

**K** Kirtu presents

#127

# Savita Bhabhi

## Music Lessons



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Letters: Ely

**S** [www.savtabhabhi.vip](http://www.savtabhabhi.vip)



IT ALL STARTED WITH A CONCERT SAVITA ATTENDED







I CAN'T BELIEVE  
HOW GOOD THE SITAR  
PLAYER IS.





SHE IS SIMPLY  
MESMERISING...



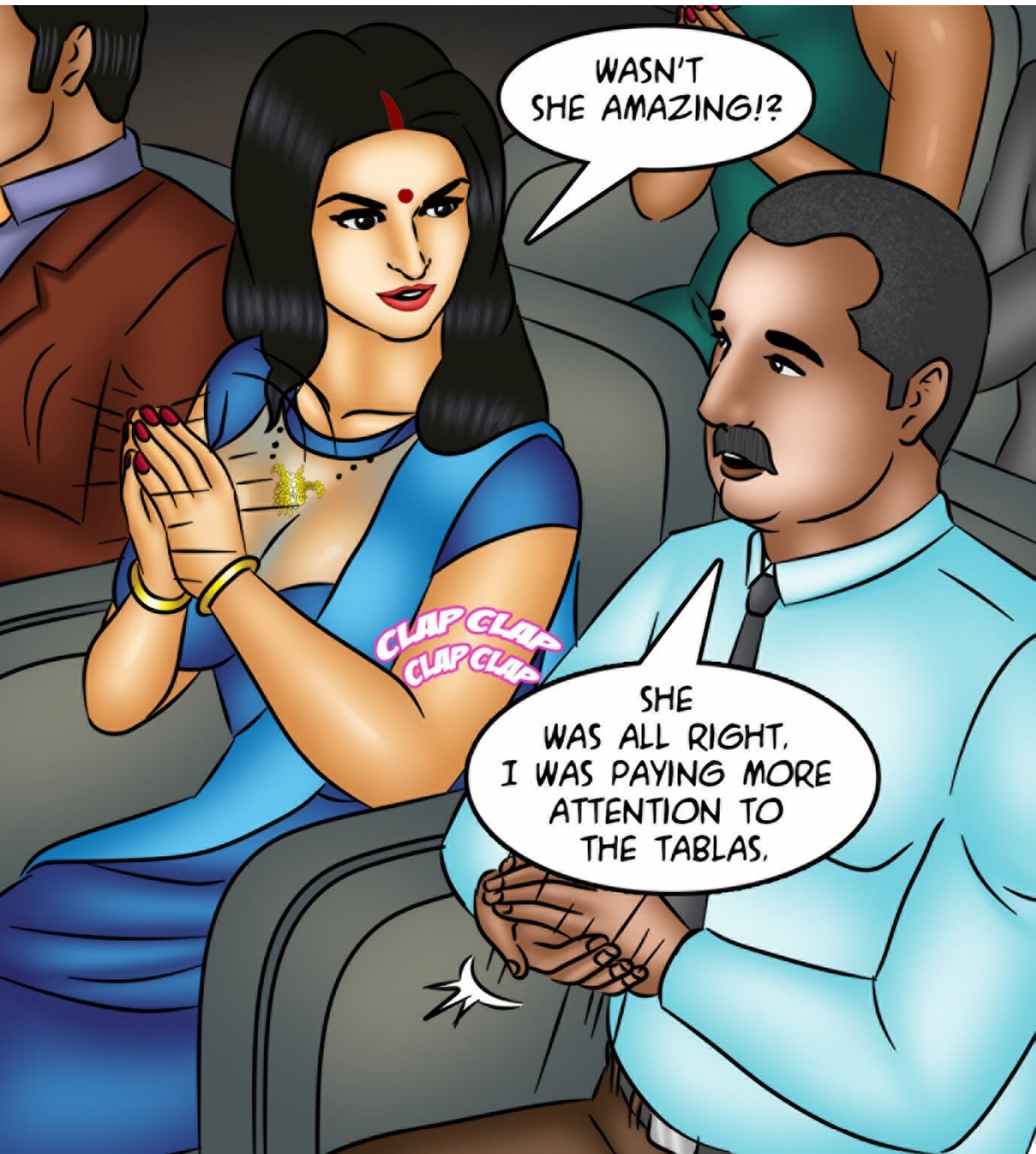


THANK YOU.

NOT TO MENTION SEXY!  
FEMALE MUSICIANS  
ARE HOT!

CLAP CLAP  
CLAP CLAP





WASN'T SHE AMAZING!?

CLAP CLAP  
CLAP CLAP

SHE WAS ALL RIGHT,  
I WAS PAYING MORE  
ATTENTION TO  
THE TABLAS.





"ALL RIGHT"!?  
I'VE NEVER BEEN  
SO INSPIRED BY  
A CONCERT!

I SUPPOSE  
I JUST PREFER  
POP MUSIC--





I WANT TO  
TELL THE SITARIST  
HOW MUCH I ENJOYED  
HER PLAYING.

