

Brenner waited for Cindi to disappear up the stairs, and then he pulled out his phone and called the same number that he had the night before. Once again, the person on the other side picked up almost immediately.

Sorry. I was having too much fun, and I guess I lost track of time.

Yeah. She's perfect, and she doesn't remember anything about what happened at the temple.

No, everything is great. Which reminds me, my little slut is up in my bedroom waiting for me, and I don't want to keep her waiting.



It's about time you called. We've been waiting all night.



I take it that means ...



That's a relief. We were pretty sure she wouldn't, but you never know. I guess that there is nothing to worry about, then.



We won't keep you then.

Brenner, walked upstairs and entered his bedroom, where he found Cindi lying on her back on the bed, her legs widely spread, her dripping wet sex easily visible, Cindi having divested herself of all but her garter belt stockings and heels.

I came as fast as I could.

There you are,
big boy. I was getting tired
of waiting.

Oh, I hope not.
I want counting on you
coming in me ... many
times.

Don't worry, baby.
I intend to come in you and on you
in every conceivable way.

Yes, please.
Take me now. I
need you.

Needing no further invitation, Brenner quickly stripped off his clothes, and then, after taking a short time to make it hard, plunged his penis into Cindi's pussy. Cindi orgasmed on the spot, letting out a moan as loud as an airplane engine. She then rode from orgasm to orgasm as Brenner continued to fuck her. When she wasn't moaning in pleasure, she complimented her lover on his sexual prowess.

Oh, yes. You are the best. You are the Master <moan>

No one has ever fucked me like you. <moan>

Oh, yes. Fuck me. <moan>



As he had promised, Walter came in and on Cindi many times, the sexual stamina of the two lovers having been increased many times as part of Brenner's pact with the devil, but eventually even they were too tired to continue, and they found themselves lying in each others arms, exhausted. Brenner turned to look at a clock that was sitting on a table by the bed.

It's nearly 1 am.
Why don't you stay here
with me tonight.

I'd love to, but my
sister is expecting me to
return to her house. I don't
want her to worry.

We can give her a call.
if she's gone to bed, you can
leave a message, and she will
get it when she wakes up.

OK.

Joanie did not pick up, so Cindi left a
message, and then she got back in bed
and snuggled up next to her man for a
much needed rest.



The next morning, Cindi woke up at dawn to find Webber still asleep next to her. Not wanting to wake him, but unable to help herself she began to move her hand up and down his cock.





Cindi's ministrations were enough to wake Webber who had only been sleeping very lightly. When she noticed that she had woken him, Cindi stopped massaging Webber's cock.

That's alright. I needed to get up to get ready for work, anyway.

I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean to wake you, but your cock is just so beautiful.

Do you have to leave right away. I've already got your cock all nice and hard. It would be a pity to waste it.

I don't think they would mind if I'm a few minutes late for work.

I was hoping you would say that. Don't worry, stud. Just lay back and let your Cindi do all the work.

Cindi quickly mounted Webber and began to ride his cock cowgirl style. Much too soon for her liking, Webber came inside her, causing her to have the last in a near unending series of orgasms.



After Cindi rolled off Webber and cleaned the residue off of his cock. Webber got up and went into the adjoining bathroom to take a shower. Fifteen minutes later, he emerged back into the bedroom, where Cindi was still lounging on the bed.

I'm done with the bathroom.
Why don't you take a shower and get dressed. I'll take you back to your sister's place on the way to work.

I was kind of thinking that I would stay here. Your place looks to me like it needs some work, you know, a woman's touch. I've got all this time on my hands while I'm here, and, I know it's hard for you to keep up with all the things you need to do around the house with your wife dead, and all. It would just make me feel good, if I could help you by just cleaning up around the place a little for you. I can have my sister pick me up when I am done.

Would you do that for me? That would be great.

It's settled then. When you come back from work, you're not going to recognize the place.



Brenner walked over to a wardrobe cabinet identical to the one in the master bedroom in Joanie's house and opened it. Just like in the other cabinet, this one was filled with makeup lingerie and fetish outfits.

I don't think you want to do housework in that minidress of yours. Feel free to use anything in here. It looks like you are about the same size as my wife was.

Thanks. I was going to call Joanie and have her bring over an outfit, but this makes things much simpler.





Cindi, still wearing only stockings and heels, helped Brenner to get dressed and then walked with him downstairs.

No thanks. I'm late for work already. I'll eat something at the office.

Are you sure that I can't make you some breakfast before you go?

Ok. In that case, have a great day and ... don't be a stranger, stud.

Cindi gave Brenner one more long, wet kiss before running upstairs to get dressed.

