

An Erotic Experience in Kerala India

Added : 2015-12-30 01:35:52

Indian trip - Kerala Houseboat. Julie M. Arden: A sensual erotic experience in fascinating India.

Part 1

I had planned my Indian trip for over a year and one of the most anticipated highlights was to be my stay on a houseboat in the calming picturesque back waters of the state of Kerala in Southern India.

I had now been in India for 2 weeks. I had travelled from Mumbai by train, a long but fascinating journey, accompanied by my young Indian interpreter and guide. I had driven all round Kerala with my Indian guide and now he took me to meet the houseboat that was to be my home for then next 8 days. I have to say I was looking forward to the tranquillity of the backwaters of Kerala after a pretty hectic but wonderful past 2 weeks.

The crew of the boat were a very willing trio. They helped load my luggage and with great pride showed me round the small but very well appointed boat that was to be my home for a short while.

The main man, who I referred to as the captain was a dark, wiry, slim man I guess he would be in his mid 40's. He was fairly tall for a south Indian, 5ft 9 inches. He was dressed in an immaculate white shirt and slacks to formally welcome me to his boat. His piercing dark eyes had a twinkle in them that hinted at mischief. He was assisted by a younger man possibly late 30s. He was the chef but also acted as host and housekeeper. He was a slightly chubby man with a trimmed but thick black moustache and one of those open faces that beamed friendship. The youngest was in his early to mid 20s smiling and willing to please. He was very slender about 5ft 6 inches tall with thick dark hair and darting eyes.

The boat was made of wood, ornately carved and with woven matting to cover the glass paned windows. There was a foredeck, not large but enough for 4 comfy chairs. It was a good place to watch the waters slip by and see activity on the banks. Behind this was small dining room that led down some steps to the large double bedroom and very well appointed bathroom, no bath but a good shower. It was immaculately clean and well kept.

The captain and the Chef owned the boat privately but worked through a group who took bookings thus assuring a steady trade. They were very attentive and willing to please which was very refreshing and pleasing.

We set off that first day slowly moving out into the waters. I sat looking out as we slipped slowly through the dark calm waters, the engine humming slightly underneath. The driver in this case the captain sat at the front. The mat window shutters were open to keep the boat cool and I immediately felt relaxed sitting in the warm air enjoying the slow pace, the utter tranquillity of it all.

The men chattered around me in their local dialect. Their voices echoed across the water giving the whole experience an exotic feeling of old India. There were birds that flew up or swam away. People moved about on the far banks their muted voices carrying over the waters. It was full of colour and sound. The whole thing was a truly magical and relaxing as we slipped effortlessly through the water, a white stream ran out from the front of the boat on either side racing out away from us outwards towards the shore.

By lunch I was so relaxed calm I had dozed off. I awoke to the smell of spices, onions and garlic filling the air giving rise to hunger. I got up and wandered back to the small kitchen set at the back of the boat and peeked in. The Chef was cooking a wonderful dish with local fish, herbs and garlic from the local markets. I wandered back down the boat to the bows where I got into conversation with the captain. Once again I was amazed at how good his English was. It was also amusing to hear them talk with that very identifiable Indian accent, so appealing but rib ticklingly funny as well.

The captain spoke with great pride about his boat, his business and his family. He proudly showed me pictures of his 3 children his very humble but well kept house in his village some miles away. He talked with great sadness of his wife's illness and subsequent death some years ago. He explained how it is common in India for family to help take care of him and his children whilst he struggled to earn a living. He was a man of the community, working with charities in his village when time permitted. Giving blood on a regular basis, something he had been driven to do since his wife's death. I suspect there was a financial aspect to the blood giving but he was proud of his giving showing me his donor records. I liked him he was a simple hard working man with a freshness and openness.

The food was a revelation, served on thick green leaves it was sumptuous, with rice and curried fish, caught fresh that morning and vegetables spicy and aromatic. There was fresh juice and if I wanted a cold beer. I asked if they were eating with me but they declined and said they would eat at the back of the boat where they had simple lodgings. I would have preferred them to eat with me as I don't like to eat alone but I respected their needs.

The afternoon seemed to slip by and I talked to all of them during that time. Finally we arrived at the mooring point for the night. The men got busy securing the boat and setting it up for the evening. I slipped away to have a

shower and change for the evening.

