

TWO: YOUNGER DAYS - I

Usually, I like things to be orderly. I'm not fanatical about neatness (though I am about cleanliness), but I want things to go in a proper sequence, everything in its time and place. I thought I should start at the beginning and follow a timeline, but Mehul assures me this isn't necessary. In fact, he says, it might be more interesting to interweave past events and jump back and forth in time. I must admit, that's a challenge.

I began with a narrative about my first experience of sex with my brother-in-law, and also a little about one of our *naukars*, the cook, Mohanlal. But there's a history of many years that led me there.

In Chapter One I included Mehul's description rather than a self-portrait, but such coyness is cowardly and dishonest and quite against the spirit of what I attempt in these pages. So: I'm in my mid-forties, but life and nature have been kind to me -- I'm frequently told I don't look a day over 30. I'm about 5'3", 128 pounds, and, if you must know, 34D-25-30; fair-skinned and brown-eyed, with dark hair just below my shoulders; married for over 25 years, no kids (by choice) and have managed with steady dieting, regular exercise and, yes, lots of sex, to keep trim and fit. I

have a Master's in History and English Literature but have never taken a job. My husband, Hitesh, owns and runs an expanding garment manufacturing and export business. We're quite well off by Indian standards -- a tidy flat in South Bombay, two cars, live-in servants, but nothing exceptional.

I was certainly no virgin when we married. Hitesh was only one of several men I'd slept with, and I was used to having sex several times a week since I was 19 or 20. That, at least, hasn't changed much. Hitesh didn't know of my earlier affairs then, or that even when we were dating that I used to sleep with other men. I did not regret either doing it or him not knowing. Today, it's all in the past. He knows, and it doesn't come between us.

Perhaps it's just that I'm not wired like most women. Perhaps I have learned to discard what I believe is the unjustified brainwashing of women (usually by women) about what conduct is and is not "acceptable". To put it simply, I thoroughly enjoy the *physical* aspect of sex, and always have done. I can have absolutely wonderful sex without any emotional entanglement; and no, I'm not a nymphomaniac. I just enjoy it intensely. I've only "loved" four men, as I said earlier, the one I married, his two brothers and my younger sister's husband. It's only with him that I ever "make love". With every other man, it's just plain and simple fucking.

I've never understood why it is so commonly believed that men can have sex without love, but women can't, or why men can't accept this of women, especially the ones they marry. The fact of the matter is that I can enjoy consensual casual, recreational sex without being in the least bothered whether I "love" the man or not. For me, love is in a separate, permanently reserved compartment, and has very little or nothing to do with sex. It is based on trust, respect and friendship.

Here you might see a contradiction -- on one hand I say trust, respect and friendship, and on the other I admit to cheating on my boyfriend, later my fiancé, now my husband. But it's all premised on this: I may fuck other men, but I love only four. Of those, the one who matters most is the one I married. Today, he knows how I feel, understands it, accepts it, respects it and shares it. I'll not pretend it has been an easy road getting to this stage, but it's a wonderful place to be. Perhaps it'll be clearer as you read on.

Clothes. I love *saris*. I think they're a supremely elegant garment for the Indian female body, and it takes a certain grace and style to carry off one. They can be extremely sexy. I wear mine with low-cut blouses and, as often as I can, my special blouses which have no buttons front or back, just the front bottom of the blouse knotted below my breasts and no bra under that. It pushes my breasts together and deepens the cleavage. I've found a way to drape a *sari* without a petticoat, by wrapping the *sari* around like a sarong and then tucking the pleats into that. It doesn't work with heavy fabric and handlooms, and it doesn't always fall right, but with thin, synthetic fabric, it works and it's perfect if it's going

to come off anyway in a matter of minutes. Going out, I wear *salvar-khameezes* or *churidar-kurtas* of light fabric. I don't look good in western clothes so I don't wear them much; maybe jeans and a tee-shirt or, better yet, a simple button-down shirt, maybe a skirt, but nothing more adventurous. Outwardly, I look like your average Indian housewife -- *sari*, *mangalsutra*, *bindi*, bangles, earrings. Maybe a little prettier than average, but certainly no pinup girl. But there's a hidden, erotic side, too.

Among my pre-marital affairs, several were with servants, *naukars*. Many find that shocking. I find that shock shocking. The disapproval is entirely based on social hierarchies. Servants are less than human. Servants are not to be trusted. You should not have a conversation with them. On no account must you have physical contact with them. They must serve you and tend to you and put your needs before theirs, even if their needs even enter your thinking at any time. You can eat fancy foods, but theirs is different and ordinary and often less in quantity. You can splash money around, but you must pay them a pittance, as little as you can get away with. They must stay away from their families and wives and loved ones for months together and be with them only thirty or forty days out of three hundred and sixty five. There is no law that makes it compulsory to give them a day off. They are supposed to be without feeling or emotion and must yet be faithful, honest, hard-working. And lifts have signs saying "Servants and Dogs not allowed". And in Mumbai and Delhi even dogs have their own servants. So don't talk to me about *justice* or *equality* or *emancipation*. Those are just words. If we truly believe in any one of them, we should live accordingly.

I try.

Of course, I first did it not because he was a servant, but because he was, well, young, attractive willing and available. That he was a servant didn't attract me in itself, but it didn't stop me either. A later realization added spice to my lust when I found that fucking servants is sexy in itself because it is so utterly taboo, and so very socially risky. Besides, I've always been lucky -- I've been able to choose well. I go for the younger ones, with lean, hard bodies. I love the roughness of their manner in speech and in bed. I like being their sexual *naukrani* and having them as my sexual *sahibs*. It's my little home-grown social revolution or insurgency or whatever you want to call it. I am comfortable with my body, at peace with my physical needs, and see little reason not to sate them in a manner that hurts no one.

