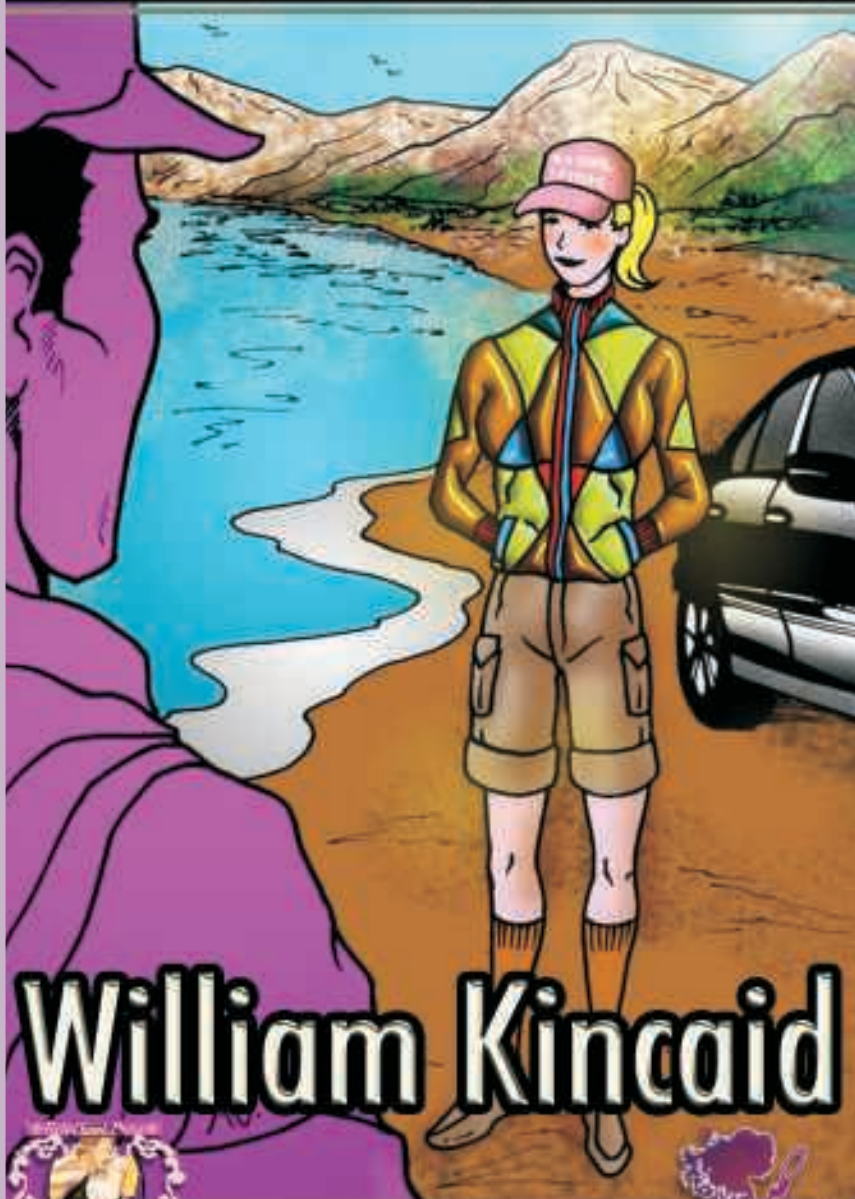


# Carolina Girls



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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# Carolina Girls

**By William Kincaid**

The BMW pulled off the highway and into the parking lot of a nondescript building next to a strip mall. The car halted in the darkened parking lot and an attractive blonde, 5'6", slender, wearing a peach dress and beige high-heeled sandals provocatively exited the passenger's side and confidently stood waiting for her companion. The driver, an olive-skinned brunette with dark brown eyes, even more attractive than the blonde and two inches taller, stepped out of the car wearing a little black dress and black pumps. She had none of her companion's confidence, and nervously looked around the lot, ready to duck back into the car at a moment's notice.

"Would you relax, we're all family here," Cindy, the blonde, smiled to Rachel. "You'll be fine, I promise."

Cindy then strutted to the building's entrance in her heels, with a natural sway while Rachel stumbled awkwardly next to her in her pumps.

