

# No Place Like Home

By

Sonu

**I've been gone so long**, everything seems strange and new. It's been a long and very trying time. About eight weeks ago, my older cousin Ravi fell suddenly — and mysteriously — ill. Mala and I were distraught and dropped everything (and I mean *everything*) to be with him.

We're very close to Ravi. He's about 15 years older than me. He's our first cousin, my father's elder brother's son. When I was 18, Mala's and my parents died within a short time of each other, first my mother and then my father. We had no other family. Ravi had just moved to Bombay from Baroda where his own family is, and was setting up his business. Suddenly he found himself lumped with two young girls to look after.

He gave up everything for us. He didn't marry, didn't start a family, and devoted himself to our well-being. Our parents had left enough money, but he managed it and made it grow. He saw to our education.

And he was a lover to both of us, each in our time. He didn't want it, or even ask for it, let alone seduce us. If anything it was we who seduced him. And he was a truly magnificent lover, tender and caring and incredibly skilled.

When we got married we moved out of the house we'd grown up in, but he stayed on and nobody ever asked him to leave. He found himself a companion quite late in life, when he was in his fifties, a wonderful woman about his own age, Nishi. They're a lovely couple, devoted to and very much in tune with one another.

Nishi knows about our sexual history with Ravi; he's been totally open with her from the beginning. But there's no tension between us because of that. On the contrary, we're very close to Nishi, too (me perhaps a little more than Mala) and when Ravi becomes his obstinate and pig-headed self and she gets irritated, she phones one of us and tells us to give him a good talking to.

Ravi's like a lamb with us then, and Mala and I have no hesitation in nagging him or even ordering him to do as we say. He obeys us meekly and then everyone has a good laugh and Nishi tells him he's just a kid who never grew up. We love teasing him and we do that at every opportunity and he pretends to growl and scowl but everyone knows he loves the attention from his three ladies ("Ravi's angels" is his word for us).

So you can imagine how traumatic it was for us when he fell ill like this, the doctors unable to give any accurate diagnosis, Ravi barely able to talk and confined to a hospital bed with tubes running into him. It was quite horrible. Mala and I took turns at the hospital every night, week after week. One of us would stay home with Nishi while the other was in hospital and, during the day, Nishi would relieve one of us. We basically moved out of our own homes.

It turned our lives inside out. And, no, there was no sex either. Absolutely none, for either of us. Neither of us was in any frame of mind for it. We feared the worst for Ravi. Sex was the furthest on our minds. Besides, constant concern, plus maintaining a regular household routine and shuttling back forth are physically and mentally exhausting.

It took much longer than we thought but finally Ravi turned the corner and began to recuperate. He was in hospital for another week and then confined to the house for another two. Mala and I had moved in and we weren't going anywhere till he was fully well. We took turns cooking his meals, and the three of us had to monitor his medications and follow-up tests.

At last he was back to normal and we bid him a tearful and thankful adieu and returned to our homes. We were exhausted. For two days, I just rested, and so did Mala at her house. We'd just blanked out. The third day I was raring to go, eager and ready for some good hard action ...

And I slipped and fell in the bathroom, twisted my ankle, hurt my hip and sprained my back. Absolute pandemonium. Rushed to the doctor, x-rays, scans, checks on the spine and hip. One doctor was considering hip replacement but Mehul and Hitesh insisted on a second opinion. Luckily, it was just badly bruised, and there's nothing wrong with the back, it was just a severe sprain.

So there I was, flat out and hobbling at best, for the better part of ten days, full of painkillers and antibiotics ... and again bereft of sex, too feeble in my mind to even think about it.

And all this while my gallant lads waited patiently, tending to me, never complaining, never demanding.

It was only last weekend that my life returned to normal. I can't tell you how grateful I was. It seemed like I'd returned from a sexual *vanvas*, a sexual exile.

I spoke to Mehul and he suggested that I should let my desire brew for a day before giving it free reign. He also said I should not ignore my husband on any account. Husband, servants, then me, he said, in that order, and then everyone else. As always, he's right.

And he had a very sweet and very lovely welcome home present for me: my very own blog on the Cuck and Bull India website. He emailed me detailed instructions on how to use it. It's located at <http://www.cnbindia.com/sonublog>. I am going to upload my first attempt at writing there (the one I sent called "Family Matters") and, later, this one. Please visit it and please do write in with your feedback. I'm sure Mixo will be keen to know what you think of the design.

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**Friday, 9 October 2009;** Finally. I was home, mended, rested — and very, very horny. This had been the longest haul without sex in many years. I desperately wanted a good, long, hard fuck, something that would make me go wild, something that wouldn't stop till I was pushed to the limits of exhaustion. I wanted to be fucked by one of my *naukar* stallions, fucked hard and sleazy and cheap and made to feel like a slut.

But that had to wait one more day, just one. I may be a slutwife, but I'm still a wife, and I'm acutely aware of my obligations. My beloved husband, Hitesh, too, hadn't fucked me in so many weeks. And Mehul's advice was fresh in my mind.