The servant I gave my virginity to, Ramu, was about thirty at that time, in the prime of youth, very lean and strong. For a long time, I'd been entranced by what I saw of his body, and, one weekday afternoon, we got our chance. I skipped college classes and came home early. I knew that only he would be at home. I got home, changed from a modest *churidar-kurta* outfit into a skirt and button-down blouse. The shirt was of a thin fabric and almost entirely see-through. I wore no underwear and I left the buttons

undone and only gathered the shirt-tails and knotted them across my chest. That showed a lot of cleavage and also left my mid-riff bare. This was mid-summer, and very hot in Bombay, and the weather served as an excuse for the absurdly provocative garment. I went into the kitchen where Ramu was doing some chores and pretended to busy myself with making a glass of cold coffee and a sandwich. All the while his eyes were on me. I knew that, and I enjoyed it. He wore loose shorts and an open shirt. I told him to bring the sandwich and coffee outside and waited for him at the dining table. When he put it down in front of me he had an unobstructed view of most of my breasts. The minute he set it down, I took his hand in mine, looked him in the eye and slowly and deliberately pulled his hand to my breast. After that, it was a matter of minutes.

That first time was incredible. He fucked me for the better part of an hour. He was incredibly gentle, knowing it was my first time. I was filled with wonder. I'd never imagined such ecstasy. I'd fantasized from what little I'd seen or read in the smutty magazines we college girls giggled over, and from there I knew what went where and what a cock looked like, and I'd masturbated since age 14, but nothing prepared me for these dizzying heights of pleasure. Ramu took his time, actually bothering to make love to me, arousing me and gently brushing away my nervousness, softly encouraging me, freeing my mind.

When I first held his cock -- the first cock I'd seen up close, the only one I'd actually touched -- it seemed like it would burn my fingers. I couldn't let go. He taught me how to masturbate him. I couldn't take my eyes off it. Right then, it was the most beautiful, gorgeous thing I'd ever seen. I asked if I might kiss it. He smiled gently and said I could do that, and more, and taught me how to take it in my mouth and suck it, how to use my tongue on his cock-head. From the first, I have loved the taste and smell and feel and weight of a cock in my mouth.

For the first time, too, I knew what it felt like to have a man's tongue in my cunt and to be tongue-fucked and finger-fucked at the same time. I thrashed and cried out frantically as the strangest and most wonderful sensations swamped my body. I didn't want it to end.

And then he entered me and I almost fainted in ecstasy. The sheer intensity of it forced the breath from my body. It felt like nothing I'd imagined, like nothing I'd experienced or even dreamed of. His big, hot, hard, throbbing cock crushing slowly into my wet flesh, my cunt in frenzied convulsions on this stranger pushing deeper and deeper inward. I clung to him, dug my hands into his skin and cried out in a way that left no doubt about what I was feeling, or my desire.

He fucked me. He really *fucked* me. I couldn't get enough of it. I did everything he asked, whatever he asked and begged for still more. He laughed, and fucked me again, thrusting harder and faster into me till at last he had me trembling and whimpering,

utterly exhausted after four or five shattering orgasms. He came all over my body and I moaned happily at the feel of his seed on my skin.

We lay in bed, sweating. I huddled against him, suddenly shy, and yet proud. He smiled and caressed my shoulder. Nervously, I asked him if it was “all right”. He laughed softly and said I was an outstanding *chidiya*.

Turning on one elbow, he cupped my face in his hands and said I was now his *rundi*, his *rakhel*, his *rahnd*. The words were like jolts of electricity. They should have repelled me. They didn't. I was aroused because I knew, instinctively, that they were his way of expressing appreciation. He saw that in my eyes and I sensed his relief. He asked if I would be his. His whore. To fuck as he liked. I said I would. And he rewarded me by fucking me again and this time he made me take his cum in my mouth and made me swallow it.

For the next six months or so we fucked whenever we got the chance and he taught me a lot of things, including how to enjoy being sodomized. The first time he fucked my ass was painful, I'll not deny that, and we almost didn't go through with it, but I knew he wanted it and didn't stop him. It became easier, and then I broke free into the incredible, unmatched pleasure of it.

Of course I had to go and see an ob-gyn, because neither of us wanted to risk an unwanted pregnancy. He found the name of a doctor from a friend's wife and I took an appointment and got myself fitted with an IUD. It worked well for me.



I need to introduce you to the family, as it was then. My parents died in an accident when I was 15. My younger sister by four years, Mala, and I were brought up by our only surviving family member, our older second cousin, Ravi. He was a wonderful man, very gentle and caring and it couldn't have helped that he had inherited this burden. He did well for us, and made sure we wanted for nothing. It was only much later that I learned how much he struggled and sacrificed. He did not even marry, for that would have strained his resources even further.

When we reached nineteen or twenty, both of us in our time pretty much forced him into having sex with us. He was older by over twenty years, but was an exceptional lover. Being single and having us depend on him must have been a temptation, but he had never once suggested it. In fact, both of us had to really beg for it before he reluctantly gave in. Neither of us was unfamiliar with fucking by the time we did it with him. Both of us had been with Ramu for many months before, and Ramu knew and approved. Ravi's well-settled now and lives on his own. We are still close and meet often. Mala and I pamper him ridiculously and take turns scolding him and nagging him to do something for himself, get a bigger TV, go on a fancy holiday, whatever. He laughs and makes

a show of resistance, even pretends to be annoyed, but it's all really only a game. Everyone knows he's going to do exactly as we say. He has a wonderful lady companion, Sadhana, with whom he is very happy and who always claims she is jealous of Mala and me, though she isn't. We call her *didi*. When they fight, *didi* will call one of us for help, saying Ravi isn't listening to her and then we go over and promptly give him hell. He accuses us of ganging up on him and Mala cheerfully says that's perfectly true, we are, but there's not a thing he's going to be able to do about it, so why doesn't he just shut up and do as he's told? It always ends with everyone laughing and then we all have dinner together when our husbands arrive.



