

# Who'd believe it pt 5, The conclusion

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*The Doctor comes to terms with her reluctant need.*

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For those of you not familiar with Who'd believe it, and parts 2, 3, & 4, here is a brief summary. Those already in the know scroll to the asterisk line.

Liz was 45 when it began, just before turning 46. She is a Doctor, a G.P. Tall, slim, 34 B with shoulder length blond hair, pretty face and great smile, she attracts compliments, but go what she considers too far and she asks for it to stop and makes notes of patients who say such things, and has had more than one moved to a colleague for such behavior.

Married, two step kids both at college after earning for a few years, she lives with them when they are home, along with her husband Paul. Much older, he is retired.

When building work began at the surgery Liz found herself attracted to a 21 year old builder, Luke and disliked the way she looked at him. When asked about work to Paul's shed, the Boss sent Luke. Once he had taken Liz over her kitchen sink she was hooked, convinced his cock was made to fit her, as it did to perfection. Even a demand that she service his two friends, the 17 and 18 year old Ben and Sam, was not enough for her to fight her addiction.

Paul was forced to accept and later understand his wife's addiction, as Luke had film they would not like publicized. There was even a weekend away, where Liz was introduced to dogging over two nights, with some film of that, minus head shots, appearing on the web.

At a party at Luke's Father's, she not only was taken by the Father, but six other new cocks as well. By now she had experienced anal, deep throat, a woman giving her oral and swallowing cum, and Luke had informed every one he set her up with that it was Liz who preferred her sex bare back. That was not true. To begin with.

And she wished every time that she could stop herself from letting Luke make her do it. Even when once he didn't!

Four weeks after the party.

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Four weeks after the party, and Liz had seen Luke and the boys four times. Brothers Sam and Ben had both had birthdays and were now 19 and 18 respectively. It could have been five times but Luke had a job that had included him in digs some distance away, and with company. So they pulled where they were.

This Friday Liz was to attend a presentation on the government's new plans for the N.H.S. She would be attending with a colleague who had volunteered because he had family near the venue, and Liz was happy to stay at the hotel the practice was paying for, and to be collected next day by her co worker. In her case, Liz went because she had drawn the short straw. She knew full well that if she told Luke he would want to be there, but that was asking for trouble, and Luke may well have agreed enough to let it go, this time. Why risk spoiling things.

On the Friday of the presentation, Liz and colleague left in the hire car for the two hour forty minute drive, and arrived in time for the meal before the main event. Liz decided that wine with dinner was a good idea as this was going to be a trying evening, her driver had just the one glass from the bottle as he would drive to his family later.

Liz was not a fan of politicians any way, and liked them less after the N.H.S. Team had done their thing. Her friend had a quick tonic water with her as they briefly discussed the government's latest way of making their lives harder, and left for his visit. It was late, but not late enough for her to sleep, and so she went to the residents only bar, and by using the fact that some medical practitioners had not removed their badge from the presentation found a table away from the ones that had remained. Enough of that for now, she decided.

There was a short busy spell where people popped in for a night cap, and the bar quieted. Liz was still sharing her table however, with a pair of sales men who had decided to try their luck. Even in her black trousers and light weight, pink, knitted, long sleeve top, as Liz walked to the bar, a number of men suddenly had words like, lithe, supple, shapely and sexy running through their minds. Among others.

Liz thought the guy with the mustache, Lewis, was at least polite, to a point, as both men were trying to find a way to chat her up that she did not block. She changed subject or feigned ignorance as she felt the need. The clean shaved chap was a little more direct, although he let his friend do most of the work. He seemed to possibly have had enough to drink or was just a rougher character. Some where in the back of her mind though, Liz had the thought that if Luke were here, she would very soon if not already, be letting these two men fuck her. Her mixed and contrasting thoughts on that subject

distracted her a little from the conversation as it flowed.

Hearing this woman say she was a Doctor meant they probably had more of a challenge on their hands, surely that meant respectability, and better morals than their own.

The shaved sales man, Roger, had less patience than his friend, and had on occasion ruined what look like a conquest. He tried to leave his mate to do it all, but felt that sometimes made him look like baggage. He was smartly dressed, dark gray suit and tie, tidy if longish black hair, fair face and aged 24 he had only a small paunch. It was his mouth that let him down. Tonight though, he had just the right words.