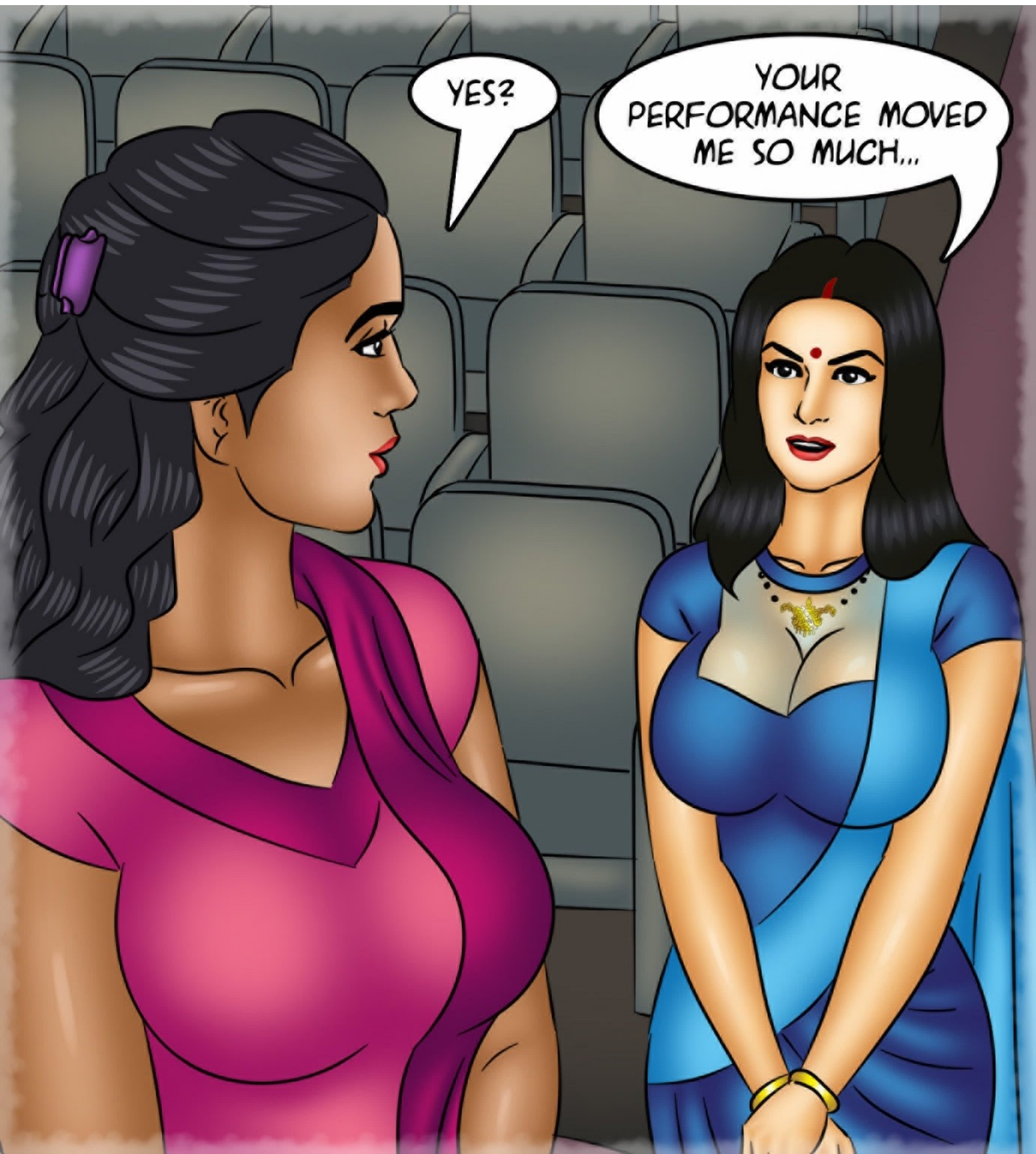
OK, I'LL GO  
GET THE CAR.





EXCUSE ME...





YES?

YOUR PERFORMANCE MOVED ME SO MUCH...





I JUST HAD TO  
LET YOU KNOW.

CLEAR THE  
STAGE! LET'S GO,  
5 MINUTES!