Cindy smiled again, "Keep your head up and be confident. I know that you know how to walk in heels. You're a girl now and you look great."

"You mean it?"

"That's about the fourth time I've said it tonight. You have exceeded your quota, babe. Any more compliments need to come from your male admirers."

"I don't have any."

"You will," Cindy calmly assured her friend as she opened the door to the building. "You definitely will."

The nondescript and worn exterior belied the colorful and jubilant interior of Giovanni's. The door attendant, standing next to a bulletin board with numerous rainbow themed posters, smiled as the girls pulled their driver's licenses from their purses.

"You know how old I am, David," Cindy smiled. "Why do I have to keep showing this to you?"

"Because it's the law, girl."

David then attached a wrist band above the silver cuff on Cindy's right hand. The purple color signified too young to drink. David then attached a similar wrist band to Rachel, who meekly followed behind Cindy as she made her grand entrance to the bar. Cindy sat in a bar seat, then smoothly crossed her legs, highlighting her heels and smooth legs. Rachel attempted to do the same, but stumbled.

"You act like an old pro at this."

“At least I am good at something,” Cindy beamed. “You’ll be a natural in no time.”

“Sugar, How You Get So Fly?” belted from the DJ’s station on the dance floor while Cindy and Rachel relaxed at the bar. Cindy started to scan the clientele. Numerous students were chatting away at the bar, Southern, Duke, and State. Cindy grinned, “Just like I said, at least here we are all family.” In addition to the students, several older men in suits sat alone at booths or at the bar staring at the girls.

“Stepping out of their closet when they are away from home on business,” Cindy remarked as she glanced at the men, some already leering back. “We’ll keep those as our back-up.” Cindy then turned back to Rachel, who looked like hell.

Rachel’s nerves had overcome her and she had broken out in a sweat, her makeup glistened, and her mascara had run in streaks down her face. “I know some of these people,” she stammered. “We have to leave.”

“We just got here, girl, you can leave, but I’m stayin’.” Cindy then took a Kleenex from her purse and dabbed at her friend’s mascara trails.

“Let’s go to the bathroom and get you cleaned up.”

Cindy led Rachel to the men’s room and she hesitated at the entrance.

“I can’t go in there dressed like this.”

“It’s the rules, transsexuals get to use the ladies john. Lowly crossdressers like ourselves go with the dudes. Don’t worry, everybody is cool here.”

“I can’t.”

Cindy entered into the rest room, and scanned the toilets. The room was empty.

“The coast is clear, go in there and fix yourself up. I’ll keep anybody from entering.”

“You can do that?”

“I’m a blonde, I can basically get away with anything.”

Cindy positioned herself in the door with an exaggerated stance, arms crossed and legs spread. Three Duke students attempted to get past her to answer a call of nature.

“Sorry, occupied.”

“By who?”

“A friend. She has PMS. She will only be a minute. You know about girl things.”

“No, I don’t,” the student retorted. He tried to push his way past the blonde. Cindy repositioned herself to block his entry.

“Please, I’m asking you to hold it for two minutes.”

“That’s bullshit,” the student muttered as he walked away.

“Phew. That was close.”

Cindy maintained her vigil outside the men’s room for several more minutes until Rachel emerged, looking calmer. Cindy steered her to the perimeter of the crowd, where they would be less conspicuous. The men would come, they always did.

One of the businessmen at the bar attempted to make eye contact, and Cindy met his gaze, but turned away after a few seconds. "He will keep trying, and I want something younger and nicer if I can get it."

Rachel started to relax, and looked very natural posing in her heels. Cindy then pulled out her cosmetics mirror and touched up her lipstick. The ploy usually worked.

Sure enough, two Southern students came out of nowhere and confronted the girls.

"Hi, I'm Dave, and this is Larry."

"Nice to meet you," Cindy beamed as she daintily presented her hand. "I'm Cindy and this is my friend, Rachel."

"You two look incredibly hot. Do you go to school around here?"

"The school of NCAA probation."

"Same here, Dave laughed. "Can we buy you ladies a drink?"

"I'll just have a Coke," Cindy stated.

"Make it two," Rachel said as she shyly looked up into Larry's eyes.

