

Cynthia in the Real World Part II

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She felt her pussy release a stream of pussy juice and she quivered like a bride on her first night.

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Cynthia was in very good spirits the next morning. Her bottom still stung a little bit, but she didn't really mind at all. Viktor had taken her ass cherry with his huge cock. She had enjoyed it after the initial shock of entry. She liked the way he hugged her tightly just as he was spraying her deep inside. Even now, she felt desirable; when he put his rough, calloused hand on her tender rear end.

Nassam was smiling a knowing smile at her. He smirked when she sat down gingerly on the wooden bench.

"Little English Missy make Viktor happy man last night?"

Cynthia's face reddened a little bit. She knew they were making a lot of noise and she hoped Nassam couldn't see her face last night when she was impaled so deeply by Viktor. She looked over her shoulder into the other room. Viktor was busy sorting papers and maps. Cynthia reached up and cupped Nassam's semi stiff cock and low hanging testicles in her hand. She had almost no experience in touching male sex equipment. Her legs were opening and closing in excitement and she continued to explore every part of Nassam's package. She kept an Eagle eye on Viktor because she knew he would upset at her fickle behavior.

"I have to be nice to Viktor. He is the boss. He will look out for me just like he looks out for you."

"Stroke me a little bit, pretty blond girl. I am ready to spill my seed. You make me feel nice with your little white hand. Good! Right there, you got my spot. Catch it in your hand. Don't let Viktor see my

cream.”

Nassam patted the top of Cynthia’s head. She neatly caught all the spunk in her palm and wiped her hand clean on the kitchen towel. Viktor came into the kitchen and did not suspect a thing.

“Nassam, bring Saroya in here. We have a nice job to plan together.”

Nassam fetched a small Indian girl into the room. She wore a number of bangles on her wrists and sported large hoop earrings under her flowing hair.

Viktor informed Cynthia that Saroya had worked for him ever since her 16 th birthday and she had learned many valuable lessons in the past three years. He told her that Saroya would teach her what she needed to know. First, she had to be prepared to blend into the background.

“Saroya, prepare a bath for Cynthia. Use the special nut juice to make our little British girl so close to you in skin tone that you will look like sisters.

Cynthia sat in the bath and watched in dismay as her skin changed from the usual pale shade to a shade more like nicely stained furniture. Saroya even pushed her head under water so the tint went deep into her ears and nostrils. Both Viktor and Nassam watched the entire operation with their cocks sticking out in obvious arousal.

She was not allowed to wipe dry. Instead, the three of them fanned her with towels to dry the nut juice on her now dark brown skin. Viktor told her to bend over so they could see if the juice had even covered the final spot of her tight little pucker hole. Saroya spread her wide and even inspected in the folds of her anus to make sure she was completely brown all over. Even her light colored hair was now a dark shade of brown. It was very similar to her skin tone.

Saroya dressed her in a sari and she put on the sandals that Viktor had purchased for her. Suddenly, there were two small Indian girls in the room, not just one.

Viktor told her she would now be called Jasmine and only to use local language she had learned at the academy. Never to use the English words that would give her identity away. He laughed loudly when he told her, “Little girls are meant to be seen and not heard.”

Cynthia did not think it was that funny. She really did not think it funny when Viktor gave her behind a hard spank.

“The boys will be giving you the hands in the market place. Do not take offense and do not even take

a notice. Just to ignore, you understand.”

Cynthia realized that as a British girl, she was treated with diffidence. Now, as a local girl, she would have to put up with the rough and tumble of female second class citizen status in a chaotic society.

Saroya showed her how to use the lip tint favored by a lot of the young girls. She also showed her how she must show proper respect to older males no matter how rude they acted toward her. She showed her the best way to place the sari in order to fan the flames of desire in any attentive male in her presence. Her first test was to be at the gentlemen’s drinking club this evening.

