

1: FAMILY MATTERS

24 June 2009

Mixo harasses me constantly. He demands that I start writing, expressing myself in print (or, in his words, ‘sexpressing myself’; he’s quite delightfully nutty).

Mixo is my brother-in-law, my younger sister, Mala’s husband. Mixo is a pseudonym, of course, and it’s one I won’t use here. Trust him to choose something so completely daft. What kind of name is that? What on earth is a ‘Mixo’?

A few weeks ago, I asked him this. He claimed with cheerful confidence that ‘mixoscopy’ is a proper English word and that it means ‘regaling unveiling’ or ‘the derivation of sexual pleasure from observing coitus’.

I didn’t believe him for a second. “Go ahead, look it up,” he said, and I did. It’s not in the Concise Oxford English Dictionary or any of the others. So I Googled it, and guess what, he’s right.

The [wiktionary](#) says this:

From German Mixoscopie, from Ancient Greek ‘intercourse’ + German -skopie ‘-scopy’. Reportedly coined by Albert Moll (1862–1939); Pronunciation: /m?k’s?sk?pi/
(psychology) The attainment of sexual pleasure from watching

other people have sex.

1927, Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, vol 4, p. 299,

Founded on the sense of vision also we find a phenomenon, bordering on the abnormal, which is by Moll termed mixoscopy. This means the sexual pleasure derived from the spectacle of other persons engaged in natural or perverse sexual actions.

The [online Merriam-Webster Dictionary](#) has it in the *medical* section

mixo-sco-pia

Pronunciation:

\?mik-s?-?sko-pe-?\

Variant(s):

or mix-os-co-py \mik-'säs-k?-pe\

Function:

noun

Inflected Form(s):

plural mixo-sco-pias or mixo-sco-pies

: the obtainment of sexual gratification from observing coitus

— mixo-scop-ic \?mik-s?-?skäp-ik\ adjective

Best of all, digging around on [reference.com](#) I find a long article — on voyeurism.

I told you the man was batty.

So I'm going to call Mehul. I won't say whether that is even his real name, but it's certainly more real than 'Mixo' and it's as good as any.

As I said, he's really been on my case about sharing and writing. Most recently, he has threatened to completely stop fucking me if I don't write. I pretended to be shocked by his threat, but both of us knew he was only joking, and it's all in good fun. But I got the message.

Before going further, my sincere thanks to Aamir and Anish on this group, both of whom have been very supportive. Their encouragement has been a great motivation and very inspirational. And, of course, a very special thanks to Dennis, my biggest and most ardent fan and for whom I truly began keeping a sex-journal in the first place. If I had to dedicate this to anyone, it would be to him alone.

A word of caution. Now that it's been cleared by Aamir and Anish, I *am* going to use explicit, even raw, language. If you don't want to read that kind of stuff, stop now. It's not meant to insult or demean; it's just my preferred mode of expression.

As you read this, you might ask how much of this is fictionalized and what part of it is true to memory. Let me be completely honest. Of course I cannot remember every detail. It was all a long time ago. I cannot today recollect every detail of every time I've been fucked, but, in everyone's lives, there are some incidents that linger in memory. These are among them. Both the incidents I narrate here are true and I've tried to tell them honestly and without too much embellishment, as faithful to

my memories as possible. I have taken some liberties, but these are mostly with the dialogue, and I've done this only because I wanted the narrative to seem real and to come to life. If you can see this in your mind's eye as you read it then I've succeeded. If not, please tell me what you think I've missed or not done right and I'll try and better it next time.

If you ask me who, from all my bulls and lovers, I'd say I truly love as I do my husband, Hitesh, I'd have to say my three brothers-in-law: Mehul, and my husband's brothers, Jagdishbhai, the elder brother, and Sameer who is younger by many years. I fuck with many other men, but it is only with these three that I share an emotional bond. This is not to suggest that I'm not fond of my other bulls, even the many *naukars* who fuck me with such relish and energy. I am; but fondness is one thing and love is quite another. Sometimes my boundless love for these men makes me feel like I'm just one short of being like Draupadi with her five husbands.

Hitesh's elder brother, Jagdish, has now moved to Baroda. He, too, was once one of my bulls, very vigorous, virile and demanding with exceptional stamina and staying power. He fucked me whenever he wanted, which was practically on a daily basis.

In those days, when he was still in Bombay, he would come home for lunch. We have two flats in the building. Jagdishbhai and his wife, Hansa, and my in-laws stayed in the larger flat a few floors above. Hansa was quite lovely, tall, fair-skinned, with delicate features and slender, willowy body.

Hitesh and I had the flat on the third floor. We shared it with Sameer who used the second bedroom when he was in Bombay on holiday or study leave from his medical college outside the state.

Jagdishbhai would return home at about 1:30 every day for lunch and before going up to his flat would swing by ours. I was usually alone at home, just me and the servants. But even if Sameer or Hitesh happened to be at home, it didn't matter. Jagdishbhai would ring the bell, enter the house and I was expected to drop whatever I was doing and head for the bedroom. He'd chat briefly with his brothers if they were at home and then come in to the bedroom and proceed to fuck me non-stop for the next 45 minutes or so.

Everyone knew, even Hansaben. Nobody said anything. Not only because Jagdishbhai is the kind of man who dominates a family, but because there was no reason to. As you'll see, our family was unlike most.

The first time my *jethji* fucked me was a few years after our marriage. We had just begun swinging and cuckoldry. I'll leave the details of our pre-marital sex history for another time, and what happened immediately after we married and how we started on this lifestyle. For now, let me just say that neither Hitesh nor I

were strangers to casual or recreational sex before marriage, and that marital fidelity was but a fleeting phase of no more than a couple of years in our lives.

It happened one April afternoon. My in-laws were away in Baroda visiting relatives. Sameer was at college. Hansa, my *jethani*, as we say in Gujarati, was to visit her parents in Ahmedabad for a few days; her father had not been well for some days. Hitesh and I went with Jagdishbhai to see Hansaben off at the train station early that morning. In the car on the way back, I suddenly realized that Jagdishbhai would be alone in his flat upstairs while Hansaben was away.

"Jagdishbhai, you'll be having your meals with us," I said from the back seat.

"That's very kind of you, Sonu, but please don't worry about it. I'll manage. The servants are there after all, they'll make something or the other."

"Rubbish. There's no need for you to eat 'something or the other'. I insist."

"I really don't want to trouble you. Honestly. Lunch is no problem. I can always get a sandwich or an *idli-dosa* or something near the office and the *mharaj* will come in the afternoon and make something for dinner. I only have to heat it up."

"You will do nothing of the kind so long as I am around," I snapped. "Don't even think about it."

"Sonu, that's very nice of you, but I really don't want to trouble you."

"What's the trouble? The same *mharaj* comes to our place too, so what does it matter? I only have to heat up the food and make the *rotlis* and that doesn't take time. I'm having lunch too, you know."

"Really, I—"

"Enough now! This is not a request. Don't make me angry. And I know you like your *rotlis* fresh, nice and hot."

Hitesh and he chuckled. "Yes I do," Jagdishbhai said. "Thank you. And, besides, if my beloved sister-in-law commands, how can I refuse?"

"That's right," I retorted. "You can't. There's no reason you should. 'Something or the other' indeed. And *sandwiches*? I've never such utter nonsense! You'll just fall sick. If Sameer said something like that he'd get one tight slap."

Hitesh burst out laughing. "See?" he said to his elder brother as he pulled into our compound. "I told you it's of no use. Better to say yes quietly. You really don't want to annoy her, trust me."

The way he said it, in mock terror, I couldn't help joining in the men's laughter.

"So tell me what you want at lunch," I asked, as Hitesh parked.

"That I won't do," Jagdishbhai said firmly. "I'm sure I'll enjoy whatever you give me."

"Of that I am one hundred percent sure," murmured my

husband as we got out of the car.

I didn't miss the quick glance that passed between the two brothers over the roof of the car but I thought nothing of it at the time.

Back home, Hitesh and Jagdishbhai left for their offices. Hitesh has his own garment manufacturing and export business, which he had just started in those days. Jagdishbhai continued to look after the family trading business. All three brothers had a partnership share in the two businesses, but my father-in-law, an unusually far-sighted man for one with little formal education, had clearly stipulated that no brother would interfere in the other's firm, and each would manage their own affairs. Sameer was given the greatest freedom, and had chosen to study medicine.

I busied myself around the house, completing my chores. The part-time servant came and did the sweeping and mopping and left, the part-time maid and I finished the dusting and tidied the house. The maid cut the vegetables for lunch and then she, too, left. At ten-thirty, Mohanlal, the male Gujarati/Rajasthani *mharaj* cook arrived and, in his usual slam-bang fashion, prepared a meal of *dal*, aromatic fluffy Basmati rice, a green vegetable, a second dish of curried pulses, a cold raw salad, a savoury, roasted several *papads* and prepared the dough for the *rotis*. We Gujaratis call them *rotlis* and make them quite thin, served with fresh *ghee*. Mohanlal is still with us even today. At that time, over ten or fifteen years ago, he was a handsome young lad in his early twenties. Unlike so many of his calling, he was clean, efficient and very cheerful. He was (is still) exceedingly handsome.

