Indian Wife and Bold Neighbours

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Indian wife is shown the way to sexual variety

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It was after a good deal of search that Zoya and Rehaan had finally chosen this house. It was in an upmarket locality of the town. Although the house was small, it was compact and the neighbourhood was good. That is what the agent who had got them this house had told them. Zoya was all of twenty eight years old and married four years back to Rehaan, a software engineer employed with a multinational. Yet another added advantage of this locality was that their immediate neighbors were known to her sister-in-law i.e Rehaan's elder sister Sameera. Sameera was about 38 years old , almost as old as Zoya's neighbours Veronica and George,
The movers had been gone less than an hour. Zoya was crouched among the luggage and packing boxes which littered the spacious front room of the house. She glanced up and saw her husband, Rehaan, stripped to the waist, sweat glistening off his broad shoulders as he carried a trunk toward the staircase. Seeing him that way stirred sweet sensations in her lower abdomen, and Zoya sighed softly. This was one of the happiest moments in her life. She pushed a long, dark curl away from her face, continuing to savor the joyful feelings coursing through her youthful body, enjoying a salacious tingle as her dark nipples hardened against the cotton material of her T-shirt. And her shapely breasts throbbed when, acting on impulse, she stood and made her way towards her husband. She was relishing this moment all the more because while living with her in-laws she was required to be dressed properly in the ubiquitous salwar kameez with the dupatta firmly draped over her breasts. It was only during a vacation that she could dress the way she liked to; in sleeveless tee-shirts and shorts or jeans which showed off her fair, smooth arms and legs. What was the point in undergoing the painful waxing and getting rid of all the hair if there was nobody to see and admire them?

Rehaan chuckled as she stepped up to him. He stood silently until her jutting breasts brushed against his sweaty, naked chest, then he slid his hands onto her hips. Their eyes locked just as he lowered his head towards hers.
"I'm thinking of something much more exciting than unpacking," he whispered before his lips touched hers.
"Mmmmmm, but take it easy. There is still lots of work to be done" she said when he kissed her and slipped his strong arms around her slender waist. Paying no heed, he snaked his tongue between her moist lips, sliding it around the inside of her slippery mouth. She melted against him and smelled his enticing, manly aroma as he sucked on her tongue. She could feel his erect manhood against her

mound and this made her nipples tingle tantalizingly. His hands roamed her ass and back, massaging the bare back that was exposed between her jeans and tee shirt. Zoya groaned and squirmed as she felt his throbbing prick press against her, and even in that moment her senses urged her to halt it. She did want more than mere touching through clothes but now? Rehaan sank down in front of her, dragging his hot wet tongue towards her exposed belly button. He had often told her how absolutely erotic and sexy he found it when her belly button was exposed whether when she was wearing sarees or jeans. His tonguetip toyed with her navel as he positioned himself on his knees and with his teeth tried to bring the zipper of her jeans down.

“Control yourself, for God’s sake!” she said but she found herself cooperating with her husband’s initiatives.

Her fingers tangled in her husband’s dark hair and soon Rehaan was able to bring the zip down. However Rehaan did not proceed further. Instead, he caught hold of her T-shirt and pulled it off. He tore it from her shoulders, allowing her lovely tits to flop free, and her dark nipples stiffened and stood up. He then straightened up, bent his knees slightly and managed to cup her breasts in his palms. As he fondled her sensitive tits and nipples, Zoya found herself moaning.

She trembled as excitement engulfed her. Her pussy was on fire. And she couldn’t ignore the exquisite pleasure Rehaan was giving her as he expertly caressed her tits. He bent over her just as her back touched the casually placed table, his mouth attaching itself to one of her succulent nipples. He chewed eagerly on her swollen nipple, then gulped more and more of it into his hot mouth. Then he rolled his tongue around the nipple again and again, biting the by now fully erect nipple gently, causing Zoya to arch her back and cry out in raw ecstasy. Rehaan slipped his hands down to work at removing her jeans, and succeeded as Zoya cooperated by squirming her hips and ass. She shivered as he exposed her wet, steamy pussy. Her bikini panties formed a thin rope around her ankles. Although she knew that the door was not locked and there was still loads of work to be done, she desperately yearned to kick her panties off her bare feet.

It was as if Rehaan could actually hear what she wanted. He eased her constricting panties down her legs until he finally pulled them off her ankles. At last her legs were free to open up and her burning pussy was waiting in eager anticipation for the pleasures that were to follow.

