

Horn OK Please

BY **SUNIYA QURESHI**

Undulating, powerful thrusts of the bailun upon the gooey boundless dough bring back sordid memories of that unspoken night...That moment when Sangeeta met her match when fate brought Veer to her door.

She was playing her favourite evening tunes of bygone Bollywood heroes, when the door bell rang. Confused and a little angry she wasn't expecting anyone, with dough stuck to her fingers, and annoyed she hadn't put her bra on that morning, she grabbed her shawl and maintain her middle aged modesty and went to open the door. The rain was already lashing down and she signed under breath thinking when the heat of the sun would be back, its rarity in the UK shores was beginning to wear her down.

She called out hesitantly before opening the door ajar. On her doorstep stood a bedraggled looking young man. He couldn't have been over 24; he shuffled apologetically dripping rain water on her doorstep. His cab had a flat tyre just outside her home, and he was sorry but could he use her phone, his mobile battery was flat. Sangeeta hesitated, one hears of all these horrible burglaries happening, and desperate drug addicts trying to raid homes whilst unknowing victims slept in their beds....But then she suddenly looked into this bedraggled young man's eyes and decided to give him the benefit of doubt, after all he looked Asian and had manners and even looked like he needed a cup of tea.

Veer sensed her hesitation, 'don't worry I could always walk back down to the high street and call from one of the shops there?' Sangeeta immediately felt guilty, and without realised opened her door wide and ushered him in before he could say another word. He took is soggy shoes off exposing even soggier socks. Sangeeta asked him to take his socks off too before he caught a cold and pointed to the phone on the kitchen wall. Her shawl slipped from her shoulders and Veer briefly caught a glimpse of her white rounded shoulder and the hardness of her nipples, as she hurriedly corrected the angle of her shawl, before offering to make some tea.

Veer blushed on her behalf and hadn't realised he had been staring at her intently, as he went to use her phone. He was suddenly very conscious of his bare feet and how damp he felt. H fumbled with his diary trying to locate a number of some friend or acquaintance whom he could call upon to give him a lift home back to North London. His car which he used for a cab in the evenings was a cheap saloon, ex-company car which he regretted buying almost immediately after the deal was struck. But it double up as his makeshift home and means of sustenance, so he was stuck with it.

Sangeeta for some reason got out her expensive china mugs and brewed some tea in a matching teapot. Whilst it brewed she put away the chapatti dough, and cleaned the dusty work surface which she had used to roll out the mixture. She was suddenly conscious and felt the young man's eyes on her back, yet for some reason she wasn't uncomfortable, and let a warm feeling of familiarity run through her. She didn't make eye contact with him, until he came back into the kitchen after making a phone call.

'This is really kind of you, I mean most people wouldn't let a stranger in and I'm sure you have things to do, I will be out of your way in no time at all, my colleague will come and get me in about 20 minutes. Sangeeta, looked up from the tea pot, 'that's ok, any sugar?' Veer nodded, 'two please'. They sat silently sipping tea for what seemed like an endless interruption. When Veer broke the silence, 'Are you from India originally?' 'Yes', Sangeeta replied 'Ludhiana actually, but I was born here, my parents moved back a few years ago and I now live here with my brother'. Sangeeta realised she was probably volunteering too much information. She looked down in her awkwardness and noticed Veer's shapely feet. They looked soft and clean. She looked up at his face and caught him staring full on at her. It was the first time they locked eyes, and she blushed, feeling very vulnerable suddenly.

'Is the tea ok?', Veer nodded quietly, 'may I use your washroom?' She led him to the hallway and opened the door of the powder room which she had painted last week, in her need to refresh the house she had chosen a soft pink and lilac wallpaper to bring a feminine touch to an otherwise bachelor pad of her brothers. Veer slipped into the washroom, brushing her accidentally as he passed. His scent suddenly made her jerk back in surprised excitement. As he closed the bathroom door Veer, again caught a glimpse of Sangeeta's firm and curvaceous silhouette. He stood inside the locked bathroom door and felt his trousers begin to constrict and his crotch grow warm with anticipation. Why was he suddenly aroused by this woman, and did she feel the same. He sensed her checking him out, but couldn't be sure. He washed his face and tried to concentrate on the wallpaper, but his penis only grew harder. Damn! He thought how can I go out like this? He waited then pulled the flushed pretending to have used the toilet and let the taps run; hoping the sound of water would soothe a growing fire which he felt in his groin.