A couple of months earlier, with Hitesh's approval and knowledge, I had seduced him. He turned out to be an excellent bull with a nice, lean, hard body, a decent-sized cock and great enthusiasm. He had a distinct liking for fucking me in the ass. In the past few months we had settled into a comfortable routine. He would finish cooking — I made it clear that fucking me was a bonus, and that I would not tolerate any shortcuts in his work or bad food — while I completed my chores, and then we'd spend twenty or thirty minutes fucking happily without fear or tension.

That day was no different. He came out of the kitchen, done with the meal, his hands and face washed, with his shirt already off and clad only in his loose baggy trousers — this younger generation of *mharajs* didn't bother with the traditional *dhoti-kurta* ensembles — and came into the second bedroom, where I was waiting for him. I hadn't bathed yet, so I was still in the *salvar-khameez* I'd worn to the train station, except that I'd taken off the *salvar* and all my underwear and opened all the buttons of my *khameez*. I stood waiting for him with my back to one of the wardrobe doors and, as he came in, I raised my arms above my head. He grinned at me and came up and pushed his hands under my *khameez* and squeezed my breasts. I smiled and closed my eyes in pleasure. My nipples were already stiff with excitement. He

lifted my *khameez* up over my head and arms and flung it aside and bent his head to my breasts. I moaned softly and dropped my arms around his shoulders, caressing him lovingly, and then slid my hand down to his crotch.

A few minutes later, I was on my knees in front of him, hungrily sucking his nice six-inch cock, taking it deep in my mouth. He groaned, leaning forward with his hands on the cupboard, moving his hips back and forth. I kept sucking him till his groans became urgent. He tried to stop me but I continued and, at the very last minute, stopped. We stumbled to the bed. I was very hot for him now. I pushed him down on his back and knelt over his lean hips and swiftly lowered myself onto his upright cock. He gasped and I cried out, flinging my head back, moaning in pleasure. His cock felt wonderful inside me, hot and throbbing and hard and thick. The knowledge that I was doing this with *him*, the cook, the servant, thrilled me as it has always done and still does. I lifted my breasts in my hands and, bending my head, licked my own nipples. The sight aroused him, as I knew it would. He grunted and bucked up hard under me. I cried out and, flinging my head back, rocked ecstatically up and down on the servant's cock. His hands squeezed my breasts in frenzy. I could feel my *mangalsutra* slapping on my breasts and belly. He pushed two fingers into my mouth and I sucked them lasciviously. We moved faster and faster and now, in the heat of the late April morning, we broke into a sweat with our exertions. I cried out when he pinched my nipples hard between his forefinger and thumb. Reaching back behind me, I squeezed his balls and jammed myself down hard on his cock. My cunt was cramping on his cock of its own accord.

With a loud cry, he shoved me off his lap and scrambled to his knees. I understood and turned at once, bending forward on my forearms with my hands clasped together and spreading my knees wide. He rushed into my cunt from behind with a loud cry and began fucking me hard, ramming his cock greedily in and out of my cunt. I cried out loudly as his cock pierced my cunt, going in deep. My body jerked and rocked madly on the bed before his. I could hear the loud slap of his thighs banging against my buttocks. Faster and faster he went, now calling me his whore, his *rahnd*, his *rundi*; and I responded with the words I knew he wanted to hear, telling him to fuck me harder, to fuck me like a whore, saying I was to fuck as he wished.

"Now," he gasped. "I want to fuck your ass! Quickly! Where is it? *Ab ... taari gaand marvi che! Jaldi! Kyan che?*"

Whimpering, I waved my hand towards the low bedside table. His cock still in my cunt, he leaned back and pawed through the clutter and found what he wanted, a jar of Vaseline. Grunting, he slid his cock of my cunt. I knew what to expect. Panting, moaning, on the verge of an orgasm, I bent even more steeply forward and spread my knees wider, proffering my tight anus. I felt his

forefinger pressing to it and I bit my lower lip and relaxed. His finger, coated thickly with Vaseline, slid into my ass. I moaned softly. Very gently, he lubricated my ass thoroughly with his finger. From early in my youth, I had learned to enjoy this strange and unique sensation and now I moaned softly and pushed my hand between my legs, gently caressing my engorged clitoris, relishing the feel of his long finger exploring my ass. He slipped it out and then I felt the thick bulge of his cock-head at my anus. I gripped the sheets in tension, knowing full well what to expect, exhaled deeply, lifted my buttocks further, pushed them back, relaxing my sphincter. His cock-head popped into my ass. I gasped sharply and then bit my lower lip. From behind me, I heard him groan. His cock slid smoothly and slowly into my ass. I whimpered. My breath was ragged and short. My mind was in a whirl. As always, this was incredible. The ass-fucking itself, and, equally the knowledge that a servant, a *naukar*, someone with whom society dictated I should not have even the most fleeting physical contact of any kind was now actually *fucking me in my ass*. I had the servant's cock in my ass! I was intensely aroused, and I voiced it, loudly, calling to him to fuck me, to fuck my ass, to take me in my ass. Gasping, groaning, he began stroking smoothly in and out of my ass. His cock felt wonderful back there. My orgasm loomed. I strummed my clitoris feverishly with my middle finger. My buttocks writhed in his crotch. My body rocked heavily to and fro. I could feel my lust-laden breasts scraping against the bedsheets. My orgasm crashed over me and I cried out, my head jerking up, my mouth tearing open, the breath whooshing from my throat, my body going rigid with the shocking intensity of it. I clawed frantically at the sheets. Mohanlal kept sodomizing me for a few minutes more and then he jerked out of me and lurched to his feet. Again, I knew what he wanted. I turned and, panting and gasping, my chest heaving, my body tingling, knelt before my servant-master and obediently took his cock, fresh from my *gaand*, deep in my mouth, sucking him hard. He came within seconds. I moaned, opening my mouth wide and jerking his beautiful cock, whimpering with each sharp, stinging squirt of his *naukar-cum* flooding my mouth and splashing on my face and breasts. I smiled slavishly up at him and swallowed his cum. He grinned down at me, caressing my face, scooping cum off my cheeks and feeding it to me. I licked that up too smiling dreamily up at my wonderful *naukar-lover*.

Mohanlal left and I went in to shower and change. It was past noon. My brother-in-law would be here in an hour or so. I hummed to myself as I showered. The memory of the wonderful fucking with Mohanlal stirred me. Also, two nights earlier, we'd been to one of our swinging parties (we still called it wife-swapping in those days). We were five couples and, after a perfectly normal

evening of drinks and a well-planned meal — nothing too heavy or spicy, and very fresh food — we divided ourselves. We often drew lots: the wives would draw slips of paper with the names of their partners from a ceramic bowl, or hunt from car keys. But this was a familiar group and more open to experimenting. The other four women were excited about being two to a man. I, on the other hand, was keen to have two men and Hitesh wanted to watch. It worked out very well. The other four ladies paired off, and had a man for each pair. I had two of their husbands, and Hitesh settled down to watch us, forgoing a partner for himself. I knew the men; we'd fucked before, quite often. Both were about our age, and athletic and well-endowed. They thoroughly enjoyed fucking, did it well and were in no rush.

It went on for a long time. They fucked me together, and then in turn, and then together again, ending by taking me in my cunt and ass at the same time. One made me sit my ass on his cock, with my back to him as he lay under me and then I stretched back and opened my legs to receive the other in my cunt. They were gentle, yet persistent. My orgasms were mind-blowing and numerous.

The evening was still fresh in my memory as I dressed. I put on a simple *sari* of synthetic material, the kind Gujarati women tend to wear around the house, and wore it in the Gujarati style with the *pallu* in front. My plain white blouse was of thin material. Like all my blouses, this one, too, was cut short and tight, the lower hem tucked up under my breasts so that they jutted out nicely. It had a very wide scooped U-neck that plunged between my breasts. The blouse had only three or four buttons in front, and I left the first and last undone. I wore no bra or panties, figuring it wouldn't matter much since I was wearing a *sari* anyway and would soon be alone, free to masturbate while watching a hardcore porn film from our ever-growing video collection. I'd found I had a pronounced preference for interracial hardcore. The only thing I found more erotic than a muscular, hugely-endowed black man was two of them, better still three.

I finished my attire with a little *bindi* dotting the centre of my forehead. I lined my eyes with *kajal* and drew my hair back and coiled it in a bun at the nape of my neck. Around my neck, I wore my *mangalsutra* and gold necklace. I had on small gold and pearl earrings and a single gold bangle on wrist. Other than my wedding ring, I wore no jewellery on my fingers.

