

## Virginal Indian housewife comes to the US part 1

Added : 2015-12-30 00:56:52

Imagine, if you can, a 26-year-old Indian girl with a pleasant face, flawless white teeth, full lips, and magnetic deep brown eyes, with long thick lashes that set off a quick, warm smile without an ounce of pretense. She's as honest and sincere as they come. With Priya, what you see is what you get.

She has a curvy feminine body with perfect hips, and an endearing little rise of baby fat on her belly that shakes ever so slightly when she dances with a bare midsection. Her tits are absolutely perfect, perhaps a bit smaller than the average Indian woman, but perfectly formed and no sag at all, with large, lovely light-colored nipples to match her light-colored skin.

Priya was a slow starter but a fast learner. She had never been fucked until our wedding night: a 26-year-old virgin! Not only that, but as far as I know, nobody had even gotten as much as a little bare tit off her -- certainly not me. She never even let me get close except for an occasional accidental brush against my arm or a nice hard chest to chest hug.

I have to admit that I harbored an annoying fear that she might be gay or perhaps the thought of any kind of sex was aberrant to her. However, she was just so damned perfect in other ways, that I was willing to take the chance that I might be marrying an ice queen. If nothing else, I could wear her like a trophy while trying to "cure" her of her aversion to sex.

It turns out that I was right about her in every way except one. On our wedding night, she lost her hymen with some pain, but a lot of enthusiasm. Even with a totally pristine pussy -- not so much as penetrated by a finger for 26 years -- she fucked me silly. From then on, she got even better. I was pleasantly surprised that this "ice queen" liked to watch porn with me, then lead me to the bedroom to emulate what she had seen on the screen. She was wearing me out -- almost!

She took to sucking cock and soon was as good at it as the best porn star. She even swallowed when I didn't want to hold off to cum in her pussy. I like to fuck her from the back, and she likes it when I lick her ass, but so far, she hasn't let me fuck her in the ass. She likes to fuck me from the top because she likes to look me in the face with a devilish smile on her face, then lean forward and let a nipple dangle in front of my mouth. After I suck and lightly teeth her nipple, she likes to pull back and bounce up and down, pulling almost all the way out before coming down hard all the way to full penetration. While pounding up and down, she lets her tits mesmerize me with bouncing, jiggling, and circular gyrations, smiling as she does it, knowing I love watching

those perfect tits perform for me.

She has immersed herself in the pleasures of sex so completely that she's always looking for new ways of giving me pleasure, which in turn, gives her pleasure. Once, to test how far she might go, I asked her what she thought of those giant cocks she sees on the porn movies. She took the bait and admitted that it's amazing that those porn queens could take those giant cock all the way into their cunts. She reminded me that it was a tight squeeze even for my five-inch cock to fully penetrate her tight, little pussy. But she didn't say that she wouldn't like to try. I knew she was speaking hypothetically, but I stored the idea away in my mind.

I decided to push a little further. "If you could have any cock you wanted in your pussy, whose would it be?"

At first, she got a confused look in her face, as if she couldn't believe what she heard. Then, she laughed and said, "Sure, Sanjay. I would spread my legs in a second for the movie star, Ashay Kumar." Then she laughed again and changed the subject.

But the ice had been broken ever so slightly. At least she had talked about it. Maybe I now had something to work with.

During our lovemaking after that, I frequently worked in references to big porn cocks and handsome, sexy movie stars, and in the heat of the moment, she would respond with slightly heightened, or so it seemed to me, responses. She might spread her legs a little wider, pull on my ass a little harder as I pounded her, make her tits bounce a little harder, and maybe cum a little more enthusiastically. Once when I was pretending to be Ashay Kumar, she almost let me stick my dick into her ass, but she stopped me before I got penetration.

As this role-playing increased, I tried to find a way to move things up a notch. Then a thought struck me. Literotica had been one of our sources of erotic stimulation, so I decided to make a posting asking the Lit writers to paint a scene of big cocks and gangbangs for me, with Priya at the center of action. To this point, Priya wouldn't discuss the possibility of her getting fucked by other guys, but maybe a story about her would move things along a bit. I would be patient and go one step at a time.

I made the post and got a response from a Lit writer, so I'll let him take it from there.

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I responded to the post from Sanjay, and after he described his beautiful, young wife to me, with her amazing transformation from a virginal 26-year-old

to a sexual high-achieving 26-year-old, it was a no-brainer. I would do what I could to move things along for Sanjay and Priya, and if I played my cards right, I might get a piece of Priya along the way. I hadn't ever had the chance to provide the second cock into a practically virgin wife's pussy. If I could get her over here from India, I might just be able to manipulate that opportunity.