I called him at the office and asked him if he could come home a little early. He agreed at once. He knew what I meant. He said he'd be home not later than six.

By the time he got home, I was on fire. After I telephoned Hitesh, I made my three *naukar*-lovers, Ashok, Waman and Vinod, strip down to nothing except their jock-straps (I long ago insisted that they wear jockstraps and not regular briefs; I said it was their "uniform": "my jocks should wear jocks," I said. Of course they didn't mind).

Through much of the late afternoon and well into the evening we were just us four in the house, me and my nearly-nude three *naukars*. The sight of all that delicious male flesh so close at hand and yet so unattainable, though only for the present, drove me wild. All three made sure that at any given moment at least one of them was very close to me. They laughed softly at me when I moaned feverishly and caressed their naked buttocks. I nuzzled the thick bulges in their crotches and fondled their cocks lovingly. They caressed my face. Vinod made me take off my *sari* and strip down to my petticoat and blouse. Of course, I had on no underwear, and my blouse was one of my usual, low-cut affairs

with a deeply scooped neck and very low back. I wasn't wearing my *mangalsutra*, just a gold necklace.

At one point, Ashok came up behind me and held my arms from behind, pinning me to him, pressing his crotch to my buttocks. Vinod moved in front of me and they kissed me alternately, deeply, pushing their tongues in and out of my mouth. I trembled between them. Vinod opened out my blouse and bent his head to my breasts. I almost screamed in pleasure. After so many weeks, the mere touch of his lips and tongue and teeth on my nipples and breasts was sheer agony. On and on he went, till my legs were trembling and I was whimpering haplessly, begging them like a slut to please fuck me. They laughed and now they lifted me onto the dining table and laid me on it on my back and all three went to work on me, Ashok and Vinod sucking and fondling my breasts while Waman lifted my petticoat and gently tongue- and finger-fucked my shaven pussy.

Time and again I neared an orgasm and they moved away and left me there distraught, pathetic, moaning feverishly. When I finally calmed, they resumed again, switching places, taking turns. One by one they moved up above my head and gently pushed their cocks into my mouth. I sucked them gratefully, hungrily, and wanted more, but they held back.

The master's privilege. They were only prepping me for him.

Hitesh called from the car. Ashok answered, listened, nodded. He signalled to the other two. They stopped and moved away, pulled on their trousers.

Ashok went ahead into the bedroom. Vinod held my elbow and steered me in behind him. Ashok opened my cupboard and pulled out a *sari* — a very fine off-white muslin.

"Get dressed," Ashok said. "Just the *sari*. No blouse, no petticoat. *Sahib* is coming soon." He nodded at Vinod and Waman who had come in behind us. "Strip her."

The two grinned. Waman tugged at the drawcord of my petticoat and pulled it down. Vinod pulled my blouse off. Standing behind me, he reached around and cupped and lifted my breasts, chuckling softly. In front of me, Waman licked two fingers and pressed them to my wet cunt. I gasped. My cunt opened at once and he bent a finger up into it.

"After the *sahib* has fucked you nice and proper, it will be my turn," he grunted. "Can't wait to stick my cock into your cunt, whore."

"Enough!" Ashok snapped. "Back off! *Bhabhi*, put on the *sari*."

They stepped away and watched as, with trembling fingers, I draped the *sari*. It's not easy to do this without a petticoat into which to tuck it, but I've figured it out now. I can do it straight by starting at the left hip, then drawing it around my buttocks and right hip, and then lightly self-knotting the beginning with the edge I've drawn around. Then I do the pleats as usual and lift the *pallu* or trailing end over either my left shoulder in the usual manner or up behind my back and down across my right shoulder

in the Gujarati style. Without a petticoat, a *sari* feels extremely wispy and light, and very sexy. When I wear it with a blouse but no petticoat, I prefer the front-*pallu* Gujarati form; without a blouse, it's sexiest worn straight, the *pallu* stretched across the bosom and then tightened by drawing it around again from behind and tucking it under the arm and around the waist into the makeshift waistband or pleats.

But there's another way of doing it, too and one that's possibly sexier, and that's to use a girdle. Even a string will do, but I like to use my thin gold girdle. The *sari* drapes better and can be worn lower. *Much* lower.

And that is what I used.

"Move," I said to the three servants and, naked, pushed them aside and rummaged in my cupboard.

I pulled out two girdles, not one. I fastened one higher, around my midriff, the other lower and quickly draped the *sari* using the lower girdle as the support. I drew back my hair in a simple clip, lined my eyes with *kajal* and put on my *mangalsutra*, adjusting it so that both it and the gold necklace were visible. I wore no bangles, but had on my gold and diamond wedding ring, and two rings on the second and third fingers of my right hand. In my earlobes I wore small pearl earrings.

One entire wall of our bedroom is a floor-to-ceiling mirror. The closet doors are mirrored, too, and there's another large mirror over the bed. Hitesh had these installed at Mehul's instance. They are completely tasteless but they make for the sexiest fucking -- you can see yourself in any angle, from every angle. Nothing is concealed. I adore the set up. There's an identical one in the other bedroom too.

