

# Cynthia in the Real World Part III

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<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bisexual/cynthia-in-the-real-world-part-iii.aspx>

When Cynthia, Saroya and Nassam returned to the hideout, they were given an abundance of sweet meats and even some of Viktor's precious slivovitza brandy that he hoarded under the floorboard. He was jumping up and down in joy as he tallied the haul of coins and gems from the widow's bedroom.

Cynthia/Jasmine/Ali removed her boy's clothing and put on the female robes that identified her as Jasmine. She felt guilty at stealing from the widow, but she obviously had a lot of money and had used her little Ali boy for her nasty pleasure. Cynthia had quite enjoyed the encounter with the British lady and rubbed her sore bottom recently spanked with both hand and brush by the attractive young widow in her nightdress. Viktor told her the lady's name was Lady Fitzsimmons and that she was reputed to have a large estate in England.

Saroya showed her the gold coin the guard had given her for her generous treatment of his needy cock. She put it in her mouth and bit on it just like she saw Viktor do with the other gold coins. It tasted real funny and she was not sure why she had to bite it to see if it was real.

"You are so lucky, Saroya. We could hear you when we were leaving and it sounded like you were having a lot of fun. That guard must have had a nice cock."

"Oh, Jasmine. It was a delight. He had been mourning his dead wife for an entire year and was stuffed with creamy cum. It seemed like it would never stop flowing. When I ran away, I could feel it running down my legs like little rivers."

Saroya opened her sari and showed Cynthia her bush still dripping with white globs of cum from the guard.

“Lick me clean, little English girl. Your Saroya wants to feel your sweet little tongue.”

Cynthia bent her head down to the sultry Indian girl's pussy and started to lick her pussy with her inquisitive little tongue. The scent of the attractive young girl made Cynthia rub her own slit with a furtive finger. Nassam peeked in the room and laughed at Cynthia's ass stuck up high in the air. She was unconsciously wiggling it from side to side as she pushed her tongue deep inside Saroya's pussy. Viktor had left to deposit the loot in his secret hiding place. He was a man who didn't trust anyone.

Nassam approached Cynthia from the rear and calmed her rotating ass with his small hands. She moaned at his touch. Her pussy started to fill up with juices in expectation of his hard cock filling her slit.

Saroya looked into Nassam's eyes and nodded her head in encouragement. Nassam rubbed his fingers up and down Cynthia's pussy and slid two fingers inside to check for wetness. He pulled his fingers out with a little wet pop. His fingers were dripping wet. Needing no further invitation, the slender Indian boy addressed Cynthia's beautiful posterior and shoved the entire length of his rampant tool up deep inside her dripping pussy.

Cynthia/Jasmine/Ali was transported into paradise.

She loved the feel of Nassam's lovely cock inside her. She had wanted it from the first time he held her in his arms when she escaped from the Girl's Academy. When she first felt the outline of his beautiful cock, she wanted it inside her. With Viktor she felt like a dirty little girl and that was nice. With the men in the bar, she was a slut called Jasmine and wanted only to please any man that desired her body. With the widow, she loved how she could control the proud British lady with her boyish body in her disguise as Ali. The fact that the fine lady had found pleasure in her boyish demands made her pussy flow like the river behind the Girl's Academy.

This was different.

She could feel Nassam's hands holding her steady for his measured thrusts. She wanted to look back at the handsome youth, but her head and mouth was buried in Saroya's sweet pussy. Cynthia wanted very much to please Saroya as well.

It was truly the best of both worlds.

Saroya looked intently at Nassam's eager cock gobbling up little Cynthia's pussy. She could feel her orgasm approaching quickly. With her eyes feasting on Nassam's busy cock, she grabbed hold of Cynthia's ears and pulled the little English girl hard into her gaping pussy.

The sounds of Saroya's convulsing orgasm was music to the ears of Cynthia. She was so happy she was able to bring pleasure to the pretty Indian girl. Saroya pulled Cynthia's head up to her nipples and instructed her to suck them with her pretty little mouth.

Nassam never missed a beat.

He steadily pounded Cynthia's ass cheeks with his slender brown body. He enjoyed looking at her brown skin shade now and remembered how white she was before they applied the nut juice in her bath. It was so strange to be impaling a brown skinned Indian girl who he knew was really a lily white little English girl. Nassam found that the thought of her cheeks being white made his cock tingle even harder and that he was fast losing control of his rising tide of creamy cum.

Saroya gazed into Nassam's face. She saw the lust and the wild abandon men often experience just before they shoot their load. She grabbed Cynthia's head and pulled her face up so she could look in her eyes when Nassam's hot load of cum splashed deep inside her vagina.

Nassam yelled in a very high-pitched voice. It sounded almost feminine in its tone. Saroya saw him stiffen as his creamy cum shot through his shaft into Cynthia's pussy. Saroya could see Cynthia's eyes soften as the cum splashed deep inside her core. Saroya leaned down and kissed Cynthia's lips with a tender loving touch of sheer magic. Cynthia shivered with emotion. The splash of Nassam's cum inside and the touch of Saroya's lips on her own made her float in a happy little spell of sexual actualization. She was suspended in a little cocoon of immobilized satisfaction that made her glow with an aura of sensuous promise.

The three of them jumped to attention when the front door slammed shut.

It was Viktor back with food for dinner. He told them they all did a great job and that they would all get extra portions tonight. They all had a good time eating the spicy restaurant food and then Viktor told Cynthia to get into the bedroom. She held back a smile. Viktor was so predictable. No sooner was his belly filled, than he wanted to get a piece of ass for dessert.

