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BEASTIALITY STORIES



PROLOGUE

This is the story of a mature woman, Deepti Sinha. She lives in the greater metropolitan region of Mumbai, India. She comes from a conservative Indian family and married to a troubled businessman through an arranged marriage, still a common custom in India and other countries in the region. She is a good woman, a good wife, and has made it her goal to create an environment of peace and comfort for her husband. It has been a task that she was predisposed to perform even if the effort seemed under-appreciated.

Deepti is a submissive in personality and nature. The only problem is that she is still unaware of that and wouldn't know what that is or means if she was aware. All she knows is that her role is to please and serve her husband in much the same way she did when she lived with her parents and family before her arranged marriage. Her natural impulse to please was of primary importance to the man's family in order that he be freed to concern himself only with his rising career in business. They believed he was a man destined to succeed and bring credit to the family.

Deepti was a virgin at marriage and understood little of the sexual world or its potential. As it turned out, her husband, Prakash, had as little interest in sexual relations as she had knowledge of it. Unfortunately for Deepti, though, the consummation of their marriage and the early years to follow opened something within her that remained frustratingly unfulfilled by an inattentive husband interested more in his business efforts and vices, gambling and drinking, than the significant charms of his wife. And, despite her subtle hints and flirtations, he remained consumed by other things. Being submissive, however, she found it difficult, if not impossible, to express her interest in exploring sex with him.

After 15 years of a childless and sexually frustrating marriage, she began to contemplate, fantasize, and imagine what might have been or might be if ... The if was something she was not comfortable with. This story is the exploration she innocently began and found difficult to control.

Hidden deep inside Deepti was a desire and need to satisfy and be satisfied in simple ways initially, but in not so simple ways, eventually. But finding the way to satisfy and be satisfied seemed impossible to her. Impossible until her world was opened up before her in a very unexpected way.

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## CHAPTER ONE

I masturbate.

Okay, at the beginning, just saying I would consider masturbating seemed thrilling, even overwhelming sometimes. Good wives didn't do such things ... did they?

I am Deepti Sinha. I am frustrated. I am alone. That by itself is interesting since I am married and not a young, naïve girl who finds herself suddenly in the adult world. I am 35-years-old. I am married to a man who has for years been struggling in the world of business and in controlling his life. Compared to many in India, we still have a comfortable life because of his work and status. But, that is the way of arranged marriages, perhaps. My family was able to provide a suitable dowry to increase my potential status in attracting a husband. In those terms, they thought they did provide for me to rise in comparable status through Prakash and his family. It is not always so easy to know everything that should be known in situations like that.

For a long time, I wondered and blamed myself for my feelings and frustrations. After all, arranged marriages in India have a very high rate of "success". The divorce rate in Indian arranged marriages

is far less than experienced in other industrialized, high-economy countries in the world. I was chosen by his family at the age of 20-years-old after schooling. My prospective husband was already 28 and moving in the business world. He would be considered an attractive and desirable husband for someone of my status, well known, seemingly established in his work, and a secured apartment in the Sunder Nagar district, a suburb of Mumbai. He seemed successful so if there should be a problem it would, therefore, be my blame.

At the time, if he was well known and becoming established in his work, I was the opposite. I was young, naïve, and very uncertain in the world. I was not a strong young woman, but lacking in self-assuredness and confidence. I isolated myself from groups, especially the confident groups. I much preferred my own company. I spoke softly when I did speak but was often not inclined to speak even if I had the chance. I consistently felt a strong urge or need to please and serve others, valuing myself less than those I sought to please. My family recognized these traits in me and took advantage of them while I was at home. It meant, however, that I might not attract a husband based on my own actions.

The arranged marriage process seemed to be a lesson from my psyche. I was well aware the two families had talked, discussing their children and how our match might benefit us in a suitable combination of types. For his family, that was what was ultimately important; how I could balance his life so his success in business could develop unimpeded. In his family's mind, I was a good fit for their son. I had no apparent drive to work outside the home. I was already skilled in the duties of taking care of the home, cleaning, cooking and providing a comfortable respite. As they fired questions at me and my family, they could see in my responses a desire to please and serve. How ideal for their son.

Prakash had been a successful jockey. He had won numerous races and had gained a name for himself as a winner. He had been sought after by several trainers and owners for his ability on the track. A freak accident, however, put an end to his racing. He was encouraged into business ventures where his name recognition and self-assured attitude would be beneficial. He attained a lucrative position in real estate broking and also with a firm arranging for horse sales and transportation transactions. That was at the point I was introduced to him. He was a man with regional name recognition and new business ventures that looked to secure his future, and by being married to him, my future as well. My job was to eliminate frustrations and distractions at home so his focus and effort would be spent on the development of his influence. That was the plan.

What was to be completely unexpected, however, was the result of the consummation of our marriage. I had no concept of what sex was. But, I learned three things about sex in our marriage very quickly despite my only exposure to sex being the missionary position in the dark of night, after which time he would fall asleep: Prakash was vanilla, not even French Vanilla; I was chocolate chunk, fudge, caramel, walnut, raspberry supreme; and, I was orgasmic. He thought of sex as an obligation of marriage to produce children. I began thinking of sex as the greatest gift God gave to us humans; my body and mind and soul came alive in fireworks. While his penis would spit at the end, my vagina would be pulsing in spasms seeking more. And, it seemed no matter how quickly he might ejaculate inside me, I could explode in orgasm. But, he never really seemed to notice. I really felt his mind was always on his work ... or something else, but not me. My role and purpose were not to be challenging and demanding but to create a peaceful environment.

After five years without children, his family saw the problem: me. Of course. But, he didn't want us tested. It might not turn out to be me who was the problem. Somewhere in that time, his attitude changed and he began drinking. I didn't know it until much later, but he began gambling, too. He would become angry to the point I feared some physical retaliation after the few times I asked about the change. The few times I asked about our finances when my housekeeping allowance slowly

shrank, I feared his reaction. Over the second five years, the little bit of sex reduced to never and it has now been more than five years that we have not had sex at all.

Somewhere in that time, I stopped caring ... about sex with him, that is. I had to care tremendously about angering or offending him, though. I felt like I was a hostage in my own home, an isolated prisoner of sorts. I was isolated from everything. Suddenly, his attitude became almost paranoid and I feared what was happening. He tightly controlled the money, payments, and allowing me only a strict allowance for managing the household. As difficult as it might have seemed, a divorce by either of us would leave me without means of support. Going back home would be a worse disgrace. It was clear to me he wanted only a quiet home to retreat to. Not having children was probably a relief to him, though he would never admit to it to me and certainly not to his parents.

That was how I found myself masturbating on occasions until it became a regular basis. Alone in my bedroom with the apartment door locked and the bedroom door closed and locked. I was terrified of being found out, seen, discovered. Without taking the precaution of a closed and locked bedroom door inside the apartment, my fingers stroking over my vagina had little and no chance of stimulating me. The fear was too great. What if Prakash left work early for some reason? What if ... it was silly, but it felt too real, at first.

My fingers were a poor substitute to a penis being thrust into my vagina, but so much better than having nothing at all to give me pleasure, which had been the case for so, so long. My fingers initially slid down my naked body very tentatively as if they weren't sure what would come of the exploration. They snaked through my short, black pubic hair until they brushed over my clitoris hood, sending a jolt through my body, and finding the lips of my labia. Back then, that was how I thought about my body. Of course, I never had the occasion to verbally use those or any other words for my body. Those were the words I was taught and the only words I knew. When I felt secure behind the locked bedroom door, I marveled at how quickly and easily secretion formed, the labia opened to my touch, and I could penetrate with a finger. Before long I was using two fingers, thrusting them in and out, noticing when my thumb hit on my clitoris how my reaction was magnified, my secretion increased, and a ventured third finger easily inserted. I repeated that scene in my mind and in reality over the time to follow, feeling like I had conquered some barrier in my life.

Then, I discovered I could discretely mail-order a dildo in another step in finding a way to create a sense of thrill in my otherwise staid life in a desperate attempt to keep those intensifying feelings, thoughts, and needs at bay. It meant I had to scrimp and save from my household allowance, but I finally had enough to order one online. The sexual tension that builds regularly and predictably within me was only freed by my own fingers, then my 6-½ inch jelly rubber, vibrating dildo, which was kind of like a real penis except for the semi-clear soft plastic material and purple color. I giggled at the absurdity, but even buying replacement AA batteries produced a mild, perverted thrill as if the clerk would know the reason for the batteries. Such had become the desperation of my condition.

I started leaving my clothes in the bedroom and doing some chore in another room, all the time my heart racing. If the phone rang, I struggled internally if I could answer it naked or grab something to put on. If the doorbell rang, I would race to the bedroom, slip into a robe and put my hair quickly up, ready to explain I was getting ready to shower to be ready for Prakash. That would always work for our mothers.

But, over time, even that couldn't satisfy enough. I needed more, craved more. I could always masturbate with my fingers and the dildo and I did regularly. I began needing variety even if it was fantasy. Once I allowed myself into the world of internet porn, I was shocked at what was out there. My little exposure to sex was a very narrow slice of what was possible. I purposely restricted my

searches, though. I didn't need to be tempting myself, too much. I already knew I had high sexual energy, especially compared to Prakash, and I had to manage that. But, an area of arousal that quickly took hold of me was exhibitionism.

My ventures around the apartment naked were thrilling and left me with a sense of risk and danger if somehow I should be caught. The apartment was on the 17th floor and no other building around it obstructed the view to the horizon. I should have felt safe enough being naked inside a locked apartment, but the idea of being in front of the window, even in passing, seemed so daring it made my heart race and send a shiver through my body. The idea of being outside, somewhere in public, even if not immediately around people, and exposed, or partially exposed, or wearing a skirt without panties could make me shake and tingle with delightful anticipation and fantasy. I would look at pictures and read accounts of women in their yards, in parks, in cars, or on balconies while naked and I worked my vagina with my fingers or the dildo and would explode in orgasm. The connection in my mind was immediate. I could generally induce an orgasm through masturbation, but tied to erotic tensions through emotion, imagination, and the psyche created especially powerful ones.

And I learned new words. I read new names for body parts that were foreign to me and my protective upbringing. The words, the names, sent chills through me as I considered them and gave them voice quietly to myself. The words, names seemed so base, crude, and blatant, which somehow made them exciting and stimulating just to think them, say them, and use them for my own body. Words, names that I then vowed would become my own words since I rationally knew I had no reason or condition where I might have to use them verbally in my current existence. Words like 'cunt', 'cunt lips', 'clit', 'cock', 'tits', and 'fuck' became my own words. I used them out loud to myself and used them in my head as I imagined and fantasized.

I began taking particular pleasure and satisfaction in standing naked in front of the full-length mirror in the bedroom. I like my body and I found that gazing upon it openly, honestly, and critically gave me a better sense of my naked, real self. Through close evaluation and examination of my image, I saw myself as others might see me if I ever was seen. The thought of someone seeing my body like this thrilled me and made my body tingle, then immediately sent tremors of terror through me. I did not have a lithe, young model type body. I was a woman, a real woman. I liked what I saw even if there wasn't anyone else to appreciate it, even my own husband who never seemed to even notice me. While searching exhibitionist images on the internet, I was drawn to the frequent image of women who had clean cunts (see, I can say it). On a whim, I decided to shave my own pubic hair, thinking perhaps, in one final effort, that might entice my inattentive husband. He did notice me walking naked through the bedroom, but only to suggest I should consider having something on if I was going to be roaming around. I don't think he noticed I had shaved. I vowed then, though, I would continue to keep my cunt clean of hair for myself. I liked the feel of it and it was obvious I was the only one interested in the feel of it.

Standing in front of the mirror, that was where I saw my hand, between my thighs lightly stroking my hairless cunt lips. My thighs were slightly spread as I removed my hand and gazed at the cunt lips protruding and visible between my legs. Another thing I noticed on the internet was the wide variety of the cunts on women. Some were hidden, only a slit visible. Others, like mine, showed the lips hanging below. I found them to be especially erotic and sensual, teasingly visible. I thought they teased my eyes to look at them, calling attention to them and I wondered how others would react if they saw them. The idea sent a shiver through my entire body.

I am already a 35-years-old Indian woman and I still feel so innocent and naïve in many ways. I am 5' 4" tall, 140 pounds, which I am still pleased puts me in the upper-normal range by BMI standards according to my doctor. I have 36-C cup bust and my full tits hang and naturally separate. I have noticed when I am on my hands and knees cleaning under some living room table, my tits hang down

and swing with my movement. I liked that, too. So, I need support for them, not only for them to stand out with an enhanced cleavage but also to control a natural bounce that would otherwise be evident and I imagined walking braless in a blouse down the street. My nipples are prominent with the slightest bit of arousal, even mental. My nipples become very erect and obvious, easily poking at the material of blouses, tee-shirts, and dresses, even poking through bra material, if aroused. My ass, though, ... my ass ... hmmm ... might be best described as full, but nicely full, I think. My ass gives my body a wonderfully curvaceous look. As I turn to consider my ass more, I have to smile. It is a nice feature of my body, a full, shapely ass that can make skirts swing when I walk. It seems to me an ass that would attract attention, but sadly, only if they care.

My straight, black hair is lustrous and extends onto my back. It is layered cut and easily coiffed to be full and cascade over my shoulders. In a soft breeze from the nearby ocean, the edges will lift up and away. My skin is light Indian-brown, my nipples and areola are dark brown. My eyes are dark but will shine when I am excited and happy.

Sexual tension could be created merely by thinking about erotic ventures into the public while I masturbated safely at home. I enjoyed using the mirror for that, too. I would stand before the mirror with my fingers playing over my body, pulling at my nipples, sliding a finger into my cunt, or pulling on the exposed lips between my legs. All the while I would be thinking about what I could do if I dared while seeing my body as someone else might. I could also see how my body reacted to the stimulation, both mental and physical, my nipples tightening into protruding nubs, my cunt becoming slippery with my juices, those protruding lips glistening with my wetness as my fingers exit. A shiver would roll up the length of my body from the soles of my bare feet through my cunt and clit to my nipples and tits to the top of my head. And, every time I felt that I wanted more.

Prakash was normally at the office working all day, our home was large and roomy (fortunate in a city of 22 million people) but easily maintained. It meant I was left with time if I wanted it. I decided I was going to do something ... something to feel different about my condition.

Normally, I like to wear traditional Indian style like a churidar kurta or even a saree given the situation. I wear skirts and dress, jeans, and capris' sometimes, too. When I went shopping or strolling in the neighborhood for a tea and paan at a favorite shop, I almost always wore a churidar kurta. The saree was more elaborate for a casual activity. Churidars are tightly fitting trousers worn by women in South Asia. They are loose fitting at the hips and narrow more quickly to the ankle so that contours of the leg are revealed. The kurta is a loose shirt falling either just above or somewhere below the knees. Most of mine are just above the knees. My first venture outside the apartment daring to dress more daringly was to not wear any underwear underneath my churidar and kurta. The outfit completely conceals the body except for the neck, head, and arms depending on the sleeves. The fact that I moved around the shops without bra or panties was not discernible to anyone around me. Perhaps they might detect my tits bouncing or jiggling under the stylized fabric, but it would not be obvious. The effect was on me more than on anyone else. I knew ... I KNEW ... I was not completely dressed as was my norm. I could feel my tits sway, bounce, and jiggle. I could feel my nipples rubbing on the fabric, tantalizing them with the friction and making that tingling feeling that moved to my brain and my cunt, which was made even wetter than normal. And, despite knowing nobody could tell, I still became nervous when someone's gaze would pause on me and I wondered if somehow they could tell.

When I reached the apartment, I quickly checked the time and determined I had just enough time before I needed to clean up and begin making dinner. Just enough time ... I dashed to the bedroom, already pulling the kurta over my head and hopping out of the churidar. Those two actions left me naked and I giggled out loud. I pawed through my underwear drawer for the dildo and turned it to the high setting as I collapsed to the bed, jamming it into my soaking cunt. My orgasm was almost

too quick, but it shook my body with a delicious deliverance of pleasure.

A variant of the same would play out several more times, each time delivering to me the intended thrill from my secret exhibitionistic efforts. The first time I gathered the courage to go out into the public with a skirt and no panties, I wore a bra under my buttoned, short-sleeved blouse. The breeze coming in from the nearby sea wafted up my bare legs to my naked cunt, making me tingle before I was more than a couple blocks from home. Again, nobody I encountered or passed by could possibly know I wasn't wearing panties, but the feeling of my cunt in the open air was stirring my body with sensations I couldn't believe. As I sat on a park bench, surrounded by other people going about their day, I became so wet I feared there might be a squishing sound if I moved.

When I got home after that, I played out the same dash to the bedroom to masturbate. This time, though, the dildo was waiting for me under my pillow. Even that caused my heart to pound as I approached the apartment door fearing the off-chance that Prakash left his beloved work office early. But, as exciting as that was and finally thrusting the dildo into my soaked cunt and my fingers pinching my prominent nipples, what I really wanted, and what I envisioned, was to be masturbating outside in the open air. I wanted to orgasm in the open air. Masturbating at home continued to be nice, but there was a new drive inside of me, a new desire, a new craving now that burned and demanded to consume me. I wanted to combine exhibitionism with masturbation.

But, I had to be careful. As much as I wanted these experiences, I had to be careful. The risks were real and terrifying. I couldn't afford to be seen and possibly found out. The humiliation would be devastating and would likely end the marriage that was all I had for security, even if it was now scarcely more than a sham of convenience, anyway. If my marriage came apart, it would likely also put me in disgrace and alienate me from my family. I had to be careful. I had no skills but to take care of a husband ... to please and serve. I had to be careful. At 35-years-old and disgraced, what would become of me?

I wanted the experiences.

No, I had to be careful. If I was caught and punished, I would be alone. I would be ostracized. I would be left with nothing. Even if Prakash had kept my dowry separate for me, my family might take it back as further punishment and 'righteous' banishment. How could I risk all of that? Was anything worth risking all that? Was sexual gratification really worth all that?

The honest, soulful, heartfelt answer to those questions was never really in doubt. The risks were real, not imaginary. I had no doubt based on the troubling temperament of Prakash or on the cultural view of his parents and mine, what the reaction would be. But, there was also no doubt of the feeling, the need building inside me that needed release. If I could manage it, control it, and guard against the dangers, then this could work.