In the mirror, I studied myself. I thought it was appropriate. Decent, modest, nothing brazen, the nakedness beneath sufficiently concealed from all but a very close examination, yet with just enough of a hint of sexuality to keep a virile man's interest.

Everyone says I look best in Indian clothes. I think so too. I'm uncomfortable in dresses and gowns and things like that, though I'm okay with jeans or a skirt under a shirt or a tee-shirt. But a

sari or a simple *churidar-kurta* outfit sits well on my frame.

I realize it's probably critical to describe myself physically especially in the absence of photographs, but, try as I might, I can't seem to do this at all. It makes me feel awkward. Luckily, there's Plan B: Mehul. What follows is his description, written at my request.

Mehul writes: "Sonu, my sister-in-law, is really quite bewitchingly lovely, at least in my eyes. Of course I'm hopelessly biased, but since I'm not the only one who feels this way it has to be true. She's not tall, only about 5'3" or so. Her complexion is like cream, smooth and fair. She has a sweet, slightly rounded face with the cutest pert nose and perfect rosebud lips. Her eyes are a very deep brown. Her hair is dark and very slightly frizzy, down to just below the middle of her back. Her smile is incredible: full, quick, filled with barely hidden mischief and glee, it dances in her eyes.

"Her body is slight, yet perfect. She's not voluptuous. Indeed, she carries very little, if any, surplus body fat. Her breasts are beautiful, high and round and perfectly shaped, tipped with prominent, thick nipples that harden quickly in their dark areoles. Her breasts and nipples are very sensitive actually and, more than once, I've been able to bring her to the very edge of an orgasm doing nothing more than working only them. Her belly is firm and tight, curving out just a little. Her waist is small, and her buttocks are taut and rounded and small, not the usual huge Indian billowing spread. Her arms and legs are slender and shapely. She's in her mid-forties now, but hasn't lost her figure at all. Everyone agrees she looks like she's in her late twenties or early thirties, not a day more. She's very regular in her exercise and modest in her vegetarian diet, doesn't smoke, seldom drinks and, when she does, it's only ever a ridiculously sweet white wine or a sparkling wine.

"Sexually, she's just unbelievable. She can easily have three or four, even more, orgasms with the right bull. She thrives on fucking. She's not a nymphomaniac, for that implies a disorder of some kind. She genuinely and truly loves the physical pleasuring. When she's aroused, she's even lovelier, for she then has a soft, glowing radiance on her face and her whole being seems to sing with joy. She's seldom aggressive in bed, and prefers a more submissive role. There's an uncommon generosity in her fucking, for she rarely takes for herself but seems to derive her pleasure almost entirely from giving.

"She loves being fucked from behind; that's her favourite position, if I had to pick one, though it's often hard to say for she seems equally happy on her back or astride or in almost any other way. She thoroughly loves having a bull go down on her and tongue- and finger-fuck her to an orgasm, and she loves sucking cock just as much and often seems content to do that endlessly while she masturbates herself with her finger or a vibrator or a

dildo. She can enjoy lesbian sex, too, and claims that it has a gentle intensity that she can almost never get with a man.

“She enjoys having more than one man at a time, but within limits. She doesn't like to have to lie back while an endless line of men thrust into her one after the other. That, she says, is plain boring and kills everything. She usually prefers two or three, rarely more, though I've seen her manage as many as six. But clearly that's an exception. She's perfectly all right with anal sex and enjoys it immensely, and is also willing to let two men take her in cunt and ass together (or even with a third in her mouth), but says that it really isn't much fun for her because she's too swamped to feel anything much. It's more for the viewers than the performers, that kind of thing. Usually, with multiple partners, she is happy to have them together with one fucking her cunt or ass while she sucks the other, but, typically, she prefers if they take her one after the other. That way, she says, she gets extremely prolonged, almost non-stop fucking and the pleasuring is unbelievably good.

“You know of course of her pronounced preference for *naukar* lovers. I won't get into why she seems to like this so much, but that she does is evident. You can tell from the way she behaves with them, the way she gives herself to them without reserve, the way she obeys their every command and fills their every demand. She seems happiest when she's slaving slowly between the legs of a dark, young, hard-bodied *naukar*, sucking his cock, letting him call her cheap and filthy names and responding in kind. I believe it's not just that she enjoys fucking; it's *illicit* fucking that turns her on. For that reason, she's something of an exhibitionist, too, and it thrills her to fuck out in the open with a risk of being seen, or before an audience.

“Her sexual appetite is strong and healthy, but I wouldn't call it voracious because that implies greed. I don't like the word 'promiscuous' either, with its connotations of immorality and implications of being indiscriminate, and it's simply not true of her. She *is* picky about her lovers, very much so. She doesn't like men who are fat, smelly, oily-skinned, unclean, too hairy, unclean, who sweat too much. Her sexual instinct is not remotely immoral, or even amoral, and far from greedy or indiscriminate. She is no sexual predator. That her enjoyment of fucking is intense does not make it so. She loves fucking for the pleasure it gives to everyone involved: her bulls, her husband, herself. If anything, I'd say that being sexual active is really a reflection of her great kindness of spirit and the boundless generosity of her soul. She is sexually rich, not profligate.”

Thank you, Mehul. That's way over the top, but we'll let that pass and get back to this narrative.

So. I finished my makeup and went out to set the table for

lunch. I'd just finished when the doorbell rang. It was a little past one. I answered it and welcomed my elder brother-in-law. He smiled thinly and suddenly winced.

"What's wrong?" I asked in alarm.

He shook his head and clutched his back. "I think I must have twisted my back somehow," he groaned. "I keep getting these spasms of pain."

"Oh dear, you poor thing," I said. "Look, why don't you sit down here. Let me rub your back. I'll get some Iodex and a hot water bottle. It'll make you feel better."

"Thanks. Thanks, Sonu," he grunted.

I led him to the wide, long sofa that divided our dining and living areas. I got some of the Iodex pain-reliever salve from the medicine cabinet behind our bathroom mirror and then quickly heated some water and half-filled a rubber hot water bag. I popped it into its cloth sleeve, secured it and went out to the living room. Jagdishbhai was sitting on the sofa with his head back and eyes closed.

"Here," I said softly. "Put this bag behind you."

He took the bag and adjusted it behind him. I waited beside him. He looked at me questioningly. I held up the jar of Iodex.

"Your shirt," I said. "You'll need to take it off please."

He nodded and gingerly leaned forward and pulled his shirt out of his pants and unbuttoned it. He peeled it off.

"It's the lower back," he mumbled, apparently in considerable distress.

"That's okay," I said. "Just lean forward if you can."

"Ok. Sonu. Skip the Iodex. It burns my skin. Just a rub should do."

"All right," I said, putting the jar aside. "Can you bend forward towards me? You'll have to move forward a little, I'm afraid so I can reach over your head."

Jagdishbhai spread his knees apart, I shuffled between them, he lowered his head and shoulders and bent forward from the waist and I reached down over his head and moved my hands down across his naked back.

This was the first time I'd ever seen him without a shirt. He was unbelievably attractive. He is tall, over six feet, and in those days his body was solid, big and strong. He had wide, powerful shoulders, a deep chest and a nice, flat stomach. His waist was narrow. A mat of fine dark hair spread across his torso, but there was no hair on his back. He is also intensely good-looking with very macho, square-jawed, strong features.

My fingers burned when I felt his skin under them.

"Tell me where ... where it hurts," I said and suddenly my voice sounded very hoarse and breathless. I could feel my pulse racing. My breasts were swelling rapidly and I felt my nipples hardening. There was the beginning of the familiar wetness between my legs. I fought myself. Oh god no, I said. Not him. This is too much.

“Lower,” he grunted. “Lower still. Yes. Almost there.”

My hands were at the waist of his trousers, just above his buttocks. I was fast losing control. My breathing was getting heavier by the second.

I couldn't help myself though. We were now in the strangest position, physically closer than we had ever been before. I was standing right between his thighs. My breasts were pressed against his bowed head. Now his hands were on my waist for support. My body was bent forward from the waist over his back. The *pallu* had slipped from my right shoulder into the crook of my elbow, exposing my cleavage. I worked my fingers on his back along his spine, kneading the flesh. He groaned softly. Slowly, he lifted his face. It was now on level with my breasts, right in my cleavage. His big hands moved up and held my forearms. I paused, looking down at him. His eyes were sharp and bright. I read the lust in them. The look aroused me with an intensity that took my breath away. The man had an animal magnetism that was impossible to resist. My eyes locked with his. My lips were parted. I felt myself breathing heavily. My chest heaved. My breasts felt hot and heavy and swollen. I knew my nipples were clearly visible and poking out through the thin, almost sheer, semi-transparent material of my blouse.

Without a word, he reached up and opened the only two buttons of my blouse I'd left fastened. My breasts bounced out, heavy and swollen with excitement, my nipples already painfully stiff. His big hands gripped them and I felt his lips over one, his tongue swirling over the stiff point while his thumb flicked the other back and forth.

