

# FFW Fathima Babu's Visit

By Bangopee

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I have always been amused reading all those star predictions which kept coming in almost all the newspapers and magazines although I always read them first whenever I browsed anything. However, I was in for a big surprise a few days ago as the prediction for my star perfectly coincided with what happened during the day. The prediction said that I would be getting pleasant news and exactly the same thing happened. I almost froze in surprise when my mother informed me that Mrs. Fathima was visiting us very soon. She used to be our neighbour in Chennai since those days I could remember, before Dad was transferred to Cochin. She and my mother had a lot of other things in common, other than the fact that both the women were slightly on the bigger side.

She might be around 45 years now. I vividly remember round face which always sported a very pleasant smile as she moved around. Her proud possessions include her long dark hair which swayed below her waist and of course any description of her would be incomplete if it doesn't include her enormous well shaped breasts showing no signs of sagging after two decades of married life. Typical of big beautiful women, she had huge ass cheeks which looked round and strong. She always evoked a sigh from young boys like me whenever she passed by.

She had become very popular in Chennai, more so after her news reading stints in some regional channels. She always used to call my mother to inform about her upcoming television programs and needless to say, we never missed any of those. It was while watching her during one of that regular news reading that I discovered how sexy she has begun to look. Although she seemed to have sacrificed her long hair resorting to a short cut just around her shoulders, she still looked like a sexy devil. She never seemed to be worried about her obesity as I discovered that her breasts had become gigantic to say the least. But, still I liked thinking about her.

Our house lit up immediately after her arrival although I was in college when she reached. As expected, she looked very huge although the grace in her face had not diminished. She kept herself busy with my mother all the time, going out for shopping, sharing a few odd jokes, remembering their days together at Chennai and so on. I also noticed that she kept watching me through the corner of her eyes whenever I crossed and I smiled to myself. I was convinced that I could evince some curiosity in her as I had grown stronger in the last few years. My regular swimming and tennis have pruned me up a bit and there were a few female onlookers who looked at me with some interest. Mrs.Fathima was none different, I thought.

Our house has always been a dream to live in with four bedrooms. My parents used one room at the ground floor while my Dad had converted the other into his office. The remaining rooms were upstairs out of which I was using one while the other remained vacant for the guests. I was thrilled once Mrs.Fathima moved in to the room right opposite to mine. I always kept the door closed while at home so that nobody else gets disturbed with the loud music which I always loved to listen. But, I had decided to keep the door deliberately open so that I can get a glimpse of Mrs.Fathima whenever she went in and out of her room. Surprisingly, she preferred to keep her own door open most of the time other than while she slept or when she was inside the bath. Needless to say, I was getting enough sneak views of the sexy woman.

But, I wasn't feeling unduly content watching the sexy lady just once in a while. I decided that I must watch her undress once and imagined how she would look like without even an inch of cloth on her. Surprisingly, I saw Mrs.Fathima moving towards the left side of her room, which meant that she was heading towards the bathroom although she did not close the door. She had a towel on her left shoulders suggesting that she was about to take a shower. I immediately got

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curious and thanked God for providing me with an opportunity to see her change, minutes after I had desired. I waited for a few minutes before standing up and walking out of the room. I ensured that there weren't anybody in the drawing room from where one can easily watch the movements between the two rooms upstairs. I rushed inside Mrs.Fathima's room in a flash and moved further towards the right side which was exposed to the road through very large glasses. Long curtains always hung from the roof till the floor so that nobody can watch the room from the streets. I went right behind a curtain at the right corner of the room and began waiting for Mrs.Fathima with my heart beating fast.

It took another few minutes before Mrs.Fathima emerged from the bathroom with just the towel covering her body from half of her huge tits till just below her waist, enough to hide her womanhood. She strode straight to the door, closed it, latched it up and proceeded towards the mirror. Her hair hasn't gone as short I had thought as, once she loosened it, it came well below her shoulders. My eyes widened as she flipped off the towel from her body and stood naked in front of the mirror. Although I could see just up to her neck in the mirror from the position I was in, my eyes soon rested on her naked butt cheeks which looked extraordinarily huge without any cover. She inserted the plug of the electric hair dryer into the socket and began stroking the gun through her hair. My dick began swelling like a demon as she swung sideways revealing her huge tits in profile view. I saw her huge boobs had gone a bit saggy than they looked with the bra and blouse on, almost hanging down till her forearms. She had perhaps the biggest areolas I have ever seen, almost like a mini CD. Her nipples were reasonably long and thick as well. Her tits shook whenever she moved and took their own time to settle even after she stayed still. My hand reached down to my boxer as if it was a reflex action as I held my throbbing erection with my fist just to contain. She seemed to be in no hurry to dress up as her dryer kept going for more than fifteen minutes. Just as I began thinking about how I should get out of the room, I heard her humming a naughty song and winking at her image in the mirror. I thought for a moment that she was getting pleased watching herself on the mirror although it was not to be.

"If you have finished watching," Mrs.Fathima spoke looking at the mirror." You can come out of the curtain."