Now I turned from the wall mirror and smiled at my three *naukars*, all gawking at me in astonishment.

"Oh fuck," Vinod moaned. "Oh fuck, *bhabhi*, I want to fuck you so badly!"

Waman was squeezing his crotch, his eyes wide, his mouth open. "Oh, Sonu-*bhabhi*, Sonu-*bhabhi* ... how I'm going to *fuck* you! Just you wait, *bhabhi*, just you wait."

The doorbell rang. Ashok laughed at his mates and quickly ushered them out. I waited inside. I heard Hitesh's voice as he greeted the men, then a soft exchange I couldn't make out clearly, and muffled laughter.

When he came in, he was shirtless and barefoot, only in his trousers. He stopped at the door, looking at me, his eyes raking my body up and down. My lips parted and I felt my tongue moving slowly across my upper lip. My eyes fell to his crotch.

He stepped forward. The bedroom door behind him was wide open. He made no effort to shut it. I didn't care. He held his arms out wide.

Back in the day, in college, when we were dating, and fucking like rabbits every single day, sometimes two and three times a day, Hitesh had a strong, athletic build. He played track and field,

ran daily, worked out. When he started working, and during the first few years of our marriage, he began to go soft with less and less exercise. In the last few years, though, he'd begun training again, working out at the gym, running several times a week on the treadmill. I hadn't seen him like this in weeks and, suddenly, he seemed to be the Hitesh of my youth, trim and flat-bellied and strong and very, very sexy.

"Welcome home," he said softly, and I heard a soft sob of joy erupt from my throat as I rushed at him.

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**It must have been only minutes later**, but I had no sense of time. Still clad in my *sari*, I was on my knees on the floor in front of my husband, sucking his big, dark cock. He stood with his feet apart, his trousers unzipped but still fastened at the waist, one hand on his hip, the other on my head, moving it back and forth slowly. On the floor, I moaned and whimpered thickly in my cock-filled throat. Reaching up, I undid his trousers and they fell to his feet. I moaned, lifting his cock and caressing my face with it, and then ducked my head to suck on his balls. He grunted softly.

"Keep sucking," he grunted, pushing his cock back into my mouth. "Ahh, yeh ... that's good ... oh that's good, babe ... mm ... yes ... c'mon! Suck it! Suck my cock! Ahhhhhh yeh ..."

He was fucking my mouth now, holding my head in both hands and rocking it back and forth and pumping his hips to and fro. His hand slipped down my face and caressed my lips. His pre-cum was sticky on my cheeks and lips. He pulled my head deeper into his crotch. I moaned, taking his cock in further and further till my lips touched its base and I could feel the thick cock-head head in my throat. I didn't want to let it go. I wanted it inside me, wanted his cum inside me. I didn't care what he did to me now.

I pulled the *pallu* of my *sari* down and began to fondle my breasts eagerly. They were hot and swollen with excitement, my nipples rigid.

"Fuck me," I gasped. "Please, Hitesh ... fuck me ... fuck me hard ..."

He eased my head away and drew me to my feet, holding on to my *sari*. It unravelled and fell to my feet. I was wet and ready. I didn't need anything more. His mouth fastened on mine and his tongue invaded my mouth. I kissed him back fiercely. His strong hands slid down my back to my buttocks and then he lifted me in his hands, taking my body weight easily. I gasped, quickly wrapping my legs around him for support and throwing my arms around his shoulders. Before I knew it, his cock was inside me and I threw my head back and cried out as the fierce, hard heat of it bit into my flesh.

Still holding me, he turned and lowered me on my back on the bed, my hips at the very edge and, bending over me, slowly eased his cock outward, paused, and then thrust himself into me. It felt

like a hot, hard wooden rod had been rammed up my cunt. I cried out shrilly, arching, flinging my arms out and clawing at the sheets. I felt my face twisting in agony. My legs were in his hands, jerked apart. I was helpless. He rammed into me again, and yet again. I cried out louder and louder.

“OHHH yes fuck me yes fuck me fuck me!” I cried.

“Take it! C’mon! Take it, Sonu ... ohhh you fucking whore, take it!” he shouted, thrusting furiously in and out of my cunt.

My body tossed and jerked and whipped up and down on the bed. My breasts bounced so heavily they hurt. I could feel my *mangalsutra* slithering and tossing. I clung on to his muscular arms, my hips bucking and heaving under his.

Hitesh was insatiable. He fucked me again and again and again, in every one of my orifices. I came more often than I could remember. He fucked me from behind, facing the mirror, thrusting in hard and whipping his hips so fiercely I could hear his thighs slapping at my buttocks. On all fours before him, my body rocking to and fro, my breasts bouncing, I shrieked my pleasure at his reflection in the mirror.

He wanted more still. He stood on the bed and made me suck his cock again, fucking my mouth unhurriedly for several long minutes before pushing me down on my back once more and mounting me again, thrusting savagely into me.

Our bodies streamed with sweat. They squelched together audibly as we bucked and heaved and thrashed in a frenzy. He wasn’t making love to me, not in any sense of the word. He was simply fucking me, hard and rough. It was all I wanted.