“OHHHHH Jagdishbhai!” I gasped, my excitement mounting with each second. “Oh god oh god oh god!”

He began sucking on one breast. I groaned. It seemed like there were hot coals smouldering in my breasts and nipples. A river of liquid fire ran down from them to my groin. Involuntarily, I felt my feet moving apart.

Jagdishbhai moved his face to my other breast. One hand dropped now and tugged at the pleats of my *sari*. The soft, smooth synthetic fabric came undone and it rustled to my feet. A quick tug at the drawcord of my inner petticoat and it, too, came off and I was naked except for *mangalsutra* and gold necklace in front of my husband's elder brother. I felt no shame. All I knew was the insistence of the lust that swamped my being from head to toe, a call that brooked no denial.

His lips and tongue and teeth continued to torment my aching nipples and bursting breasts. He scraped a nipple across his teeth, then swept his tongue over it, then flicked it back and forth with his tongue, then sucked hard, let go, sucked again, and then gnawed tenderly on the very tip. I was whimpering loudly now, and my hands were around his neck, clenching his head.

His hand slipped between my legs. I gasped, biting my lower

lip. My knees bent slightly and my legs opened of their own accord as if in obedience to an unheard call. His middle finger arched up into my cunt. I cried out. Immediately, he clamped his mouth on my breast and sucked very hard. My body arched in an agony of erupting lust. His finger rocked in and out of my cunt, moving faster and faster. I couldn't believe it! My elder brother-in-law, a man I should be only treating with the utmost deference and respect and expect the same in return was handling me like this! Finger-fucking me! His finger felt wonderful inside me, going in and out, in and out and I felt his hard knuckle pressing against my already inflamed clitoris. He pressed it harder and I whimpered, my breath coming in sobbing gasps and moans. Now my hips were lurching and jerking helpless. My legs were trembling.

At last he released me and leaned back into the sofa and, locking my eyes with his, slowly unbuttoned the clasp of his trousers. I moaned, almost feverish with excitement now. I got on the sofa and knelt next to him. He put his hand around my neck and drew my face to his. The kiss was long and deep and very sexy, wide-mouthed. His tongue felt thick and heavy in mine. I sucked eagerly on it, and then slipped my own between his lips. His hand was on my breasts which now swung free, heavy and succulent like ripe jackfruit.

I wanted him. I wanted him so much it actually hurt. I had to see his cock, feel it, touch it, kiss it, suck it. I wanted it in my mouth. I wanted to feel it throbbing inside my body. My hands trembled as I pulled down his zipper fly and peeled his pants open. He lifted his hips slightly and slid them down over his erection and kicked them off. He wasn't wearing any underpants.

I couldn't keep back my cry of surprise. I felt my eyes widen. His cock was huge, a massive eight-and-a-half inches long and very thick. Like big, dark, vein-ridged hose, it was much bigger than Hitesh's or Mohanlal's or most of the other men I'd had since our marriage. It curved down over a pair of low, heavy testicles. To my eyes, it was utterly and irresistibly bewitching, a beautiful, wondrous instrument whose only purpose, at that moment, was to give me joy.

"Oh god oh god oh god," I moaned feverishly, taking his cock in my hand and jerking it lovingly. "Your cock is so big, Jagdishbhai! It's ... it's ... beautiful—"

And my words were choked off as, helplessly, I fell on it, showering it with kisses, deftly rolling back his foreskin to expose the thick, bulbous cock-head, opening my mouth wide and lasciviously running my tongue around it, and up and down his shaft, jerking it the while. He smiled almost lazily down at me, caressing my face and head and breasts gently.

"Take your time," he rumbled. "There's no rush."

His cock felt enormous in my small hands. It throbbed slowly, pulsating. It seemed to fill my vision, my entire horizon. I could

see nothing else. Nothing else mattered. I laved it from its head to his balls, leaving no part untouched. I swept my tongue over the cock-head again and again, deliberately delaying taking it in my mouth for as long as possible. All this time he did nothing to force me to take it in my mouth. He seemed content to let me play with it to my heart's content, and sat with a small smile tugging at his lips, caressing my face and back and breasts tenderly.

Finally, I could resist the temptation no longer. With a loud, shuddering moan, I slipped my lips around the cock-head and began sucking it. I was giddy with lust now. Everything seemed to have slowed down, almost as if watching a movie play in slow-motion. I took in more and more of his cock till it filled my mouth. Still I was able to grip the remainder with my entire fist. My head moved heavily up and down over his lap. My hand jerked the shaft rhythmically. Distantly, I heard myself whimpering and moaning, my calls muffled by his cock filling my mouth. My nostrils filled with the musky smell of his cock and my lips and cheeks were slippery with his pre-cum gunk. I tilted my eyes up to him in wonder and joy and felt the warmth of his calm, assured love radiating outward and enveloping me in its warm embrace. At last he put his hand on my head and began to move it up and down slowly.

"Mm ... oh that's good, Sonu ... that's very good ... keep sucking ... ahhhh ... yes ... that's it ... mm ... god, your mouth feels so good on my cock!"

Now he closed his eyes and leaned his head back. I continued sucking his cock. God knows how long it went on. It seemed an eternity, one I did not want to end. Slowly, he lifted his head. Now there was a fire in his eyes when I raised mine to his. I was kneeling on the sofa beside him and bent over his lap and now his hand moved down my back and over my buttocks. I felt the tip of his middle finger at my cunt again. It was streaming wet, my cunt-lips swollen and open. His finger went deep into me again. I moaned on his cock, sucking harder. My hips writhed and undulated in growing excitement. His finger moved steadily in and out of my cunt.

I wanted him so much it hurt. At that moment, I was ready to do anything for him. I would have denied him nothing. I was completely in his power, mesmerized by lust. I had willingly become my *jethji's* sex slave.

I slipped off the sofa now, and went to the floor on my knees between his legs and bent my head over his lap and sucked his cock with even greater hunger. As I sucked his cock and pumped it with one fist, I pushed my other hand down between my splayed thighs and arched my own middle finger up into my cunt and moved it slowly in and out, stoking the fires that raged there.

Several minutes went by. He seemed to be in no rush, nor in danger of cumming. I kept working it, my mind reeling in shock at the realization of his staying power. With perhaps two exceptions,

any of the other lovers I'd had till then would have lost control by now.

I wanted him. I wanted him inside me. I wanted him so badly it hurt. Still sucking his cock, unwilling to let go, unprepared to stop till he commanded me, I looked beseechingly up at him, imploring him to have mercy and put me out of my misery.

He understood and lifted my head from his crotch. I kissed his fingers, and rose to my feet between his legs. Leaning over him, I kissed him hungrily, thrusting my tongue between his lips, still jerking his cock in my fist. My breasts hung heavy and succulent over him. He squeezed them gently, pinching my nipples. I arched my back and lifted one breast to his mouth. He sucked it and now he was gentle, sensing that my nipples were sensitive to his slightest touch. I felt his hand curve around my buttocks, his fingertips pressing to my wet cunt-lips. I spread my legs wider and he slowly slid his first three fingers into my cunt to half their length. I groaned and squeezed my breasts together and pressed both mounds to his mouth. His tongue swept across my nipples, and I felt his teeth nibbling them tenderly.

"Fuck me, Jagdishbhai," I gasped. "I want your cock in my cunt! I want it so much ... so badly ... please ... fuck me now ... fuck me any way you want ... please hurry ... I can't bear it much longer!"

He released my breasts and smiled up at me. "I told you this morning. Can I refuse my beloved sister-in-law anything?"

I didn't know why his words of obedience so inflamed my lust. Perhaps it was that he, the eldest son of the family, the Crown Prince in a manner of speaking, was subordinating his desire to mine, or perhaps it was knowing in some distant corner of my mind that this was really only a façade, and that I only had the appearance of control while, in fact, it was he who held all the strings like a master-puppeteer controlling a marionette. It was erotic beyond belief. And so, without any overt or apparent sign, he directed everything that followed.

"Then just take me!" I barely knew what I was saying. "I don't care how! Just fuck me! Please! Fuck me! I want you to fuck me!"

It is as vivid in memory as if it happened yesterday. I remember every detail. Everything around us was still. It seemed we were the only moving things in the room, perhaps in the entire universe. The afternoon light slanting through the curtains shimmered with our lust and the air was scented with the smell of our sex. Except for our hoarse voices, and the squelch of flesh on flesh, there was no sound.

We moved as one, in unspoken understanding. I straightened and stepped back. He got to his feet. I took his cock in my hand and turned and bent forward on the sofa on my left knee, the right leg stretched out and foot on the floor, turning my body along the length of the sofa, facing the armrest, resting my free hand on the

corner of the sofa back. He swung a leg up across my hips so that his left foot was now on the sofa between my left knee and the sofa's backrest, his other foot on the floor by mine. His big, dark hand slid from my waist up to my breast. I still held his cock. It was between my buttocks now.

