

## Horny Sales Girl

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It was a cool winter afternoon in December. I was looking for a garment shop in the city street to buy some gifts for my wife. She had forgotten it was her birthday. I wanted to give her a pleasant surprise. So, I took leave for the afternoon from my office and went for shopping. My idea was to return with the gifts, wish her a very happy birthday, gift her the presents and later to take her out for an exciting dinner and enjoy the night.

I had planned to buy a complete set of exclusive apparel for her. My searching eyes found the signboard of a shop specialized in garments for ladies. I went in. I was welcomed and greeted by an elderly man wearing pyjama and kurta at the glass-door entrance. A quick survey inside the shop made me wonder if I made the right choice of shop. There were about a dozen salesmen, all of them in their late fifties or early sixties and only one salesgirl. And most of the customers were elderly ladies! I was beginning to wonder if the shop was specialized to sell clothes for elderly women only when the old man interrupted my thought by asking politely what I was looking for.

I told him what I had in my mind. I was quick to enquire if they keep stock of clothes of latest fashion for a young lady. Actually, I was planning to retreat my steps quickly if he was about to show his disappointment.

Instead, he broadened his smile revealing his stained teeth and said gleefully: "Sure, sure. Sir, in fact, we do keep clothes of the latest fashion for the modern lady only. Please come with me ."

I followed him towards the only salesgirl at the far end of the shop. "Nisha, please attend and take care of him" he said to her.

Turning to me he said: "Nisha will show you all the latest fashion clothes you need, Sir. I am sure you will be very pleased to see them. Happy shopping to you." Then folding his hands in a gesture of 'Namaste' he bent his body forward in an inverted U position and went back to attend other customers entering the shop.

"Yes, Sir, can I help you?" I withdrew my eyes from the old man to look at the salesgirl saying this. Frankly, it was the first time I looked at her attentively. She was not a girl but a married lady as I could guess from the vermilion on the dividing line of hairs on her forehead. She was medium-complexioned and could be of around 35 years of age. Of average height, I guessed she might have a vital statistics of 38-30-40. She wore a light blue colour sari with matching blouse over which she wore a maroon colour cardigan without buttoning it. I was sure she did not belong to a wealthy family or good financial background as I could read it from her looks. She did not wear any ornaments. May be she did the job of a salesgirl to make the both ends meet. I was beginning to identify the attraction, which made me to continue to stare at her when she interrupted my thought.

"Sir, you didn't tell me how can I help you" she said in an embarrassing tone more to cut my probing stare at her than her eagerness to help me.

“Oh..yes ” I said to cover up my confused gesture. I told her what I was there for. She suggested to select the sari first and led me to the glass shelves at the corner of the shop. Reaching there, she asked me my choice of fabric, colour, etc. of the sari I wanted to buy. Though I was sure of my choices suiting to my wife, yet I said her.

“Look, Nisha, let me be frank and honest with you. I don't have any idea about ladies garments. Actually, I need these to present to my wife on her birthday today as surprise gifts. That is why I have not brought her along. So, I am depending on your help and guidance to make the right choice. I leave everything to you to decide. Whatever you choose would be fine with me. After all, more than men, ladies know what other ladies like. Right?”

I think she bit my bait as she smiled for the first time as if she understood my predicament. To her query, I gave her the height and complexion of my wife but was careful not to tell the vital statistics. I noticed an unmistakable sudden glare in her eyes when I added price of the dresses was not a factor. It was only when she took out bundles of saris and spread them in front of me that I was convinced the shop indeed kept latest fashion materials as I could find several costly saris among the lot similar to the ones my wife wore on special occasions. After going through several saris now heaped in front of us, she picked up a light blue colour one with ornamental embellishment works on it. She asked me “How do you like this one, Sir? But it is a little costly. Its price is Rs.4250”

I must admire her choice as I too fell for the sari instantly. “ Oh Nisha, you are simply superb and wonderful. Yeah, it is really a fantastic choice. I must admire and appreciate you for this. My wife would look gorgeous in this sari. Never mind the price, Nisha. I can well afford it. After all it is my wife's happiness that matters” I said.

I noticed again the glare that lit up her eyes when I told not to bother about the price though she said smilingly “Thank you, Sir”.

She then led me to other shelves to choose the cloth for blouse. While she turned, I had trouble to suppress a hissing rush of breath when my eyes got a glimpse of her voluptuously protruding left breast under the blouse uncovered with the pallu of her sari. As she was searching for the cloth of matching colour, she asked me without looking at me: “From your accent, I think you are a South Indian, Sir”.

“You are right. I am a Keralite” I said.

“Where do you work?” asked she.

I gave her my visiting card. She glanced through it and was visibly impressed with my position. I did not take back the card nor did she return it.

As she set the ball of informal conversation rolling, I asked her “I think it is an old shop. How long you have been working here? And, do they pay you well?”

“Since three and half years”. She released a sigh and added “Oh..the pay is not much. It is my livelihood. But we get a percentage out of our individual total daily sales”.

Now I knew why was she happy to know I did not bother about the price and rather wanted the costliest dresses. It meant, her share out of total sales would

be more.

Selecting the right colour of cloth, she asked me "How much cloth do you need?"