Rehaan whipped his tongue through the creamy, folds of her beautifully manicured pussy, parting the moist tissue with quick slices of his tongue. Zoya sighed and relished the dose of pleasure that immediately blanketed her. Every nerve in her body sparked as the sensations overwhelmed her. She savored the sensation of his tongue parting the pussylips and teasing her clit. Waves of eroticism spread through her body. Pleasing her man turned her on more than anything, and she never tired of proving it. She fished a hand into his open fly and caressed his erect cock which literally jumped into her hand. She tasted the drop of pre-cum that seeped from therein, the familiar tasteless flavor causing her arousal to surge. She wasted no time in swirling her tongue around and around the slick cock of her husband. He twisted the dark curls of her hair in his fists and groaned as she began licking up and down the length of his cock. She massaged his bloated balls while she serviced his prick with her tongue, drenching it with her saliva. Then, without warning, she opened her mouth wide

and gulped the head of his shaft between her lips. As he fondled her sensitive tits and nipples, Zoya forced herself to swallow every bit of his cock ,her lush lips brushed against his hairy base while her fingers busily played with his balls. Their happy moans and groans made sweet background music with Zoya's lusty slurping sounds.

She trembled as excitement engulfed her.There was nothing like the sensation of having his cock sliding in and out of her mouth. And she couldn't ignore the exquisite pleasure Rehaan was giving her as he expertly caressed her tits. The big round circle formed by her lips squeezed against the cock as she began moving her head back and forth, keeping in time with the gentle rocking of his hips, moving forwards and backwards a little further each time. His grip tightened as he began fucking her face. Zoya nearly swooned with delight as her husband's cock nudged the back of her throat. She gulped involuntarily and readied herself for the sweet explosion of his milky cum into her mouth. She started sucking faster, furiously, anxiously awaiting, wanting to swallow his heavy load and continued to savour the sensual pleasure that continued to spread throughout her entire body when her senses became alerted to a strange presence. She stiffened automatically and knew in that same second that her husband was reacting in the same way. It was only a heartbeat later, when Rehaan had lurched off her awkwardly, that Zoya glimpsed in wide-eyed shock the stranger standing in the open doorway of their new bedroom. She was an attractive young woman of perhaps thirty-five, and she met the startled stares of the young couple with a slight smirk on her curved lips, blush coloring her lovely face. She cleared her throat nervously and began to back out of the room.

"Oops, sorry," she said with an embarrassed laugh. Rehaan lost virtually no time in withdrawing his cock from her mouth and disappearing from the scene leaving Zoya alone and nude, her breasts jutting out with erect nipples, her lips wet with Rehaan’s substantial precum and she herself almost on the verge of a climax, to welcome the guest.

"I guess this isn’t exactly the proper time for anyone to welcome the two of you to the neighborhood." The lady started to say something else, then shrugged her shoulders, chuckling. She gave Zoya a feeble wave before bounding down the stairs and out of the young couple’s new home.

For the next few days Zoya had plenty to keep her busy. Arranging the furnishings and getting settled in their new home filled her time. But the evenings were the best. Every night she greeted Rehaan with a special meal, served by candlelight in their new dining room. Afterwards, the young couple would hug and make love till they fell asleep.

Then, on a Friday morning, the moment she had been dreading happened. Dressed in a churidar pyjama (a skintight legwear common in India) and kurta, Zoya was busy attending to the chores of the house when there was a knock at the door. Rehaan had already left for the office. She answered the knock and saw the pretty, young neighbour standing on the patio, a pleasant and slightly self-conscious smile on her face. Zoya blushed.

"Hi," she said weakly staring down at her bare feet.

The neighbour nodded as her smile broadened. Then abruptly, she laughed. "Are you going to invite me inside, or keep me standing out here all day?"

Zoya laughed too, and reluctantly opened the door so the woman would come in.