It may very well have been a case of being able to talk yourself into any outcome you desire, but I became set on my path of experiencing what I now felt I needed and that had to be somewhere outside and still private. I saw my solution during a drive with Prakash and his parents, though I didn't realize it at the time. We were traveling on the Western Express Highway and passed the entrance to Sanjay Gandhi National Park. I commented to Prakash that we should go back there for some hiking. It was something we had done a few times in the early years, but even then, he had shown little real interest in such activity and I felt it was something he put up with to appease me. Although I brought it up to him, I had little expectation that he would have any interest. The look I received from his mother confirmed my expectations. But it wasn't until I was standing at the living room window of our apartment that I knew it was the solution. Our apartment is the 17th floor of our building was to the west of the park in Sundar Nagar, a district immediately west of the Sanjay

Gandhi Park. I was standing in front of the window in my robe after a shower as I prepared for Prakash's return. There was no surrounding building nearly as tall as the elevation of our apartment, giving me an unobstructed view of the Sanjay Gandhi Park in the near distance. My eyes focused on the park as my hand slipped into the fold of my robe and I idly stroked my protruding cunt lips, my mind humming with the quiet arousal I so easily generated.

The park was rumored to be a place where young lovers would go in order to find quiet and hidden locations for being together. The Park was heavily used for hiking, picnics, and exploring by individuals, families, and groups. But, inside a park of 40 square miles, semi-private spaces had to be easy to find. I raised my hand absently to my tit and fondled it as the potential took hold as a real possibility. Not even when the belt of the robe fell open from the movements of my hand did I realize I now stood in front of the window fully exposed to the outside. When I did, I quickly pulled the robe closed and stepped back until I could no longer see a building below, but the thrill and excitement of the moment left me with chills and that tingling that was becoming more and more familiar.

I had done it accidentally, could I do it purposely, also? In the days after that moment at the window, I became slightly more brazen within the confines of the apartment. I would be naked and boldly walk up to the window, looking nervously, like a mouse in the open after a large shadow passed over it. I saw buildings, but all were below, well below. Nobody could see me, could they? If they could see someone in the window, could they possibly know I was naked? I convinced myself they couldn't ... almost. I could stand there for minutes, then I would step back. When I did, though, I rushed back to the bedroom and satisfied myself with fingers or dildo. Over the next days, my time in front of the window became longer and longer until I stood there with the dildo in my cunt set to high vibration. The first time I managed to stay there long enough, I had to brace myself against the window glass as I orgasmed. Again, proving to myself the power of other stimulation. Risk of exhibitionism was a great stimulation.

I professed to Prakash a desire to become more fit for him. It was an approach that fed into his ego. The compliant wife that I was doing something extra just for him. He was pleased but had little interest in the details. He was comfortable in the soft physical life of the office, a soft and comfortable life that had transformed him from the trim, fit jockey to an overweight, soft-looking man. He saw no reason why my interest in the activity should suggest he take it up, as well, despite the fact that he was no taller than me, but at least 50 pounds heavier, pounds that were no longer muscle. Of course, I knew that would be the case. I told him I was intending to taking up hiking in the park, which was easily accessed. He accepted it absently, offering the kind of distracted encouragement an adult might give to a child. It was no surprise to me, I am fully aware of my station in the relationship.

My first time in the park laid exposed all that I hadn't considered in my planning and anticipation. I wore jeans and tee-shirt over a bra and panties with running shoes for the walking. I started my walk from a common stop and followed the well-marked and used trail. At the same time I was beginning my walk, several other groups had just left or were preparing to depart. I found myself in the midst of a large group of people separated by the natural inclination of groups to allow space between themselves. In a city of 22 million people, the opportunity to separate yourself from others is a powerful force. But, because of those 22 million other people, others are always curious about those around them. In many ways, all those people are non-existent, you just go about your business. In other ways, though, you never really can ignore that they are around you. It is a societal conditioning to ignore others while being aware.

In my case, I became very uncomfortable. It wasn't due to anything they did or caused, it was wholly my imagination and self-consciousness. It took me a couple trips to the Park just to find a location and time when I could safely feel isolated enough to try my illicit fantasy. When I finally was able, I



found a rise a short walk away from the path taken by most visitors. The rise afforded a sightline to give me the confidence of isolation and enough shrubs, bushes, and small trees for hiding. I successfully worked up my nerve to lower my jeans and panties to my knees. I stroked my cunt with my fingers, while nervously listening to every sound around me. I marveled at how much sound there is when it is quiet. Even across the distance to the path, I heard others walking, laughing, talking, even some arguing. I heard movement in bushes nearby when it was only the breeze moving branching. I heard sharp sounds like twigs and sticks breaking, sure someone was going to walk into my hiding place but finding nothing when I looked. One time when I awkwardly knelt up to look, I spied a dog moving through the brush in the near distance.

I returned home frustrated, even angry at myself. The first few times delivered no erotic pleasure or satisfaction. I was too nervous and aware to relax and feel the stimulation I was seeking.

On a subsequent visit, I convinced myself the location I used was indeed safe and protected. I talked to myself in a mantra sort of encouragement that I would relax, I would enjoy, and I would experience the outdoor orgasm I desperately sought. And, I was successful. I not only used my fingers in my wet cunt, but I was able to extract the dildo from my little backpack and hungrily drive it in and out. I was nearing climax on the dildo when I again heard voices on the path below me. This time, however, the sounds of people in the vicinity was a stimulation and I came strongly. I began crying out and clamped my hand over my mouth, muffling the escaping sound.

I heard a woman ask if anyone else heard something and my excitement surged more. They apparently stopped and listened, but then moved on. It convinced me that my location was hidden, but perhaps still a little too close to the path.

The next visit was a startling experience that would take me almost a week to recover from. I was again masturbating with my jeans and panties pushed down below my knees. I was further up the hill from the path and I felt a little safer. I was losing myself in the arousal being brought by the dildo driven deep in my cunt and my fingers working over my clit. I moved the fingers from my clit to push my tee-shirt and bra up over my tits to use my fingers on my very erect nipples. I felt in heaven, my cunt inflamed, my clit engorged and extremely sensitive, my nipples were aching from the pinching and twisting of my self-inflicted torture of them. Far overhead was a large hawk gracefully soaring on the warm thermals and I might not have cared except for the similar sensation I was feeling. My body was in the throes of sensual, erotic stimulation that was rising by the moment and the soaring of the bird was how my body felt.

Just then, everything changed when I felt something wet and long slide over my cunt. I almost didn't connect that it wasn't part of me as I crashed into orgasm. The wet touch on my cunt was too delicious and it extended my orgasm, even as the dildo fell from my drooling hole. When I finally opened my glazed eyes, I found a dog and screamed. I immediately clamped my hands over my mouth in fear of being heard, but quickly recovered enough to move one hand to cover my exposed cunt. The dog, however, was dutifully sitting and watching me with the look of a pet having been chastened.

I stared at the dog for a moment but my mind was having difficulty processing what had just happened. The dog did not look like any of the strays I had seen around Mumbai or even in the Park. Those dogs are unkempt, malnourished, and dirty. This dog looked cared for and groomed. This dog was someone's pet. Besides, it had a collar. Then, the obvious crossed my mind. Or, if not the obvious, my worst fear. I stumbled to my knees and searched the surrounding landscape. I was expecting to find the owner of this dog about to step through the brush or duck under the branches of the trees to discover me.

I awkwardly gained my feet and pull my panties and jeans up my legs. As I crouch under the branches from my hiding space, the dog followed me and happily sat when I told it to. I was again scanning everywhere looking for someone that might be investigating my scream or an owner looking for its dog. I discovered neither. When I started moving in the direction of the path, the dog again moved to follow. I firmly told it to sit and stay as I retreated from it. I looked to the direction of the path, then back to the dog. It was gone. I found it running up the slope. I left quickly. If the owner was up there, I didn't really want to see him or her ... or them to see me.

Besides, my heart wouldn't stop racing. I was disgusted by the act the dog pushed onto me. I was still fearful of somehow it being discovered. But ... as I walked along the path ... the way my heart was racing ...

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CHAPTER TWO

For two days, I lived a daily life of self-recrimination and loathing. For once, I was thankful that Prakash ignored me so I wouldn't have to pretend everything was okay. When you don't interact except for the barest of communication exchanges, the face you put on is of little significance.

A dog. I let a dog lick my body. I was worse than a whore, a tramp, a kasabi. How could I have done that? What was wrong with me?

For two days, I didn't think about anything but my shame. For two days, I remained fully dressed. For two days, it didn't even occur to me that I had so recently been craving sexual release. For two days I denied my need, my crazed desire, my insatiable craving for the sexual release missing from my life for all those years. For two days

Then, it started slowly, almost imperceptibly in my mind. The memory crept into my consciousness that I hadn't LET the dog lick me. The dog licked me, but it hadn't been my decision or willingness that it happened. The dog appeared ... from nowhere, really. It licked me while I was orgasming. The sensations were on top of my orgasm. My mind was confused, befuddled, foggy in the orgasmic state of release. It really wasn't my fault. I wasn't to blame. I didn't do anything ...

Then, after yet another day, I recognized my continued need, craving for sexual release. That hadn't changed, it still existed. That wasn't my fault or my doing, either. That was Prakash's fault for ignoring me, for thinking and caring for his business concerns more than his wife's concerns. The craving was still real, still demanding, and they needed to be satisfied. That hadn't changed. I needed a release. I needed stimulation for release.

When, on another day, the needs and cravings were as strong as ever, I again succumbed. After seeing Prakash off to work, I returned to the bedroom and undressed completely. I stood in front of the mirror for only a minute, nodded to my reflection, and walked deliberately to the living room window where I stood for five minutes. I set the timer because I was shaking terribly and knew I would end it too soon. When the timer on my phone buzzed, I ran into the bedroom, retrieved my dildo and turned it on to a moderate vibration. I stroked the head over my clit and instantly shuddered in response. It seemed like so long since I had stimulated myself. I needed release so desperately. I jammed the dildo into my cunt, which was wet and winking for something to be put into it.

It was quick. It was very quick. After crushing the dildo into my hole, I turned the nob up to the maximum. I used both hands, one to thrust the hard rubber vibrating phallus in and out while the other alternated between my engorged clit and each of my pinchable nipples. My orgasm broke over

me with a thunderous cry erupting deep inside me. My hands only paused, though, as my body shook. I never even took the buzzing dildo from my cunt, only waiting for some strength and awareness to return to me. Then, my hands resumed. This time I left the dildo to vibrate as my fingers tortured my throbbing clit and I twisted and pinched my nipples. I cried out in pain and erotic thrill as my body rose to an even greater orgasm. I scream my release as my legs and arms shivered.

When I partially recovered, I removed the still vibrating toy from my cunt and I listened carefully to any sounds in the apartments above or below. I wasn't sure if anyone might be able to hear the scream or not, but a story was easy to concoct. A simple fall while rearranging the shelves in the bedroom closet.

As I stood in the bedroom, I saw my reflection in the mirror. I walked directly in front of it and gazed at my reflection, again. Critically, this time, like a week ago. I separated my thighs and looked. Not only could I see the lips of my cunt between my legs, but they and the insides of my thighs were wet with my cum and juices. I have heard of women who squirt, but I don't think I am not one of them. But, I do leak my juices generously and that is visible now. My nipples are more pronounced than before, the stimulation having extended them even more. I use my fingers and squeeze them, pinch them, and twist them. It hurts, but I watch my facial reaction as I do it, then I check out the nipples. They throb from the abuse and they stand out even further.

I look at my body, my body's reaction, and my mind is again on track for the exploration I had set for myself those days before. I look at my body closely as if to see the truth in the skin, tits, nipples, and cunt. I look up into my own eyes and that is where I see it, the truth, the validation, and the determination. I want it. I need it. I crave it. I want more of what I started. And, in that moment of inspection, of introspection, I know I am going to go back to the Park. The dog's tongue felt heavenly. It felt wonderful. I am going back to the Park and I will masturbate outside, again. But ... if that dog returns ...

Despite my determination, I am still working up the nerve to venture back to the Park. I think I have erased the shame of the dog licking me. That recrimination was reflective of my family, Prakash, and what they would have heaped onto me should such an experience be witnessed and reported. I feel the excitement of the risk, again. The thrill of exposure and the danger it represents renews me and goads me. My sessions of masturbation in the apartment become more frequent and intense. I have used a lot of images and fantasies but none have produced such intense excitement, stimulation, and raw release as now. Now, all my mind can see while the dildo or my fingers work at my cunt is the dog licking at my wet and gaping cunt. These images, though, don't stop so quickly as it occurred in reality before. These images are of the dog lapping at my drooling cunt as I lay spread before him, my fingers abusing my nipples until he and I bring me to a glorious orgasm that is replicated on my bed with the dildo. Any longer, those images, those thoughts, have become the craving. It seems completely reckless, not careful, at all. But, I know it is now inevitable.

When I return to the Park, I am telling myself I don't believe the dog, any dog, could even be there in that spot. I kept telling myself it would have to be a coincidence of epic proportions for that dog to be in the same place and same time as me. I am trying to keep myself from a huge disappointment, but inwardly I am still hoping to experience that event, again. I rationalize that it might take several visits.

And, I am correct. I return to the Park and my location. I scan around the area and I am virtually alone. I still hear sounds of people and kids in the distance, but I am alone in my hidden spot. I push my jeans and panties down to my ankles to allow even better exposure of my legs and I settle down in the wild grass. I start urgently with my fingers, but then take a deep breath to calm myself. There

is no need for rushing through this. The lack of the dog is only one element of the experience. I can still be in nature. Where I lie, I look up to the sky. The distant sounds of people, the sounds of birds and the city much further in the distance is both calming and titillating. The sounds of nature are refreshing and calming; the sounds of city life and people are stimulating, reminding of what I am doing and where I am doing it.

I reach to the side for my small backpack and remove the dildo, turning it onto a low setting. I place the end of it directly on my clit, rotating it over and around the nub. A long shiver runs through my body. I hear rustling in the brush or trees somewhere. I can't help myself. I awkwardly kneel, the dildo protruding from my cunt. I slowly raise my head to scan around. I see nothing, but I was sure I heard something and the something was big. I kneel as straight as I can, rising as far as I can without standing. I still don't see anything. Then, it happens, again. A great crash through leaves. I almost cry out, but I can't. My jeans are around my ankles, I can't move, much less escape. When I hear it the next time, I am prepared and my ears trace the sound. It isn't on the ground but up in the air, which means it must be in the trees around me. Then, a large hawk bursts out of a tree about 15 feet from me. It has something trapped in its claws.

I am shaking from the build-up of adrenaline and the sudden relief of not being found. I collapse to the ground in relief and, in the process, drive the dildo, still in my cunt, deeper into me. This time I do cry out in shock and stimulation. The vibrating head was jammed against my cervix and the entire toy is nearly jammed inside me but for the base. The sensation is beyond anything I have experienced with the device, the buzzing inside me directly on my inner opening to my womb. I shake, my arms limp as my ass is firmly on the ground holding the head deep inside me. I climax hard and fall to my back, my eyes clenched tightly shut, not a sound penetrating from the outside; the only sound is the pounding rush of my heartbeat in my ears.

It takes quite a while for my body to recover. Or, maybe I just allowed a long time to recover, enjoying the surrounding sounds of nature to slowly return and envelop me as I gazed back up at the blue sky and the sounds of the city again return to me. I am partially naked outdoors and I have just had a magnificent orgasm that took my breath away.

As I casually walk downhill to the path, I am distracted by the feelings still fresh in my mind, even my body. It isn't until I hear a bark that I look up. There coming over another ridge behind the location I had been was a dog bounding playfully. I stopped to watch, curious if it is the same dog. I couldn't tell from that distance for sure, but it was similar in breed and size. It seemed to be playing, chasing after something on the ground, picking it up and running back over the ridge. Playing? That would mean it was with someone. It hits me that the previous time I had the thought the dog looked like a pet, not a stray. It was well cared for and had a collar. I saw nobody that time and didn't this time, either. But, there could have been someone just over the ridge, like the dog seemed to be responding to now.

Again, the next few days were consumed by the experience in the Park, but also with the sighting of the dog. Maybe the dog being near when I am there isn't "a coincidence of epic proportions" after all.

It becomes consuming, again. I not only masturbate to the thought of the dog, but I stand in front of the mirror, my legs spread as I run my fingers over my cunt lips where the dog had licked. It is a poor substitute using my fingers, but I imagine them being the tongue of the dog. I rub harder, press on my clit, slipping one and two fingers inside. As my body moves closer to an orgasm, I look from my fingers on my cunt to my face and eyes. I watch as my eyes slowly lower to slits, then open wider and roll back so I see nothing as the orgasm takes hold of me.

I moved quickly to the living room window and brazenly stood almost against the glass as if I wanted the entire world to see how aroused my body looked. I was so turned on that my hands rose to take hold of my tits, fondling them and pinching my nipples. As my excitement began to rise, renewed, one hand slid down my stomach and between my legs. I was lazily stroking my cunt and clit when my eyes focused on the Sanjay Gandhi National Park in the distance. Somewhere in that Park, a dog might be roaming around. He may be brought to the Park by someone, but he has some freedom of movement. Whoever is with him doesn't seem to stay so close that either of the times I have seen the dog have I seen a person. Of course, the next time might be different. It was another risk. But, trying to meet up with one of the stray dogs that run wild throughout the city and region would be a far bigger risk. They are wild and brazen and unpredictable, even dangerous. Not only would there be the same risk of being seen with it, but many are said to carry rabies and other diseases. It is rumored that some are even turning a bluish color from toxins they have come into contact with.

I returned to the Park even more committed. As I began my climb up the slope from the path, I saw a dog, maybe the same dog by the appearance, sitting at the ridgeline a little further past my hiding spot. As I climbed up to the same location I had used past times, it's impossible to watch my footing and the dog. When I stopped to look, the dog was gone. When I reach my spot and looked all around to see if anyone was nearby or watching from a distance, I still didn't see the dog.

I resign myself to having to be satisfied with masturbating, but this time I decided to add to my experience of flexibility and risk by removing my shoes, jeans, and panties completely. I was standing in my covered location, peeking through the branches and over them, looking down at the path below and the surrounding expanse around me. Seeing nothing that raised any concern, and no dog, I unsnapped my jeans and lowered the zipper. I pried off my shoes and, with a final look around, push both my jeans and panties over my hips and down my legs.