I moaned in excitement and moved my hips back, pushing my right leg further out to open my cunt fully. His hand tightened on my breast. He bent forward over me; I held my breath, waiting for the deep thrust that would send his cock searing into my cunt.

It never came.

My head jerked around over my shoulder in surprise. He grinned down at me.

"You want it so much, *you* put it in," he said.

I moaned in desperation and bent even more steeply forward, dropping my right shoulder and thrusting my hand down under my body and between my legs. I gripped his cock again, holding it under his cock-head with my first two fingers and thumb. I moved his cock-head to my cunt-lips. I could feel its heat.

Still he waited.

Moaning and panting, I pushed my hips backward and drove my cunt back onto his cock. His cock-head burst into my cunt.

My head whipped up. My mouth tore open. I cried out thinly. I thought his cock would rip me apart. I felt my body moving backwards, my cunt sliding back further and further on his cock, felt it scraping now between my first two fingers which were now splayed on my cunt-lips, pulling them wide. His cock went deeper and deeper into me.

My buttocks jammed into his crotch. I had his cock fully inside me. I couldn't breathe. It was shocking: the heat, the length, the thickness, the sheer enormity of it inside me. And the *weight* of it! I felt like I'd just run myself onto an incredibly heavy, red-hot iron rod. My head swam. I felt dizzy. I could feel my cunt going into frantic convulsions on the intruder.

"Oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god," I heard myself panting, my voice husky and hoarse, my breath hopelessly out of control now.

His hand was tight on my breast. Now he let go and I felt him straighten behind me. His right hand crossed and held my left buttock. His fingers dug into my flesh. Incredibly, he swung his hips even further forward. There was more! His cock-head pierced deeper inward like a diamond-hard drill-bit in a borehole. My hand flew out from under my body. I squeezed my pendulous breasts in frenzy.

"Fuck me!" I gasped. "Oh god Jagdishbhai! Your cock feels so good in my cunt! Fuck me! Please! Fuck me hard! I want it all! Fuck me fuck me fuck me!"

"At your service!" he laughed. "Whatever you say!"

And he began to fuck me. He moved with complete control, moving his hips back and forth in a measured tempo. His huge

cock sawed in and out of my cunt. My body rocked and jerked and and fro. I could feel my breasts swinging and bouncing. He slid a hand up under me and began squeezing them very hard. My body seemed to be on fire from head to toe. His cock felt like a heated poker going in and out of my cunt. It was so incredibly big I thought it must surely rip my body apart. I clung on to the sofa, whimpering and gasping, piling one obscenity on another.

“Oh god yes fuck me fuck me fuck me *bhai* ... fuck me! Harder! Ahhhh uhh yes oh god yes put it in *bhai* ... put it all in ... oh yes oh god yes oh ma uhh yes oh yes ...” Involuntarily, I slipped into the vernacular, using the words I use to this day when one of my *naukar*-lovers fucks me. “*Chodho mujhe! Jorse chodho ... hanh ... aise ... yes ... fuck me!*”

The words seemed to inflame him. He moved faster now, thrusting deep into my cunt and now his words, too, lost their earlier politeness and expressed his raw desire, two languages in head-on collision.

“Take it! Yes, come on! Take it! Take my cock, bitch! Come on, you whoring bitch ... *saali rundi ... le! Le mere lavde ko!*”

I should have been insulted, hurt, put off. I wasn't. I saw his words for what they were: a reflection of the uncontrollable intensity of his lust, a desire that could not be penned in by mere social niceties. All decorum was thrown to the winds. We had reached a level of indecency in our illicit conduct where such considerations had no place. Some might feel we had descended to a level of depravity. I believe that, right then, Jagdishbhai and I attained a hitherto unknown freedom. This was not love-making, or even sex. It was totally animal, carnal, primal and, therefore, completely pure.

And so I responded as I did, begging and urging him on, using the very words he did, asking for more, telling him I wanted to be fucked harder, deeper, longer. Now his hips were rocking back and forth, and his cock was plunging steeply in and out of my cunt. My body jerked and rocked on the sofa. My breasts hurt with the crazed bouncing and wobbling. My *mangalsutra* and gold necklace were swaying as if in a high wind.

His hand went up to the back of my neck. He uncoiled my hair from its bun and twisted his fingers in it and jerked my head up. I cried out, wincing at the sharp sting.

“You want it hard, whore? Let's see how you take it hard!”

He straightened, leaned back, held the back of the sofa with one hand and dragged me back onto his cock, still holding the end of my hair twisted in his other hand as he might the reigns of a mare. His hips whipped back and forth under my buttocks.

“OH! OH! OHMA OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD YES FUCK ME FUCK ME FUCK ME *CHODHO MUJHE BHAI JORSE CHODH* FUCK ME HARD!” I cried.

He grunted thickly, now swapping his hands in my hair, his right hand clamping on my breast and squeezing it fiercely. I

clung on to the sofa for dear life, terrified we might both fall off and hurt ourselves. On and on he went, his cock pounding and ramming in my cunt.

I began to orgasm.

He didn't stop. He just kept fucking me.

My orgasm went on and on and on.

Still he kept fucking me. He seemed tireless. Now he had pushed me forward again but was still riding me, holding my hair.

At last he slowed and slid out of me.

"Sit on my cock," he commanded me. "*Lund pe baith. Palat ke.* With your back to me."

Groaning, I obeyed. He slouched low on the sofa. I flung a trembling leg over his thighs, my legs outside his and feet on the floor, reached down for his cock and slowly impaled myself on it again. It went right up into me, deep into my cunt. I cried out, flinging my head back and arched my body backward, throwing my arms out behind me and holding the sofa. He held my hips and began moving me heavily up and down on his cock. It felt huge, hot, hard. It rasped in and out of me, crushing my tender, inflamed clitoris. I turned my head and opened my mouth and his tongue curled sexily around mine and began to move heavily in and out of my mouth almost as if it was a cock, too. I had never felt so wanton, so utterly lust-laden. I bucked madly on his cock with my head thrown back and my arms stretched out behind me. My breasts bounced heavily; I could feel them rising and falling. My *mangalsutra* and gold necklace tossed up and down, slapping on my flesh. He held my waist and moved me on his cock, his hips rising and falling in perfect synchrony with mine. The pace was slower now, but incredibly intense.

Pushing myself down deep on his cock, I paused and leaned back against him and turned my face to his again. His mouth met mine. His tongue invaded my mouth. His hands moved up under my breasts, lifting and squeezing them.

"Tired?" he murmured into my mouth.

I shook my head. "No. Not yet."

"Good," he smiled. "I like that. What's your pleasure for the next round, princess?"

I giggled and, with a groan, lifted myself gingerly from his lap, turned to face him, kneeling across his hips and, reaching down, moved it between my legs to my cunt-lips and slowly eased my cunt down deep on it again. I moaned at the now familiar size and heat and thickness of his cock inside me and writhed happily on his crotch, grinding my hips slowly back and forth. We kissed again, long and deep, with wide open mouths and lots of tongue.

"You're one sexy man, you know that," I groaned.

"And you're one hot woman," he smiled. "This is good fucking."

"Very good fucking. Hansaben should go to Ahmedabad more often. Permanently would be good."

He roared with laughter. I giggled. He kissed me. "Actually,

she's quite a fabulous fuck herself."

I frowned and stuck my tongue out at him, feigning annoyance. "Better than me?"

"Different," he grinned. "Not better, not worse. Different. So's your sister, for that matter."

I stared at him. "You've fucked Mala?"

"Oh yes. Frequently. And your cousins, too, Lajja and Deepika, and some of your friends as well. Madhavi, Sneha." He chuckled. "I know quite a lot about you and what you've been up to, my dear. The swinging and wife-swapping and wife-watching and all." He saw my expression and his grin widened. "Oh don't worry. I'm not giving anything away. Hansa and I have been doing it for years. We have our own group, too, you know. This is nothing new to us."

If there was a vestige of doubt in my mind, it evaporated now. I felt liberated. And, if you can imagine it, even more wanton.

I kissed him hard again, moaning my arousal into his mouth. His body glistened with sweat now. I could feel the perspiration on my own. His hands crawled under my buttocks. He parted them and pressed his fingertip to my anus.

"*Naach, rahnd! Naach mere lund pe!* Dance, slut! Dance on my cock!"

I hissed in excitement and forced my breast into his mouth. He sucked hard on one, then the other. I felt his fingertip slid into my anus. I gasped in excitement. I sank my teeth into the muscular flesh of his shoulder, just below his neck and squeezed my cunt tightly on his cock. He grunted thickly. I whimpered softly. I clenched his massive shoulders and ground my hips heavily to and fro in his crotch. His finger went deeper into my anus and began moving slowly in and out. I hissed sharply between clenched teeth and slowly ran my splayed hands up my body to cover my breasts. I rolled my palms in circles on my breasts, then lifted and squeezed them erotically. Slowly, I lifted my arms higher, up to the back of my neck, paused to gather my hair and coil it again firmly in a knot, and then raised my arms up and crossed my ankles high above my head. Slowly, I arched my head back.

