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## Garba Magic 2 :: Indian Sex Stories

It'd been weeks. I'd say exactly how long, by days, hours, and minutes, but it might sound too pathetic. The Garba. Irate Mrs. Paritosh on my trail about not dancing with her unmarried daughter. I was rescued. I'd shared one dance and my lovely rescuer'd vanished without leaving her name.

Nor did anyone else know, not even Mrs. Paritosh.

I left the office and entered the crowded streets, thinking I must get back to the country, to try again to find her, when I found her.

"Hey! HEY!" Everyone looked around, except her, as I followed. Down long streets, and an ally or two. Into a flower market, I'd always only ever been to before when I was quite small. I was tired of following and wanted to know the cherished answer she'd not given: her name. And more.

I caught her up, and I fear I forgot myself and grabbed her around.

"Oh!"

"No. It's me. You rescued me at Garba, from Mrs. Paritosh's wrath?"

"Oh! It's you. It really is you."

"I've been following you for blocks." Her beautiful eyes went wide.

"You have?"

"Don't faint."

"I-I'm not."

"I'm not convinced." Then, in the midst of a rainbow of flowers and herbs and peoples of all kind, and rumbling vehicles, horns, yapping dogs, and laughing and crying children, we were silent.

"I ... I have to go."

"I've just found you, again."

"I found YOU last time." Then she blushed, and was backing away.

"Tell me where I can find you, again. Please. I must see you again." She smiled, shyly, still backing away. I took a step and she shook her head "no." I stopped. That pleased her, but made me desperate, until—.

"Tomorrow, noon, here." She ran.

And I'd still not gotten her name.

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