I had become entangled in my own clothes somehow. Something I do routinely had suddenly become complicated. My skinny jeans and panties were bound up around my ankles. I bent over to push harder to get them over my feet when I should have sat down and pulled the ends of the jean legs over my feet. Instead, I am doubled over, my ass sticking up with my hands at my ankles and feet working at the cloth bundled in an unyielding mess.

When I felt something wet slide over my ass, my mind attempted to switch from the problem of my clothes to the feeling behind me. The second swipe of wetness caught me between my thighs and covered the length of my cunt. My mind reacted in surprise, fear, and joy all at the same instant. I thought I was alone. I even looked specifically for the dog. Suddenly, as if he were a ghost that didn't make any sound, he was licking my ass and cunt. I stumbled forward, falling and landing on the ground, rolling onto my back.

I looked down along my body to see the dog sitting at my tangled feet. Again, it seemed like the same dog with the same well cared for and well-trained demeanor. I could see a medallion hanging from the collar, but I couldn't make out what it said. This was definitely a pet and it didn't have the look of a pet who was lost. I struggled to my knees and looked around the area, again. If this was a pet, its owner might be nearby. Or, perhaps the owner brought the dog out here to run and chase rabbits and such and was trained well enough for it to return on its own. The rules explicitly required all dogs to be on a leash, but that was only a rule and people flaunted rules all the time.

I was leaning forward to peer through some branches when the dog did it, again. His wet snout bumped into my spread thighs and the feel, more than the bump, caused me to fall forward, again. This time I fell through some branches and the sound was unmistakable. That, of course, meant I had to scan around the area all over, again.

When I settled back down on my butt, I watched the dog as he watched me. My eyes drifted down his body and he was very definitely a 'he'. Underneath his belly was a large sheath with a reddish tip poking out. The color was only the first thing that seemed different about it. My only experience with cocks was Prakash and that narrow experience and previous curiosity became evident here. I didn't know the dog's cock would be different, but it was.

His cock, though, wasn't what I was interested in except for the satisfaction that the dog was a male. Somehow, it seemed important for the dog to be male if it licked my cunt. It would be later before that thought would seem significant to me. Why would my cunt being licked by a female dog or human be different?

I had my opportunity in front of me, sitting quietly, patiently. And, there I was, my jeans and panties down at my ankles, my shoes off to the side. And, I was outside where I wanted to be. I leaned forward, trying not to do anything that might frighten the dog, and pulled the jeans from my feet, then the panties. I piled them next to my shoes and patted my thigh as the only way I could think of to attract the dog. I added, "here, boy", and to my continued surprise and delight, the dog moved forward. If I was going to let this dog get personal with me, I wanted to get to know him just a little, anyway. The medallion on his collar read, "Sheru", a Golden Retriever. His fur was well groomed despite what he picked up chasing through the brush. The name Sheru means lion or tiger and given my circumstance, the name fit with the danger I was feeling.

I poked my head up and looked around, once more. It wasn't that I heard anything causing alarm or concerned, it was just nervousness. I was about to do what I had dreamed about since the last scary encounter.

With my hands on the side of his head, "Sheru, I want to be your special friend and I want you to do something very special for me. I am sure, or at least I think I am sure, you haven't ever done anything like this, but ..."

I shook my head and looked into the eyes of the dog. "What in the world am I doing? I'm talking to you as if you are going to understand. I'm nervous, Sheru. The talking is for my own nerves."

I leaned forward and his tongue came out quickly and licked my face from my chin, over my lips, and to my nose. I giggled. Maybe he understood more than I gave him credit for. I took a deep breath and lay back to the ground. He was between my legs and I spread them further. This was unusual for me, too. I had never had anyone, or thing, lick or kiss me there. He and I were both going to be discovering things here. I took another deep breath, wanting very much to do this, but at the same time not believing I was about to do this.

On my back with my legs wide open, I closed my eyes, and silently prayed I would not be attacked or mauled in the process of whatever happened next. I lifted my knees and spread them out the way I had been doing before when I masturbate with the dildo. I knew I am wet; I have been constantly. I raised my head and looked at the dog. His snout was sniffing and I knew he was picking up my scent. As his head lowered toward my crotch, I sucked in a lung-full of air. I held my breath in anticipation. My head still up, I watched with excitement and disbelief. His snout was right there. I felt the air he expelled from his nose over my cunt lips. It sent a chill through my body despite the warmth of the day. I put my head back and moaned at the sensation, but when his tongue came out and licked the entire length of my cunt, I groaned and moaned over and over as his tongue greedily lapped at my sex, which I was sure was leaking fluids and providing him with more incentive for licking.

I was quickly beside myself with the sensations and emotions crashing through me. I was outside; I

was being licked by a dog; I was nearly naked outside; my naked and exposed sex was spread out; I could hear the airplane above, see the airplane; I could hear the birds nearby, the faint hum of traffic on the expressway near the Park; I was outside. My body was rising to an orgasm! Outside! By a dog! A dog was the first male of any kind to lick my cunt. And, it was wonderful.

I wanted more. I wanted it to never end. I pulled my knees up to my chest, pushing my knees to the sides, completely and vulgarly exposing my cunt to the hungry tongue of the dog. I never felt so wanton, so vulnerable, so exposed, so at risk ... and I never wanted it to end.

But it was about to. My orgasm was rising to an unbelievable height. I felt like I might explode from my cunt outward. I clawed at my tee-shirt and bra, my fingers struggling to get underneath to mash my nipples, to pinch them, and to twist them. The pain was delicious and added to the rising sensations from the tongue, that wonderful tongue. Then, it happened. My legs started shaking and flexing like wings of a struggling grounded bird. When my orgasm crashed over me, I thrust my hips into the air as if that action might somehow create a more intense contact with the tongue.

I remembered hearing a cry but it was moments before it dawned on me that the cry came from me. When that dawning settled on me, I scrambled from the dog to find my jeans and shoes. I quickly got dressed, tying my shoes before fully pulling my jeans up. I stood and looked around nervously as I fastened the snap and zipper. I smoothed my hair and brushed the grass, leaves, and dirt from my clothes as best I could. I looked around again, then exited my spot, worried that someone might have heard the cry and come to investigate.

Not seeing anyone coming, I took several deep breaths to calm myself as I descended to the path. Then, a whistle, a loud and demanding whistle, carried through the air and the dog, Sheru, went bounding higher up the hill. Oh, no ... the dog did come with someone!

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Again, the after-experience of what happened in the Park consumes my existence in several ways. Not the least is the overwhelming sensory effect that exceeded anything my imagination could anticipate. But, close behind those emotions was the chilling awareness that the dog was not there alone, that his owner had been nearby.

In short, the experience was EVERYTHING I could have hoped for at the time! I achieved a mind-shattering, body-shaking orgasm that wasn't self-induced. In fact, it was the best, most intense, stunning, and consuming orgasm of my life. And, something I had never experienced, I was the sole attention of a male while having any form of sex. The dog ... a dog! ... was the first male to fully focus his efforts on giving me sexual pleasure. Whether, in reality, the dog was really focused on an effort of giving me an orgasm or merely enjoying the scent and leakage coming from my cunt, the result was the same. The dog gave to me without the condition that I was expected to give to him in any way or form. My whole experience previously had been the dutiful effort of marriage for the production of a family. The idea of sex merely for its own pleasure, sharing, joy, and devotion had been unknown. A dog showed me what the sex act could be.

But, there was also the chilling effect produced by hearing the whistle and seeing Sheru's immediate response. There could be little question that the whistle was intended for Sheru. The issue, though, was that the person behind the whistle appeared to allow the dog significant freedom to wander on his own. The risk of others in the Park finding me during any such activity was suddenly minimized by the question of the person who was calling the dog.

I was a woman on fire, though. That vision and memory consumed not only every time I masturbated but became increasingly difficult to consider any other course of action in my new twistedly erotic consideration. I became slightly abusive of my own body. Standing before the mirror, it was as if my reflection was taunting me to action as I twisted, pinched, and pulled my nipples. I did the same to my clit, those nubs throbbing from the aggressive attention I gave them while my eyes focused on the action, my eyes seeking the eyes of the woman in the mirror as if I was beseeching her to stop. But, it continued and grew in very small steps. I attached clothespins to my nipples as I shoved the dildo into my cunt. Who knew pain could be so enticing, erotic.

There was nothing to do, I realized, but to experience more and I found the increased risk of exposure, being found, was increasing the intense desire to do something more.

Something more was the key. I could easily go back to the Park and masturbate and I did. The dog was around, I saw it, but it seemed held back somehow. It even seemed to see me, but it never came. I saw it look at me, directly at me, then backward, back and forth before running away from me. It sent chills down me that day when I questioned if the dog's owner was keeping it from coming to me. Did the owner know I was there or was it merely a coincidence of timing? And, if it was timing, then the dog might come to me and the owner come shortly after. The thought sent a chill through me. It also excited me. It also worried me. I was becoming so needy of release and experience. It was seeming like a spiral of need and craving, the end of which I didn't understand.

This took hold in my mind increasingly. What could I do to experience new elements of risk without involving the dog or brazenly being naked or nearly so in Park? I had previously gone out for walks in the neighborhood around the apartment without underwear on. That was thrilling at the time, but in consideration of what I had done in the Park, it was very safe. I considered how I could project that type of experience to another level. I came up with wearing one of my sarees with only a top. I had several that were semi-sheer and others that were solid. As I considered the idea, I wondered if a semi-sheer was too much of a risk. Of course, putting active thought into the idea had the predictable effect of pushing me in that direction.

I went outside wearing a saree and focused on where I might walk, sit, pass shops, etc. I watched myself in windows of shops and any mirror I might find inside shops. Wearing a saree in India is common and natural. There is no more thought to it than wearing a dress in Western countries. A Saree, though, is not anything like a dress.

The Saree is essentially wrapping a length of fabric around your body. Normally, the wrap is over a form-fitting top, which is over a bra. Below, a petticoat over panties is worn. In a normal application, wearing both top and petticoat, you hold the saree inner end with the left hand, making sure the bottom is at floor level, tucking the top border into the petticoat. The saree is passed around the front while maintaining the same height to the floor. Keeping the top edge level, tucking a little into the petticoat to keep the saree firmly in place. Pleats are formed by folding from the right and tucking the edge. Tucking the pleats into the petticoat, the pleats should fall straight. Then, bringing around the saree, holding it to the right and passing it to the left, arranging the border evenly. Then drape it over your left shoulder allowing the end piece to fall casually.

It is often, if not generally, worn with a bare mid-drift. I studied it in the mirror. The way it is worn and hangs, it must be worn with a top because of how it hangs and drapes. Below, however, from the waist down, the body is covered, with or without a petticoat. I was curious, though, about wind. I retrieved a floor fan and arranged it near the mirror. I took the saree off and removed the petticoat. How do I do the tucks without a petticoat? Perhaps by just using a thin belt? I put a thin belt at my hips, then put the saree back on. It takes several minutes and I was careful to make the tucks secure each time. Having tucks give way without a petticoat would be most embarrassing. Once completed,



I turned the fan on at a low speed to test a normal wind speed in the streets due to wind and trucks and cars. As I turned, it was possible for the folds to rise up when the air caught it just right. I found, though, that for my ass to fully show, I needed to take the fold by hand and pull it across the back of my legs. It was an elaborate effort, but it was possible to do and it involved several risks depending on the tucks, the security of the belt, the wind, and the material.

I knew where this was going, too. The risks were all manageable and that was becoming unacceptable. I needed the element of risk. I needed the element of not having everything within my control. I elected to use a semi-transparent saree material. Normally, it is worn over an elaborate top or fashion bra along with a patterned petticoat since some of it might be visible. The sheer sarees are very much worn with fashion tops and bottoms.

I tried on a semi-sheer saree but selected one that was heavily patterned and less sheer as a result. The eye would be caught by the overlapping patterns and material layers.

I knew where I wanted to walk. It was very populated with old and young and quite busy. It would be perfect. I live in the Sunder Nagar district which is bordered by New Link Road to the west and Swami Vivekanand Road to the east and Goregaon - Mulund Link Road to the south. Between these is a district known for educational institutes including schools and colleges.

Sunder Nagar is mostly Hindu (75%) and the rest is mainly Muslim. There are bakeries and other shops in the area. I intend to focus my walk along Sunder Nagar Road past many shops, a school, and several colleges with my destination being the Sunder Nagar Garden. This is a large green space with activities for all ages. A playground for young children and families and football, cricket, and badminton grounds for teenagers and young men (mostly). There is a walking track of 600 meters.

When I exited the building, I was immediately hit with the feeling of exposure. Whether or not I was mattered little. The people who looked my way as I merged onto the walk I was convinced were seeing through my saree below my waist. The further I walked, the more comfortable I started becoming as I found the people coming toward me were not staring transfixed at my groin. But, the people behind me became my concern. I noticed that even I tended to notice the backs of people because your options are restricted when surrounded by others.

I moved off the side and stopped. I quickly turned to look into people's faces but did not find evidence of anyone smirking or staring at me.

I walked the entire Sunder Nagar Garden grounds and spent most of my time away from the family area, just in case. There was a group of young men playing football and others standing along the sides watching. I surveyed the area and chose a place away from the activity but near enough to be watching. I looked around to determine where people were, then reached behind and pulled the saree fold across the back of my legs to expose my ass and legs. I felt the air move over my bare skin and it felt so wicked. It was what I felt at Sanjay Gandhi Park, but this was a populated, busy area. I quickly dropped the folds back in place, fussing with it to be sure it had fallen completely.

I was literally dripping when I returned to the apartment. I knew, someday, I would take the chance to do much more. How I would love to be naked under a semi-sheer saree. But, I could never do such a thing. I had enjoyed it so much and continued for so long that I was running out of time for having dinner ready when Prakash returned from work. He was meticulous in his timing, always where he intended to be when he intended to be there. He insisted his life run a set and predetermined course and schedule. To him it was everything. I was realizing how stifling it was for me. I was feeling more and more stifled by this life and existence. I had this personal expectation to serve, but there was

less and less to give. My life was becoming an endless repetition of mundane duties. The only things he wished from me was cook, clean, and provide a restive environment for him when he returned from his work. My newfound erotic cravings were making this existence seem less and less tolerable. I also knew, though, there was nothing to be done about it. It was my life. It was the life I was given to have, to serve my husband. If I somehow managed to find other pleasures, no matter how thrilling and engaging they might be, I had little real alternative in life than the situation I had.

I went back to searching the internet. I was intrigued by what I saw of the dog. A reddish cock with a pointy tip? I thought a cock was a cock. This wasn't.

I was shocked by what I found on the internet. I searched for information on dog cocks and found plenty of that. I found scientific information about the averages of cocks based on breed and size and similar information about human males that included comparisons based on ethnicity. There were dog cocks every bit as big as the average size of men. But, as I found just by looking at the tip of Sheru in the Park, the shape and function of dog cock were very different. Not the least of the difference was a bulbous formation at the base of the cock that was similar to a ball. I was intrigued that it was an evolutionary effort to improve insemination of the female dog by locking the two together when the knot had swelled inside the female.

I sat back and looked at the pictures of the dog cock, my focus continually diverted to the knot. I wondered if that knot wasn't painful. My curiosity led to a modification of the search. I was curious if there was anything showing dogs fucking and possibly with a human woman. I don't know how I could be surprised by anything I found on the internet, anymore. There were pages of search results. I found pictures of women penetrated by dogs, their cunts distended by the knot inside. I went to retrieve my dildo, turning it to a higher setting, and inserting it into my own cunt before continuing my review on the computer.

My next venture of 'research' turned to videos. The fucking of dogs was crazy and frantic. Many seemed to require some help at some point as the dog seemed to have a difficult time penetrating the woman and staying on her. I went back to search for that question. I found that dogs initiated penetration with little or no exposure of their cocks from the sheath. Most of their erection normally occurred during penetration and early fucking. Then, the knot eventually formed with increased blood flow and they were locked together before his climax.

The most intriguing photos and videos to me were the ones capturing the knot inside the woman's cunt, then the gaping hole in her after the dog finally pulled out. The videos showing the volume of cum streaming out was surprising. I happened on a looping video of the knot coming out and cum streaming out with it. I let it loop repeatedly as I assisted the dildo with my fingers, climaxing myself with a shattering orgasm in front of the laptop.

I quickly looked at the clock on the lower right of the screen, then relaxed as I found plenty of time. I walked to the large window and stood before it, my fingers casually exploring my wet and very pliable cunt lips and opening after the nice orgasm. I squeezed my nipples with the other hand as my eyes rose to the Sanjay Gandhi National Park in the distance. I had one extended experience with a dog. Only one. I hadn't been able to get it out of my head since. I wanted that experience, again. The same experience, even with the recognition of the danger that there was an owner in the area somewhere. Now, though, the craving had morphed into something much more, more involved, more obscene, more bestial, and more dangerous. Being seen masturbating would be bad. Being seen licked by a dog would be worse. But, being seen fucked by a dog? Yet, each step in my imagining sent my heart racing, my breath was taken away, and my cunt dripping.

Could I allow myself to be fucked by the dog? His cock tip was showing. He must have had some

recognition of the situation and potential, even if he hadn't been with a woman, the scent was there and he would key on that. Perhaps, if I avoided the knot, it could be managed. If I could avoid being tied to the dog, it could be like being licked. Then, the risk wouldn't be any greater.

As I stood before the large window, my fingers idly touching my nipples and cunt lips, I thought about the pictures and videos I had seen on the computer screen. The knots seemed so large compared to the cocks, how did they penetrate? But, if they can manage it to a dog bitch, it can certainly happen to a woman. That was obvious based on the videos and pictures. Could I do this new thing? It's one thing to masturbate and it's another to let a dog lick you. What about letting a dog mount you, fuck you? Could I do that? Could I do that out there, in the open, almost?

Again, I really didn't question where my resolve would lead me. It was almost like I was on some kind of path that I didn't know where it would lead, but I knew I couldn't get off, either, even if I wanted to get off. And, I wasn't sure I would want to. I had been ignored for so long, frustrated for so long. What was happening to me now was beyond my imaginings and fantasies. At times, it was almost like I didn't care what might happen to me, but it did matter and I did care. I had to care. I would have nothing if ...

I ambled along the path and pretended interest in the sights to allow the other people who had been surrounding me to move ahead and around the bend in the path. This seemed to be an unusually busy day in the Park. I hadn't noticed anything special about the day, but something must be bringing the crowd out. Maybe, it might just have been the beautiful day. A storm had gone through the night before leaving clear skies and air that seemed somehow fresh, which isn't normal for a city with this many people, traffic, and industry.

