

## Kaamna - The Epic Story of an Indian Housewife Part 1

Added : 2015-12-30 01:37:52

### Chapter - 1

Kaamna stirred sleepily as the first rays of sun shone on her face. If it wasn't for Monday, she would have loved to sleep for some more time. But Monday mornings are usually hectic. She turned around to see her husband, Ravi, still snoring. She felt a sudden rush of emotions upon seeing him. Pity & anger, both. She had woken him up in the middle of the night & had literally forced him to make love to her. He had given up after trying for a few minutes. Kaamna was desperate for a male hardness to enter her. Her juices had flowed down till her knee. For the first time after marriage, Kaamna had fingered herself to an orgasm. It was her first orgasm in 8 months. Off late, Ravi had become pathetic in bed. On the other hand, Kaamna had found it rather disgusting to masturbate at this age. She had just turned 36 a few months back. But yesterday night was a different story.

Kaamna hadn't been able to control herself when Ravi had unsuccessfully tried to penetrate her. This has been the case since the last few months & Kaamna usually used to let go of her urges. But yesterday night, her throbbing wet pussy had a mind of its own. She never realized when her hands went up to the fleshy region between her thighs. Her fingers moved frantically in and out of her steaming pussy while her other hand was roughly kneading her ample breasts. She had squeezed hard at the erect nipples while climaxing. Her juices had flow relentlessly. This was the first time in months, she experienced an orgasm.

With these thoughts in mind, Kaamna got out of the bed. That familiar tingling between her thighs had started. She rushed towards the bathroom & got out of her nighty. She had stopped wearing undergarments in the night long time back. She gave a smile when she looked at her naked body in the full length mirror. 5 feet 8 inches tall, perfect round breasts, love handles at the waist, meaty buttocks. Not bad for a 36 year old woman. Of course, her figure wasn't what you call an hour-glass. But it was well stocked. Right curves at the right places. The hairy mound around her pussy was still glistening with her juices. Kaamna was surprised at this. Reluctantly, she put her hand between her thighs. The wetness had already started. She was in heat again. Her fingers started their now familiar movement, slowly sliding in & out, while her thumb caressed her clitoris. Unable to stand, she sat down in the bathtub, her fingers not stopping for a moment. She grabbed the hand shower & directed it towards her pussy. The feeling of warm water lasing at her pussy was unexplainable. She had started to moan out of pleasure & they were getting louder & louder. She wanted to orgasm this instant. "Kaamna, I need to use the bathroom urgently. Are you done, sweetheart?" Ravi called out while

knocking on the door. It was a good thing she had locked the door. How would Ravi react if he saw her like this? Naked, legs spread apart, masturbating with a hand shower. Hope he didn't hear me moan. "One second, darling. I am done." she replied. She wasn't done though. Ravi's knocking had disrupted her. With a heavy heart, she got up, wrapped herself in a towel which barely fit her voluptuous body & opened the door.

Ravi smiled when he saw Kaamna wrapped in a skimpy towel. He hugged her tight, "Good Morning. You are looking so sexy." He whispered in her ears. She could feel his hardon through his shorts. It was just his usual "Good Morning" hardon, nothing sexual. Like her, even he had stopped wearing underwear in the night. He was just a couple of inches taller than her. Her throbbing pussy was aching for that hardon now. She slowly moved her hands into his shorts, caught hold of his manhood & started stroking it. Ravi was well hung. It was a good 8 inches long. She could hear Ravi moan out of pleasure. Her towel had fallen on the ground & Ravi was kissing her passionately. As her stroking got faster & faster, Ravi stopped her. He roughly turned her around pushed her on the carpet. Kaamna landed on it on all fours, her ass wide open, her huge breasts hanging, juices overflowing. This sight was too much for Ravi. He immediately climbed on her & started pounding his dick into her inviting pussy while kneading both her breast. Kaamna moaned loudly at this onslaught on her craving pussy. "Harder Yes Harder Give me more " she screamed. She didn't care if anyone in the house could hear her. She was about to have the ultimate orgasm of her life. At that instant, Ravi gave a loud grunt & rolled by her side. He was done. A few more strokes, Kaamna would have cum. This was very frustrating for her. Second time in the day, Ravi had done this & it was just 7 in the morning. Ravi, oblivious to Kaamna's suffering, got up, went to the bathroom & closed the door. She was still on all fours, unable to move. Just a few more strokes, she wished again. What is the use of having such a big dick? Ravi had cum in under a minute. She had half the heart to start masturbating again. But then she decided against it. Ravi would be out in a few minutes & the whole household would be waking up now. With one last tight squeeze at her sex carved pussy, she got up.

## Chapter 2

The whole house hold was up by the time Kaamna got out of her bedroom. Her father-in-law, Ashok was reading the morning newspaper in the hall. He was in his late seventies. He had lost his wife many years back. Ravi was his youngest son. Deepak, Ravi's elder brother, just entered the hall from his bedroom with his ever famous grim look. Kaamna had hardly seen him smile. Pooja, his wife, was already in the kitchen overlooking the arrangements for breakfast. Kaamna felt a tinge of guilt as she made her way to the kitchen after wishing her father-in-law. He never even acknowledged her presence. Kaamna was used to this. Pooja Bhabhi was a very cheerful & fun loving person. But off late, she looked very tired in the mornings. "Good Morning, Pooja bhabhi. Am so sorry

that I woke up late” Kaamna lied. “It’s alright, Kaamna. No worries. Btw, your cheeks are flushed. Everything alright?” she asked. Kaamna blushed, making her cheeks go even red. “It’s nothing, Bhabhi. What’s for breakfast?” she asked desperate to change the topic. Of course, Pooja Bhabhi was very close but to talk about sexual urges didn’t seem appropriate. In a few minutes, the brats of the household, Kushi, her 18 year old daughter, Vikram, who celebrated his 21st birthday yesterday, Pari, who was as old as Kushi, both Pooja’s kids, would barge in for breakfast. Thank God their family was rich enough to afford a hoard of servants. Shanthamma & her husband Chikanna managed the entire batch of servants. Her father-in-law was one of the top businessmen of the country.

