

Pink City Mein Pink Choot

Hi! I am Rahul and this is the first time I am writing to you about experiences I can never forget. I hope you can relate to it, since it was the sort of opportunity which comes in every man's way, but, only a few lucky ones can grab it. I have been working in an office which has equal number of females as males. Most girls are from middle-class backgrounds, with a lot of "moralistic" shit ingrained into them. But, one girl, Madhavi stands apart.

She is pretty, slim (perhaps extra slim, except at places that matter), 5'3" tall without heels, and has bazookas that defy gravity.

It all started innocently, with both of us going for an appointment in another office around lunch time. As usual, the meeting lasted a few hours and both of us were hungry. On reaching the car, I suggested to Madhavi that we should have a snack at one of the Fast-food joints like Wimpys, MacDonald's or KFC nearby. Since she was not interested in burgers, we opted for KFC and ordered spicy-crispy chicken.

Soon the conversation veered to life in college, boyfriends, etc. Madhavi told me that she has a lot of male friends - all in computer hardware, but, none of them can be called boyfriends. This was expected from an Indian girl belonging to the middle-class, who waits till her parents select a suitable boy and then marry her off to a life she can do nothing about - happy or unhappy - the latter state being a result of either an indifferent husband or pestering in-laws.

She told me that her father had expired about two years back, and she was the eldest. Her household was dependent on her for expenses and she had a mother and two brothers. While she was not particularly concerned about her place in life and the responsibilities thrust on her, her brothers were a cause for concern, since both of them had dropped out from school and were doing practically nothing, except spending time with their friends - a set of nogoodniks. So, shaadi was one thing far away from her mind, more so because of the fact that while she may not consider her life at home even remotely similar to her dreams and aspirations, but, she dreaded the thought of getting married and being controlled by her husband and his family, who may or may not love her. She wanted love, and not just being a receptacle for her husband's lust or a factory for producing his clones.

Madhavi, I found, even at the sweet age of 25, was intelligent and perceptive. As the discussion progressed, we found ourselves talking about subjects on the fringes of sex. For example, she said that she dressed conservatively because she had big mummey (she called them "chuchis"), and traveling in buses meant attracting as little

attention as possible to her obvious assets. She also informed me that she wore tight bras, since her chuchis had a bounce to them when

she walked. I noticed that while she was talking, she had moved her shoulders back and was displaying her obvious milky assets in their covers. Her nipples were peaked and combined with her Cupid's bow lips eating the chicken drumstick by inserting it in her mouth; I could not help getting a hard-on.

I told her so and she gave me a shy, coy smile - of a girl obviously pleased to turn-on a man. She added that she was very attracted to me, but, I was out-of-bounds, since I was married and had a family. "Aap apne jaisa koyi ladka mere liye kyon nahin dhoondh dete?"

Anyway, while talking, the time flew so fast that we realized that it was evening, and she had to go back home. Since neither of us wanted to part immediately, I offered to drop her near her house. She sat in the car in the front seat, while I started driving. While driving, I saw her stealing glances at my crotch, and I on the other hand, was very beholden by her beautiful mummeries which were jutting out, the nipples trying to bore a hole through her bra and kameez. She was crossing and uncrossing her long and slim legs, looking like an epitome of sexiness.

Nothing happened, but, after having enjoyed each others' company so much, we decided to try and meet more often, outside the office. She was of course paranoid about someone seeing us together, so we decided that we will go for long drives when ever we managed to go out.

Soon, we started going out - driving out of the city in the evenings to the outskirts, talking about each other, our families, and our problems and most important - our desires. She was a virgin and had heard a lot about sex, but, was inexperienced due to the strait-laced society that all middle-class homes belong to. Although I was attracted to her immensely and wanted desperately to fondle her beautiful mummey, kiss her passionately, caress her long shapely legs - and get into her panties as soon as possible, noting her inhibitions, I decided to take it slow. Otherwise too, sex and love, to me are emotions which are best satisfied if both the participants are equally involved. I wanted her at fever pitch and knew that neither the office, nor the city would offer us any opportunity where she could get rid of her inhibitions.

During our talks, it was implicitly understood (and even vocalized sometimes) that no waves are to be created, which could rock any boat - my marriage, or, her chances of getting a good match. Madhavi, in many ways communicated her attraction to me, as did I - like taking the lint off my coat, or wiping a piece of food perched on my

moustache - and I by caressing her back, and at times, while crossing a road, proprietarily putting my hand on her pretty ass to lead her across the road. I was in heaven when I gave small squeezes to her ass - firm and round, yet soooo soft to touch. Opportunity presented itself in form of participation in an exhibition in Jaipur, where, our boss told us, the company had booked a stall and it had to be manned by Madhavi, while I attended the various seminars, and generally kept an eye on the enquiries generated through persons visiting the stall.

In line with the ranking, I was to stay in a luxury deluxe Hotel, while Madhavi was booked into another Hotel nearby. The exhibition was at a Plaza about a mile away. While she was thrilled with the idea of the trip, Madhavi still had to get over the hurdle of convincing her strait-laced mother to permit her to go. Thankfully her mother was convinced by our boss. So, as per the programme, I was

to pick up Madhavi in my car in the morning and we would drive to Jaipur - a drive of 5 hours, which both of us looked forward to. Finally the day dawned and we were on way to Jaipur. The journey was uneventful, except for the exhilaration both of us felt of being away

from prying eyes and our hands were free to touch each other with implied intimacy, though over our clothes. Madhavi was in an excellent mood, this being a rare occasion when she left the environs of her city.

In the evening, straight from the exhibition Hall, we went for a drive and a walk through the bazaars of Jaipur. She had a lot of boxes containing literature about our products and a portable projector, which we kept in the car. We flirted as we talked. Now that we were away from all the people we knew in our city, Madhavi flirted with me outrageously. You will recall that I had mentioned that she usually dresses conservatively, but she has a few shalwar-kameez suits that show off her curves, causing me to forget what I was doing. She was wearing one tight kameez that day, which made her mummy shout out for a squeeze. I thought that Madhavi might be romantically interested in me but, because I did not want to wreck it, I didn't take any actions to confirm my opinion.

On return to the Hotel, I still couldn't stop thinking about the picture she made in that outfit with the top clinging to her generous breasts, her thin waist, and the seat brushing against her round, soft ass. I invited her for dinner at my Hotel, and she accepted. Since the literature and other stuff from the exhibition could not be

left in the car, I suggested that we keep them in my room. After a few seconds of silence, she agreed provided I act as a gentleman, and

do not take advantage of her once we are in the room. She was so enamored by the luxury of the Hotel, never having been in such a place earlier, that she was gushing praises.

