

Zerbets

Wednesday, 03 February 2010 19:00

Hazel is not a big fan of zerbets where I blow on her belly. Usually she squeals No! No! No Zerbets! But every now and then she looks at me and negotiates. In three hours or three minutes. And then when the time's up she comes over willingly. Lies down. Pulls up her shirt and says to me. Not a big one! And of course I do my best to comply . . .