Not once did he let me take control. He interrupted the fucking to tongue-fuck me, but even that was rough in its own way for he made me spread my legs wide and soon thrust three fingers into me and masturbated me while working my clitoris with his tongue. I was beyond caring. I thrashed and writhed uncontrollably, soaring from the crest of one orgasm to another, flying.

Lying on his back, he pulled me across him and yanked me down onto his cock and began heaving under me, tossing me on his lap. I cried out, flinging my head back, squeezing my bouncing breasts. His cock felt like a hot spear in my cunt. He flung an arm around me and jerked me down and sucked hard on my breasts. I howled.

And then he sodomized me. I was sobbing deliriously as he made me mount him again, my back to him, facing the mirrored wall. I eased my ass down onto his cock and arched back over his body under mine, my arms flung out straight behind me, my hands on the bed beside him. His cock drilled deeper and deeper into my ass. I moaned at the biting pleasure of it. My head lolled drunkenly. He gripped my breasts and began fucking me heavily, thrusting up into me, gaining momentum and depth till he had me bouncing manically up and down on his cock, running my *gaand* along the length of his cock.

“OHHH uhh OH god oh god yes oh god yes!” I sobbed. “Fuck me baby fuck me! Fuck my ass! Fuck it hard! Ahhh uhh ahhhh uhh yes oh god yes!”

I twisted and thrust a hand between my legs, masturbating feverishly as I came violently. Just as it ebbed he heaved me off his lap.

“In your mouth!” he gasped. “Swallow it! *Whore!*”

Moaning, I turned, obeying my husband and lord and master. I slipped off the bed and bent over his lap and buried my face in it, sucking his cock eagerly. I could taste his cum and my cunt and *gaand* on it. It made my head swim. He put his hand on my head and moved it up and down, making me taking it deep in my mouth. I sucked harder and harder, jerking his big cock eagerly in my fist and then, with a loud, shuddering moan, he came, and the cum erupted from his cock and flooded my mouth and spattered my face and breasts. Gasping, he reared up on one elbow. His other hand went down to my face. He scooped dribbling cum from my cheek and pressed it between my legs. I sucked it up dutifully. He pulled my mouth back onto his cock, making me suck it till his erection dwindled, his legs over my shoulders, his feet on the small of my back.

I let his cock go and smiled wantonly up at him. Shrugging his legs off my back, I slid up his body and kissed him deeply, dribbling cum into his mouth. He kissed me hard. His hand was on my breast. I reached down between his legs. Amazingly, his cock was beginning to stir afresh.

“Again?” I asked. “So soon?”

“It’s been much too long, Sonu,” he said. “I’ve missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too, my love,” I said, kissing him again. “Now are you going to fuck me some more or are we having a *conversation?*”

He laughed. “What d’you want?”

“What do you think?” I asked.

“Okay, so let’s have a conversation,” he laughed.

“Idiot,” I giggled, punching his shoulder gently. “Now decide or I’m going to suck your cock again right now.”

“Mm. Now that’s a thought,” he began, his laugh silenced by my deep kiss. “Okay, okay. C’mon, let’s shower. Fuck you there.”

“Hurry,” I said. “I’m hot.”

“You are *such* a slut,” he grinned, slapping my buttocks.

“Aren’t you the lucky one then?” I stuck my tongue out at him.

I rolled off the bed and saw all three servants in the room, staring at us. They were all without shorts, down to their trousers, unzipped, and masturbating their monstrous erections openly.

“Yummy,” I said to Hitesh, looking at my beloved *naukar*-lovers.

“Whore,” he said. “They can fuck you later. After I’m through with you.”

“Sorry boys,” I said to them. “The master has spoken. You’re going to have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid.”

Waman moaned in desperation. Hitesh scowled. I giggled and took my husband's cock, now almost fully erect again, and led him to the bathroom. We left the door open.

Before Hitesh could turn on the shower, I pushed him against the wall and knelt on the tiled floor before him and began sucking his cock again. It hardened swiftly. He groaned, rocking my head back and forth before him, fucking my mouth. I whimpered softly, loving the taste and feel of his cock in my mouth.

"Fuck me," I gasped when he pushed my head away at last. "Quickly!"

"All in good time," he grunted, and turned on the spray, very hot.

I gasped and arched my arms over his shoulders and pressed my crotch to his. We kissed deeply under the water. He picked up the scented soap and began lathering my body gently till it was slick. Still kissing him, I took the soap and ran it between his legs, washing off his cock and balls, then soaped him down. He rinsed off his cock.

"Turn," he said. "Bend over."

I moaned and turned my back to him and bent forward from the waist, holding the mixer rod. Standing behind me, he creased my buttocks apart and slowly squeezed his cock deep into my cunt. I gasped, lifting my head and whimpering. Holding my hips, he began fucking me unhurriedly, pushing his swollen cock deeply in and out of my cunt. It ground against my inflamed clitoris.

"Ohhhh uhuh yes oh god yes ... mmm ... yes ... fuck me, Hitesh ... oh baby that's so good ... your cock is so good in my cunt ... fuck me baby ... fuck me harder! Ahhhh uhuh yes ... ohh god yes ... fuck me ... fuck me like a whore, baby ... fuck me hard!"