When I decided it was safe to move off the path and not draw attention, I started up the slope, scanning the hillside in front of me and above as I picked my footing. I was thinking this might not be a day when the dog was here when I suddenly heard a playful bark ahead and to my left. It was a single sound that seemed more like a greeting than a series of barks indicating a playful exercise. I stopped, looked up, and watched as the dog came bounding along the hillside. Interesting to me that it wasn't coming directly toward me or searching the ground as it might if searching for a ball or stick thrown, but it seemed to head in the general direction of the location of our previous meetings.

I wasn't sure if that was rational, but I hurried my pace while I scanned around me with particular attention to the area the dog had come from, half expecting to find a human following at a distance in search of his pet.

I stood just outside the cluster of brush and small trees that created my protected space. I continued to scan above and below for anyone else walking off the path. As I was, the dog ambled to me, stopping 20 feet in front of me. When I glanced down, I found him patiently sitting as if awaiting my direction. It was the same dog. I didn't even need to look closely at his medallion gently swaying beneath his collar, the reflection of sunlight glinting off the shiny metal. I found myself relieved it was the same dog and nervous at the same time. The relief came from a feeling of expectant familiarity. The nervousness came from a sense of pushing my luck with repeated encounters with the same animal that had to be in the Park with an owner who had to be somewhere in the general area. Even if this owner was trusting and tolerant enough to allow the dog considerable free-rein to wander and chase, which time would he happen upon to follow close by?

I pushed that thought aside, however. These encounters with the dog had become something I could no longer logically explain or rationalize. I felt as though my life had changed into a mundane, routine, and rote existence that had no other meaning than filling the time space between the experiences I devised for myself, experiences that had an increased risk but also reward. My dull

and ordinary life seemed to be now careening down a mountain road of sharp curves and switchbacks while my brakes were slowly leaking fluid and the ability to control my descent. As frightening as the danger was, the feeling of exhilaration and being alive was greater.

When I moved into the midst of the growth, Sheru followed behind me. I knelt in front of him and he licked my face playfully. I giggled at the feeling of him covering my face. The feeling coming over me wasn't that of a playful pet giving licks but of a male kissing me. It was in my head and I knew that, but it had been so long since I had received eager attention my mind made the jump of acceptance immediately.

Without any more concern about my surrounds or the act I was about to attempt to perform, I reached under the dog and stroked his belly. When I touched his sheath, which was my goal, I think I flinched as much as the dog did. He stood briefly but sat back in the same spot he had been, apparently willing to accept these advances from me. Then, I thought maybe I could make my intentions a little more obvious even to a dog. I sat back, removed my shoes and socks, then stood and pushed my jeans and panties off my hips and down my legs. He sniffed at me when I stood in front of him. When I spread my legs, his snout moved between my thighs sniffing before his tongue shot out and licked me, again. I shivered from the touch. The touch I had one time considered so outrageous and decadent was now only a prelim for much more.

I knelt next to him, my hand returning to his belly. When my fingers again found his sheath, his head moved to me, his tongue lapping at my face. I giggled. Not only did I happen upon a willing male, but one that was appreciative. While he licked my face, I stroked his sheath and felt his cock coming out. This was new for me. Prakash didn't give the opportunity or show desire for playfulness during the limited sex we had. As my fingers stroked his bare, exposed cock, the dog flinched and whined. I remembered something I read online. Any cock protected in a sheath is quite sensitive when exposed. I brought my hand up to my face and licked it liberally, then let the dog lick it, and I returned to touching his exposed cock. I could feel a fluid coming from the tip and smeared it over my fingers. I moved the dog to the ground so I could see what I was doing to him and what effect I was having. I was surprised to see how much cock was now exposed. I could also see more fluid forming at the tip of his cock. The more I smeared over my fingers and transferred to his cock, the more fluid formed. It was truly an interesting organ for my inexperienced mind to behold. A narrow tip that grew thicker and narrowing slightly toward the sheath.

With him on the ground, I moved to his snout, my knees positioned on either side of it. He was immediately aware and reached forward to lap at my drooling cunt. Cunt. Using that words before was so base and decadent. Now, a dog lapping at it after I had been fingering his cock, cunt seemed to be the perfect word for it, maybe for me, especially if I continued along the direction I was headed.

I looked down at him, then listened intently around me. I rose as high as I could while remaining on my knees. I neither saw nor heard anyone around me. It was now or back out. This was too much. I couldn't back out now! I had to see what it was like.

I moved to my hands and knees like I had seen on the internet. The dog came up behind me, licked at my cunt and ass several times, then he seemed to take over. He jumped onto my back, his front legs going around my waist. The feeling of fur on my lower back was sensuous. The first stab of his cock at my butt woke me up and reminded me of how wrong and right this was. A dog was on my back and he was probing with his cock to find my cunt opening. He probed and probed. His cock was striking my butt cheeks and around my cunt. The pointy, bony cock hurt after a few stabs. He released me and I felt as frustrated as he sounded as he walked around me before he remounted me. This time I tried something different. He was extended out of his sheath. I watched with fascination

as his extended cock bobbed beneath him as he walked around me. All he needed was to penetrate me, then I was sure we would be good.

I reached back, first around my hip but that was too awkward. I shifted my hand between my thighs, felt his cock stabbing at me, felt it glance off my palm and hit me near my cunt. I shifted my hand up slightly and the next stabbing slid over my palm and into my opening. I pressed back against him and he used his front legs to pull me back and himself forward, driving his cock deep into me. I reached back to hold his hind leg, just for a moment, in case.

It was delirious! A cock! I had a cock inside me, again! It felt wonderful and amazing and perfect and decadent. I felt everything he did to me. He relaxed his front legs slightly, moved forward and took me firmly with his legs, again. His fucking was like nothing I had experience. True, my experience was marginal, but nothing I imagined prepared me for the onslaught of fucking I received. I gasped and moaned in a continuous chorus of muted sounds, barely maintaining some awareness of my surroundings and circumstance.

I felt something banging against my cunt on the outside, pressing against my lips and opening, pressing and stretching my opening. For moments, I was too consumed by the experience to connect what was happening. When it did, I tried pulling away from the animal, fearing the knot entering me, but his legs around my waist held me in place. I was just a bitch to him at this point. He was mating and his instinct was to knot me. The more I squirmed and moved, the more movement there was of his cock inside me. He was stabbing me, rubbing along my cunt walls, penetrating me deeper than I had been fucked before by my husband. My body reacted the only way it could with all the stimulation, animalistic nature of the act, and my mind's overdrive of conflicting feelings. I orgasmed!

One moment my entire body burst into bliss, excitement, and ecstasy. The next moment that ball of flesh on the base of Sheru's cock was inside my cunt. My orgasm must have loosened my opening, eliminated just enough resistance. His cock drove suddenly deeper inside me. The knot felt massive inside me, filling me more completely. His cock was still driving at me, but the knot restricted his movement. I forgot about the ramification of the knot and only focused on what was happening inside me. The cock and knot were both growing, swelling. He pulled back against my opening to thrust further into me, but the knot restricted him. Instead, something unexpected and unknown happened. The knot pressed against me inside, somewhere inside me and behind my clit. Whatever it was, the pressure was electric and intense, jolts of fiery erotic stimulation coursing from my cunt into my body. I felt it on my clit, in my nipples, and sent chills and goosebumps up my neck and into my scalp.

I was crashing into another orgasm when I felt his cock inside jerk and pulse violently. The next sensation was my cunt being washed in warm spurts of dog cum. I cried out. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to or intend to, but my mouth joined the rest of my body in joyous release.

As my body descended from the orgasmic peak previously unconquered, my mind rose up to the turmoil of my situation. Not only did I joyously cry out my euphoria, I was now tied to the dog. My mind replayed the videos I had seen. The women were stuck to the dog for moments, maybe many. How was I to know? The videos were snippets of action only. Suddenly, my ears heard sounds everywhere around me. The smallest sound of a leaf in the wind against the twig was some person crashing through the brush concealing me.

The dog whimpered as he tugged to free himself. He had done something I thought should be impossible. He raised his leg over me and was now standing facing the opposite direction. We were ass-to-ass. I had seen it in videos, but somehow it didn't seem so significant then. I didn't

understand. I hadn't seen how the dog got into that position, only that he was. He pulled and I could feel my cunt pull away from my body. I gasped and shuddered. That same sensation was happening, again. The knot was pressing on that spot. I raised my hips up and the knot jammed against that spot inside me with extra effect. I realized I could cum all over again. I shivered at the thought. Twice, already, I have climaxed and I was thinking of doing so, again? Yes, I was! It felt so delicious, so obscene, so ... decadent. A dog had just fucked me!

After another small orgasm, the knot seemed to stretch my lips and opening to escape. I fell to the ground and the dog lay near me and started licking his cock. I slipped my arm under my face and watched. I watched his tongue, the same tongue that had pleased me, lick his own cock clean.

My hands trembled and shook as I got dressed in the confines of my hiding spot. Sheru had left minutes before. He seemed to crash through the brush and ran for the rise I saw him come over earlier. He seemed so noisy in leaving I delayed my leaving for many more minutes to avoid being seen also coming out of the same spot. In fact, I exited the opposite way. My legs were weak and shaky, uncertain underneath me as I made my way back to the path.

Back at home, I relive that experience over and over. If Prakash has been non-responsive to me, I was now to him. I thought only about that experience. I relived it, seeing it in detail as if I were watching it happen to someone else. At night, I dream about it and feared that my sounds might alert Prakash to something unusual.

Standing in front of the mirror, again, naked and excited. When I stripped away the terror of the risk I took, what remained was the memory, the feeling of being fucked ... finally, fucked. The feelings come back with fierce recognition and chilling excitement. New thoughts fight for consideration. Pushing aside the ever-present terror and fear for brief moments, the desire to relive those feelings come rushing in. In those moments, surrounded by the fear, was the recognition of fulfillment. Fulfillment of needs that have been missing, vacant for so long. Could I risk it, again? Could I not?

The mirror is my window into my soul and desires. I have come to see the image of myself as the real me, the me that demands to be released. And, that image is taunting me, challenging me, daring me. Her nipples are extended, even for her. I spread my legs for her to show me the cunt that enjoyed the dog. She smiles at me as her legs spread. I see her cunt lips as plain as her nipples standing out proud and pleading to be touched. I see her move a hand to a nipple, pinching it and smiling at me as she does it.

I looked at her in the mirror. "Slut". "Bitch". "Dog-bitch!" I looked at her face. Rather than be humiliated and ashamed, though, she smiled back at me. I try again, "Look at your cunt lips showing there, begging to be seen and used. You liked the dog parting those lips, didn't you? You liked being a bitch for that dog." She only smiled back at me. Her eyes shined with excitement at the memory.

I look into her eyes. I smiled at her and nodded my head in understanding. I understand her. I confessed to myself and her, "What I wouldn't do for a man who could regularly give me this release and pleasure!"

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CHAPTER FOUR

I returned to the Park a couple more times, skipping a day in-between visits so as not to arouse suspicion from anyone, especially Prakash, if he should notice. The dog wasn't there. One day I spotted a stray dog in the distance, but after Sheru I didn't want to gamble on my safety with a stray.

On the third visit, as I climbed up the slope from the path, I spotted a dog in the same location where I had seen Sheru arrive before. This dog wasn't Sheru, however. This was a German Shepherd, but it acted much the same way Sheru had. This dog came over the ridge, saw me and stopped. He seemed to look back at something and turned back to me. I took a chance on calling to it since despite not being Sheru it didn't look like a stray. I bent over and clapped my hands together, then patted my thighs hoping it would take those actions as indicators of my calling him. I didn't want to verbally call out to him for fear of drawing attention to me and my location.

As the dog trotted toward me, then moved faster as I continued to encourage him, I looked around to verify that I was still alone and not being watched, then stepped back into the brush and trees. The dog stopped outside, then followed the narrow path I had created into my hiding location, his tail wagging furiously.

I knelt on the ground and offered him the back of my hand. He sniffed it and allowed me to scratch his ear. Despite being a little intimidated by German Shepherds, this dog had an affectionate and playful disposition. Reassured by his attitude, I looked closer at him and found he had the same collar as Sheru's. The medallion hanging from it read, "Balaji", which I knew meant strong. Looking at the animal, I had no doubts about that.

As I rubbed his neck, I felt something attached to the collar. I stood and looked at the object to find what looked like a cheap cellphone. But what would a dog be doing with a cell phone? I was still stroking the head and neck of the dog when I heard the phone start buzzing. I took it off the collar and opened it to find a text message had arrived. I open the messenger.

'Yes, this phone is for you. I would like to communicate with you through it.'

What? I texted back, 'Who are you?'

'An admirer, only.'

'What do you want?'

'Nothing. Sheru is my dog. So is Balaji. I know you have enjoyed Sheru. I hoped you would also enjoy Balaji.'

'You've seen?'

'LOL. No. I have only seen Sheru go into the bushes with you. You have enjoyed him, haven't you?'

Oh, no! Someone knows! 'What do you want from me?'

'I told you, nothing. I don't know who you are and won't try to find out. My only interest is in trying to help you.'

This was too much. Someone unknown to me knows what I have been doing! My worst nightmare if he were to tell someone, go public, have pictures. NO!

I burst out of the bushes and sprinted down the slope to the path. I was still running when I arrived at the start of the trail. When I stopped to catch my breath and compose myself, I realized the phone had buzzed several times. I opened it, again, finding a series of other text messages. I quickly shut the phone, jammed it into a back pocket of my jeans and left the Park.

I buried the phone in one of my shoes in the back of my closet. I ignored it for the rest of the day and

night. I had to decide what I wanted to do. Did I need to plan now for the worst? What could I possibly plan? If I was exposed, I would be exposed. What possible explanation or story could I concoct to explain away such a revelation?

I fretted all through dinner, the evening and throughout the night. I tossed and turned, getting little sleep as my mind imagined all sorts of possibilities, all bad. All through the following day, evening, and night, it was only marginally better. The day after I began thinking the person on the other phone might not have meant harm to me, after all. Then, another dreadful thought came to me. He had purchased both phones. Couldn't he use the built-in GPS to track the phone I had? How did that work? Was that function he could manage or did he need to go through the cellular phone service to get that information?

I retrieved the phone from my hiding spot in the closet. I powered it up and looked at the text messages from before. I was struck by his last text: I told you, nothing. I don't know who you are and won't try to find out. My only interest is in trying to help you.

It was the last one sent before I shut the phone off. The other texts he sent were enquiring if I was still there. Obviously, I wasn't. I sat down to think this through. All those encounters were with his dogs and he had been aware of it and continued to bring his dogs for me to encounter. Never had he approached or intruded. If he was there somewhere, he was a long way off. He never was close enough to see into the bushy area where I was and was never visibly close when I left. Maybe he didn't want anything. Maybe he really didn't intend to intrude on my privacy by finding out who I was. I wondered, then, what did he mean by 'my only interest is in trying to help you'?

I prepared a text message and sent it. 'What did you mean you only want to try to help me?' I was expecting there would be a delay to get a response since I had waited several days. Instead, the phone buzzed almost instantly.

'I am deeply sorry I scared you. Not my intention.'

'Why are you doing this?'

'You intrigue me. It was an accident that I saw Sheru going into the bushes. I wondered what he was doing.'

'The first time when I shrieked?'

'Yes, I wondered what he had done, but when you returned, I assumed it wasn't bad.'

'What did you think might be happening?'

'I wasn't sure at first, but when he returned to me, his cock was exposed some. The next time it was fully out.'

'And?'

'And I knew. He is a stud dog in my kennel. Balaji is too, by the way.'

There was a pause, an electronic silence hanging between us. I didn't know what to say in return. He had known.

'Say it. Say what he did to you.'

I stared at the phone. Say it? That's absurd, why would I admit such a thing? To a stranger? But, it was his dog. He already knows. And, something was happening within me. This dialog, like it was flipping a switch inside me. Before I knew what I was doing, my fingers were flying over the little keys.

'He fucked me. Your dog fucked me.'

'Was it good? Was it what you were hoping it to be?'

'More. It was beyond my imagining. I was trying to avoid the knot, but ...' Why am I telling him all this?

'But?'

'I orgasmed and the knot pressed inside.'

'That's when you cried out.'

He had heard it! 'Yes. I loved it, though. I was just scared of being tied if someone came along.' There was another electronic silence and I wondered if the connection was broken.

'Can you come to the Park tomorrow, 11:00 AM? I will bring Balaji. I think you will like him, too.'

He's setting me up for a rendezvous with his dog! I remembered the message, "I can help you." Am I crazy? But, even he can tell I need this, desire it, crave it. The little bit he has witnessed, he understands me.

'Yes. 11:00.'

I shut the phone and powered it off. My hands were shaking. I put the phone inside my running shoes I would be wearing tomorrow. Now I have someone pimping his dogs to me? I walked to the mirror in the bedroom and removed my clothes. I looked into the eyes of my image.

"He's sending his dogs to you to enjoy. He's sending his dogs to you to fuck." I looked down at her chest to find the nipples becoming more erect, straining outward. I parted my legs and she duplicated the movement. Her lips were already glistening with her arousal. "You really are a dog-bitch, aren't you? Even if all you can get is dog-cock, it is good enough." Her eyes were sparkling, her mouth turned into a smile, and her head nodded.

I was giddy when I arrived at the Park and made my way to the location within the brush I had been using for my outdoor playing with the dogs. I noticed as I left the main path that my visits up the slope had begun wearing a faint path into the wild grasses. As I approached the cluster of brush and small trees that formed my secluded spot, I looked up to the ridge above and checked my watch. It was only a few minutes before 11:00 AM. I surveyed around me, checking into the distances, and was satisfied there was nobody else who might wander nearby.

I heard a bark and I looked in the direction of the sound to find a large dog similar to Balaji and the figure of a man against the background and sky. The dog bounded ahead of the man, stopped briefly, then bound down the slope toward me. The man stopped at the ridgeline and settled onto the ground. He was no longer hiding his presence, though he remained at a distance that I could not discern his features, therefore, he could not discern mine. Still, though, seeing the man I had been texting sent a shiver through my body as I watched the dog approach. The impact of the change in the situation hit me fully. The dog approaching me belonged to the man up on the hill who had

arranged this time for all of us to be in the same place. And, the only reason for that arrangement of time was for me to be mounted by his dog. There was no longer any mystery about it. It wasn't a question of if there was an owner of the dog. There was an owner of the dog, and he was right there on the hill.

