



Naughty Nuptials

Being all alone for the first time with her man, Sandhya was overwhelmed by the privacy the moment had afforded them. However, as Raja Rao cuddled her in ecstasy, she cajoled him with love.

“How long I’ve been longing for this moment!” he said, caressing her back as she moulded into his embrace for a response.

Then, he raised her head as though to see the essence of her soul but saw her droop her eyelids in anticipation. He showered kisses on them, seemingly to cajole them to sight to make them witness his passion. As the ardour of the moment quivered her lips, he joined his to those for support. Gratified by his gesture, so it seemed, her lips played host to their labial guests. The reciprocity of their explorations that followed enabled them to experience the fondness of their love that permeated their souls. In time, he loosened himself from her enticing grip so as not to cross the threshold before the momentous event.

As they reentered the backyard, as the softness of the bed, lay amidst a bed of roses, has blossomed their anticipation, they reached the nearby well to see their reflections in the moon-lit waters. Having savoured their shadow of closeness, he proposed that they bathe in the open for a real feel of it, and as she protested in shyness, he said in mock innocence,

“Why fear, I’ll keep guard.”

“That’s the threat,” she said, turning coy.

“Let’s find a romantic balance then,” he said persuasively and went up to the cot in measured steps.

He then gestured her to join him and having been amused, she obliged him demurely.

“Its half moon now and I would be twenty steps away; let me gloat over your contours that would shape the course of our love life?” he crooned into her ears endearingly.

"Gents first, in these things," she suggested.

'Agreed, if it means courtship manners," he caught her by her waist and led her to the well.

As he handled the bucket over the overhead pulley, finding some coconuts afloat, she said in wonderment, 'rural refrigeration!'

Soon, when he was down to his underwear, she thought he resembled a well-chiseled sculpture of a Greek warrior, and as he went on drawing water from the well in bucketfuls, she was charmed watching the contractions of his shapely biceps.

"Would you please soap my back," he said invitingly.

"All through you behaved like a gentleman I thought, but now you're showing your naughty side," she said mischievously.

'In other words, you were afraid all along that the burden of initiative should've landed in your lap. But with the driver around, I had no way but to steer clear of your captivating curves," he said pulling her nearer to him.

'I never thought that you're such a shameless character," she said turning coy.

"Should a groom turn shy at the threshold, then his bride would've to bear the burden of shame" he said in all smiles, "I'm privy to the fact that a cousin of mine didn't stir in the nuptial bed as though he was in meditation. Finding him tepid to her eager charms, crossing her fingers, his bride felt him at the right place! As you could guess, that did the trick for the rest of the night and ever after."

Without further fuss, hitching her sari and tucking it, she obliged him.

"I love a little more pressure later," he said as he winked at her, enjoying the sense of her touch in the slippery medium.

"You seem to be quite experienced at that," she said tauntingly.

"Can't that be imaged even without going through that?" he said tentatively.

After his bath, having filled the well-side tub for her use, he retreated to the bed as agreed and waited in anticipation, but she started her bath with her clothes on. Crying foul, he rushed to the well and pulled at her sari, leaving her in her blouse and the petticoat. When his attack was directed at her midriff to untie the ribbon, she agreed to obey and sent him away.

As she began bathing with her back to him, he goaded her to be more open, and as she relented, seeing her myriad movements in nude, he felt as though some romantic poetry acquired her form. When she stepped out wrapped in her bathrobe, he nestled her from behind eagerly and whispered in her ears endearingly, "you look sex fresh," and as she blushed to her roots, he went on showering her shoulders with warm kisses.

Then after dinner,

laid on the high-rise cot in the courtyard, Raja Rao was impatient for his bride's arrival and as Sandhya, clad in that white sari, stepped out into the moonlight, he felt as though she were an angel that had descended from the heavens. However, as she neared him, even as his pulse increased, her pace slowed down, and finding her coy to climb up the bed, he clenched her waist to catapult her onto the cot. While she landed herself in his ardent embrace, even as her sari went askance, exposing her shapely legs and baring her alluring blouse, anticipating an ambush, her heartbeat has galloped. What with her breasts heaving heavily, as if to invite him to steady her impulse, when she felt the pressure of his hands on them, she realized that she was in the realms of masculinity. When he began feeling the

softness of her belly, she felt fascinated by the firmness of his touch, and as his hands probed the contours of her bottom, she found herself rollicking in anticipation.

In time, as he turned her naked, she dropped her eyes, for she felt shy to espy herself in his presence but when she sensed that he was nude as well, she stole a glance to gauge the measure of his manhood. When he held her firmly against his hairy chest, her breasts had their first brush with maleness, and as he sought for her lips eagerly, she provided them readily for their mutual satiation. Soon, having conquered her heart with his love, he stooped to her feet in passion only to find his way back in time to it on her silken slopes with the labial support. However, having reached her midriff, he rested his head for a while on its slab, but signaled by its spasms, as he changed the direction of his ardour and lent his lips to her labium, she moaned at his labial nuances though as a prelude to guiding him to enter into her well of love. And as his manhood reached the threshold of her maidenhood, her womanhood connived with him to contrive its crossing. Thus, on their way to orgasm, they experienced the ecstasy of their nuptial union brought about by the feeling of lovemaking.

Then fondling his back, as he lay on her in exhaustion, she felt life was worth living if only for that one moment. Seeing he was fulfilled as well, she felt gratified for being the source of his fulfillment, and her own satiation, occasioned by his passion, made him even more endearing to her loving heart. Holding hands in unison, wondering about nature's ingenuity in conceiving sexual gratification as a means of human fulfillment, they gazed towards the skies, as though to thank the stars for their union. Soon, however, Sandhya couldn't help but think about her intimacy with Roopa and felt, 'true our lesbianism entwines our bodies and delights our minds, but in his coition it's as if his body got fused with mine to our heart's content.'

Before exhaustion overpowered their youthful exuberance in their nuptial bed and as sleep overtook their adoring gaze, the moon was on its westward descent, but as though it got inkling from its fairer partner on the horizon, the sun lay in wait to catch a glimpse of the nuptial bride in her exhausted sleep. However, as though influenced by his possessive instinct, Raja Rao woke up at dawn to catch the peeping tom in its act, and then turning to Sandhya, who slept spread-eagled, he felt that she looked incredibly splendid. After being deflowered, it seemed as if she flowered overnight to resemble the bedside roses, and seeing her thus in the nascent sunlight, he surged to have more of her fresh youth; and as he pressed against her ardently, she woke up to his ardour to match him amorously.

This is an excerpt from the eponymous chapter in Benign Flame: Saga of Love, a free ebook in the Author's Den