Breakfast was like a ritual every morning. Ashok had made a rule that all members of the family should have their breakfast together & nobody dared to break that rule. Kushi barged into the kitchen & hugged Kaamna tightly from behind with her arms wrapped around her huge breasts. Kaamna again felt that now familiar tingling sensation between her thighs. Oh! God! Even the touch of my daughter is turning me on. What is wrong with me? Kaamna thought worriedly as her hand moved by instinct towards her pussy. She stopped just in time. “Hi, Mom. Hi, Pooja Bhabhi” Kushi exclaimed. Kaamna smiled at her daughter. She has my looks. Kushi was perfect in every sense. Hour-glass figure, firm round breasts, quite big for her age, fair complexion, the dimple on her cheeks added to her beauty. She was the darling of every one. Pari, on the other hand, was average looking. She had her father’s looks, including that grim expression. She was a loner who kept to herself most of the times. It was rather an irony that she was named Pari. Vikram was surprisingly handsome. His firm jaw line went well with his well-toned gym body. Within half an hour, the house was almost empty. Kids left for college & the men to office.

Kaamna went up to her room as she had to get ready to go out for shopping. She had a half the heart to masturbate again . But she didn’t. This shouldn’t become a habit, she thought. She got into the back seat of her new Mercedes, Ravi’s gift for their wedding anniversary, & told the driver to take her to the mall. She took out her phone to call Ravi. It was Vikram’s phone! Damn! He must have taken my phone by mistake. Their phones were identical. The new iPhone 4S. Let me call Vikram & tell him. But he would be in class now & he wouldn’t be able to answer the call. Kaamna decided that she would inform him the afternoon when his classes get over. Out of boredom & curiosity, she started browsing through Vikram’s phone. She was in for a shock. There were nude photos of a girl she knew. This girl was Sakshi, who studies with Vikram. She visits her house regularly. There were many videos of her too. Kaamna didn’t want to go through the videos. But then, she couldn’t control herself. One particular video in which Sakshi was feeling herself caught her attention.

It was very erotic. Sakshi was a very pretty girl. She was a little thin with perky breasts & a clean shaven pussy. Kaamna always wanted to get this done, but she couldn't as she felt shy about this. Sakshi in the video was acting like a pornstar, feeling her breasts, her pussy, while giving lewd expressions. Kaamna was getting turned on. Her pussy had started to throb. The leggings which she wore were starting to get wet. Unconsciously her hand went to her pussy & started squeezing it. She had her headphones on & the volume was on full. The moans of Sakshi were getting louder & louder as she was vigorously fingering her pussy. Kaamna's body was in full heat. Her pussy juices were in full flow. She silently put one hand inside her leggings. The feel of her skin on her dripping wet pussy sent shivers through her body. She moaned loudly & started fingering it. "Everything all right, madam?" ,Ramu, the driver asked without turning back.

Kaamna couldn't hear him as she had her headphones on. Getting no response from her, Ramu turned back while the car was at the signal. The sight which he saw was unforgettable. Kaamna at the back seat, her legs wide apart, one hand inside her leggings moving at a rapid pace, eyes closed, teeth biting her lips, were too much for him to handle. His dick jerked right up in his trousers. As the signal turned green, he adjusted the rear-view mirror so that he could see Kaamna. He was just able to see her face. That itself was very erotic. Without thinking, he pulled the zip of his trousers down & let this throbbing dick out. Luckily, the car was heavily tinted. With one hand on the steering, he started to stroke his dick. Since it was an automatic transmission, he had no trouble driving with one hand. Sakshi, on the phone, Kaamna, at the back seat & Ramu in the driver seat, all three of them were in tandem. Kaamna was not even aware that Ramu was masturbating in the front seat. She was in her own world. Twice during the day she was deprived of an orgasm. This time she wasn't going to let that happen. The phone was down on the seat. She didn't need it anymore. The moans of Sakshi through the headphones were enough for her. With her other free hand, she started pinching her now erect nipples & squeezing her huge breasts. She let out a loud moan when she finally orgasmed. Her juices kept flowing & flowing. Ramu, in the meanwhile, had ejaculated at the same exact time. He had cum like never before. His trousers were drenched in cum. A few drops of had splattered on the steering wheel too. He quickly took a towel & wiped it clean. But his trousers were in a sorry state, sticky with his cum. He couldn't get down from the car like this. Kaamna, after a few minutes, snapped into the real world. She was shocked at herself that she had masturbated in the back seat of her car while her driver was at the front. She hoped that Ramu hadn't noticed anything. How wrong she was! "Ramu, am not feeling well. Let's go home." She told him. Ramu was very relieved to hear this. He can at least have a wash once when he is home. A big round stain was starting to form on the seat cover where Kaamna's juices had overflowed. The stench of her juices was beginning to fill up the car as the AC was on. Ramu was getting turned on again by the mixed smell of his own cum & the smell of Kaamna's juices. But he knew that he couldn't get

lucky again. As the car drove into the driveway of their house, “Ramu, give the seat covers for wash today itself. It is dirty.” Kaaman told him. She caught a hint of smile when Ramu acknowledged. Does he know what happened on the back ? Shrugging these thoughts, Kaamna walked uncomfortably into house hoping that she could get into her room unstopped. She was all wet & sticky.

« [Back To Home](#)

For more sex stories Visit: [AntarVasna.Us](#)