

BANG, BANG...

EROTIC STORIES



PRIYA KAMARAJU

Bang Bang - Erotic Stories

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BANG Bang

Erotic Stories

Priya and Kamaraju



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About the book

A cool collection of scintillating, titillating erotic stories that take erotic story lovers on a roller-coaster ride in sexual fantasy paradise. Priya exults in female fantasies, and dreams and Kamaraju is a master-story teller of red-hot erotic stories.

Together, they concoct a magic potion of unique story plots, situations that every horny person (male or female) dream and fantasize about, the potion that will be like the ultimate aphrodisiac for couples...and, well, exciting means for self-gratification, for singles...

About the authors

Priya is happily married. Erotic story writing is a hobby she cultivated after chatting with her favorite author Kamaraju. She gave valuable inputs of female psychology, passions, desires and feelings, which helped Kamaraju in creating many exciting and highly erotic stories that appeal to both sexes.

Kamaraju is also happily married, blessed with two sons. Erotic story writing hobby bit him in his teenage days and over the years, he has honed his skills, thanks to friends like Priya, Sushma, Riz, Neha and many horny women chat- friends, who implore him to write their unbelievably hot experiences, and he obliges them.

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Dedication

To Sushma, Riz, Sudha, Kelly, Neha, Anita...and all our
horny women chat- friends and readers, and all horny
men....

Priya and Kamaraju

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Priya and Kamaraju

Chapter 1

Bang Bang in the Train

I had all but given up hope of catching the train.

The waterlogged roads due to heavy down pour and traffic jams were forcing the taxi to go at snail's pace. Miraculously, though I reached station five minutes late, the train was still standing on platform; it seems its schedule was also delayed.

I thanked god, got into my A/C two tier compartment and pushed my suitcase under the berth. I smiled at the couple and their son and sat in my seat. The kid was nagging his mother that he forgot to bring *Tinkle* magazines and wanted to buy.

‘No, there is no time now, any minute train will start. This should teach you to be careful next time,’ Mother was admonishing son. Son sat sullenly watching through window. I got down from train, went to the bookstall, purchased several magazines along with *Tinkles* and *Chadamamas*, and as I was paying the vendor, train started to move. I ran and jumped in as it was about to pick up speed.

‘Here you are,’ I gave the magazines to the kid. His face lit up.

‘Thank you, uncle,’ he grabbed and gave me a big smile. His mother also beamed.

‘Really, you shouldn't have taken the risk. You could have missed the train,’ she told me.

‘No chance. I can out run the train any day. I am champion runner in my college and in my twenty years of running career, I never came second,’ I told her. Husband took out his wallet.

‘Thanks a lot, this will keep him quiet. Otherwise, he will nag us to death. Please let me pay for the magazines,’ He started taking out money. I refused to take saying it was embarrassingly small amount and the boy was like my nephew.

Train gathered speed. I noticed his eyes were red and swollen and he was nodding, unable to keep eyes open. He saw me looking at him, and gave a smile.

‘I did not have sleep for last two days. I think I will hit the sack. Sudha, for god's sake, do not wake me up until we reach our destination. You have the habit of forgetting to bring water bottles or snacks. If you want anything our champion runner will get for you,’ all of us laughed as he climbed the ladder and arranged his bed roll and was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

Sudha smiled at me. The kid was engrossed in his comics. I observed that she was looking at me covertly and was looking other way when I looked in her direction. I looked at her with interest for the first time. She was quite fair with long, jet-black hair bound in a ponytail. Her hair had shine and bounce. She was wearing one gold chain, which almost merged in her complexion. Black beads were in contrast, magnifying

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her skin radiance. From the position she was sitting, her left breast was not covered by *pallau* and its' contours were mouth watering. Her tits were slightly bouncing due to movement of the train. Her blouse was transparent and I could see she was not wearing a bra.

She glanced at me and I was caught red- handed staring at her left boob. She blushed and arranged her *pallau* to cover it. In the process, I had a chance to see contours of her areola and stiffening nipple.

‘Mom, can I sleep on top berth,’ suddenly the kid asked.

‘No, Vijay, you can't, before you ask why, that berth belongs to this uncle, second, you have the bad habit of tossing and turning in the bed and are sure to fall. Imagine how badly you will be hurt, if you fall from that height,’ Sudha said firmly. I laughed.

‘Madam, Parents are the ones who teach cowardice to kids. And you, Vijay, one, I don't mind giving you top berth, second, I will make sure you will not fall and you should prove your mother wrong, ‘ saying this I helped the kid climb onto top berth, ignoring Sudha's protests. Then I tied corners of bed sheet to the two hanging chains so that it formed a barrier.

‘There you are, you can't fall even if you try to,’ I told him. Vijay was beside himself with joy.

‘Mom, see how good this uncle is, you and dad never allow me to do anything,’ he was happily telling his mom. Sudha gave him his dinner packet.

Sudha again gave me a knowing smile, this time there was just more than politeness, there was a veiled invitation and the spark in her eyes was a compliment to

me for tactfully allowing kid to give us privacy. I also smiled at her.