"I have no idea as I told you earlier I am ignorant about women's clothes" I lied smilingly.

She returned the smile and asked for a clue "How is her body construction?" It gave me a chance to run my eyes over her body once again. "Almost your build"

She smiled again, measured the cloth and took the piece. "I have added a few centimeters extra of the cloth just in case if your wife "

"Yeah, I can understand. Thank you" I said.

"What do you need next?" she asked.

"A set of lingerie. It must be exclusive and exquisite, Nisha, as it is for the special occasion," said I.

She nodded, attempting to conceal a meaningful smile, opened a small door leading to an inner room and disappeared. After 3-4 minutes, she came out carrying half a dozen nightwears. Spreading them on the table, she asked me "Any choice of colour?"

I decided to be a little naughty. "If you do not mind my saying so and beside as you might also know that every husband would like his wife to look very sexy in the lingerie. Am I not right? Please don't bother about the price"

"Yeah, you are right" she said looking at me through the corners of her eyes with a suppressed grin.

Again I congratulated her for making an excellent choice of a set of deep brown lingerie. Yes, it was costly all right.

"Next?" she asked me probingly.

"A set of bras and panties, of course" I said. I knew my chance of coning her is about to come.

She unwittingly asked me "What size of bras your wife uses?"

'Here is the right opportunity, Jai' I thought. I pretended to look surprised as if I have no idea about it.

I said "Oh I am sorry, I don't know the size". I said disappointingly.

She too appeared puzzled, as it would be difficult to make the right choice without knowing the correct size, fitting to the lady.

"Can you give an approximate idea, Sir?" she asked.

I grumbled and looked around to see if there was any customer lady to look similar to have my wife's bosom size. She knew very well what I was looking for as she gave a meaningful smile again. As if I could not find anyone, and it was true also, I turned to look back at her. Pretending as much innocent as I could appear, I shifted my glance towards her bosom. She was clever to note it and she flinched a little. I scratched my head and pretended again to look confused as I could not see her bosom clearly as it was covered with the pallu of her sari. Worse, she was wearing a cardigan also to protect herself from the winter cold.

I told her apologetically "Look, Nisha, I know it is unethical on my part to look at your body so probingly. But I am in a fix. I think you can help me provided

you don't mind it. I think my wife's construction almost matches yours. But I can say for sure if I could get a look of your side profile of course, if you won't feel offended. Pardon me if I am taking a little too much for granted" I said these as if I was confessing to my mother's murder and requesting for forgiveness. I saw her thinking deeply for a while. Yet, I could see her look shy and blushed of the thought. I could guess she thought I was speaking the truth. I thought too she was willing to oblige me, a most valuable customer she had had for several days, if not weeks. Yet, she was bewildered at my suggestion.

After thinking for nearly a couple of minutes, she nodded to me of her approval. She said she was going to the inner room so that I can have a look of her body without anybody watching us. She disappeared keeping the door closed behind her. After a couple of minutes, still standing inside the inner room, she held the door half opened with one of her hands and looked at me smilingly with a blushed face. She had removed her cardigan and took the pallu off her bosom. What I saw made me catch my breath sharply. I became aware my heart missed a beat or two. My mouth remained open when I gaped admiringly at the two mounds of flesh covered with her blouse juxtaposed to each other on her chest pointing towards me menacingly as if two arrows were aimed at me. The sight of her bare neck as well as the little uncovered upper portion of her cleavage sent my blood boiling and gushing through my nerves. I had great difficulty to check my rising urge to jump over the table and grab at her. When our eyes met, she coyly withdrew her eyes and looked at the floor to avoid my gaze. I wondered if I could go on looking at her like this for the rest of my life.

To break the silence, she coughed as if to clear her throat purposely if I could judge the size of my wife's bosom comparing with hers.

"Can you turn a little to see the side view?" I muttered in a voice not more than a whisper.

She turned as I told her. Now I could see the side of her left boob. I was sure her boobs were big and conically shaped. The pointing bulge at the tip indicated she had large nipples.

I think she gave me enough time to judge her size. Then without saying anything, she closed the door. After a minute or so, she came out smilingly and looked at me enquiringly.

I said to her again in a whisper "Please do not mind my asking so, but did anyone tell you before you look very desiring and sexy?" In haste, I added, "Look, I am paying you a heartiest compliment".

"Thank you, Sir," she said but opted not to reply to my specific question.

"Well, Nisha, I wish if my wife had bosom of size and shape similar to yours. But I think hers is a little small, may be by two inches".

She smiled and disappeared again behind the door. This time, she came back with some packs of bras and panties. Selecting a light pink colour laced bras, she asked for my opinion.

"Wonderful choice again" I exclaimed. "Thank you very much"

She opened another pack. This time, without consulting me she took out

matching panties and gave me one.

“You don’t have to bother about the size of panties, Sir. These are stretchable and elastic. It would fit your wife any way” she said with a giggle.

“Hahahaha ” I laughed. “Did you fear I would ask you to undress yourself to see the size of your buttocks?” This time I gained courage to sound a little prurient.

“Hey, that would be too much. However, I must say you are very naughty, Sir” she retorted smilingly.

“You are right. So I am. But you are to be blamed for it. Looking at you, I think anyone would become naughty” I quipped.

