cock each time he heard Cynthia grunt her loudest.

He had never heard Viktor’s bedsprings squeak so loud. The bed was slamming into the wall separating the two rooms in a beat that seemed to grow louder and bang harder as it neared the finish. He could hear Viktor shout out in Russian. He always did that when he was starting to cum. The strange girl was begging Viktor not for mercy, but for him not to stop. She was so hungry for his cock and she seemed so innocent, so very pure.

The girl went to sleep with Viktor’s cock still inside her. She was happy now. She was learning about men’s cocks and she could remember who she was. Cynthia had no desire to return to the school.

She was enjoying herself far too much out here in the real world.

(Continued in Part II)