

Indian Couple's Erotic and Loving Threesome with a Close Friend (Part-1)

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How I and my close friend lovingly enticed my dear wife for a threesome MMF - Part-1

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Part-1

I am Raj. I was a professional engineer, working in a multinational company in Jaipur. This incident took place some years ago. I have a good physic and am reasonably good looking. My friend and colleague Anil, was a smart 33 years young chap same as I and a very close friend of mine. Anil has athletic body and does regular exercises. He is also very handsome Punjabi (from North India). We were of almost the same age, in the same department in one company in Jaipur and were together for some years, after which, he joined another company in the same town. However, our friendship and through that, the friendship of our families grew daily. Anil was naughty by nature and so was I.

I am narrating my wonderful emotional and very pleasant but true loving intimate personal experience involving my wife Neena and a close friend Anil. This is an emotional erotic experience and not just a physical one. I and my friend Anil without any preconceived plan engaged my lovely wife Neena in a sensual, erotic and emotional experience of wife sharing, which we all found so memorable and invigorating.

We were married for the last 9 years. She would have sex with me only to perform her duty as a wife and satisfy my physical need, to the extent unavoidable. She had lost interest in sex with me perhaps because, I thought that she was not satisfied with my sexual performance in comparison to her sub-conscious mind's expected parameters of sexual satisfaction. This was very frustrating for me at times.

Occasionally, while engaged in sex with me; I casually mentioned about Anil stealing glances looking at her breasts or asked her what she would do if Anil squeezed her breasts or kissed her suddenly. To this, she remained either silent or dismissed the possibility. I could however, sense subtle electric charge going through her body. She did say that she liked Anil, but any incident of sexual

engagement was preposterous, she said. I suspected that there was some hidden attraction between Anil and her, as it is natural for two attractive and like minded people of opposite sex to have, when they are in contact with each other regularly.

My wife is very emotional and it is normal for her to cry seeing a tragic scene in a serial or a movie or hearing about some one's tragic experiences. She has excellent dress sense; she generally wears sarees and on some occasions, Salwar Kurta with a scarf (wraparound the neck). However, I always thought, she is very conservative so far as flirting is concerned. She goes out of her way, even under very adverse circumstances, to look after me and care for me on all aspects; other than sexual (so I thought). However, I always loved her very much and she loved and cared for me so much that I tried to overlook her lack of sexual inclinations.

What I am about to narrate is my real experience amongst the three of us. It was Holi festival time. Those from India know how Holi in North India is. It is a festival of colors and also of tom foolery. At a big central ground in the city; the Municipal Corporation of Jaipur organized every year a festival called "Maha Murkh Sammelan (Assembly of great fools)". In this program, which would run for a full night starting from 10 pm to about 5 am next morning, big poets would render their humorous poetry and make the audience laugh out of their seats. The entry was free and huge ground would be full with people of different shades.

I and my wife always liked to attend this function. We were very active in going to important functions like classical music concerts, drama etc. We always went to this function every year. That year, I decided to invite Anil and Anita to join us. I spoke to my wife Neena, who agreed. When I rang up Anil, I found that Anita had left for Delhi for the weekend to celebrate holi with her parents.

Anil was thrilled to accept my invitation as he had nothing else to do.

He asked me, "Raj, it is holi time. Is it OK to have some fun with the three of us including and particularly Neena?" I understood his point. I knew he was attracted to Neena and talked many times of his fascination for her. We all are attracted to other's good looking wives. Are we not? We talked about our wives many times and (I think) fancied sharing them between us, if it was possible. I said, "Try your luck. If you can manage to have her join us in some real action, I shall be more than pleased; I shall even try to help you in this. However, I know her too well and I do not expect you to achieve anything".

"We shall see", said Anil.

Anil came by his old Ambassador car to pick us up at 10 pm. It was Saturday and the next day being a holiday, we were very relaxed. We thought that if the function was interesting, we would spend

major part of the night there. Luckily for us; my parents were in town and we left our children with them. Whilst Anil was waiting in the car for us to join him, I and Neena came out of the house to get into the car.

Suddenly, Neena said she had forgotten house keys. We had decided to lock the front door of our house; so that when we get back late, we would not need to wake our parents. There was a side entrance, so in any emergency, people inside the house could always come out. I went to fetch the keys. Meanwhile, Anil invited my wife to sit in the car by his side in the front. Neena got inside the car without a second thought.