‘In the night it will become very cold, Vijay, before going to sleep, cover yourself with blanket and see if your dad had covered himself with blanket,’ she called out to Vijay.

Vijay replied that he is not a small kid and need not be told everything and no, dad's blanket was neatly folded at his feet. Sudha swore, got up, took out her sandals, stood on the berths with legs apart, and arranged the blanket to cover her husband. Her tits were now undulating provocatively due to train movement and her strong thighs were quivering.

She was standing less than feet from me and I had the strongest urge to squeeze one breast, clasp her pussy with the other hand, and bury my middle finger deep inside wet, oozing pussy. As if on cue, two drops fell from her pussy on the floor.

I would have done it, but suddenly I sensed one woman was standing next to me.

‘Excuse me; can I sit here for few hours? I will get down after three hours,’ she was pleading. She was almost of the same age as Sudha, but leaner, darker. Her breasts were ideal size for one hand and one mouth, unlike Sudha's which would not fit in both hands.

‘No problem, please sit there, I don't sleep before ten pm any way,’ I told chivalrously.

She thanked me, waited for Sudha to get down, moved to the window side, and sat.

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I think Sudha was telepathically aware of what I was thinking, though she could not see me, for, by the time she got down, her face was flushed red not from just her physical effort. Her eyes fell on the two drops on floor, she looked at me side ways to check if I observed. I put on a blank face. Sudha sat opposite to that woman and they started conversing.

I sighed and rued the missed opportunity for a romp with Sudha, and took my shorts and went to the toilet and changed. I prefer baggy shorts, as they are more comfortable. By the time, I returned both women were getting on like a house on fire. It seems they were from the same school but in different sections. Sudha introduced her friend as Suma. I was totally side lined. We opened our dinner boxes and shared items. After dinner, women went to wash their hand and then I went to wash room.

When I returned I pulled the curtains close, attached Velcro sticker tapes, turned back, and I saw Sudha was lying on the berth. As I hesitated, she motioned me to sit at her feet. She folded her feet to make place for me. I sat, and took out my mobile, put on earphones and started to listen to music. I put my feet on the berth in front. After some time, I sensed that they were sharing secrets the way they were glancing at me and whispering.

I quietly reduced volume and listened.

‘Be careful, he might listen,’ Suma was saying.

‘Don't worry. He is listening to music. He cannot listen. Tell me, was Krishna Sir rubbing his cock on shoulders and arms of girls in your class also?’ Sudha asked.

‘Yes, we used to pretend that it was his hand. Useless fellow, he never wore underwear in his life. But you were center of attraction with big boobs, which you were flaunting; no one looked at us,’ Suma told.

I froze as I felt a tickling sensation on my balls. I slowly glanced down and saw Sudha's foot moved along the opening in my shorts and was playing with them. I thanked my sixth sense, it told me to take out underwear also. I altered my position slightly to give her more access. She inserted her other foot also and started massaging my cock holding between toes. She was conversing normally with Suma and asking Vijay to sleep.

‘Come on, Suma, I never flaunted. Is it my fault that they were big ? Anyway, your tits are also very good. Did you go for surgery or something, because your chest was flat like a boy's, in school,’ Sudha said as she was expertly giving foot massage to my already swollen dick. I put my hand inside her Sari and moved it along her inner thigh. I slowly moved it until I reached her pussy. She squirmed and moved further down and spread her legs. I lovingly rubbed my fingers on her pussy mound. It was smooth, clean-shaved.

Tantalizingly slowly, I ran my finger along her lips. Her thighs quivered. I entered my finger in her wet, oozing pussy.

‘No, I was a late bloomer. I resigned myself to a life of tit less existence, and then suddenly they sprouted. Of course, they got help from regular exercise, from my cousins, uncles, and friends. When no one was around, I squeezed myself. Don't divert the topic. You had hots for Mohan,’ Suma accused.

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Sudha's pussy became wetter when she heard her childhood crush's name. She blushed.

‘How do you know, how can anyone know, I thought it was my secret,’ Sudha exclaimed. Suma laughed.

‘The moment you saw him, you used to blush, suddenly an insect will bother you, you beat it with *pallau* to show your boobs to him and the way you walk, talk used to change. Of course we knew; you had hots for him,’ Suma said.

Sudha's pussy had become so lubricated I inserted two fingers and was exploring her depths.

‘Did everyone know? All the boys also knew?’ Sudha asked in a worried voice.

‘Are you mad? Boys are so dumb or blind that they don't notice such things. Only we girls knew and we keep secrets. By the way did he press your breasts?’ Suma asked.

‘You are right. Boys are so dumb. All of you could get the message but not Mohan. During last few days of school he gathered courage to squeeze my breast in English class when he was sitting in the bench behind me,’ Sudha said.

‘What was your reaction? Did you glare at him or scare him away?’ Suma was curious.

‘I lifted my arm, pulled his hand, moved back and maneuvered myself to give maximum scope and boy, how he fondled! Even now, my pussy flows like a tap at mere thought of that touch. In the last few days, we did some heavy petting, and kissing, but no sucking, licking.

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