"Sorry. I was... well, to tell you the truth, I'm still embarrassed about the other day." She entered the kitchen and looked around.
"Listen, honey, Don't mention it and there is no need to be embarrassed at all." She faced Zoya and said. "Let me tell you, I've been thinking of almost nothing else since I saw the two of you the other day. I have heard about you from Sameera who I believe is Rehaan's sister. Sameera and I were next door neighbours and she is a real lively person. Full of fun and mind you, real wild fun. She told me that you would be moving in and that you take time in being free with people. What she did not tell me was that her sister-in-law is so pretty and sexy. And, honey, let me tell you something else. You have a beautiful body and a lovely pair of breasts! And you give lovely oral. With feeling and passion. Just the way it should be given."
Zoya's blush deepened. Her rash, lewd comments were startling. Yet, she could not help but feel a flicker of womanly pride. That this older woman could appreciate her body pleased her. But, she was vaguely disturbed that this neighbour, who had seen her nude and Rehaan licking her pussy, was broaching the subject in this positively open manner. And a neighbour who was somehow connected to her in-laws as well. She half expected to receive a lecture on morality but Veronica was so positively encouraging.
"I just came to tell you that we are going out of the country for about a year. When I heard that a new couple was likely to move into the neighbourhood, I became very happy that during our absence there would be somebody who would take care of our plants. The fact that you are Sameera's sis-in-law was the icing on the cake. It was with that thought in mind that I came to your house and found you, well……." her voice trailed off with a smile.
Zoya just sat there her eyes fixed on her wriggling toes out of sheer embarrassment but gradually becoming more and more confident.
"Come on, now! You are a big girl. Of what use is a good body if there is nobody to see it. The embroidery is lovely. Shall I say something personal? Why don't you let me see you the way I saw you that day?"
"Please, Don't embarrass me." Zoya finally spoke.
"Embarrass? That's strange. I am serious." She said.
"I……well, I Don't know how to……" Zoya stammered.
"Why feel shy from me. I am a woman. Not only that I have seen you……..you know how. You just get up. Even if you can't strip because of this pyjama take the kurta off. If you don't I will tell the entire neighbourhood what I saw the other day. And also Sameera. At times I can be very very mean." She added wickedly as an afterthought.
"No, Don't do that. I know you won't." Zoya spoke suddenly.
"You are right. I won't. But only if you do as I say." She was insistent.
Zoya got up hesitatingly and holding the kurta by the sides raised it above her head. The upper half portion of her firm round and fair breasts were in full view of the visitor with the areola also peeking naughtily
"Take it off completely. Keep it on the chair. Then come and talk to me. By being unnecessarily shy,

girls like you miss out on a lot of fun.” She said.
Zoya complied and sat with the guest wearing only the churidar, her nipples at full attention due to the tension and excitement. What if the postman or anyone dropped in at that time!!
“Look! Everybody does not have such lovely and young boobs. Flaunt them.” she said cupping Zoya’s right breast and at the same time looking at her watch. ”Think over what I said. Must get a move on. Lots of work to do. Won’t you come to see me off at the door. Afraid that someone will see you? Let them.”
Zoya did get up and came to the door to bid her guest goodbye, deliberately standing in a way that one of her breasts was hidden by the door.
“Bye. Take care! Incidentally since you are so self conscious that you did not even ask let me tell you that my name is Veronica and George is my husband’s name” she said hugging Zoya so that her nipple dug into the soft cloth of Veronica’s blouse. Zoya was quite thankful that Veronica left and immediately wore her kurta though without the bra.
Zoya and Rehaan did not see the couple for the next year. As days turned into weeks, weeks into months and months into a year, Zoya realized, to her dismay that their sex life was not what it used to be. Rehaan was more and more involved with his office work. Sure, they did make love but the frequency had reduced. Not only that it had become mechanical; devoid of the tremendous pleasures that it had provided them with in the past.
One day Zoya received a letter from Veronica that they were arriving back in the next three days. Sure enough they did arrive when Zoya saw a car entering the neighbour’s residence in the early hours of the morning. Zoya thought that this was perhaps the time when the flight from the United States would have arrived.
After a couple of days Zoya decided to visit Veronica who opened the door wearing a blue saree with a matching sleeveless blouse which highlighted the fair colour of her skin.
“Hi Zoya!” she said.” Do come in. If you had not come I myself would have come to your house.”
Zoya took off her sandals and entered the house for the first time. It was tastefully furnished and after their arrival from abroad many new electronic gadgets could also be seen.
“Very nice house and although you have come after such a long time everything is in place.” Zoya complimented Veronica.
“Thank you. Actually if one wants to get pleasure out of anything in life one has to think of ways and means to improvise.” Veronica said.” You tell how are things at your end? Still making love the way you used to?”
“Shut up!” Zoya said good-humouredly.
“Okay, okay! Peace? I understand that one year plus is too long a time for the same spark to keep the marriage going but that is something we will discuss later. Let me show you some snaps of ours. Sit comfortably.” Veronica said and got up.
The photographs were of excellent quality, printed on very good paper. In most of them either Veronica or George featured with one of the famous landmarks in the background. Veronica was quite photogenic and looked prettier and younger than what she was. Then Zoya finally reached the

section where they were on a beach. As Zoya turned the pages she found herself getting redder and redder since the photographs were increasingly sexy and ribald. While initially, Veronica was wearing a yellow bikini but in subsequent ones the top had been discarded showing her full breasts playing in the water with her husband. Not only her husband there were many other people in the photograph. Finally there were three photographs where George and Veronica were fully nude along with another European couple. There was another man in at least five photographs who appeared to be quite close to them. Zoya was surprised to see that Veronica's pussy hair were quite similar to that of hers. Perhaps this was the going fashion. She smiled suddenly at the thought. George's penis was flaccid but the penis of the man with them was semi erect. The photographs despite their nudity were not vulgar at all.