Sangeeta felt strangely relaxed. She had had a headache before rolling out the chapatti dough now she felt lighter and yet strangely detached to how she had invited a complete stranger into her home and didn't feel this was somehow out of character for her. Veer came out of the bathroom, with his cheeks flushed and with a bulge he could barely conceal. Sangeeta asked him if he wanted to eat anything. He strode up to her and whispered something into her ear, which made Sangeeta feel faint but assured, she had sensed the same as him.

Veer leant into her gently at first and kissed her neck and her ear, moving slowly across her cheek until he reached her waiting mouth. Sangeeta devoured his tongue, like a starving

victim, who had seen food for the first time in months. Sangeeta leant backwards over the kitchen counter arching her back like an expectant feline, ready to spring onto her prey. Veer moved his body into her fitting into her like a lost jigsaw puzzle piece, suspended in animation slowly and gently moving himself into her like an ebbing wave of passion which was about to become a tsunami. Sangeeta, whose eyes were closed all this time suddenly opened them and looked intently at this stranger, a mere young lad, who was draped across her and was slowly moving his hand from her neck to her waiting breast. She felt an electric wave of anticipation run through her, she opened her legs to allow him to lean further into her, feeling his heart beating so close to hers, and his legs slowly intertwining with her took her breath away.

Veer caressed her breast like he had met a long lost friend gently rubbing her hardened nipples with his soft fingers, teasing her, cupping her and slowly clasping his fingers onto her nipples until she moaned in delight. His mind raced to the last time he had been with a woman, it had been an awkward fumbling moment with a client who had insisted on paying him in kind for a cab ride because she had run out of cash. It had felt dirty and sordid and he couldn't bring himself to cum. But this, this was different, though he had barely spoken to her, he felt an overwhelming erotic rush which he could barely keep in check, as he penis protested in his trousers, waiting impatiently to be thrust out of its cage and able to taste flesh again; he began to gently slip open Sangeeta's shirt letting her already aroused breasts lose and bare for him to devour.

Sangeeta's breath almost stopped completely, she swayed nearly knocking plates over from her kitchen counter. Veer sucked hard on her, holding her upright at the same time. After what seemed like eternity, he gently lowered Sangeeta to the kitchen floor kneeling over her, in an almost childish homage to her feminine form. She looked up at him mesmerised at gentleness, and surprised at her wanton abandonment to him. He stroked her face looking intently into her eyes, and with a swift move of a hand untied her trousers slipping them expertly down and following them with his mouth.

Sangeeta moaned, in a voice which she didn't recognise a growl like purr somehow escaped from her lungs, before she gasped for air again, when Veer found her wetness with his lips, burying his face deeper and deeper into her. Sangeeta thrashed her hips underneath his weight and before she could move his body was pinning her down with the full force of his thrusts, as he entered her again and again. For a single moment their eyes locked again, as she let him orgasm over her. Hot sticky throbbing, she let out a sob.

Veer, suddenly embarrassed by her vulnerability and what they had just done, quickly sprung up and did up his trousers. He rushed to the hallway almost forgetting to put his shoes on, and closed the door behind him. The evening rain had subsided, and the cool damp air was a welcome embrace to the steamy one he had just left behind. He hesitated, pondering on whether to go back in. His hand lingered on the door bell, not quite pressing

it. He waivered for no more than a minute and then, melted away into the night as mysteriously as he appeared.

Sangeeta lay spread eagle on her kitchen floor imagining that what she had just experienced was but a figment of her lonely imagination. She was pulled back to reality by the coldness of the floor, the stickiness of her groin and a sudden flood of shame and self-loathing. As she gathered her clothes about her, she realised her brother could be coming home any minute. She hadn't finished the chapattis, and how would she explain her dishevelled appearance. As she walked past the hallway mirror to ascend the stairs to her room, she caught a glimpse of herself. She smiled wryly, she so a woman quenched. Sangeeta tied her hair into a knot and went upstairs with an air of an empress. The radio bleated out more love sonnets, and she realised she and nothing to be afraid of.