"Oh fuck yes!" he gasped behind me. "Take it! Take my cock, bitch! Take it! Ohhh yes oh fuck yes! Take it!"

"Harder!" I cried. "Fuck me harder, baby! Do it! Fuck me!"

Now he was slamming his cock deeply in and out of my cunt, and I rocked back and forth before him, my breasts bouncing, my necklace and *mangalsutra* swinging wildly. He ran his hands up my body and squeezed my breasts. I cried out and began to orgasm. He kept stroking powerfully in and out of me right through my cum, thrusting in harder and deeper.

My climax passed. He kept fucking me, still stroking powerfully in and out of my cunt. His fingers dug into the soft flesh of my hips. His thighs whipped against my buttocks. I gasped, biting my lower lip.

Abruptly, he stopped and pulled out of me. I cried out in shock and surprise. My head snapped over my shoulder. He grinned at me.

"Later," he said.

He stepped out of the shower. I straightened and followed, my legs trembling. The three *naukars* were in the bathroom, watching. He handed Waman a towel.

“Towel her,” he said. “You two. Get the drinks out and something to eat. I’m hungry.” Over his shoulder, he said to me, “Don’t dress. I want you naked.”

He turned back to Waman, who was approaching me as I stepped out of the shower. His big cock sawed in the air. I wanted to suck it. Hitesh wagged his finger in forbiddance. “Don’t even think about it,” he warned. “And you, boy, make sure you towel her down *properly*. Understand?”

Waman’s face split into a grin. “Yes, *saheb*,” he said. “I understand.”

The young *naukar* enveloped me in the big towel. I stayed motionless as he rubbed me down. He wasn’t being terribly gentle. He didn’t miss the opportunity to fondle me either. He dried out my hair and then, holding the towel at either end, snapped it rapidly around so it became like a thick rope. Standing in front of me he passed the towel between my legs, holding an end in each hand, one in front and one behind me.

“What ... what are you doing?” I gasped, stumbling and instantly throwing out a hand for support, clutching his strong, naked shoulder.

“Drying you, like the *saheb* said ... *whore*,” he grinned.

I gasped. He laughed softly and began to saw the towel back and forth, rubbing it in my naked crotch. With my cunt shaved, the feeling was intense. He pulled the towel tighter. I moaned. My fingers dug into the thick pads of muscle in his shoulder. I flung my head back. My mouth was open.

“Ohh ... oh god oh god yes!” I gasped. “Oh god Waman ... please ... *chodh mujhe ... chodh mujhe!*”

He laughed. “Plan on it, slut,” he grinned. “You just plan on it. But wait for it. I want you begging for it, just like this.”

“No! Please! Now!” I moaned, reaching for his cock and jerking it. Over his shoulder, I saw Hitesh at the bathroom door. “Hitesh! Please! I want him!”

Waman looked back at Hitesh, waiting for his go-ahead. Hitesh grinned. “Randy slut,” he said. “She’s got an itch in her cunt for you, boy. *Bahut khujli hai uske chuth mein. Tere lavde ke liye.* Okay. Go ahead. Quick one, though. And make her swallow your cum. I want to smell you on her.”

“*Ye hui na baat!*” Waman exulted. “C’mon! Suck me, whore!”

In an instant, the towel was gone and his trousers were off and I was on my knees, moaning feverishly, sucking my *naukar*’s gorgeous dark, long, thick cock. It’s always like this with the *naukars*. Just the thought that I’m doing something like this, sucking their cocks, being fucked by them, doing things no ordinary housewife would dream of doing, or be permitted to do without scandal, arouses me and excites me beyond belief. To do it with my husband watching is an even greater thrill.

Waman grunted, watching me, fucking my mouth, moving my head back and forth between his legs.

“Suck! Ohh yes ... suck harder, bitch! C’mon! That’s it! Suck my cock! *Choos! Choos mere lavde ko, kutti! Jorse choos!*”

Waman’s cock is huge. I could feel it distending my face and making my cheeks bulge. I could feel its head at the back of my throat. Pre-cum gunk spurted into my mouth. I jerked the thick shaft. My lips and fingers and cheeks grew slimy with his gunk.

I stopped and rose, smearing my cum-sticky fingers on his chest. “Fuck me!” I gasped. “Quickly! Fuck me hard! *Jorse chodh mujhe!*”

“Take her outside,” Hitesh said from the door. He held out his hand and I took it and he led me back into the bedroom.

“From behind. Standing. Take it easy. Nice and steady,” he instructed Waman, hurrying behind us.

Hitesh got on the bed facing me. He patted the bed. “Spread ’em,” he said. “One foot up here.”

He shuffled closer. I lifted one foot onto the bed. The other was on the floor. My cunt-lips were spread wide open. I leaned forward and put a hand on Hitesh’s shoulder. Waman was close behind me. I felt the heat of his cock-head at my cunt-lips.