In the room, I offered her a drink - knowing that she was averse to the smell of alcohol; I ordered a Screwdriver for her - vodka (no smell) and orange juice for the right amount of masking of the bitter

taste. She was feeling thirsty and not knowing the effects of alcohol, gulped the entire drink down in ten minutes. She started stretching out her limbs - the classic "angdaai" (sexy stretch), which showed off her curves even more.

I asked her, "Kya tumhara kabhi sex ka man nahin karta?"

She said, "Karta to hai, par kaise karoon?"

I once again asked her, "Kya tum apni choot se khelti nahin?"

She genuinely seemed to be shocked by the question and demurely said, "Ooper se sehlaane se kuchh kuchh achchha lagta hai. Maine ek baar toothbrush ka handle andar daalne ki koshish ki thi, par, dard ke dar se ooper se mal kar reh gai."

I kept finding myself thinking about how it would feel to kiss her, to suck her nipples into my mouth and pinch them between my teeth, to feel her warm hands on my Lund as she slowly bathed it with her tongue and licked her lips at the taste of my pre-cum, to slide my throbbing rod into her warm mouth, and to quench my desire by spattering my hot seed in her wet snugness. I tried to keep my mind in control, but it was futile. I kept on fantasizing about the aroma of Madhavi's sex, whether she had trained her vaginal muscles to grip a hard toothbrush, the precise texture of her pubic hair, the quantity of her natural lubrication, and the warmth my Lund would feel in her sheath. I wanted to lick her earlobes, to feel her tummy against mine.

After she had already taken all the juice my glands could produce I wanted to rub my flaccid Lund against Madhavi's thigh and feel it spring into alertness, ready to penetrate her again. When orgasm took away her self control, did she moan low and throatily from her chest, whisper in baby talk, yell obscene commands at her lover, or did she bite her lip in a vain attempt to stay silent? The questions were endless and obsessive.

She had gone to the bathroom to take a leak, and on her return, she said "Itna sunder bathroom hai. Isme to bath tub bhi hai, aur shower bhi." Wistfully, she said "Mera man hamesha bath-tub mein nahane ka karta raha hai. Aap ko to pata hai ki mujhe barsaat ka mausam kitna pasand hai. Shower mein bilkul barsaat ki tarah nahaa sakti hoon."

"Haan Madhavi, dono kaam ho sakte hain," I said, barely above a whisper, imagining her beautiful nude body in the shower, the water cascading down her ample mummey and dripping from her Choot, between

her shapely legs. "Main garam paani chala deta hoon. Tub bhar jai to usme dono kaam kar sakti ho."

She turned, her mummy swaying, and a wistful look left her face. "Rahul, what are you saying? Mere paas yahan na to kapde hain aur na hi towel. Achchha ab dinner karlein? Phir mujhe apne Hotel bhi jaana hai. Main bahut thak gayee hoon saara din exhibition mein khadi-khadi" She smiled irresistibly at me.

I smiled back, rendered speechless by desire. We had dinner and came back to the room. I jokingly suggested that she should stay the night in the room. Madhavi laughed.

"Since you're a gentleman, Rahul, would you like to help me carry these boxes to the car?" She motioned at the stack of papers and cases.

We got the boxes and started carrying them to the door. She bent over to put hers down and for a few seconds. Her ass swayed only a few inches away from me. Then she reached for the latch on the door, and with a shriek she lost her balance. She fell towards me, but I couldn't grab her because of the boxes in my hands, so I tried to block her fall with my body. I stepped into her way. She grabbed my shoulder with one hand. Her other hand grabbed my belt buckle and pushed it into my stiff Lund. She had to know I was hard. Her left hand rested above my penis as she pulled herself up. My Lund was hard again, and she had to feel it with her hand where it was. She brushed her right mummy against my left arm while getting up. I was getting even more aroused than I had been all day.

"Whew, that was a close one," she said. "Thanks for being there."

I said, "It was nothing, Madhavi" and winced at the almost adolescent break in my voice.

She seemed dazed for a moment and then brightened and smiled at me. She took her hand off my belt buckle. She kneeled down and picked up the loose papers which had fallen when she almost did.

Madhavi popped up before me and said, "It was nothing, Rahul. It was very nice of you. You kept me from falling and you didn't even drop any boxes. I think you deserve a kiss for that."

My Lund throbbed. Madhavi kissed me on the lips. Her mouth wasn't wide open. Her tongue was inside her mouth; but her mouth wasn't tightly closed either. My mouth dropped open as she kissed me, and instinctively my lips drew hers apart so my tongue could taste them.

My body seemed magnetically attached to hers. My arms were wrapped around her back, and my hands caressed her smooth chutad. Her arms were around my neck, and she pressed against me, her body surging against my booming, blood- engorged member. Madhavi kissed me back as

her tongue danced into my mouth. It was a whole body kiss, vibrant with a promise of future passion, more intimate than sex.

I knew that it was inevitable, that Madhavi would beg for me to plunge my hard Lund again and again into her dripping Choot, sawing back and forth until we exploded into an orgasmic tidal wave, that she would plead for me to stimulate her with my tongue until she cried tears of happiness, that she would trade anything to slurp my Lund between her lips and suck it until it jetted spurts of hot spunk

onto her shining face, and that she would rub it deeply into her skin

in thrilling lust to become one with my scent and my seed.

I knew the answers to the questions that had earlier haunted me. I knew the taste of her lips, her nipples, her navel, her sweet Choot. I knew without knowing how I knew these things. I knew the feel of her back, her chutad, her hands cupping my balls, her Choot sheathing

my manhood. I knew her cries of ecstasy; they were like her laugh, musical and entrancing, and were as contagious. I knew the sweet torment as my Lund grew more and more excited in her warm, soft, wet mouth while her tongue swirled the tip and her teeth calmed its fury with moments of pain, until it could no longer be stilled and the sperm boiled up through the shaft of my Lund and splattered into her throat, her Choot, onto her face, her tits, her hands, her arms, her back, her sweat-soaked hair.

All these things and hours more of knowledge came to me in the seconds that Madhavi and I held each other tightly, tongues and lips working with a fury of passion to mine and expose the deepest secrets

we had. I shifted my hand from her chutad to her waist, and of its own mind it slid up towards her mummey. We stepped apart and our eyes

opened. She looked at me like a deer startled by headlights and shook her head.

"We can't go on" she said.

I spoke in a monotone, all my emotions stuck inside. "We're ready for

it. We have to take the next step, Madhavi."

"No!" she said. "We can't just have sex. We have a working relationship. We WORK with each other."