She and Saroya were sitting with 4 office workers drinking beer and laughing a lot. She noticed that the men were very free with their hands because they assumed both she and Saroya were club girls put there for their pleasure. She leaned forward over the table to serve two of the men with the sweetmeats provided for the customers. One of the young men slid his hand up under her knickers and pushed a finger into her damp slit. She was shocked but not entirely unresponsive. The man was obviously married and just having a good time with the boys. He spoke with an intelligent flair and made an attempt to be charming. His finger playing in her pretty little pussy was very crude and degrading for any young girl. Cynthia/Jasmine realized she was now not worthy of being held on any pedestal of normal womanhood. She was a joy girl meant to service the needs of unhappy husbands and sex-starved bachelors too busy to court a good girl. It made her feel a little dirty, but it was not a bad feeling. In fact, she was excited by the feeling, just like the excited feeling she had at the finger playing in her still virgin pussy.

One of the men was seriously drunk and had pushed Saroya’s sari down so far that her nipple was exposed to everyone at the table. He was flicking it with his ball-point pen in a silly game of trying to make her squeal at his teasing. One of the other men who saw Saroya used in such a shameful manner, decided to push up her sari in the back and started to pull her brown ass cheeks apart for a close inspection by one and all.

It was a natural progression for Cynthia/Jasmine to be treated in the same disgraceful way. She was pushed down on top of the table and one of the men spread her ass cheeks to allow the other to push his hard erection into her defenseless ass. She was still a little sore from Viktor but the man had the decency to spread a liberal coating of butter on his cock allowing it to slide in with very little effort.

Both Viktor and Nassam could see her dark brown bottom jumping up and down as the man pushed in and out of her tiny hole. Jasmine was so excited by the impalement that she pounded the tabletop with her clenched fist. She loved being made to take it like this. She was giving up her unworthy joy girl ass to the pleasure of a hard-working man in need of relaxation. When the young man began to spank her ass very hard with his hands, Jasmine had to release her juices visibly onto the glass

tabletop. All four of the men looked at her shame and laughed. They thought it was very funny.

Jasmine looked up and she saw Saroya's ankles up high around the older man's shoulders. His heavy thick cock was buried deep in Saroya's pussy. She was squealing like a little piggy that was lost in a strange place. Just then, the young man with his cock buried deep in her rectum loosed his flood of creamy cum deep inside her.

It was a lot different than with Viktor because this man was spanking her hard and calling her very dirty names. It made her feel dirty and she really loved it. It was what she always wanted.

The four party-goers departed in a drunken state of confusion. Both Saroya and Jasmine had hands full of rupees and Viktor and Nassam congratulated them on fooling the men completely. Viktor was really pleased that Jasmine was able to pass for a sexy local girl. It fit into his plan perfectly.

Their mark was to be a young widow with a reputed fortune in gold and jewels. Saroya was to distract the security guard with her feminine wiles and Nassam and Jasmine were to enter the balcony window of the young widow's bedroom. Nassam was to check all of the drawers and the closets as quietly as possible and Jasmine was to check under and around the bed of the widow. There was a good chance the woman would keep her fortune as close to her as possible. The only other change was Jasmine would have her hair cut very close to create the impression that she was a boy. Jasmine liked that very much. She liked being a boy even it was just make-believe. She even wrestled with Nassam before they left. She wrapped her legs and her arms around the slender boy and made him beg her to let him go. It felt so good when she had him helpless like that. She wondered what it would be like to have a thing like the boys do and to stick it into a girl. It would be so much fun to get on top of a girl and make her wiggle and bounce with a nice long boy thing.

Both Jasmine and Nassam could hear Saroya telling the security guard to turn the light off before she bent over for him. They saw the light go off and figured she had him distracted for at least the next 20 to 30 minutes. Nassam worked fast searching all the closets and the drawers. Jasmine was under the bed and searched in every little hiding place. Nassam found the hiding place just as he was ready to give up. He could hear the coins jingling inside the box. Silently, he moved to the window. He motioned Jasmine to follow him.