“Shove it in!” I moaned drunkenly. “Give me your cock! Shove your cock into my cunt, Waman! Fuck me!”

“Slowly,” Hitesh instructed.

Behind me, Waman grunted and slowly squeezed his huge cock-mass into my cunt. I moaned, lifting my head, delirious with pleasure. The young *naukar*’s cock felt incredibly good inside me, hot and hard and thick, going in deeper and deeper. My mouth was wide open. My tongue was pressed to my upper lip. Slowly, lasciviously, I arched it across.

“Mmm ... ohh baby yes,” I moaned. “Oh god yes ... that’s so good, Waman baby ... yes ...”

I bit the corner of my lower lip in sexual tension. Waman’s cock slid smoothly in and out of my cunt, his hips moving in an easy, swinging rhythm. One hand lay lightly on the thigh of the leg I had raised, the other held my waist. I held on to Hitesh’s shoulder in front of me and stretched the other back to Waman’s hip. Hitesh held my breasts in his hands, squeezing them and tweaking my nipples. He grinned happily.

“Like being fucked by these *naukars*, don’t you?”

“Mm ... yes ... oh god yes ... it feels so good,” I moaned. “God yes, I love it ... it’s so ... so *sexy!*”

He chuckled softly and kissed me deeply. “Faster,” he said to Waman over my shoulder. The servant obeyed. I groaned and bent more steeply forward, one hand on my husband’s thigh now, the other on the bed. Behind me, Waman increased speed, now rocking deep into my cunt. I had an intense orgasm that left me panting and mewling in pleasure. Waman went on fucking me till he was done, when he pulled out of me.

“Suck his cock,” my husband commanded. “Drink his cum.”

I turned to sit on the bed and Waman pushed his cock back into my mouth, fucking it for several minutes. I jerked his cock eagerly.

He gasped, groaned and, throwing his head back, came violently. I jerked his cock rapidly, opening my mouth and letting his cum spew into it. It splattered all over my face and breasts, sticking my eyelids shut. It dribbled down my cheeks. Waman chuckled, running his fingers through the gunk and feeding it into my mouth.

Out in the hall, a few minutes later, Hitesh ran a new interracial hardcore movie on the DVD. The image on his big new plasma display was crystal clear and the audio from the surround sound system was superb. He had a drink in his hand. Ashok and Vinod had set out some snacks. Hitesh munched unsalted almonds as I knelt on the floor before him and sucked his cock happily. I was tired now, and groggy, but happy to do this. And still hot. My head moved up and down in his lap. I worked his cock with my tongue and lips and teeth, caressing my face with it.

“Keep going,” he grunted when I paused. “Don’t stop till I say so.”

He didn’t say so for another ten minutes at least, kept me at it. Finally, he pushed my head back.

“Sit on it,” he said. “And don’t move. Just sit.”

Gasping, my face and breasts still sticky with Waman’s cum, I straddled Hitesh’s hips and eased my cunt down onto it. It felt huge inside me and I gasped, arching my head back and thrusting my breasts out, holding on to his shoulders. He leaned forward and sucked on my breasts. I moaned softly.

I wanted to move. My body was on fire and I was nearing my end now, and he knew it. But he would not let me go so soon. I knew that, too. He plucked an ice cube from his glass and ran it around my nipples. I gasped and shuddered. Holding a pitted stuffed olive between his teeth, he kissed me, pushing the olive in and out of my mouth, finally taking it himself and drawing my tongue deep into his mouth.

“Please ... fuck me ... Hitesh, fuck me,” I gasped softly as we broke the kiss.

“Mm-hm. Soon.” He paused, fondling my breasts and buttocks. I shivered as he ran the tip of his middle finger down my spine and between my buttocks and pressed it to my anus. I sank down further on his cock, opening up my ass. His fingertip slid into my *gaand*. I bit my lower lip. He pushed it in deeper. I gasped, arching my head, digging my hands into his shoulders. He began moving it slowly in and out of my ass, finger-fucking my *gaand*. I writhed on his lap. The feeling was extraordinary: his cock throbbing in my cunt and his finger sliding in and out of my ass.

“So,” he said. “When do you plan to let my brothers fuck you?”

I couldn’t help myself. I had to move. My cunt was on fire and my breasts felt like they would burst and my head was spinning with lust. I groaned and began to buck slowly up and down on his cock. “When ... whenever!” I gasped. “They can fuck me whenever ... they ... want!”

“That I know,” he said. “And that they do. I meant before or after these three *naukar-lunds* fuck you.”

“After,” I gasped. “Please Hitesh ... don’t make them ... make me ... make *us* ... wait any more ... I ... I really want to be fucked by them ... tomorrow ... please ... please don’t say no ... Then ... then Jagdish-*bhai* and Sameer can have me ... as often as they want ... please!”

He grinned. “You’re really a whore for the *naukars*, aren’t you?”

“God yes,” I groaned, kissing him. “I love being fucked by them, Hitesh, I really do. I ... I love their cocks ... and their bodies ... and the way they talk to me ... the way they fuck me ... please ...”