"Oh, Madhavi. You felt what I felt. We both want it. We both need it.

I am going to fuck your brains out, Madhavi, and you want to feel my Lund fucking your hot little Choot." I was panting, my emotions finally reaching words. "I'm going to undress you and you're going to undress me. You can't wait to hold my Lund with your hand. You can't wait to taste it, to slide my fat Lund into your mouth. I already know what it's like to share every taboo secret with you. That kiss was like all the chudai in the world. We've already fucked. We just need to do it again."

"No" she whispered, but stopped shaking her head.

"Tum meri jaan ho aur main tumhara ghulam."

She stared, silent.

"Madhavi," I moved towards her "we can't help it. We don't have a choice. I want it more than anything. You do too. You won't ever stop thinking about me until we do it. You want it." I moved to embrace and kiss her. "You need it, Madhavi. You need this more than you've ever needed anything."

She pulled away and slapped me in the face. "No!" she shouted at me. "I won't be your office affair! Mujhe tumahara lawda nahin chahiye!" She was raging, out of control. "I don't need you. I will have a husband to fuck my choot, thank you, and he will do fine. I can wait for it. Main uska Lund bhi chusoongi when he wants. And you already have someone else. You cheating bastard, you're married!" She was scaring me.

Had I construed her looks of passion, the delicate touch of her hand against my Lund, her smiles and innuendo from nothing? Was I losing it? Why was she lying like this? Was I going crazy?

She started stalking back and forth and waving her arms as she continued, "Aur yeh pyar-vyar, taqdeer, sachchi mohabbat. Perfect love. Ideal love. What you are talking about doesn't exist! I have love and I don't need a dirty little affair with a co-worker to get it! Mere se aisi baatein na karo."

I felt like I needed to puke. I fled to the bathroom. After breathing heavily into the toilet bowl, inhaling the completely real atmosphere, my heart stopped beating quite so fast. I was dizzy, and came back to the room. I lay on the bed staring at the floor lamp until I could stand up again. My thoughts were boiling. I'd already lost my best friend at work. I was probably going to lose my job if she reported it to our boss. I was probably going to lose my marriage. There was a good chance I was really going crazy; or maybe I was having a nervous breakdown. I put my head on the pillow and wished I could cry.

I told myself "Rahul, you've fucked it up royally this time." I must

have drifted off for a few minutes, and I woke up with tears on my cheeks.

Someone said my name. "Rahul?"

I rubbed the tears off my face and grunted.

"Rahul, can you look at me?"

I shook my head, no. Hands on my shoulders, kneading. "I'm sorry, Rahul. I said all the wrong things. I have my virginity, and you have your woman, and..."

"Sorry" I said.

"No, I'm sorry. You were right. I do want to make love to you. That's why I've flirted with you ever since I met you. But I don't want to lose you as a friend because we become lovers."

"That's the oldest lie in the book," I said. "Lovers don't stop being friends." I twisted my neck, loosening a kink, keeping my eyes to the floor lamp.

"I'm sorry, Rahul," she said. "But I'm scared of this thing. Your intensity scares me. My intensity for you scares me. Mera tumse pyar karne ka itna man kar raha hai ki main khud dar rahi hoon. Rahul, I'll make love to you if you want me to. Just show me how to not be scared of it."

"Can I trust you?" I defended myself.

"You're as frightened as I am." Madhavi pulled my shoulders back into my chair and kissed my cheek. She whispered in my ear, "I love you, Rahul."

"I love you Madhavi."

We kissed deeply, at length. It was cool and sedate, civilized where the earlier kiss was barbaric, conversational where the other was demanding. Our tongues danced with each other, moving like sand in the tide, like leaves of a tree in a breeze. Madhavi moved around the chair, supported by my arms, and sat on my lap. We drew breath and kissed again, interlocking lips. I kicked off my shoes, and pulled one of her pumps off. I heard the other one drop, and then felt her tugging at my belt buckle. She smiled at me, and undid it, then unsnapped the button. I reached for her back and undid the top button on her kameez with one hand, as I caressed her mummy in the other, weighing and evaluating it. Her hand crept into my pants and held my Lund, which gradually hardened in her warm grasp.

"Oooh, kitna bada hai," she said, opening her eyes in an exaggerated way and popping her lips into an "O".

She smiled and licked her lips, and then I kissed her again. I lowered my hands to her waist and gently tugged her kameej over her pretty bra-encased mummey. I hugged her and slid my hands up on her back and undid the back of her brassiere, and then she sat back and put her arms over her head.

"Take it off," she told me.

I pulled the straps over her arms and her bra came with it. Her mummey were beautiful, full and firm, with thimble sized nipples and pinkish brown areola, as they swayed before my eyes. I kissed Madhavi's chin, then licked her neck, and delicately kissed her nipples, first the left, then the right. She reached for the buttons of my shirtfront, but I stopped her.

"Let's enjoy ourselves like this, first," I told her. "We have as long as we need."

I had her stand up and face away from me, then I mischievously pressed the salwar fabric into the crack of her butt, smoothing it in from the bottom to the top.

"Hey," she said, and I pulled her towards me.

She sat on my lap suddenly, and I shifted her hips back so that my Lund was pressing against her ass cheeks. She got the idea, and twisted around and kissed me vigorously. My hands went to her mummey, and had free play with them, tickling, rubbing, massaging, twisting the nipples, and rubbing the good feelings into her entire chest and belly. She wiggled her ass against my Lund, but was otherwise helpless in this position, and lay back with her head on my shoulder as I caressed her from shoulder to fingertip to thighs, but did not touch her mound. I had determined that Madhavi was going to beg before I would touch her Choot or certainly before I would let her come.

After I was done with her beautiful mummey, I told her to get up and turn around. Then she straddled my lap, her legs resting on my hips, her hips resting on my thighs. She undid my shirt and pulled it off my chest and shoulders. I quickly undid the cuffs and the shirt dropped to the floor. She rubbed my chest with her hands, pinching my nipples.

"Fair play," she giggled.

Then as she massaged my chest and abdomen, every once in a while touching my rock-hard Lund through my pants, she began to kiss my neck and earlobes. I reached around behind her and gripped both her

firm chutad with my hands, squeezing them like peaches. I moved my hands to her crack again, sliding up and down it as I felt her quivering flanks. She shivered as she licked my nipples and kissed them, alternating. She undid my zipper and jerked the band of my briefs down so that it sat on my Lund, bisecting its length. I picked up her upper body and gobbled up her mummey, licking and nipping them like a starving man.

I was giggling, and she was squealing, "Hey, itni jor se nahin. Gud-gudi hoti hai."