Ambassador car has steering gear lever with a continuous front seat unlike recent cars, which have a huge gap between driver and the next person. It is also a right hand drive car (unlike European and American cars). As soon as I returned with the keys, Anil asked me to sit in the front seat by the window with Neena seated between me and Anil.

Anil started the car and instead of going to the function; was driving in another direction. When asked, he replied that since his wife Anita was out, he did not have dinner and would like to eat something before going to the function. He took the car out of the city ways.

As we were travelling, Neena asked Anil “How did you spend your day?” Anil was driving very slowly and replied, “I got a phone call from one of my college mates.” Looking at me he said, “Raj, do you remember, this is the same person, who had a very strange but erotic experience.” I nodded.

Neena asked Anil “What Kind of experience?”

Anil was hesitant. He said “Neena, the story is slightly unconventional and involves some sexual element, should I narrate it?”

I interjected and said, “Anil, today is holi. We are out to have some fun. Why are you so hesitant? We have talked many times of all the things on earth, including sex. Are you afraid that Neena being a lady, is so conservative that she will not hear about sex?”

Anil said “I do not want to offend bhabhi’s (the word “Bhabhi” is used for brother’s wife. In this case, a friend is considered to be same as a brother hence the use of the word “Bhabhi”) feelings, lest she minds.” Hearing this, Neena replied, “No, Anil, go ahead. I am not that prudish, as you two think I am. I am also a mother. We are all mature persons and sex is a part of our life, so don’t hesitate.”

Anil then narrated an erotic encounter of his friend Samir (who had telephoned Anil). Samir was once visiting his close associate and a friend in Delhi and stayed with him at his house for a few days. The

host was married for the last 7 years and his wife was also very friendly to Anil's friend Samir and knew him before they were married. The three of them studied together in college. In fact, Samir was the go between for sending and receiving this couple's love messages many times before their marriage. The wife in her college days had a hidden crush for Samir. However, nothing happened between them.

On arrival, Samir came to know of the couple's strained relations for the past few weeks, which he realized was due to sexual dissatisfaction. To his surprise the husband complained to Samir of his wife's lack of interest in sex and the wife said that their sex had become so monotonous and physical labour.

Continuing, Anil said, "Samir was so close to them that he discussed this highly delicate, intimate and emotional issue with the husband and the wife separately and offered his frank personal assessment to each of them. He told them that this happens to many couples. After some years, sexual activities become monotonous and boring. Couples lose interest in sex and in each other and serious frustration develops. Many times, this results into negativity and fault finding with each other leading to heated arguments on trivial issues and ego problems with potentially disastrous consequences. The answer is to spice up sexual life by innovative and sometimes unconventional adventures and to be sensitive to each other's fantasies and try to accommodate them to the extent acceptable. Both the partners must agree to a common line of action.

The couple carefully listened to him and generally agreed to his views.

On one evening; all three of them including Samir, had some drinks and were in light mood chatting, making fun of each other and cracking sexy jokes etc. After some time, Samir went to his guest room to take a shower. When he returned, by accident, he entered the couple's bedroom which was not bolted and discovered the wife was topless and the husband was cupping wife's bare breasts and about to get engaged in sexual act.

As Samir started apologizing and was trying to withdraw; the husband called him and asked him to sit on the bed. The husband, now in front of my friend Samir, continued fondling his wife's breasts and kept on pressing her thighs. He called Samir and asked him to sit by the side of his wife and talk something nice to her. The wife then called Samir near her and asked him to press her legs as she said she wanted her legs massaged."

Anil went on to narrate that the three of them became so intimate and involved Anil's friend in their sexual acts. They all had great sex together with love but without any complications and personal attachment that may create any long term affair. Anil concluded saying, "I do not want to go into erotic details of their sexual foreplays and sexual activities." He summarized that emotional bonding and the

trust and openness of this resulted into complete sexual transformation and sexual spicing of couple's lives. There was a clear understanding that Samir's engagement was limited and would not transgress the boundary of attachment.