I said there was nothing more to buy for the present. She took all the clothes to the billing section and I opted to stay where I stood. She came back with the bill as well as the clothes neatly packed. The total amount was high as I wished too. I opened my wallet and purposely took out the currency in Rs.1000/- denomination so that the balance payable to me would be Rs.582/- She deposited the amount at the cash counter and returned with the balance. As she extended the balance at me, I said “If you do not mind it, Nisha, please keep the balance with you. It is my earnest request. It is my pleasure for all the help, care and pains you took for me. I know it is a small amount and you are under no obligation. For Heaven’s sake, please don’t refuse it ”

That was too much for her to refuse. She thanked me profusely. She added it was against her principle to accept any tip from the customers. But for my pleasure’s sake she accepted it.

I thanked her for all the things she did for me and left.

That was the beginning. Right from stepping out of the shop, my mind began occupied with the thought about her. The sight of her big bosom refused to fade away from my mind. Frankly speaking, while gifting the presents to my wife, enjoying together with her as well as making love to her in the night, my mind was away with the sales lady at the shop.

There was no chance of meeting her unless I visited the shop again. After two weeks, I ventured to go to the shop on the pretext of buying more ladies garments. Though she was no fool to know the real purpose of my revisit, yet she seemed happy to see me again and welcomed me heartily. After a gap of another two weeks, I visited the shop again. During these two visits, I had mustered enough courage to talk to her to know her better. And I succeeded in it.

She had told me she was 37 years old, married and her husband lived in Mumbai. He worked there as a diamond-cutter with a diamond merchant and he visited her once in a year or even after longer period. She lived with her only child, a daughter of about six years old studying in a local school. Since the money the husband sent to her every month was very meager as his earning was also dismal, she had no other alternative but to take up a job to make the both ends meet. Since she had studied up to Class XII only, it was difficult to get a job in any office. She purposely opted to work in that shop as the owner and other employees were elderly men. I agreed with her it was difficult for a young and lonely lady to work with other young men. She lived

in a small house about 12 KM away traveling by bus. Being a lady, the shopkeeper had agreed her working hours from 11 AM to 7 PM. She said she neither had a phone connection at home nor a mobile phone.

A month later, I got the telephone number of the shop from the bill and I called for her. After a minute, she came on the line and was pleasantly surprised to know it was I calling her. As I did not want to arouse suspicion in the mind of her employer, I minimized my talk by asking her if she would be pleased to join me for a coffee the next evening after her job completed. There was a gap and then she agreed.

I waited a little away from the shop and we went to a decent restaurant. Over some sumptuous refreshments, we talked. I took out a new mobile handset from my pocket and gave it to her as my gift. As she opened her mouth to protest or refuse, I cut her short and requested her to accept it. Just to please me, she took it. I gave Rs.2500/- and asked her to contact the nearest service provider to give connection and activate it with prepaid facility. I was very careful to keep gentlemanly conduct and behaviour. I did not want to give out any impression I was trying to hook her in any way but was only being a good friend.

I thanked her for accepting it. I requested her to tell me for any help without any hesitation. She thanked me in return.

During the next month, we met twice in different restaurants. These times I had contacted her on her mobile phone to fix up our appointments. It was during the third meeting, she exploded the bomb unexpectedly when she asked: "Jai, can I ask you something private?"

"Oh..Sure why formalities? You can ask me anything without any hesitation" I encouraged her sincerely.

"Jai, I have a hunch, but I am not sure. I know you love your wife deeply. But are you not happy or not satisfied with her in bed or otherwise ?"

I maintained silence though I was really surprised. She started "Jai, Oh..I am very sorry for poking my nose or offend "

I cut her short with my raised hand. "Nisha, you did not offend me at all. Rather I was really surprised how you could read my mind so correctly. You must have clairvoyance or intuition. Yes, you are right. I am not satisfied sexually with my wife. Yes, she is a very loving and caring housewife. But she is highly orthodox and conservative. She is not averse to sex but has less interest in it. In fact, she does not want to explore the various avenues in sexual pleasures while in bed because of her pious nature "

Since she was a married lady, she understood what I meant. She said "Yeah, some ladies are like that and do not know what husbands want and how to give it to them "

"You are quite right," I said cunningly mixing a tone of disappointment in my voice.

It gave me an opportunity to turn the topic to my desired direction. I said "But my wife is better placed than you "

She knew what I was hinting at. In a surprising gesture she boldly opened the box of worms in her mind. "Well Jai, I knew what you are hinting at indirectly.

At this age and stage of life, a lady requires satisfying sex at least once in two or three days if not daily. I am deprived of it. Can't help".

To keep my decency, I did not prod her to elaborate. Nor she did.

I had to wait patiently till our next meeting when her formal invitation came to visit her at her house. So, we made the appointment on following Saturday evening. I reached her small house with some gifts for her and her daughter consisting of dresses, a wristwatch for her and some sweets. Nisha seemed to have taken a bath and she was wearing a orange colour sari with prints. She was really excited and happy to welcome me. Her little house was not much to speak about but she kept it very clean and tidy with an impressive look as much as she could. I could not meet her daughter as she had gone out for playing. There was an elderly maid doing household work of cleaning the floors and utensils. Nisha said the maid did the work, once in the morning and afternoon. Thereafter she would go to her house and would return in the night to give her company sleeping there.