Getting tired and deciding there was no hope of getting his cock inside this tasty blond milf, he went for a line that was likely to fail with so very many women

When it seemed that it was time for all or nothing, and being 95 percent sure of the answer, he asked Liz;

"Would you mind if my mate and me take you to my room and fuck you?"

While the mate he referred to was thinking bad thoughts about him, they were both awe struck when in a voice quieter than before, almost a whisper, the polite and respectful looking blond object of their lust answered;

*"No, I don't mind!"*

"Could you say that again, please?" asked the blue suited man with the tash.

*"No, I don't mind!"* the woman said again.

"Um, well great, shall we go then?" responded Lewis.

Liz stood, then trailed Roger as he led the way, Lewis following with his eyes on her rear, and thinking hard about just what words had been used to close the deal. As a sales man the 30 year old had learned to read people and he knew there was something he needed to work out here. He was aware he did not always have success with women, his face was not the best, he had a 5 o'clock shadow by 11 in the morning, and his dirty blond colored hair was never neat for long, but he could charm them a bit, and in his suit could pass for human androgynous on a good day.

Liz knew what she had done. What she did not know was at what point she had chained the Doctor in

her away inside the box in the corner of her mind. Luke could not be involved this time, unaware as he was of her being there. But surely, since he had initiated the affair, if that was the right word, it must be his fault.

She had wanted to stop him as he took her that first time over her kitchen sink, even as she tried to think her way through it he had reached her lightly haired mound and caught her out. She gave no invite, changing into rarely worn and only at home shortshad been because it was warm, same for the top. At any rate that was not an invitation to sex. And then tonight she had not been asked the right question. If the stranger had asked her if she wanted to go to his room and fuck them she would have said no. But that was not the question and her explanation made perfect sense to Liz.

As they left the bar under the eyes of the smiling barman, they passed the toilet area which gave Lewis an idea to test his theory. He was certain they would still be fucking the arse off this bint whatever the result of his test.

"Do you want us to get condoms?" he asked from close to her ear, knowing he at least already had some.

"Yes." Liz replied in a normal tone.

"Do you mind if we don't bother with condoms at all?" he followed up.

"*No, I don't mind.*" responded the result of Luke's handiwork.

Lewis was right with his theory, Oh if only Roger knew how on this one occasion he had saved the day. His young apprentice had got something right, and would reap the rewards shortly. He followed the shapely back side into the lift and hatched another idea.

Liz was now in a submissive pattern and even the younger of the two men she was going to let fuck her sensed a change, and was careful not to rock the love boat. His hand holding the back of her right thigh, high enough for him to also be touching one well rounded cheek, proved they were in the groove, and would soon be in hers.

Roger was a bit surprised when he noticed Lewis take out his phone and call some one. Of course, Neville. Same firm, but in accounts and still part of the team, had gone to his room to sort paper work while he still had certain things to mind. Not a drinker the 28 year old chubby and prematurely balding hard worker knew he was not going to help his mates pull, and so would wait for such scraps as he could get. He had a small chip on his shoulder as a result of his poor looks but he blamed women for being a bit too choosy, and tended to be unkind when he thought the females he managed to get to

shag were not going to run away. He tended therefore to get not only scraps, but the rougher ones at that. His phone rang as he was about to brush his teeth.

Lewis had the words ready, ten years plus selling to educated customers had helped him learn to communicate in others peoples language, even if that was just a private version of English. Phone still in hand he spoke to Liz.

"You don't mind if we get our friend Neville to come and have a turnup you as well do you?" He asked, enjoying the crudeway he had realized he could say it but without swearing.

*"No, I don't mind."*

Roger finally understood, even if he could not have explained it to some one else. If he came up with any ideas he decided, he would put them to this unusual little slapper through Lewis.

Liz heard the phone call, a part of her mind thought how lucky Lewis was to get a signal in the lift, she doubted she would.

"Nev, yes I know...well that means you we're not in it then, no listen!" Lewis urged his friend. "No look, sure thing. Roger's room, 612, that is six one two" he informed a rapidly preparing Neville in a quieter voice as they left the lift, "the door will be on the latch! Get in, get naked and get shagging. She doesn't mind you going bare back either!" And he hung up.

If only that was not the truth, thought another part of her mind.

