

Passage to India Chapter Two

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PASSAGE TO INDIA CHAPTER TWO

After the warm up session in the basement, the triplets were immersed in a training regimen that took every minute in their awakened state of consciousness. In fact, some of the training was instituted while they were asleep as well.

The girls were done up in different hair styles and each one triggered a response in their actions. When Charity was in a pony-tail, she was given other hints of an equestrian frame of mind which supported the tugging of her arching clump of hair from behind. After a few positive reinforcements, she opened her sphincter muscle quickly whenever her pony-tail was pulled forcefully from behind. This facilitated the easy entry of slave-boy cocks into her clutching rectum and a delightful session of ass-fucking that always made her feel naughty but very happy.

The pig-tail style with Faith was a trigger for her to place her ankles behind her head and invite deep penetration of her teenaged pussy. Since her vagina was not particularly deep to begin with, her cervix was tickled hard more often than not.

The upswept style made Hope open her mouth to receive even the largest of cocks with little fear or anxiety. Her throat relaxed when her hair was released from its hold and cascaded down below her shoulders. Then, she was able to take the slave boy's cocks all the way down and gobble up their creamy cum with little difficulty.

Since the girls were identical with the smallest of differences like a tiny mole on Charity's left ass

cheeks and the almost imperceptible scars on Faith's ear lobe. Hope's complete absence of any marker was her give-away.

When the girls were stretched over the training bar with their brown eyes and vulva wide open, they looked so identical that none of the trainers could tell the difference. The anal training section which consisted of 3 well-hung slave boys and 1 very sensuous female made copious notes to help tell one from the other by their reactions and style of anal copulation. It was very involved research but the four person group loved their work and were willing to participate night and day until they knew exactly what constituted each girl's anal trigger.

It was determined that Hope was the most skilled and passionate anal devotee. Faith was given the nod as the most flexible and willing to learn anal submissive. Charity was deemed adequate but far too demanding to be considered an anal ready submissive. In fact, all three of the horny slave boys were afraid of Charity and her devious determination to gain control. The sensuous female trainer recorded that Faith's anus was the tightest of the three girls and that she had the sweetest taste and flexibility to stretch open for her tongue. Hope was an erotic anal powerhouse and humped her ass like a robotic pleasure girl all night long. Charity was hard to figure out because she always seemed to be holding something back. It was like she did not want to give up the sweet spot just yet and only let the trainers play around her anal core without letting them see her true essence.

They were identical triplets but they had so many variances and nuances of sexual response that their personalities made them strangers.

Their graduating ceremony was a festive occasion. The girls were paraded in front of the Rajah's entourage fully naked and decorated with multi-hued paints all over their luscious bodies. Instead of their names on the collars around their necks, Faith's collar simply stated, "Use me for Anal Pleasure", Hope's collar proclaimed, "Try my mouth for measure" and Charity's collar suggested, "My pussy is my glory hole". During the evening's course of events, most of the participants followed the directions on the collars and decorated the triplets with long lines of creamy cum in each of their respective openings. There could be no doubt that the vociferous Faith was a true "back door bitch" and the laughter at her screams of delight made the evening a great success. Hope swallowed copious amounts of cum and marveled at the different tastes ranging from hot and spicy to sweet and sticky. The sight of it dribbling down her face and chin was funny even to Charity and she restrained herself from laughing outright. It might have been misinterpreted by the older dignitary slopping away in her flooded pussy at that very moment. The interesting puddle of cum under Charity's naked ass splattered out each time she was skewered from on top by the next in line at the graduation party.

The Rajah's grandson made a point to enter Charity's pussy with gentle strokes. She looked up at him in recognition and hid her smile of contentment with his gentlemanly impalement. Charity opened her legs wide for him and made her best effort to milk his delightful cock with her interior muscles just like her trainers had made her practice over and over again. When he slipped his finger into her brown eye, Charity shuddered and allowed her body to vibrate with her first real orgasm of the evening. The young Akmed went rigid and she felt the first spurts of his happy juice hit her inside wall with the force of a waterfall dropping from a great height.

The girls were given diamond studded collars of certified concubines and allowed to roam the palace grounds without supervision now that they were bone fide members of the Rajah's harem. It was decided that Hope would be his first coupling because she was so flexible and had the ability to "fluff up" even the most ancient of male partners. Both Faith and Charity were a bit envious because Hope would carry the seal of "seed receiver" a sure sign of seniority in the harem operational lifestyle.

The rules of the harem decreed that the females must not be complicit in either masturbation or in congress with other females in the harem after they wore the collar of certification. The penalty was hard spanking with hand, cane, or paddle. It was a rule that was broken often and the punishment was meted out in the center of the compound in front of all of the other females and the trainer staff.