In those days, I pretty much had the house to myself. Ravi was at work, and he worked very long hours. My own college was only fifteen minutes away. As a matter of routine, I had the house (and Ramu) to myself for several hours till Mala got home -- and even that was often quite late, since she was in her final year in school, took tuitions and had a whole bunch of co-curricular activities.

Ramu and I didn't confine ourselves to the bedroom either: he fucked me in every part of the house -- in the living room, on the dining table, in the kitchen, in the bathroom, in the bedroom, on the broad wooden *hichka* swing, even out in the front verandah or gallery screened from view from the buildings opposite only by a thick creeper vine on a green wooden trellis. I remember standing there, bent over the railing, my shirt open, nothing beneath and Ramu fucking me heavily from behind. I loved the thrill of it.

At the back of the house was a large bedroom I shared with Mala. It had a huge, high bed pushed into the corner by two windows which had sturdy vertical iron bars. Half-curtains across the bottoms of the windows gave us the privacy we needed, but it wasn't really important, since there was nothing outside the window except a huge *maidan* and all the surrounding buildings were either too far away or behind the corners of our building. We were on the fourth floor and all the buildings in that area in those days were about the same height. It's very different today, of course.

One afternoon, Ramu and I were there, in the bedroom, fucking unhurriedly. By then I had already discovered that my favourite position was doggie-style, or, at any rate, being fucked from behind in any of its variants. We were doing it in straight doggy that afternoon, me on my forearms and knees and Ramu kneeling behind me, his hands on my buttocks, pumping his hips back and forth. My body rocked to and fro before him. I savoured the now familiar pleasure of his cock grinding heavily in and out of my cunt. My breasts were heavy and swollen and they wobbled and bounced with our movements.

We were positioned so that my head was toward the foot of the bed. Imagine a square. That's the bed. The top side is against the wall, the right side against the wall and windows. I was facing the bottom. Opposite the bed were our large old wooden cupboards (more like *almirahs*, actually) with full-length mirrors. Ramu and I had discovered this some time earlier -- we liked watching our reflections. It felt very sexy.

He grinned at my reflection in the mirror. I moaned. I was in the throes of lust, my eyes half-closed, my lips parted, breathing heavily, panting, moaning, running my tongue over my upper lip. I watched my own breasts jumping. He slapped my buttocks sharply. I gasped. He struck me again.

"*Kyon rundi*," he said (he had taken to using this almost as a term of endearment now), "*accha lagta hai na?* Feels good, eh, whore?"

"*Hanh!*" I gasped. "*Hanh, Ramu, hanh! Bahut accha lagta hai!* Yes! It feels very good!"

"*Ek poochun?*" he said. "Can I ask you something?" I looked up at his reflection in the mirror, puzzled. There was something odd about his expression just then. For the first time since our 'affair' began, he looked sombre, even perturbed. I felt a stab of concern.

"Ramu, *kya hua?*" I asked. "What's the matter?"

"*Hua toh kuch nahin*," he said softly, still continuing to fuck me but more slowly now. "Nothing is the *matter*." He seemed to hesitate. This wasn't the Ramu I knew. I waited, not saying anything, just doing his bidding. "*Bas, dimaag mein ek batti jali, socha poochun tujhe ... magar chhod, jaane de ... koi baat nahin ...* Just thought of something ... thought I'd ask ... but forget it ... it doesn't matter."

"What is it Ramu?"

Still he hesitated. I asked him again. Finally he told me what was on his mind. He started slowly, hesitantly, asking if I wasn't just a little bit bored with this. Didn't I sometimes feel I wanted ... *variety*? Startled, puzzled, I asked what he meant, what he was talking about. He told me; and from that point on, my whole attitude to sex and fucking changed forever.

He told me he had a friend who was 'interested' in me. Shocked, I demanded to know if he had told his friend about us. He said yes. For a second I felt a shard of fear piercing my gut, and then, to my own shock, it was replaced with a current of excitement like I'd never known before. I wanted to know what he had said. Everything, he said, *sab kuch*. Everything we do, how we do it, how often, everything. I asked if he had told his friend of the language we used, the names Ramu called me, that Ramu regularly fucked me up the ass even and came in my mouth. Yes, he said, he had told his friend all of this.

"And?" I asked. "What does he say?"

"He wants to fuck you, too," he said. "If you agree. You will say yes, won't you?" And then, after a pause, "For me?"

I realized at once what had happened. Ramu had boasted about me to his buddy, who didn't believe him. Ramu's standing with his pal was at stake, his 'street-cred'; he needed to convince his pal that this wasn't some made-up rubbish. More, he needn't to establish that I was *his*, Ramu's; that he, a mere *naukar* was getting to fuck his *sahib's* ward, in the very house where he worked.

I was excited, but also a bit annoyed at being taken for granted. I wasn't going to say no, but I didn't see why I should make it easy for Ramu either. I didn't say a word. I just pulled away from him. I saw the look of apprehension on his face. Had he finally gone too far? Was I going to cut him off? I let him stew for a second and then went back to him. I moved back on the bed and knelt in front of him and kissed him deeply, letting my tongue work its way into his mouth. His hands were on my buttocks and breasts.

"What did you think?" I said into his mouth. "That I'll do anything for you?" He didn't have an answer, of course. "You don't *know* Ramu? You fuck me, you call me your keep, your *rakhel*, you call me a whore and you *don't know*? What's all this been about then, *hanh*?"

I pushed him onto his back on the bed and got astride, feeding his cock into my cunt with practiced ease. I settled comfortably on his lap. His cock was now familiar in my cunt, a welcome guest. I squeezed it slowly with my cunt. He grunted and his hips began to heave under me. Slowly, I slid forward over him, letting one of my breasts drop into his mouth.