"Like them?" Veronica asked with a naughty gleam in her eyes.

"Well, yes. They are nice. By the way who is this person?" Zoya replied.

"Never thought that you would get to see my snap this way? That person is a cousin of mine. His name is Dileep. He is well developed there, isn't he?" Veronica asked saucily.

"Where?" Zoya asked innocently.

"There!" Veronica replied pointing towards Dileep's penis with her eyebrows.

"Oh!" Zoya replied briefly.

"Nude photographs bring out the best in a person." Veronica said.

"Yes." Zoya again agreed.

"If so, wouldn't you too like to get yourself photographed nude?" Veronica asked again.

"Maybe. Depends. If I happen to go to a beach, perhaps." Zoya sounded unsure.

"That's rubbish. You don't need to go to a beach to get yourself photographed nude." Veronica said plainly.

"What do you mean?" Zoya asked with round eyes.

"Well, for beginners, you can strip here. After all I have seen you naked. I'll photograph you with my digital camera. I got mine developed at a studio. Yours will be developed right here." Veronica said.

"Come! I have a small studio sort and that is where the computer also is. We will shoot there. Don't hesitate. Afraid that I will tell all this to Sameera? Don't worry. I can keep a secret. She won't know a thing and even if she does, so what. All that her sister-in-law is doing is showing off something wonderful which few people have." Veronica winked.

"But, I mean what is the necessity?" Zoya asked.

"The necessity is there because I know that after a while marriages tend to become dull and things like this enliven them. Come! Don't think I'll let you go." Veronica was adamant.

Zoya gingerly followed Veronica upstairs. Veronica wielded the camera like an expert. Zoya sat with her legs crossed and uncrossed. As Zoya sat there, Veronica came towards her and insisted that she unbutton the top button of her kurta.

"Hey, it is getting very hot under these lights." She said as she again held the camera. Then she walked over to Zoya and undid a few more buttons. Zoya just smiled at this gesture of her neighbour but did nothing to stop her either. She just positioned herself forward to show a little cleavage as

Veronica clicked away.
“Zoya if you Don’t mind, please lean forward so your breasts sort of come down a bit....? Look, I Don’t want you to feel as if you have come for a vaccination shot. Smile. Be happy! The camera captures everything. As somebody who is privy to those lovely tits I feel that whosoever has a pretty pair of breasts should be encouraged to show it; or else it is nature’s bounty that is wasted.”
Zoya answered by leaning forward with a very sexy smile and unbuttoned the rest of her shirt. The inner surface of both breasts was quite clearly seen.
“Is this okay?" She asked haltingly.
“Yes, it is okay but if we are going to proceed so slowly we will have visitors before you are topless so love please hurry up.” Veronica said.
Saying this Veronica went over to Zoya authoritatively and pulled back her blouse fully, exposing both breasts to herself and the camera.
"That’s good, Zoya, now turn more to the right and lean forward a little more. Try crossing your arms below your breasts to accentuate them... there, perfect. " Veronica said as she clicked the camera, then she went back to Zoya and brought her shirt back over her shoulders until it was off Zoya completely. Zoya was now topless and excited. Despite the tension she felt her nipples were fully erect. Obviously she did not mind.
"Zoya, please. Those churidars! You understand. This is the age when you should be bold. Sure chiuridars or salwar suits should be worn but only for outings. Not at home. You should wear revealing clothes now. Not when you are in your fifties and sixties. And let me give you some more advice. If you want to keep your marriage rollicking, start wearing revealing clothes. Shorts and spaghettis. Short skirts and no bras. And don’t bother about who sees your tits. Believe me, it turns men on like nothing else when they come to know that their wife’s tits have been seen. "
It was apparent that Veronica wanted Zoya to strip. She stood up from the stool untied the chord that was holding it in place , turned her back to the camera and to Veronica and slowly slid it down to her ankles from where she pulled it off. She then turned around, facing the camera and Veronica in her panties alone.
For Veronica this was not enough. She again encouraged Zoya and told her about the many virtues of nudity which would be beneficial to their wedding.
Suitably encouraged, Zoya sat and took her panties off her bare feet. Her pussy was well manicured. The pubic hair was trimmed with a small triangle of black hair barely covering the mound and the silhoutte of the actual lips of the pussy clearly visible.
She stood nude, her face red with excitement.
"This is not embarrassing you, is it Zoya?" Veronica asked.
She just shook her head and kept looking down.
Veronica took a few more shots and then called it a day but before that she requested Zoya that since it was so hot, she should go and get them a coke from the refrigerator downstairs.
Zoya got away from the hot lights and walked over to the fridge for a coke. As Zoya tried to open the fridge door, she found to her consternation that it was locked. “Zoya, the maid Mala will give you the