During the walk to the room Roger went ahead to open the door leaving Lewis to grab Liz's left bum cheek and walk with her. He felt the leg of her briefs through her trousers and thought it another odd thing about this apparently easy to shag woman. Surely if she had set out to be...

The final piece was in place. Lewis now believed he had all the form on this hot babe, and he arrived at the open door with a grin like a wolf spying a doe with a limp.

"No pictures of my face, none!" Liz said as if from the blue as she crossed the threshold. They understood, no problem, so long as they got their hands on the rest.

Liz was standing by the far side of the bed from the door where Roger already had his hand rubbing her crotch. Once Lewis had set the awkward door he turned to see Roger already lifting the pink top from her waist and the nice Lady Doctor was helpfully raising her arms. The pale pink lacy bra was surprisingly functional rather than decorative, but there was not much gravitational effect when the

luscious mounds it contained were released and bared by their owner. Lewis was undressing as he crossed the room, stopping at boxers and socks, both red, the boxers with a small dark patch.

Liz was aware that she did not mind the mustachioed man making himself known to her chest, nor his friend undoing her trousers and then sliding them down along with her pale pink briefs. There was some fumbling around her feet as her boots had a zip on the instep in need of undoing, hidden among the clothing now in the way. It left the other attendee time to spread his work to her wet labia and the small nub, now on high alert just above. Two longish fingers were even now spreading her willing lips and seeking entrance to what was once a secret place. She sighed as a small piece of excitement caught her.

"Fuck me she's ready already," noted Roger as he finally helped the feet escape from the clothing entrapping them. "Best we get up her mate!"

And as Roger started to undress Lewis lay her on the single bed, her head just below the pillows, she wondered why men left their socks on during sex. He admired the smooth skin and shapely body as the pale flesh contrasted with the deep blue cover. Both men knew that when not using the woman's own bed it was best to be on the covers not under, or else sleep in a wet spot. Lewis spread Liz's willing legs and knelt to lick and suck, hearing her second sigh and tasting her light sweet discharge.

Some where inside the blond haired head of the coming woman was the thought that things seemed to be on track. Three cocks as with her young regular since Neville arrived, none of these known to her until now, and she did not mind that they were about to fuck her however they liked and no one was likely to use a condom. Every thing appeared to be correct, so she could engage auto pilot, sit back and enjoy the show. Any way they wanted.

Liz had hardly seen her two new lovers after entering the room, she was discovering a new sensation as her sensitive button was tickled by a firm haired brush like facial feature, and her almost unattached wondering mind allowed it some credit for the start of a stronger orgasm, just being born now. It was as her mound was left unattended and Lewis began to kiss his way up her body that she noticed his hirsuteness. She had never liked very hairy chests, and this one was not only that, the hair was coarse and rough, like coconut matting. It scraped her skin as he kept his torso against her. She shuddered in dislike of the sensation and as the salesman's blood filled helmet prised her open and entered, slowly, the shudder turned into one of orgasm as she realized she was allowing a body she disliked the very feel of to fuck her, in a hotel, an hour after she met the man. Every thing in place.

"Kin hell mate, three times and she only just got some meat in her. You're a cock loving piece of cunt Liz, I'll say that for you!"

The Liz he referred to was at that point remembering to keep the noise down as these two would not know to do so. Her customary wail was muted by her subconscious so as not to attract undue attention, so what came out, going from a low to a higher pitch, was;

"nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn" before her voice went silent as her come reached its zenith, and she opened her mouth in her normal silent scream.

As her orgasm had begun her tormentor was sliding his hands under her back to grasp her shoulders, to pull against as he buried his head beside hers and rutted as quickly as he could, succeeding in giving her climax its maximum run. Her body shook as her unseeing eyes and quiet mouth were wide open.

Roger waited until his friend slowed down the pace, and was about to speak when the door opened and Neville entered, shambling. He had trousers and an open necked shirt to remove, but took his time as he watched the tableau before him.

When Liz looked as if she was back to Earth, Roger spoke, "Don't mind if I get my cock in the beautiful mouth do you any one?"