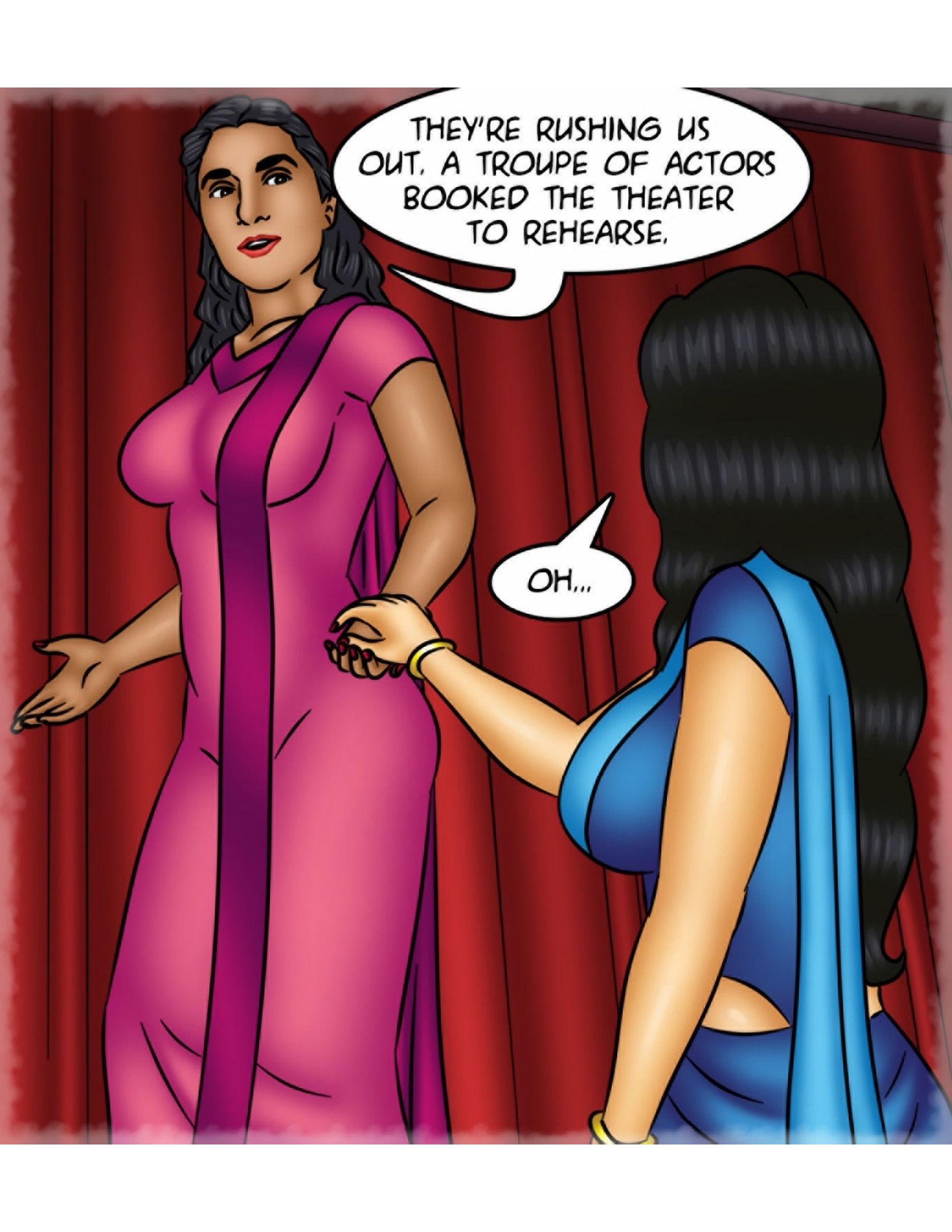




DO YOU MIND IF  
WE CONTINUE THIS  
CONVERSATION  
BACKSTAGE?

B-BACKSTAGE?  
REALLY?





THEY'RE RUSHING US  
OUT. A TROUPE OF ACTORS  
BOOKED THE THEATER  
TO REHEARSE.

OH...





BE CAREFUL NOT  
TO TRIP OVER THE  
ELECTRICAL CABLES.

THANKS,  
I'LL TRY  
NOT TO...






IS THIS  
YOUR DRESSING  
ROOM?

HA! IT'S JUST  
THE COSTUME STORAGE  
CLOSET, BUT IT'S  
ALL THERE IS!





YOU PROBABLY  
HEAR IT ALL THE TIME,  
BUT I JUST WANT TO  
LET YOU KNOW...