Nisha entertained me with tea and snacks. We talked about general things. By that time the old maid had completed her work and went away. I too remembered the time and wanted to go back.

"When can we meet next?" she asked me.

"Should we?" I quipped.

"At least I do wish. I don't know how you feel about it"

I knew I was scoring one point after another.

"Sure, I do too".

There was a long gap of silence as we deeply looked and searched into each other's eyes. I don't know what happened to me as I stood up from my chair and walked towards her like a zombie. I stood in front of her still looking at her eyes. She remained calm and motionless. I placed my left hand on her right shoulder. Then in an astonishing act to myself, my right hand caught hold of the pallu of her sari and flipped it away from her bosom. She did not react but I found her breathing heavily. Her big bosom moved up and down. Without shifting my look, my hands covered her face from either sides and I raised her face upward. Then my own face came down with my mouth only an inch away from her. I could feel her hot deep breaths on my face now. Then, as if I touched on a live electric wire, I recoiled, released my hands and drew back. Hanging my head in shame and guilty-conscience, I implored to her "Please pardon me, Nisha. I am sorry. Very sorry. I should not have done this. I am ashamed of myself. I am sorry for being "

I could not complete the sentence as I saw her standing up and coming towards me. I could not believe when she stood close to me and put her hands around my shoulders. While she raised her face upward, she brought my face down pressing my head.

"Do it now, Jai. Don't feel any guilty-conscience. You wanted to kiss me, didn't you? Kiss me now"

I looked no further. I rammed my mouth hard on hers in a deep passionate kiss, which made hissing sounds. In the same moment, I hugged her tightly as if to melt her body into mine. I became aware her big boobs crushed on my

chest under the impact. I saw her close her eyes instantly more in a state of saturation than submission. In the same breath, I took her thick lower lip into my mouth and began to suck it very hard.

But my luck had run out. The calling bell rang. Nisha smiled at me meaningfully while going to attend the door. It was her daughter. She was a cute girl. Nisha introduced me as her new uncle. I embraced and kissed her on her head. I chatted with her daughter for a few minutes enquiring about her school and education.

As I stood for leaving, Nisha purposely sent her daughter to bring a glass of water obviously to get a little free time. As the girl left, she told me in a whisper "Jai, I know you are disappointed. So am I. We will have it next time" "What? Kiss?" I asked with a wry grin.

"Oh.. You are really naughty. Okay, okay, you can have all the things you wanted. Are you happy now?"

This was precisely the thing I wanted to hear from her mouth all these days and months. I wanted her to make the first move and I got the invitation.

"Thank you very much. But that is something. But what shall you give me of your own? Be quick before your daughter returns"

She glanced over her shoulder at her daughter who was still in the kitchen. Her face became red with shyness and she coyly told, "I shall give you everything which you did not get from your wife so long. Are you happy now?" "Yeah, thanks. But when?" I was a little jumpy.

"Please give me a few days. I will call you on phone. Let me make secure meeting arrangement when my safe period begins. I want to give you all pleasures without having to adopt precautions and at the same time I want to avoid the risk of preg " she did not complete the sentence.

I could not believe my ears. She was very intelligent and caring yet very open. While I profusely thanked and admired her, I saw her daughter coming with the water. I drank the water and bid goodbye to both of them. I glanced back after a few steps. I saw them waving their hands at me and I waved back. It was the greatest achievement on my first visit to her. Every time, I was planning and brooding over the sequences of my being in bed with her. It took another nineteen days for the big day to arrive.

Following her call, we met at a city restaurant at 8.30 PM on Saturday. She looked gorgeous in the simple dress. After a good dinner, we reached her house in a cab. She had sent her daughter to her aunty's house and given off to her maidservant. I was getting intoxicated with her closeness and my heart was thumping to grab her the moment we entered her house and closed the door. She was well aware of what was going on in my mind.

After bolting the door, she turned and fell on me circling her hands around my neck. In the same action she brought her mouth to mine. I hugged her tightly with my left hand and my right hand pressed her buttocks. As I kissed her passionately keeping my mouth slightly open, she shot her tongue into my mouth wagging and probing inside. I captured her tongue and began to suck it madly. The struggle of our kissing lasted for nearly three minutes. Then she released herself from my clutches and said with a grin "Jai, have patience, you

have all the night for you to enjoy me”.

After drinking water, she led me to her bedroom. The double bed and pillows were spread with new bed-sheet and pillow-covers. She put out the light and switched on the light blue colour bedroom lamp. We sat on the bed, side-by-side, with me holding her from the back with my left hand. Then without my asking, she removed the pallu off her shoulder and bosom and told me “Jai, you had wanted to see the size of my bosom. Now, the time has come for you to measure it with your hands”.

I eagerly ran my right hand over her big boobs often squeezing them with the blouse. She lay on her back taking me on top of her. Her boobs got pressed under my chest while she kissed me on my lips.