key. Sorry. I didn’t tell you that.” Veronica called from upstairs. Before Zoya had time to react Mala was in the kitchen. It was a unique sight. A blushing young girl, fully nude and a maid servant in her thirties clad in a blouse and saree. If Mala was surprised, she did not show it. She just took one look at the nude girl, then proceeded to give her the key to the fridge.
“Will you take it directly in the bottle or glasses?” she asked Zoya politely.
“Bottles only.” Zoya replied.
“Okay.” Mala said with a smile and handed over two bottles to Zoya, who brought them upstairs. Zoya was amazing, parading around fully nude in the neighbour’s house wearing nothing except a light chain in the ankles, a couple of bangles, necklace and some intoxicating perfume.
“Just one thing more, Zoya. That will, I think help you get rid of inhibitions like nothing else.”
"OK. Tell me. "Zoya laughed. She had now become quite used to the frank language employed by Veronica.
"Look, Zoya. A girl can be nude but the lips of her pussy can remain hidden if she does not open her legs because nature has covered it beautifully with the pubic hair. So, I would just like you to open the legs slightly so that the eye of the camera can see the lovely labia. " Veronica said.
“But how to do it?” Zoya asked incredulously.
“Kneel on the floor in front of the camera and spread out your knees and bend backwards. That’s all. Then turn around with your buttocks facing us, spread your legs about a feet apart and bend.” Veronica told her.
As time passed, Veronica could see that Zoya despite her apparent discomfiture, was a natural for anything exhibitionistic.
After returning home, Zoya wondered if what she had done was right but the very thought that she had, for the very first time in her life, been fully naked in front of the camera suffused her with tremendous eroticism. Veronica was right. This bout of nudity in front of Veronica and the camera worked wonders for the young and nubile housewife. She made really passionate love to her husband that night and he was extremely pleased to see this side of his wife. As the days passed he saw that she started dressing more and more provocatively but he did not object even once for fear that she may again start dressing in the traditional attires. Zoya also realized that what Veronica had said was correct. Men perhaps actually want someone to see their wives nude and if possible also have sex with them.
A few days later, Veronica visited their house. She appeared to be a little worried.
“Hi! Veronica, you seem perturbed. Everything okay?” Zoya asked.
“Yes, as such everything is okay. It is about those photographs of yours…..” Veronica said.
Zoya felt her heart sink.
“What about them?” she asked with apprehension fearing that somehow they had found their way to Sameera.
“Relax! Nothing to get uptight about. It is just that my cousin Dileep whose photographs you saw the other day with us. Well, he came over to visit us just when I was checking out your snaps. I immediately closed the computer and well, attended to him. Gradually I forgot all about it. He

expressed a desire to see his E Mail while I was in the kitchen and well, since your snaps were on the desktop, he has seen them. Only the ones where I shot with the digital camera. Not the Polaroid ones. But it is okay, I think. You had seen his nude snaps and now he has seen yours." Veronica replied matter-of-factly.
"Oh no! Gosh! What will Rehaan say?" Zoya said.
"What on earth has Rehaan got to do with it? Look. I'll send him tomorrow with the snaps." Veronica said.
"Are you crazy? A person I have never met coming to my house with my nude photos. You must be out of your mind." Zoya was aghast.
" No, I am not out of my mind. There is no need to get all worked up. Even if somebody or your husband gets to see your nude photo, you can always say that they are morphed. So relax. I consider it my responsibility to get you out of this silly conservative shell." Veronica said.
"I'll become bold on my own. Do not send him." Zoya pleaded.
" Okay. I'll think it over." Veronica said and was gone.
Zoya spent a few days in tremendous anxiety thinking that any day a man would be arriving with her nude photographs but nothing happened for a fortnight. In fact Zoya had even become relaxed now. Then one day there was a knock at the door in mid afternoon. As per the suggestions of Veronica, Zoya had started wearing clothes that showed off a good amount of her shapely body. Wearing just a tie-blouse and shorts she opened the door to find a handsome man standing. It took her a while to realize that this was the same person who was a cousin of Veronica and whose nude photograph she had seen. Even though she did not want to, but the shape of his semi erect penis as she had seen, flashed before her eyes as she looked at his smart jeans.
"Hi!" Dileep said. "Recognize me?"
Zoya nodded. "Yes, you are Veronica's cousin. Right?"
"Very right." Dileep appeared to be full of beans.
"Do come in." Zoya said. After all formalities had to be taken care of.
Dileep stepped in the drawing room. He was a handsome looking man perhaps in his early thirties. He had on a white T shirt and blue denim jeans.
"Thanks. This is a nice place you have. Nice and cosy. Well, I have something for you that should please you." He said. Immediately it struck to Zoya that this was the man who was in possession of those photographs. " You have a nice body." He said smiling.
Zoya blushed. " Oh, that. It was just at the insistence of Veronica."
"That's okay. But you know, a photograph is just that. A photograph. And I see that you are not really overdressed. So how about showing me the real stuff?" he said.
"Sorry?" Zoya was not sure whether she had heard right.
"Come on, now. If you can strip in front of my cousin and the camera why not me?" he asked casually.
"Look, your cousin is a female." Zoya replied patiently.
"That is all the more reason. She got no excitement from your stripping. I will. Now, please hurry. I