GLUG  
GLUG



THAT YOUR  
PLAYING HAD  
A POWERFUL EFFECT  
ON ME, AND--

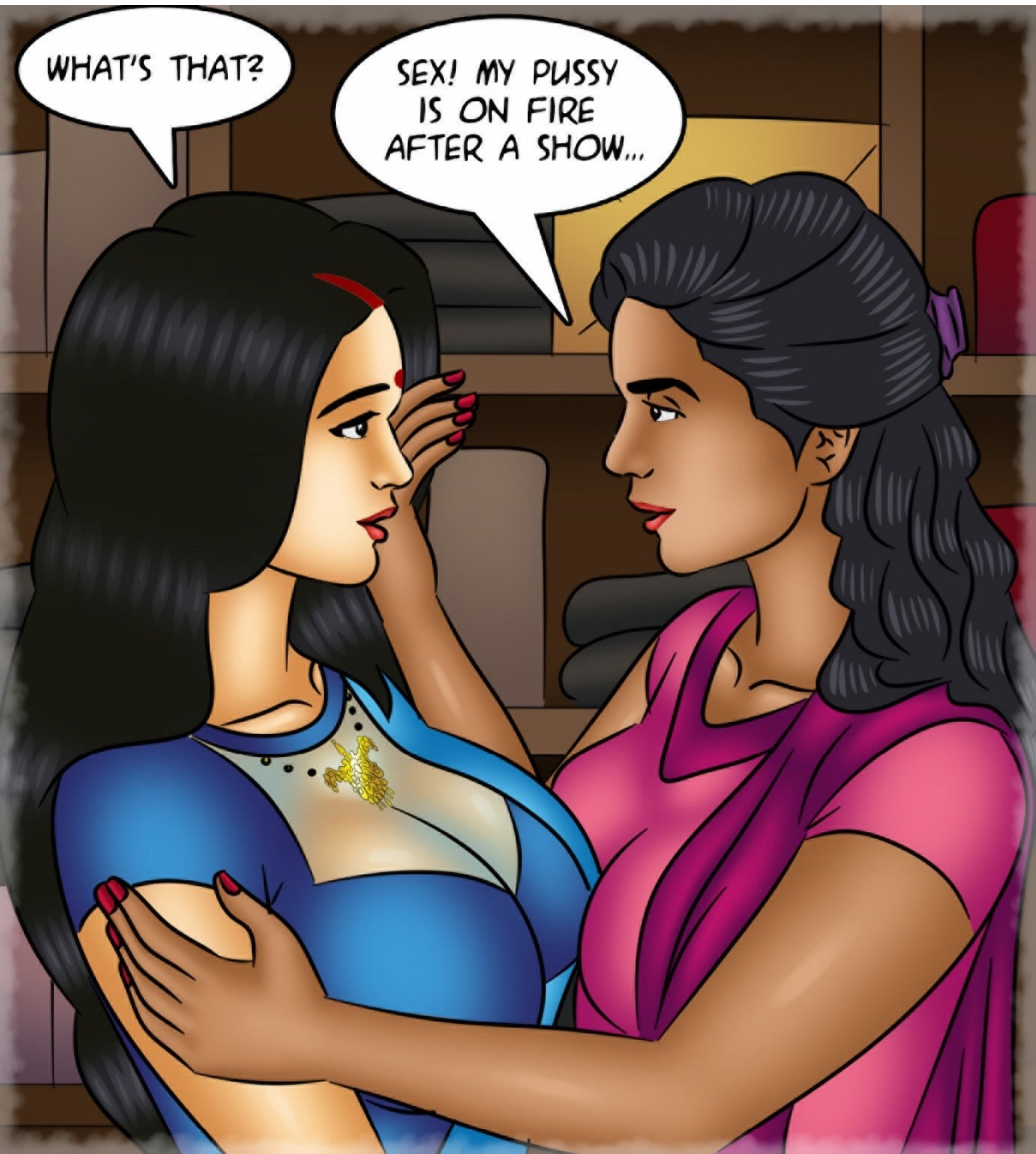
DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT'S THE ONLY THING  
I CAN THINK ABOUT AFTER  
PLAYING A CONCERT?





WHAT'S THAT?

SEX! MY PUSSY  
IS ON FIRE  
AFTER A SHOW...





AND I SEE SOMEONE  
WHO I'D LIKE TO EXTINGUISH  
THAT FIRE.

OH?