I turned, stooped, and stepped into the area of brush and little trees. A moment later, the dog followed me. I was already kneeling when he came right to me. As I stroked his head and neck, I checked his collar and tag. It was the same German Shepherd, Balaji. He sat in front of me. I stroked him and, not knowing any other way, used the same approach to him that I had with Sheru. I slowly worked my hand onto his side and belly, then down by his sheath with a few 'accidental' glancing touches along the side of the sheath. He reacted the same as Sheru, a slight flinch, but nothing more. With my face alongside his, I was intent on what my hand was doing underneath him so I was surprised to get a long, wet lick over the side of my face. I turned my face directly to him and closed my eyes as he began licking my face. It was at that moment that I took hold of his sheath and the cock inside.

The tip of his cock was already poking out and the precum coming from it provided the lubrication I needed to begin stroking his cock as it escaped the protective covering of the sheath. In moments, there was enough cock exposed I felt it was good. I stood in front of the dog and opened my jeans. I pried off my running shoes, then pushed my jeans and panties down my legs. Strange how doing this in front of the dog caused a self-conscious feeling as if he were a person who might judge or appraise what I was showing him. I don't think he was, but he seemed to be appreciating what was happening because his cock grew from the sheath another inch or so.

Naked now below the waist, I went to my hands and knees in front of him. As I could have predicted with even my limited experience, his tongue first went to my cunt and ass, licking me several times. It felt wonderful, the tongue gliding over my wet cunt lips. It took a dog to give attention to my cunt with lips and tongue. I giggled at what the dog was willing to do for me that my husband would never consider. I moaned at the thought of what was to come shortly and that it took dogs to give me cock after all these years.

I reached back with a hand to push his snout away and pat my ass, hoping to have him mount me. After a few tries, he did, jumping onto my back, his furry belly on my bare ass and lower back. I remembered last time and slipped a hand between my legs and with a little assist from me, he with driving his cock into my cunt with less painful stabbing. I gasped loudly at the penetration and followed that with deep moans of satisfaction as the cock quickly began thrusting, the frantic fucking that, again, took my breath away.

Balaji was stronger and more aggressive than Sheru had been. It took some getting used to, but it became thrilling and wild. I found all I could do was plant my knees and hands into the ground and hold myself steady against his onslaught. His rear feet shifted as he attempted to gain better footing and leverage with which to drive his cock into his new bitch. I pressed back against him, holding a steady and firm position for him to fuck against. And, it was what I became, a bitch. I realized my mouth was emitting a steady flow of low, guttural moans, gasps, and groans. I heard nothing but the sounds coming from my mouth, the grunts and panting from the dog, and the squishing of our mating organs, his cock driving into my wet and drooling cunt. If anything was happening outside the brush protection, I had no awareness of it and, at the moment, I could have cared less.

It was as if all the frustration and need from the years of being ignored was being pushed out of my body with each frantic, frenetic thrust. It wasn't that Sheru hadn't been as good fucking me, but I hadn't been released for him. I was still nervous, tentative, and self-aware. This time, I came prepared to release myself, to fully give myself to whatever dog was brought to me. There was no

doubt, concern, or wondering about a dog on this visit. I knew there would be a dog. The owner who I was communicating with would have one here for me. I came knowing I was going to fuck a dog. And, I was. Gloriously and with abandon.

The knot was pressing against my opening. Unlike the previous time when I tried not to be tied, I pressed back against the dog pressing at me. I wanted it all, again. The dog and I worked together, though he was more forceful in his approach. He stretched me. The little experience I had was sufficient, though, to understand what was happening and what was going to happen later. I was like an animal, myself. I wanted more, all, everything. I teased myself in the mirror of being a bitch, a slut. But, the communications with the man, the owner, something snapped open inside me. Again, something happened, another door opened, and I was going to rush through it. What would happen later, would happen. Now, though, now I was going to be thoroughly fucked and tied to Balaji, be his bitch. What was happening to me? How could I care? At that moment, the knot stretched me enough to pop into my cunt, filling me, pressing his cock deeper into my cunt.

The dog pulled back to pound into me, but his movement was constricted. The real effect, though, was pressing his knot firmly, roughly against that spot inside me and I exploded. My entire body seemed to react. The orgasm shook my limbs, my stomach twitched, my toes curled, my cunt clasped around the cock and knot inside. My scalp tingled and I shivered from my feet to my head.

I was no sooner coming down from that explosive orgasm and I felt his cock spasm and jerk inside me. I pulled away from him as I felt his cum spurt deep inside. I wasn't trying to get away. My body, if not my brain, connected to that spot inside me and the knot inside me. I pulled, jamming my hips up, cramming his knot against that spot. I came, again.

I was lying on my back, exhausted. I looked to find Balaji off to the side casually licking his cock clean. When I moved, he looked at me. I smiled at him, a smile I meant to be meaningful, but he was just a dog.

I heard that phone buzz. I dug it out of my jeans and opened it. There were repeated texts from him.

'Stay where you are. Let Balaji come out first. Someone heard you. I will distract him.'

Oh, no! But, then I realized. Not only do I have someone providing me dogs, but he is watching over me, too. I struggled to slip my panties and jeans on. I marveled, again, at the amount of cum that dogs gave. I put my shoes on and stretched my head up to find a man slowly, curiously, stepping off the path in my direction. I got Balaji to stand and pushed him through the bushes. As soon as he was visible, I heard a loud whistle from further up the slope and heard Balaji running toward the man as he called loudly to it, scolding it for wandering off. I check in the other direction to find the curious man watching the dog, then returning to the path.

I hadn't realized I was holding my breath until I expelled it in relief. Disaster avoided. And I started giggling.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

All the thrilling experiences and emotional chills of doing them in the Park paled in comparison to the last experience. And, it had little to do with Balaji or Sheru. But, knowing that the man, the owner of the dogs, was there, watching and aware sent my reactions over the top. It wasn't just that I thought he might be around somewhere; or, that someone might be suspicious by my move up the slope; or, someone might hear something unusual. No, it was all of them ... in spades. When I got the

text warning me about the man on the path who heard my cry, it scared me to my core. But, as strange as it might sound, it also excited me. That the man, the owner, was on the slope above waiting and watching, fully aware and encouraging of me being mounted by his dog, was beyond anything else. The fucking was wonderful. The emotional reaction to the setting took my orgasmic reaction to another level.

After that experience, the texting messages became more personal. He was emboldened by my expressions of gratitude and my responses to the emboldened comments became effusive. He asked me how it felt during the fucking by the dogs; what the knot felt like; how much cum they shot into me. Initially, it was a combination of intrusive and humiliating, but I couldn't stop myself from responding back to him with answers that soon became detailed and expressed the excitement I had felt.

As I shared in some detail about the feeling of the knot stretching my cunt to enter or exit, about the stream of dog-cum draining from my cunt after, about the feeling of the dog's fur on my bare lower back, he started asking personal questions, not about the act but about my sexual experience. I quickly discerned that he assumed my sexual experience must have been extensive that I was venturing into using strange dogs. When I confessed that I had been mostly naïve and only accidentally fell into canine activity, he became more intrigued and honed his questions deeper into my life. Since we were using texting, this process was time-consuming with abbreviated expressions for description.

The weird thing was, after a couple of days of intimate sharing, I felt somehow connected to him and my responses to him began reflecting that feeling.

'Are you naked?'

'No.'

'Do you have a dildo or vibrator?'

'Yes.'

'Before you type another word, strip naked and sit on the dildo.'

Without even thinking, I stood up, stripped completely and inserted the dildo into my already wet cunt after turning it onto a medium setting. When I indicated I had done what he asked, he responded back immediately instructing me to masturbate with it until I orgasmed, then tell him about it. I dropped the phone and did exactly as he requested without any debate or hesitation. How did his commanding confidence and my willing acceptance develop so quickly and naturally?

After cumming, I lay on the bed with the dildo softly buzzing in my cunt, allowing my orgasmic response to ebb slowly from my body. I described to him in detail how it made me feel and how I had used the toy. I told him about taking it out on occasion to press the vibrating head against my engorged clit. I told him how I squeezed, pinched, and twisted my nipples while driving the dildo in and out of my sloppy cunt-hole. I told him how my legs shivered as I arched my hips into the air at the moment my orgasm crashed over me, how the electrical tingling coursed from my cunt to my clit, up my stomach to my tits and nipples.

His response indicated how pleased he was with my compliance and my description. He then told me to be in the Park, the same place, at 11:00 AM the next day. I noted, with elation and excitement, he didn't ask me this time. He told me. I couldn't believe how excited that made me feel. I wasn't seeking, gambling, hoping any longer. Now, someone was assisting, arranging, conspiring, taking

charge. Even by text, it was a powerful influence over me.

I was on the path below the location early. To say I was excited with the anticipation would be a huge understatement. He ramped up my anticipation with a text sequence prior to my leaving the apartment.

'Are you skilled at sucking cock?'

I gulped at the question. Whose cock would I suck? But, I wasn't. I had never touched a cock with my tongue or lips, much less my mouth. I told him so.

'Then, it is time for you to try it. I think you are the kind of woman who will love having a cock in her mouth to suck.'

My god! Where is he taking me? What does he have in mind for me? His messages are as if he believes he has control over me and he knows where he wants to take me and what he wants me to do and be for him. My cunt was drooling at the prospect, the brash assumption, the directness of his approach.

I made my way up the slope to my 'secret' location. As I drew nearer to it, I looked up the slope to the place I had seen the man appear last time with his dog. At first, I was disappointed. I didn't see him or a dog. My god! The reality of the reaction hit me. I was disappointed that a dog wasn't coming over the ridge to fuck me?!? But, yes, that was how I felt. Disappointed. Then, I heard a bark and I watched intently. What I saw was a much smaller dog bounding over and through the wild grass and zigging and zagging around small bushes. Then, I saw him, the man, the owner, as he appeared behind the dog. He even waved to me this time.

I was curious watching the dog bounding to me. How is it all the dogs seem to know they are intended for me? I shake the thought and refocus on the dog. I now see it is a Fox Terrier, about 15 inches tall compared to the 24 or 25 inches tall German Shepherd. I wondered why he chose such a small dog this time, then remembered his instruction for me to suck cock. Maybe that was the reason. He was providing a smaller cock since it was my first time. I wasn't sure how I felt about this man who seemed to manipulate and orchestrate my sexual interaction. No ... I knew how I felt. I felt aroused to the point of possibly soaking my jeans in the crotch!

I felt his phone buzz in the back pocket of my jeans. I look up at the man. He has his hand raised and I am guessing the phone in his hand. I opened the phone and checked the text.

'Don't forget to suck. I thought a smaller dog might be better for you the first time.'

I smiled up at him, whether he could see it or not. Not only is he taking me into new experiences with commanding confidence, he's thoughtful.

I checked around the area, finding nobody watching or near, and stepped into the enclosed space protected by bushes and small trees. The dog followed me and sat at my feet, his tail wagging furiously as he looked up at me. I dropped to my knees and smothered him in hugs and pets. His tail wagged even faster and his tongue began to seek bare skin on my face and arms to lick. I giggled. His licks are a reminder of how I am to use my lips and mouth. I shivered. I never felt my husband's cock in my mouth and a dog's cock will be the first.

Although I saw the man with the dog, I find myself checking the collar. It is very similar to the ones worn by Sheru and Balaji. This one has a tag reading, 'Jhony'. I put my mouth close to his head and whisper, 'Jhony, I am very happy to meet you. I hope you don't think badly of me, but I am going to

do something for you, I have never done. Keep that in mind, will you? I've never done it before so I might not do it very well." His tongue swiped my face over my lips and nose. I giggled. "Then you can fuck, okay?" I didn't expect a response, but he licked me, again. I took that as an understanding being established. A girl needs all the understanding she can get sometimes.

I debated. The decision came to me quickly. I sat back and removed my shoes, jeans, and panties. I wanted to be ready for him. I patted the ground and managed to get him to lay on his side. I pushed him partially on his back and stroked his belly. He raised his head and looked at me, then my hand as it moved closer to his sheath. Then he put his head back down. I wondered if these dogs had ever experienced a human female before. Or, maybe they are just that well trained.

As my fingers grazed along the sides of his sheath, the reddish tip came out. I smiled. It was already obvious how much smaller this cock was going to be. It might even be smaller than Prakash's cock. I had to suppress a laugh. It now seemed hard to believe a cock smaller than his. That might have been nasty, but both other dogs had cocks that seemed very large in comparison.

I bent over, putting the side of my face into Jhony's belly fur, the tip of his cock peeking out from the sheath. I poked my tongue out touching the tip. I pulled my tongue back when I felt some liquid on the tip. It didn't taste bad. It was something coming from the dog's cock, a lubrication perhaps. I giggled. Something more to investigate through the internet. Or ... maybe the man would know. What kind of discussion would that be? Asking a man I didn't know about the fine points of a dog's cock I had been sucking. I suppressed another laugh.

I licked the tip several times, then took the pointy tip between my lips. I've never done anything like this. I could feel more of the cock become exposed as I slid my lips down the cock from the tip. I had a cock in my mouth! What was I becoming? First, letting a dog lick me; then, letting dogs fuck me; now, taking dog cock into my mouth. I slipped a hand between my legs. I was shocked at how wet I was. It was leaking out of my cunt. It was then that I realized I was mouthing this little cock and my ass, my naked ass, was sticking up in the air.

I started sucking, not just mouthing, the cock. The more I sucked, the more of that liquid came from the tip into my mouth. Soon I had enough to swallow. I sucked harder. I wanted more. I slid my mouth down the length of the exposed cock until I felt the fur of the sheath on my lips. There was about four inches of cock in my mouth. I giggled, again. I had four inches of cock in my mouth and I was going to fuck it, too.

As soon as the thought passed through my mind, I knew I had to do it. I sat back on my heels, petting the dog. He raised his head to appraise me, sensing something different was about to happen. I turned on my knees and dropped to my hands and started patting my ass to encourage him to mount. By this point, I was assuming all the man's dogs were familiar with fucking if only with dog-bitches. Maybe I was their only human-bitch. I needed to know. I would ask him. A funny feeling passed through me and I understood it immediately. I wanted to be their ONLY human-bitch.

The dog stood and came to my ass, and like the other two dogs before him, his snout went first to my ass. His tongue lapped at my ass. I spread my knees further opening a wider space between my thighs and I was rewarded with his tongue sliding over my exposed cunt from my clit to my asshole. His tongue seemed to hit my clit more regularly than I remembered of the others in this position and it may have had to do with his shorter height and better angle, at least better from my perspective.

I patted my ass to get him mount me. He jumped up, his rear legs churning to gain my back and I realized my ass was too high for him. I squatted down a little and he got on top of me, his hips thrusting at me, probing with his cock for my cunt-hole. It slid inside before my hand got back to

assist him and I gasped. Even much thinner than the other dogs, it was still a good cock to me. In fact, it wasn't much different than I remembered of Prakash's cock back when he did come to me. Even a small cock from a dog took my breath away. Its urgency and energy immediately applied by the dog as it enters and gains hold, driving deep in the first few thrusts.

This time, though, the cock, which was beginning to give me surprising pleasure pulled out. Like Sheru the first time, he walked around me frustrated. I lowered my ass further to the ground and encouraged him with both pets and verbal cooing. He came to my ass, again, taking my back quicker and easier with my ass lower and thrust at my body. I slipped my hand between my legs to assist him but got the surprise of my life before I found his cock with my hand. His cock, coated with my cunt juice, hit my asshole on one thrust and entered on the second. I cried out, never having ever been penetrated there before. The first thrust teased my puckered hole with the tip parting my sphincter, the second followed immediately by forcing it to open wider so the end of the cock was just inside. I gasped and gulped my breaths at the sensation of being penetrated there, wanting my body to accept or reject the intrusion. My body didn't have much to say about it, though. The dog, being a dog, followed the initial partial penetration with an additional quick stutter of the thrust, driving the embedded cock deep into my anal passage.

I cried out, again. Now, it was more than just the tip inside me. Now, some of the fatter part of the cock had spread the sphincter wider, opening my passage for complete penetration. But, it hurt. That part of my body wasn't used to the penetration and stretching. I wanted my body to have time to adjust, but I felt the dog pull back slightly for another thrust as he also adjusted his grip around my waist, holding me tighter and aligning himself to go into full fuck mode. I reach back in the hopes of holding him steady for just a few minutes, but my reaction was too slow. He thrust back into me and followed it with a stream of rapid-fire humping. It didn't seem to bother him that he was in the wrong hole.

I dropped my head and chest to the ground, resting my forehead on my folded forearms, my ass sticking up in the air with the Terrier perched precariously, his rear feet barely having enough traction to maintain his powerful fucking. God, even a small dog fucks like a maniac!

He was now in full mode of dog fucking. After my limited and very recent experience, I already knew what that was. It was a ride that had to be experienced and not explained and each time I had experienced it I was thrilled by it. He pulled and thrust his cock out and into my ass as if he were fucking my cunt. After the initial discomfort that followed the initial sharp pain, I loved what I was experiencing. In my mind, it flashed before me that I now had two holes for fucking. Then, a smile took over my face as I braced myself for the continuing onslaught. No, not two holes. I had now sucked my first cock, too. I now had three holes for cock.

Nothing outside of the dog and the new sensations emanating from my anal passage was reaching my conscious mind. The only thing in the world at the moment was the dog's cock in my ass. So, I was very aware when I felt the bump of something outside my asshole, something larger pressing to enter. The knot. Could my ass also take a knot? I wouldn't have thought it could take a cock, but here I am actually enjoying it.

The knot pressed at my opening and for a moment my mind wasn't sure what it wanted to do about that, as if it had a lot to say about it at such a moment of extreme excitement and stimulation. While the mind was carrying on a confused debate with itself, the body was already in action. It pressed back against the pressure being applied to it, the sphincter slowly but steadily spreading with the constant and insistent pressure. The knot was probably small compared to the other two dogs, but it might have been the width of their larger cocks so when it stretched me to the point of almost entering, I felt like I would be torn and I couldn't think of a worse place to be torn. The instant

reaction was flinching away from it, but it was too late and the dog was too determined. He had his legs wrapped around me and his strength and determination to mate surprised me. He pulled me back to him as he pressed himself to me and the knot plunged into my passage. I cried out, again.

It wasn't until later that it would even occur to me how much noise I had been making. At the time, I was lost in my own little bubble of existence and that bubble only contained Jhony and me deep in the bond of mating.