I stopped for a second, then again and teased her mummey with my tongue for a while more.

"Haan inko pyar se chooso. Dono nipplon ko apne munh mein ley sakte ho?"

I could not resist the challenge. I took both her heavy mummey in my hands and pressed them together and sucked both nipples at the same time. She went berserk, with her hips beating a pattern against my Lund.

"Kya tumhare nipples ka tumhari choot ke sath direct connection hai?"

"Haan meri jaan," she said, "par is par depend karta hai ki nipples ke saath pyaar kaise kiya jaata hai. Tumhari tongue to bijli ke current ki tarah mere mammey aur Choot mein khujli macha rahi hai."

Then I stopped for real, and we both drew our breath. It was time. Silently we rose and I pulled down her salwar. My hands went to her round and slim chutad and I savored the soft feel of the moons. I bent her at the waist and kissed the left orb and then the right moon, caressing her hanging mummey.

Meanwhile, she took off my trousers. Then she grabbed my Lund through my briefs and held on to it as if it was giving her utmost pleasure in holding a hard staff. She could not continue long like this, so she slid my briefs down. My Lund flopped out and stood straight before her. I straightened. She looked up and saw it dangling there before her and touched the tip with her index finger, then tasted her finger with her tongue.

"Mmmm, nice. Kitna mota aur lamba lund hai," she said. Madhavi kneeled before me, and smiled up at me as she held my Lund. "Main isko itna pyar karoongi ki aap ko jannat ka mazaa aa jaayega. Itna tasty hai ki main lagatar isey choosti rahoongi."

She licked the bottom of my Lund from the base to its head, then swirled her tongue around the head. Then she slid it into her mouth, encompassing it with her wet kiss. She reached around and grabbed my

ass-cheeks with her hands, then held me still as she began to slide her mouth up and down on my shaft.

"I can taste the pre-cum on the tip of your Lund, Rahul," she licked the shaft then sucked on the head.

I ran my fingers through her hair as she sucked on my Lund. "How do you like it, Madhavi?"

"I love your Lund. It tastes and feels so sexy sliding in and out. It's making me so horny. Meri choot bilkul geeli ho gai hai."

Madhavi slid my Lund past the sweet lips I had kissed. As she bobbed her head on my shaft, I started fucking her warm and wet mouth. She encouraged me by pulling my ass cheeks towards her. I fucked even deeper, and felt my Lund in her throat. She gulped my meat lustily. She caressed my thighs and balls.

"Main in anddon ko kha jaoongi. Inko choosne se meri Choot ki khujli aur bhi badhti hai." Madhavi sure knew how to give a blowjob, and it wasn't long before I was ready to blow.

"Ooh! I'm going to come. Mera lund pichkari chalaane ke liye taiyyar hai," I said.

"Mmmmf," Madhavi pumped her lips and tongue even faster on my Lund. One hand moved to my balls, and she fondled them as she pulled my butt to her and deep-throated my Lund.

"Oh, Madhavi. Haan. I'm gonna shoot a huge..."

I came. I shot jets of sperm into her throat and mouth. She sucked my shaft deeply and swallowed all the juices that I spattered in her. She fondled my balls, coaxing all the come out of them, as she sucked me. She continued sucking as my legs became weak and my shaft became sensitive, and then sucked beyond the sensitivity as I maintained my erection in her warm, wet mouth. I leaned my head back and wiped my brow.

"Madhavi, you give one hell of a blowjob. You are a wonderful Lund-sucker. I mean that as a compliment. Your mouth was even better than I dreamed it could be."

She licked the shaft and head again, then smiled up at me and said, "It's your turn now, Rahul. Eat me. Eat my juicy Choot. Tumhare liye bilkul geeli hai. Tum iska jitna ras peena chahte ho, pee sakte ho. Batao ki meri choot ka shahad kitna meetha hai."

I lay beside her on the bed and traveled down her body with my kisses, tasting her sexiness as I went towards the junction of her legs. I could smell her musk as I moved closer. I felt warmth in my crotch. Madhavi was sucking me again, coaxing my Lund back into

working order. The fur on her moans did not hide the puffy pink lips of her slit. Finally I pushed her legs up and back towards her shoulders. The pink lips of her sex opened like a blossoming rose inviting me to continue my quest to taste that honey nectar and bring her to an orgasm. I put my thumbs on either side of her slit opening it even more.

As I leaned toward my goal I could see that she was more than ready for anything that I had in mind. The wetness flowed from her honey hole and puddle at the bottom of that opening. Her sexual odor reached my nostrils and I could wait no more. I put my mouth on her Choot and sucked her love juices. I spread her Choot lips wider and drove my tongue into her Choot. It was as juicy as she had said.

"Yummy Choot," I said.

Brilliant repartee it wasn't, but I challenge anybody to say something brilliant while tasting a new and delicious woman's sex, when she is at the same time bathing your Lund with her talented tongue and lips. She let go of my Lund and got frantic in her arousal. Her hips started working up and down with my tongue on her clitty. The movements became even more forceful, and I found my tongue sliding into her honey pot, which had widened in her excitement.

"Meri choot ko jeebh se chodo."

I did not disappoint her. I pushed her shapely legs up to her shoulders, took hold of her hands, brought them under her chutad and told her "Apni choot ko meri tongue ke liye kholo."

She did just that. I slid my hands to her ample mummey and started pressing them, pinching her nipples as I sawed my tongue in and out of her super-sensitive Choot.

"Ooooh! Hai! Hai! Hai! Aur Karo! Kha jao meri choot ko. Meri choot sirf apke pyar ke liye bani hai. Zalim mat tarpao. Aur chooso! Chodo jeebh se."

She was in throes of a super-orgasm. I stroked my tongue from the bottom of her slit all the way to the top. As I reached the top, my tongue caressed her clit which stuck out like a small erect Lund; she gasped and shuddered at that touch. My tongue on her slit, I shook my head. Then I sucked her Choot-Dana between my lips and put my middle finger into her Choot. I began to work it in and out of her Choot, to open it for better things.

She moaned, "Yes, Rahul, finger-fuck my Choot. Make me come continuously."

I licked Madhavi's delicious Choot-Dana and lapped up the sex juices

her Choot was leaking as I fucked her with my finger. Then I put another finger into her hot box and fucked her with two fingers. Madhavi let out another moan, as she began rubbing her mummey, pulling her nipples and massaging her milk-jugs. Her hips started jerking as she pressed her pubic mound against my tongue.

She wrapped her legs around my head and moaned, "Meri choot aur badan ko aag lagi hai. Oh Rahul. Oh Rahul. Suck me. Suck my wet Choot. Meri choot ko kha jao."