Cindi spent a long time deciding on what she was going to wear. Eventually, she chose a French maid's outfit. It seemed appropriate considering all the housework she would be doing.



She spent the next few hours scouring the house for dirt. Brenner apparently hadn't cared all that much about housekeeping, and there was plenty to clean. Brenner's lack of cleanliness didn't phase her. He was such a typical man, she thought, and it was up to his woman - she always got a thrill when she thought of herself as Brenner's woman - to keep the house clean for him.



Early in the afternoon, Cindi's phone rang.
It was her sister.

Oh, hi, Joanie. I'm
sorry I didn't call you sooner. I have so
much housework to do, and I lost track
of the time.

No. I think I'm
going to be busy all day cleaning
Walter's house.

Hmm. That sounds
great. I can't wait to surprise Walter.
I'll see you tonight.

When Webber arrived home from work that evening, he barely had time to take in his now spotless house before Cindi appeared from the kitchen and threw herself into his arms for another long, wet kiss.



When the kiss finally ended, Webber tried to look startled. He knew that he had to act like he was surprised that she was still there (actually, he had been fairly certain she would be).

I missed you too, but I wasn't expecting you to still be here.


Welcome home, big boy. I missed you.

It's taken me all day to clean your house, and since I was here, I decided to make you dinner.

You didn't have to do that. Thank you.

You can thank me by putting that big cock of yours into me later. For now, why don't you wash up. Dinner is almost ready.





Guess what, darling.
I have a surprise for you. We've
been invited to my sister's place
for a party tonight.

You don't know the half of it.

You're just going
to have to wait to find out.

Dinner was the best that Cindi could do given the meager pickings that she found in Brenner's kitchen (She reminded herself to ask Joanie where the closest supermarket was so that she could do some shopping when she had some time tomorrow). Brenner had a steak. She had a salad.

After dinner, while Brenner drank his coffee, Cindi massaged his shoulders, her face filled with excitement. The time had come to reveal her big surprise.

That's great. It should be fun.

What does that mean?

Promptly at 8, Cindi and Brenner arrived at Joanie's house. Joanie opened the door to greet them. Freed of the restrictions in regard to her appearance, she was wearing the lingerie she usually wore around the house.



Come on in. We're still waiting for Greg and Jenni. Sit down in the living room and have a drink while we wait.



A few minutes - and a few drinks - later
Greg and Jenni arrived.

Sorry we're late.
We had some ... business to
take care of.

You bet we did.

No problem. Now that
we are all here, we can get the party
started. We've planned another big surprise
for you men. If you big boys would move the
table to the side, us girls will run
upstairs and get ready.



Cindi, Joanie and Jenni made their way upstairs, where they quickly changed into showgirl outfits that had been laid out for them. Then, they came back downstairs and started an impromptu dance routine to the accompaniment of loud techno music that was now playing in the room.

After several minutes of "dancing" the impromptu chorus line broke up, and each showgirl walked over to their man, who they began to entertain with a private dance. Cindi started to gyrate in front of Webber, bending down so that her breasts were hanging right in front of his face.

Did my dancing turn you on?

You bet it did, babe. You are one hot slut. My penis is getting so hard watching you.

If you think it is hard now, just wait. Cindi has one more surprise for you tonight.





Cindi practically tore off Webber's pants. Then, she dropped down onto her knees and took Webber's cock into her mouth.



Brenner was so worked up that he came very quickly, spraying copious amounts of semen all over Cindi's face.



Cindi licked the excess cum and her juices off of Brenner's cock and then looked up at him.

I loved it. That was the first blow job I've had since my wife died.

Did you like your surprise, darling?

Well, if you're a good boy, and put that big cock of yours into me later, it won't be the last.



After each man had received his "surprise", the party quickly broke up. Cindi thought nothing of going with Brenner and returning back to what she was already starting to think of as "their place", where the day ended with another lengthy fuckfest, ending in the wee hours of the morning, when Cindi finally fell into a deep, contented sleep.



The next morning, Cindi woke Brenner with a morning blow job. Then she fixed him breakfast and saw him off to work. Finally, she got dressed and set about her new mission in life of cleaning Brenner's house. By the afternoon, she was caught up enough to visit her sister and go grocery shopping.




She was well into preparing dinner when Brenner arrived home from work. After their customary welcome home kiss, Brenner directed Cindi into the living room and told her to sit down. Cindi was reluctant to leave dinner unattended in the kitchen, but she knew that she must obey her man, so she followed Brenner into the living room and sat down on the sofa. Brenner, much to her surprise knelt down in front of her.

I'm glad you're happy. I've enjoyed it too.

