

The following story is for the entertainment of **ADULTS ONLY**. If you are offended by graphic descriptions of a sexual nature, please, don't read this or download it.

If this is illegal where ever you are reading this **STOP NOW**.

This story may not be transmitted to the public by any means such as posting to the Internet or to newsgroups, and may not be altered in any way without author's expressed written permission. Author can be contacted at reena_kanwar2002@yahoo.co.in

By: Reena Kanwar © 2000-2005



HOLI SEXPERIENCE

होली सेक्सपिरियन्स
सेक्स अनुभव



Keywords: India, high heels, saree, Fm, mMF, drunk, sandals, anal, double-penetration, servant, drug (Bhaang), hindi



It was holi-eve and Sarika had spent all the evening drinking and playing at all ladies' kitty party. Drinks flowed like water while women played cards and later watched porn-movies which was followed by lesbian orgy. It was past midnight before the part was over. Like many of other women, Sarika was too drunk to drive. One of her friends gave her ride to her home. When the car stopped at her home, Sarika picked up her purse and leaning over, she gave her friend a kiss on the lips. Struggling with the door lock of the car



drunkenly, it took several moments, but she finally unlocked it and pushed it open. "Thank you.... Poonam," she mumbled drunkenly as she stumbled out of the car, "mazaa aa gayaa." Sarika wobbled out of the car and nearly fell on her face. "tu Theek hai भज्जा आ भयो naa...?" her friend asked as she watched Sarika reel up the sidewalk to her house. Sarika didn't hear her and continued to stagger up in the sidewalk her high heels. At last she made it to the gate, and stopped. Leaning against it, Sarika waved at the car. She pushed the gate open and with a final wave, watched the car slowly roll down the street leaving her standing just outside her gate.



Sarika was a 33 years old, exceptionally beautiful and voluptuous lady. With her drop-dead good looks, her high tilt full breasts and a measurement of 38-24-36, she looked more like the centerfolds of Playboy and Penthouse magazines. Her husband, Sameer, was 5 years elder to her and he was an industrialist. In fact Sameer was a workaholic and they hardly saw much of each other. They had a nice sexual life only during first two – three years. Then Sameer got more and more engrossed in his business and Sarika too adjusted to it by joining kitty-parties and ladies' poker-clubs. These poker-clubs and kitty-parties actually involved lots of drinking, porn-movies and lesbian orgies. So, she had been enjoying her life even after her husband's negligence.

As Sarika lurched herself drunkenly in high heeled sandals, her servant, Ramesh, ran out to support her. Ramesh was only 17 years old but he was very strong and well-built. He hailed from some village in U.P. He grabbed Sarika under the arms and helped walk inside. He had done this several times before so now it was no big deal. He knew the drill, throw her in bed and let her sleep it off. By noon tomorrow she would be fine. Sarika, his memsaab, was really smashed today. She was also very horny and as she lurched, while being supported by Ramesh, her mind began reeling with licentious thoughts. She never had such feelings about Ramesh before. Sarika felt the pangs of hunger. Ramesh also realized that the top two hooks of her blouse were open and Sarika was giving teenaged servant quite a view. As he maneuvered Sarika toward the front door, he got a good handful of her tit. He was starting to get turned on. His cock was starting to stiffen in his pajamas. Sarika was getting very turned on. Her nipples were very hard and sensitive... She imagined he had a hard-on already. The whole situation had her pussy all wet and hot for a cock. With her arm around his shoulder and his right arm round her waist, they climbed the stairs to her bedroom. Little tingles of orgasmic pleasure jangled her nerves as his hand slide down her back onto her buttocks.



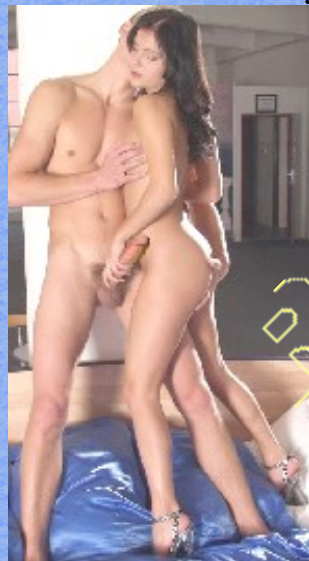
As soon as they entered the bedroom, Sarika dropped down onto a leather sofa-chair. Ramesh's eyes nearly bugged out as Sarika deliberately let her "pallu" fell off, and two of the four open hooks of her thin deep-cut, sleeveless blouse exhibited her bra encased tits out in the open. Her nipples made prominent bumps in the fabric of her bra. Sarika smiled as she brushed back her hair. She made an elaborate production out of it, making certain her shoulders were thrown well