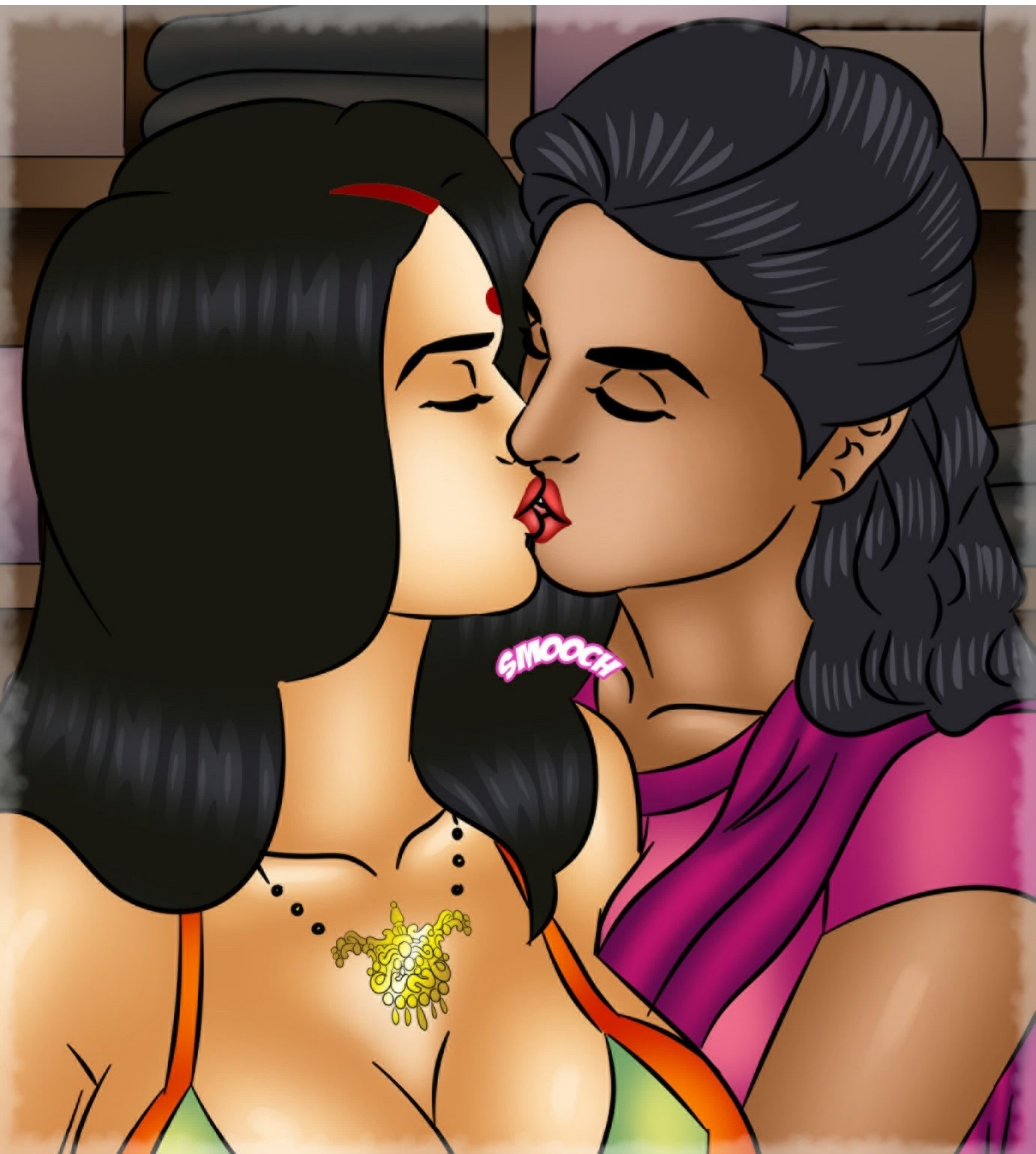


IS THIS,  
LIKE, A GROUPIE  
THING?

SMOOCH













CALL IT WHATEVER YOU WANT,  
I'M JUST SHOWING MY APPRECIATION  
TO ONE OF MY FANS.





GIRL, I WISH  
I HAD YOUR TALENT  
AND CONFIDENCE--





I'M NOT GOING TO LIE, PERFORMING IS A POWERFUL, POWERFUL SEXUAL STIMULANT...







I'VE ALWAYS  
FOUND MUSIC AFFECTED  
ME SEXUALLY AS WELL.

SMOOCH





LET'S FIND  
OUT IF I CAN MAKE  
YOU FEEL LIKE MY  
MUSIC DOES...





WITHOUT  
THE MUSIC PART.













MMM...

MMMM





I AM DYING  
TO TASTE THIS  
PUSSY...



AND I AM TOO GOOD AT WHAT I DO TO NOT GET WHAT I WANT.







WELL, I'M  
TOO AMAZED BY  
YOUR TALENT...

SMOOCH






TO SAY NO!

LICK  
LICK





I'VE DECIDED TO  
LEARN THE SITAR.

YOU!?! BUT  
YOU'VE NEVER PLAYED  
ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT  
BEFORE!





THIS ONE  
COMES WITH  
A SOFT CASE.

IT'S LIGHTER  
THAN I EXPECTED.



A man with a beard and dark hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt, is adjusting a woman's blue pants. The woman has long black hair and is wearing a green sari. They are in a shop with a red counter. A speech bubble from the man says "ANYTHING ELSE, MISS?". Another speech bubble from the woman says "YES, MIZRABS OF COURSE...".

ANYTHING  
ELSE, MISS?

YES, MIZRABS  
OF COURSE...





AND, MOST  
IMPORTANTLY, LESSONS!  
DO YOU KNOW A GOOD  
TEACHER?



MASTER TANMAY  
IS THE PREMIER SITAR  
INSTRUCTOR IN THE CITY,  
I'LL INTRODUCE YOU...



EXCUSE ME,  
MASTER TANMAY...

TAP  
TAP TAP

♪♪♪♪  
♪♪♪♪







A NEW STUDENT,  
MASTER.

THAT WAS  
INCREDIBLE!  
I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO  
INTERRUPT--

I WAS JUST  
WARMING UP.





WHOA!  
I COULD HAVE  
A LOT OF FUN WITH  
THIS STUDENT.

SO,  
YOU WANT TO  
BE A SITARIST?





WELL, I'D LIKE  
TO FIND OUT IF  
I HAVE ANY TALENT--

WE'LL KNOW  
SOON ENOUGH.





HERE ARE  
SOME EXERCISES TO  
GET YOU STARTED,  
FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF  
WITH THESE BASICS...

SAVITA,





AND THEN  
COME SEE ME NEXT  
WEEK, SAVITA.

BUT I WON'T LIE;  
MASTERING THE SITAR  
IS A LOT OF WORK.

I CAN'T  
WAIT TO GET  
STARTED!



HOW'S IT COMING?

I DON'T THINK I EVEN HAVE IT TUNED CORRECTLY. IT'S SO FRUSTRATING!






A woman with long black hair, wearing a purple top and a pink bottom, is seated and playing a stringed instrument. She has a red bindi on her forehead and a gold necklace. A man with a mustache, wearing a green long-sleeved shirt, stands next to her, looking at her with a skeptical expression. He is holding a pen. There are red musical notes floating between them. The background is a simple room with a brown wall and a blue wall.

DOES THIS  
SOUND RIGHT TO  
YOU?