I broached the subject with Sanjay, and he said, "No problem. We've both always wanted to go to the US; we're already planning a trip to San Francisco. Would that work?"

"Perfect," I said. "That's where I went to college, and some of my old friends from the basketball team still live in the vicinity -- and you know that those freakish big guys have cocks to match. Priya will love them, if you can convince her to take part in a gangbang with all big cocks."

When I was in college, I was the sixth man on the team. I was the first to come in when one of the starters got tired or in foul trouble. This time, however, I was number one. I would give my buddies a shot at this gorgeous, virginal, and exotic Indian girl, but this time, I was the starter. I resolved to get my share before calling in my buddies. She wouldn't even know about the others until we called them in after I had fully sampled her.

Sanjay assured me that she loved watching porn videos of gangbangs, and she fantasized about taking some of those big dicks into her mouth and pussy. She was still not willing to take them in the ass, but he had time to work on her about that little fantasy of his. He hoped that in the heat of a gangbang, she might lose control and allow one of those big cocks up her ass. He hoped so.

So, I began planning and encouraged Sanjay to talk up this adventure to Priya. After all, she was still practically a virgin, and this would be a huge step. Privately, I doubted that it would ever happen, but I didn't tell Sanjay that.

After I sent the story to Sanjay, he said she had liked the story, but she was in no way making any commitments. He tried another approach. She had been letting him take pictures of her since they were married for their private use, so she was used to posing for nude photos. And since I was a professional photographer, this was their chance to get some really good photos of her. She had already agreed to take their vacation in San Francisco, so she also agreed to meet me while they were there and pose for photographs -- but not in the nude. She would wear a blouse and saree, which would reveal her belly, face, and lower legs, but nothing else.

I helped check them into a room in the Fairmont, where I had already rented a suite, then we went to dinner. Priya had occasionally drunk a little wine, but she never drank the hard stuff. This night, she didn't even want any wine because she wanted to be in complete control while I was taking the pictures.

Sanjay asked her if she wanted some fruit punch. She agreed that fruit punch sounded good, so Sanjay ordered her a Singapore Sling, then gave me a sideways smile and nodded. She didn't know that a Singapore Sling is a very stiff drink with a sweet, fruity taste. I didn't tell her that one of them can make me unsteady and two can put me under the table. Sanjay didn't tell her anything. By the time we headed for the suite, she had downed three and was carrying the fourth. I was beginning to think that good things may happen after all. When I was in college, I had seen alcohol make dramatic changes in people's behavior, both men and women. I had to admit, though, that it tended to be more disastrous for females.

When we walked into the suite, Priya set her drink on the dresser, then put her arms up and twirled gracefully, if a bit unsteadily, and landed on her back on the bed. In the process, her saree rode way up on her thighs, and her legs were carelessly spread wide enough for me to see that she had on white panties.

I already had my camera in my hands and the flash turned on. I quickly got a shot before she moved again, including the white gap between her legs.

She smiled and waggled her finger at me, then said in a singsong tone, "Naughty naughty. You're trying to get a nasty picture of me."

"I did," I admitted. "I surely did -- and it was delightful."

"I'm not worried," she said. "Sanjay has taken that same picture of me, but there were no panties -- and no saree, for that matter. It was nasty." She waggled her finger at me again and continued, "But you will never see it."

"You're wrong," I said. "I have seen it. You have no secrets from me. Sanjay has been sending me lots of pictures of you. I've seen all of you, inside and out."

She gave Sanjay a sharp glance, then shrugged. "What the hell," she said. "Did you like what you saw?"

"I can't lie to you," I said. "You have the tightest-looking pussy I've ever seen, and your tits are absolutely flawless: perfect size, perfect form, and very nice, delicate nipples. I couldn't get enough of them. I kept asking Sanjay for more pictures of them."

"And I suppose he sent them?" She shot another annoyed glance at Sanjay. It quickly morphed into an affectionate smile. What can I say? He loves me." She shrugged again. "And he wants to share me."

She reached for her drink and finished it. "Did you know that?"

"Well, yeh. I guess I did."

"And you want a piece of me?"

"Well, yeh. I guess I do."

"Good! But first let's take some pictures. I want Sanjay to have something to look at when he's alone without me."

She started to unwrap her blouse, but stopped with just her tits covered. "Did you really think you were going to get to see these in person?"

"Well, no. I guess not. You just seemed so far out of my league that I thought I would never see you naked in person."

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