"Oh baby yes! Fuck me!" I said in a throaty, guttural voice. "Fuck me like a whore, *bhai!* Hard! I'm your whore now, *bhai* ... your *rahnd* ... fuck me any way you like ... as long as you want ... as often as you want ..."

I tilted my eyes down to his. He was staring at me, his eyes glittering like black diamonds. His finger left my anus and he slid his hands up my body to my outthrust breasts.

"Stay like this," he said softly. "Keep your arms up like that. And keep talking."

He moistened the tips of his middle and third finger on his tongue and rubbed them over one nipple. I shuddered. He scraped his fingernails across my nipples. I moaned, biting my lower lip. Slowly, he swept the middle fingers of both hands in spirals over my breasts, starting wide and circling an entire breast, and

narrowing inexorably to my puckered areoles and, finally, my nipples.

The sensation was incredible. It felt like he was drawing the fire around right to my breast tips. I gasped, thrusting my breasts out even further.

"Oh fuck yes!" I cried. "Oh god Jagdishbhai, oh god yes! Fuck me!"

Abruptly he grabbed me around the back and yanked me forward and clamped his mouth on one breast and sucked savagely. My hands fell, looping around his neck. I cried out when he bit down on a stiff, quivering nipple, holding it between his teeth and nibbling on it, and whipped it with his tongue. He let go, moved to the other breast.

"Move!" he snarled up at me and slapped one buttock hard.

I gasped in shock. He slapped my buttock again, then the other, then the first. The blows weren't hard, but they stung. Each slap made me gasp and, involuntarily, my cunt snapped tighter on his cock inside it.

"Move, bitch! Don't make me tell you a second time! I'm not begging here!"

He gripped my throat with one hand, my hips with the other and heaved up under me. I cried out and, spreading my knees wider still, began bucking wildly on his cock, lifting my hips high along the length of his cock-shaft, and then slamming them down again. Faster and faster I went. My breasts bounced heavily, rising and falling. My *mangalsutra* and gold necklace flew off my chest and slapped back down. I gripped the back of the sofa, moving even faster, and flung my head back, crying out loudly, my voice shrill and ragged. Beneath me, his hips heaved and pumped furiously up and down, tossing me on his lap. It felt like I was impaling myself on an impossibly big spike of burning teakwood.

I was beyond caring what I said. Obscene love-calls cascaded unbidden from some deep wellspring of pure sin.

"Ohhhh yes oh god yes yes yes uhhh yes *bhai* yes fuck me fuck me fuck me oh god oh god *bhai* you're cock's so big oh god yes c'mon harder ahhhhhhh uhh yes ahh uhh ohma ohma uhh *hanh* uhh yes fuck me *bhai* fuck me hard!"

He yanked me savagely up and down on his cock with his hands holding me firmly around the waist and moving my body effortlessly.

"C'mon! Faster, whore! Take my cock! Ahhh uhh yes c'mon, you whoring bitch you slut ... *saali rundi chul lele! Le mere lavde ko!*"

Faster and faster we went, the sweat splintering off our bodies now, my buttocks bouncing off his thighs. I stretched my arm back and squeezed his balls eagerly. He grabbed me and pushed me back and leaned forward at the same time and I fell back, my body angled away from his at the waist. I flung my arms out just in time and slapped my hands down on the floor behind me. Now I was completely at his mercy, on my knees on the sofa but doubled

back with my heels under my buttocks and my hands pinned to the floor. He grinned at my plight and, holding my waist, hammered his hips savagely back and forth without warning. His cock tore into my cunt and my scream was thin and high with shock and my head fell way back, upside down, and my necklace and *mangalsutra* fell over my shoulder and swayed behind my neck. His cock continued its plunder and I felt my swollen, aching breasts heaving and bouncing madly.

I had yet another orgasm. He kept fucking me till it passed and then he slowed, dragging my cunt down onto his cock, gently lifting my supine body and easing me off his cock. I groaned; my cunt tingled. My mind reeled. I had come what, three, four times? And yet he wasn't done. He saw my expression and laughed softly.

"On your knees," he said. "This is the home stretch. Time for a good gallop."

Then he had me on the sofa, kneeling on the seat and facing the back with my forearms on the top of the backrest. Quickly, he got on the sofa on his feet straddling my hips in a low squat and bending forward. I felt his cock at my cunt-lips. I had barely time to ready myself for him when he ran it into me in a single surging thrust like a spear, driving the breath from my throat. It felt like I was being skewered. His cock went in deeper and deeper. I felt his cock-head in my womb. I couldn't breathe. I thought it would cleave me in half and erupt from my throat, it was so big. His balls pressed to my cunt-lips. He was fully inside me now, in all his magnificent enormity. His cock burned. The heat was incredible. It felt unbearably heavy, and impossibly thick. I whimpered, tiring now, panting and gasping. It no longer mattered what he did. He could fuck me forever and I would no longer be able to resist.

He began fucking me again, without any sign of urgency. I felt his cock slide outward till just the cock-head was inside me, and then it ran into me again, going in deep. I lurched forward with a moan. He drew back and thrust in again, and yet again, and then he had a rhythm, long, smooth, deep strokes, gradually building speed. Now his hands pressed down on my shoulders. I felt his hips rising and falling behind me, his thighs moving away and then slamming forward and hitting my buttocks and thighs with a loud slap. Sweat dripped from his body onto my back. He slid his hands under me and gripped my breasts and squeezed hard and then he dug his hands into the soft flesh of my waist and fucked me for himself. I heard his loud groans and growls above me. I could hardly hear my own voice, but I knew I was moaning, begging him to keep fucking me, telling him how good his cock felt, begging him to fuck me harder, to take me like a cheap slut. He called me his whore and his slut and his bitch and went faster and faster till he was pounding furiously in and out of me, his cock moving like a piston at high speed. He kept ramming his cock savagely in and out of my cunt.

I had lost all sense of time and space. I no longer cared what he

did, or for how long, just so long as he kept going. He could have fucked me all day and all night and I would not have asked him to stop. Incredibly, I felt myself whirling through yet another orgasm.

At last he reached his end. He fucked me through my orgasm and then slid out of me and, before I knew it, without realizing how he had done it, swung himself over the sofa to the other side so that he was now standing behind it with his cock at my face. Moaning, panting, gasping, I took it in my mouth again, sucking eagerly, jerking the slippery shaft.

"Suck, bitch, suck!" he gasped. "Suck harder! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahh! Uhh oh god yeh oh yeh oh yeh oh fuck baby yes ohhhhhhhhh!"

His cum was a huge flood. I sensed it and opened my mouth wide, pushing my tongue out, jerking his cock. Seconds before, I felt him move oddly, but didn't know what had happened till he came. Now I realized. He'd stretched out one long arm and grabbed one of the small silver-plated bowls I had on the glass-topped corner side-table. It was knick-knack really, something I used to serve mixed nuts at a party. Now it was in his hand as he came and he held it under my chin as the thick, creamy cum spurted in a seemingly endlessly flood into my mouth and splashed my face and breasts.

My mouth flooded with his cum. I took it in and swallowed it. Cum dribbled down my chin. His cock was still spurting. He caught it in the silver bowl. Smiling slavishly up at my *jethji*, I tilted my head back, licked my lips and scooped the dribbling cum from my chin and fed it into my mouth.

"Drink," he said and lifted the silver bowl above my face.

Moaning, I opened my mouth again. He dribbled his collected cum into my mouth, moving the cup so that his cum fell on my face too. Obediently, I swallowed it. He brought the cup closer and I ran my tongue through it, lapping up the cum that stuck to its sides. He smiled in satisfaction, held my head and brought it down and pushed his cock into it again.

"Clean me," he commanded, and I did.

At last he stepped away. Gently, he caressed my face. Cum coated his fingers. I kissed and sucked on them. He chuckled.

"Excellent," he said. "That was truly excellent. Now I'm going to shower. I want you to dress. Don't bathe, don't wipe off the cum. Just put on your *sari*. No blouse, no petticoat. Just the *sari*, nothing else. Is lunch ready? I have a meeting shortly."

I flushed with excitement. I found this very erotic. I nodded. "Yes. I only have to make the *rotlis*."

"Good," he said. "Ten minutes?"

He went into the bathroom. I stumbled off the sofa. My limbs were trembling. Slowly, I put on the *sari*, wrapping it around myself and pleating it on itself and pulling the *pallu* across. The sheer fabric didn't hide anything, and the sweat and cum on my body only made the cloth cling to me. I staggered into the kitchen

and began heating the food and making his chapattis. I felt positively light-headed now. I drank two or three glasses of cold water and that made me feel better.