YEAH...IF YOU'RE  
TRYING TO STRANGLE  
A GOAT.





A woman with long black hair, a red bindi, and a purple top is sitting cross-legged and playing a veena. She has a gold necklace and a yellow bangle. A man with a mustache and a green shirt is in the foreground, looking at her and touching his ear. A speech bubble from the woman says, "YOU JUST NEED PRACTICE, LOTS AND LOTS OF PRACTICE."

YOU JUST NEED  
PRACTICE, LOTS AND  
LOTS OF PRACTICE,



THE FOLLOWING WEEK




HE'S AS GORGEOUS AS HE IS TALENTED!

SIGH







OH, THERE'S  
MY NEW STUDENT,  
SAVITA, RIGHT?

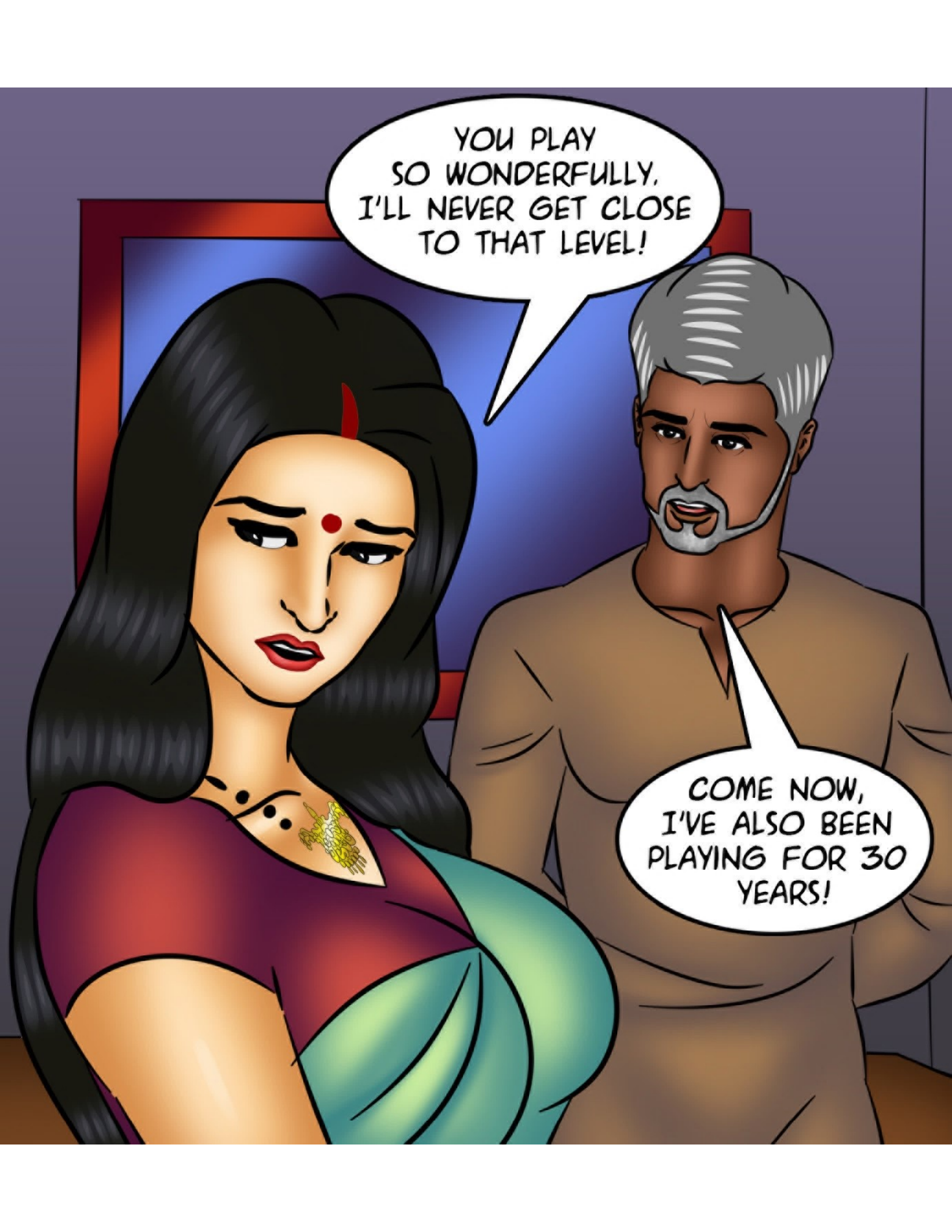
YES,  
MASTER TANMAY.



I WAS JUST  
PRACTICING MY LATEST  
COMPOSITION--

HEY, WHY  
SO GLOOMY?





YOU PLAY  
SO WONDERFULLY,  
I'LL NEVER GET CLOSE  
TO THAT LEVEL!

COME NOW,  
I'VE ALSO BEEN  
PLAYING FOR 30  
YEARS!



LET'S HEAR  
YOUR EXERCISES, YOU  
CAN USE MY SITAR.

REALLY?  
YOU'D LET ME  
PLAY IT?





IT LOOKS  
BETTER ON YOU  
ANYWAY.