The girls sipped at their Cokes as the boys slowly crowded their personal space. Cindy smiled her approval, bit her lip to encourage Dave, then looked lustfully into his eyes. Dave felt immediately aroused and started groping Cindy's ass while she purred like the blue-eyed sex kitten she had become.

Not to be outdone, Larry rubbed his hand firmly against Rachel's buttocks. She gasped in amazement, but then relaxed and let the student fondle her.

"It's my first time out in drag," Rachel declared.

"You look fantastic. You have got me turned on."

"Thanks."

"Thank you."

After an hour of exchanging pleasantries in which time Rachel grew more and more confident and relaxed, Cindy made her move. She stood as tall as she could in her heels, kissed Dave on the lips, and delicately held the back of his head.

"Would you like to go somewhere? We have a hotel room for the night. It's not far."

"Sounds great," Dave grinned.

At the hotel room Cindy announced, "We are going to change into something more comfortable. Could you guys go for a ten-minute walk?"

The girls then hurriedly removed their dresses and donned their lingerie, Cindy wearing a black merry widow with pink trim, black stockings and pumps, and matching fingerless gloves, while Rachel wore a hot pink baby doll nightie with Malibu pink mules. The girls were fine-tuning their lipstick and eye shadow when the sharp knock came at the door.

Rachel confidently strutted to the door in her mules and let the two admirers in.



“Holy shit, you look fucking hot,” Larry said as he embraced Rachel. The two engaged in a passionate kiss and explored each other’s bodies, Rachel feeling his insistent manhood through his khaki slacks. Concurrently, Dave and Cindy sucked at each other’s tongues until Dave started probing the crack of Cindy’s ass.

“I think it’s time,” she cooed, retrieving a large bottle of lubricant from the bathroom.

“Rachel’s a virgin, you are going to need to prep her a lot there, Ace,” she stated to Larry, casually tossing him the bottle. “Use your fingers in her until she relaxes and loosens up.”

“And you?” Dave asked.

“Just lubricate yourself and ride me, cowboy.”

Cindy positioned herself on all fours and looked over her shoulder, silently urging Dave forward. She felt the familiar probing between her cheeks, the shock of penetration, and the wonderful cock inside her. The coy, confident girl gave way to her unbridled passion, letting forth a joyful high pitched screaming that was soon mixed with lustful moans emanating from Rachel. In a moment’s lucidity, Cindy hoped the room on the other side of the wall was unoccupied, or else the guests would not be sleeping tonight.

Cindy St. Cyr spent most of her time as Tim Standish, a shy but serious student at Southern University-Castle Craggs. Since age eleven, however, a female identity lurked just beneath Tim’s exterior. Throughout his adolescence, he had tried to fight it, but combating it was like fighting a tar baby. He was literally fighting himself. Tim never developed much self-esteem. He knew there was something seriously

wrong with him because of his inner desire to act like a girl but never could find the cure. Nevertheless, he was a nice guy, and was heavily involved in volunteer work at the church his parents attended or with the Save the Outer Banks organization. He loved to fish in the surf of the Outer Banks and on the piers where the casual observer would never know that the person fishing next to them was really a girl inside.

Tim had few friends, and none of them very close, until he attended a meeting of the campus LGBT organization in his freshman year at college. He confessed to the attendees and the faculty advisors that he was transgendered and felt the weight of the world lift from his shoulders. The people were non-judgmental; instead they were supportive and affirming. Even better, a senior took Tim under his wing and taught him the finer nuances of being female, from fashion and makeup to sex with men in the girl's role. Tim thrilled at the tutelage, and Cindy finally took on a life of her own on weekend nights. On those evenings Tim/Cindy felt whole for the first time in his/her life.

The experiences as Cindy gave Tim a vast new sense of self and belonging and an incredible insight into human nature. The world beat a path to Cindy St. Cyr's door and to her ass. She learned much, including a healthy disrespect for many of her male admirers, and in a short time had gained knowledge and insight far beyond her young age.

Early in his sophomore year, Tim met Marc Steinman, a cocky frat boy who had just experienced a break-up with his girlfriend. The shock of the break-up propelled Marc to finally confront his transgendered nature. He attended an LGBT meeting and Tim offered to take him under his wing in the

same manner that the senior had done for him the prior year.