Anil narrated the impact of this and some other incidents on this couple's sexual happiness. He said it brought back spice and enjoyment in the couples' lives. The couple, which had lost interest in sex and were gradually drifting apart, began to enjoy each other's company more than before. They looked forward to meeting each other in bed and talked of their fantasies to each other and enjoy their physical experiences much more. This brought great relief to them and their children. Anil said the wife developed a great deal of respect for her husband because, the husband had allowed her to satisfy her buried desire for extra marital sex to a person she found attractive.

As Anil concluded the story of his friend, there followed some discussion between Anil and me on the topic of extra marital sexual engagement and threesome sex. Anil paused to know the impact of his story on me and Neena. To my astonishment, my dear wife Neena listened to this story with rapt attention and heard the discussion without expressing serious disapproval. She nodded her head several times as if in agreement. Sometimes she appeared slightly edgy, I noticed. I was surprised to see that she had some questions on how males behave in such a situation. Neena was hearing such erotic stories for the first time. She had not seen any porn movies and barring my occasional bed time jokes about her past sexual experiences etc., she did not have any erotic exposure.

I casually remarked to Anil saying, "Anil, I suspect that the friend Samir in this story was you. Is that so?" Anil did not comment.

Neena was quite impressed with Anil's suave talk and behavior. She noticed how Anil avoided using sexy words, did not mention secret body parts and was generally gentlemanly in his descriptions.

Anil has very sweet, low and soft voice. One needs to be silent and attentive to hear his soft voice. Neena and I had to push closer to Anil to hear his low voice. My wife has excellent figure. 36C 30 36 and has such gorgeous breasts and shapely bottom line; that many of my friends, seniors and colleagues were very envious of me.

I noticed that whilst driving, Anil was pushing his left elbow to brush it with Neena's protruding breasts. Her bra and blouse were unable to control effectively her generous breasts. Neena either did not notice this or perhaps thought that this was unintentional and could be because Anil was driving with three persons in the front seat in a tight situation. I knew it was not. I also realized that Anil was not really very hungry for food, because he was driving on an empty road on the same route in a circle.

Upon Neena and Anil's insistence, I narrated some incidents and stories I had read or heard on sexual engagement of couples with another couple or another male or female as per sexual inclination of partners. I supported Anil's philosophy that as an exception, such extra marital engagement with spouse's involvement is not to be viewed as abhorrent. I said that some flexibility rather than rigid monotony helps marriages, if lovingly, carefully and sensitively handled. This would avoid cheating the marriage partner. Care should be taken to avoid jealousy and emotional attachment with the third person. Anil's emphasis was that one should enjoy the life without inhibitions but should not hurt anyone.

Hearing this; Neena also added that one should be careful about his loved ones and should not hurt their feelings. Neena was hearing our exchanges with attention; occasionally nodding her head and adding a comment here and there.

Anil got very involved in the story and stopped the car at some desolate spot and continued the story. So much engrossed and involved my wife was that when I touched her thigh in full view of Anil, she not only did not object, but in excitement, placed her hand on Anil's thigh. This signal was what Anil was waiting for. He knew he had broken the ice, the first step.

Whilst talking, Anil placed his one hand on Neena's thigh in a casual way and started squeezing Neena's thighs. Now suddenly Neena became conscious of his moves and looked at me with some concern. Realizing that there could be an awkward and impulsive reaction from my wife, I immediately put her mind at rest by squeezing and massaging her saree where her thighs were and repeatedly saying "Anil, your friend's experience is very erotic and I am quite aroused hearing it." Neena appeared confused at my reaction. On one hand she felt relieved seeing that I considered this reaction of Anil as normal and also that I saw what Anil was doing and that I have no objection to Anil's squeezing her thighs. However, she still appeared apprehensive and agitated lest Anil takes more liberties.

Realizing this and to avoid a negative situation from developing and disturbing the sweet environment, I asked Anil, "Anil, we want to know in detail how your friend Samir actually got involved in the sexual games with the couple and how Samir got physically so attracted to the wife as to get engaged in sex with her."

Anil looked inquiringly at Neena, who was looking at Anil with anticipation of hearing more. I felt that Neena slightly nodded her head to indicate to Anil go-ahead to continue the story. Anil's story of the wife, husband and friend went on further.

Now Anil described in greater details their sexual acts, foreplays and body parts, positions etc. It was very erotic and romantic and soon Neena became so absorbed and excited that she forgot about her

previous reservations.