A huge chill went through my spine as I listened to what she had said. She had discovered that I was inside her room, more importantly, watching her stealthily from behind the curtains. I remained perplexed wondering what to do next while she spoke again.

"I know you are here," She turned around looking exactly in the direction where I was hiding behind the curtain. "Better come out before I call your mother."

I was admonishing myself as I slowly walked out of the curtain and stood still after taking just a couple of steps. She still was looking at the mirror keeping the dryer go on and on throughout her hair.

"I am sorry," I stammered. I couldn't think of telling anything else as I was drowning deep in embarrassment. She turned around and flashed a smile which looked cunning although.

"Sorry for what?" She queried as she switched off the dryer, kept it on the dressing table, turned around and began walking towards me. My heart began pumping very hard and I could hear

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each and every beat of it very loud. She was approaching me revealing her frontal beauty, absolutely revealing her naked breasts, tummy and even her densely haired pussy. I wasn't sure about the feelings which were taking me over; whether I was feeling embarrassed or horny.

"So, young man?" She spoke as her neatly done eyebrows rose. "How long have you been doing this?"

"I am sorry," I apologized again. "I am very sorry about this."

"That isn't the answer to my question," She smiled mockingly as she was just inches away from me; I could smell the scent of her toilet soap and the odor emanating from her dried hair.

"Tell me," she persisted. "How long have you been watching me?"

"Just today," I confessed. "I assure you Mrs.Fathima."

"I don't believe you," She shook her head in disagreement. "I think you have been coming everyday."

"No!" I refuted. "I came just today and that too because you had left the door open."

"Oh!" Mrs.Fathima smiled. "Thanks for reminding. I should have been careful....."

"Not really," I fumbled. "It was my mistake to have come inside."

"It was my mistake," Mrs.Fathima intervened. "to have closed the doors till yesterday."

I looked up stunned. She was smiling at me with a very funny look on her face.

"Have you seen enough?" She winked her eyes while I stood like a statue. "You have seen me though I haven't had a glimpse of you."

Saying this she came very close, placed her hands on my collar, stroked her fingers downwards before resting on the topmost of my shirt button. I gulped as she began unbuttoning my shirt while my hard dick began swelling again; the feel of my fingers on me was taking over me as I could feel blood flowing fast all over my body. She easily relieved me from the shirt and stared at my bare chest with a peculiar smile.

"You seem to have improved," She admired. "Come to Chennai, I can fix you up in some television companies."

I remained silent as my eyes partly closed after her fingers began drawing shapes all over my chest and stomach. Each and every single hair on my body stood up as her fingers traveled on my half naked body. Once her hands began running over my skin I was convinced that she was teasing me and enjoying herself watching me being teased.

"I remember how under nourished you used to look like," She continued talking while her hands moved over to my arms to knead my muscles. I was loosing very fast as my dick rose up like a hydraulic piston. She took just a step backwards, looked down at my boxers and giggled. I

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sheepishly smiled as if to reciprocate although I knew that my dick had let me down by exhibiting a premature excitement.

"How long and how big is that?" She queried mockingly and winked at me.

"Mine is close to nine inches and very thick too," I quipped throwing all cautions to the wind. Now, I can't be blamed for having replied like this after she dared to provoke me like that.

"You must be telling some lie," She looked at me with disapproval. I looked up with fury as it was already enough provocation for me. My fingers undid my boxers in a flash letting my dick to hang in the air as though a canon was raring to fire. Her eyes were lit with amazement immediately upon seeing my little giant, standing long and hard true to my expectations and much to belie her skepticism.

"Oh my!" She exclaimed as her eyeballs pinned on my dick to stay there for a while. She was struggling to overcome her hesitation momentarily before her hand reached out and wrapped around my dick. My eyes closed at once feeling the chill palm on the head of my dick. She gripped my dick gently, moved her hands upwards and downwards and soon she was certainly stroking me. As though a miracle, my dick swelled hard and long within seconds while I watched.

I was convinced about what she intended. She would never make a complaint about me now that she has my dick in her possession. My hands settled on her thighs and began caressing the smooth surface. While her stroking continued, she surely showed signs of excitement as my hands explored her thighs. I began sliding my hand up her leg till I reached up to her dense bushy pussy. My heart pumped fast immediately after my fingers found her pussy lips under the dense hair she had on her womanhood. I thought for a moment before running my fingers over the sexy slit.

"Are your fingers strong enough?" She questioned as I could see her eyes longing for an obvious answer. I drove a finger into her pussy and began exploring the depth of her slit to make her wet within no time. It was the beginning of what turned out to be the most thrilling moments of my life. I was seducing the woman whom I have fantasized for years. I slowly lowered my body to go on my knees and as I leaned forward towards her, her hands gently tried to push me back.

"You will love it," I assured looking up. It was a sight to behold watching her smile between those huge boobs which seemed like hanging from the heaven. No sooner she nodded in agreement; I began licking her pussy while my arms went around clutching her wonderful ass cheeks.

"You were right," She faintly remarked. "I think you are making it enjoyable."