After Rachel lost her cherry at Giovanni's, the local gay bar and restaurant, Tim/Cindy and Marc/Rachel became fast friends. They moved in together in a room at the gender-neutral dorm in the spring semester where they could prepare for the weekend in the security of their own place. The two friends also signed up for the rhythm and dance class as their physical fitness elective to work on their feminine moves for the dance floor.

During the week, the two were serious students but on the weekend nights they went wild. That spring the two left Tim and Marc behind and, as Cindy and Rachel, drove to spring break in Key West. The girls were a huge hit in swimsuits and beach skirts or summer dresses and heels and a man a day fell in love with each of them, thrilling to their sweet but sultry natures. Never in their lives had the girls had such a wonderful time and they carried their woman's tan lines back to campus as temporary souvenirs.

Marc and Tim decided to keep their forward momentum going by applying to law school together. In addition to their daily feminine voice lessons, they would prep each other with the LSAT and continually revised their application packages until they were both admitted to the Southern University School of Law. They could stay in Castle Crags together for three more years.

Marc's parents were especially pleased. His father was a partner at Archer, Arter, Beckerman and Steinman, an elite law firm in Washington D.C. that catered to the rich and powerful. Soon enough Mr.

Steinman should proudly say his son was an attorney at a blue chip firm. Of course, he had no idea that Marc was really Rachel.

Tiffany Miller hated gays. Well, technically, she was too warmhearted and kind a person to really hate anybody, but her God hated gays, and she was definitely with the program. An attractive brunette with soft brown eyes, she had no clue of her undeveloped inner or outer beauty. Tiffany attended a fundamentalist college in the Appalachians and would regularly picket corporations with gay- or trans-friendly policies or the U.S. District Courts in Virginia and North Carolina, rather than going to Florida for spring break. She spewed the same vitriol as her friends and her fiancé, a young man deeply touched by the Holy Spirit, as that was what was expected of her.

Tiffany didn't know any gay or trans people to work up a good personal hate, but she gathered they were promiscuous degenerates who spread diseases and liked to have sex with animals. She was, however, exceptionally ignorant about actual sex. Tiffany had successfully kept an abstinence pledge throughout high school, and only recently engaged in awkward mating with her fiancé.

In Tiffany's senior year, a close friend, Matthew, came out to her as gay over dinner in the cafeteria. He was clearly distressed and Tiffany wanted to help him so she told one of the school's pastors of Matthew's confession in order to cleanse his sinful nature. Two days later Matthew committed suicide by jumping off a bridge. Tiffany was devastated over his death, but the worst was to follow. The pastor publicly revealed that Matthew was a homosexual and had refused his testament, causing Matthew's erst-

while friends, especially Tiffany's fiancé, to crucify his memory.

Finally, Tiffany could stand no more, and confronted her friends with their turnabout as Matthew had been their friend. She instantly became a pariah and when she graduated nobody said a word to her in congratulations and her family did not even attend. Why celebrate a graduation for a daughter who was no longer a good Christian? That was the whole purpose of her education. That and finding a husband.

Tiffany knew deep down that Matthew's death was her fault. How could she have been so stupid and naïve? Of course the pastor was going to react the way he did. She needed to get away from her surroundings and find a way to redeem herself. She applied to law school at Southern University, walking away from her past, a lonely young woman on a yet undefined mission.

At law school, Tiffany quickly befriended Tim, as he was in her legal research and writing section, and they would study together in the law library, giving each other constant encouragement. Tim never hit on Tiffany, a fact that puzzled her, as he seemed to be a real friend who respected her intellect. Tiffany didn't have time to ponder that issue much, however, as she was completely enmeshed in the grind of her first year law studies.

Sitting in the law library at the start of her second year, Tiffany received a photo from her former fiancé kissing her former best friend at their wedding. Accompanying the picture was a note saying, "We don't think you will find anybody among the sodomites at Southern University."

An incensed Tiffany showed the text to Tim.

“Well, take it from one of the Southern University sodomites, you shouldn’t have any trouble finding a good guy.”

Surprised, but surprisingly not disgusted, Tiffany asked, “So are you gay?”

Tim grinned like a wolf, “Nope. I’m much worse.”

“Worse?”

“I’m transgendered, much worse than boring, run-of-the-mill, vanilla gay.”

