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

Wedding Hookup :: Indian Sex Stories

We'd left early after hooking up at a traditional wedding; a HOTTIE, who said her mother'd made her come, so she'd see "how beautiful" it was, and want one too.

Exactly what MY mom'd said.

Not happening.

Good. Because this longhaired, brown skinned Hottie fucks like a mad woman; I'd hate to see her wasted on a husband and a yard of brats.

I'd already told my mom I wasn't going special deliver mail order bride. Virgin by post. Break seal and impregnate. A stranger in a box.

And Hottie brings her own condoms!

We fucked in every way, in every room and in the backyard when my landlady was out. Hottie's idea. She has a lot of great ideas.

We lay in the grass.

"I don't want to marry, Kal. Do you?"

"Hell, fucking no. Marriage ain't fun like this, is it, Kalpana?" We stared at each other in agreement, and then it was time for a mouthful.

"Eat my dick."

"This ain't the old country, Kal. You first."

"You got a dick I ain't found yet, Kalpana?" Her eyes were soft, as she licked her lips, full, fascinating lips, then her eyes turned wicked.

"Eat me out, man bitch."

"So, it's like that." Such initiative. Hot AND mean, not trad wife material at all.

"Yeah, it's like that, and I like a lot of tongue, and soft, gentle, swirling suction."

I committed her instructions to memory, nodded, and put my head between her two strong thighs, took a closer look at my favorite new toy, parted the fat lips of her fully waxed snatch.... (Hey, is it still snatch without hair to pull?)

My favorite smell, my favorite taste, she ground against my face, and moaned and mewed, and drowned me in cum, my nontraditional Hottie.

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