The evening meal was up to the same good standard as lunch and I knew I was going to enjoy this trip very much. The men sat with me during the evening and we chatted freely once they saw I was receptive to them as friends and companions on my Indian experience. They were open and expressive if sometimes funny as their English got all mixed up but it was a good humoured fun evening. I slept very well that night despite the warmth and under a mosquito net was never bothered by insects. I awoke early as the sun streamed in through the open slats of the window matting and went out onto the front deck. The men were already active getting ready for the day.

As we continued along our peaceful journey the captain spent more time talking to me and asking how I enjoyed India. I told him it was wonderful, fascinating and exciting full of sound and colour. He told me of his life and how he had worked hard to get his boat and make a good living for his family. Indians are hard working and industrious although they do put too much store by what work they do and not about personality and interaction. He told me he had worked as a porter in hospitals and worked long shifts and hours to save money to get a boat. He had learnt the Kerala art of massage (Aryuvedic) a relaxing service that is a Kerala speciality and much talked about by visitors to Kerala. He asked if I had experienced one yet but I told him no but would hope to before I left. He asked if we had such a thing in the USA. I told him that there were all sorts of massage specialties from the far east and homeopathic massage such as reflexology available in the US. He was most interested and asked if I enjoyed them to which I replied very much so. I explained how much I enjoyed the foot massage of Reflexology and how it relaxed me and was said to have healing powers. He said that massage in India also massaged the feet and the whole body with special oils. He asked me if I would like a foot massage. I said I would love one. He asked me to wait whilst he went and got his oils. He returned with some small bottles of oil. Kneeling in front of my chair he lifted my left foot placing it on his lap. His hands were strong and firm but the fingers were magic on my foot as he kneaded it and stroked it with a rhythmic motion. His left hand supported my heel whilst his right performed the magic. I lay back in the chair, closing my eyes savouring the sensual, pleasing sensations running through me. I sighed with each pleasurable stroke, squeeze and twist of his magic fingers. The sensation of having my feet massaged has always been of great pleasure to me. It made my body feel loose and relaxed. It also is very sensuous and arousing. I felt the wetness in my vagina as he expertly worked my feet. He worked selflessly at his task his little shouts of "yaar" every time I sighed or moaned softly at the pleasure he was giving me, signalled his joy at my pleasure. I was now lying well back in the chair my legs stretched out to him, my eyes closed lost in the warmth of the air, the smells of the river and his magical fingers. He began to run his hand up the back of my calve massaging my muscle, whilst his other kept up the rhythm on my foot. He massaged firmly along my

calves to the back of my knees and above keeping a steady pressure and rhythm. Then putting my left foot on the floor beside him whilst still stroking my leg with one hand he dipped his other hand into the bowl of oil he had prepared. Picking up my right leg he began to work his magic on my right foot. I was not only relaxed I was filled with sensuous feelings. I now had a very damp pussy. The whole sensation just filled my body with tingling pleasures that ran right up to my throat and my nipples were hard and erect. He was now massaging my right leg along the whole length pushing my long skirt up my thighs with every stroke. I was too lost in the pleasure to want him to stop. He placed my right foot by his side and now with my legs slightly parted he began to run both his hands along my legs. Up my inner thighs my skirt, now crumpled around my waist exposing my panties, as his strong hands stroked up my inner things I opened my legs to allow him access. He was now massaging my fully exposed thighs up sweeping outwards along my hips and down the sides back down to my feet. His thumbs brushing past my wet see thru white panties, I sighed with every stroke thrusting my hips against his stroking hands. He worked in silence, his thumbs getting tantalisingly closer and closer to the very damp gusset of my white panties. The anticipation of each stroke increased my arousal. I sighed involuntarily as he brushed the sides of my pussy with each stroke. Finally his thumbs pressed along my pussy as he stroked upwards. I could not help letting out a deep sigh. I looked down at him with hooded eyes, soft with pleasure and arousal. He was so engrossed in his work his eyes fixed on my exposed body he didn't notice me. He now pressed his thumbs along my pussy no longer moving down my legs his movements all concentrated on my swollen slit. Then he grabbed my panties from the top and pulled gently whispering for me to lift my thighs so he could remove them. I obliged as he pulled them down along my legs and over my feet discarding them on the chair beside him exposing my wet vagina totally. I now sat there laid back; my legs open as he pondered momentarily my wet fully exposed open pussy. He expertly began to flick and massage pubic mound flicking my clit, slipping fingers into me, making me sigh and push my groin onto his hand. I was now totally abandoned to his will, my legs spread, fully exposed for him to enjoy as he pleased. He fingered, teased and played with me bringing me close then moving off until I begged him to pleasure me in husky whispered please. He smiled enjoying his control. I looked at him again whispering "Please have sex with me I need your penis in me" With one hand he opened his trousers. His turgid dark penis stood proud from his trouser flies. Then he stood up pushed his trousers and underpants down over his buttocks. He gazed down at my compliant needy body my legs spread my wet vagina swollen and open for him. His cock was steel hard, smoky black. Ramrod straight with a lovely plum red head, wet with his juices. His arousal made me even more excited. He knelt between my legs and proffered his black tumescent penis to the mouth of my very wet open vagina. I sighed as his hardness slipped into my soaking open hole feeling it unfold my insides forcing itself deep into my body. He grunted looked into my face and muttered yaar as he sank himself to the hilt inside me. I looked into his eyes pleading for him to