Lewis supposed not, and withdrew to turn Liz onto her hands and knees, but the woman on the bed began to move herself as he rose. She reached up to grab both pillows and twisted her head away from the door, moving still on her back to her left. Stuffing the pillows under her buttocks she hung her head off the side of the mattress which was deep enough to support her neck as the back of her head reached toward the divan. In this position her mouth fell open. The bed was too wide for her sex to be off the edge, but the pillows allowed Lewis to kneel, amazed, between her open legs and reenter her warm, wet and welcoming tunnel. He rested her calf's on his shoulders and plowed away.

Roger was also a bit surprised but was not going to look a gift horse in the mouth, well whatever. He slid his cock carefully into the white enamel edged maw, and delighted as his whole throbbing muscle was engulfed in the inviting mouth. And when he had his sweaty sack against her face he was delighted.

Liz the Doctor could have told them that just three inches can make someone gag. A wooden tongue depressor must be used carefully. Knowing this in her present incarnation was just information crossover, but the auto pilot made use of the knowledge and shut off the gag reflex once her head was upside down toward the floor. The first half at least of this stranger's rod was in her throat and she did not mind.

Lewis said to Neville, "Pass my phone, jacket pocket, Ta?"

Both he and the over weight newcomer took pictures and film as Liz's face was out of view, her dancing tits were well covered, as was her penetrated cunt and the underside of her mouth, the latter two with quite obvious amounts of cock, both entrances being covered with pubic hair, not her own, to show how much she took at both ends. Filming over, Lewis got down to brass tacks.

Liz heard the phone camera noises and was relieved they did it now, no face! As the pummeling of her pussy began anew she was aware she would come again soon. The unpleasant scraping of her skin with wiry hair was unfortunately gone, but the thrusting was better, deeper, and some one was now playing with her breasts. for a few minutes this, along with the cock probing her gullet, was the status quo.

Lewis knew he was ready to shoot his cum into the slut, and thought she was near cumming too, he was not worried about her, no need really, she did not seem to go short of a come or two. He sped up a little as he re angled and suddenly felt the electric shock as his cock let loose a small flood of his sperm into the blond, and he just about noticed that she started to cum as his sperm hit home.

Liz felt the change of angle in her sex and the sperm wash the walls inside her, and it set her off. A long gasp like sound escaped her throat over the meat she was swallowing, her body stiffened and shook, and her juices flooded. Her nipples hurt as a hand still played gently with them both, and all was well. Another addition to the list of men she had allowed to fuck her like a cheap whore, no, worse, a whore was a paid worker. Liz just let them fuck her, because she did not mind.

"I want some cunt, have her mouth Nev, she can take you my son!" Said Roger as he cleared the way for his mate to find out the truth of it.

Liz heard the words and looked, upside down at the chubby balding man, 18 years younger than her, and saw what the next man who would fuck her meant. Neville had been compensated for his looks even if he did not know it. In her admittedly short time as a slut Liz had not taken anything very much bigger than Neville's cock into her body. It was wide at the base, thin at the head, ugly and veined, and it looked as if it had been attached by the thick end as an after thought. It was ugly.

"Go on Nev, stick it down her throat." and bending down toward Liz's face added, "You don't mind do you Liz!"

She shook her head, almost as if displaying her blond hair.

From above Lewis filmed the whole length as it slid into Liz. Neville could feel her wet tongue lay on top of it as he slowly slid it all in until the dense hair around it's base was scrunched into her thin lips. Not a sound from the 46 year old sword swallower. He nodded to Roger and the latter then pushed

his groin forward, and the head of his cock that was resting on her labia also slid all the way in. He began to thrust quickly.

Liz was on that plateau where she was not cumming but almost came. There were three total strangers fucking whatever they liked of her body so all she need do was relax and in complete personal shame, enjoy. She did not know how long it was before her next intake of amans cum, but she was aware as her slut hole was again filledwithit.

Roger was drained of cum. He had nothad such an empty feeling in his sack before, and took up his own phone to take a short film of Liz's chin being brushed with pubic hair as her mouth handled cock, and then back to catch his sticky mess as it vacatedthe hole he placed it in. He and Lewis then watched as the amazing disappearing cock carried on plying her throat with meat.

Liz's body noted there was less to concentrate on, so, before her week mind remembered to gag, it sent the brain a message. Her righthand pushed gently against the scrotum in her face and edged the owner away. Lifting her head she rolled and came up on her knees, turning her rear to the foot of the bed andplaced her knees at the edge of the mattress. Just before she rested her head on her arms, raising her open pussy to full view, at her body's command she said;

"Fuck me!"