“Oh, really?” Tiffany laughed.

The two walked through North Campus, past the Old Well and Silent Sam, the memorial to the university students who fought for the Confederacy, until they emerged on Franklin Street and went to a local pub.

Tim regaled Tiffany about Cindy and Rachel’s exploits over spaghetti and meatballs and she seemed genuinely interested. Tiffany even asked if she could join them next Saturday night.

“Are you sure you want to hang with us?” Tim responded. “We’re not that wholesome.”

“My family and my friends think I’m already off the deep end. Besides, I need to grow the hell up.”

The three girls piled out of Rachel’s BMW, Tiffany wearing a midnight blue, lewdly short sequined dress, Rachel wearing a frilly pink party outfit, while Cindy had donned a short, bright red dress with matching stiletto pumps. The trio looked devastating

as they strutted to the bar with “White Lies” playing from the dance floor, and ordered a bottle of chardonnay.

“Here’s to a good day’s shopping,” Cindy said as she admired the transformation that had occurred with Tiffany. She was on the verge of becoming a slut like the two of them.

As if on cue, Rachel toasted, “And here is to being a slut, far better than being a whore if you ask me.”

“Why do you think so?” Tiffany asked.

“Because we can’t be bought. Our asses aren’t for sale, at least not expressly. We fuck because we luuuuvv cock.” Cindy joyfully exclaimed.

“Well, I like cock. I did it with my fiancé.”

“You got to love it, girlfriend. You got to luuuuvv cock,” Rachel interjected. “Once men sense that, you will have to beat them off with a stick.”

“Even at a gay bar?”

“Trust me, this place has plenty of men who are looking for transwomen, but will happily sleep with you. Most of the men that fuck us have wives or girlfriends.”

“So why don’t either of you two have steady boyfriends?”

“Because we are only this way on weekends; party girl by night, law student by day. It’s not an arrangement that’s conducive to long-term relationships,” Cindy answered.

“So why don’t the two of you become women? You are both naturals and it’s obvious that you love it.”

Cindy and Rachel looked down, embarrassed, and hesitated.

“Well?” Tiffany demanded.

“Because to be honest with you, both of us are probably too chickenshit to come out to our families,” Cindy admitted. “Our parents would probably freak, especially Rachel’s mom and dad.”

“Yeah, and besides, we are in law school now. On campus recruiting is about to start. Can you imagine stating to one of the interviewers that we are on the verge of transitioning to being female? Shit, I’m on law review. I would be a laughing stock.”

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On-campus recruiting occurred in the fall semester of the student’s second year, when elite law firms across the country skimmed the cream of America’s students, luring them with visions of massive salaries and immense prestige. Marc was at the head of the class and was a member of the highly valued law review, where students examined and wrote about significant legal issues. He would most assuredly be recruited into one of the law firms interviewing on campus, and have his brass ring. Tiffany’s grades were equally stellar but she was exceptionally nervous about interviewing.

A pall hung over the conversation, as the three students examined the contents of their wine glasses. Refilling her glass with chardonnay, Tiffany



felt a thought growing more and more powerful inside her, one that moved deep in her heart. She had found her path to redemption. Tiffany would help Tim and Marc transition full-time to Cindy and Rachel like they were obviously supposed to be. She smiled broadly, getting the notice of Cindy.

“Girl, what are you smiling about?”

“Oh, nothing.”

“Fine, it’s time to start the game,” Cindy grinned.

Observing the girls at the bar, Tommy Bonham grinned broadly as he drank his third beer. Tommy was 31 years old, stood 6’6” weighed 250 pounds, all of it muscle, and wore khakis and a polo shirt that emphasized his bulging biceps. He had played football in high school and now worked as a highly respected commercial fisherman in the small fishing town of Gloucester on the Pamlico Sound. Tommy had immense strength and a heart as big as the Atlantic, where he sometimes operated. He harvested blue crabs, clams, oysters, scallops, trout, spot, croaker, flounder, puppy drum, and Spanish Mackerel. He would also take sportsmen out for a day’s fishing or hunting the huge flocks of waterfowl that called the marshlands home. On Saturday nights he frequented the local bar, but took Sundays off where he attended to his property.