“Jai, you are a married man knowing the arts of lovemaking. But I want to make our mating different and memorable. I have planned our lovemaking in three sessions. I know every man ejaculates quickly in the first fucking. So, in our first session, you will straight away fuck me without foreplay and cum inside me. In our next session, I shall take over completely and shall do everything to please you giving all pleasures in my own way. I promise to give you most wonderful pleasures, which you had never experienced from your wife, or any lady. In the third round, you shall make love to me in your own exclusive ways. Okay?”

I was amazed she was totally unashamed and had planned everything meticulously. I readily agreed. She stood up and asked me “Please undress and make me nude”

I removed her dresses, one by one and threw them to the corner of the room. I looked admiringly at her fleshy body with only bras and panties on for a few minutes. Staring at her provocative body and big boobs struggling inside the bra-cups, I knew my heart began beating more rapidly pumping blood gushing through my veins. I stared at the folds of her flesh formed like waves at her hips just below her belly. Then she removed her bras and came out of her panties by herself. When she unhooked her bras, the large boobs released from under the clutches of the bra-cups jumped out and swayed threateningly. Her boobs were full, ripe and very firm projecting straight. She looked a seductive temptress from head to foot. Standing close to me, she removed my clothes too.

She lay on her back across the bed keeping her buttocks by the edge of it. Then she separated her legs as maximum as possible and held each toe with her hands. I looked at her large pussy. Yes, it was very big indeed! She had removed all pubic hairs. It was a most tantalizing and beautiful sight of her velvet pussy.

“Come on, Jai. Fuck me now” she invited.

I admit it was not usual for me to fuck any lady straightaway without foreplay. In fact, my penis was not erected. I told her so though my cock was stirring up to erect looking at her nude body and pussy.

“I know that, Jai. No problem. Just rub your cock on my pussy. It will become erect soon. I believe my pussy has that magical power” she giggled.

She was right. As I began rubbing my cock on her pussy, it started erecting

and in no time it stood up hard at its full length. With my left hand, I separated her pussy lips and with the right I tried to guide my cock into her red pussy hole. Soon I found it was difficult to penetrate, as her pussy hole was very close and tight. Besides, there was less wetness to help lubrication. I told her so.

“Never mind, Jai. I had my delivery through cesarean operation. Besides, I have had sex with my husband for very few times during his annual visits. So, naturally, my pussy is tight. Please bring your cock to my mouth. I shall run my tongue and smear my saliva all over it,” she suggested.

I liked her suggestion. Bending over her, I brought my cock on to her mouth. She gladly took it inside and ran her tongue over it smearing as much thick saliva on its surface.

“Jai, your penis is very tempting. I feel like sucking it hard. But you are likely to ejaculate soon. We shall have oral sex later. So fuck me first” she said.

I withdrew my cock, now smeared with her saliva. Then I collected some spit from my own mouth and applied it on her pussy hole. Standing on the floor near the bed, I drove my cock inside her. The trick worked. The cock penetrated her pussy canal inch by inch. After full penetration, she asked me “Jai, you hold and squeeze my boobs with your hands while you fuck me vigorously”.

I bent forward and caught her big boobs. I squeezed them hard while I began making thrusts with my cock smashing her pussy with astonishing speed and force. With each forward thrust, my cock disappeared completely inside her up to its hilt. “Aahhhh aaahhhh aaahhhhhh . ooouuuucccchhhhhh ” she released deep ecstatic moans every time I heaved forward with a massive thrust. I gave no mercy to her as I squeezed her boobs tightly as if to bring the whole contents sprayed out through the nipples.

She had known the sexual behaviour and pattern of males well. Within four minutes of my vigorous fucking her, I knew I was about to reach climax and ejaculate. So I said her that. I asked her if I could ejaculate inside her tunnel. She gleefully said it was safe period for her and I could either pump my liquid inside her or spray the jets on her face and body as I wished. I opted to deposit it inside. With next few thrusts, I climaxed and filled her tunnel with my cum. I kept my cock buried inside for a couple of minutes emptying the whole liquid. Then I withdrew it. It was soaked with my own cum and her secretions.

“Put it inside my mouth again Jai, let me enjoy it” she said eagerly.

As I inserted my cock into her mouth she sucked it for a while collecting all liquid and gulped it down her throat.

Both of us came off bed and washed our private parts in the bathroom. She wrapped a towel around her waist and went to the kitchen while I lay on the bed taking a little rest.

She brought two cups of hot coffee and we enjoyed it together.

“Jai, now is the time for me to give you all pleasures” she said.

She asked me to lie on my back. Bending over me, she brought her mouth at my nipples.

“Darling, I am going to explore something which no woman has done to a man. You know every man mouths the woman’s breasts but never vice versa. But I am going to lick and suck your nipples and tell me how you feel it. Okay?”

With this, she brought her tongue out and began to fiddle my right nipple with the tip of the tongue and later licked it. Believe me, I began getting titillating sensations. I became aware my nipple, though very small, became hard and erect. Strange, so was my cock too. She licked my left nipple too for some time. Then she began to suck it very mildly. Now I got some inexplicable sensations and pleasures. Yes, no woman has ever sucked my nipples and I was experiencing some strange pleasures. She sucked both nipples alternatively for three minutes each. I enjoyed the pleasures fully.