"Is his cock as big as yours?" I murmured.

His eyes widened and he stared at me in disbelief. I began giggling helplessly and then burst out laughing at his incredulous expression. "You fool," I laughed, ruffling his hair affectionately. "What did you think I was going to say? You only had to ask, you know!"

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. A huge grin split his face. He exclaimed in delight and grabbed me and rolled me over onto my back with his cock still deep in my cunt. I gasped at the lurching, twisting motion.

He grinned. "You'll find out how big his cock really is when you suck it ... when he fucks you ... and that, my little randy slut, is going to be a whole lot sooner than you think! Like tomorrow afternoon in fact!"

I gasped and arched hard under him as his big cock plunged deep into me. He began fucking me hard; I didn't mind. I was as aroused as he. Our bodies slammed at each other. I pulled his head down to mine and kissed him wildly, deeply, pushing my tongue into his mouth. My hands clawed at his taut buttocks, as I pulled his flesh deeper into mine, crying out loudly to him to fuck me harder still. My orgasm was incredibly intense: the breath ran out of me and I arched steeply under him, my mouth open in a soundless gasp. He kept plunging in and out of me, panting and

crying out, calling me a *rundi*, a *rahnd*. My breath came back in a loud, shuddering moan. I gasped now, my body jerking hard under his as he kept thrusting into me, brutally hard and deep. I didn't care. I moaned with each thrust. My breasts felt they would burst; they bounced madly with his thrusts. He kept going till, finally, he was at the end. He slid quickly out of me. I knew what to do, what he loved most of me. I lurched to my knees before him again and began jerking and sucking his cock again. He cried out, gasping, his head flung back and then, with a loud, shuddering groan, he exploded into my mouth, showering my face and breasts with his thick *naukar* cum.

The prospect of fucking a complete stranger both enthralled and disturbed me. I had accepted my need for sexual gratification, and my arousal at having it delivered by a *naukar* with whom I should not, ordinarily, have had anything but the most minimal social interaction. But this was something else altogether. This was with a man I didn't know at all. I didn't even know his name! Was I a nymphomaniac? Sick and perverted? But every minute's hesitation was followed by a vision of the torrid, steamy fucking, all lit in small, flickering flashes rather like watching a live show under strobe lights when all you see are rapid flashes. Lust triumphed over prudence, and drove all self-doubt before it. My sleep that night was filled with the most erotic fantasies and dreams.



I hurried home from college the next day, more excited than I could remember in a long time. Ramu was alone at home when I arrived and for a moment I felt a disappointment looming. He noticed, and chuckled softly. His friend would come, he assured me. He'd asked him to be here at three, and it was just half past two. *Abhi time hai*. There was still time. I stuck my tongue out at him for teasing me like this and flounced out to change.

I dressed carefully. I didn't want to wear anything too trappy, nor anything too sedate, something alluring, yet not obviously so. I finally settled on a simple half-sleeved button-down shirt of fine white cotton and an off-white knee-length pleated skirt. The shirt was tight, with darts in the back so that it clung to my figure. I didn't wear a bra or panties. I left the top four buttons of my shirt open so that my cleavage showed nicely, and I had a nice gold necklace snuggled between my breasts. The shirt was thin enough to show my nipples and areoles.

At precisely three o'clock the bell rang. Suddenly, I felt nervous. I waited in the bedroom, fussing with my hair and eye make up. I heard men's voices, soft laughter. Ramu came in.

"He's here," he said. "You want to come out and meet him?" I hesitated. He misread me. "You're right. Inside here is probably better, the first time."

Before I could say anything, he ducked out of the room, and returned minutes later, half-turning at the door to usher in his friend.

Kishore was gorgeous. There was simply no other word for it. Where Ramu was stocky and solid, not very tall, Kishore was tall and lean. He had wide shoulders, a broad chest, a rock-hard flat belly, a narrow waist and hips and the sexiest, tightest butt I'd ever seen. He was barefoot, wearing comfortable trousers in a very dark blue and a loose shirt with the sleeves rolled half-way up his forearms. I noticed his hands and feet were big and his forearms were broad and sinewy. He looked very strong, very fit.

Ramu introduced us. I nodded in greeting, now very, very nervous and very, very excited. Kishore smiled at me. His teeth were incredibly white and strong. He had such a handsome face: sharp-featured, with a strong, manly jaw, a nose that was lean and slightly curved, a wide, slim-lipped mouth, high cheekbones. His hair was thick and cut short. His eyes were dark and piercing.

He smiled at me now, and his eyes held mine and didn't let me away. I felt my pulse quickening, felt my breasts swelling of their own, my nipples hardening under the shirt, felt my nostrils flaring with excitement as my breathing became more rapid. Out of the corner of my eye I sensed Ramu feeling lost wondering whether he should stay or go. But it was just a small blip at the edge of the radar. My whole sense was taken up by this man. He came closer and closer. I was mesmerized. I couldn't move. My feet seemed to be anchored to the ground. He rested his open palm gently on my cheek.

"Very nice," he said, and his voice was rich and deep. "*Bahut sundar.*"

I half-closed my eyes, turned my face into his palm and felt myself kissing it. He chuckled softly, moved closer. His other hand moved up from my waist to my breast. I moaned, lifting my head back, closing my eyes. His hand felt hot and heavy on my breast. He chuckled again. His other hand went down to my breast. He squeezed them. I groaned. I felt him opening the buttons out, freeing my breasts. My nipples were out stiff and quivering. He rolled his palms over them. I gasped. Gently, he pressed them between his forefingers and thumbs. I moaned, turning my face, biting my lower lip. I felt his body pressing to mine, and felt, too, the shockingly large thickness between his legs. My eyes flew open in awe ... and instantly his mouth was on mine, pushing it open, sliding his tongue into my mouth while hands worked my breasts. I groaned into his mouth, arched my back, kissed him back, meeting his tongue with my own, slid my hands around his shoulders, pulled his head down to mine. Dimly, I heard Ramu's soft chuckle.