fuck me, thrusting my hips against his pelvis so we were locked hard together. He stayed like that for a moment then he leaned down and passionately kissed me. His tongue thrust into my mouth. I could taste the spicy sweetness of him. He pulled back now wanting release. Pulling my legs up he pushed them high and back pressing me into the chair. I was pushed forward in the chair my naked buttocks stretched tight my vagina split open by his shaft. He began to pump into my wet hole, rushing to his release but, I was ahead as the hot flush ran up my breasts and neck and my pussy just erupted into orgasmic pleasure. I moaned and cried out, thanking him just at the sheer pleasure of his cock clinging hard to him my arms wrapped round his wiry back. I was still shuddering in pleasure when he gave a deep grunt, thrust hard into me and I felt the hot wetness of his release fill my womb. We stayed still my pussy impaled on his still turgid cock. Finally that very hard smoky black pleasure rod slipped out, followed as usual by a big lump of sperm. He got up whilst I lay like a slut, my legs open, pussy dripping sperm. I smiled at my new lover. He stood looking at the slut he had just enjoyed, sitting there unashamed, legs open, the sperm he had just pumped into me dripping down between my cheeks as it leaked out of my open loose vagina. He smiled the kind of smile that says "I know what you are, whore. I will be back for more". India was proving to be a fulfilling and fascinating place.

I stood up holding my skirt round my waist not wanting the drops of sperm to stain it. I now, having been so engrossed in my pleasure, became aware that we had fucked in the open area and the other crew members would have seen the whole event. The captain was wiping his still semi hard cock cleaning off my juices proudly parading his manhood to I was sure a watching crew. There was no point in covering up now so I turned and went through to the bathroom. Sperm was sliding down my thighs making them slippery as I walked it was a sensual feeling with my swollen lips reminding me of what had just occurred.

I stood under the shower letting the warm water run across my naked body still sensitive from my orgasm. I could hear animated conversation through the small window. The captain and the crew were in excited conversation unaware I could hear but of course whilst I could guess the conversation I could not understand it. They were certainly engaged in a long discussion about what had happened, I dried myself with the soft cotton towel which in itself is a really pleasant activity. I put on a white skirt and cool top with no bra cooler that way. I had to put on a pair of plain cotton pants as my pussy was still dripping some cum. With book in hand I went out onto the front deck again. The young man was cleaning up the deck ready for the evening meal. The others were busy securing our mooring on the bank for the night. The young man looked at me as I came through the door. His eyes made contact he grinned like a Cheshire cat. I realised he had seen it all. Being young and Indian it was something he would never expect to see. I am sure will shape his sexual life in some way. I said a bright hello to him. His eyes lingered on my

face then darted down to my legs and crotch. He smiled again said a cheerful hi and scuttled off to do his job.

I realised that the boat being small the crew had seen all that took place. This was India. It is an enigmatic place. Public affection between sexes is taboo. Kissing is a very big no, no and even films don't show lip to lip contact. But porn films are rife. The men like men all over the world have the same sexual tastes and deviant needs so there is a very active sexual subculture going on. The captain had fucked me openly on the boat so he was not worried about the exposing me but, it put me in an awkward spot. The crew had most certainly seen it all.

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