have work to do.” Dileep sounded cool.
“ No.” Zoya said.
“Don’t tempt me. I have your photographs. Nude. With you bending!” He laughed. "No touching, just looking, and just the top OK?" Zoya was uneasy now. She knew that this man had trapped her.
"No way, Zoya. I want to feel your tits." He said frankly.
"But that's it, right. No more."
"Sure Zoya, whatever you say."
Zoya slowly untied the knot of her blouse while backing up against the wall. Letting it hang open in front she put her hands on the wooden cabinet behind her and took a deep breath. Dileep approached and pulled open the material gently with both hands. He could see the yellow bikini top she wore beneath and he brushed the backs of his hands through the material across the point of her breasts. Then he slid his hands under the collar and down her shoulders, pushing the blouse off. Zoya let her arms relax by her side and the blouse fell to the grass. She was gorgeous. Dileep now took a deep breath and ran his finger along the strings to the center of her cleavage and down her flat tummy.
"Nice pair of C's you got there, Zoya," he said with a laugh and gave her left tit a squeeze, pinching the nipple and pulling the bikini aside. "Why don't we sit and get more comfortable?"
"No, I'm fine here." She said but let herself be guided by Dileep to her knees. He shook off his sneakers and knelt in front of her. He reached around her back and pulled on the clasp of the bikini top to release it, then pulled the other and lifted it off her by the strings and stuffed it in his pocket. His hands slowly went up and down Zoya’s beautiful 28-year-old body, from the sides of her thighs up to cup both her breasts and massage them together. He lifted her chin and brushed her hair behind her shoulders. When she looked up at him he kissed her. Zoya did not respond, not knowing how she should without encouraging him on. Dileep just kissed her again, this time much harder pushing her onto her back on to the sofa. Her hands came up to stop him but it was useless. Her right arm was pinned behind his back and he quickly caught her left and pinned it with his left above her head. She knew now that he could feel her fear. Both her hands were caught and his right hand was free to roam her body, which it did. While driving his tongue into her mouth, Dileep worked Zoya's tit over with his hands. Her nipples grew hard and tender and he broke off his kiss to pinch one between his teeth. His licking and sucking on her tits turned her light chocolatish brown nipples a deep red. Zoya was breathing heavy now and squirming under Dileep trying to get away. At the same time her body was reacting to being pinned to the ground and manhandled. Her temperature was rising and her hips lifted. She was breathing in grunts as she tried to pull her hands free.
Dileep moved his tongue from left to right tit and up to her throat and ears as well. He was getting a taste of every inch of her. When she tried to protest, he would bury her mouth with his and search out her tongue. She began to kiss him back and get her tongue into the action when his hand reached down and stroked her thigh giving a good squeeze. She reacted by lifting her knee, the only way she could move. Dileep quickly grabbed the back of her knee and pulled her leg up around him, giving him a great feel of the back of her thigh and her ass through her shorts. He made himself at home,

