

**K** Kirtu presents

#143

# Savita Bhabhi



What a  
Headache!

Script: DarkMark  
Art: Einstein  
Colours: Skywalker  
Letters: Elly

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




THIS HEADACHE...  
IT HURTS SO MUCH  
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE  
ON WORK!



IS EVERYTHING OK,  
SAVITA?

MIGRAINE, FEELS  
LIKE MY HEAD IS ABOUT  
TO EXPLODE,



I DIDN'T  
KNOW YOU GOT  
MIGRAINES. WANT  
ME TO GRAB THE  
IBUPROFEN?

NOTHING  
I TAKE HELPS.

A man with a mustache and a woman with a bindi and jewelry are sitting at a computer. The man is standing behind the woman, with his hands on her shoulders. The woman is looking at the computer screen with a concerned expression. The background is a gradient of red and orange.

THE HEADACHES STOPPED FOR YEARS, BUT A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO THEY RETURNED.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF?

BUT THE  
LUNCH RUSH IS ABOUT  
TO START--

I CAN  
HANDLE IT, SAVITA,  
GO HOME AND  
RELAX.





THAT'S AN ORDER!

THANK YOU, ALEX,  
I'M USELESS TODAY.

THESE  
DAMN MIGRAINES...  
I HATE THEM SO  
MUCH!





I'M HOME!

OW, OW, OW,  
OWWWWWW...

SLAM!

GASP!






WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOU? YOU LOOK  
LIKE SHIT.

GEE, THANKS,  
ASHOK.

SORRY I DON'T  
LOOK MY BEST WHEN I HAVE  
A MIGRAINE.

THE OLD  
"MIGRAINE HEADACHES"  
AGAIN, EH? SO, WHAT'S  
FOR DINNER  
TONIGHT?





I TOLD  
YOU I HAVE  
A HEADACHE!

WHAT?  
SO I'M JUST  
SUPPOSED TO  
STARVE?



YOU CAN'T  
MAKE SOMETHING FOR  
YOURSELF?

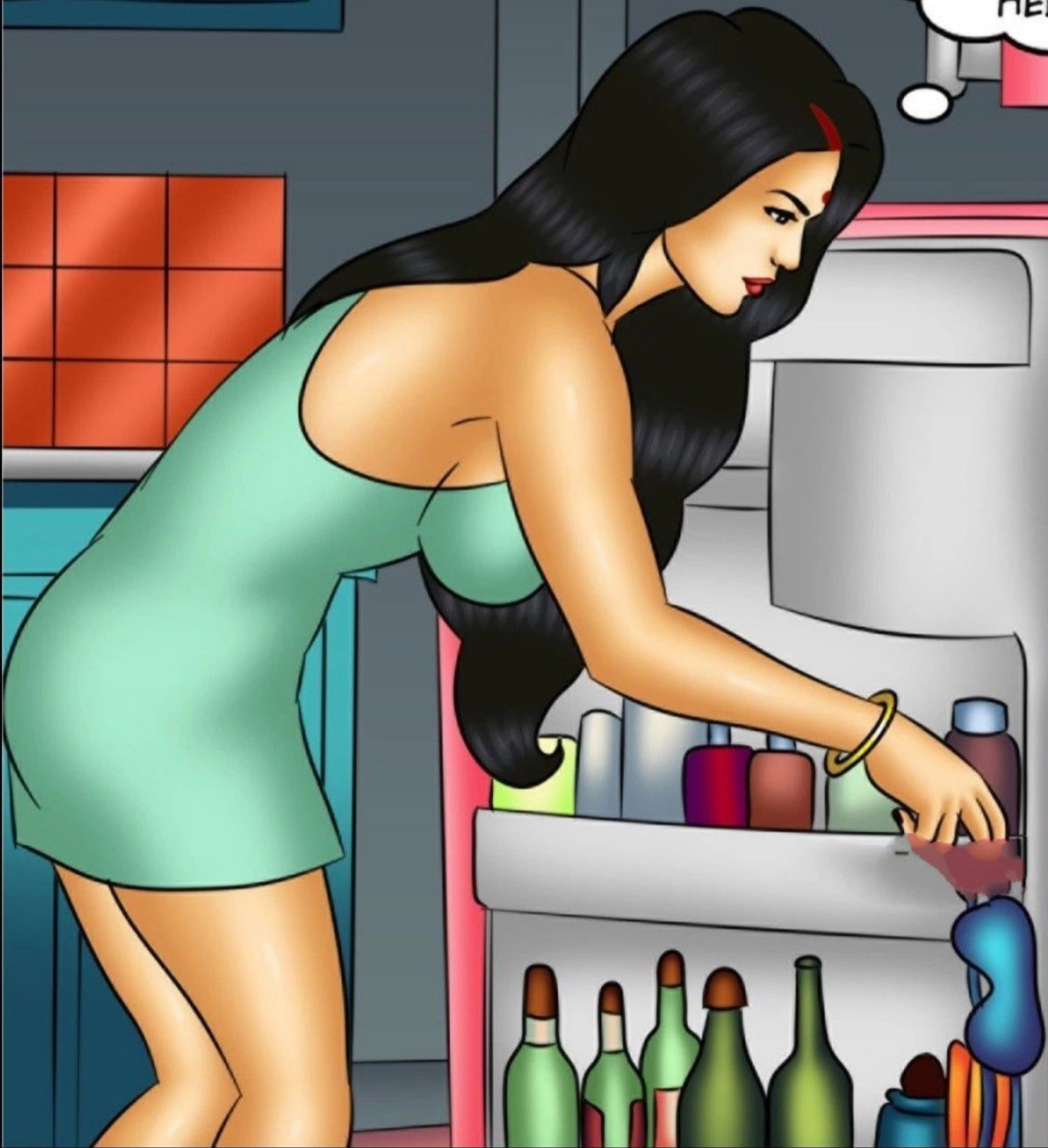
I JUST GOT HOME  
FROM A HARD DAY'S  
WORK. LOOKS LIKE YOU  
TOOK THE DAY OFF.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M COOKING HIM DINNER! WHAT AN ASS!!