Kishore took the ends of my shirt and pulled them up and drew them tightly together and tied them in a tight knot hard under my breasts, which were left exposed, the shirt lapels being pulled wide. Now his hands slid down to my buttocks and I felt

him move my skirt up my thighs and over my hips. His big hands slid under my buttocks. I trembled at the touch. He broke the kiss and nuzzled the nape of my neck, gently teased my earlobe with his lips. I groaned. My hands were moving of their own accord, caressing his broad, strong back. I began pulling his shirt out of his trousers. Now he bent his head and I gasped loudly, arching my head, as his heavy tongue swept over one nipple, then the other. I gripped his head, pinning it to my chest. He whipped my nipples with his tongue. I cried out again, trembling now. One hand pinched one nipple; his lips and tongue and teeth tortured the other. My breasts were swollen and little tongues of fire leaped from my nipples and shot through down to my crotch. He moved his mouth to the other breast, drew it into his mouth, sucked hard, let go, sucked again, nibbled with his teeth, scraped the nipple against his teeth and gums, rolled it between his teeth and then gently let go ... and sucked hard again. I cried out and my hips jerked and twitched.

My cunt was streaming wet. My legs had moved apart. His left arm was around my back, his hand curled around and holding my left breast firmly. Suddenly, his right hand fell between my legs and, before I knew it, the second and third fingers of his right hand, hard as steel, were in my cunt. I cried out in shock. My back arched. My head jerked back. My mouth snapped open. He gripped me by with one arm, the other pressed to my cunt-lips. My hips bucked helplessly against his hand. He moved it slowly back and forth, finger-fucking me and then he pressed my lips apart with his and his tongue flipped sexily in and out of my mouth.

It wasn't painful, just unexpected. I gasped softly, clinging to him, my body jerking uncontrollably.

"You want my cock?" he murmured.

I moaned my assent into his mouth.

"You want to suck it?"

I nodded.

"You want it in your cunt?"

"Yes!" I gasped. "Oh god yes!"

"Will you take it in your ass?"

I moaned again. He took it, correctly, as yes.

"Will you promise to do as I say? Anything I say?"

I didn't know what he had in mind, and I didn't much care. I just gasped a fevered yes.

He stepped away, dropping my skirt over my hips and butt again. I looked at him wide-eyed, stunned. He grinned at me.

"Outside," he said softly. "Not here. I want to fuck you *outside*. Outside the house, on the landing. C'mon!"

I looked at him in confusion. Outside? In the open? On the landing, where anyone might chance upon us? I looked at Ramu. He seemed concerned too and opened his mouth to say something. Kishore's arm snapped up, hand out.

"No arguments!" he said sharply. "Outside. Or not at all. Your choice."

I didn't know what I was doing. I was on fire. My breathing was rapid and the lust in me was out of control. I felt myself nodding. Ramu started forward.

"Sonu-baby—" he began. He always called me *baby* when he wasn't fucking me.

Kishore stopped him again, motioning with a raised finger in denial. Ramu retreated. I could sense his growing unease. I didn't care.

I pulled the shirt lapels over my breasts and followed Kishore out of the room and the front door onto the narrow landing. Our flat was at the top of the stairs and the flat opposite was vacant. Of course he'd known that, I realized. The landing had a high wooden balustrade. The far end of the landing, near our front door, had an open trellis screen that looked out into the building's compound or yard. It was clearly visible from the balconies of the buildings across the yard.

It was incredibly exciting.

Kishore moved further down the landing, towards the point where the stairs came up. He turned with his back to the wall opposite the balustrade and drew me to him.

"You know what to do first, right?" he asked.

I nodded. He smiled and spread his feet apart. His hands went up and pulled my shirt open again, exposing my breasts, fondling them. I groaned softly. Slowly, I sank to my knees in front of him. My fingers trembled as I reached up to undo his trousers. I pulled down the zipper fly. His trousers fell to his feet. He was wearing the tiniest of briefs. The bulge between his legs was huge, much, much bigger than I'd believed when he pressed against me indoors. My hands moved up his thighs and I hooked my fingers in the waist of his briefs and tugged downward. They snagged on his cock and then fell free and his cock bounced out at my face.

It was enormous. I'd never imagined a cock could be this size. It was like a thick, long hose, curving down over a pair of big testicles. The very sight of it aroused me. I imagined what it would feel like in my mouth, in my cunt, how hard it would get, how hot. Everything fell away. My vision filled with his cock. Nothing else existed.

I heard him laugh softly at my moan of excitement. I took it in my fingers, stroking it lovingly and jerking it gently. It began to swell and thicken. I whimpered, smoothly rolling back his foreskin to expose the bulbous cock-head. His hand fell to my head. I opened my mouth and swept my tongue out over it. He grunted. His cock tasted musky and salty and sexy. I lapped at it again and, whimpering, my eyes half-closed, caressed my face with it.

"Suck it," he said softly. "C'mon! Take it in your mouth!"

I encircled the base of his cock-shaft with my thumbs and forefingers and took his cock in my mouth and began to suck it. It was hard and thick now, with veins bulging down its shaft. I sucked it hungrily, deeply aroused now. I lifted and squeezed my breasts in excitement and moaned deeply. He laughed softly. His

hand moved my head back and forth in front of him. I paused for breath, kissing it and licking it, running my tongue down its length, dipping my head to suck his balls, dragging my tongue up its underside to his cock-head again, describing circles around his cock-head as Ramu had taught me to do. I looked up at him as I took it in my mouth again and saw him grinning down at me. From the corner of my eye I could see Ramu standing guard at the head of the stairs, slightly turned, his cock out, masturbating slowly, a delighted grin on his face.

