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### Raj 3 :: Indian Sex Stories

Sutton words and humble attitude had opened my heart. I hadn't expected that. I'd had him brought to me for amusement, but now we both felt a draw of—.

A cleared throat, a message brought to my ear; giving me time to postpone my heart's impending bloom.

"Excuse me. I must go to my father. Please, anything that is mine is yours. Send for whatever you desire." I left him, but left instruction with my ladies and eunuchs before answering my father's needs.

Sutton was asleep, when I returned, lying in dishabille in my own bed. My head lady came to me, as I watched him through the latticed wall.

"Tell me."

"We did as ordered, My Great Lady. Brought ALL your women before him to see; for the British all believe themselves great pashas, and must be served."

"And?"

"His eye appraised each, at length." I frowned. "Your Britisher was told clearly that whatever he wanted was his, WHOEVER he wanted, and ... however many, I tastelessly added."

"AND?"

"He said, 'I have already made MY choice. I only hope and pray I am HER choice.' Then he sent them all away, My Great Lady."

"Why? Why'd he send them away? They're exquisite, every one, in every way, or they'd not be mine. Why?" She almost spoke, but bowed and made a gesture to look.

He was asleep, but stirring, and I left my hiding and stood over him, his fine face and form cast in moonlight and humble honesty. I stroked his face and he awoke full, and the gentle, deep light in his eyes warmed my soul.

"Hullo, Great Lady."

"Hullo, Britisher. Sutton." He smiled.

And we lay side by side all the night till morn, lost in deep gazes and soft, heartfelt whispers.

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