LATER THAT NIGHT


HOPEFULLY  
THIS COLD GEL  
PACK WILL  
HELP.





OHHHH...  
THAT FEELS SO NICE  
AND COOL...



A woman with long black hair, wearing blue sunglasses and a light green spaghetti-strap dress, is lying on a purple couch. She is holding her lower back with both hands, indicating pain. A small green insect-like creature is visible on her chest. A thought bubble above her head contains the text: "MAYBE IT'LL NUMB THE PAIN ENOUGH THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP THROUGH THE NIGHT--".

MAYBE IT'LL NUMB  
THE PAIN ENOUGH THAT  
I'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP  
THROUGH THE NIGHT--




IT'S STILL  
EARLY, FEEL LIKE  
FOOLING  
AROUND?

YOU'VE  
GOT TO BE  
KIDDING.

WE  
HAVEN'T HAD SEX  
IN WEEKS--

I TOLD  
YOU I HAVE  
A MIGRAINE!





YEAH, YOU  
KEEP TALKING ABOUT THESE  
"HEADACHES"--

YOU  
DON'T BELIEVE  
ME?!?



SURE, BUT IT  
JUST SEEMS LIKE A...CONVENIENT  
EXCUSE.

YOU'RE  
REALLY UNBELIEVABLE,  
ASHOK.



FINE,  
LET'S FUCK!

DON'T  
GET ANGRY.

I'M  
NOT ANGRY.

YOU SEEM  
ANGRY.



AFTER SEX,  
YOU'LL IMMEDIATELY FALL  
ASLEEP, AND THEN I'LL BE  
ABLE TO SLEEP.

NOT IF  
YOU DON'T  
WANT TO--





BUT  
HEY, IF YOU'RE  
INTO IT...





I'M INTO IT.

ASHOK DOESN'T TAKE VERY LONG...



SO AFTER  
HE CUMS I CAN  
GET SOME PEACE!

WOW,  
YOU'RE A REAL  
TIGRESS TONIGHT.

TOO BAD  
ASHOK NEVER  
MAKES ME  
CUM.



AN  
ORGASM MIGHT  
HELP ME RELAX.

FOG  
FOG




MAYBE...

I LOVE IT WHEN YOU TOUCH YOURSELF.

FOG  
FOG





I SHOULD  
TRY TO GIVE MYSELF  
ONE!

IT  
MAKES MY  
COCK SO  
HARD!

FOG  
FOG



ASHOK SURE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND,

FOG



DO YOU  
LIKE TO PLAY WITH  
YOURSELF?

YES.

FOG  
FOG



I MAKE  
YOU THAT  
HORNY?

YOU DRIVE  
ME WILD, ASHOK.

Foc  
Foc



SHIT, BABE!  
I CAN'T HOLD IT  
ANY LONGER!