Kishore kept me on my knees for a long time. My mouth began to numb with all the work. My cheeks hurt where his cock bulged against them. My excitement was intense. I was masturbating openly now, my skirt lifted up my thighs, my middle finger going in and out of my cunt.

“Keep sucking,” he said, remorseless. “*Choosti reh*. Don’t stop till I tell you. *Jabh tak mein boloon tabh tak tu choosti reh mere lavde ko!*”

I was gasping when he stopped finally and pulled away. He reached down and pulled me to my feet.

“Turn around, bitch,” he said, motioning with one hand. “And bend over. *Ghoom, kutti, aur aage jhuk. Chul, payr phela!* Spread your legs! *Ab aise ragad ke pichhese chodhega main tere chuth ko ... bilkul tere is naukar-yaar ke saamne!* Now I’m gonna fuck you so hard from behind ... right in front of your servant-lover!”

Moaning, I obeyed and bent forward from the waist, holding on to the bannister rail, my butt thrust back and feet spread wide. He flipped my skirt up high over my hips, exposing my naked buttocks. I felt his big, rough hands squeezing my butt-cheeks open, exposing my ass and cunt. I was very wet.

He had one hand on my back now. With the other, he guided his cock to my cunt. I bit my lower lip in tension. His cock-head burned at my cunt-lips. He paused and then, without warning, thrust deep into my cunt in a single skewering motion.

The breath shot from my throat in a rattling gasp. I couldn’t breathe. It felt like he had thrust a white-hot iron rod into me. My head jerked up and my mouth tore open. His hand clamped over my mouth.

“*Chup!*” he snapped softly, his head close to mine. “*Bilkul aavaz nahin!* Quiet! Not a sound!”

My knuckles were white on the railing. His cock was deep in my cunt, all of it. It must have been nearly eight inches in length. My body felt like it was being ripped apart. I thought I could feel his cock coming out of my throat.

“Not a sound, yes?” he grunted.

I nodded. He chuckled softly. “Good. That’s good. Your cunt’s good on my cock, slut. Nice and tight. Nice and tight.” He leaned over me, his cock deep in my cunt, his hands now under my heavy breasts, squeezing them. I felt his face against mine. I turned my head. His mouth was on mine, wide open, his tongue forcing its

way into mine. "You like fucking, eh, girl? Like having a cock in your cunt, right?"

I moaned into his mouth in excitement. This felt so sexy. I was terrified of being caught, and incredibly turned on by the risk of it. And his cock was just magnificent, there was no other word for it.

He began fucking me. I couldn't believe how good it felt. He didn't seem to be in any rush. He moved slowly with a smooth, stroking action, pulling steeply out and then running in deep again, each inward thrust making me gasp. I lurched and rocked on my feet. My breasts began to bounce as he gathered speed and began moving faster, and faster still. Now I could hear his thighs slapping against my buttocks. It sounded very loud because there wasn't another sound.

I choked back my moans and gasps, but only just. He chuckled at the stress he was causing me and began fucking me even faster, now gripping my waist and pumping rapidly so that his cock drilled in and out like a machine piston. I could feel my body rocking and jerking back and forth. My breasts, swollen and heavy, bounced heavily and the movement had its own erotic feel to it. I half turned my torso and flung my hand back against him as he went faster, pressing my fingers against his chest.

"Like it, whore?" he growled softly. "Like being fucked like a whore like this?"

"Yes!" I gasped at last. "Oh god yes uhh ohma uh *hanh* Kishore *hanh ... chodh mujhe ... aur chodh!*"

I heard the two men chuckle softly. He went on. I orgasmed, shuddering and moaning, gritting my teeth and pursing my lips to contain myself. He slowed and backed out of my body. I sagged to the floor, my legs trembling, my chest heaving. He caught my hand and pulled me down. He was on his back on the tiled floor of the landing, his cock sticking up.

"Sit on it," he grunted. "Put your cunt on my cock. *Baith mere lund pe!*"

I swung a leg over his body and knelt on his lap.

"Not on your knees. *Ghutno pe nahin*. I want you to *squat* on it ... yeah ... that's it ... now take it in your cunt ... take it all ... yeah ... that's it!"

Dizzy with excitement, I pulled my feet up and squatted on his lap as Indians do when using an Indian-style toilet, with my knees spread wide and my heels under my buttocks. The position forced my cunt down deep onto his cock. I leaned forward on my arms, my hands on the floor beside him and, groaning, began to move. He grinned up at me, his hands crushing my breasts. I gasped, my head flung up, rocking eagerly up and down on his cock.

My excitement raged out of control. This was the sexiest feeling. Here I was, riding this man's cock, this man I hadn't known till a short while ago and we were right out in the open, on the landing. Had anyone come up those stairs there was not a thing we could have done about it.

And there was not a thing I *wanted* to do about it.

I only knew the intense lust that swamped my being from head to foot. I had never felt more *alive*.

I was crying out shamelessly now, an incessant litany of all the obscene love-calls Ramu had taught me. I struggled to keep my voice down. I've always been vocal, and loud, during fucking and it was an effort to control myself. I bucked eagerly up and down, rocking my cunt along the length of his cock-shaft, moving faster and faster. His hips rose and fell under mine.

"Chul, rundi! Aur jor se! C'mon whore! Harder! Move faster, bitch!" he grunted.

He struck my buttocks with his open palm, hard. I gasped in shock. It stung. He hit me again. I cried out. He struck me again and again, and I went wild, crying out feverishly, bucking in a frenzy on his cock. My breasts bounced and swung over his body. They bounced so much I actually heard them slapping against each other. Suddenly, he whipped the back of his hand against my breasts, right across my nipples. My head snapped back and the breath rushed from my throat in a choking cry, and I began to orgasm violently.