Whilst narrating about the encounter, Anil further elaborated about the couple's sexual foreplays with Anil's friend Samir and how the husband gradually uncovered his wife's breasts in front of Samir. Anil tried to demonstrate this by pushing his fingers under Neena's blouse and pulling it up slightly. I saw that as a consequence, Neena was alarmed and I felt that she might resort to some impulsive negative action.

Sensing problem, I immediately, caught hold of my wife by shoulder and started kissing her fully on the lips. I told both Anil and Neena, "Hearing such an erotic story, I am unable to control myself." Neena was also sufficiently charged and started responding and kissing me back passionately. I noticed that she did not realize or care that Anil was watching. She also did not push Anil's hand away from her blouse. However, due to the act of my pulling her in my direction and turning her on my side to kiss her on the mouth, Anil's hand slipped inside her blouse and his fingers were then touching the rib cage of my wife's back and may be touching the hook of my wife's bra straps.

Neena looked back at Anil whilst I was kissing her. (May be he had dug his fingers in her back!) Anil was watching us from behind. He was looking so helpless, lonely! His passionate love story of husband, wife and an affectionate friend had a powerful impact on all of us including Anil. Looking at Anil's such condition and at the same time knowing that I would not mind it, after I finished the kiss, Neena turned to face Anil and affectionately pulled Anil's head and rested it on her shoulders and kept combing his hair with her fingers.

Anil was in cloud number nine. He could not control himself; dropped his head from Neena's shoulders to her chest and was almost in her lap. His face was now touching Neena's thighs and breasts and his hands were playing with Neena's legs. Pressing closer to my wife, he pushed his head between Neena's breasts. The electric shock of him touching her breasts, even if, through the fabric, was like a thunderbolt for both Neena and Anil. Anil always fancied my wife's breasts. He was going crazy. I saw Neena's angry expression on her face. She was showing feeling of discomfort and I saw that she was about to push Anil's head away and explode in anger.

Suddenly there was some loud bang and commotion a little distance away from our car. It seemed that on the road, a truck had hit pavement. The trance was broken. Quickly recovering from the influence of Anil's story; Neena pushed Anil's head away from her lap and suggested that we should all have something to eat and then proceed to the poet's assembly.

Hearing this, Anil brought out a bottle of whisky and poured three glasses from it. Neena is hardly a drinker and declined the offer. However, I was insistent. I reminded her that she had agreed to drink a little, if we went out and had good time. She agreed with a condition that we would not ask her to

drink more. However, the first rather generous peg given to Neena by Anil and some spicy talk whilst drinking whisky; had an enthusing effect on her. Her mood flourished and the earlier anxiety was replaced by casual mood. She declared that as soon as we finished, we would go to the assembly and if the program is not interesting we would come back here and would ask Anil to finish the story.

The assembly program was hilarious. There were blaring loud speakers all round. The poets, one after another, rendered hilarious poetry making fun of people from all walks of life from poets to politicians and chiding and mimicking them. We heard the program sitting in the car at a distance from the crowd. All three of us laughed and were in very jovial and relaxed mood.

I would like to remind readers that Neena was still sandwiched between two of us and was now quite free of the initial inhibition. I had my right hand on her left thigh and took her left hand and placed it on my right thigh. I noticed that Anil was now easily holding her hands, pressing her thighs under some pretext of enjoying the jokes and poetry and was mildly pulling Neena in his direction. During the program I pulled Neena to my side some times and several times Anil pulled Neena to his side and made her place her right hand on his thighs.

Now one of her hands almost always rested on Anil's thighs. In the dark, I was unable to see exact location of her hands, I was not sure, but suspected that Anil had once or twice placed her hands on his pant where, there was a bulge. Perhaps she might have withdrawn her hands then, but certainly she did not show any sign, protest or create any fuss.

At about midnight, I suggested that we should go out and have popcorn or something. Anil brought out his bottle once again and proposed that before we go out, all of us must have one round of drinks. Neena, surprisingly agreed without any persuasion. We had another round of one drink.