“Darling, I am going to give you a complete body massage now” she said. She crawled on bed coming near my head. Supporting her body on her hands and knees, she bent over my face dangling her big, full, ripe conical boobs. She shook her body left and right continuously making her hanging boobs sway rhythmically. Then she slowly brought down her body with the oscillating boobs brushing and pressing all over my face. The mere touch of her boobs on my face set my body on fire. May be because her boobs were handled rarely, I felt them very firm. Often she pressed her nipples on my eyes and mouth.

Sometimes, she suddenly covered my whole face pressing with her boobs with my nose in between her cleavage in a suffocating manner. She continued this play for almost five minutes. Then she went on to massage down my neck to the body, penis and legs. At my crotch, she rubbed my hot erect cock with her boobs the way the heads of two big trees on either side mob or sway over a palm tree in the middle in a storm. Yet, sometimes, she kept my cock in the cleavage and pressed between her boobs tightly with her hands. I was getting an inexplicable pleasure when my cock remained sandwiched by her two globes of flesh. For a minute, I wished to spray all my cum on her boobs. She took nearly twenty minutes to complete the massage. It was quite a refreshing experience.

We reversed positions and now she lay on her back. She made me take a position near her neck with my legs folded backward on either side of her body. Thus I was not sitting on her but seated supported on my folded legs. She caught my buttocks and pulled my body towards her face. She brought her hands keeping my penis in between them. Then in a pleasantly surprising way, she began to move her both palms in reverse directions quickly and repeatedly as if she was churning milk or curd in a container with a churner. “Uuuiiiii .” I released a wild, ecstatic moan. She churned my penis for almost two minutes. My penis became more lengthy and hard. I felt the whole world was revolving over my head. Just in time, she stopped the act and pulled my cock towards her luscious mouth. I thought she was going to give me a blowjob. Instead, she began to run her tongue and lick my testicles wetting it all over. In another quick move, she widely opened her mouth and took my balls inside. She began to press them by contracting her cheek muscles and sometimes trying to suck them. At the same time, she was trying to run her tongue over the balls. Often she bit the balls painlessly as if she wanted to chew them. Believe me, I was in

Heavens. Though I have had blowjobs, but none mouthed my balls before the way Nisha did. She continued the same for nearly five minutes.

Then she released my balls and inspected them curiously. I was dying to thrust my penis into her mouth for sucking. As I pushed its upper skin backward to bring its red-hot head, she stopped me. "No Jai. Don't you know the tissues on the upper covering skin of the male penis are supplied with rich sensory nerves? If you remove it, then you will get comparatively less pleasures of my sucking your penis than I suck it without removing the skin "

'Oh my goodness! This lady is really an expert in the art of sex' I wondered! She projected her lips outward keeping a small orifice at the centre the way we try to blow air to inflate a balloon. She asked me to insert my cock through the opening. I did that. My cock slowly went inside her mouth inch by inch exactly the way the cock penetrates the pussy. Then she closed her mouth and began to suck it vigorously. "Wwwaaaahhhhhhhh " I screamed in utmost pleasures. She squeezed and sucked the head of my cock so hard, I could see her cheeks concaved and glued to my penis. As I was getting pleasures and immensely enjoying her blowjob, she did another wonderful thing. She brought her hands forward, caught my balls and began to squeeze them as she continued her sucking my cock. I felt as if lifted to the skies. She was squeezing the balls neither softly nor hard in such a way I could sustain it without feeling any pain. Suddenly I realized a fact that the feeling of my about to ejaculate vanished. Between her sucking, she told me it was a trick, which would allow a man to retain erection without ejaculating. Another wonderful idea from her, I surmised!

She was quite right; sucking the cock with the upper skin on it gave me more pleasurable sensations. Then she did another amazing thing. With my penis still inside the mouth, she searched its opening with the tip of her tongue. When she found it, she rubbed its opening as if she was trying to penetrate it. I really could not suppress myself as I released a loud moan out of my boundless pleasures. I admit no lady in the past had given me such wonderful pleasures while giving me a blowjob. I wished if she continued to do this for the whole night!

With waves and waves of pleasures submerging me, I held her head with my hands. I made forward thrusts with my cock deep into her mouth while I pulled her head close to my cock, as if I was fucking her mouth. In extreme madness, I caught her hairs together and pulled hard. I knew I was hurting her but she did not complain, rather allowed me to enjoy in my own way.

When her sucking went on for more than five minutes, I realized I was not at all feeling the tendency to ejaculate. As she rightly pointed out, it was the magical trick of her squeezing my balls simultaneously. Yes, it was after nearly ten minutes, I wanted to ejaculate. She stopped squeezing my balls and within half a minute I exploded opening the dams. My cock spurted out a large quantity of cum coming almost in thick intermittent jets. As I did so, I kept my cock further thrust inside deep into her throat. I could see her swallow and gulp it down her throat greedily, as if she was enjoying it. I could feel my cock pulsating with cum emitting with every thrust. In spite of her coping to gulp

down the cum as it spurted out, yet I could find a flow of it through the corners of her mouth. I think she had a good drink. When the flow fizzled out finally, she licked and wiped my cock clean with her tongue. It was interesting to see her run the tongue over her lips to enjoy whatever remnants left over there the way a cat does after finishing drinking milk from a bowl.