Ten minutes later, he came out and put on his trousers and sat bare-chested at the table while I served him. He ate slowly but well. He was clearly ravenous. I served him lunch and piping hot chapattis smeared with *ghee*.

"This is very, very good," he said at last.

I nodded, unable to speak. My tongue felt swollen in my mouth. He smiled, got to his feet, rinsed his hands and mouth and pulled on his shirt. I waited by the table. He came and stopped by me.

"You are one incredible fuck, Sonu," he said. "Thank you for the sex, and the lunch."

I nodded.

"You should bathe and rest now and when you get up, don't eat too much or you'll feel sick."

I nodded again. "I ... I'll see you at ... din ... dinner ... right?" I mumbled.

"Yes," he nodded. "Of course."

He went to the door, stopped and turned back. "Sonu?"

I looked at him, standing just behind me.

"Did I hurt you?" There was real anxiety in his voice.

I shook my head listlessly, then nodded. "A little," I mumbled. "Feel ... feeling sore."

"God, I'm sorry," he said, true concern in his voice. "Oh god, I'm so sorry!"

I shook my head, hardly able to focus. "It's all right. Go. Please go now, Jagdishbhai."

"Are you sure you'll be ok?"

"I ... I'm fine. Just sore." I tried to smile. My tongue wouldn't move. My speech slurred. "But it's ... it's a good ... soreness ... please ... go now."

He nodded. "I'll see you," he said and touched the back of his fingers to my face. I held them briefly and then let go, and then he was gone. I leaned my back against the door and closed my eyes. I couldn't contain myself any longer. I slumped down the door to the cold tiles and, trembling uncontrollably, began to cry.

"How was lunch?" Hitesh's tone was casual but in the mirror his eyes were sharp, watching me.

It was a little after dinner that very evening. Jagdishbhai joined us. Hitesh and he had a drink and then we all sat down to a quiet dinner together. To my relief, Jagdishbhai didn't say very much to me. I could hardly bring myself to look at him.

He left shortly after and Hitesh and I closed up the house and retired to the bedroom. I hadn't changed into my night clothes yet, was still in the simple printed cotton *salvar-khameez* I'd put on earlier that afternoon.

It had taken me a long time to gather myself. Finally, I dragged myself to the bathroom and, in the shower, scoured my skin till it stung. I scrubbed every part of my body, showering twice and then once again. I rubbed myself down with a thick towel and then doused my body with the most intense perfume I had before putting on the *salvar-khameez*.

I was furious with myself, yet I could not resolve the conflicting emotions that battled in my head. There was a sense of shame at what I had done, what I had said, what I had let my elder brother-in-law do to me. But that shame was edged with the lingering shadow of a deep-seated arousal for I could not forget how good it had felt. He had fucked me like a cheap whore, and I had let him, encouraged him, and *wanted* it. I was not angry at him, but at myself. He was a man, after all, and men, I felt, did these things. I should have known better. I ought to have resisted, denied him, and myself. I had let my physical needs conquer my judgement. I had thrown everything of value into jeopardy, risked my home and my marriage.

At first, I could not understand why I felt this way. After all, it wasn't like I wasn't fucking other men, even *naukars*. Why, just earlier that morning I had let Mohanlal fuck me and I didn't have this kind of a reaction then. Why should Jagdishbhai be different? Mehul was fucking me regularly by then, as he had done before our marriage, and he was a brother-in-law too. And we were already swinging with other couples. Why should this cause so much distress? Why did I feel so guilty, so ashamed, about what I had done with my *jethji* that afternoon?

"Sonu?" Hitesh said. "How was lunch?"

"It was all right," I mumbled, turning my face so that he couldn't see the distress I couldn't hide. Not from him, not from my husband.

He turned and came over to me. I kept my face turned away. Gently, he took me by the shoulders and turned my face to his. I couldn't meet his look, and I kept my eyes lowered.

"Sonu." His voice was very soft, very gentle, almost like a caress. "Look at me, love."

Barely able to conceal my tears, pursing my lips, I looked up.

"He fucked you, didn't he? My brother fucked you this afternoon."

He might as well have slapped me or hit me in the stomach. Now the tears came again, streaming uncontrollably down my cheeks. "I'm sorry," I sobbed. "Hitesh, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."

He took a deep breath and let it out. I couldn't understand it. He actually seemed ... *relieved*. He smiled gently.

"You really are so silly sometimes, Sonu," he said. "What on earth have you got to be sorry about? So it's happened. Finally. Thank god."

I gaped at him. "I ... I don't understand!" I cried. "What do you mean, Hitesh?"

“Come on love. Sit down. There’s something I have to explain to you. I should have told you this a long time ago. You need to know this.”

He led me to the sitting area at one end of the bedroom and lowered me into the chair. He knelt at my feet and took my hands in his.

“Now I don’t want you to be upset by what I’m about to tell you. And don’t interrupt, just let me finish. I’m sure you’ll have questions, and I’ll answer them, but after I’ve said what I have to say. Okay?”

I nodded.

“This has nothing to do with just you and him,” he began. “It’s much more complicated than that, and it goes back a long, long time.”

For the next twenty minutes, I listened to my husband with growing astonishment. I knew that his family came from a small and non-descript farming village deep in the interiors of the neighbouring state of Gujarat. What I did not know was that, for generations, the family had been very nearly destitute, as was most of the village. The arid land yielded little produce, and most of the villagers were deeply in debt to the village headman. They tried to pay off their debt in kind, but the interest was extortionate and meeting monthly payments was nearly impossible. They were hardly able to make ends meet.

This had many consequences, of which two were relevant to us. The first was that, from the age of 16 or 17, the womenfolk in every villager’s household were fair game to every male in the headman’s family. A call would go out and the girl would have to be delivered to the ‘big house’. It didn’t matter if she was daughter or a daughter-in-law. No consent was sought. Trapped by their circumstances, the villagers complied. Over generations, the women grew skilled in satisfying the men. Young girls were tutored by the elder women in the sexual arts. The fact that an unmarried girl had been ‘taken’ by a man in the headman’s family did not stigmatize her. On the contrary: if a particular woman was called for more than once, the family was in favour and the debts were quickly adjusted.

Poverty also affected the number of mouths that could be fed in the family. This community has a tradition of paying a bride-price rather than receiving a dowry and it was impossible to even afford a wife for every son. For this reason usually a wife was acquired only for the eldest son and other wives were taken as and when the family could afford it. By tradition, the wife was expected to also sleep with her husband’s brothers. This was a way of easing the tensions in the family that might, otherwise, have created dissension between brothers.

Over a few generations, the family began to prosper and their traditions changed somewhat. Each son now took his own wife, in order, the eldest first. But some of the earlier traditions continued,

each succeeding generation making its own modification. Soon, it was established that the eldest brother had a right to enjoy his younger brother's wives. Over time, that, too, altered and each brother was permitted to have sex with another brother's wife, the only two conditions being, first, that no woman was ever to be forced into sex against her will; and, second, that the eldest brother's actions decided what happened in the family. Till he slept with one of his sisters-in-law, none of his younger brothers could do so. If he never did, neither could they.

Hitesh explained that his own parents had kept this tradition. His father, the eldest of four brothers, had slept with all his sisters-in-law and Hitesh's mother had been fucked by all three of her husband's brothers.

The family had been waiting, he said, for Jagdishbhai and me to have sex. But the second condition was absolute. I would never be forced, but would have to do so willingly. Now that it had happened, it was a great relief. He, too, had long wanted to fuck Hansaben and she, in turn, had expressed her willingness. But the family's traditions had to be honoured.

This was the day they'd been waiting for.

I looked at him uncertainly. "I ... I ... this is very hard to believe, Hitesh," I mumbled.

He sighed. "But you must, my love. It's the truth."

"Why has no one ever mentioned it? How come no one ever talks about this? Why haven't I heard about this before?"

He smiled. "It's not exactly the kind of thing one advertises, is it?"

I thought for a minute. "What if I'd said no?"

He shrugged. "Then it would have ended there."

"Just like that?"

"Yes. Just like that."

"And you wouldn't have wanted to sleep with Hansaben?"

"Of course I'd have *wanted* to sleep with her. I just wouldn't have done it."

I took a deep breath. "Let me understand what you're saying. If either Jagdishbhai or I refused, the old family tradition wouldn't have been followed. Is that right?"

"Correct. Because first and foremost is our tradition that no daughter-in-law can ever be forced to have sex with her brother-in-law against her will."

I looked at him carefully. "You approve of what I ... we ... did today?"

He shook his head. "Sweetheart, it's not a question of my *approval*. I don't have the right to approve or not approve. Don't you see? The only person with a complete veto in this was ... you? Even if Jagdishbhai wanted it, no matter how much he wanted it, it could never have happened without your consent."

He was right. In all this time since our marriage, Jagdishbhai had never once suggested it. It had always been up to me, and only

me. I smiled weakly. "It seems your family has its women on quite a pedestal."

