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### Rini and Kala :: Indian Sex Stories

I'd not seen Rini for ten years. We'd been best friends as children, like sisters, until our parents abruptly put an end to playtime and sleepovers, with no reason given.

We were, in fact, "absolutely forbidden to see each other ever again."

That parental law had just expired, at this university.

"Kala?"

"Rini!" We'd screamed, shamelessly dropped our expensive, new textbooks, and hugged, soon forgetting that we'd been parted so long.

We paused and stared at each other a long while.

"Aren't parents the queerest old things, Rini?"

"Yes, they are." We picked up our books and then sat under a great tree. "Kala? Y-You do know why they'd separated us?"

"No. They'd never tell me. Just said it was for my 'own good, and reputation.' Whatever that means." Rini took my hands in hers.

"It means, they were afraid."

"Of what?"

"Of how we felt about each other, and might feel, as we grew older, and spent so much time together." I had to've looked clueless.

Rini sighed, and kissed me on the cheek, beside my mouth. It felt good. And I wished she'd kissed me on the lips. But we were in public.

"Kala. I don't know how you feel, about us. You may have chang—."

"We're sisters, I love you." Her eyes misted over.

"Yes, and I love you. I always have. And always will. But not like a sister." I frowned.

"Oh? Th-Then how?"

"Like a lover."

For seconds I didn't understand, and then it occurred to me that we were in public, as many passed.

I pulled my hands from hers.

We sat a long while; finally, Rini sighed, gathered her books and rose to leave.

"Rini?"

She gazed back at me, her cheeks wet ... and I took her hand

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