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[index](#) | [sex stories](#) |

Garba Magic :: Indian Sex Stories

My back was against the wall, Dad'd ordered me to come to the dance.

"Find a nice traditional girl, not those sluts you're always hanging around." Subtle, right?

I leaned against the wall, as pretty country girls and not so pretty smiled hard, or their moms did, before pinching and prodding their daughters my way; so I tried to not make eye contact, while clutching my Garba sticks, and planning escape.

She was laughing at me. No. At my predicament. But it wasn't funny. She made a face. I made one back. She made a heads up gesture, as a determined mom headed my way, to find out "why you're thinking yourself too good for my little girl."

I ran. Irate mom chased me.

My new friend intercepted.

"There you are, you promised, you mean thing; promised to only dance with me this last night. Oh, hello, Mrs. Paritosh." My rescuer boldly pulled me onto the floor and we silently danced the round together.

My lovely rescuer had eyes like warm brandy, and a figure and face that held my fascinated gaze. The Garba ended and the moms were now concentrating on another unattached man, like wolves on a tired gazelle.

"Thank you, sir, for dancing with me," she said in bashful softness.

"Why so shy now?" She blushed, looked away, as if about to flee. "No, really, why?"

"You needed help. Mothers are ruthless when they find a fine catch, or even just a man just barely still breathing." I laughed, and Mrs. Paritosh glared at me, then at my rescuer, sniffed, and then turned her back on us.

"What's your name?" My charming rescuer eventually began to speak, but stared over my shoulder, and frowned. I looked around, and saw nothing.

Turning back, she was gone! So was my heart.

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