Her hips began to jerk uncontrollably and her pubis pushed against my teeth. She moaned out dirty talk. "Mere Sikander, meri choot aur chooso. I love it. Lick my Choot-Dana. Oh yes. Use more fingers."

I put in another finger and fucked her Choot with all three. Keep on licking me.

"Mujhe kuchh ho raha hai. Ek toofan paida ho raha hai. Mein aayi! Main aayi! Haye rabba, kitna mazaa aa raha hai. I'm coming. Suck me harder, Rahul. Keep licking me. Oh, Rahul. Chooso meri choot, chooso. Finger-fuck me harder. Jaldi-jaldi apni angooli andar-bahar karo. Doosre hath se mere chootad dabao. Oooh! Aur! Aur!"

Madhavi shuddered as she came, and I lapped up the juices that oozed from her tasty Choot. She shook and moaned my name while her legs held my face tightly against her muskiness. Finally, she was done and her legs released my head.

"Oh yeah, Rahul. You give great head, mere pyare chudaasoo. Mujhe pata hai ki tum chooste hi nahin, chodte bhi bahut acchi tarah se ho."

My Lund throbbed to get into the honeyed hole I had just been licking. "That's just the beginning."

"Are you going to put your hot Lund in my choot? I'm all juicy for you. Jaldi se apna lawda meri choot mein dalo," she was whimpering.

I got up and pulled Madhavi to her feet and we kissed for a while, rubbing each other into a state of frenzy. Then I picked her slim body up and straightened her on the bed.

"Kya karne ki tayyari ho rahi hai?" She asked with a smile.

"Aaram se leto, Madhavi, we're going to fuck now. Mein ab tumhe chodoonga."

Madhavi eagerly agreed, wiggling her hot little body at me with her Choot looking as inviting as a million bucks.

"I can't wait for you to fuck me with that big Lund of yours, Rahul."

She smiled at me, "Just starts slow, lover-boy. Meri Choot abhi tak kori hai. Stretch my choot. Make it good and juicy before you ram it with your ghode jaise Lund."

She grabbed my blue veined Lund with her small hand, and then as I leaned into her she guided it into her fuck hole.

She moaned her desires, "First, enter me slowly. Let my choot get used to your bada dande jaisa Lund. Later you can fuck me hard."

The head of my Lund touched that hot wet tunnel and I wanted to drive every inch into her on the first thrust. But the feel of her hand guiding me reminded me of her plea for tenderness so I was able to hold back. I slowly pushed the red knob of my Lund head into her. She

moaned as our sex organs merged. As I pushed into her hot Choot she thrust her ass at me, taking more and more of my meat, until I was fully inside her sugar walls, pubic hairs entwined and my balls against her ass.

I slowly pulled my Lund out of her. The elastic lips of her Choot clung to my shaft, stretching as her hot hole slowly gave up my meat.

I began to push back in just as my tip slid out of her Choot. I fucked her in long, slow, steady strokes. With every stroke Madhavi raised her ass to meet me. As she became accustomed to my presence she pushed her crotch up at mine with even more power, forcing my Lund deeper into her slowly stretching Choot. I pushed into her even harder forcing her ass back to the bed with each thrust, my balls slapping her ass as my Lund-head beat a slow rhythm against her cervix.

She moaned, "Fuck me harder. Meri choot tumhare Lund se marwaana chahti hai." She reached behind her head and braced her arms against the wall. "Fuck me like an animal, Rahul."

I grabbed her hips and fucked her fast and hard. I moaned and grunted savagely and she chanted, "Fuck me, yes, Rahul. Mujhe jee bhar ke chodo" again and again.

We fucked on that desk like wild beasts. Finally I could hold out no longer. "Madhavi, I'm coming," I announced.

She smiled at me divinely, "Yes, lover. Come inside me. Fill me with your hot load!"

Then she kissed me, sucking my tongue between her lips and breathing into me. That was all I needed. With a spastic lunge I buried my burning fuck-meat into Madhavi's Choot and rested the tip against her cervix. I erupted. Sperm boiled out of my nuts, through my

reproductive plumbing, pumped through my pulsating shaft, and splattered white man-spunk in the buttery depths of her cozy, pink tunnel of love. I was possessed with desire. I wanted to kiss her forever and eternally pump sperm into her warm, welcoming Choot. As she felt my Lund jerk in orgasm she came too.

Madhavi moaned, "I want you, Rahul. I love your fucking hard Lund. Yeh Lund bas mere liye bana hai. Iska mazaa le kar ab mein kisi aur ko iss se khelne nahin doongi."

I answered "I want you too, Madhavi" as I continued to orgasm in her warm, snug sheath. Her Choot walls squeezed my spasming Lund. Her hot Choot, with the added heat from my boiling load, kept me coming for a long time. I just kept on shooting deep in Madhavi's Choot until I couldn't even stand up straight. She milked me with her wonderful love box until I was dry. Drained, I collapsed on her heaving mummy.

We were both sweaty and breathing heavily from the power of our love-making. Madhavi said that this time wasn't enough. She wanted to make love to me again and again, many more times. We kissed and spoke of love and lust in the afterglow. It was divine to be in Madhavi's arms, holding her in mine, my Lund still inside her, kissing her and hearing her sexy voice telling me how sexy I was. I nibbled her earlobes as she whispered in mine, and after a while I got hard again.

She wrapped her legs around my back and we fucked again, slower and less urgently this time. It was no less a beautiful fuck, though. After she came, her Choot walls squeezing and gripping my Lund, pumping the come out of me, I came again. Finally my softening tool slipped out of Madhavi's warm, wet, wonderful Choot.

We dressed and straightened the room hoping that we left no clues for the cleaning staff. Then we made plans to do it again the next day. Madhavi and I made love several times while we were in Jaipur, and every time has been as good as the first. I couldn't seem to get enough of her blowjobs or her wet and wonderful Choot, and she loved my tongue action almost as much as the way my fat Lund fills her up.

I told her "Jaipur ko pink city kehte hain, par mujhe to tumhari pink choot hi yaad rahegi."

Now we are back and have reverted to our discreet routine lives, but, are planning a trip to relive the beautiful moments. As soon as I come back from this planned holiday with her, I'll let you know how it went.

In Rajdhani Express

Madhavi and I were back to the daily grind of the office. We were in different departments, but, due to the fact that I handled sales and her department handled the co-ordination of dispatches and invoicing,

we used to see each other a lot and often memories of the great time we had came back to us. When no one was looking, Madhavi would give me mischievous smiles which would send my lund rocketing up in my pants. Some times the erection would become obvious to her and she would slowly show me her tongue in simulation of the licking her tongue gave my lund. Many a times, I would discreetly vibrate my tongue as if it was vibrating on her clitty or on her nipple.

