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Garba Magic 3 :: Indian Sex Stories

I'd gotten to the flower market far before noon the next day, to wait for her, but she snuck up—.

"Boo!" I jumped, and she giggled, and then said, "My name is Lilla. What's yours, besides 'that snotty fellow'?"

"What?"

"That's what Mrs. Paritosh and the other mothers called you at the dance."

"Really." Forget those mothers, pun intended. "Lilla. Your name's lovely; and they're vipers." She giggled again, for "lovely" or "viper," or both, I wasn't certain.

"It's foreign. Short for Elisabeth, but not Lillia or Lillian, I don't understand why though."

"Your given name's Elisabeth then?"

"No. Just Lilla. Mother prayed at the temple for a name for me, and that was the first that came to her. 'Like a soft voice in her ear,' she said." I swallowed rather hard, lovely wasn't a word good enough for Lilla. "You haven't answered."

"W-What?"

"YOUR name, snotty." She giggled, and I thought "charming."

"Um, it's Khabir." She then pulled a "charming" face, as she thought about it, then smiled.

"I like it, which I'm, of course, certain your mother and father have waited many years to hear."

"Just my father."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I.... I'm—."

"It's fine. Dear Lilla, how could you make my father so right?" She looked perplexed, and charming. "Well. Do you want something to eat?"

"That's not necessary."

"So let's do it anyway. My treat."

"A-All right. If you wish," she said quietly, again the bashfulness back, after teasing me so.

She let me take her hand and place it on my arm, and I place my other hand over hers, securing her presence beside me.

Poor Mrs. Paritosh will kill me, because like father'd said I would, I'd found my bride at the country dance.

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