MMM...  
TIME TO OPEN MY  
OWN FLOODGATES...

SPURT  
SPURT



HEY, MY  
HEADACHE...IS GONE! SEX  
WITH ASHOK CURED MY  
MIGRAINE!!

ZZZZZ



THE FOLLOWING MORNING


WOW,  
I SLEPT SO WELL  
LAST NIGHT!





AND MY  
HEADACHE, IT'S TOTALLY  
DISAPPEARED!

DID THE  
ALARM EVEN GO OFF?  
GUESS YOU CAN THANK  
MY COCK.

A woman with long black hair, a red bindi, and a green halter-neck dress is sitting on a bed. She is looking towards a man who is sitting on the bed with his back to her. The man is shirtless and wearing dark shorts. A thought bubble above the woman contains the text: "I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT, BUT ASHOK JUST MIGHT BE ONTO SOMETHING."

I NEVER  
WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT,  
BUT ASHOK JUST MIGHT BE  
ONTO SOMETHING.



LOOKS LIKE  
YOU FEEL BETTER THIS  
MORNING.

I  
FEEL GREAT,  
THANKS.



BACK TO MY  
OLD SELF.

GLAD TO  
HEAR IT.

WHY IS  
THERE A BUS IN  
FRONT OF THE  
RESTAURANT?



IS THAT A TOUR BUS?

LOOKS LIKE  
IT'S FULL...AND PEOPLE ARE  
STARTING TO GET OFF.

AND WHY  
IS DEEPA SMILING LIKE  
THAT?





THAT  
WHOLE BUSLOAD  
OF TOURISTS IS  
COMING IN TO  
EAT!

ALL  
OF THEM?

BUT  
WE'RE BARELY  
EVEN OPEN  
YET!

CAN  
YOU IMAGINE  
THE TIPS I'M  
GOING TO  
MAKE?!





I'M THE  
ONLY WAITRESS SCHEDULED,  
SO I'LL NEED A LITTLE  
BACKUP.

OH,  
AND THE ASSISTANT  
CHEF HASN'T SHOWN UP,  
AND HE'S NOT ANSWERING  
HIS PHONE.

WE'LL  
FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET  
THROUGH THIS--

OH MY  
GOD...MY MIGRAINE  
IS RETURNING.





WHAT  
AM I GOING TO  
DO?! ASHOK IS AT  
WORK!

WHERE DO YOU  
WANT ME?



KITCHEN, OR  
WAITING TABLES?

I NEED  
A FAVOUR FROM YOU,  
ALEX. RIGHT AWAY!



A man with brown hair and a mustache, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and brown trousers, is walking towards the right. He is holding the hand of a woman with long black hair, wearing a blue saree. They are in a kitchen setting with a counter, knives on a wall, and a window in the background. The man is looking at the woman with a questioning expression.

DO YOU  
NEED SOME TIME  
OFF AGAIN?

SOMETHING ELSE.

A man with a beard and mustache, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and brown trousers, stands with his hand on his chin in a thoughtful pose. A speech bubble above him contains the text: "MAYBE WE CAN LIMIT THE MENU TO SPEED THINGS UP--".

MAYBE WE CAN LIMIT  
THE MENU TO SPEED  
THINGS UP--

A woman with long black hair, wearing a blue saree and jewelry, stands in a doorway. She has a red bindi on her forehead. A speech bubble above her contains the text: "I NEED YOU TO HAVE SEX WITH ME!".

I NEED YOU  
TO HAVE SEX  
WITH ME!




WAIT...WHAT?  
NOW?

I KNOW  
IT SOUNDS  
CRAZY...

BUT I THINK  
SEX IS THE ONLY WAY TO  
CURE MY MIGRAINE.

HOW DID  
YOU COME TO THAT  
CONCLUSION?





DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL BE ABLE TO FUNCTION.

I CAN'T DO THAT, SAVITA.



WHY NOT? WE'VE  
DONE IT LOTS OF  
TIMES.

A  
LONG TIME  
AGO!

AND BEFORE YOU  
REDEDICATED YOURSELF  
TO STAYING FAITHFUL,

MY  
HEAD IS  
KILLING ME!  
DON'T HAVE TIME  
FOR ALEX'S  
VIRTUE...



PLEASE,  
ALEX, I NEED YOUR  
COCK.

NO, I HAVE  
TOO MUCH RESPECT  
FOR YOU AND  
ASHOK--





HEY, WHY--

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? CAN'T GET IT UP  
ANYMORE, BIG BOY?