She would blush and would later tell me, "Rahul jab aap aise karte ho, to meri choot geeli ho jaati hai."

One day, she called me up on the office intercom system to tell me that her boss had told her that she was to travel outside the city for a couple of days to Baroda, since one of our vendors had taken an advance, but, had not supplied the components required for completion

of an order. She asked me if I too could manage a trip to Baroda, so that we could be together, without any one being wise to it. I asked her the date when she was to leave and when she was to be back. She gave me the dates.

I too had some customers in Baroda, who had not been visited for quite some time. Even the regular orders which were coming from these

customers had become sporadic. So, I suggested to my boss that to revive these customers' orders and also scout for more customers, it may be prudent for me to visit them. Since the particular period was lean in terms of Head Office work-load, my boss eagerly agreed to it.

However, the logistics had to be worked out. Madhavi was permitted only 1st Class or 2-tier Air-conditioned Sleeper fare, as per company

rules, while I could fly as well as travel by Rajdhani Express in 1st

Air-conditioned Class. To keep up pretences, I decided to tell Madhavi to get her ticket through our regular travel agent, and tell her boss and colleagues that she would be staying with her cousin in Baroda. After she got her ticket, she handed it over to me, and I went to the nearest Railway booking Office, and returned her ticket and obtained two tickets for a 1st Class Air-conditioned coupe (two bedded cabin) in the Rajdhani Express leaving for Baroda at 4:15 p.m.

a week later. I also called up the local reservation office of the Hotel Chain having a Hotel in Baroda to book a Double room in my name.

That week was spent in anticipation - both of us looking forward to the trip and fantasizing on what all we would do during the trip.

For obvious reasons, we decided to reach the Railway Station on our own.

I got to the Railway Station at about ten to four and identified the coach and the coupe and let the coolie put my baggage under the lower berth. Then I went to the coach door and started looking up and down the platform, eagerly looking for Madhavi to arrive. Soon I saw my sexy Madhavi, weaving her way through the crowded platform. I waved out to her and she headed towards me carrying an overnighter kind of a bag.

I escorted her to our coupe and said, "Come on in and have a seat."

Though both of us wanted to kiss and hug each other passionately, we just exchanged small pecks on each other's cheeks till the checking-in formalities were completed. We both sat on the lower berth and she observed the coupe in awe. She saw the coupe with all its luxuries and asked me if we will have privacy once the train started.

I kept my hand on her slim and sexy thigh and caressing it and said "Meri Maharani ke liye, sub kuchh badhiya hona chahiye to main isse kam ka to soch hi nahin sakta. After all, my Darling is the best in the world."

She shivered at my touch, so I asked her, "Kya thand lag rahi hai?"

She replied, "Nahin. Aapke chhoone se hi kuchh kuchh hota hai."

Soon, the Train Conductor came and checked our tickets and wished us a happy journey. A few moments later, the train started moving out of the station. I closed the door to the coupe and stood with my arms apart. Madhavi immediately caught the hint and came into my arms. I kissed her face, her eyes, and her nose and then latched on to her mouth. Our tongues started dueling with each other, while my hand slipped down her back to her kameej and salwar clad ass and started kneading her sexy moons. I was both surprised and thrilled to find that she wasn't wearing any panties under the salwar, since I could touch the soft globes of her ass through the slippery material of her salwar. Madhavi too closed the distance between our bodies, so that her choot mound started grinding against my lund, which had been erect all the time I was in the presence of this nymph.

"I have to freshen up a bit," she said. "I'll be right back." She picked up the towel provided by the Railways and headed towards the toilets.

I took off my clothes and slipped into comfortable night clothes (kurta-pajama). She came back about five minutes later.

"There, I have freshened up now," she said closing the door, "I'll

just turn off the overhead lights and leave the bed light on. Did you think about me this last week?"

"All the time. It was a little hard not to."

"Good. I'm glad. Rahul, lets play show and tell. You tell me what you want to see and I will show it to you. Then I will tell you what I want to see and you show it to me. About the only rules are: One, that you only ask the other person to see something that will require that person to take off one piece of clothing at a time and two, that you can't ask for a piece of clothing."

"And if I ask for something that really requires two pieces to come off?" I asked.

"You lose that turn and I take nothing off!" she replied.

"Okay, I like simple games. Uh...Yeh kaise pata lagega ki kaun jeeta?" I asked.

"Uski kisi ko kya parvah. Asli maza to khel mein hai," she said.
"Are you sure no one is going to come in here?"

"Not a chance. Maine darwaaze par taala laga diya hai. All we have to do is talk softly and on one will have a clue about what's going on in here," I told her. "Okay, I'll start your game. I want to see.....your stomach." I thought that would get the kameej off.

She stood up, crossed her arms in front of her, took hold of the bottom of the kameej and very slowly pulled it up and over her head. I knew she had a nice body, but with her kameej coming off, it was looking even better. Her perky mummey were being restrained by a pink lacy bra that let the areola show through quite clearly. Her nipples were also hard and sticking out straining the lacey material holding them back. She folded the kamees slowly, and put it on the corner of the berth, and sat back down. Now it was her turn.

"Now let's see," she said, "how about....let's see your chest."

I stood up and took my time undoing the buttons of my kurta and then pulled it off slowly over my head, and hung it from one of the pegs provided. When I sat back down I said, "My turn....hmm.....mujhe apne pyare pyare mummey dikhao."

It was a front closing bra. She smiled and undid the clasp. Without taking the bra off, she just let it go. The cups separated some leaving the area between her mummey exposed, but the better part of

her mummey remained covered by the lace, including her nipples.

"Okay?" she asked.

"Not exactly what I had in mind. They're still covered."

"Hmm...I thought they were pretty exposed. They feel pretty exposed. Shayad main tumhara matlab nahin samjhi. Kya tum karke dikha sakte hain ki tum kya chahte ho."

I leaned over to her and slowly slipped each shoulder strap off her shoulders. When they fell down her arm, they let the cups slide off her mummey. Madhavi lifted her arms out of the straps and the bra fell on the berth. She had beautiful pointed nipples that were sticking straight out.

"Uff kitne pyare hain! " I said quietly.

"Kya tum inko choosna chahte ho?" she asked as she tossed her bra onto her kameej on the berth.

"Yeh bhi koyi poochhne ki baat hai, " I said as I started moving toward her left one.