“Okay, okay, I was just teasing,” he grinned. “You can fuck them tomorrow. But *I* want to give you to them. So don’t go off jumping on their bones first thing in the morning. Let’s make it special. And after that I want you to spend a night with Mehul, then Jagdishbhai, then Sameer.”

“I love you, Hitesh, I really do, you know that?” I gasped into his mouth.

“And you have a damned odd way of showing it,” he mock-growled. “Now move, slut!” He slapped my buttocks. “Move!”

And then I was riding him feverishly, bucking manically up and down on his cock, my *mangalsutra* and necklace flying, my head flung back, my swollen breasts bouncing wildly. I cried out loud obscenities as I ran my cunt steeply up and down the length of his cock. I hit another orgasm and this time he exploded inside me, gasping and moaning and flooding my cunt with his hot seed.

We stumbled into bed, exhausted and curled into each other and fell asleep. At some point in the night, he stirred behind me and I parted my legs and let him enter me again. He fucked me from behind, lying on my side, starting slowly and then going faster and faster till he had me jiggling up and down on his cock, clawing at the sheets and crying out as his cock tore into my cunt again and again. I came violently, and he slid out of my cunt and pushed me onto my front and sodomized me again, drilling his cock deep into my ass, squeezing it in all the way and then fucking me up the ass with long, piercing strokes that made me cry out shrilly and this time he came in my ass.

Done, he rolled off and I snuggled back against him and turned my face over my shoulder. He kissed me.

“Welcome home,” he said softly, his hand cupping my breast. “It’s good to have you back. It really is.”

\*

**We woke late, but refreshed**, worked out solidly for an hour at the gym, returned to a long, hot shower and, by now ravenous, devoured a sumptuous breakfast. For the rest of the morning, we relaxed, reading the newspapers. I chatted with Mala and my cousin Lajja on the phone, and called Nishi to ask after Ravi. He came on the line and we spoke for a bit and when he started

grumbling I told him to shut up and behave himself. Hitesh overhead my side of the conversation and burst out laughing.

“You treat him like a child,” he said.

“Sometimes he behaves like one,” I snapped.

Hitesh laughed again. “Sonu, this is the guy who was your *guardian*. He’s your cousin. He was also your lover!”

“So? That gives him the right to be a brat now, does it?”

“Guess not,” Hitesh grinned. “You two sisters can be quite impossible sometimes.”

“Not that you or Mehul are complaining, last I checked,” I retorted.

“This is true. We’re not,” he chuckled. He folded his newspaper and looked at his watch. “You good to go?”

“Go where?”

He nodded towards the kitchen. “You have a date, remember? With your three musketeers?”

For a moment I stared at him and then I felt a rush of excitement. “I’m ready,” I said and my voice sounded oddly hoarse.

“Good,” he said, getting up. “Then let’s get ready and let’s give them an afternoon to remember. Come, let’s get you ready with something special. Let’s make it a nice treat for the boys.” He grinned. “And I’ve got a special surprise for you.”

I had no idea what he’d got planned, but I knew better than to ask. Hitesh can be an obstinate ox at times like this. I followed him into the bedroom. He shut the door behind us. I looked at him enquiringly at this.

“Let’s not spoil it for them,” he said, his eyes twinkling. “Now let’s see. We want you to be sexy for them, yet *gharelu* and traditional and very *desi*, very much the *bhabhi*. So nothing western. Something Indian. Yet something very sexy. How about this?”

He opened *his* cupboard and pulled out a large white shopping bag. The bag had no markings to indicate the brand or store chain. The handles were sturdy rigid semi-circular arches.

I knew of only one place that sold stuff in bags like that. It was the only place he’d have gone to.

He saw my look and grinned. “That’s right. Our favourite magic store. Try these. This first, then this.” He took out two large, flat boxes and laid them on the bed. “Open them. Have a look,” he said.

“We’ve been doing some naughty-shopping, have we?” I teased.

“Yes, we have,” he chuckled. “Just for this, in fact.”

“Oh, Hitesh,” I play-acted. “You shouldn’t have.”

“Nothing but the best for you, m’dear,” he drawled. “Go on.”

I unwrapped the boxes and opened them out and my eyes widened and jaw dropped in amazement.

“Well? What do you think?” he asked.

I sat on the edge of the bed, slowly pulling out the stuff. “Hitesh,” I said, my voice husky and low, “it’s not what *I* think that matters — I love it. It’s what *they* will think.”

“And? What do you think they’ll like it?”

I looked up at him. "I know my boys," I said slowly. "This is not something that they will like or not like. This will drive them mad."

Hitesh laughed softly. "I thought it might. Now get ready and let's go to them, shall we?"

\*

*She's all yours, lads. Fuck her any way you like, as long as you like. But fuck her one by one. And take your time. Don't rush it. Make her work for it.*

True to his word, Hitesh offered me to the three *naukars*.

"I'll be outside. Leave the door open. May want to check in from time to time," he grinned, and walked out, leaving me with the three *naukars*.

They circled me like a pack of hungry wolves. I could see the lust in their eyes, the animal ferocity of their desire.

What I was wearing, what Hitesh had asked me to wear, what he'd bought for me, only fuelled their passion.