SLAP



A comic book illustration of a man and a woman in a domestic setting. The man, on the left, has brown hair and a mustache, wearing a white button-down shirt and brown pants. He has a very large, prominent erection protruding from his pants. He is pointing both index fingers towards his chest. The woman, on the right, has long black hair and is wearing a gold necklace and a gold bracelet. She has very large breasts and is looking at the man with a serious expression. The background shows a window with blinds and a television set.

I MOSTLY CERTAINLY CAN,  
BUT WE BOTH TOOK WEDDING  
VOWS--

TOO BAD,  
YOU USED TO BE THE  
BEST LAY I EVER  
HAD.

OH WELL,  
AGE CATCHES UP WITH  
ALL OF US. LET'S JUST TUCK  
THAT SOFT PEE-PEE BACK IN  
YOUR PANTS.





MAYBE THERE'S  
A REAL MAN AMONG  
THE TOURISTS WHO CAN  
SATISFY A WOMAN.

YOU  
WANT A HARD  
COCK!?



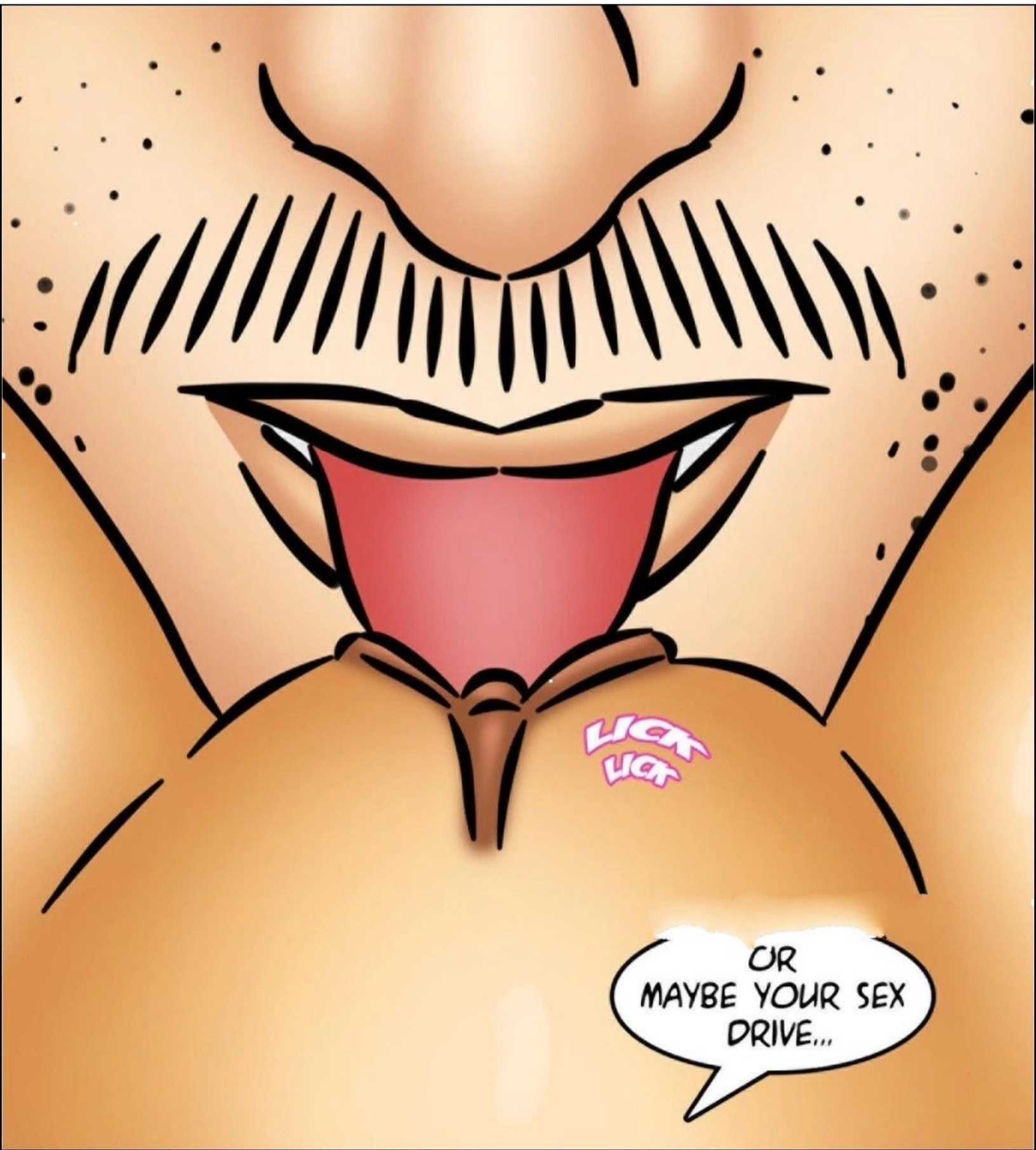
MAYBE  
I SHOULD REMIND  
YOU...