The orgasm ebbed. I moaned, moving slowly now. He held me on his cock, would not let me stop. I groaned. His cock burned between my legs. I slid onto my knees and bent over him and pushed my breasts into his mouth, gasping softly as he sucked on one, then the other. I kissed him hungrily, pushing my tongue into his mouth. His hands split my buttocks open and I felt his fingertip at my anus.

"I hear you take it in your ass?" he said. *"Suna hai tu gaand mein leti hai?"*

I moaned. Our bodies were now slick with sweat. *"Yes,"* I gasped, kissing him again. *"Hanh. You heard right. I do. Sahi suna. Leti hoon."*

"Toh woh bhi hoga aaj tere saath. Thik se teri gaand marega main! So that too will happen today. Gonna fuck your ass good and proper! Now get on your back and open your legs, slut. Ab peeth pe leth aur payr phela."

Seconds later, I was on my back on the floor, my legs spread in wanton welcome. He moved between my bent knees, his body angled over mine and, holding himself up on one strong arm, used his other hand to guide his cock-head to my cunt. He crushed his cock deep into me. I gasped and arched, my head jerking back and my mouth tearing open. His cock felt huge inside me.

He exploded into action. I didn't have time to recover from his first thrust or adjust to his size inside me before he started whipping his hips savagely up and down. His cock rammed deep into me, pistoning furiously in and out. I screamed thinly, my body thrashing frantically under his, my hips bucking and jerking in a frenzy. My legs curled around under his buttocks. I clung to his sinewy forearms. His cock pounded mercilessly in and out of my cunt.

“OHHHHH UH OH GOD OH GOD OHGOD UHH OHHH UH OHMA UH OHHHHHHH!” I cried.

I didn't know how loud I was, but it seemed impossible that the people downstairs could not have heard me. But no one came. We were alone. Still ploughing in and out of my cunt, he reared upright, rocking back on his knees and spreading them wide, and stretched my legs up high and wide, holding my calves. I was pinned to the floor, helpless. Now his hips whipped back and forth and I cried out, flinging out my arms and thrashing uncontrollably, my head tossing from one side to the other. I could feel my breasts bouncing wildly. He went on and on, merciless, tireless. I clung to a bannister upright with one hand, the other pressed to the wall opposite. My head craned up and fell back, my back arched and bowed.

“Oh god oh god oh god yes ... ohhh god please ... oh god ... ohhhhh uh oh god!” I moaned.

I felt light-headed. Everything seemed to slow down. My voice seemed to echo in my head. I barely knew what I was saying. He dropped my legs and his hands slid up to my breasts and he began squeezing them gently. I moaned. He pushed his middle finger into my mouth and I sucked on it. His movements seemed to have slowed and now his thrusts were long and measured, skewering me deeply. His cock burned and throbbed as it slid in and out of my cunt.

“Fuck me,” I heard myself. “Please ... keep fucking me, Kishore ... just keep fucking me!”

I orgasmed again, a long, slow, intense climax that made me arch and shudder in pleasure. He slid out of me. He was panting hard now.

“Ramu ... *ghar mein makkhun ya cream hai?* Is there butter or cream in the house?”

I heard Ramu's soft chuckle. He stepped past us and went into the house. Kishore continued fucking me without pause. I moaned thickly, dizzy with lust. My hips bucked and heaved under his. My body rocked and jerked, my breasts bouncing heavily with his thrusts. By now our bodies were slick with sweat.

“*Makkhun se accha.* Better than butter.” I heard Ramu's voice, close by. I didn't see him as he stepped across our bodies again. My face was turned to the wall, my eyes shut, my mouth open as one sharp gasp followed another with every piercing thrust of Kishore's cock.

“*Ye hui na baat!*” Kishore cried. “That's the spirit!”

He slid out of me and rolled me onto my side facing the bannister. Now I noticed the broad-mouthed stainless steel pot on the floor between my belly and the railing.

Ghee. Clarified butter. Aromatic, home-made, delicious.

An excellent lubricant.

I moaned, clenching the bannister upright in both hands now, my knees bent and drawn up. Kneeling behind me, Kishore laughed softly. He thrust four fingers into the pot and scooped the

gelatinous *ghee* and smeared it across my breasts and on my cheeks, pressed his fingers to my lips.

“*Moonh mein toh kissi ko bhi ghee pasand hai,*” he said. “Everyone likes *ghee* in the mouth ... *magar gaand mein bhi accha lagta hai ke nahin abhi maloom padega!* Now we’ll see if you like it in your ass!”

He scooped more on his fingers and now he jerked my right leg up, rolling me further across, so that I was three-fourths turned to the floor. He bent my knee. Now my ass was wide open and exposed to him. He slapped the *ghee* into the crack between my buttocks. It felt sticky and strange.

“Open,” he grunted. “*Khol!*”

I bit my lower lip and yielded. His middle finger slid into my ass. I gasped, my fingers tightening on the rail. He laughed softly. His finger turned around in my ass. More *ghee*. His middle finger in my ass again, now running in and out, finger-fucking my ass. My hips lurched. He laughed.

“She’s a real whore, this one!” he chortled to Ramu. “Look how she’s wanting it ... in her ass!”

He pulled my head around with one hand, picked up the pot with the other and made me watch as he plunged his cock into the vessel. He drew it out, glistening with his cum and my cunt-juices and the *ghee*. He smeared his cock fully with it, scooping more.

“*Abhi tu raat ko khana khayegi tabh bhi meri yaad ayegi,*” he grinned. “Now you’ll remember me when you have dinner!”

He squatted behind me now, putting the pot aside and, lifting my leg even higher, pushed his cock between my buttocks. The massive cock-head popped into my ass. I cried out once, gripping the bars and tensing and then his cock, lubricated with the *ghee*, slid slowly and deeply into my ass without resistance. It felt like he had inserted a thick, hot iron rod into my ass. I trembled, clenching the railing. Still he went deeper and now I was almost passing out with the incredible ecstasy of the feeling.