All of us were now very relaxed and had greatly shed our inhibitions. Neena was very bubbly and talked about many things including the poetry rendered. Anil was always appreciating and agreeing with her, peppering her up, supporting whatever she said all the time and gaining her quick acceptance and appreciation. It was ok with me. I wanted her to relax completely and enjoy the evening with the two of us fully. I knew that, as a house wife, she has to undergo so many social, financial, physical and psychological tensions and problems in her day to day life. Dealing with house hold chores, children, in-laws and others is a tough task.

I suggested why not we go out of the assembly to some place and continue the talk, which we left incomplete. All agreed. Anil said "why not we go to my house. There is no body in the house and in any case, you have already told your parents that you would return only the next morning." Neena also agreed and said, "It is better to go to Anil's house than parking the car in some corner sitting in such a small space and inviting unnecessary attention. At least that way we can relax and freshen up

there.”

We reached Anil's house soon.

As soon as we reached Anil's house, I took Neena in my arms and we fell on bed in the bedroom. Anil said he wanted to freshen up and change and went to the bathroom. After some time he emerged wearing a towel. Neena looked at Anil half undressed for the first time. She was watching with interest his hairy chest, tall structure, well built muscles and arms, broad shoulders, slim waist and shapely hips. I could see from her expression that she was impressed.

He then fished out night dress from his wardrobe and put on Kurta on top and Lungi (wrap around waist cloth, people in South India wear like a towel) at the bottom in our presence. We could see that he had nothing underneath. That was Ok, because we also in our night dress only wore the outers and nothing underneath.

Anil asked me, “Why don't you put on a spare night dress from my wardrobe.” I said, “Why not?” So I also put on a similar night dress from Anil's wardrobe. Whilst we both changed in her presence,

Neena was standing and watching both of us with great deal of interest. After having changed into more comfortable dresses, both I and Anil sat closely together on the bed. As I mentioned earlier, Anil and I are very close friends and have no inhibitions. I invited Neena to join us on the bed. She complied with a trace of hesitation. We lay down on the bed. Whilst my wife was in my arm on one side, Anil was on my other arm.

One of the poets, in the program we attended a little while ago, had greatly highlighted about gender equality. This had impressed Neena very much. Recalling this, Neena got up from the bed and looking at Anil and me, said “I was impressed with the narration on Women Empowerment by one of the poets. Today's women are no less than men.”

Anil agreed instantly. However, I had an argument that this is not possible. Men and women were physically and emotionally different and women cannot match men in all respects. The dispute became rather hot and at one point Anil also said that his impression was that women were generally conservative and failed to match men in freedom, openness and enthusiasm.

Neena vehemently denied this. She said, “Women can match men in all ways and are as open minded as men. It is only because of men's narrow mindedness that women have to act thus.”

I asked Neena, “If you are so sure, could you do whatever we did or asked?”

Neena strongly affirmed that she could do anything without any reservation. At that point, changing the subject, Anil said, "Why not you guys freshen up and Neena can wear night gown of Anita, so she could also relax?" He went to his wife's wardrobe and selected a night gown for Neena to wear that night. It was very sexy and almost see-through kind of night gown, selected by Anil.

Excited by the heat generated on the topic of women empowerment; Neena did not see the gown carefully, I thought. With the gown in her hand, Neena was now ready to go to washroom to freshen up and change.

I challenged Neena saying, "Why should you go to the bath room to change. We men are changing in this room so why not you? Can you not change in our presence? Do you have the courage?"

Neena was puzzled. Partly due to effect of booze and partly due to challenge in our voices, she said, "I accept the challenge I am not afraid to change in your presence." I offered to help her. I said, "We shall help you undress."

Looking at my wife's raised eyebrows; Anil condemned the proposal and said, "Raj, what nonsense are you talking? We should respect a lady's modesty. Look, I would go out, so she can change without hesitation."

This statement from Anil took Neena completely by surprise; as she was suspecting that Anil will push her to change whilst he is watching her. This greatly increased Neena's respect and esteem for Anil. She looked at Anil approvingly and said "Anil knows chivalry. He knows how to treat a lady". Looking at me she said with somewhat mock contempt, "You are a slob".

Whilst Anil left the room, Neena came out of her saree and put on the night gown, removing her petticoat, panty, blouse and bra folding them nicely on a distant table. Her naked figure and body outline was clearly visible in the night against lights through the almost transparent night gown. Maybe in the confusion and excitement she did not notice the transparency of the gown or maybe she did notice but ignored it, I could not be sure.