Women loved Tommy, but usually from afar. He would flirt with them at the bar and occasionally mate with them to satisfy his urges, but he had yet to marry. Nobody would have the effrontery to question whether a man that could beat every patron at the bar and once actually did could deep down be gay. Nevertheless, the locals would gossip about his fail-

ure to marry, as they had nothing better to do with their time in such a small town.

Now, Tommy sat alone at the table, almost two hundred miles inland and relaxed. From age nineteen he had been attracted to transgendered women. Some friends had taken him to New Orleans during Mardi Gras, and walking down Bourbon Street he encountered a poster for a female impersonation show. He intently studied the pictures of the girls on the poster, very beautiful and very feminine, and felt a stirring in his oversized loins. The incident lasted a few seconds at most, as Tommy followed his friends to more socially acceptable forms of merriment like puking hurricanes in the street or ogling women's bare breasts but it had imbedded itself in his mind and body. His massive cock had a long memory.

Attuned to her environment, Cindy sensed someone gazing upon her. She turned around and instantly met the eyes of a huge man with a calm demeanor. The man did not look away but smiled and then took a sip of his beer. His look was different than any of her other previous admirers, more sincere, more visceral, and brought forth unfamiliar emotions. She returned the stare with a fierce intensity.

Seeing the look on her best friend's face, Rachel scanned the bar for the object of her desire.

"Do you think you are woman enough for that mountain?"

"I'm finally going to find out."

"You can be such a size queen at times."

"So should you."

“Size queen?” Tiffany queried the two girls.

Rachel held her well-manicured fingers about ten inches apart.

“Oh.”

Cindy and Tommy continued to make eye contact, with Tommy smiling broadly, until “Magnet and Steel” played from the dance floor. It was time for Cindy to make her move. “Later,” Cindy quietly whispered as she left her friends at the bar and confidently walked over to the big man drinking his beer. She sat down in the chair across from him at the table and crossed her legs, giving the stranger a view from her upper thighs to her high heels.

“Is this seat taken?” she calmly and belatedly asked.

“It is now,” the big man smiled.

“I’m Cindy, Cindy St. Cyr,” she said as she held out her hand.

The man gently took Cindy’s manicured hand in his big paw. “Nice to meet you, Cindy, I’m Tommy Bonham.”

“So what is a nice man like yourself doing in a place like this?”

“I’m hardly a nice man, and I’m looking for a bad girl.”

“That would be me,” Cindy smiled.

“Good, now that we know that we are both bad, maybe we can actually have a conversation. So tell

me Cindy St. Cyr, what do you really do, when you are not being bad?"

"Seriously? For real? Nobody wants to know about me beyond what they see."

"Well, what I see is nice, very nice. You will look even better when you have breasts and are on hormones."

Cindy's confidence was shaken. Nobody ever gave a shit about her alternate existence and nobody suggested a future with breasts and hormones in it. They were not necessary for a future consisting of a one-night stand. She breathed deeply and hesitated.

"I don't bullshit," Tommy emphasized. "I call them the way I see them."

"And you see me with breasts?" Cindy quietly but hopefully asked.

"Why wouldn't you have them? The sooner, the better."

Cindy's confidence was completely gone now, "I can't say."

"So back to my question, Cindy," Tommy said, gently taking her hand in his. "Tell me about yourself. You look like a very interesting person."

"So do you," Cindy said, with a tear forming in her eye, slickening her mascara.

Cindy told Tommy about law school and her friends Rachel and Tiffany, and Tommy seemed to be absorbing the information like a sponge.

“So other than being a bad girl, what do you like to do?”

“Well, I like to fish. I go to the Outer Banks a lot and want to catch a drum someday.”

Red Drum were a prized species on the Carolina Coast, big, copper-bodied bruisers that made a fisherman a hero once he had caught one.

Tommy smiled, “I am a commercial fisherman and charter captain out of Gloucester. I’m sure I can make it happen.”

At that juncture, two businessmen approached Rachel and Tiffany and engaged them in friendly conversation. Observing her friends’ imminent score, Cindy started to recover and relax.

Maintaining his ever-present smile, Tommy observed the couples moving to a table.

“It’s good to have friends like yours.”

“Yes it is,” Cindy confirmed to the sound of laughing by Tiffany. One of the businessmen was stroking Tiffany’s shoulder when she ducked under the table and remained there for some time. The man’s expression changed from lecherous to dumbstruck to deeply satisfied.