“Thank you, Nisha, for the wonderful blowjob. Yeah, it was unique, unparallel and extraordinary” I admired her.

“Thank you, Jai” she welcomed. “I am happy you got immense pleasures”.

“Darling, now I want to lick and suck your lips and tongue. In fact, I want to drink your saliva. It will give you pleasures and ”

But I interrupted her. “Nisha, actually I want to suck your pussy and drink your sweet pussy juice. I am thirsty to consume it. You have a very big pussy. I am dying to suck it”.

“Have patience darling. Why do you forget this is the round dominated by me? In the next one, you can do whatever you feel like doing. Okay?” she said.

So, I yielded to her. Lying on her body lengthwise, I brought my mouth on hers. She grabbed my head with her hands, planted hot and passionate kisses and smooches all over my lips and cheeks. While doing so, she released soft moans. Next, she licked my entire face with her tongue. Later, she took my lower lip into her mouth and began to suck it, first mildly and then hard. She was trying to extract any liquid from my lip and swallow it. She did suck my upper lip too.

After a few minutes, she inserted her tongue into my mouth and began playing with my own. Both of our tongues were turning, twisting and wriggling with each other like mating of two snakes.

“Jai, soak your tongue with as much saliva as possible and extend it to outside your mouth” she asked.

As I did so, she took my tongue inside her mouth and began to suck it. She consumed my saliva gulping down her throat greedily. Though it was my tongue, I felt it like my cock as she did the blowjob earlier. I felt my cock stirring up and erecting.

“Darling, now you collect as much saliva as you could. When I keep my mouth opened, you pour the entire liquid into mine” she suggested.

I tried for a few minutes gathering mouthful of saliva. I brought my mouth close to her opened mouth and poured all the liquid into hers. I watched her swallowing the entire saliva in gulps like honey. I was wondering if she was doing all these for my pleasures or for her own. But I did not bother to ask, as both were acceptable to me.

I saw her getting up from the bed and going towards the kitchen. I watched her big nude buttocks swaying while she walked. She came back with a light green colour brinjal (known as ‘beygun’ in Hindi). It was not the big round one, but long and slender, about seven inches in length and two and a half inches in diameter. It seemed like the erected penis of a man. Giving me the brinjal, she lay on her back on the bed. When I touched the vegetable, I knew it was smeared with coconut oil on its surface. With the expertise of a gymnastic, she separated her legs wide and held each toe with her either hand.

This position again made her big pussy very much exposing and exhibitve. With her pussy lips separated with the outstretching of the thighs and legs, I could see part of her clitoris and throbbing pussy hole.

“Jai, now insert the brinjal into my tunnel and fuck me with it”

I stood flabbergast not knowing her idea.

Seeing my predicament, she said “Jai, this is the way I masturbate to satisfy myself whenever I become hot. Besides, it takes unusually long time for me to climax. And, I bet, Jai, you might have never done masturbation to a lady though you fucked her. It would give you an exhilarating experience to do masturbation and watch the act”.

‘My Goodness! What a lady she really is!’ I wondered.

I approached her pussy with the brinjal. I needed to exert a little force to insert the first one-inch of the vegetable into her cave. Thereafter, it slipped inside without much hindrance.

“Haaaiiiiiiii ” she responded with deep moans and spasmodic movements with her body.

I might have inserted a little over five inches of the brinjal into her pussy. I stopped when I felt its inner end touched a muscular wall, possibly her cervix or uterus wall. I could also see her suddenly wriggling in pain gasping for breath.

I observed with excitement the picture of her pussy with three-fourth of the brinjal inside her and one-fourth outside. It was difficult to explain in words but one should see to believe. She looked like a corpse with a big dagger stabbed into her.

Then I withdrew the brinjal out by about five inches. Immediately I drove it back in. Again, I withdrew it only to be shot back in. I could hear her moan more loudly now. Slowly, I picked up speed and force, now fucking her with it in quick successions. The more speed and force I applied, the more vigorously and loudly she moaned. I was really fascinated to see the way the brinjal was shot in and out. I also watched curiously the outer circumference of her pussy orifice glued to the surface of the vegetable made elastic movements of resilience whenever it went in and came out in rapid successions. I could not have got a better view if and I fucked a lady with my penis.

I must admire for her sustainability as I went on fucking her with the brinjal for more than eight minutes now. She was right; no man could have fucked her for that longer with that much of force and speed. Even I felt a little exhausted with my virtual stabbings with the vegetable. I don’t know if she noticed my fatigue, but after a couple of minutes, I thanked my stars when she asked me to stop.

“Thank you, Jai. Take the brinjal out. Now my pussy is all yours. You can suck it” she said gleefully.