I felt his cock and knot grow in every way inside me. The fit was so tight I could feel everything as his abbreviated stroke continued, his pre-cum leaked, and his cock grew in anticipation of pending climax. I could feel he was close to cumming and I desperately wanted to share it with him. The sensation of anal fucking was different with less direct stimulation to the base erogenous zones. I slipped a hand underneath, my fingers going to my clit and cunt. The fingers alternated between strumming the clit and plunging into my cunt. The fingers actually pressed up and felt the cock and knot in my ass through the thin membrane dividing the chambers.

When I felt his cock jerk and spasm against the walls, I joined him. My orgasm was convulsing and I was sure part of it was the baseness of the experience. I was not only fucked by a dog; I was fucked by a dog in my ass. It felt so wicked, so base, so slutty, so dirty. I felt completely owned, used, and dominated by this dog, the smallest of my brief experience.

We were securely tied. Once my orgasm ebbed, my mind returned to take charge and immediately, quietly, internally, swore a terrible blue-streak at my body for getting us into this mess. I was completely defenseless and vulnerable. The dog had turned so we were ass-to-ass and frequently pulled to free itself, but we were very securely joined. When many minutes passed and nothing had changed, I began to become concerned. I had been shocked at the initial intrusion, then by the knot entering me and what that took. But, when it happened, my body was in the throes of being overwhelmed with physical and mental stimulation. Now, I was aware ... and tense. And, the tension wasn't helping to release the knot.

I had no idea how long the knot might bind us together. This was a smaller dog, but the knot was in my ass, which was so much tighter and constricting. As the dog pulled on the tie, I could feel the sphincter securely closed in front of the ball inside me. I reached behind to stroke the dog to attempt to calm him. As he fought to disengage, I could feel his cock slide inside me and I assumed his efforts were just exciting him further.

My attempts to relax my own body, though, failed completely and abruptly when outside my little enclosure of brush, I heard the low voices of people too close to be on the pathway below. I held my breath to listen more intently as if that would help. The dog behind must have heard the sounds, too, because he suddenly became more agitated, pulling with more intent, his paws fighting the ground to pull us apart. This time when I reached back to him, my efforts to calm him had desperation behind it. I could hear the voices coming closer and I felt the dog moving one direction, then the other nervously.

I became terrified. The exposure of being outside was part of the thrill, heightening all the other feelings. This was too close, though. This was too much like feeling the inevitability of being caught at what I was doing. This was too much like seeing the end of my secure life as I knew it. I desperately stroked and soothed the dog. He calmed some with my attention, standing with this rear end against mine as I went to just my knees, straightening my body to caress his body.

Suddenly, the people outside disappeared, but not really. They had stopped. And, they weren't far from where I was. I heard one distinctly tell the others he thought he heard something, something



like a dog whimpering. I stroked the dog reassuringly. Soon, the people resumed their walking and their voices became very close. They couldn't have been more than 20 feet away from where I was knotted to the dog. Then it became quieter, but I could still hear the voices fade away. They seemed to have turned their direction to the ridge above where I was. Then, it was quiet around me, again.

I collapsed the ground still tied to the dog. My heart was racing so hard it was like I had just completed a series of wind sprints. My fear brought on from danger was broken and my focus moved to collecting myself, my blood pressure, my breathing ...

In the relaxing mode I put myself in, I must have been able to relax more than I imagined as the dog pulled mightily and the knot stretched my ass and popped out. I then allowed my entire body to collapse to the ground. I was lying in the wild grass and dirt, my tee shirt pushed up against my tits, more than half of my body nakedly pressed in dirt, grass, twigs, and leaves.

My heart burst into a race, again, when the dog seemed to explode through the brush next to me. I could hear him bark as he ran. The barks were the sort that sounded like a greeting. Then, I heard the whistle of its owner. And, the sounds faded away.

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CHAPTER SIX

I needed a day to decompress after that last experience. Even Prakash noticed a change in me. Well, kind of. What he noticed was that I was distracted and less responsive to his inane banter about his work. That man, if he only understood anything about me ...

Instead of making me feel that I had not attended to him properly, though, his reaction to me spurred me to evaluate and understand what had happened in the Park. I was curious about some aspects of what happened. A time before he had warned me that a man on the path was stopped and listening. This time, though, when a group of people left the path and walked near where I was, he didn't provide any warning. Had he left? I didn't think so. This man was receiving a vicarious excitement in his ability to assist me so I didn't think he would abandon that and leave. Even if he wasn't seeing the actual act, he would want to be nearby.

After Prakash left for work on the morning of the second day, I resumed communication with the man. I opened the phone while walking to the large window in the living room so I could peer over the other buildings to the east and see the Park in the distance. It took some minutes before he responded to my text.

'Are you naked?'

'Sorry, Sir.'

Slowly, over all the texts and questions and divulging of intimate information and my easy, trusting compliance with his proposals, the term 'Sir' had slipped into my references to him. I didn't even use that to Prakash. I put the phone down on a table, quickly removing my churidar kurta I had selected for the day since I was going grocery shopping in the morning. I resumed my position in front of the window, not because he requested it, he didn't, but because it returned the feelings of exposure and risk, even if it now seemed much less risky than things I had been doing.

The texts went back and forth with some occasional delays on his end. I felt he was distracted by activities on his end, but he made no suggestion of me waiting until later. I apologized for interrupting him, but he insisted it was alright if I didn't mind some interruptions in the texts. I

asked him about the group of people and no warning from him.

'Yes, that was nasty of me, wasn't it?'

There was a pause. I really didn't want to respond to that. I felt like he let me down. I thought what he was doing was also providing some support, watchfulness. As a result, I had begun letting my guard down to enjoy the animals. I was thinking I could trust him. So, I waited.

'Are you upset? I suppose you are, but let me explain. I arranged for those people to walk past you and talk and speculate about sounds. They were never going to actually look for you in the bushes.'

'It scared me to death! Why would you do that?'

'I did it FOR you. Over our messaging, I have learned that a big part of what you found thrilling was the risk. Your physical experiences were going to be limited. You were, are, a frustrated wife. Seeking some level of exhibitionistic thrills was how you began. The dogs were unplanned, unexpected, but the experience with them was enhanced by the risk factor. True?'

'True.'

'So, tell me ... how did it feel when they came close.'

'I was knotted. I was completely helpless. Even more, Jhony's cock slipped into my ass, not my cunt. I had no idea how long it might take for him to pull out of my tight ass. I had to worry about keeping Jhony quiet and calm so the people wouldn't hear our struggle of being tied.'

'But ... how did it all feel?'

I paused. So, he didn't let me down. I was never in real danger. They knew I was there, but they were never going to know who I was. Honesty, Deepti, he's provided so much.

'It felt amazing! If it had been one of the bigger dogs in my cunt, I probably would have orgasmed.' I paused, then forged on with what I was feeling. 'You did that all for me. Why?'

'You excite me. Helping you experience these things is exciting. I am not a young man. I have been alone for quite some time. You are allowing me to feel things I have not for a very long time.'

Another pause. I gave him time. There was more he was working out, I could feel it.

'May I think of other things for you?'

I didn't pause. 'YES! Yes, Sir.'

'Will you tell me just your first name?'

I felt a connection I could trust. 'It scared me, but it thrilled me, too. I feel I can trust you. Can I? Is it foolish of me to ask if I can trust you?'

'I am pleased you were excited. I am sorry about the scared part, but that is part of what excites you. Yes, you can trust me. I don't want to hurt you or compromise you. You are special. I can help you achieve what you desire. What is your name?'

I didn't hesitate further, 'Deepti. My first name is Deepti.'

'Ahhh ... luster, shine, glow. Has that fit you in your life?'

'No, not until lately maybe.'

'You mean since this excitement has come into your life? What happens if your husband begins to question your change?'

I didn't know how to respond to that question. If, and that might be a big if, my husband did notice a change in my demeanor, what would he think? Maybe, he would simply be relieved and not question it, at all. Our honest communication had been so bad for so long, I really had little way of guessing.

'I don't know what the answer to that is, Sir. I have to manage my appearance around him, I think. Anything he notices might be explained by my hiking in the Park, an improvement in my physical being?' He agreed that would be good. 'Sir, I am curious about the dogs. You said they are stud dogs, have they been with other women before, too?'

I heard him chuckle at the question. 'Why do you ask that, Deepti? Say it plainly, dear. Tell me why you ask.'

He suspected my reason, I could feel it. Oh God, could I really admit such a thing? He didn't break the developing silence. He was very skilled in patience, making me feel the nervousness of silence.

'I am wondering if I am their first and only woman to fuck. Am I their only human-bitch?' He didn't respond. More silence. I asked the question, but he knew there was more emotion, desire behind it that I hadn't yet admitted. I gulped in air and plunged ahead, 'Sir, am I their only woman-bitch? It would be so exciting to be their only woman-bitch. The thought of being their bitch has become very exciting.'

I could hear the pleasure in his voice when he finally responded. 'Yes, my dear, you are their only woman-bitch, as you call it. You are their bitch. You like being their bitch, don't you?' I said, yes. 'You like the idea more than human sex. You would rather be fucked by the dogs than by men. Dogs satisfy you in a way you don't think men ever could. You would take more risks, do almost anything to enjoy dog-cock more and more.'

'Yes, Sir! Everything you said is true! I love dog-cock and I want more. Yes, you can tell me what you want me to do. I want to be their bitch!'

He had asked permission to arrange something new and different for me to experience after the scare in the Park. I had quickly given him my approval. I had quickly pronounced my desire to be a bitch for his dogs. I had even let slip that my desire for the experiences was pushing me to do whatever he wanted me to do. I felt like I was somehow sitting on a wild rocket ride, I was blasting into new realms of experience and unknown opportunities. It was scary, but it was exhilarating.

While he was probably devising something different, though, I enjoyed a couple more trips to the Park. One with Sheru and the other with Balaji. As sweet and cute Jhony was, I did prefer the larger cocks and knots of the other two dogs. The experience of being knotted in the ass, though, never left me and I knew I would want to experience that, again.

He was putting himself more and more in charge of these encounters. On days when we didn't have something arranged for the Park, he might text me at some point during the day and give me an instruction. I was free to do it or not, he had no physical control over me, but I found myself always following his instructions. Some days it was merely being naked the entire day with clothespins on my nipples. Other times, it might be standing naked in front of the big window while I used the dildo

in my cunt until I orgasmed. That would take many minutes and sometimes I found myself deliberately extending the exhibition, wondering the entire time if someone might be in a building somewhere to the east with binoculars or telescope. The thought made it even more exciting and that, of course, was the objective.

He also changed how I was to dress on the arranged outing. From now on, he said in a text, I was to only wear sarees. He didn't want to see me in jeans and tee-shirts, anymore. If he did, he would not release the dog. That threat did exert some control over me, but it was unnecessary, I would have complied, anyway. He was very specific about my dressing. Not only was it to be only a saree with a form-fitting top, but there would be no underwear and no petticoat. Additionally, when I was with the dogs, I was to also remove my top. Those next times when I fucked the dogs, I was completely nude in the Park. As the dogs pounded me from behind and I was on my hands and knees, I marveled at how my tits swung beneath me when they were free to move. It was thrilling to imagine someone seeing them moving like that.

The new requirement for dressing added a big psychological effect, too. Not only being completely naked but getting dressed again would be slow. There would be no way of getting dressed quickly if someone should intrude. Wrapping a saree takes minutes, anywhere from 7 to 10 minutes depending on conditions and how elaborate the draping is. And, without a petticoat to make the tucks into, it would be slightly different using the belt. If something happened, I wasn't going to be able to get dressed quickly, anymore. That wasn't a subtle change and it was quite dramatic.

The first time with Sheru with the saree went just fine. I got there and Sheru came down. I waved to the man and he waved back. Although I heard people on the path, they remained on the path and there was no tension. The second time was with Balaji and it went the same way right up until the end, then I almost died.

The day was almost perfect. One of those days that don't seem real in a big, over-populated, industrial environment like Mumbai. The skies were clear, the breeze was gentle off the sea, and a low front had sucked away much of the humidity. After Balaji pulled his wonderful knot from my cum filled cunt, I lay on the ground satisfied and fulfilled. The dog came to my spread legs and lapped at my leaking cunt causing me to moan and sigh with further satisfaction and pleasure. I sat up to pet him in thanks when we both heard the man whistle. Balaji turned to run from the bushes and his paw caught the fabric of my saree. By the time I saw my saree leaving the bushes attached to the dog, I had two meters of material to grab before it was all gone. My reaction, though, right after an orgasm was slow. I had to jump through the bushes after the dog, landing with my upper half outside the bushes to grab the end of the 5-meter length of cloth. The man must have recognized what was happening and yelled for the dog to stop. I pulled on the fabric and dislodged the material, crawling back into the bushes and pulling the material in behind me.

I stood to wrap the saree around me when I heard voices of concern on the path below. I heard the man coming down from the slope reassuring the people that everything was alright, he had just lost the location of the dog. When they questioned what the dog had been pulling, he quickly made up a story of the sun reflecting off the waving grasses, despite almost no breeze. It bought me enough time to get dressed. I exited the bushes in the opposite direction and circled around. Another close call, but very exciting. As I walked passed the people, I could feel the dog cum still leaking from my cunt.

Then, his next idea for me came. He said he had an idea I was sure to find very thrilling, erotic, and very exhibitionistic. He asked if I trusted him enough to have his driver pick me up from any location I desired. He assured me he would protect my identity and that his driver was really his personal and professional assistant. I told him I would be waiting at the south end of the Sunder Nagar

Garden. He told me the color and make of the car, the driver's name, and other details to assure myself of the correct car.

I stood on the sidewalk at the south end of the Sundar Nagar Garden. A car matching description I was given stopped in front of me as he was heading to my left. The passenger window lowered.

"Mrs. Sinha?" I was using the end of my saree as a veil as instructed to hide my features.

"You are?" It was a dance I was instructed to perform to be sure of the car I was about to get into.

"Swapnil Kolte, ma'am." He reached into the passenger seat next to him and handed out a mask that would cover my eyes and nose. I smiled, though he couldn't see it, and nodded. He exited the car and held the back door open for me. I put on the mask and slid into the back seat. I had no idea where we were going or what was awaiting me. I was anticipating a new location and another dog, though he never indicated so.

I started asking Swapnil questions about our destination, but he interrupted me. He punched some button on the dash and I heard the ringing of a phone on speaker. When it was answered on the other end, I was to hear the voice of the man for the first time.

Swapnil said, "Sir, I have Mrs. Sinha in the car as directed. We are heading east for the Western Expressway now."

"Thank you, Swapnil. Deepti, my name is Venkat Iyer. I have decided it might help you feel more secure if you know more about me than I know about you. I have a number of businesses in the Mumbai area and you are headed to a remote part of one of those properties with Swapnil. I am actually semi-retired, which has allowed me the time to be so interactive with you. I am 62-years-old and widowed, I may have mentioned that already." There was a pause and some muffled conversation in the background as though he was having a separate conversation. "Sorry, dear. I needed to take care of something there that Swapnil would normally have handled. Now, you have my full attention. I wish I was there with you, but hopefully, that will be possible in the near future. How are you feeling about this, Deepti? Do you have the mask on?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you."

"Not at all, dear. My desire to help you experience what you crave. I think that is an interesting word, don't you dear? Crave. It says a lot, doesn't it? Isn't that the way you feel about the things you are doing?"

"Yes, Sir, crave is a very good word for it. Sir, may I ask where we are headed?"

"Yes, but I am afraid it won't mean anything to you. Suffice it to say, the location is remote, isolate, but visible. I know that sounds contradictory, but it is true and it is important for the experience I have planned for you. Will you trust me, Deepti?"

"Yes, Sir." It was even a little surprising to me that I never hesitated in the answer.

"Excellent. Swapnil, does she appear dressed per my instructions?"

"Yes, Sir. She is wearing a saree."

"Excellent. Swapnil, call me back when you enter the Western Expressway." Then, he was gone.

I didn't get quite as much information as I was hoping for. I was wearing a mask to protect my features, but Swapnil wasn't. He was in his late 20's, average height and build. He appeared athletic and confident, though he was deferential to Mr. Iyer. Swapnil had short black hair that was somewhat unruly. He wore glasses that were ordinary, not too stylish. He had a mustache and beard that was either new and growing out or he was having trouble growing it. Several times as Mr. Iyer talked, I caught his eyes in the rearview mirror and was struck by the sparkle in them. His smile was wide and genuine. He looked like someone I wouldn't mind spending time with.

I saw us approaching the entrance to the Western Expressway. I had been anticipating more about what was going to happen and being on the Expressway seemed to be the key moment. Once Swapnil merged onto the Expressway, he punched the redial. He didn't say anything, Mr. Iyer began talking immediately.

"Deepti, this is when you begin to show you really trust me. I want you to move into the center of the back seat, then quickly unwrap your saree and remove your top." My mouth dropped and I stared at the location on the dash where his voice came from. "Swapnil, what was her reaction?"

"She might be in shock, Sir."

He laughed on the other end. "I thought as much. Deepti, we have been very careful to hide your identity. You wanted new, greater experiences. One would be to be naked in a moving car."

I was shaking my head, but my hands were already working to remove the saree. I had to shift my position numerous times to unwrap the 5 meters of cloth. Then, I looked into the rearview mirror, saw Swapnil glancing from the road to me and back to the road. I closed my eyes and removed the top. I was sitting in the middle of the back seat of a car I had never been in before and driven by a man I had never met before. I saw the cars passing us and us passing them. We were approaching a slower truck and I closed my eyes. I knew he could look right down into the car for a very good view of me if he happened to look. I kept my eyes closed, but when I heard a truck honk next to me, I knew he happened to look and saw something he never expected.

Still reeling from what I was showing to truckers we were passing on a regular basis on the heavily traveled highway, I almost missed the next comment from Mr. Iyer.

"Dear, now slide your butt to the edge of the seat and spread your legs wide."

My eyes flashed up to the rearview mirror, which Swapnil had his left hand on ready to adjust. That sparkle in his eyes shined even more. I fluidly took the position he instructed and never in my life felt more exposed to anyone. The only person EVER to have seen me in a position close to this was me in front of the mirror as I looked for ways to thrill myself in masturbation. Now, Swapnil, an attractive man I just met, had adjusted the mirror for quick glances to enjoy the view displayed to him through the two bucket seats in front.

"Well, Swapnil?", Mr. Iyer enquired.