back to emphasize her big tits. She told him to get two glasses and gin from the closet. Sarika poured drinks in glasses and told him to grab one. He looked at her and swallowed it in a single gulp. Sarika too sipped her drink while he stood there looking at her with uncertainty. She knew he was excited but nervous. Sarika looked up at Ramesh with a lusty look, and said in a voice slurred with drink, "meri choot मेरी चूत आज लण्ड के लिए बहुत तड़प रही है... aaj lunD ke liye bahut ta.Dap rahii hai...tu jee bhar ke chod mujhe." "M... m... memsaab!" Ramesh squeaked as one of her hands took a hold of the woody in his pajamas. He moaned a little. She immediately started squeezing and stroking. Ramesh stiffened against her. She hummed and giggled drunkenly. He didn't want to... He didn't know what he wanted to do? The woman was rubbing his cock and he was getting harder than rock. Before he could even open his mouth to respond, his memsaab's hand was in through the slit of his pajamas and closing around his lunD!



Sarika shivered from her enslavement to the surges of hot longing which made her ache to have this young boy deep up inside her choot. There were no thoughts in her mind except the one blazing desire for the moment when he would plunge his fleshy, virile hardness into her belly and fill her gaping needs... Sarika started taking off her clothes as he stared at her, and his mouth hinged open, his eyes bulging from his face. She removed her sari in a jiffy and finally, unashamedly, tore off the panties and sat completely naked except for her high heeled sandals before the pop-eyed youth, the moist, petal-like pink lips of her fiercely throbbing clean-shaven vagina presented to his view in utter sacrifice.

Her last lust-filled appeal drove Ramesh helplessly wild, galvanized him into action. Sarika watched, fascinated as the boy took off his shirt. He was more muscular than she'd thought. His chest and abdomen looked like they'd been carved out of stone. He pushed down the briefs and his cock sprung up and out. His prick looked like a big veiny billy-club. And it throbbed; Sarika couldn't take her eyes off his cock. Her husband's cock was nowhere near this big, this powerful looking. The boy's lunD almost frightened her. Sarika got up and staggered in her high-heeled sandals to the bed, nearly falling over and Ramesh instinctively grabbed her waist to steady her. She smiled at him, and then put her hands on his bare chest. Ramesh gulped as her hands started to stroke over his chest and worked their way downwards. In the space of a moment Ramesh forgot who this naked person was and just gave in to the rising lust within him. Relaxing he savored the feel of his memsaab's warm skin against his, the hardness of her nipples digging into his chest which contrasted with the softness of her tits as they flattened against him. Sarika's free hand seemed to be everywhere, on his chest, his back, his buttocks, everywhere and all the while her other hand was pumping away on his lunD. Beyond thinking he let his hands return her caress, moving them all over her body, stroking her warm skin as he worked them downwards. "Oooh Ramesh, mere nipple mu.nha mein le kar choos," Sarika gasped and groaned at the same time. Ramesh was on his way and really chomped down on Sarika's left nipple.



ऊऊऊ रमेझ, मेरे निप्पल मुँह में ले कर चूस

Sarika was too drunk and horny to keep standing...she dropped to the carpeted floor, her hands pulling Ramesh down with her. He landed on his knees before her wide-spread legs. Reaching up she began to pull at him, her hands demanding as she tugged him over her and then reached between them to grab his lunD and placed it at her choot. "chod mujhe, chod mujhe, chod चोद मुझे चोद मुझे चोद मुझे mujhe." Sarika was chanting over and over. Ramesh's cock was bobbing around like it was

possessed. He pressed his hard-on into her groin-effecting a dry-fuck and simultaneously fondling her breasts. His hand curled further down and parted the soft fleshy lips of her vagina. Then, Sarika groaned heavily up into his mouth as she felt it snake teasingly up inside the tight elastic opening of her cunt. Wild electric shocks of pleasure stabbed through her, and Sarika ground up against Ramesh's hand, spreading her legs with passion as his thrusting finger slithered wetly and deeply up into her hungrily welcoming vagina. Sarika tightened her arms around him in alcohol-dazed passion as his hotly searing mouth and tongue pressed hard against her open lips. Ramesh was panting, his powerful chest heaving up and down. The boy appeared totally flustered. He moved forward, pushed his fat cock-head against her pussy-hole. He leaned into her, wiggling his loins. His prick forced her cunt-lips wide. The cock-knob slid inside, then the prick-shaft. With unbridled passion, he entered her, swift and sure of himself. It took five or six thrusts before the entire ten inches was buried inside her. Sarika could hardly believe how hard and thick and long his cock was. It filled her