Saroya and Nassam smiled at each other in the outer room as Cynthia's moans filled the little house with sensual sounds. They both knew Viktor was buried deep in the little English girl's rectum forcing her to moan in such a dirty manner. Saroya had grabbed hold of Nassam's cock when they both

heard Cynthia little yelp of protest when Viktor's cock pushed through her sphincter muscles. Nassam held on to Saroya's shoulders as she continued to jerk him to a very creamy spurt of cum that landed right on her face. She licked her face clean and they both heard Viktor shout out his final victory as he drove his load in forceful spurts up deep inside Cynthia's pretty little ass.

The next morning Viktor told them they would be working on the park grounds near the Polo field. He gave them each a packet of counterfeit gold chains and Indian style charms with little pieces of glass that sparkled like real gems. Viktor told them they were to look for English memsahibs and Western dressed persons who would be gullible and likely to have some coins to cast their way for the phony baubles.

Cynthia was dressed in her Jasmine clothes because Viktor believed a young female would have an advantage in getting the marks to part with their money. Nassam would try his best also but he would be responsible to keep his eagle eye out for the security men and the police in plain clothes that always mingled with the foreigners to keep them out of difficulties.

The park was very crowded today. The street vendors were doing a brisk business and there were such colorful streams of people gawking at some of the entertainers enticing watchers ever closer to their lure of the strange and unknown.

Cynthia, now Jasmine, keep her distance from a dirty looking snake charmer fully aware that the snake in his basket was a dangerous spitting cobra. In Jasmine's clinging garb, she weaved her way through the crowds of people. She made a sale here and there with little effort other than a plaintive voice and a furtive look to convince the marks they were getting a great deal.

She came up behind a finely dressed young Western woman in a lounge seat and a beautiful sky blue umbrella. Jasmine could see the shapely form of the woman's ankle and her well-manicured hand playing with an iced glass of sweet tea. There was something faintly familiar with this upper-class female that jingled a bell in Jasmine's brain, but she was too intent on making a sale to halt her quick approach.

Cynthia/Jasmine went right into her pitch to convert the counterfeit medallion into a few hard cash coins before she even looked up into the face of the haughty British woman. When she did look up she struggled to conceal her surprise to be looking right into the eyes of Lady Fitzsimmons. She turned sideways to hide her identity from the attractive widow who only last night had moaned out her pleasure under the weight of Cynthia's body and searching fingers in her role as Ali, the nasty Indian boy night thief.

Her Jasmine disguise was working perfectly. The fine lady barely gave her a glance and waved her

away with a bored look on her beautiful face. Cynthia smiled her most engaging smile and moved her body in the most seductive manner she could summon.

It was all to no avail.

It was painfully obvious that the widow was not interested in Cynthia/Jasmine at all. Cynthia sat on her haunches at the feet of the finely featured British lady and tried to accept the fact that this female was only interested in the nasty cock of Ali the dirty little thief in the night. This fine lady wanted a young boy to be spanked and caned until he performed his duties in pleasuring her in the darkness.

She wanted to run right home and change into her Ali costume so that she might be able to hold the hand of the widow and rub it on her skin. She knew that as Ali she would be allowed to mount the widow and pound her into her orgasmic release. She would be allowed to lick and suck the widow's beautiful pussy and inhale her sensuous scent once again. Even now she could smell the clean but exotic aroma she exuded like cloying strands of a Venus flytrap. Cynthia wanted to show this proud and haughty woman the pleasure she would receive under the hands of Ali the slender little thief with the bottom that welcomed her heavy handed spanks and a mysterious cock that made her weak in her knees and caused her pussy juices to flow like a river.

Lady Fitzsimmons took note of the pretty little girl at her feet and decided she would test her resolve to serve her.

"Come into the tent, little muffin. I will need you to help me."

Cynthia followed the great lady into the sun-shielding tent and watched her sit down on a comfortable padded bench with a nice foot rest for her feet.

"Get down on this foot rest, you dirty urchin! Now take off my shoes and kiss my feet, little slut."

Cynthia's heart was beating fast now. Her Madonna was controlling her in a manner she enjoyed above all others. She raised the long white feet with the succulent toes to her lips and carefully sucked and licked them all over. She planted little baby kisses on the beautiful lady's feet and ankles. She started to move up the widow's inner leg with her head and mouth and was pleased to see her open her legs a bit for her entrance. The heady scent of the sex-deprived widow's pussy hit her full in her face and made her nervous with anticipation.

When she reached Lady Fitzsimmons knees, the attractive woman grabbed her hair with both hands and pulled her all the way up to her wet and leaking pussy slit. Cynthia was so happy. She was back in paradise again. Her brown nut-dyed head was bobbing up and down between the widow's pale

white legs and her little red tongue worked furiously to bring the English lady to her desired orgasm.

Lady Fitzsimmons shrill yelps of release were accompanied with her delicate hands beating down on Cynthia/Jasmine's shoulders and head like she was trying to kill a snake that had found its way into her garden.

Cynthia licked up all the juices the fine lady had given to her mouth and face. The taste was like a fine wine to her sensitive taste buds. She had been frigging herself the entire time covertly and her own pussy was seeping creamy liquid into her hidden knickers.

"That was not unpleasant, little slut-girl. You may come to me tonight at this address. Come alone and see the security guard in the kitchen. Do not try to steal anything from me. I can be very harsh with my punishment. Do you understand?"

"Yes, O kind and generous memsahib. I will be your faithful servant."

Cynthia kissed the hand of the British lady. The woman pulled her hand back in some confusion. She looked around to make sure no one was observing her interchange with the little brown Indian girl.

After all, she had a reputation to protect.

(This concludes the original story of Cynthia in the Real World. The second story will be called The Further Adventures of Cynthia in the Real World.)