Out there on the landing, Kishore sodomized me slowly and thoroughly. I moaned and whimpered thickly. My voice was guttural, ragged, hoarse. My speech slurred. His cock seared in and out of my ass. I couldn’t believe it ... he had it fully inside me, the whole enormity of his cock. I felt it rocking steeply in and out, sliding out and out and out and then gliding in till his hips were jammed to my buttocks; and then out again, further and further, and then deeply inward. One hand on my hip. The other crushing my breasts. Going faster now. I could hear my moans rising. He pushed me over onto my front, my shoulders pressed to the floor, my face turned on its side, my hips raised. I curled one arm behind my neck, flung the other out for support. He was in a squat behind me now, his fingers pressing into my buttocks, grunting thickly, his hips swinging up and down.

“*Khatam kar,* Kishore. *Bahut hoh gaya,*” Ramu said. “Finish it, Kishore. That’s enough now.”

This time Kishore didn't challenge him. He moved faster for a few seconds and then, with a loud cry, lurched back out of me and staggered to his feet, grabbing my arm and pulling me to my knees and turning me around in front of him.

"Suck! Quickly! Suck my cock!" he cried.

My body was trembling and shaking now. I took his cock in my mouth. It tasted of his cum and my cunt and ass and the *ghee*. The taste and smell were overpowering. He gasped, his head flung back, holding my head in both hands and moving it back and forth in front of him. My fingers slipped up and down the length of his now-slippery cock-shaft.

His cum was prodigious. It shot from his cock-head and arched through the air into my eager, waiting mouth. It splashed my face and breasts. I gasped as jet after jet struck me.

"Take the pot!" he gasped.

Reaching out, I found the pot of *ghee* and held it up, taking his cum in it. He groaned, holding my head as the cum finally ended. I moaned softly and leaned forward and took his cock in my mouth again, sucking it clean.

He stepped back at last. I sagged on my knees in the corridor, panting and gasping, my face and body a mess of cum and *ghee*. He put his hand on my head and pushed it back.

"Mix it up nicely," he said. "With your fingers."

I obeyed, stirring the sludge in the pot.

"Now lick some ... yeh ... that's good ... now rub it on your face ... on your tits ... put it in your cunt ... yeh ... like that ..."

I did as he said, an obedient sex-slave. Finally he stepped back, chuckling and began putting on his clothes. I stayed on the floor, panting and gasping, my head bowed, holding onto the bannister for support. I couldn't get my legs to lift me to my feet.

"Great fuck," I heard Kishore say to Ramu. "You were right. She's one hell of a fuck. Tomorrow, same time?"

"I'll let you know," Ramu grunted, brushing past him.

He came up and squatted beside me. I put my hand on his shoulder.

"I ... I want to go ... home now," I mumbled, barely able to get the words out. "Please ... take me home ..."



Late that night, as my sister and Ravi slept, I stole into the small, dank servant's room at the back of the house. Ramu was awake. His dark body glistened with a light sweat. It was a warm night. The clattering wall fan barely stirred the air. He started to get up as I came in but I motioned to him to stay as he was. Dropping my gown, I knelt naked by his narrow cot. I drew the single sheet down below his hips. He was naked. Without a word, I bent my head over his lap and took his cock in my mouth. He stifled a low moan. His cock stirred in my mouth, hardening and lengthening

rapidly. I sucked it unhurriedly, jerking it till he was as hard as I loved him to be, throbbing in my fist.

I moved up on the cot and knelt over his lap and eased my cunt gingerly down onto his cock. I was still sore from Kishore's fucking. Ramu moaned, his hands sliding up my body to my breasts, then cupping my face. I bent forward and kissed him gently, slipping my tongue into his mouth.

My tears mingled with his.

"I'm sorry, Sonu," he whispered. "I'm sorry. I didn't want it to be this way ..."

"Ssh." I silenced him with a deep kiss. "It's not your fault, Ramu. You asked, I agreed."

"I should never have asked. I should have known better."

"You couldn't have known better, love. Neither of us could."

"I promise I'll never ask you to do anything like this again."

I held his head and moved my breast to his lip. "That would be a mistake," I whispered.

His eyes widened. I smiled and let the other breast drop into his mouth, moaning at the touch of his teeth and tongue on my nipple.

"I enjoyed it, Ramu," I said. "It was very sexy. I loved the hard fucking. I loved Kishore's cock. I loved what he did to me and how he did it."

"But ... but ... I thought ..."

"I know," I nodded. "So did I. But I was just tired. I wasn't prepared for so much. But it was wonderful."

"I ... I don't understand," he said, genuinely confused. "I thought you were upset!"

"Upset by what? That I let myself be fucked like a cheap whore out in the open by a man I don't know?"

"Yes," he said. "He fucked you like a whore. It was cheap."

"It was *sexy*," I corrected him. "At first I did feel shamed. But what is there to be ashamed of, Ramu? Kishore did like fucking me, didn't he?"

"Yes. Very much."

"And *I* liked being fucked by him. It was two willing people, doing what they liked and enjoying it. Where's the shame in that? It's not like you or he forced me or raped me or that I did it because I had to ... I did it because *I wanted to*. That makes all the difference, don't you see?"

He stared at me for a minute and then drew my face to his and kissed me deeply. "I have never loved anyone so much," he said into my mouth.

I smiled and straightened my arms, looking down at him. His cock throbbed between my legs in my cunt. It felt good.

"He wants to fuck you again tomorrow," Ramu said, smiling now, his hands on my breasts.

I shook my head. "Not so soon. In a couple of days. It still hurts a little. In a nice way, but still."

Instantly he looked worried. "Shall I ...," he began.

“Don’t you dare,” I hissed, beginning to move. “Don’t you *dare* stop, Ramu ... don’t you dare!”