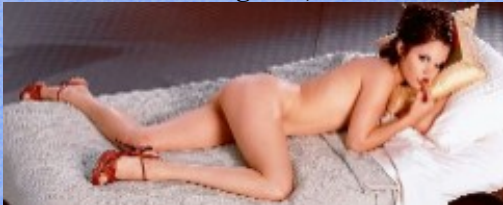
so rapturously full. The bulk of it was causing incredible rapture. It was as if her entire core was throbbingly cumming on his pulsating cock. Half-sobbing, her cries became wilder as he began to fuck her with the huge rod. Sarika shook all over with ecstasy and forcefully thrust herself up at him. She put her own hands over her breasts and kneaded them. At the same instant that his milky load blasted the insides of her belly, her choot erupted. At every gush of fluid hitting her cervix, Sarika shrieked with bliss. "Uhhh..... uhhh..... uhhh..... uhhh..... aaaaa!..... unnggh urggh caiiiee outii mmaaaa" It was a totally uncontrolled, mind-boggling climax.

ऊह....ऊह....ऊह....
ऊह..... आSSSSSS!..
उँहहह उँहह आईईई
ऊईईई माँSSSSS

His lunD did not lose its virility when he withdrew it. Seeing that he still had a seething hard-on, Sarika hoped to detain him for another fuck. She grasped his lunD, and felt it pulsate demandingly in her hand. Sarika began to stroke it up and down. Her fingers explored his precious balls, so weighty and thick. He moved his legs further apart to give her plenty of room to play. Sarika brought it to her lips. Encircling the crown in her soft lips, she sucked it in. A moan escaped her throat as more of his manhood filled her mouth. His lunD continued to swell in her mouth. Sarika made several swallowing actions to open her throat to allow his lunD to enter, not wanting to remove any as it grew. She was too conceited thinking she could deep throat that monster! It grew, and grew; she was forced to pull back off it as her gag reflex took over. She went to work back on his cock. Sarika licked and slurped along the massive length of his black pole. Sucking gently on his balls, as her hand unable to reach all the way around his fat cock, Sarika masturbated him. Using both hands on him, Sarika swallowed his lunD once again, gagging herself with wild abandon on his manhood. She felt his cock tighten, and he grabbed her hair in his hands, driving his lunD cruelly down her throat. His hot seed gushed down her throat. Trying to swallow, Sarika pulled back some. More gobs entered her throat, several last spurts striking her face. After that,



Ramesh left and Sarika lay on the bed and went off to sleep...just like that wearing only her high-heeled sandals.



Next day (Holi), Sarika woke up quite late.....around 11 a.m. She never played colors on Holi. Sarika was still feeling little dizzy and had hangover of drinks and amazing sex with Ramesh. Even now, she was wearing only her high-heeled sandals. Sarika removed them too and went for bath. She felt fresh after the bath. She put on her sky-blue nightie and black sandals and told Ramesh to serve the lunch. Ramesh was behaving normal... as if nothing had happened previous night. After lunch, she told him to go to his room and take rest.

Ramesh and the gardener (Girdhari) and driver (Karan) stayed in their separate rooms above car garages.



Sarika came to her bedroom and decided to just sit back and relax, watching a porn-movie... she had borrowed few days back from one of her friends. She poured herself a stiff drink and put on the video. The film she put in the player, however, was not what she anticipated. It was about girls having sex with animals. As she watched the movie, Sarika felt her crotch beginning to turn liquid. The girl in the film was sucking her dog's cock. Sarika was getting hot. She reached over to the bottle of whiskey and poured another double into her glass and drank the raw whiskey in huge gulps. She felt a little ashamed at the way she'd been drinking, but she couldn't help being grateful for the lightheadedness. The girl was now enjoying getting fucked by the dog. The sensitive nerve endings of her cunt, inflamed by the whiskey, were signaling their readiness to be titillated. The tips of her fingers began to brush across the shaved mons. Sarika felt a strange and frightening feeling begin to rise within her body. The palm of her hand pressed against her clitoris as her fingers

slipped between her lips and into the depths of her vagina. She began to massage the soft ridges within her. Her legs came back as the other hand sought her now swollen lips and clitoris.