When Hope's big night with the Rajah arrived, so did her unexpected monthly curse and she knew it would far too stressful for the Rajah to contend with. It was easily taken care of with the switching of colors with her identical triplet sister Charity. In all honesty, Charity was not dismayed at the substitution because she was curious about the master's bedroom chamber which was reputed to be the most luxurious in all of India.

She was pampered, powdered, primped, and pumped full of scented lubricants in the eventuality that the Rajah might actually want to push his withered cock inside one of her holes.

Charity pretending to be the more submissive and extroverted Hope approached the royal bed with her head down and a fast-beating heart. She saw the elderly man reposed and watching her with an interested look. Following the instructions of the pleasure director, she turned around so her flanks were presented to the Rajah's inspection and dropped to all fours on top of the silken pillows. She imitated her sister Hope's customary spreading of her ass cheeks to expose her vaginal goodies and draw attention to her lubricated and scented brown eye.

The touch of the Rajah's hands shocked Charity because they were so fragile and very cold. That sent a shiver up her back that he immediately misinterpreted as passion. The old man was intrigued by her delicate heart shaped ass configuration and he rose up on his knees to address her flanks with his semi-turgid cock. He rubbed his tool all over her pale white flanks and pushed inside her crack making his erection harder with each stroke. Charity leaned forward on her elbows and reached back to spread her cheeks wide for the Rajah's entry. She was not certain which hole was his target but she was prepared to open wide for his selection.

Charity imitated Hope's lusty cries of passion and took the Rajah's cock deep inside her vagina. For a man in his 80's he had managed a fairly decent cock stand and his well-practiced cock slid in and out of her heated passageway with familiar intent. The Rajah fell forward onto Charity's back and wrapped his spindly arms around her heaving belly. His weight and the fast moving cock in her pussy made Charity convulse in a minor orgasm and caused her pussy to squirt some sticky lines of female juice.

The old Rajah laughed. It had been some time since his cock had made a female squirt her juices.

This English "Hope" was a prime pussy and worth her weight in gold. He reached up and began to play with the blonde girl's violet nipples delivered to his bed for his enjoyment in his waning years. Charity gasped and milked his cock with her soaking wet heated pussy wanting his creamy cum inside her without delay.

The sound of the Rajah's cock and balls beating a sharp tattoo on the soft vaginal lips of Charity's pussy brought a smile to the Rajah's retinue waiting outside the chambers. This certainly sounded like a successful mating to them. Perhaps there was a chance the aging Rajah might add to his brood of children who already numbered some 17 still living.

Charity had her eyes closed and pictured the Rajah's grandson Akmed on top of her giving her his glorious cock to make her pussy feel divine inside.

When the Rajah finally shot his load, it was a bit of a disappointment to Charity. The stream was thin and weak. However, she pretended like she had been just given the greatest gift any woman could ever receive and thanked the Rajah for his benevolence and great manliness in spraying her vagina with his distinguished seeds. She continued to act like her silly sister Hope and licked the old man clean of her juices and rocked him in her enveloping arms until he fell off into a satisfied sleep with a smile of delight on his wrinkled face.

She could feel the skimpy load of cum swishing around inside her almost empty vagina and slipped out of the bed and out of the royal chamber to return to the harem. After they were alone, she switched their garments and she, once again, became the more logical Charity.

Hope received the seal of "seed receiver" and never said a word about the subterfuge. Charity contemplated her recent devious depravity and wondered how many females the old Rajah had mounted in his lifetime. She was certain he must have bedded plenty just by the number of children he had fathered already in the past. In fact, one of the senior concubines was rumored to be swollen with his newest contribution to the family line.

Before she fell off to sleep, a servant girl took her by the wrist and led her to a small alcove at the end of the hall. The Rajah's grandson was waiting patiently behind the curtain and his finger found her pussy slit and her brown eye quickly in the dark. She was breathing rapidly and spread her legs to give her lover easy access to her split and crack. Akmed turned her around and pushed her head down low. Now her rounded ass and her vaginal slit were crushed up against his huge erection and he slipped inside her pussy with very little effort. The vestiges of his grandfather's cum were still swishing around inside right up next to her cervix and the young man's cock stirred them up with his copious pre-cum.

Charity whined softly trying to be discreet behind the curtain. Akmed could not muffle his groans of sheer delight and the servant girl waiting for further instructions smiled in recognition of a satisfactory impalement. She rubbed her own clitoris hoping to achieve a little thrill of her own before they were finished.

When Akmed shot his load into his grandfather's thin puddle still inside Charity's pussy, the seeds mixed together and it would be difficult to discern which seed was the one that made it way up to Charity's fertile egg.

Thus, it would never be quite certain if the Rajah had fathered another heir to the family fortune or if he had finally become a great-grandfather.