feeling the entire length of her leg and reaching under her shorts to grope her ass through her bikini bottom.
Now Zoya could feel things getting out of control and she tried to slow it down.
"Dileep, come on.... A deals a deal, Dileep.... Come on. Stop it, please." Her voice was shaking and she fought to get loose one more time. He pushed her leg down flat and pinned it with his own. Then moved back up and returned to his tit work, diligently going left nipple to right nipple with both tongue and fingers. Zoya relaxed a little and didn't notice his hand drift down her stomach and pop open the fly on her shorts. Suddenly his hand thrust down the front of her shorts and began massaging her pussy through her bikini. Zoya lurched up but there was no where she could go. Dileep pushed her legs open some more and began roaming her crotch. She cursed her body because she knew he could feel her heat. "Dileep, please... stop it, please."
"OK Zoya, I've got a new deal for you," and he waited while still working her pussy, now with his fingers sliding under her bikini.
"What?" she finally asked.
"You let me pull off your shorts and I'll do whatever I like with you for the rest of the day." He laughed to himself, "How's that?"
"Dileep, no, come on now."
"Well," he said, "I really don't think you've got much of a choice." He sat up and pulled her knees together. Then holding her shorts at the waist began pulling them down. With her hands free now, Zoya tried to keep herself dressed.
"Wait a minute," she said as they wrestled over her crotch. "Wait a minute, Dileep."
"What is it?" He relaxed a little but still held the upper hand.
"OK, wait... I'll let you ..." she stopped to catch her breath, "I'll take off my shorts but you have to keep your pants on, OK?"
"That's it, That's your deal? I can still touch you anywhere I want if I keep my pants on?" He seemed unbelieving.
"Yeah, you can have my body if you keep your pants on," she couldn't believe what she was saying but, she had no choice, this might buy her some room.
"OK. Deal." And as her grip relaxed Dileep worked the shorts over the sweetest pair of thighs he had ever seen. Slowly he pulled them over her lifted knees and down to her ankles and off her bare feet.
"Just so I can say I had you completely naked, on your back and with your legs spread." With that, he spread her legs wide, ran his hands up to the strings of her bikini and pulled them loose. A quick tug and he put the bottoms in his pocket with her top.
Zoya was now just that, stripped completely naked with her legs spread wide lying on her back under a boy whose photograph she had seen and that was about all. She had never let a boy (except her husband)under her blouse before and now this jerk was running his hands between her legs and under her ass.
"Spread your hair out above you, Zoya, and put your hands behind your head."
Dileep was kneeling between her legs rubbing his own crotch. "That's nice, God I wish I had a

camera at a time like this." He laughed at the possible humiliation she would feel. Then he leaned in on her and began sliding his middle finger in and out of her pussy. Just up to the knuckle to get her wet, but she was already wet and he worked in the whole finger and started fucking her with it. She closed her eyes and rolled her head back trying to ignore what he was doing to her, but Dileep could see Zoya bite her lip and start to hump back. He worked in a second finger and got a bit more energetic and she turned her head left and the right taking deep breaths. When he started thumbing her clit at the same time she lost it. No longer could she control what her body was going through. Her chest heaved and Dileep saw the ripples run down her abdomen with each contraction. Her thigh twitched and her whole body shook with the power of her orgasm.

"I know we had a deal, Zoya, but I just have to fuck you now."

Before she could think, Dileep was out of his clothes and leaning down on top of her again. She could feel his hard-on against her belly and knew it would be inside soon. He worked it against her skin to get used to her body and began searching for her wet cunt. This is not the way she wanted this to happen. She had to stop him somehow.

"Wait Dileep, don't ... don't." was all she could come up with.

"Do you mean you don't want me to make love to you? You must want to have a bit of oral fun first, right?" Dileep sat up and straddled her waist the leaned in and brought his cock up between Zoya's mauled tits. He cupped a tit in each hand and squeezed them together to wrap his cock and then started to fuck that lovely groove. Zoya didn't know what was going on but thought she should try to bring him off quickly and began rocking to his rhythm. He liked the way she was moving with him now and picked up speed. After a few minutes Dileep opened Zoya's mouth with his two fingers and searched out her tongue. Her eyes were closed and when he shifted forward she did not see it until his cock was in her mouth. She had always enjoyed giving oral and the feel of a hard erect cock inside the warm and watery confines of her mouth, virtually begging to be satisfied, was giving her a lot of pleasure. He held the same pace as with her tits and began fucking her face. Zoya could not turn away, he held her in place and drove forward until his cock pushed into her throat. She had no choice yet again but to open up to him. Unwittingly her teeth started ensuring that no warm would come to the piece of flesh that was rapidly moving in and out of her mouth. Not only that she was beginning to enjoy his cock inside her mouth. At times, she even forgot whose it was, Rehaan’s or Dileep’s.

Struggling to breathe as he picked up his pace, Zoya was surprised as his seed shot down her throat. Although she was used to swallowing cum she did not expect the discharge so soon. She choked and tried to turn away as the last drops of his cum were deposited in her mouth which she promptly swallowed. Somehow both the cums i.e. the one from her husband and the one from Dileep tasted exactly the same.

"Are you happy now? Can you get off me?" Zoya was glad it was over and she wanted to get out of there. Dileep had other ideas, however.