Sarika could feel the strength steadily leaving her body as she kept remembering vividly Ramesh's penis pistoning in and out of her warm, willing cunt until it came and filled her wide-stretched pussy with wildly spurting young seed. God, the aching desire in her loins was too much to bear, as she masturbated lying on her bed, wearing only her high-heeled sandals. "uunnh uunnhhh uunnhhhhhhhhh uunnnnnhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh 0000000mmmmmmmmmm aannh aaaannnh uuuuuuummmmmmmmmppppppppppppphhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Sarika moaned as she thrashed miserably on the bed for a few more minutes, rose up naked from her bed and again put on the nightie. It was pointless to struggle against the deliciously searing flames, and Sarika surrendered helplessly to the maddening, ever-rising

sensations.

Sarika was teetering a bit, drunkenly in her sandals as she went towards the garage to call Ramesh. But she found him in the lawn along with Girdhari. Sarika told Ramesh to come inside as she needed his help. When she reached her bedroom...Sarika found Ramesh and Girdhari both following her. When she asked Girdhari what he was doing there....he chuckled obscenely...



she could see the lewd desire in their burning eyes. "memsaab... मैमसाब... मैं भी आपके बहुत मज़ा
mai.n bhI aapko bahut mazaa doo.ngA.... Ramesh tau abhI दूँगा... रमेश तो अभी बच्चा है
bachchA hai", Girdhari said lewdly, "MerA heavy lund ek baar
chakha logi tau roz tumhAri choot iske liye tarasegi" At the same time he put his hand inside his dhoti
and took out his massiveness of his lust-hardened cock. His prick looked like a big veiny billyclub. And
it throbbed. A startled gasp escaped her lips as Sarika stared at the huge, मेरा हँवी लण्ड एक बार
throbbing shaft of his fully erect penis, held obscenely in his free hand. चख लोगी तो रोज़ तुम्हारी
Sarika couldn't take her eyes off it. She hadn't imagined that anything चूत इसके लिए तरसेगी
could be so big. It looked powerful and strong, and it was an angry red
color from the blood that was pumping lustfully through it. The whisky
swirled heatedly through her bloodstream, and her nerve-ends seemed to tingle. Sarika could feel a
taunting tendril of some unmentionable sensation creep slowly through her loins, and a strange
moistness seep out from between her thighs.

His eyes blazed with the uncontrolled lust, which was burning through his loins, and his immense, fully exposed penis pointing and jerking ahead of him as Sarika signaled him to come over as she lay on the couch. Sarika lay spread-eagled on the couch wearing only her high heels, the openly receptive slit of her vagina lewdly presented, while Girdhari hovered above her, his blood-inflated penis outstretched and ready. Sarika drew in her breath sharply when she felt the hard, unyielding flesh of Girdhari's poised penis nudging at the softly quivering outer lips of her vagina. "AAAAggggghhh ... NahhhhIIIII...nnnnn ..." she wailed aloud as Girdhari pushed relentlessly forward, straining almost unbearably the fragile tissues of her cuntal.

आSSSहहह हैSS मरी ई ई ई ई hole pushing the burgeoning head of his hunger-distended shaft in her vagina. "aaaaaahhhh ... maiii.n mareeeee ..." Sarika sobbed

as the giant rod cleaved into her, forcing its way up into passage. Girdhari hesitated for a moment and withdrew his monstrous penis and signaled something to Ramesh. Ramesh immediately ran out

लो मेमसाब... थोड़ी भांग पी लो...

आज होली है और इसे पी कर तुम

मेरे हैवी लण्ड का मज़ा ले सकोगी...

बिल्कुल नहीं दुखेगी तुम्हारी चूत

and landed on the carpeted floor. This time Girdhari took off all his clothes and he lay naked on the floor beside her.