He nodded. "Yes it does," he said, his face very serious. "First it was because of the sheer money value. A boy's family had to pay a lot to get a bride. That made them very valuable. We respected them, because they represented something of real value. And then also because we knew that it was only the women who could give — or deny — satisfaction to the men. It was always in their control."

I took a deep breath and tightened my hands in his and held his head and leaned forward to kiss him. A heavy weight seemed to have been taken off my shoulders. He kissed me back, gently slipping his tongue along my lips, caressing my face.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked softly, his eyes drilling into mine.

I felt myself nodding. "Yes," I breathed. "Very much. More than any man I've had in a long time."

His eyes widened and I saw the pride and amusement sparkling in them. "From you, that's saying a lot." His voice bubbled with laughter. "Really?"

"Really," I giggled. "He made me ... he made me feel very ... *wanton* ..."

Hitesh rose to his feet, still holding my hands. "You should go to him then."

"What?"

"Go to him. He's alone upstairs. Go to him. You need to get it out of your system. That might take a few days still. So go to him now." He stopped and looked at me quietly. "I know you want to. You don't have to deny yourself this. Really."

I looked at the clock on the wall. "It's late."

"He's waiting for you."

"How do you know?"

"He's my brother," Hitesh said. "Trust me. I know."

The door to the upstairs flat was slightly ajar. Hitesh had called ahead on the intercom. I pushed it open and shut it behind me. Jagdishbhai was waiting for me in the hallway. I hesitated. He smiled and held out his hand.

"Come," he said, and led me to the bedroom.

I hadn't changed. I was still in my *salvar-khameez*. In the bedroom, he turned, cupped my face in his hands and, very gently, kissed me. I arched my head under his, my hands on his broad chest.

"This afternoon," he said. "Did I hurt you? Sometimes I forget that—"

"No," I interrupted. "You didn't. I'm a little sore maybe, but it's a nice sore. It feels good."

He smiled affectionately. "It will be different now," he said. "That is," he added quickly, "if you want it."

"It's why I'm here, Jagdishbhai," I smiled.

I slid my hand under his short *kurta*, tugged at the drawcord of his white pyjama bottom and took his massive cock in my hand again. It stirred quickly. He groaned softly and kissed me again and his hands lifted my *kurta* and drew it off and deftly unfastened my bra.

It was different. Very different. This time, my *jethji* did not fuck me. He actually made love to me. It was incredible. It was excruciatingly exquisite. The foreplay was prolonged. He wouldn't let me do anything. He made himself a slave to *my* desire. I lay on my back and he aroused me with the most fleeting touch and the lightest kisses, exploring all my erogenous zones with his fingertips and lips and tongue and teeth till I was writhing frantically, my fingers entwined in the carved woodwork of the bed's headboard, my hips heaving and undulating, my face turning from side to side. My body was on fire. He made me feel like one big cunt from head to toe. He would not let me touch his cock or any part of him. Every time I reached out he gently pushed my hands back. I understood, and surrendered and he continued tormenting me, leaving no part of my body unexplored. I felt his tongue sweep around my anus and then ripple through my cunt. I felt his finger sliding gently into me and curling. His lips on my breasts. His tongue in my mouth. His teeth on my nipples. His tongue in my armpits. He worked me till I was whimpering and thrashing in a frenzy and only then did he relent. I was almost sobbing with gratitude when I took his cock in my mouth.

There was no hint of urgency or violence now. Neither of us wanted it. He fucked me with a sense of awe and wonder and I marvelled at his incredible control. Lying on my back, I opened my legs for him and his cock entered me with a slow gentleness that was even more erotic than the deep plunge of earlier that day. I could feel every inch of his cock going into me, could feel it throbbing, alive and eager, inside me. He eased himself into me all the way and then waited for my move, and let me control it, adjusting himself to me. His cock glided smoothly and effortlessly, not forcing me and with no hint of discomfort. My excitement grew and grew and I lifted my legs behind his and clenched his buttocks and pulled him deeper into me. My body rocked under his, my swollen breasts bouncing under his hard chest. His tongue probed my mouth. I came and the orgasm was intense and all-enveloping. I felt like I was drowning in it, gasping and panting feverishly, chanting his name and begging him to keep fucking me. I expected he would fuck me several times more before he was done but, to my surprise, he asked me if he should finish now. I was tired. I needed rest. I nodded and he kissed me and stroked beautifully in and out of me and then came, deep inside me. I whimpered in joy as I felt the warm spurt of his cum in my cunt.

We lay together in silence, our limbs tangled, my head on his chest. Lazily, I lapped at one of his nipples with my tongue and let

my hand creep down to his crotch.

“Don’t,” he groaned with a half smile. “Don’t start that or it will never end.”

“Who says I want it to end?” I giggled, now sucking happily on his nipple and jerking his cock which began to stir again. “I’m not the kind of woman who wants good things to end. And you’ve got a *very* good thing ...”

“You’re mad!” he laughed through his groan as his cock hardened. “I’m going to be a wreck tomorrow!”

“So don’t go. Simple. Stay home and fuck me all day,” I said, moving over him and kissing him, rubbing my breasts against his body.

“I can’t. I have meetings.”

“Cancel them.”

“Sonu! Please!”

“Once more, Jagdishbhai,” I whispered. “Please. Once more. With me on top.”

He groaned and surrendered and I snaked down his body, kissing and licking it lovingly, taking his cock in my mouth again. This time, I decided, I would ride his cock and then make him fuck me from behind and then come in my mouth. I would take his cum in my mouth and I would swallow it all, every last drop.

I woke before him the next day and rushed down to our place to make breakfast. Hitesh was still asleep. I threw him out of bed, scolding him for oversleeping and grumbling about the work I was forced to do. He stared at me and burst out laughing.

“That good, huh?” he said.

I actually blushed, like a newlywed. He guffawed at my reaction. I ran from the room, scarlet with embarrassment, into the kitchen. Jagdishbhai came down half an hour later, freshly showered and shaved, and Hitesh came out too, dressed for work. I bustled about, serving them breakfast. Throughout they kept teasing me, both of them, making all kinds of suggestive remarks.

“Enough!” I said finally, in mock annoyance. “Will you two now please shut up? Come on, get up. Stop dawdling. Off to work you go! Both of you! Right now! Move, before I kick you out! Honestly, going on and on like this! What do you think, I have nothing else to do?”

They dissolved in laughter and I couldn’t help myself and joined in. At the door, I called after them.

“And Jagdishbhai, lunch is at 1:30. Don’t be late.”

He grinned from ear to ear and Hitesh chuckled. I blushed again. “I wasn’t talking about that, you fools!” I cried and slammed the door on them.

I could hear them guffawing outside, and then their voices faded as they went down the hallway. I smiled and, humming happily to myself, went back into the house.

Poor Mohanlal couldn't understand why he wasn't getting any action from me. That day, and the next, and the day after that, I just ignored him. I waited eagerly for Jagdishbhai and, within minutes of his arrival, we were fucking furiously. The day after our first encounter, we used the master bedroom. In those days, much of our furniture was old, handed down. Our bed was a high teakwood four poster with mosquito netting, utterly useless in Bombay but we hadn't got around to doing up the room and both of us loved its size and height. It actually made for some very good fucking. That afternoon, after I had given him a long blowjob, Jagdishbhai fucked me on my back on the edge of the bed, standing on the floor between my spread legs and leaning over me, his arms stretched out, his hands crushing my breasts. I wrapped my legs tight around his hips. He fucked me hard, thrusting deep in and out of my cunt. I loved it, and made sure to tell him just how much. He turned me over, made me kneel on the edge and plunged into me from behind and fucked me hard. Again, he came in my mouth. And I spent that night, too, with him, and the next, and all the afternoons and nights till his wife returned. And every afternoon, after we'd done, I'd wear a thin white *sari* with nothing else and fix him lunch.

Two or three days later, he frowned at something on his plate.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Something not to your liking?"

He made a face and pointed to the *dal*, which he usually devours. "Mohanlal made this?"

"Yes, why?" I took a spoon from his cup and tasted it. It was horrible. I made a face. "Oh gosh, this is terrible. No salt, no taste, nothing. I'm sorry."

For a second, I thought he might get angry for bad food always puts him in a temper. To my relief, he grinned and winked mischievously. "It's okay," he said. "Don't worry about it. But if I had to guess I'd say this is only because that horny young cook of ours isn't getting any action. Am I right?"

I blushed again and stuck my tongue out at him. "It's all your fault," I said. "I can't be with him—"

"Not 'be with'. Try 'fuck'. Or 'be fucked by'."

I turned red with embarrassment. He laughed and grabbed me about the waist and pulled me onto his lap. My body still reeked of his sweat and cum. I still had his cum sticky on my face and breasts. He squeezed my breast through the thin *sari*.

"You should be more open about this," he said. "There's no need to be so coy outside the bedroom. It's all in the family, isn't it?"