HA! THAT WOULD  
BE THE ONLY THING  
I'VE GOT OVER YOU.



SHE'S THE CUTEST  
STUDENT I'VE EVER HAD,  
TOO BAD SHE'S ALSO  
THE WORST!







WAS IT  
THAT BAD?

LET ME SHOW  
YOU THE CORRECT  
TECHNIQUE...





WATCH MY  
HANDS AS I PLAY  
THE SAME EXERCISE.





THE MASTER'S  
TALENTED HANDS  
ARE TOUCHING  
MY BREASTS!

♪♪♪  
♪♪♪





WHAT WONDERFUL  
TITS! I'VE GOT TO FIND  
A WAY TO ENJOY THEM  
IN THE FLESH.







SEE HOW  
I STRIKE THE  
STRINGS?



YES, I GET  
IT NOW.

MASTER  
PRESSED AGAINST  
ME IS...







INTOXICATING!  
I CAN FEEL THE  
VIBRATION OF THE  
NOTES HE PLAYS,

♪♪♪  
♪♪♪





AND I CAN  
FEEL SOMETHING  
ELSE.





NOW, YOU TRY.



BETTER...  
NOW PLAY IN TIME  
TO MY TAPPING.

MUSIC IS  
TINGLING THROUGH  
MY BODY!






3 MONTHS LATER

NO, NO,  
NO, FROM THE  
BEGINNING!







REALLY?  
I THOUGHT I WAS  
PLAYING PRETTY  
WELL--

YOU PLAY THE  
CORRECT NOTES, BUT  
YOU PLAY THEM WITHOUT  
SOUL, WITHOUT  
FEELING.





HERE, GIVE ME THE SITAR,  
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE PIECE  
IS SUPPOSED TO SOUND.

YES,  
MASTER TANMAY.



NOW WHAT'S  
THE MATTER?

I ONLY HAVE  
A LITTLE TIME TO  
PRACTICE EACH  
DAY.





I JUST WISH  
THERE WAS A QUICKER  
WAY TO PERFECT  
MY TECHNIQUE...

HERE'S THE  
OPENING I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR!



WOULD YOU LIKE  
ME TO TELL YOU A SECRET  
TO SPEED UP YOUR  
DEVELOPMENT?

PLEASE!  
I'LL DO ANYTHING  
TO GET BETTER.





TO BECOME ONE  
WITH YOUR INSTRUMENT,  
YOU MUST BECOME  
INTIMATE WITH IT.

UH...






AND THE  
QUICKEST WAY TO  
BECOME INTIMATE IS TO  
TAKE OFF ONE'S  
CLOTHES.

I DON'T  
THINK THIS IS  
APPROPRIATE--





DO YOU  
WANT TO PLAY WELL,  
OR IS THIS JUST  
A SILLY HOBBY?

NO! I'D  
GIVE ANYTHING TO  
PLAY AS GOOD  
AS YOU!

THIS IS HOW  
THE PIECE IS  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE PLAYED.

YES,  
MASTER TANMAY.





A woman with long black hair, a red bindi, and a green and red sari stands on the left, looking towards a man on the right. The man is shirtless, has grey hair, and is playing a mridangam. A thought bubble above the woman contains the text "DAMN, HE'S SO GOOD AND GOOD LOOKING!". Blue musical notes are floating between them. The background features purple curtains and a grey wall.

DAMN,  
HE'S SO GOOD AND  
GOOD LOOKING!



A woman with long black hair, a red bindi on her forehead, and a red tilak on her hair is shown in a close-up. She is wearing a maroon blouse and a teal saree. Her hand is near her mouth, and she has a thoughtful expression. A thought bubble above her head contains text. To her right, there are glowing blue musical notes. The background is a dark purple with vertical lines.

WATCHING HIM  
PLAY MAKES MY BODY  
TINGLE IN THAT WEIRD  
WAY AGAIN.







NOW,  
YOU TRY IT.

I DON'T  
KNOW...





BUT FIRST,  
STROKE YOUR  
INSTRUMENT,  
LIKE IT IS YOUR  
LOVER.

OH,  
I'D FEEL SILLY--

COMMIT TO  
THE SITAR!





COME ON!  
ARE YOU THIS SHY  
WITH YOUR LOVER?



I'M MARRIED...  
I DON'T HAVE  
A LOVER.

THE SITAR IS  
YOUR LOVER!






OK, MY SITAR IS MY LOVER.

AND YOU MUSTN'T BE MISERLY WITH YOUR AFFECTIONS TO HIM.





DO YOU  
EXPOSE YOUR BREASTS  
TO YOUR HUSBAND?

OF COURSE.





THEN EXPOSE  
THEM TO YOUR  
SITAR.

YOU'RE SERIOUS,  
AREN'T YOU?


ALWAYS.



SHARE THEM WITH THE SITAR.

REALLY?





YOU MUST GIVE  
OF YOURSELF BEFORE  
YOU MAKE DEMANDS FROM  
YOUR INSTRUMENT.



GIVE MORE OF YOURSELF!

THIS IS SO WEIRD, BUT I GUESS HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT.



NOW  
THE REST.