As I took the brinjal out, I could see a gaping big hole of a long tunnel, which was her pussy. I could see it pulsating and palpitating like the mouth of a fish taking water inside for breathing incessantly. All the same, her pussy was really tantalizing. I separated her pussy lips with my hands. I looked no further and kept my mouth on her opening. I brought my tongue out and inserted it

into her cave. It went inside easily without touching any sidewalls. My tongue moved forward through what seemed like a marsh ground, which was her pussy canal, now full with her pussy juices mixed with a little oil. I twisted my tongue probing and exploring inside her. While she responded screaming in ecstatic pleasures, she grabbed my head and pressed it hard on her pussy. Often she arched her body upward giving thrusts with her pussy on to my face. I continued tongue-fucking her for nearly three minutes. Then a thunderous shrills followed from her. As I thought she might have possibly climaxed, I felt my tongue was fully covered with a thick liquid. I withdrew it to outside. I saw the trickle of her cum oozing out. I pressed my open mouth tight to her hole and began to gulp her juices down my throat. It was not much, yet I did it. After drinking all her juices, I wiped her pussy with my tongue.

Then my attention fell on her big clitoris. Separating her pussy lips with my fingers, I took it into my mouth and chewed it. While doing so, I shook my head the way a dog was fighting with a bone. Then I sucked it hard.

“Ooooooooouuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhh ” she released a shrill moan. My sucking lasted another three minutes.

“I think both of us are a little tired. Let’s take some rest to regain energy for our fucking” she suggested.

While taking rest, I asked my question which had made mounting curiosity.

“Nisha, why did you ask me to fuck you with a brinjal?”

“Oh that ? You have seen, Jai, it takes too much time for me to climax. I was afraid it won’t be possible for you to sustain your erection that longer and continue fucking me. So, to facilitate my reaching orgasm soon, I asked you to do so ” she said.

While we were talking, she held my penis in her hand massaging it. I too inserted my two fingers into her vagina and started finger-fucking her.

“Jai, this is not fair. You are giving care to my pussy, but depriving my breasts of your touches” she complained smilingly.

“Is it so? I am sorry” I said and with my other hand began to squeeze her one boob often tweaking its nipple.

“Hey, your cock has become erect again. It is jumping in my hand I think it calls for action soon” she said.

I saw her stand on the bed and inspecting the beam across the ceiling on which the fan was also hung. She raised her hands, caught the beam with both of her hands together. I could not guess what she was planning to do. She asked me to get up. Then she inspected the level of our heights and levels of buttocks.

“Jai, I am going to give you a wonderful thrill and experience of fucking. I know, you cannot support my body weight for longer. So, I am going to support my weight on this beam .”.

Saying this she clasped her hands together around the beam. Then she made a leap, raised her legs and wrapped them around my buttocks. Yes, her pussy was near to my cock now. She made some adjustments and asked me to drive my penis into her tunnel. I did so. As asked by her, I supported her body with my hands at her buttocks so that she did not feel much problem to keep her

body hung.

“Jai, now fuck me .” she cried.

It was indeed an interesting and peculiar position. I heaved and made a forward thrust with my penis. “Plickkkkk ” It went inside her. I withdrew it and drove it inside again. Slowly, I increased the speed and force fucking her rapidly now. “Ooohhhiiiiii ” she screamed.

Her big breasts were almost in level with my face now. With my every thrust, the boobs bounced or swayed brushing on my face. It was indeed giving me great pleasures. I adjusted and took a little of her boob with the nipple into my mouth and began to suck it. In the melee once I nearly bit her nipple.

“Oh Jai are you going to eat my nipple ?” she asked.

“Your boobs are surely tempting me to do so, darling” I replied.

Then she became responsive than receptive. As I withdrew my penis from her love-tunnel, she too raised her body a little holding the beam. Then, as I thronged forward with my penis to penetrate into her, she lowered her body suddenly. This made my penis gushing into her cave with a screech. We continued it for another 3-4 minutes. I was getting pleasures indeed. Then I felt a spasm and the feeling of my fluid surging through the tubes to the tip of my penis. As I was about to off-load my cum, I buried my cock deep into her, held like that and sprayed my liquid into her. She knew it and did not raise her body. We remained like that for a few seconds. Then, she released her legs from around my body and came down to bed.

I looked at her vulva and found my cum all over her love triangle in a puddle. Soon, it began dripping on the bed-sheet like a thick string.

“Happy, Jai?” she asked enquiringly.

“Sure, darling. You gave me Heavens,” I said thankfully.

“That makes two of us” she replied.

Following her, I sat on the bed. I watched her collecting the drops of my cum from the bed sheet as well as the remnants from her own pussy and smearing it all over her breasts as if one applies soap on the body. I saw the cum initially form to some sort of lather and soon disappeared sticking to her skin like a gum.

‘Strange ways of getting pleasures’ I thought.

The lovemaking has made both of us tired and exhausted.

We went to the bathroom together and had a wash of our bodies. I was feeling dead tired while coming back to the bed. She noticed it too.

“Let us have some rest,” she suggested.

As we lay side by side hugging each other, I did not know when I went into deep sleep, may be because I was totally exhausted. Around 3-30 in the early morning, I woke up to go to the toilet. I found her also in deep sleep. I did not disturb her.

Around 5 A.M., she woke me up. “Jai, in another one hour, it would be sunrise. Won’t you like to have one more round before it is late?” she asked me.

Like an answer to her query, I mounted on her driving my cock into her pussy again for another wonderful fucking.

We bathed together playing and splashing water on each other. She gave me a

good breakfast.

By 6.45 AM, I was ready to go.

We thanked each other profusely for the wonderful night and pleasures given to each other.

She continue to treat me once a month with her sexy recepies.

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