Anil knocked before he came in. By that time, Neena had got into nothing but the thin night gown of Anil's wife Anita.

She was now overwhelmed by Anil's graceful behavior. She welcomed Anil and thanked him by a gentle nod of her head and through a flicker of her eyes. Anil was watching with great deal of appreciation; my wife in the flimsy night gown. Neena, not realizing the flimsiness of the gown, however, seemed to like the look of appreciation on Anil's face.

Anil then sat down on the bed and offered Neena a place in bed next to him; I was sitting on the chair close to the bed. My lovely wife, without any hesitation, went and sat by Anil's side. In her eyes Anil had scored some important points.

Anil invited me to join them. I got up and jumped on top of Neena. Neena was very upset at my behavior. She sat up and started expressing her anger strongly, saying, "Raj, behave yourself. Have you got drunk? Have you forgotten decent behavior?" Anil interrupted and apologized to her on my behalf. Anil admonished me, saying, "Raj, behave yourself. You need to learn how you should behave with a lady." I barely controlled my laughter. However, Neena was pleased by Anil's gentlemanly behavior. She told me, "Raj, please learn some things from Anil; how a gentleman should behave."

Now Neena found an additional reason to be more favorable to Anil and felt more comfortable with him. Anil lay down on the bed spreading his arms on both sides. Neena slid towards him and rested her head on one of Anil's arms. Anil was now between me and Neena, all lay close together.

Experiencing mine and Neena's such closeness to him physically and emotionally, suddenly Anil became very sentimental and said, "Raj and Neena; I want to tell you something, which I have not even told my wife and parents."

He started narrating of severe tension he was undergoing those days regarding his job in the company, where he was working. He talked of problem he was having with his boss. His boss was very crooked and was envious of Anil's performance. His boss was very powerful in his company and the management always listened to him. They had a very heated exchange of words three days ago, when the boss threatened of firing him. It looked to Anil that he might lose his job. Anil was extremely upset since then, to this day and said he is under extreme tension.

We knew that Anil's parents also depended upon Anil's income and if he lost his job, it would be disastrous for Anil. He was quite unnerved by the prospect and started crying. The mood in the bedroom changed completely. He had tears flooding his eyes. He was very attached to his parents and did not know what he should do. He had not told any of his relatives, including his wife about this.

Instinctively, Neena sat up and pulled Anil in an embrace, trying to console him; patting him on his back. I was also moved in sympathy and told Anil, "Hey, calm down. Nothing will happen and everything will be alright. These things happen." I and Neena both told him that he should not worry and that we were with him. If it became necessary, we would help him in all respects including financially.

Neena said, "Look Anil, firstly just because of this altercation with your boss, you need not worry so

much. In the worst scenario, (she pointed at me), Raj through his influence in the industry, will get you a job, if that became necessary. There are some positions available in his company and without a break you will have a job, if it comes to that." I said, "Anil, your job is guaranteed, should something happen. My company's director told me a week back that he was looking for some experienced technical guys in the industry and in my opinion, he would jump at the prospect of having you in the company."

Anil was very emotional. He said, "You two are indeed my source of strength. I have nowhere else to go." Saying this, he pulled me also by his side and placed his head on my chest. Now I was between Anil and Neena. Both Anil and Neena were almost on top of me. All of us were in a close huddle hug like they do it in football, rugby or cricket, before the game starts. It was emotionally surcharged situation. Anil was so upset that I suggested that he should go to washroom and freshen up.

Anil got up and whilst he was away, I saw Neena. She was almost in tears. I pulled her in my lap. She was very emotional and told me, "Poor chap; it would be tragic, if he lost his job. I am so much worried about him. He is undergoing so much of tension alone and cannot tell his family unless something actually happens."

I told her, "Of course, he is under tremendous tension and he is absorbing it all by himself. I feel that at this stage, we should try to pacify and comfort him. I think we should do whatever is required to make him forget his problems for the time being. Now even his wife is away. In times of such distress, a woman only can easily calm down a man's anxiety by offering her physical love and affection. Neena, I think you need to be slightly pro-active. At this point, you may have to show some physical affection to Anil."

She said, "But am I not already doing it? Of course, I am totally in agreement with you that Anil is shattered and needs love and affection. But is it alright to show love and physical affection to him? I hope things will not go over board? Will you not mind?"