"Simply beautiful, Sir. I love the look of her pussy. The lips are parted and the inner lips clearly show. The lips and her pussy exposed inside are glistening with her juices." His eyes showed his smile had increased. I hadn't realized my hands had moved down my body to my cunt. When I did realize it, I pulled them back, my entire body flushing deeper than it already had been. Just then, there was another honk from a trucker. I closed my eyes. "Sir, she is a sexual goddess, I think. Her fingers moved to her pussy, but when she realized it, she pulled them away."

God! They are talking about me as if they were watching a video or paging through a magazine. I

feel like an object they are enjoying, Swapnil describing for Mr. Iyer's imagining.

"A sexual goddess. You may truly be correct about that, Swapnil. Deepti, until you arrive at the destination, I want you to actively and intentionally masturbate with your fingers. If you can, I want you to orgasm. Use your cunt, clit, and nipples. Do whatever it takes. Let those truckers see what a sex goddess is like when she satisfies her cravings."

Oh, God!! My fingers did what he instructed as if they were responding directly from his instructions without needing me to control them. The feeling was incredible. The conversation about my body, really only my cunt, caused me to feel so sexual, wanton, base, obscene, and objectified. Those might not ordinarily be great things to feel about yourself, but I knew my cunt was spread wide open and leaking my secretion freely. I knew my nipples were erect and prominent, too. My fingers opened my hole wider for Swapnil, then my eyes rose to the mirror and we made eye contact. I smiled at him, my lips parting with my tongue licking them. I felt obscene. It was so thrilling with my exposure to Swapnil, the truckers honking alongside us, and my fingers gliding in and out of my cunt. My orgasm came as the car turned off the Expressway.

The car was turned onto a rutted road, which caused me to sit straighter to see where we were. As I did, the car rolled to a stop in front of a tall chain-link fence and locked gate. Swapnil got out, unlocked the gate, drove the car through, then closed and relocked the gate. He then drove into what looked like deserted, unused property. The car bounced over two sets of railroad tracks, then came to a stop.

Swapnil redialed Bluetooth phone and Mr. Iyer came back on the line. "Deepti, before you start looking around, today there is no dog fucking for you. Today, there is only man-cock. I know it has been a long time for you, so enjoy." And, he was gone. I wanted to protest. I had agreed to follow all of his instructions because I thought there would be a dog here for me to enjoy. I wanted to object, but he was gone. I looked up at Swapnil who was watching me intently.

Swapnil stepped out of the car and opened the back door. Clearly, he expected me to exit the car naked. As I did, I surveyed the area around the car. Besides the railroad tracks nearby, the Western Expressway roared with traffic on a long bridge nearby and above. I could clearly see passengers in cars and trucks on the bridge 10 or 15 meters above us. In front of the car was an expansive water system, which caused the need for the bridge in addition to the railroad tracks. On the other side of the water people working, some of them in the water. Swapnil saw where my eyes were and commented that it was an experimental rice-patty. The people were close enough that I could tell which were men and which were women by their dress and movement. It seemed everywhere I looked, there was some potential for being seen. And, Swapnil walked me naked to the edge of the water. I was nervous but he instructed me to keep my hands at my sides. He put me in a particular direction and I could see that I was exposed to both the bridge and the rice workers at the same time.

He walked me back to the car, stopping me alongside it on the side closest to the railroad tracks. He reached inside the car and withdrew another mask, this one black, and placed it over his upper face. He was wearing nice slacks and a buttoned long-sleeve shirt open at the neck, so when he unbuckled the belt on his slacks, I quickly knew what was expected, though I had never done it for a man. I knelt on the dirt ground in front of him, loosened the slacks and pull it and his underwear down to his knees. I was still uncertain why he was also wearing a mask now since I had already seen his face. But, when I saw his cock under his clothes, I discarded any concerns about the mask. His limp, uncircumcised cock was the size of my husband's hard one. It hung in front of me and my mind and eyes had no other consideration than experiencing it, touching it, feeling it on lips and in my mouth.

I had been given the experience of sucking cock with the dogs. Now, I was going to experience sucking man-cock, as well. And, it wasn't my fool husband. Mr. Iyer was deliberate and intentional in providing me with varied experiences, as he promised. My disappointment at not having a dog was replaced with the consideration of new experiences. Clearly, Mr. Iyer didn't concern himself as much with my approval or acceptance beforehand as much my following his direction. That recognition that he was taking control was mollified by the recognition that my reaction to him was to comply with whatever he directed.

My hand seemed to move out on its own until it grasped the cock. I looked up at Swapnil and found him watching me intently. He had positioned me very deliberately and that seemed peculiar in the back of my mind, but I was so focused on the cock in front of me I didn't put much thought into why. I leaned forward and licked the underside of his cock. I could feel it move just from that simple action. I lifted it and licked along the length of it. When I reached the top, I pulled the foreskin back to expose the head, opened my mouth and took it inside, sucking on the head, swirling my tongue over it. I did this action repeatedly, licking the length, exposing the head and taking it into my mouth. Soon, the reaction from my efforts gave me the largest cock I had ever seen. The head was pushed out from the foreskin, exposed and ready for me. I thought the dogs' cocks were big and they were compared to Prakash, but they weren't as big as Swapnil's. I wrapped one hand around the base and saw it was only covering about half the length. I looked up and smiled, again. What would it be like to experience something like this?

Then, the doubts about what was happening flashed into my mind. I was a married woman. I had a husband. Part of that union was supposed to be a commitment of loyalty and faithfulness. I had rationalized my way through each new step: the masturbation was self-pleasure; the toys were still self-pleasure; the dogs were not human so they didn't count. But, now this was a man I was enjoying. By doing this, I couldn't rationalize it away. I was being disloyal and unfaithful to my vows of marriage and my husband. But, I had had these same thoughts before, even before I knew what this experience might be. I had considered the possibility that this might someday be presented as an opportunity. It was a natural progression, after all. In the cool moments of consideration and analysis, I knew I would take the opportunity to again experience a man's cock that wasn't my husband's. I understood that taking that step, that opportunity, might add additional frustration into the marriage, but the path I had set myself on had produced that whether I took this additional step or not.

Another consideration came to my mind, though. My husband's actions played into this, as well. I had learned accidentally that despite our tight finances, he was continuing to gamble and drink with his buddies. Nights that he said he would be working, he was with his buddies. It was an accidental discovery and it had angered him tremendously when he had been caught in his lies. His anger had been such that I feared being beaten more than the slapping I might on occasion get as his drinking progressed. Maybe it didn't completely justify what I was doing, but he wasn't without some fault and responsibility.

With that determination and acceptance, I became earnest in my efforts of pleasuring and experiencing the hard cock in my hand and head in my mouth. All Mr. Iyer said was that I would have man-cock today. I became diligent in satisfying Swapnil. It became important that he report back to Mr. Iyer that I had pleased him with my mouth and I was determined to take his cum in my mouth and swallow it. Another thing I obviously had never done. If I pleased Swapnil and Mr. Iyer was pleased in turn, I may again be given one of his dogs to experience.

I was so intent on the cock in my mouth I wasn't aware of a significant noise approaching. Then, the noise was unmistakable. We were near the double tracks and it became obvious now why Swapnil had been careful in positioning us. The commuter train was approaching from in front of me slightly

to the left. It was approaching so anyone looking would see the back of a partially dressed man, but clearly, see a naked woman on her knees sucking the man's cock.

I reacted to what was about to happen by shifting while the cock was still in my mouth, but Swapnil kept me in place. I looked up at him just as the train engine flashed by with the dozen or so passenger cars behind it. I shook with frayed nerves, knowing that everyone on this side of the cars had a perfect view of me. This was why Swapnil had also put a partial mask over his eyes.

After the train passed, he put a finger under my chin and lifted it up. The action brought my eyes up, but also my mouth off his cock. He was smiling.

"Was that exciting?"

"My God, yes! My fear has been to be seen, that something terrible would happen as a result. I was very definitely seen naked and sucking a man's cock who wasn't my husband, but nobody would be able in that flash of vision to know who I was." I looked at my arms. "I'm still shaking."

"Good, now lean over the bonnet of the car."

I was puzzled, then aware. Not only was he giving me the opportunity to suck his cock, but he was going to fuck me, too. He helped me up and I walked on weak and trembling legs to the car and was leaned over the bonnet. He came up behind me and tapped my feet on the inside to encourage more separation. I knew there was no issue with my cunt being ready, I could feel the moisture. After the earlier orgasm, sucking man-cock for the first time (and a large one), and being surprised to be exposed to a commuter train, I was ready for anything, physically and emotionally.

He placed his cock at my cunt, rubbing the head up and down along the length of my lips, he found my hole and pressed in. I gasped at the feel of his large cock head, so different than the tapered cocks of the dogs. I moaned at the feel of it as he pressed his cock deeper into me, pulling out a few inches and pressing back in further until I felt his hips against my bare butt. I felt filled with cock. It was more than I could have imagined. The knot is filling, but this was filling for the entire length and it was blowing my mind as he quickly settled into a smooth rhythm of fucking.

My head was on my forearms, he was now pounding into me with more force. My tits were squashed into the bonnet of the car, still a little warm from the drive here. It was delicious and I wasn't sure I could wait for him to cum. Another new experience and I was quickly rising to another orgasm.

"Oh, Swapnil, I ... I am going to ... going to cum ... are you ready?"

"No, I want to fuck you more. Cum, Deepti! Cum for me."

Then, as if on some kind of cue, I heard the train coming, again. But, how? It had just passed minutes before. Maybe it was more minutes than I thought. Also, there were two tracks. Oh God! This must be the train coming in from the suburbs further out. Oh God, another train of passengers to see me. God, what a slut I will look like.

As the engine flashed by and the passenger cars after it, the noise was deafening and drowned out my cry of pleasure and ecstasy as my orgasm crashed over me. When my body calmed some, Swapnil was still fucking me. I sensed some urgency to his fucking so I pressed back against him as he thrust into me, matching his motion with mine and compounding the energy of the fucking. My nipples felt like they were on fire, erect and pressed into the warm metal of the car, the fucking making my tits rub over the surface. I slipped a hand between my body and the car, rubbing my clit as the cock inside me pounded into me with ever new force and intent. As I felt his cock erupt, spewing his cum

into me, I spasmed around his cock, another orgasm taking hold of my body.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

After the adventure with Swapnil, Mr. Iyer and I dispensed with the use of texting and accepted talking with the same phones. He continued to tease me with little challenges around the apartment and neighborhood. In the apartment, I would put the phone on speaker and he would direct me using his own imagination of what it looked like.

He seemed to be using the days immediately after the car ride for gentler play and I had the feeling he was nervous about what my reaction might be after that experience. I assured him that despite my initial disappointment about not having a dog, I was fine with everything that had happened and desired more. I was intrigued by what his mind had come up with both in the Park and the recent experience. I finally was able to convince him I was anxious to experience more of whatever he devised.

One day, he had me standing in front of the mirror using clips on my nipples and clit. They stung, but I told him I found it erotic and stimulating. Encouraged, he had me add more to my cunt lips. He then expressed his regret that he couldn't see what it looked like. I asked him for patience and awkwardly walked to the closet to retrieve the camera. It had a timer function, which I set and placed on the dresser next to the mirror. I quickly turned toward the camera and I heard the click. I checked the image and took a couple more, adjusting the angle. I took the camera to the computer, downloaded it, then uploaded the images to the phone. I sent him a text with two of the images, one was a closeup of the clips on my cunt lips and clit. He was delighted, which made me pleased.

Later, I took the images off the computer, transferring the rest to the phone. As I busied myself with that task, it occurred to me how happy and satisfied I felt. I tried to analyze why I was feeling it so strongly and it seemed to be that there was a man in my life, even remotely, that appreciated my efforts to satisfy him. A man I didn't really know very well was giving me a sense of satisfaction and achievement my own husband didn't seem capable of giving me.

Another time, he asked me to lubricate the handle to my hairbrush and work it into my ass. How obscene. But, I did it and eagerly. No matter the request, I felt a strong and compelling desire to complete it for him. If I could, I would get a photo as I did with the brush sticking out of my ass.

I started taking photos of myself to send to him. It might just be a selfie in the mirror or a timed photo in some pose. I took a photo wearing a sheer saree with nothing underneath. He came back quickly after that saying that one was very intriguing to him. He liked how I was exposed but still covered. He said he wished he could experience that every day.

He came back with another suggestion for an experience with the car. I would be picked up at the same location, I should wear the same outfit, and expect the use of the mask, again. I asked, but he would give no further details. He did not seem to be someone who was satisfied with duplicating the same experience twice in a row. Even in the Park, he used different dogs or different teases. I didn't think the two times in the car would be a duplicate, either. He was going to provide something different and the mystery of that heightened the anticipation for me. I was sure this time would somehow include a dog.

The car trip followed the same pattern as the first time. I was a little disappointed to find the car only had Swapnil driving. I had speculated that the something different this time might have been the participation and attendance of Mr. Iyer. Not that there was anything about Swapnil that could

cause any disappointment.

I was given the mask, which I put on as I seated myself into the back seat. As we approached the entrance to the Western Expressway, I caught Swapnil's eyes in the rearview mirror and he simply nodded. That seemed like a lot to assume from one previous encounter, but I was anticipating the same instruction to remove my saree and top. I smiled at him, leaned forward to pull the end of the saree from my shoulder, then pulled the top up and over my head. Without a bra, I was now naked from the waist up. I caught him adjusting the mirror and smiled at him, less embarrassed this time than I had been the previous time.

I thought about how to more easily remove the saree in the back seat of a moving car since the struggles of last time. I shifted to my knees on the edge of the back seat with my butt toward the front and pulling the bottom edges above my knees. I then was able to pull the tucks from the belt around my waist and unwrap the saree material from me. I piled the material against the left side of the seat, the passenger side, and fell back into place in the middle of the seat. I opened my legs wide to his gaze as he adjusted the mirror a little more to see further down.

I giggled, "Like this, Sir?"

He laughed. "I must say that is beautiful. But, Deepti, I am not Sir, simply Swapnil."

"There is nothing 'simply' about you, Swapnil. I can already see that although you serve Mr. Iyer, it is not from a position of weakness, but perhaps from devotion or loyalty?"

A voice intruded from the dash of the car. Unknown to me, the Bluetooth had been activated. "You are correct, my dear. Swapnil is far from a weak servant. Although he does serve me, he is most importantly my most trusted, and sometimes argumentative, professional advisor."

I smiled at Swapnil who had rolled his eyes in deflection of the compliments about him. I asked, "What do you have in store for me, today, Sir? And, will I have the pleasure of meeting you, this time, too?"

"You will have to wait, my dear. We wouldn't want to ruin the surprise. But, are you masturbating for Swapnil, Deepti?"

I blushed and dropped my hands between my thighs. "Sorry, Sir."

Swapnil was struggling between watching the road and watching my fingers. "She has the most beautiful and wet pussy, Sir."

There was a chuckle from the dash speakers, "I believe she uses the term 'cunt'." I blushed stronger as Swapnil's eyes held mine for a moment. With all the chatter about me and my cunt, I didn't achieve an orgasm this time, but I was certainly ready for anything. In fact, besides hoping for a dog, I was hoping for another coupling with Swapnil. His cock was magnificent and he was skilled with using it. I still was expecting Mr. Iyer had something more in mind.

When we dropped off the Expressway and wound through smaller and smaller roads, I sat up in anticipation of our destination. We were indeed approaching the same remote area with the train tracks. I noted by the clock on the dash that the timing was very similar to the previous time.

After opening the gate, driving through, reclosing the gate, and stopping the car in nearly the exact spot as last time, I accepted Swapnil hand as an assist in getting out of the back seat. I looked across the water to see people working in the test rice paddies. The bridge was still roaring with traffic and

the train tracks lay before us as if a reminder of what they could carry at any moment.

Swapnil came up behind me, slipped his arms around my waist, and I leaned back into him. The last time it was all about the sexual act, there was little gentle touch. This felt good. I knew very well I was going to be sucking and fucking him, again. Doing it all in public and exposed to those who might happen to see even if from too far a distance for recognition or too quickly passed for recognition. But, still, I was in this man's arms, his hands slowly and gently moving over my naked front, one hand down toward my crotch but not quite reaching, the other cupping my tit before taking the nipple between his finger and thumb. He squeezed the nipple and I mewled softly. He bent over so his other hand could reach down into my crotch, a finger slipping between the protruding lips. He raised the finger up to my mouth and I sucked my own juices off his finger. I turned my face up to him and we kissed.

I turned in his arms and his hands caressed my back to my butt. We continued to kiss and he picked me up, my legs instinctively wrapping around his hips. He walked me to the bonnet of the car effortlessly and set my butt down on the warm metal. He laid me back across the bonnet and kissed from my lips to my throat, to my chest and tits. He spent minutes kissing and sucking my tits and nipples. My back arched at the attention I had never before experienced. A man was loving my body!

When his kisses left my nipples and descending down my stomach, I sighed, then sucked in a deep breath as it occurred to me what he might be leading to. As his lips and tongue steadily descended over my abdomen and pubic mound to the top of my cunt and clit, I moaned so loud I thought it might draw attention from the workers except for the roar of the traffic above. He slid his hands underneath my knees and raised them up, then pushed them apart. I raised my head in utter shock at what he was doing. His mouth was covering my dripping cunt, his tongue playing inside and out, flicking at my engorged clit, then covering that clit with his lips and sucking hard. I was splayed out like a hen being made ready for stuffing. God, yes! Yes, I wanted to be stuffed by this man, again. But, what he was doing to me was too good, too wonderful, too heavenly to want it to stop. His tongue stiffened and pressed into my cunt. God! How ... how does he do that? Men do this? I want a man like this.

There was an emptiness. One moment, my cunt was covered by warm and attentive pleasuring and the next moment, it was gone. Emptiness and longing took its place. I opened my eyes, unfocused and directionless.

"Is she ready, Swapnil?"

I looked between my splayed thighs to find an older man standing alongside Swapnil whose eyes reflected lusty desire and eagerness. "Sir, I think she is always ready. The moment I touched her she was soaking wet."

I took it this was Mr. Iyer. Venkat Iyer looked every bit the successful businessman he claimed to be, but the respect and consideration Swapnil showed him was an even bigger indicator to me than his appearance. He had a kindly, gentle, fatherly face. He looked to be in his early 60's and stood a few inches taller than Swapnil. He carried his weight well, but it was evident that a life of business and offices had added some pounds to his frame. His hair was quite grey and receding. He combed it neatly to his right side. A small mustache was below his nose. He wore wire-framed glasses. Like Swapnil, he wore smart slacks and buttoned shirt open at the neck.