EXACTLY WHY  
YOU CONSIDER ME  
THE "BEST LAY" YOU  
EVER HAD!

I THOUGHT  
YOU'D LOST YOUR  
TOUCH...





LICK  
LICK

OR  
MAYBE YOUR SEX  
DRIVE...



OR JUST  
SUFFERED FROM  
ERECTILE  
DYSFUNCTION.

LICK  
LICK





DOES THIS  
ERECTION LOOK  
DYSFUNCTIONAL  
TO YOU?

NO...  
IT LOOKS  
FANTASTIC--

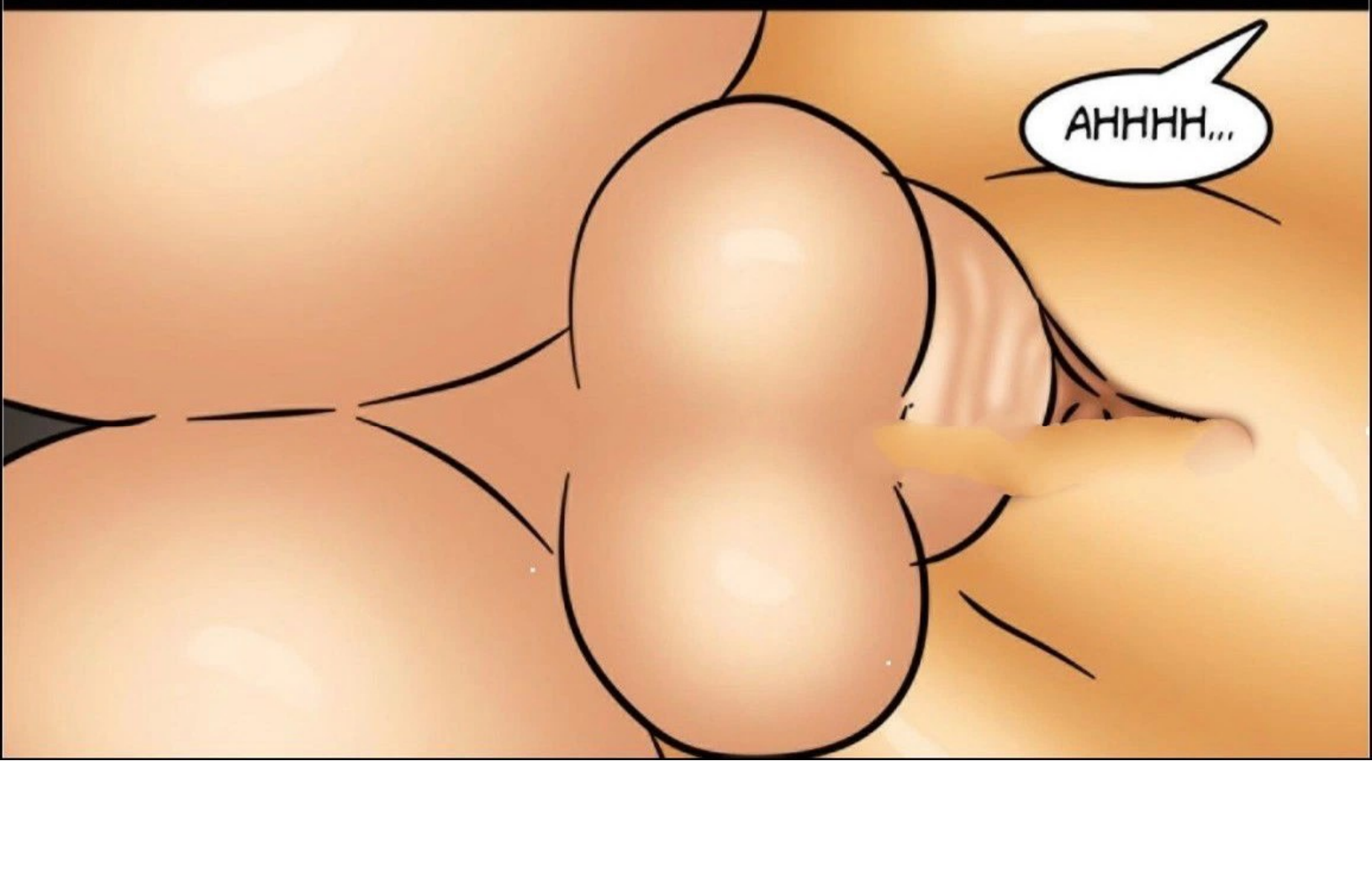


OH!  
DID I HURT YOUR  
FEELINGS?