I said, "Look, do you love me far beyond any other person or not? Today, we need to support him as friends emotionally through physical affection, as he is fighting this all alone. Surely, you are not afraid of any emotional attachment with him." To which, Neena said, "Raj, you know me better than that."

Soon Anil returned after washing his face. We again lay down on the bed all very close together. Neena now sandwiched between me and Anil.

Instinctively Neena sat up, pulled Anil first in a tight embrace, then placed his head on her bosom and then rested it gradually in her lap and started combing his hair with her fingers; like a mother. I

recollected how negatively she reacted only an hour back, when Anil of his own initiative, placed his head in Nenna's lap. I knew that when she got emotional and affectionate towards me or our child, she had this habit of placing our heads in her lap and combing our heads.

Anil was agitated and excited by the touch of Neena's full breasts and her body. There was practically no gap between his mouth and her breasts. After some affectionate hair combing of Anil, in her lap, Neena stretched on the bed placing her head on a pillow and at the same time pulling me and Anil with her. She asked Anil partially looking in my direction, "Anil, Why don't you continue your earlier experience story, where you left off. Or tell us another one."

Anil said, "Neena, I am sorry, but I am not in the mood right now."

I told Anil, "Look Anil, forget your problems for the time being. Let us all three celebrate our love and affection and this friendship and this festival of holi."

Saying this, I pulled both Neena and Anil on my side and kissed Neena full on her lips. Anil also joined us in the kiss. He pushed his mouth between ours. I moved away on my side and let him kiss Neena. Whilst continuing kissing Neena; Anil moved down on the bed with Neena. She was so excited, aroused, embarrassed and confused all at the same time.

She remembered our understanding of offering physical affection to Anil. She did not respond to his kissing initially and pretended to resist mildly but then gave in. In the process, she had to turn to his side. I was so ecstatic. This was the first time, I saw my dear wife, not responding violently to advances of anyone except me.

I instinctively slid from behind and compressed Neena between Anil and me. Anil was at the end of the bed with his back touching a wall. I pushed her right into a tight embrace with Anil, whilst I was getting a huge erection and was certainly making her feel my hard-on erection on her buttocks. Having been pushed so tight between me and Anil, Neena could barely breathe and could not help but to get engaged in an intense embrace with Anil.

Looking behind, seeing me press her into Anil, Neena got encouraged and now Neena also started responding to Anil with fierce kissing. We all lay down; one by the side of another with Neena in the middle facing Anil with her back to me. As I could not see from behind her back, I raised my head off the pillow and saw Anil shoving his tongue deep into Neena's mouth and rotating it with great aplomb and then after some hesitation, Neena also doing the same.

Anil's hands circled Neena's head and pushed Neena's mouth into him and now Neena also doing the same. I had such a hard on and was so erect and aroused that I was almost on the verge of

cumming. Feeling my very hard and stiff erection on her ass, Neena could not control her blushing and laughing with some embarrassment, whilst engaged in tight embrace and kiss with Anil.

Anil was surprised and asked Neena, "What is the matter, why are you laughing?" Shyly Neena told Anil, "My husband is pushing me so much from behind and I am feeling a strong thrust from his shaft on my behind! He is unable to control himself. I was just thinking about that."

I was amazed to hear the word "shaft" from my wife. This was the first occasion, when she spoke openly of any secret part of human anatomy, especially to anyone other than me.

Hearing this Anil asked her, "Well, well, you are worried so much about your husband. What about me? Have you thought about my condition?" saying this, without any delay, Anil removed Neena's one hand from around his head and placed it straight onto the spot where his night dress had bulged so much. She was shocked to feel Anil's cock in her hand, although covered by the fabric of the lungi. It felt so much bigger and the area of his lungi covering his cock was so wet.

At that stage, I pushed harder. Because of my heavy push from behind, she was compressed between me and Anil. As there was no space, she was unable to withdraw her hand off Anil's cock. Out of ecstasy and sympathy and keeping in mind our earlier talk; her hand moved to feel the length of his cock.