I was in a *ghagra-choli*, the kind we wear at Navratri. The *choli* was patterned, sequined, but cut very, very low. The neck was scooped wide and plunged deep between my breasts, where its two ends were held by a single knot. The *choli* was tight, too, and short: it barely covered my breasts. The *ghagra* was slung very low, well below the navel, just above my cunt-lips in fact. Ankle-length, but made from some clinging synthetic fabric that was almost entirely transparent.

That was sexy enough. But the layer below was what really made the difference. It took Vinod and Waman just a few seconds to get rid of my *choli* and *ghagra*.

Nobody spoke. The silence itself seemed torpid. Time shimmered, and then stood still. The air seemed heavy with lust. I could feel the heat coming off their bodies, smell the muskiness of their flesh.

Vinod stood in front of me. I felt Waman behind me. His hands were on my naked midriff, sliding down to my hips. In front of me, Vinod slid his hand down my neck into my cleavage and paused with his fingers hooked in the neck of my *choli*. They moved in unison. Waman pulled the *ghagra* off and Vinod flicked open the knot of *choli* and opened it and peeled it off.

The two stumbled back. All three gasped.

At the door, Hitesh chuckled.

I've bought and worn sexy lingerie before, but this was like nothing I'd ever had. The bra, if you could call it that, had straps over the shoulders and around the back made of white gold interspersed with tiny pearls. The bra cups weren't cups at all, just very finely and closely linked metal strands with more pearls. The 'cups' were narrow and thin, too, and my breasts bulged on all sides. The bra was configured tight, so my breasts were squeezed together.

Low around my hips was the most outrageous G-string, in matching metal-and-pearl. It girdled my waist and from above my buttocks a single thin strand pressed into my butt-crack. Emerging between my legs in front, it split into three strands: one on either side of my naked, shaven cunt and the third pressed right in between my cunt-lips.

The three *naukars* stared at me speechless. They moved closer. They were bare-chested, dressed only in their trousers. In a dream-like trance, my breath coming short, I went down slowly between them. Not on my knees, but balanced on my toes, in a deep squat. One by one, with trembling fingers, I unbuttoned their trousers and pulled down their flies.

Their cocks. Their gorgeous, dark, hose-like cocks. I almost wept in joy. I took Vinod's, kissed it, stroked it, then Waman's, then Ashok's. Jerking Waman's, I began sucking Vinod's, slowly, working the beautiful cock-head with my tongue, taking it in my mouth. Then Waman's, while jerking Ashok's. Then Ashok's, jerking Vinod's. Then sucking one, jerking two.

Ashok squatted behind me and pushed his hand up between my legs. I gasped. His finger arched up into my wet cunt. Vinod was fucking my mouth, holding my head and moving it back and forth. Waman was fondling my breasts through the metal-and-pearl bra. The hard metal rasped over my nipples. My groan was muffled by the cock in my mouth. Between my legs, Ashok now had three fingers stuffed in my cunt.

Nobody spoke. Nobody said a single word. They separated. Now it was just me and Vinod. I sucked his cock feverishly. He fucked my mouth silently, head bent, watching me.

One by one, the three servants fucked me. Whether it was the length of time apart, the intensity of it, or the eroticism of the costume I do not know. But they each took their time. Not one rushed it.

Vinod drew me to my feet, kissed me deeply. His hands roamed my naked body. I pressed my breasts into his hands. He drew the cups away. I groaned at the touch of his hard, callused hands on my nipples. His tongue penetrated my mouth.

On the bed, he laid me gently on my back and moved between my legs, guiding his cock into my cunt and sliding in smoothly and deeply. I gasped, arching under him, wrapping my legs about his lean hips as his *naukar* cock ran deep into my flesh. His mouth jammed on mine again and he began stroking smoothly in and out of me. My hips heaved and bucked under his. He moved faster and faster. My body now rocked and jerked under his. My breasts bounced heavily. I groaned, my head turning helplessly from side to side. I came violently. He kept fucking me till it had passed and then slid out of me and yielded his place to Waman. Who fucked me for twenty minutes, and yielded to Ashok, who fucked me for another twenty and yielded to Vinod again, and then Ashok again, and then Waman, and then Vinod and then Ashok.

They turned my body in every position, fucked me in every position. From behind, with me on top facing one of them, with me on top with my back to them, lying on the side from behind, standing with me in one of their arms, standing and bent forward over the bed, on the floor on all fours, in my mouth, in my cunt and in my ass, again and again and again. Non-stop, for nearly two hours. I lost count of the orgasms I had. I just went from one to the next to the next. I was trembling with exhaustion, my mind numb and dizzy. My tongue felt swollen and heavy. My speech was slurred. My body was slick with sweat. Their cum was on my face and in my mouth and cunt and ass and on my breasts.

I hadn't felt so good in a long time. I murmured happily, fondling my breasts and the puddled cum between them.

"Sleep with me," I murmured. "All three of you."

I curled between their bodies and drifted into a sleep like no other. It was good to be home at last.

\* \* \*

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Some names have been changed.