"Itni jaldi nahin," she said putting a finger on my forehead to stop me. "Hamne abhi game poori nahin kheli. Main to bas poochh rahi thi."

"Arre haan, the game" I realised.

She just loved to tease and make this last. "I think I would like to see your legs," she said.

I stood up, took out the draw-string and slowly drew the string and then equally slowly lowered my pajamas. I had my chappals on. So I said "Gudiya, I think you have lost the chance, since I will have to take off my chappals too, and you said that if the request demanded taking off two clothes, the person making the request will lose the chance."

"Shoes, chappals, sandals and socks don't count anyway," she said quickly. "Just clothes." She sounded like she was getting pretty excited. I certainly was.

I stood up and stepped out of my pajamas. "There, legs."

"Haan, legs." Madhavi said, grinning from ear to ear. She wasn't really interested in my legs. She was looking at the bulge in my briefs. My lund was hard and the tip was almost peeking out of the waistband. "Very nice too."

"My turn," I said sitting back down. "I want to see your chutad."

"Ha! You loose a turn. I can't show you my chutad until I have my panties off and I can't take them off until you ask me for something

that would take my salwar off. So, I want to see your nice hard lund."

"I didn't know you had put your panties back on," I protested as I stood up again.

"I had taken them off before starting from the house, to make you feel sexy about me. But, while freshening up I wore them again, since I thought of this game in the bathroom, and wanted to tease you for a longer time," she said.

I slipped my briefs down, letting my hard lund wave in the air. "There you go." I said standing in front of Madhavi quite nude. "Mera khayal hai ki main haar gaya hoon. Ab kya karna hai?"

She said, "Haan tum haar gaye ho. Oh, I forgot the other rule to this game. Haare huye ko vijeyta ke kapre utaarne padte hain."

"Mujhe yeh rule bahut pasand aaya. Khadi ho jao taaki main tumhare kapde utaar sakoon."

She stood up and stepped closer to me. I put my arms around her drawing her to me and kissed her. As her soft mummey pressed her hard nipples into my chest I felt her mouth open a little. My tongue began to explore her mouth.

"Tum ko to mere kapde utaarne the," she mumbled as she wrapped her arms around my neck.

I didn't say anything. I let my hand slide along the soft warm skin of her back, to the front, slipped a finger into the waistband of her salwar and started fumbling for the draw-string, which she had tucked in. I fumbled with that damn draw-string, but couldn't for the life of me figure out which end to pull for its knot to come loose.

Madhavi let me fumble with it for a few seconds then she reached in and pulled out one end and handed it over to me. I slowly pulled the draw-string of her salwar as I continued to battle with her tongue and hold her tightly to me with my other hand. When the draw-string came loose, and the gap on the top of her salwar widened, I slipped my hand in and caressed her panty covered bottom. She moved her hips back a little and the salwar slid silently down her legs to the floor.

"Take my panties off with you teeth." she begged. "Please? No one has ever done that to me, but it sounds so sexy when I hear about it."

I said, "Sunne mein to aasan lagta hai, par bahut mushkil kaam hai, but I'll give it a try."

I slid down her soft warm body, kissing my way down to her waist. I kissed the side of her neck, her chest, the space between her perky mummey, her stomach, gave her belly button a lick, and arrived at the top of her silky panties. I pulled my head back leaving my hands on the back of her legs to look at her panties. They were silky, skimpy, low cut in the front, and had very French cut leg openings. They were so thin I could make out her bush through them. This might not be too hard. I thought the best way would be to pull them down by taking the part that went over each hip in my teeth and pulling that down as far as it would go. She shifted a little and put her legs a little further apart. I pulled the one side part way down her leg, and then kissed my way across her tummy to the other side. Just a little tuft of her jhaant was not peeking above the low cut waist band. This was going okay so far.

"This is so sexy!" she whispered.

"Yea, it is. You sure have a great body."

"Thanks! I'm glad you like it."

I was over at the other hip now, and took that part of the waistband in my teeth and pulled it down. That left the panties in a line across her legs just below her now exposed crotch, but they didn't fall. The elastic was still strong enough to hold them in place.

"Turn around" I whispered. "I want to pull these the rest of the way down from the rear."

I could have just as easily done it from the front, but I wanted to see her nice bottom as long as I was down here. As she slowly turned around, I could still hear people talking and walking by the door of the coupe. She was now facing the other way. I had two great looking chutads facing me. I kissed one then the other before going down to the waistband of her panties and giving them a final tug with my teeth. This time they slid on down her legs and hung up on her calves. Close enough, she could step out of them from that point, and that's exactly what she did as I stood up.

"Meri baari," she said, and dropped to her knees in front of me.

Madhavi wrapped her soft hand around my lund and began to slowly stroke up and down its length. After a few times she took the head into her mouth and ran her tongue back and forth on the sensitive underside. Moments later she was sucking hard and running it in and

out of her mouth as fast as she could. Her other hand was now holding my balls and gently playing with them. In between she kissed her way up my lund and then lave it with her tongue on the way down, till she reached my balls. Then she would take each ball in her mouth and gently suck on it while her tongue ran around my ball sac. Madhavi was doing that so well and I was so turned on that I knew I couldn't hold off much longer with her doing this.

"I'm going to come in your mouth if you keep up for more than a few more seconds," I whispered.

"I hope so," a muffled response came.

"Oh are you going to get it." I said. "After all this teasing and thinking about you all afternoon."

She resumed her work with a vengeance. I couldn't hold off any longer and felt my orgasm start. It was going to be a strong one. I could feel my come start at the base of my lund and shoot up the length of my shaft and into her eager sucking mouth. My whole body shuddered and my knees got weak as I pumped load after load of my come into her mouth. She kept pumping my lund with one hand, fondling my balls with the other, as she sucked and swallowed with her mouth. It seemed like Madhavi just couldn't get enough and I couldn't stop pumping come into her waiting mouth. I hadn't had an orgasm like that in a long time. When I was finally done she let go of my balls and let my now partly limp lund slide out of her mouth.

"Wow, you really put out a lot of cum," she said quietly as she stood up. "I almost couldn't swallow fast enough."

"With the anticipation of the time with you alone, and your sexy mummey in front of me and the royal sucking you gave my lund, I was soooo horny. When I get like that I always come a lot."

"Want to taste yourself?" she said, and kissed me before I could say anything.

She held my face as she kissed me and stuck her tongue into my mouth.

I could taste quite a bit of my thick cum still on her tongue as my tongue moved against hers. She pushed a little of my own come out of her mouth and into mine. She hadn't swallowed that last bit.