NOT  
ANYMORE THAN  
MY COCK IS  
GOING TO HURT  
YOUR PUSSY.

A close-up illustration of a hand pinching a person's nose. The hand is on the left, with fingers firmly gripping the bridge of the nose. The person's face is on the right, with their eyes closed and a slightly pained or uncomfortable expression. The background is a warm, orange-brown color.

YOU'D  
BETTER TAKE A DEEP  
BREATH.

A close-up illustration of a person's face as they take a deep breath. Their eyes are closed, and their mouth is open in a wide, deep inhale. The skin around the mouth and nose is slightly wrinkled, emphasizing the depth of the breath. The background is a warm, orange-brown color.

AHHHH...



FOG  
FOG

HOW DID  
I EVER...



USED  
TO FIT YOUR  
COCK IN MY  
PUSSY?

FOG  
FOG



I DON'T  
KNOW BUT I LOVE  
EVERY INCH OF  
IT!

FOG  
FOG

SO,  
DID YOUR  
PUSSY MISS  
ME?







I  
TRY NOT TO  
THINK ABOUT  
YOUR COCK AT  
WORK.





OTHERWISE  
IT'S TOO MUCH OF  
A TEMPTATION!

OOF!

BUT  
NOW I WANT  
IT...BAD!





APPARENTLY!



FUCK  
FUCK FUCK...



I DO  
MISS BEING  
STRETCHED OUT  
LIKE THIS!





AND I MISS THE  
TIGHTEST PUSSY I'VE  
EVER FUCKED.

FOC  
FOC



WHAT  
CAN I SAY, IT ALWAYS  
SNAPS BACK INTO  
SHAPE!

FOG  
FOG



EVEN AFTER IT GETS  
MANGLED BY YOUR  
THROBBING MONSTER.

FOG  
FOG





IT STILL FITS  
LIKE A GLOVE.



JUST  
LIKE OLD TIMES.



NOW I JUST  
NEED...

FOG  
FOG



ONE OF  
THOSE EXPLOSIVE  
ORGASMS...



THAT ONLY  
YOU CAN GIVE  
ME!

FOG  
FOG







I'VE  
GOT ONE  
HERE WITH  
YOUR NAME  
ON IT!

FOG  
FOG

\*



WHERE  
IS EVERYBODY!? I'M  
GETTING SLAMMED  
OUT THERE!

GASP!



YOU GUYS ARE  
HAVING AN  
AFFAIR!?

NO!

IT'S JUST  
A ONE-TIME  
THING!

I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU BOTH WERE PRETTY HOT.

SEX IS THE ONLY CURE I'VE FOUND FOR MY MIGRAINES.



THEN LET'S  
FIRE UP SOME  
ORGASMS, SO YOU  
GUYS CAN GET  
BACK OUT THERE  
WITH ME!





I'VE  
NEVER SEEN  
ONE THAT BIG,  
MR. ALEX!





I'M GETTING A BIT  
FLUSTERED. IS IT WARM  
IN HERE?

FOG  
FOG



COME ALONG,  
GUYS, WE'RE JAMMED  
OUT THERE.



FOC  
FOC

PLEASE DON'T FIRE ME  
FOR SEXUALLY HARASSING  
YOU.

AS LONG AS  
YOU DON'T LEAVE ME  
HANGING, DEEPA,  
BECAUSE...





I  
THINK I'M...  
GOING  
TO...



GOD, I'M CUMMING!

OO!

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AGH!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! MY HEADACHE HAS COMPLETELY VANISHED!

SPURRY  
SPURRY

NOW LET'S GET OUT THERE AND  
FEED SOME CUSTOMERS!

I'M  
READY!

ME TOO.



A WEEK LATER

IT'S SO  
RELAXING TO SHOP  
AT THE FARMERS'  
MARKET.