Neville was happy to. His knees hurt he realized as soon as he had moved back on them to free her mouth of his cock. He was soon rubbing the tip into Liz's cheating wet lips and as soon as he found thespot he was after, he gave a strong steady push and inserted the whole lot. No one, least of all Liz, made a comment as air was forced out of her making an unpleasant and wet noise,along with semen that dripped away from the hood of her nub.A couple of pictures were taken. A little ran on through her thinly spread hair and along her belly, she felt it andwas reminded of how bad her behavior was. Was she also cheating on her three young lovers as well as Paul? Did it work like that. Well if it didshe decided, she did not mind.

The pair of salesmen watched their well endowed friend hump away at the gorgeous rear end in the air, and got the stirrings of their next hard on. Both thought in their own way that this most unusual of Doctors was a special woman. Some woman would allow not much more than Neville was doing now, simply being fucked by what was a good sized weapon but not much else. It was ugly, only it's length made it welcome,certainly it's owner, man breasts and flabby belly under a balding head was notconducive to good relations. But this blond beauty didn't mind about all that, shetook him warts and all and had a good time.

Both Lewis and Roger ran out of room on their phones as they filmed Liz easily taking Neville's

wicked weapon.

Neville's crude litany was of no moment to Liz. She was being fucked and by a damn good sized cock, if not the best which was Luke's, and that saw to her womanly need. Those words were not in the world where they were wrong, they were on her cloud, her plateau of near orgasm, so she did not mind.

"Oh Jesus you filthy bitch, you fucking whore. You love being fucked you dirty cow, too much cock is not enough for you is it? You'd beg if you had to, you fucking slutty whore!"

Neville spoke quietly, Roger even wondered if he knew he did it. At least this woman was not bothered.

"You can't wait for my spunk you bitch, I know it. You want more spunk in your dirty cunt, more cum in your fanny. Well here it comes bitch, get ready!" And he shut up to use his breath toward more energy in his fucking of the dirty bitch whore.

Liz felt her hair grabbed as her user got more energetic, her head came up and she felt the twitch and swelling of the deeply penetrating cock that was about to flood her again, and she came. Hard.

"Ah, Ah, AH AH AH" Liz let out a series of short cries before quickly reaching the uppermost level of her climax, and stayed there for a timeless period. She missed the groan of Neville cumming but felt his seed hit home against her cervix and it kept her high. His cock kept going in and out even after he had shot his load and it was not until he stopped, as his glands got too sensitive to continue, that she finished her silent scream and could draw breath again. She remained head high and impaled until her hair was released and then dropped to the bed, cockless, and spread full length, gasping.

The three men were in awe, and in danger if the Doctor ever got wind that at least one of them thought he may be in love. Maybe.

Lewis was not so fast to recover as Roger, so Roger it was who went over to the bed and pulled the pillows alongside Liz's hips. He asked Neville to help him and they rolled Liz one way and then the other placing the pillows under her. For her part Liz was pliable to the point of nearly not responding. Her brain was still fuzzy from the hard orgasm and her body was lazy. She did however note when Roger knelt on the bed and with one hand steered his new erection into her cumleaking vagina, his knees on either side of her.

Liz was used to this much now, expected it even. As the 24 year old worked up to speed she adjusted her posture a little for comfort and best entry angle. Time was still little more than guess work, but she thought it was a longish fuck and was once more fully back in the game by the time whichever man

she was letting fuck her at the moment was ready to come again. Liz was not so ready but knew she would be for the undoubted fifth fuck that was to follow this one.

Roger was still enjoying things very much. He was working purely for himself now and found an angle and pace that gave him lots of pleasure while he slowly approached what he called 'the vinegar strokes'. When they arrived he had no need to change anything, just keep going until he was empty again.

Liz felt herself receiving again, she pushed back as he pushed in to make sure he gave everything and waited for him to soften and fall out. She stretched and looked to the others like a cat, stretching in the sun, at perfect peace.

Lewis was now ready to go again, he did not always manage a second wind anything like so soon but he was on for tonight. He wanted to take this hot woman in one of his favorite positions so he rolled her and sat her up. She looked used but satisfied, and still up for more if the sparkle in her eye was honest. He took her hands in his and pulled her to her feet, walking her to the set of drawers and bending her until she had her hands on the top leaving her at a rough ninety degree fold. He nudged her feet farther apart and lined up his rigid cock at her entrance.