Her arms tightened around his neck and she clung to him, her body straining eagerly against his. Immediately, he guided the

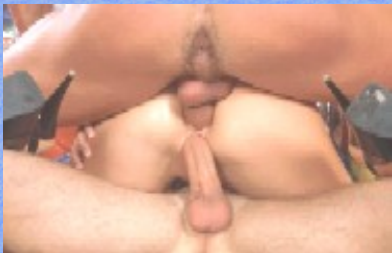


huge, blood-bloated head towards the quivering opening to her body, and placed against the delicate flesh. Then he surged forward with all the strength.

"Aaaaaaarrrrggggghhhh ... Ohhhhhh ..." Sarika wailed as she felt the giant instrument cleave through the futilely resisting cuntal sheath, and forge its way into her moistly giving vaginal depths. Sarika felt completely stuffed with his big, thick lunD, and it seemed to be expanding inside her with every passing second. Without waiting, he began to establish a rhythmic sawing in and out, holding her firmly by the hips. He drove into her with deep hard strokes, hitting bottom each time, his heavy, churning balls slapping lewdly against the upraised crevice of her softly rounded backside, and then withdrawing smoothly until just the hard rubbery head was still buried between

her splayed thighs. As she became more accustomed to his enormous girth, her arms reached up and wrapped themselves around his neck, and she bucked against him with increasing rhythm, matching her thrashing with his frantic pounding. Sarika was carried away into a world of her own. Her body was afire with pleasurable sensations, and her brain was alight with joy. Riding the crest of her mounting pleasure, Sarika failed to notice that there was a new movement on the floor beside her. She gasped in surprise when she felt another hand on her hip. It was Ramesh. His hands were racing over her body, trailing over her hips, pulling and kneading at her buttocks. Before she had time to think any further, Sarika found she was being shifted, pulled over sideways, and then she found herself astride Girdhari, his charging lunD still pile-driving into the darkness of her hungrily receptive choot. Ramesh's hands were fondling the flaccid half-moons of her gaa.nD, straining the soft pliant mounds apart, and pressuring the crevice of her backside. Sarika was too intoxicated and horny to think anything.

This dual fucking Sarika was receiving was symbolic, too, of her new freedom. She was irrevocably changed now. There was no fear that she'd fall back into her old days of sex-starvation after this, and Sarika was glad to leave them behind. A whole new world was opening up to her and Sarika couldn't wait to step into it. She was jerked back to the present by the realization that Girdhari was going to cum. His body was flailing like a dervish beneath her, and his palpitating prick was diving into her greedily clasping cunt with new strength. And then she felt her entire cunt being swept aside by the rush of his orgasmic churning. The first hot spurt of his scalding semen flowed into her wildly dilating cunt, seeping into the squirming recesses and creases. Her hungrily milking pussy sucked voraciously on his hotly ejaculating cock. Then she knew that Ramesh, too, was cumming. "mm--mm--hh—hh... oo--oo—oph!" he was mewling incoherently as he battered against her sorely bruised buttocks. Sarika could feel the searing flood of his white, thick fluid as it spurted into her forever-stretched rectum, and then, she too, was there.



"ohh--hhh--hhh--hh--hh... aw--aw--aw—aw... um--um--um—um... ah--ah--ah--ah--ah--ah main aaaaaaaiiiiiiii..main aaaaaaaiiiiiiiii.... aannh annhh aannnhh aannnhh... ooooohhh!" Sarika chanted insanely as her body was tossed and bounced about like a buoy at sea by the united waves of servants' passion. Incredible sensations enveloped her and she felt that her body would never be the same again. Flood after flood of almost unbearable pleasure coursed through her, leaving every nerve ending tingling and unbelievably alive. Her head was gently spinning, and Sarika felt that at any moment she might drift off into a soothing limbo of eternal ecstasy. More hot rivers of sensation washed over her, but Sarika barely felt them as she drifted off into a semi-daze of satiation and security, sandwiched reassuringly between the satisfied bodies of her servants.



And after that, everything went blank. Sarika remembered feeling the first spasms of excruciating pleasure, recalled the convulsive shudders that shook her frame, but it seemed to all overpower her to the extent that her head began to spin round and round and she finally sank into a satiated, blissful oblivion.



If any reader or photographer finds an unauthorized work within this website -- and wishes it removed, it will be done immediately. We will not respond to hearsay or assumptions, only to originators or copyright holders. reena_kanwar2002@yahoo.co.in