Puzzled about where he suddenly came from, I scanned around the trees to find an SUV parked away from the entrance we used. Standing next to the SUV attached by a leash was a dog looking very much like Sheru. My attention was brought back to their continuing comments.

They had shifted positions so Mr. Iyer was now standing directly in front of my splayed thighs, but a couple meters from me. I was getting embarrassed by my exposure to them and started allowing my thighs to close, but Mr. Iyer reacted quickly.

“No, dear, please. Please, remain just as you are.” Despite my increasing blush and embarrassment, I reopened my thighs as fully as before. My eyes met his, at least the moments when his eyes left his study of my cunt and body to glance at my face. He was unabashedly gazing at my open cunt and occasionally at my tits and the rest of my body.

“I don’t know if I have enjoyed a woman so much as she.” He looked into my eyes. “Perhaps it is her maturity. She has a real body, doesn’t she? Her curves as enticing. I think you are correct, Swapnil, a sexual goddess seems appropriate with a little encouragement.”

He came up between my legs, bent over and kissed my cunt. I shivered and moaned. There was something about this well-heeled, successful, and attractive man who had been so unashamed about gazing upon my openly exposed body and then moving up to me and kissing the part of me that seemed to hold his attention, the most private part of a woman.

He put his hands out to me. I took them and he assisted me down from the bonnet of the car. He pulled me into his arms and whispered into my ear, “Thank you, dear Deepti. I am sorry if that might have embarrassed you, but you are so lovely.” He put me at arm’s length and looked down my body, again. “I truly do enjoy a more mature woman.” He held my eyes. “You’ve been very receptive to everything present to you, so far. Are you ready for more?”

I nodded and stepped into him, putting my arms around his neck. “Yes, Sir. Anything. Everything. You’ve helped me experience things and feel things I never believed I would or thought possible.” I looked over at Sheru and he chuckled.

“I am glad to hear that.” During this time, Swapnil had disappeared behind the car and was removing two thick blankets and spreading them on some nearby tall grass. Mr. Iyer saw where my eyes were watching. “Yes, my dear. Have you ever been fucked three times in one session, Deepti? Would you like to be?”

My mouth dropped open, then formed into a wide smile. I demurely looked at him, “Sir, as I have told you before until all this started, I was only fucked by one man and that turned out to be very unsatisfactorily. Everything you have offered me has been amazing and satisfied me, but each has left me with an increased craving for what else was possible.” I paused and placed the side of my face against his chest. “I will try anything you desire of me, Sir. You have ignited something inside me that has inflamed desires, needs, cravings I didn’t know could exist.” I raised my head to engage his eyes, unaware that Swapnil had completed the arrangement of the blankets and was watching and listening to our exchange. “Sir, I feel I am at a precipice in my life. My life has been unsatisfying and frustrating, but it was the life I had. You’ve shown me things, made me feel things, so many things, that are beyond my ability to express. The simple desires I felt born from my frustrations to have matured into cravings I don’t know what bounds might exist for them. I don’t understand what is happening to me or where all this will lead me in life, but at these moments, these experiences are what I need.”

He pulled me into his arms and kissed the top of my head, his hands stroking down my bare back to the top of my butt. I melted into his embrace. That impression I had of him early, fatherly, morphed into something more. There was caring, respect, and consideration flowing from him, but there was also warmth and desire, desire for me.

He guided me gently to the blanket. I looked at him and Swapnil standing side by side. They were also wearing masks now and I remembered the trains. Nothing was said or indicated. I simply dropped to my knees in front of them. I moved my hands to Mr. Iyer's belt buckle, first. I undid his belt, his slacks clasp and zipper, then pulled his pants and underwear off his hips and down his legs. I did it quickly and without fanfare. I looked up at his face and smiled at him. His cock was uncircumcised, also. Although not nearly as long as Swapnil's, it was longer than my husband's, the only other cock I had any experience with. I raised his cock with one hand and licked the underside of it from base to top. I put the top into my mouth and began sucking on it. I pulled my mouth off, pull the foreskin back to expose the head, and returned my mouth to suck on the exposed head. I heard him gasp, his hand resting on the top of my head and I smiled around the cock.

I moved to Swapnil and repeated everything with him, sucking his cock about the same length of time. Then, I moved back and forth between the two men, sucking and licking each until I had two hard cocks standing before me.

I sat back on my heels, my knees separated to show my cunt and looked up at the two of them. "Sirs, would you like to cum in my mouth? Or, would you like to cum inside me? Consider me yours. How may I please you?"

Mr. Iyer responded, "I thought this was about finding ways of pleasuring you, my dear Deepti."

I smiled demurely, "I will find pleasure in pleasing you both."

"And Sheru?"

I giggled, "Yes, oh, yesssss ... and Sheru."

He motioned me to lie on the blankets. "I want to look into your eyes as I fuck you, Deepti." I was on my back, my knees bent and spread open. I held my arms out to him and he knelt between my legs and aimed his hard cock to my cunt, moving the head up and down until he found my hole and pressed into me.

I gasped at his penetration. Opening my eyes to find him supported above me on his arms, his hips smoothly and slowly pulling his cock back, then forward back in. I sighed and smiled up at him. "Thank you." He looked at me questioningly. "I have imagined you doing this for a while since we started communicating. Now, I have you and you feel wonderful."

"You are an enchanting woman, my dear. Your husband is a fool."

I wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled his face to mine and we kissed. I didn't want to think about my husband. I only want these two men ... and the dog.

My orgasm hit me before he climaxed, but it seemed that my orgasm may have stimulated his. My cunt clenched around his cock and he groaned, soon after he was shooting his cum into my body. He collapsed on top of me and I held him tight, feeling his cock move inside me as the last of his semen leaked from his cock.

Before the last time at this place, Mr. Iyer had questioned me at length about the protection I might be using. He was concerned because we were a sexless marriage. He didn't want to introduce Swapnil as a partner for me if there was a chance of my getting pregnant. I had laughed. Although his family had blamed me for being infertile, it was a relief to Prakash and it was at his insistence that I had my tubes tied to eliminate the possibility in the future. Once fully immersed in his separate life, the last thing he felt he needed was suddenly having a family involved. Such was my

existence.

The thought of fertile semen swimming around in search of an egg gave me goosebumps but it wasn't to be and never would.

Swapnil had his own idea of what he wanted to do. With my limited exposure to sex and positions, he lay on his back. I looked down at him puzzled. He told me to straddle his body and sit down on him, penetrating myself with his cock. I smiled at the thought and did as he instructed. I sighed as his cock penetrated me and continued to sigh as I sat down completely.

"Oh, my God! How wonderful!"

He laughed. "Do you know Kama Sutra?" I laughed. I was lucky to have any sex. "This is called, 'Tigriss'. It puts the woman in control."

I smiled as I raised up, then sank back down. Over and over. I loved this position. Then, he added more, "There are many positions, Deepti. Move your feet in front of you and lean back to me." I felt his hands support my back as I continued to rise and lower, this position causing contact in new ways. "Now turn around without losing my cock." I looked over my shoulder as if to challenge the instruction, but I did as he directed. It was so strange to feel him as I twisted around. Then he had me lean back as he held my hands. Then he pulled my feet alongside his head and I leaned back onto his legs. His cock pressed hard against my abdomen.

"These are all positions, Swapnil?" I was gasping. The changing of positions worked to delay the orgasm that was building.

"Variants of positions." He had me sitting facing him, leaning over his face. "There are hundreds of positions and variations."

He thrust into me and I came, I exploded. I dropped my body onto his and buried my face into his shirt. Just then, the commuter train blasted its horn and roared past us. That ignited a second explosion inside me and my clenching cunt brought him to climax.

The train had passed with hardly another thought. I was still on top of him. He didn't seem in a hurry to separate and I certainly wasn't. I could feel his cock softening inside me, slowly shrinking back like a retreating snake.

I raised up and looked at him, then craned my head to gaze up at Mr. Iyer. "Hundreds you say?"

Mr. Iyer smiled down at us. "Well, that is what Swapnil said. He knows better than me, certainly. But ... I think a sex goddess should be well versed in many of those positions, don't you?" I smiled up at him and nodded.

I looked down to Swapnil, "I think I would require a patient instructor." He smiled back to me and pulled me into a kiss and long cuddle.

I felt movement and new sounds near. Without raising my head off Swapnil's chest, I found Mr. Iyer's legs and feet and the golden fur of Sheru seating next to him. The scent of sex, even outside, must have been potent because the tip of his cock was peeking from his sheath. I raised myself to sit on Swapnil's hips. His cock had fully shrunk and only the head of it was still in my cunt. As soon as I moved, though, it too slipped out. As it slipped from my grasping hole, I attempted to squeeze with the muscles, bringing a smile from him.

I moved off Swapnil and sat on my heels in front of the dog and Mr. Iyer. I patted my thighs and Mr. Iyer released him to come to me. I buried his head into my naked body, my arms around his neck as I petted and stroked his body, his tail wagging furiously in response. Swapnil was rising and pulling his slacks on. I patted the blanket to have Sheru get down on his side. I nuzzled his face, my hand moving over his belly. After the previous experiences with the dogs, my action was much less tentative. My fingers quickly moved over the sheath, stroking the sides and holding it in my hand.

Without looking up, "You said your dogs had never experienced mating with other women, Sir?"

"Correct, you are the first." I smiled. I remembered my sense of almost pride at being their only human-bitch.

"So, you have never actually seen a woman with a dog?" I looked up at him with the fingers of one hand stroking the sheath of his dog and the other fondling my own tit. My eyes felt glazed with renewed lust. He shook his head. I smiled and dropped my attention back to the dog.

My tongue found the tip of his exposed cock tip and I licked off the drop of precum forming there. I put my lips over the tip and sucked more out and feeling the cock growing as I did it. I slid the cock into my mouth the inch or so until I felt the fir of his sheath. I pulled back and pushed down over it, over and over, taking more cock in the process. When I was satisfied, I pulled my mouth off and gazed at the reddish cock. Without looking at either of the men and mumbling more than speaking, I confessed a new building desire.

"Someday, I will feel and taste man or dog-cum in my mouth after bringing it to climax."

I didn't wait for a response, it was my own new desire, not born from their desires. I moved to my hands and knees and patted my ass. Sheru jumped to his feet and sniffed my ass. He gave me a few cursory licks, then was quickly on my back, his hips thrusting at me. My hand moved to assist him and even the feel of the cock sliding over my palm was thrilling. Like a Pavlovian trigger, the feel on my palm triggered the expectation of penetration and my physical and vocal response. I would not have been surprised if my cunt didn't yawn open in the anticipation of the cock.

I gasped and moaned with the initial penetration, then pressed back into him as he repositioned his grip around my waist and drove deeper into me. Then, as his frantic, animalistic mating behavior fully engaged, I heard the exclamations from both men as they watch the dog take over the mating ritual. My head sagged on my shoulders. When my eyes slit open, I was again aware of how my tits swung underneath me as the dog fiercely pounded my cunt with his cock. The forceful and dominating fucking served to ignite the remaining growth required for his cock. I felt it grow inside me and felt the knot forming. At first, I felt something larger pushing between my lips, then it was too large and was caught outside banging against my cunt. I pressed back at him as he pressed and forced his effort at me. The dog cock is good for fucking. The knot is entirely different, hitting spots inside me that only it can with regularity. The knot was a wonderful part of fucking a dog and an experience I knew I could never tire of.

When his knot stretched me wide and finally pushed in, my mind and senses were singularly focused on that achievement. The moment of entry sent me into orgasm, an orgasm I was told had me shouting and screaming my reaction, but it was drowned out by the passing of the next commuter train. I only became aware of the train as the last cars were passing. The sudden awareness was shocking and intense and resulted in another orgasmic peak crashing over me even before the previous one had ebbed.

Several days later, I was sitting on a bench in Sundar Nagar Garden next to the football field. I was



watching the match. A young player from the far side had just sent a long pass toward the front of the goal and his teammate soared into the air and executed a perfect header, sending the ball into the goal. I have long marveled at the physical skills some people possess. Mr. Iyer was sitting next to me pretending to read a newspaper while Swapnil sat on a bench across the walk looking at his smartphone.

Without looking up from the paper, he casually commented to me, "If I never saw you with the dogs again, Deepti, I would be eternally grateful for having witnessed it. The image is one I could replay in my mind in fine detail. But, I hope it is not the last time."

I glanced at him from the corner of my eyes. "I hope not, too, Sir."

"Deepti, do you know what a submissive personality is?"

"You have used the term before, Sir. I looked it up on the internet and did some research. I think I understand."

"You understand the term?"

I giggled nervously, "Yes, certainly, but I also understand why you have used it with me. I see now how my family had control over me and was able to dictate and manipulate my decisions and choices. I understand why my husband's family was willing to settle on a girl from my background. I would be easily controlled and manipulated to serve the needs of my husband."

He was nodding, still seeming to be engrossed in some story in the paper. "I am guessing that despite the treatment you receive from your husband and your growing craving for sexual gratification, you still maintain an orderly and efficient home for him." I nodded. "But, you don't feel whole, fulfilled, do you, Deepti?" I shook my head. My eyes moistened and I looked away from the match, my eyes not focused on anything. He was right, I didn't feel any fulfillment in my life. And, if this was his way of letting me know he couldn't continue to help me, I didn't know what I might do. His hand moved to my arm and gently touched it. "Deepti, a submissive is fulfilled by pleasing and serving, but there is also a deep need to be respected and honored in the process. Without that, it might as well be a servant's job."

I looked directly at him and he put the paper down on his lap. "That is the way I feel. You understand, don't you? You have for a long time." He nodded. I dropped my head and mumbled, "I don't know what to do. Are you telling me we are done? Are you saying my duty is to my husband? Are you saying this has been an intriguing lark, but it can't continue?"

I couldn't bear to look at him in case his answer was the dreaded response I didn't want to hear. But, I heard his voice light, but firm, in control, "Are you dressed appropriately for our meeting?" My eyes opened wide. I was wearing a saree with a top, but underneath I was not wearing a bra or panties or petticoat. I looked up smiling and nodded. I was also blushing, not because of the admission but because of the feelings of anticipation. I glanced at Swapnil and saw the kind, friendly, and caring smile lighting up his face. "I have no desire to end this, Deepti. Quite the opposite, in fact. I want to move this relationship forward, but I think to move it forward would require some changes in your life."

"What kind of changes?"

He turned on the bench to look directly at me. "Big changes. You want to be free to experience what is possible, don't you? You are more than a bitch, Deepti. Recently, you have shown that you could also be a slut." My face showed my reaction. "Do you doubt it? I know your desire, craving for dogs."

It was the dogs that truly set you free. But, you have also shown you might crave the pleasures of men, as well, like a true slut. A submissive like you, Deepti, a bitch to dogs and a slut to men, would be fun to play with.”

“What I now appear to be was with your guidance and assistance, Sir.”

He nodded. “Yes, there was that. I confess my part in directing and manipulating your experiences all the way to sucking and fucking Swapnil before you eagerly did the same to both of us together.” He chuckled. “Then, as though we weren’t enough for you, you wanted to be mounted by Sheru.” I giggled shyly at the recent memory. “Swapnil called you a sex goddess, remember? I think with more guidance and control he will be correct, more so than he might have expected. Do you disagree, Deepti?”

I shook my head. “No, Sir. I mean, I don’t know about the goddess part, but the idea he was expressing is exciting for me to imagine. But, it has been through your guidance ...” I looked over to Swapnil ... “and Swapnil’s participation, of course.”

He smiled and nodded. Then, he became very serious and held my eyes with his. “Deepti, do you want this to continue, even to grow?” I nodded. “Are you sure, Deepti? To continue like this would become more restrictive and risky. It can be continued and grown but it would require the big changes I was referring to. To truly continue this satisfactorily we have to bring this out of the shadows. You are a woman who needs strong control and direction.”

“I’m not sure I understand.”

He chuckled, “I know you don’t. You are like a neophyte waiting to be groomed into being the slut and bitch you could be. That can’t be done in a few hours at a time, a few times a week. It requires turning your life over to it.”

I looked up at him. I was stunned. When he said there would need to be changes, I never thought he meant changes at that level. How could those changes happen as a married woman afraid of what could happen? Oh ... my God! Is he talking about leaving Prakash?

“Sir, I can’t leave ...”

He put up his hand. “I understand how important the perception of your marriage is for you and your family. Though, I don’t think that husband of yours deserves you. He is a fool to have left you in this state that you should find yourself.”

I stood and faced him while keeping a respectable separation between us in case someone should notice us. “I don’t understand, Sir. What can you possibly do to make a difference beyond what we have been doing?”

“Answer me this simple question: Do you want to be shown, led, instructed, guided, and freed to seek and discover experiences you have only imagined and then well beyond those?” How would he do that? How do I answer that? How could I still be married and realize all that? But, if I could ... of course, I would want that. What does that make me? A slut, a bitch? Yes, that’s what it would make me. Isn’t that what I have been moving toward with his guidance, already? Of course!

“Yes ... I would want that, but how?”

“Deepti, there is a saying: To live fully you have to experiment; to have the ability to experiment, you have to have confidence; to have confidence, you have to be secure; to be secure, you have to trust.”

He looked into my eyes deeper. "I have asked you before if you trusted me and you always said, yes. This time it is a much bigger question, isn't it? Do you trust me this much, Deepti? Do you trust me to not only to free you up to experience more of this while maintaining your marriage but do you trust me to control what you experience? I am not offering you a love relationship, Deepti, this will be directing you into experiences."

"Yes, Sir. I do trust you with my being. However you think you can manage all this, yes, I trust you to do it. It excites me, Sir. I have become wicked in my desires, I need your guidance."

"Good, excellent. I am excited, too, as I am sure is Swapnil." He chuckled and glanced to his assistant who smiled. Keep that phone nearby. In the next day or two, I will call for a meeting for it all to be explained."

"Yes, Sir." I was almost giddy, which on its face seemed strange. I was almost giddy to truly become a submissive, controlled woman directed to increasing sexual experiences. But, I very definitely was.

He turned to leave, his eyes showing that he wanted to give me a parting kiss. After only a few steps, I saw Swapnil say something to Mr. Iyer and he turned around. "Deepti, when I call for you, don't forget to dress appropriately."

I smile ... and blushed. I call after him with excitement, "Yes, Sir."

**THE END**