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Raj :: Indian Sex Stories

The tiresome British have been here for some time and find our ceremonies "fascinating" in a "quaint manner." They do love parades in pretty clothes. And that is when I saw him, standing among the crowd of the faithful with two other redcoat officers kept back behind my official guard.

Our gazes locking upon the other was as palpable as one's skin in an electrical storm.

Upon my exiting the temple, he was still there, just beyond the iron gates, separating us from them.

I spoke to my man and kept on, and the Britisher was collected and brought the secret way to my private apartments.

He was stripped—a fine figure from my hidden vantage—as he was washed and redressed in silks and finest linen, with only a few protests of good-natured curiosity from him, but no excessive, disrespectful attitude of superiority, or entitlement, so often rampant in one of his nation.

"What is your name, sir?"

He was startled by my appearance, and his eyes bulged, so did his linen trousers, when he beheld me in my simple gown, cut low between my generous breasts. He appeared unable to speak, or think.

"Sir. Your personal name, nor more."

"Sutton Palm—. Sutton. Ma'am." Hm. Very respectful, and attractive.

"Tell me what you thought, and felt, as your gaze first met mine. Exactly." He blushed, rather terribly.

"It wouldn't be proper, ma'am. Great Lady."

"Tell me, or I'll send you away, this instant." A look of distress distorted his fine, honest features. "Exactly, sir. Now." His gaze met mine in challenge, and then fell away.

"Nothing. My mind blanked, but I-I felt as one when caught in an electrical storm which makes the hairs upon one's body stand." Ah. Good answer.

I took his hand and...

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