For a moment I presumed she might not have had sex for quite a while as her reactions were a bit too spontaneous. My tongue began making circles around her pussy, gently to start off and in due course she began grinding her hips as I became harder and faster. She began uttering broken sentences, a funny combination of hindi as well as her mother tongue as I guessed she might be approaching her orgasm.

"It's anytime now," she moaned uncontrollably as my tongue again drove deep inside her pussy, lapping up those drops of juices which had begun to flow. Her hands clutched my head hard

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against her pussy and after a few frantic hip grinding; she exploded sending a stream of her juice inside my mouth which I gladly gulped as though they were heavenly gifts.

She staggered for a few seconds before I got up on my feet, held her in support, hugged her once and began walking towards the bed. The feel of her naked body on my shoulders and chest was simply electrifying. No sooner we reached the bed, I made her lay down right in the middle and crawled on the bed getting close to her.

"Hey," She stopped me for once. "Are you really going to do it?"

"Of course," I smiled. "I have been dreaming about this for a very long time."

"But, I am just a old woman," She held my chin with her hands. " My body has gone terribly out of shape."

I placed my lips on hers and gave her a long kiss. Our naked bodies were crushing against each other as we hugged yet again. Her perky nipples were pressing against my bare chest while my throbbing cock got right in between our stomachs.

"You don't know how many guys are dreaming to have you once," I spoke after relieving her lips from my kiss. "Every time I watch you in the news, I become so desperate to rush to the bathroom and masturbate thinking about you."

"Are you serious?" She wasn't convinced.

"Absolutely," I affirmed. "You are the one and only BBW of India."

She blushed and smiled. I went right in between her legs and began rubbing the head of my dick against her slit.

"Oh Yes!" She almost screamed feeling the big head of my dick caressing against her sluggish pussy. I myself felt a current running all through my nerves immediately after my dick felt her soft flesh of her pussy.

"Now," I spoke looking straight into her eyes. "Let us do it."

I began sliding my hard dick inside her pussy while my eyes glared eagerly at her face which was blooming in lust. I kept thrusting the entire length inch by inch inside her deep pussy until three fourth of my meat made its way in. I took a deep breath, retreated a bit and humped hard at her sending the entire length of my dick inside her pussy making her groan very loud. My balls were pressing against the bottom of her ass. Her eyes were wide opened as also was her mouth. Then, I pulled my dick out of her pussy at one go and watched her stare at me with a hint of disappointment in her eyes.

"Why?" She asked for which I smiled in reply.

I slowly began spreading her legs apart, lifting them up in the air enough to let my body settle in between and while she was caught off guard, I drove my dick with all my strength deep inside her pussy again making her scream. Again my long hard dick was deep inside her cavity as I

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began pumping her in and out for a while. I kept increasing the momentum of my pumping while I was getting aroused just watching her going wild with her frantic moans. Her huge breasts jumped in the air keeping pace with my pumping as my eyes gazed her wonderful globes while my dick kept rigging her pussy. My hands once in a while reached to her enormous tits and began pinching her nipples. It was amazing to see how my dick accelerated every time my hands squeezed her bountiful breasts. I occasionally leaned forward taking those wonderful hard nipples inside my mouth, keeping them in between my teeth, pulling them gently up and making her groan in joy. Every time my mouth landed on her tits, her hands held my head with amazing strength as if she wasn't letting my mouth get off her tits. I kept sucking those fleshy melons with hunger as I attempted to devour those huge globes inside my mouth. My saliva was flowing all over her globes making them shiny as if they were made of glass. Her hands jumped from my shoulders to my chest; from my waist to my thighs. She was jumping on the bed coping up with my monster dick which kept pounding her pussy.

I knew it wouldn't be long since she was coming off an orgasm. Within 3 minutes she was cumming again from the friction my dick was creating. I pinched her nips hard as she released.

She was laying back trying to catch her breath and gain her bearings when I pulled out and raised her legs up. I held her legs up with one hand and began opening up her ass with the other. There was pussy juice that had run all over her ass, so it wasn't too tough.

"Oh, its going to happen again," she yelled as though she was about to explode again. I realized that my own body wasn't heeding to anything as my dick kept plundering her pussy with unimaginable speed. I soon felt as if a hot drop of melt iron was rolling down my spine towards my abdomen which soon turned out to be the signs of my climax. Even while I was thinking about how easily my dick was moving in and out of Fathima's pussy, my dick felt like being blown out for a second before sending loads of thick semen inside her pussy.

What followed was the routine long breaths and gasps as we hugged each other and lay still on the bed. She finally broke the silence as she gently patted on my cheeks and said, "That was fantastic. I wish you came into my room the very first day."

"Me too," I replied with a tone of regret.

"Now lets get all cleaned up and move before someone catches us," she cautioned. We soon gathered everything we had thrown around and I didn't forget to give her a long kiss before she was about to open the doors for me. I wanted to rush to the opposite side straight into my room before anybody catches me getting out of Mrs.Fathima's room.

As Mrs.Fathima opened the door and as I was about to launch myself into running out, both of us were frozen in shock immediately after the door opened.

It was my mother! Standing at the verandah looking at us with utmost disgust flowing in her eyes.