Liz was glad to be standing again and walked willingly to the low drawers. The insertion of another length of cock was needed and it took only seconds for the two bodies to align. The motion of the cock and the rubbing of her clitoris had her quickly on track for another come. When Lewis moved in to play with her tits as they swung, he sped up the process, even though his body hair was scraping her soft bum cheeks and lower back.

Lewis was in the groove and could feel his spunk rising in his balls. The friction between his cock and her walls was still good and he thought she was building to something too. He sped up and approached the finish, standing straight now with his left hand holding her waist and his right pushing on her bum, holding her firm, grinning much like he did as he entered the room earlier.

Liz took the extra speed in her stride and thought of what the cock was soon going to give and the orgasm hit early, slightly off guard she went from a single small 'Ah' to the silent scream in one. Nowhere near like her last, it was still a good one that hit too fast to prepare for and she gasped for breath as she shuddered through it. Her coming set off Lewis and just as her orgasm started down she felt the cum leave him and enter her, just as it should do one more time after this.

Lewis had a satisfied smile on his face as he pulled out and sat on the bed. He felt the best sort of tired, and Roger, sat in the only chair, looked much the same. Liz arched her back as they looked on, shifted her feet and braced herself, shaking her legs to relax the muscles.

Neville had hardly ever managed a second and was delighted to manage one now. Surely the best looking woman he had ever fucked was in front of him now and wiggled her arse at him invitingly. He plunged ahead.

Taking the larger of the cocks all in one made Liz grunt as his ball sack slapped against her. Each further slap made a wet noise on the fluids around Liz's well fucked slot, and this excited Neville more, he related it to the slot of a well used whore who just wanted more, women were sluts. His string of insults was only a muttering this time, he was unfit and could not spare the wind for too much chat.

Liz minded this cock least of all tonight as it rammed into her, if it was as thick for the whole length as the base was it would be almost too much, she savored it's reach knowing that only made what she was doing worse. Loving these nights was so wrong.

Not much later and Liz was on the rise again. Grasping and crushing her left breast, she pushed back harder and clenched herself harder too, she wanted the cock to cum in her as soon after she came as she could make it, a neat finish.

She could feel it start to throb.

As the woman on the end of his cock started the 'nnnnn' noise of earlier, Neville knew this was all his doing, he had made this sexy woman cum on his cock and the other two were not in it. The bitch loved the cock and she would get what was coming to her. He began his final stretch feeling good.

Liz came better than last time, her hair was again used to raise her head as she reached the top, and she felt the spunk hit her deep inside as Neville fucked her to his own end. The continued thrusting after discharge helped to prolong the climax making her legs shake and nearly fold up on her. How could such an ugly physique do this to her body? Another complete stranger who had fucked her.

Liz had barely got her feet back on the ground when her pussy was vacated. She sucked in a deep breath, straightened and turned to half sit on the set of drawers facing the three men she had just let fuck her. Fluids drained from her puffed lips and ran to pool under her on the edge of the drawers as she got her breathing under control, and fought for the authority and the words.

"O.K. Enough, I'm done!" she said. "I need sleep as well you know." It was over.

There were compliments, some of them saying how badly she had acted, but compliments they were meant to be. She gathered her clothes and purse, said goodnight and retired to the en suite to clean and dress. She could hear them talk but not make out the words, but that was probably a good thing.

As she was washing, the other two had gone and Roger was in a bath robe when she came out. Roger said they must link up again but Liz told him she seldom traveled and did not plan meetings. She quickly said goodbye and left the room smartly.

She showered but saved her hair for the morning, needing to sleep, it was early morning and she had to vacate by ten. She slept naked and was undisturbed by thoughts until her alarm.

She shopped for a few clothes near the hotel after breakfast, and at eleven her colleague collected her as planned, and they talked Government plans and abused the politicians on the drive home. It was back to what had been the only side of her life just months before, and what had gone on the night before after the presentation was not a part of it.

None of what went on in the hotel room the night before should ever be brought up again!

Who'd believe it?

(This is where the story ends. If you enjoyed it and want the odd update on Liz's life in the future let me know in a comment, or a pm. But certainly for now, the poor girl needs a rest. Telltale.)