I wanted to start by saying that I've really enjoyed your company these last couple of days. I haven't been this happy since my wife died.

But the thing is, you're scheduled to go back home in a couple of days.

I know.



What I wanted
to ask you is would you
consider extending your
stay here?

I might. How
long an extension
were you thinking
about.

I was thinking of a
permanent one. Will
you marry me?



Brenner opened his right hand to reveal
an engagement ring.

At first, Cindi didn't believe what she had just heard. She couldn't figure out why a sexy man like Brenner would ever want to marry a girl like her. She closed her eyes, and was convinced that when she opened them again, Brenner would be gone, but when she opened them again, he was still there, the ring in his hand. Cautiously, she began to hope.

You want to marry me? Why? You can have any girl.

True, I can have any girl, but I want you. I ask you again, will you marry me?



It was as if all of Cindi's dreams were coming true. She let out a squeal of joy.

**Of course, darling.
Of course I'll marry you!**

Cindi's carefully prepared dinner went uneaten that night, as the newly engaged couple celebrated their engagement with another lengthy fuck fest.



It took a couple of weeks to tie up all the loose ends of Cindi's old life. Cindi was given paper after paper to sign, which she did instantly without even reading them. She would have sold her soul to the devil (which ironically was essentially what she was doing) if she could marry Brenner. Cindi herself never left Sanford. She couldn't bear to be separated from Brenner. All matters were handled by lawyers hired by Brenner.



Finally, the big day arrived. It took hours for Cindi to prepare for her wedding, assisted by her bridesmaids, Joanie and Jenni.

The wedding took place at the Men's Association instead of a church, which Cindi thought was a little strange, but if that's where Walter wanted to get married, it was fine with her. The wedding guests were a group of Brenner's friends. For some reason, no one from Cindi's family (other than her sister, of course) decided to come to the wedding.



Cindi worried to the last second that she would wake up and find that all of this was a dream, but then the moment finally arrived when she could recite the vows that would make her Mrs. Walter Brenner.



**I, Cindi Marie Richards,
accept you, Walter Matthew Brenner,
as my lawfully wedded husband to have and
to hold from this day forward, for better or for
worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and
in health. I promise to love, honor and
obey you till death do us part.**



When the newly wedded couple kissed for the first time as man and wife, Cindi felt as if her life was nearly complete. The only thing she needed to make it complete was a child. She needed to get pregnant and soon. She was 27 years old. She should have had several children by now. She had talked it over with Walter, and she knew that he wanted a big family, and she was more than happy to oblige.



Several weeks later Cindi was making her weekly trip to the local supermarket. She had dressed conservatively, as all Sanford wives did when they went shopping. The supermarket was often used by people from outside of Sanford, and they might not understand the way that the wives in Sanford usually dressed.


She was surprised when she rounded a corner and ran into Joanie and Jenni who were talking to each other. Their faces lit up with joy when they saw her.

Hi, Jenn, sis.

Hi, Cin.
You look very pretty today.

Oh, thanks.
It's just something I threw on.

Cindi's offputting remark hid an inner surge of pride. She had literally spent hours choosing her wardrobe and perfecting her appearance. After all, a wife must always look perfect. The wife's appearance reflected on the husband as much as the house she labored for hours each day to clean.



We were just talking. Joanie has some great news.

I'm pregnant!

That's great.
I'm so happy for you.

Cindi's happiness for her sister was mixed with a tinge of jealousy. She had been trying to get pregnant since the wedding and her last period was late. She was hoping against hope that she was also pregnant.


Cindi would have loved to have continued talking with Joanie and Jenni, but she had to get back home and start on dinner, so she bid her friends goodbye and continued shopping. She had just placed the last item in her cart when a young woman silently approached her.

Excuse me.
Are you Cynthia Richards?

Yes, but I no longer go by that name. I am married now, so my name is Cindi Brenner. Do I know you?

We've never met. My name is Julia Sheppard, and I work for a private investigator hired by your mother. I apologize for approaching you this way, but this is the only time that you are out in public. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?






Why would my mother hire a private investigator?

I understand why she might not approve of that, but it's my life. I can do with it what I want.

Like what?

Your mother is concerned about your hasty marriage and your decision to stay in Sanford and become a housewife.

Yes you can, but you have to admit that there are some strange circumstances involved.



First off, you married a man that you just met.