"It's called snowballing," she said breaking the kiss. "Do you like the taste of your own cum in my mouth?"

"Yea, it's kind of a turn-on. No one has ever done that to me

before." It really was a turn-on and I was surprised that I liked it.

I leaned over and sucked one of her pointed deliciously sexy nipples deep into my mouth.

"Oh haan yeh ek pakka tarika hai, meri choot ko geeli karne ka," she said.

I flicked my tongue over it and then went over to the other nipple and started doing the same thing to it. Her hand came to the back of my head and pulled my head tightly to her mummey.

"Jor se chooso," she moaned softly.

I sucked harder and just before giving up that nipple, I let a hand slide down her flat, soft belly, slip through her thick jhaant, and into her choot. The finger brushed over her erect and waiting choot-dana (G-point) and back to her opening. She was wet alright!

"Now, speaking of eating, come, and being wet, sit on the edge of the berth, lean back, aur mujhe apni choot ko chaatne do."

"Main to samjhi ki tum ise bhool hi gaye ho," She did what I asked.

She sat on the edge of the berth leaned back and spread her legs very wide. I had one hell of a view of her whole bottom. Her legs were spread so wide that the outer lips of her choot separated, revealing the dainty inner ones, her choot-dana at the top, and her opening at the bottom. I suppose being as wet as she was, helped.

I knelt between her knees, leaned over her wet choot and took a deep breath. She smelled so good and so very sexy that I could feel myself getting hard again already. Her choot-dana was just peeking out if its hood and looked very swollen.

"Hmm.....I can see what appears to be a very aroused choot-dana here," I teased her.

"Oh please ise chhoo kar dekho na," she begged.

"Chhoone ke badle main to ise chaatoonga."

She grabbed my head with both hands and pulled my face into her crotch. "Bas jaldi se meri choot ko kha jao.... ABHI!" She hissed.

That pretty much answered the question. She might have been just a little horny herself. I started licking and sucking on the various parts of one of the most delicious pussies I had ever eaten. I licked

her firm choot-dana, sucked on the dainty inner lips, savored the girl cum oozing out of her opening, and then went back to her choot-

dana. I was in heaven. She watched me for a few minutes, and then as she got more and more excited she leaned her head back, resting it on the back wall of the coupe. She had stopped holding my head to her and was now just running the fingers of one hand through my hair. The other hand was pinching and pulling on a nipple.

"Oh God.....this is great.....I needed this. Aur karo, mujhe is ki bahut zaroorat hai. Main kitne dino se is ka intzaar kar rahi hoon," she moaned.

It seemed that she needed something to squeeze with her choot muscles, so I slipped first one finger into her opening, and then a second one. There was quite a loud moan as the second finger went into her; almost a little too loud. I could still hear people going by the coupe door. I started moving my fingers slowly at first. She normally did not like to take a finger in her choot, but, today she was hot and did not object to it so much. As she got hotter and it felt like she was getting close to coming, I moved them faster and flicked my tongue over her choot-dana as fast as I could. She was so hot and horny that she started to come very quickly.

"Oh.....haaaan.....Oh....Maaaaa.....mera nikal raha hai, meri jaan gayi, kitna achha lag raha hai. Aneeeeel.... Meri choot kha jaaaoooo!" She moaned softly.

She remained quiet for the rest of her orgasm, which was just as well as there were still voices outside the door. I licked and sucked on her choot-dana as her body jerked and heaved with her orgasm. I could feel her choot clenching my fingers as she was coming. Finally she calmed down and started to sit up. I pulled my fingers out of her.

"Meri sex pot, aaj to tum bahut sexy feel kar rahi ho, kyonki aisa mazedar orgasm aaya ki mera lund bhi poori attention par ho gaya hai," I whispered. "Itna ki itna abhi tak maine apni jeebh bhi tumhari choot mein nahin daali."

"Main tumhari touch se hi itna sexy feel karti hoon ki aam taur par geeli ho jaati hoon," she said, "par aaj to main pehle se hi sexy aur geeli thee, phir uske baad tumne meri choot ko itne pyaar se khaaya ki mera paani jab nikla to jaise main swarg mein pahunch gayi hoon." She leaned over, pulled my head up to hers, kissed my mouth and said, "You smell and taste like choot."

"Tumhe kya apni choot ki khushboo aur taste achhe lagte hain?"

"Haan, tumhare munh se bahut sexy lagta hai," She stood up, turned around so her back was to me and bent over the berth, resting on her elbows. She spread her legs a bit and then said, "Okay, now fuck me aur bahut achhi tarah se chodo. Nice and hard! Apna lamba aur

tagda lawda meri choot mein daal kar meri achhi tarah se chudai karo."

I came up behind her and sunk my lund all the way into her on the first shove. She wasn't just wet, she was dripping wet. It went all the way in without the least resistance other than how incredibly tight she was. I put my hands on her hips, pumped in and out of her tight choot a few times and then started really slamming it into her.

"Do you like being fucked this way?" I asked her as I slammed myself into her.

"Oh... Maaa ... bahut achha lag raha hai. Hai... kitna achha hai.....
Ooooh...meri choot to lund se bhar gayi hai. Jaaaanooooo aur jaldi jaldi karo."

I took my chances and gave her bottom a light spank.

"Oh haan!....mere chootaron ko ahista ahista maro....jyada zor se nahin."

I delivered a few mildly stinging swats to her chutad and she started to buck just a little herself. At this rate it wouldn't be too long until she had another orgasm. I wasn't going to be far behind.

She reached under herself and between her legs with one hand to fondle my balls as I pounded away at her bottom.

She moaned a little and then said, "Mmmmm.....Hai
Maacuming.....Oh God.... mera nikal raha hai! I'm coming!"

Mohave's body began to shudder and spasm as her orgasm started. I couldn't hold off any longer and felt the first load of come shoot out of my lund and deep into her climaxing choot. I tried to keep pumping away as fast and as hard as I could, but with each spurt of my cum into her it became harder and harder. It felt so good! As my own orgasm subsided I continued to pump slowly in and out of her.

"God! That was good," she finally panted.

We lay in each others arms for what seemed to be an eternity, till a waiter knocked on the door and said that he had to serve dinner and whether we wanted vegetarian or non-vegetarian. We both opted for the non-vegetarian dinner and quickly dressed-up only in our outer clothes without bothering about the under-garments, and waited till the waiter brought a table, and served the dinner.

After the dessert, the waiter cleared the crockery and the table he had set up, and left. I locked the door to the coupe and went back and lay down on the lower berth. Madhavi slid up my torso and lay on

my chest with her chin in her hands, looking intently with love in her eyes, at my face.

END