I was able to see all this and was thoroughly enjoying the show. I kissed my dear wife on her cheeks with fierce intensity. I controlled myself and pushed one of my arms beneath Neena's body and extended the other arm on top of her, encircling her from behind and clutched her breasts. I then released my pressure on her a little. Now although she had the opportunity to withdraw her hand, she was still assessing length of Anil's stiff erected cock and caressing it in her hand through his dress. Her other hand still circled Anil's neck and she was still engaged in kiss with Anil.

I squeezed my wife's water melons and was caressing them very lovingly. She was wearing the night gown. Suddenly, I felt the front top zip of her gown on my fingers. I pulled down the zip slowly. She did not seem to notice this. Soon her breasts poured out of the gown. The gown was almost transparent and very thin. Breasts just slipped out of the gown. Feeling that her breasts have been uncovered, she jerked a little and Anil and Neena got disengaged from their intense love kiss. I quietly pulled down her gown till her waist.

Neena was acutely embarrassed. Anil saw Neena's embarrassment. He also saw her uncovered breasts and was ecstatic. He was so aroused but controlled himself and did not touch them; instead, with great restraint; kissed Neena deeply again on the lips and murmured something in Neena's ears.

Hearing this, Neena smilingly nodded her head in approval. I was curious to know what the exchange was about. I asked Anil, "What happened?" Anil kept quiet, raising my curiosity. But not for long, as Anil picked up one of her breasts and started massaging them and said, "I wanted her permission to do this".

He managed to get what he wanted and also improved his approval rating in Neena's eyes, I noted.

Anil had always been mesmerized seeing Neena's breasts covered. It was his dream to see her breasts uncovered. He was very fond of my wife's breasts. I had noticed him, time and again, looking surreptitiously at my wife's breasts, in our earlier social meetings. Anil noticed that I had withdrawn my hands whilst watching his love making with Neena. Affectionately, he took one of my hands and placed it on top of Neena's other breast.

Now both of us were massaging her two naked breasts. I gradually raised my head and started kissing Neena's breasts. Her breasts were rose pink. The areolas were dark pink and nipples, chocolate colour. Anil joined me kissing, suckling and nibbling Neena's breasts and nipples. He was in heaven and had completely forgotten about his problems.

He started nibbling on Neena's nipples, one after another. So did I. Now and then we were rubbing Neena's areola and pinching her nipples gradually and after some time with some force.

Now Neena could not control herself. She was shaking in excitement jumping her tummy up and down and pulled both of us close to her, asking one of us to press her breasts more and more and the other one to suck them deeply like a milk sucking child. She told me and Anil, "Please do not stop. I am excited and pleased beyond words and I want this love making to go on for a long time. Please suck my breasts more fiercely."

Seeing Neena so aroused gave both of us men, extra energy and we pressed and squeezed her breasts fiercely, sucked them severely, massaged them thoroughly and started rubbing our bodies with her in rhythmic motions.

In between, I was lovingly rubbing her exposed navel cavity with my fingers and pampering lightly massaging her open tummy and pushing my hand below it. Anil was squeezing her buttocks. It was super erotic for her as such a situation had never before happened in her life, not even in her wild imagination. She was unable to control her orgasm. She was gyrating and squirming on her buttocks and with a big cry started moaning Aah!!!! OHhhhhhhhh!!!! Keep it up!!!! Don't leave it; etc. This was my dear wife's first orgasm.

Whilst we were attending to Neena's breasts, Neena was clutching Anil's lungi and holding his cock in

her hands but through the fabric. Now was the time, I thought, for me to break the ice further. I asked Anil, why are we holding onto our dresses?

Saying this and without waiting for any response from either, I pulled Neena up and started pulling up her flimsy excuse of the night gown. She blushed and turned her head shyly. Then she said in very low voice, "Please dim the lights". I immediately switched off all lights except a dim light in a corner below a bed and disrobed her.

Even through dim lights, both of us men watched Neena's naked body with amazement. She did not have a hair on her entire body except on her head. Her vagina mound was clean shaven and pink looking. She had a caved in stomach and flaring ass and bosom; almost like an hour glass. Her breasts, though big, were firm and upright in spite of having children. Her nipples were long, hard and erect with aroused feelings after our sexual activities.

Now it was Anil's turn to get up. He got up, removed his kurta and engaged my dear wife in a very tight and fierce face to face embrace. He wrapped his arms around Neena. Neena with great enthusiasm did the same.