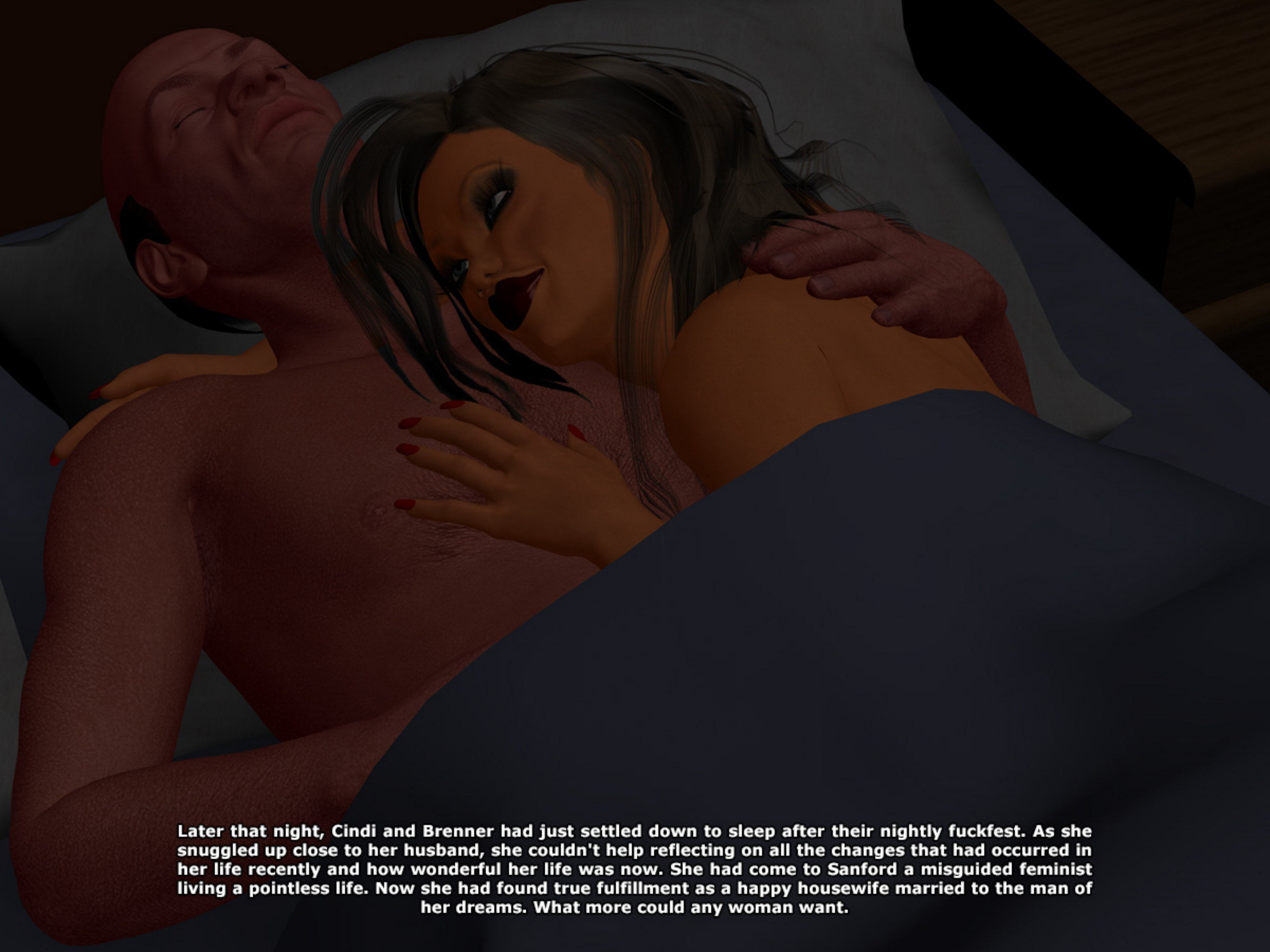
I found the man of my dreams. The moment I saw him, I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. Love is that way sometimes.

Then, there is your decision to give up on your career and become a housewife. Your mother says that that is completely out of character for you.

I just saw how happy my sister was, and I realized that I had been deluding myself my whole life. All this stuff they teach you about equality and careers for women is just a bunch of feminist propaganda. I realized that the only path to happiness and fulfillment for a woman is as a wife and mother. I am much happier now than I was in my old life.

Now, if you don't mind, I really need to get home to fix my husband his dinner.

Ignoring any further inquiries by the woman, Cindi continued on her way down the aisle.



Later that night, Cindi and Brenner had just settled down to sleep after their nightly fuckfest. As she snuggled up close to her husband, she couldn't help reflecting on all the changes that had occurred in her life recently and how wonderful her life was now. She had come to Sanford a misguided feminist living a pointless life. Now she had found true fulfillment as a happy housewife married to the man of her dreams. What more could any woman want.

THE END



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