“If you would like, I could do the same to you,” Cindy offered.

“Not tonight, little lady. I am going to fuck you soon enough.”

Cindy couldn’t say anything, she just enjoyed the moment and the feel of Tommy’s large, rough hands stroking her smooth legs.

Tiffany emerged from underneath the table, and Rachel took her to the rest room to restore her makeup and lipstick. The men bragged to each other that they had found a pair of nymphs.

Upon hearing that, a shade fell across Tommy's face, and he clenched tighter to Cindy's thigh.

"Let's get out of here."

"Certainly. I rode with my friend Rachel. Do you have any place to go?"

"I didn't think I would get so damn lucky. I'll find us a place."

Without thinking, Cindy stood as tall as she could on her heels and gave Tommy a chaste kiss on the lips and a warm embrace as he stood from the table.

"Please lead the way."

The two walked hand-in-hand out the bar.

On the other side of town, Cindy and Tommy proudly marched through the lobby of an expensive hotel after Tommy had booked a room for the night. Holding his big hand, she thought to herself, "He sees more to me than just a one-night stand. He could have just as easily have fucked me in a sleazy motel."

Immediately upon entering the room Tommy swept Cindy off her heels and cradled her like a child in his strong arms, looking deep into her blue eyes, seeing her soul. Cindy looked intently back at this man, so strong, but so gentle. She wanted him like no other.

The two lost themselves in their kissing that went on forever. Finally, Tommy gently laid Cindy on the



bed and adeptly removed her panties. She was helpless before him and never felt so much like a woman. Tommy then stripped naked, revealing a massively engorged cock with a large bulbous head and a thickly veined shaft. Cindy's bliss changed to terror. She could not take this. It would tear her apart. What was she thinking?

Sensing Cindy's fear, Tommy talked to her, like a parent would to a child. "That's a girl. I won't hurt you. Trust me, baby doll."

Cindy thrilled at being called baby doll, and she quietly nodded her assent to continue.

Tommy lubricated his cock, then lay down on the bed next to Cindy, straining the mattress. He then lifted the girl in his strong hands, and positioned her over his monster. Perched over Tommy's cock, Cindy started to tear, but then nodded to him, forcing a smile.

Slowly, gently, Tommy penetrated Cindy. She felt the massive head spread her cheeks apart and then inexorably grind through her rosebud. Cindy gasped and then screamed as she continued her descent onto the shaft. Nothing in her world ever felt like this. Finally, she was fully impaled on Tommy's maleness and moaned and screamed in pleasure that came from her very soul. She wished this moment would never end, when Tommy started lifting her by the ass and letting her slide back down his shaft. Cindy was on a runaway roller coaster, ascending to the top and then blissfully screaming as her body was violated on the downward thrust. Her conscience thought flew away as she became a lustful body riding a wonderful man. Mercifully, Tommy came in his Magnum condom, then delicately lifted Cindy off his spear. She



fell on top of him in a nervous collapse and lay on his large, hot body for over an hour without twitching a muscle.

Before dawn, Cindy awoke in her lover's arms. She felt his warm breath on the back of her neck and never felt so protected. But she had to tear herself away. She fished around in the dark for her panties, tucked her own cock between her legs, then touched up her makeup and doused herself in perfume. She had to get away before the morning sun turned her to dust.

Tommy, however, had been by far the best man she ever slept with, and she sensed her destiny lay with the big man. She pulled out her lipstick and wrote her boy's name, phone number, and e-mail and mailing addresses on the bathroom and living room mirrors. She then signed her message with 'Cindy', a smiley face and a border of hearts. This was something new to her. This felt like love. Cindy walked through the lobby of the hotel, called a cab, then rode home to a very uncertain future.

Tommy arose late for him; the sun was actually out, and he felt a deep hurt that Cindy was not lying next to him in bed. Maybe this was only a one-night stand after all. He then noticed the lipstick inscription on the mirror and felt a huge sense of relief. She had to leave because she had no wardrobe to change into for Sunday morning. Tommy stood in the hot shower for twenty minutes, then finally removed his encrusted condom.

"Hopefully there will be plenty more chances to use these," he laughed.