She slipped from under the bed and froze when a long dainty hand fell onto her face from above. The fingers were on her nose and even in her mouth. The widow lady tasted like sweet candy. Jasmine's heart was beating very fast. She was very frightened that she would be caught. The governor in this district was very strict with thieves. At the very least, she could expect a severe caning, perhaps, even several canings. They would be all delivered with bare bum in front of all the court officials and the injured parties. The fingers were stroking her face now. The hand traced the outline of her lips.

“Who is down there on my floor?”

Jasmine knew she was found out. Quickly, she rose beside the bed and viewed the frightened look on the young widow’s face.

“It is only poor Ali, memsahib. I was looking for trinket to bring to my poor sick mother.”

The proud British female looked indignantly at the insignificant little beggar boy thief. She would teach this little upstart a lesson.

“Stand up and turn around, little thief!”

“Bend over and touch your toes, you nasty little boy.”

Jasmine was a little frightened, but she followed the British gentlewoman’s instructions. It was almost like being back at the Girl’s Academy.

“Whack!”

Jasmine cried out her shock at the blow. This was no gentlewoman. This was a very strong and determined person in authority with a hand that made her tremble all over.

“Whack, Whack Whack!”

The blows were coming fast and furious now. Jasmine was crying now, she just couldn’t help it.

Jasmine told herself, “It is not I crying, it is that silly girl, Cynthia with her stupid stuck up ways. She is the weak one. Jasmine is too strong for that.”

The British woman pulled the supposed boy Ali’s trousers down. She rubbed the red spots. Cynthia/Jasmine/Ali suppressed her gasp of surprise at the Western woman’s liberties with a ragamuffin Indian boy caught in her bedroom.

She was even more surprised when the scantily clad widow pushed her head down between her legs and with a stern voice, instructed,

“Get your thieving tongue in there, you naughty boy. If you lick mama good, I will go easy on your punishment. Perhaps only ten strokes of the stiff cane to teach you manners. I will even administer

them myself right here in my bedroom. Start sucking up my juices, nasty little boy.”

Poor Ali, who had never done anything like this before, was astonished at the amount of liquid already leaking from the woman’s cunt. The English lady grabbed her ears and shoved her head in deep to her hairy cunt. The scent was strong and sultry. Cynthia felt her own juices starting to run inside of her boy disguise. Perhaps she will think it is pre-cum from my non-existent cock.

The Lady was using one hand to beat Ali’s ass cheeks while her other hand pushed his head deep into her steaming bush.

“If you are a good boy, I might let you mount me and give me a nice work out, you dirty little worm.”

The lady spun around and lay face down on the bed.

“Come on, boy, get up in the saddle. Stick me nice and hard and I will let you go.”

Cynthia/Jasmine/Ali jumped up behind the jutting ass cheeks. She pulled down the nighttime bloomers and rubbed her hand up and down the woman’s slit. The English lady groaned and shook her ass in a seductive dance of desire and raw lust.

Cynthia made her hand into a long staff with her middle three fingers placed side by side. She slid them in roughly into the pink vagina waving about like a moving target. Her other two fingers were poking quite rudely into the British woman’s bum.

The widow had never quite felt anything like this. It was marvelous. She felt her pussy release a stream of pussy juice and her little pucker hole quivered like a bride on her wedding night.

Cynthia pretended she was a rutting man and banged her whole body repeatedly into the poor widow’s posterior. The woman went into a swoon of an intensive orgasm. She had seldom experienced this with her sickly husband.

She lay on the bed in stupor and could only moan her pleasure.

“You can go, boy, you did very well. I will receive you if you are a mind to have a go at me for another round. You have made an old woman happy once again.”

Cynthia/Jasmine/Ali shimmied down the drain pipe and ran off into the dark with Nassam. It was possible to still hear Saroya making those telltale sounds of deep impalement in the kitchen. Apparently, the security guard was more heavily sexed than any of them had realized.

The booty was jangling nicely in Nassam's pockets.

Cynthia was a little sorry for the widow. She had enjoyed making the British woman happy even if she had thought her to be a simple Indian boy of no consequence.

(Continued in Part III)