THE REST?







YES,  
THE SITAR SITS  
WHERE, AS YOU  
PLAY IT?

MY LAP?





YOU SHOULD  
FEEL THE NOTES  
IN YOUR YONI.





NOW, ASSUME  
THE POSITION...

YES, MASTER.





AND COAX  
THE MUSIC FROM  
YOUR LOVER.

YES, MASTER.





THAT'S IT!

THE NOTES FROM THE STRINGS ARE VIBRATING AGAINST MY PUSSY.

♪♪♪♪  
♪♪♪♪



TEASE OUT THE MUSIC, LIKE YOU  
WOULD TEASE A COCK.







THIS IS  
CERTAINLY NO  
ACCIDENT!



FEEL THE  
NOTES WHERE  
IT MATTERS.

HE'S MAKING  
IT DIFFICULT TO  
CONCENTRATE!





THE MUSIC  
IS AROUSING  
YOU.







I'M NOT  
THE ONLY ONE  
AROUSSED...





THAT MEANS WE ARE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

I'M SO HAPPY YOU THINK SO!





I BELIEVE YOU  
ARE READY TO TAKE  
THE NEXT STEP IN YOUR  
DEVELOPMENT. THE GREAT  
MUSICIANS...




ARE THE  
ONES ABLE TO  
MAKE LOVE TO  
THE MUSIC.

WHAT IS  
HE DOING?

HOW DO  
I MAKE LOVE TO  
SOMETHING THAT'S...  
INVISIBLE?





A VIRTUOSO'S  
ESSENCE IS LOCATED  
WHERE HIS OTHER  
PASSIONS ARE.

I THINK  
TANMAY MEANS  
I SHOULD SUCK  
HIS COCK?





I WANT SO  
BAD TO BE GOOD AT  
SOMETHING ARTISTIC...

♪♪♪  
♪♪♪





THAT IF THIS IS WHAT IT TAKES, I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE.



SO THIS IS  
WHERE MASTER  
TANMAY KEEPS HIS  
TALENT?



YOU HAVE  
PROVEN YOURSELF  
WORTHY OF MY  
TEACHING, SAVITA.





MASTER TANMAY  
THINKS I'M WORTHY!



NOW JUST  
RELAX AND ABSORB  
MY SKILL.

FOC  
FOC



I HOPE  
HIS SKILL RUBS  
OFF ON ME!










LET ME BE  
YOUR INSTRUMENT,  
MASTER.

FOC  
FOC





GODDAMN,  
YOU'RE AN OBEDIENT  
STUDENT!

I WISH ALL  
MY FEMALE STUDENTS  
WERE THIS EASY  
TO DECEIVE.

I'VE NEVER  
HAD A STUDENT SO  
RECEPTIVE TO MY  
INSTRUCTION!

FOG  
FOG





LET'S TRY  
THIS TUNE IN A  
DIFFERENT KEY.



AS LONG AS  
THIS WILL IMPROVE MY  
SITAR-PLAYING!





YOU ARE LUCKY  
I'M WILLING TO SHARE  
THIS GIFT WITH YOU.

MMM...  
OH, YES...

FOC  
FOC



AND  
I AM GRATEFUL,  
MASTER.







BUT YOU  
MUST FUCK LIKE  
YOU PLAY...

FOG  
FOG





WITH  
VERSATILITY AND  
PASSION!

FOG  
FOG



I'LL TRY,  
MASTER.

FOC  
FOC





DON'T TRY...  
DO IT!

FOC  
FOC

TANMAY IS  
SO INSPIRING...

FOC  
FOC





I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN!





I WANT TO  
BE A MUSICIAN  
SO BAD...



I WILL DO  
WHATEVER YOU  
SAY THAT  
IT TAKES!





WELL,  
THERE'S ONLY  
ONE WAY!

FOG  
FOG



IS MY  
PUSSY SUMMONING  
THE MUSIC OUT  
OF YOU?

FOG  
FOG



WE'RE  
GETTING CLOSE...



FOG  
FOG



TIME TO  
SHOW THE MASTER  
HOW DEDICATED  
I AM.

FOG  
FOG











WHAT  
A GENEROUS  
MENTOR THE  
MASTER IS.

FOG  
FOG







I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN!

FOG  
FOG





OH, GOD,  
I'M HAVING AN  
ORGASM!









LICK  
LICK

FOG  
FOG

I'M GETTING  
READY TO CUM,  
TOO!


YOU  
MUST INGEST  
MY ESSENCE TO  
ACQUIRE MY  
SKILL.

IF YOU SAY SO!

FUT  
FUT







AND NOW  
I TRANSFER MY TALENT  
TO YOU, SAVITA!

SPURT  
SPURT



A woman with long black hair, a red bindi, and a grey bikini with pink trim is sitting and playing a veena. She has a gold necklace and yellow bangles. A man with a mustache, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and pants, stands next to her holding a red and orange can. Blue musical notes are floating between them. The background shows a window and a door.

MY GOD,  
YOU'VE GOTTEN  
REALLY GOOD!

BUT WHY  
ARE YOU PRACTICING  
IN LINGERIE?

**THE END**