A woman with long black hair, a red bindi, and a purple top is smelling a red apple. She has a gold necklace and a yellow bangle. A man in a green shirt stands behind a large basket of red apples. The scene is set in a market stall with wooden beams and windows.

AND THE  
PRODUCE IS SO FRESH  
AND ORGANIC!





OH, NO...  
I KNOW THAT  
FEELING...

HOW  
MANY WOULD  
YOU LIKE?

A woman with long black hair, a red bindi, and a purple sari is holding her head in pain. A man in a green shirt is standing behind a counter filled with red round items, looking surprised. The background shows a market stall with yellow goods and a window with a blue sky.

NOT  
ANOTHER MIGRAINE,  
NOT HERE!

WAIT,  
I CAN GIVE YOU A DEAL  
IF YOU BUY A DOZEN  
OR MORE.



YOU DIDN'T SAY HOW MANY MANGOES YOU WANTED.

I'M SORRY, I'M A BIT DISTRACTED...



WHAT AM  
I GOING TO DO?  
I FEEL LIKE I MIGHT  
PASS OUT FROM  
THE PAIN!



IS  
EVERYTHING OK,  
LADY?

COME  
WITH ME, I WANT  
TO, UH, SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING.

A man and a woman are walking through a market stall. The man is on the left, wearing a light green polo shirt and brown pants. The woman is on the right, wearing a purple dress and a blue skirt. They are holding hands. In the background, there are stalls with red produce and other people. The scene is set in a market with wooden pillars and a blue sky visible through the windows.

BUT WHO'S  
GOING TO LOOK AFTER  
THE STALL?

IF YOU'VE  
FOUND A BETTER PRICE  
FOR MANGOES,  
I CAN MATCH IT.



THIS  
WILL HAVE  
TO DO,

WHAT DO YOU  
WANT TO SHOW  
ME?

IS THIS  
HOT BHABHI CRAZY,  
OR...





HAVE YOU  
EVER SEEN A WOMAN'S  
PUSSY BEFORE?

YOU'RE ONE OF  
THOSE NYMPHOMANIACS  
I'VE HEARD ABOUT!





UM,  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT,  
DOES THIS MAKE  
YOU EXCITED?



YES! AND  
THESE ARE WAY  
BIGGER THAN MY  
GIRLFRIEND'S!



YOU'RE VERY ENTHUSIASTIC, AREN'T YOU?

FLOP  
FLOP



I'VE NEVER  
ACTUALLY DONE  
IT--

UH-OH,  
MAYBE THIS WAS  
A BAD IDEA--

A comic panel showing a man and a woman sitting on a grassy field. The man is on the left, wearing a green t-shirt, with his back to the viewer. The woman is on the right, wearing a red sari, with her back to the viewer. They are both looking towards each other. The background is a dense green field.

BUT MY  
GIRLFRIEND LETS  
ME FOOL AROUND  
WITH HER.

THEN  
TODAY WILL BE AN  
EDUCATION.

EXCEPT...SHE'S JUST A GIRL,  
AND YOU ARE A WOMAN.



AND SHE'D NEVER  
PUT IT IN HER  
MOUTH!





WOW...SO THIS IS  
WHAT A BLOW JOB  
FEELS LIKE?!





I GET  
WHY THIS IS SUCH  
A BIG DEAL!

I'D BETTER  
SLOW DOWN BEFORE  
HE SHOOTS IT IN  
MY MOUTH!




HOW DOES MY  
PUSSY MAKE YOU  
FEEL?

LIKE I WANT  
TO TASTE IT!  
MAY I?



AS LONG AS YOU  
PROMISE TO FUCK ME  
AFTERWARD.

SCHLIP  
SCHLIP



IT'S JUICY!

SCHLIP  
SCHLIP



ALMOST...  
SALTY!

GOOD  
BOY.