"Thanks for the wonderful blowjob, Zoya." He slid back down but still held her pinned to the ground. As he massaged the cum dribbling from his cock into her breasts he kicked her legs open again and

positioned himself between her knees. "I feel I owe you one," and he dove down into her pussy and immediately found her clit with his tongue.
Zoya tried to push him away but found her legs squeezing his head in place. One of his hands mauled her tits some more while the other began finger her cunt. She could not resist and her body's desperate instincts took over. She pulled him in with her thighs and her hands now, not wanting any of this to stop and when the wave swept over her for the second time there was no resistance. Her hips humped his face like he had fucked hers. She couldn't tell if she was breathing until she heard her own screams of orgasm. Finally, as it passed, she let him up for air.
What Dileep saw as he rose took his breath away and brought his cock back rock hard. Zoya's perfect young body, still writhing in ecstasy was laid out spread-eagle before him. Her skin was on fire, blushed red and quivering. Her mouth, still showing his cum on her lips was wide open, catching her breath. Her tits rose and fell with each inhale, her nipples still standing erect. Everywhere her skin glistened with the mixed sweat and sperm.
As he moved his cock up to her pussy she offered no resistance this time. Zoya lifted her knees and opened herself as much as possible to him. Neither much noticed as he penetrated her pussy, the foreskin of his cock rolling back and unsheathing the shaft into her pussy the walls of which wrapped themselves around his cock, and into a steady fucking rhythm. Her body was so aroused and her pussy soaking wet that she took him in all the way, easily. Reaching back he hooked both knees with his elbows and folded her in half. She felt him drive deeper than before and she grabbed onto her own knees tight against her tits now and let him take her. Zoya accepted this fuck not only with quiet resilience but also with a degree of enjoyment. It surprised her that she had given in so easily, but she realized that it turned her on incredibly to be forced.
She came twice more beneath his athletic body and then he rolled her onto her knees so that she was on all fours. Dileep held his cock and directed it at Zoya’s pussy as he pushed to enter her. The head forged a path to spread her outer lips allowing his shaft to follow. He started moving his cock back and forth. She had not planned to have an orgasm with him, but his pelvis was rubbing against her clit and she was beginning to feel sexy. She then realized her nerves had settled down and she was becoming familiar with his cock and love making. She struggled with the thoughts of having an orgasm or refusing to have one. She felt if she had an orgasm, she would be cheating on her husband. But in the given circumstances it was perhaps best to make the most of the situation. These thoughts were crossing her mind when, he suddenly stopped. “I want you to get on top of me, let’s turn over.”
He rolled over on his back and encouraged her to get on top of him to sit on his cock. There was no difficulty at all as it slipped inside her well lubricated pussy with ease. She started riding him. Dileep cupped her breasts to keep them from bouncing and swinging when she leaned forward.
She kept riding Dileep and saw no indication that he was near an orgasm. He had cum once already, now he was in no hurry. She slowed down, then stopped to lean forward to share a sexy kiss with Dileep. She did not really know why she did that. But now she began riding Dileep’s cock more aggressively. She thought she could feel an orgasm starting to rise within her body just as Dileep’s

cock was feeling very good now. Her bare feet were near his armpits and her dainty anklets were rubbing the side of his chest giving it a very typically feminine feel.
Zoya's moans became more vocal as she was rapidly building up to an orgasm. Dileep could feel her body strain causing him to start exploding in her. She could feel his cock jerk with each shot of cum deep inside her pussy. They both became very vocal as she collapsed on his chest.
Suddenly she realized the presence of Veronica. God, what would she be thinking. She may be thinking that it was Zoya who had seduced that Dileep but she also knew that Dileep was the guy who was in possession of those snaps. Veronica however had a very satisfied look on her face.
"I can see that both of you enjoyed yourself. Don't worry, Zoya.. Your sis-in-law knew that you were too timid to ever open out. This was the remedy that we had planned. Your husband does not know this yet and perhaps there is no need to tell him either but after this encounter you will be so sexually charged that this tiny encounter is worth the tension you went through. Just telephone him as you are, yes, with Dileep inside you and tell him that you love him. Then you can phone your Sameera Didi as well. Dileep is very happy because he is getting married next week and we thought this would be an appropriate occasion to invite both Rehaan and you to his wedding." Veronica said.
All this was too much of a surprise for Zoya. The fact that Sameera Didi knew this, in fact arranged this was amazing. She got up and walked over to Veronica and spoke to her, "Now that it is all over, it wasn't bad at all. Initially I felt scared and didn't think I could ever do it. I was very nervous to begin with, but then I became more familiar with him. Thanks for all this." And she kissed Veronica on the lips. She then walked to the phone. As she dialed his office number, Dileep followed her and sat on the chair, his cock still erect. Zoya took the hint and sat on Dileep's lap her face facing him. Surprisingly she felt no shame or trepidation as she guided his cock into her wet pussy while her erect nipple found its way into his mouth. For Zoya all that mattered was pleasure. Dileep's cock was just entering her pussy when Rehaan picked up the telephone at the other end.
" I love you Rehaan. And I love Sameera Didi." She said.
" Thanks. Love. But why Sameera Didi suddenly?" Rehaan sounded surprised.
" No specific reason." She said, as Dileep played with her tits. " She cares for us so much. I miss you. Come home soon."
"I will." Rehaan replied as he picked up his bag to leave the office to be with his wife.