SCHLIP  
SCHLIP



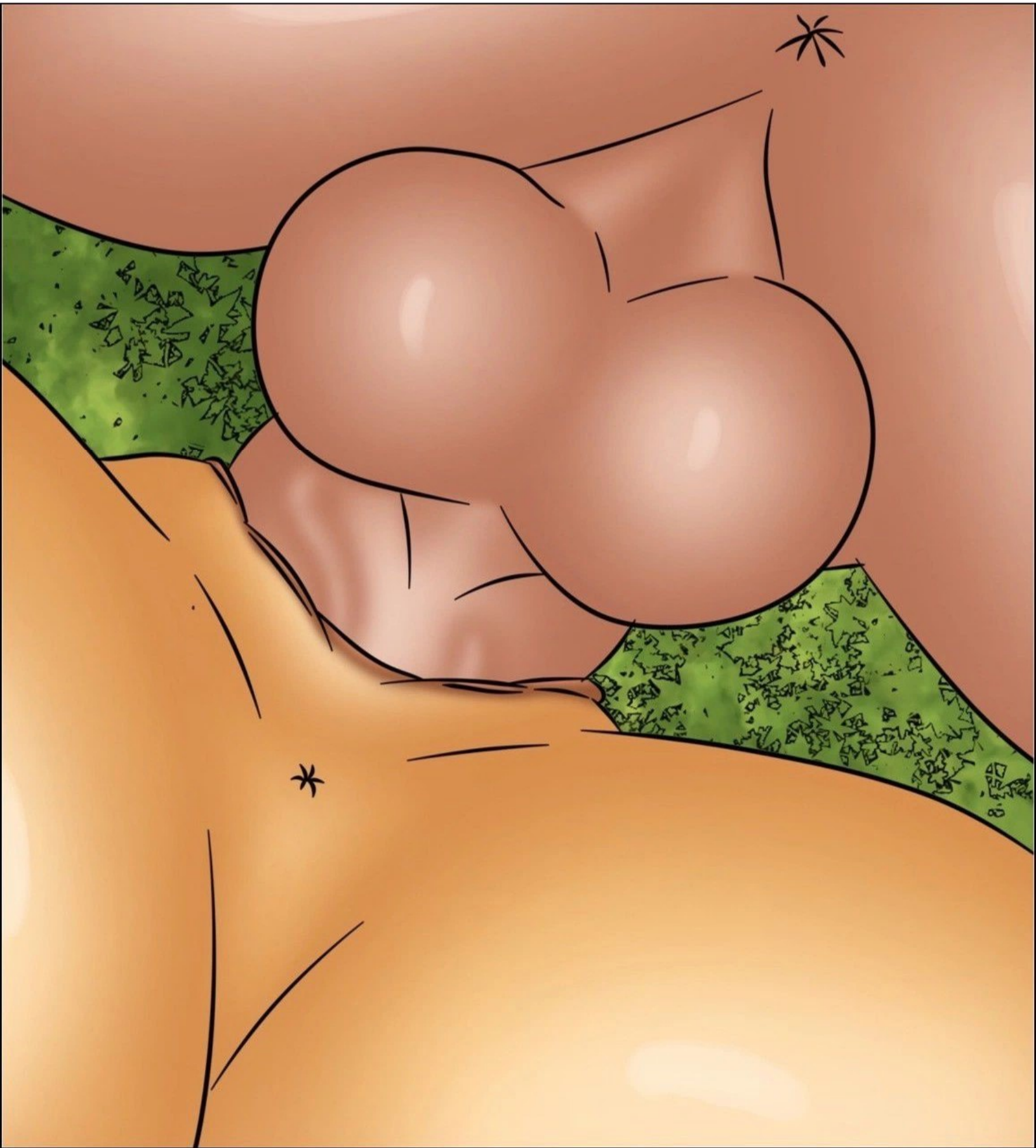
YOUR PUSSY  
TASTES LIKE AN  
EXOTIC FRUIT!

GLAD YOU  
ENJOYED IT, NOW  
MAKE IT HAPPY BY  
LETTING IT KISS  
YOUR COCK.

OHNNNNNN...









WE SHOULD GO SLOW AT FIRST...

WHOA! THIS FEELS AMAZING!



I WANT TO SPEND  
EVERY REMAINING  
MOMENT OF MY LIFE  
DOING THIS!

I BET YOU  
DO.



DOES IT FEEL  
AS GOOD FOR YOU AS  
IT DOES FOR ME?



IT FEELS  
AWESOME. NOW, RUB ME  
GENTLY...RIGHT THERE.





LIKE THIS?

EXACTLY LIKE THAT.

DON'T STOP...







UNTIL I...

UNTIL YOU WHAT?

FOG FOG

I'M  
HAVING...AN  
ORGASM!



THANK YOU SO MUCH!  
I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER!





I-I'M  
SORRY! I THINK  
I CAME INSIDE  
YOU.

THAT'S OK,  
IT'LL BE OUR LITTLE  
SECRET.



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, IVAAN?!

YOU LEFT OUR STALL UNATTENDED!

SORRY, MOM AND DAD.

LET ME JUST GRAB THESE AND BE ON MY WAY.



THE END