

Chapter 10.

Delays because of the storm. Everybody goes home.

(don't give up, there is some sex at the end!)

We left the hotel at 8 AM on the way to Debrecen to bring **Marika** home and to shop for jewelry. I drove the Mercedes, **Eva** and Tamás took **Esmeralda** and her **sister** in their VW Passat and followed us. **Bohunka** drove her Skoda and **Anne-Marie** accompanied her. Although the rain had stopped and the skies were clear, the road was riddled with puddles, holes in the asphalt and fallen trees. The ride that should have taken us 1 hour took 3. At least **Anne-Marie** and the **Esmeralda** sisters had to fly in the evening. Yet we were not worried, since the highway from Debrecen to Budapest is much better than the road to Debrecen. We arrived at the Jewelry shop at 1045. It was still closed. We banged on the door, pressed the bell and shouted obscenities in several language, until an elderly gentleman finally opened and said in Hungarian, sorry, but we are closed today.

"Too bad, because I was about to buy 7 golden rings, 2 pairs of golden earrings and a big diamond ring."

"In that case," reconsidered the gentleman, "come in." I let the distinguished sisters **Gabika** and **Marika** choose their rings and matching earrings. For the Costa Rican sisters I bought something simpler and cheaper which the young assistant, who appeared right after we entered, wisely chose. **Anne-Marie**, **Bohunka** and **Eva** raised an issue; They were not entitled for a prize but I felt that since I had enjoyed their favors they also deserved something. So, the young blond assistant, whose name was Mrs. Nográdi, has chosen three simple but elegant white-gold rings, which were far from cheap yet affordable all the same.

"Are you Mr. Nográdi's **wife**?" I enquired. She didn't understand, until I gestured to the old gentleman.

"Oh, no! He is Mr. Kovács, we are not related. I work as his maid and help out in the shop. We are not supposed to be open on fridays. They say a bigger storm is coming on. Are you flying today? If you are, you had better be on your way." I wondered if he also uses her carnal services, but never said a thing.

I now chose the diamond ring used as first prize in the lesbian sex game. It was a nice two color ring with an impressive brilliant stuck in the middle. It wasn't the cheapest in the store, if you really want to know. I paid the bill of €1800 and we were about to leave, when **Gabika** said: "But we don't know who has won the big ring! And **Bohunka** really needs to go home."

So, that had to be settled. I suggested to do a lottery, so we wrote the names **Marika**, **Gabika**, **Bohunka**, **Anne-Marie** on pieces of paper and I put them into my baseball hat, handing it to Mrs. Nográdi to pick the winner.

"Wait, I have a better idea." Said **Gabika** all of the sudden. "Why don't we put the papers in **Esmeralda**'s underwear and let the fine gentleman pick it from there?" We all had a wild laugh but I was for. So were **Eva** and Tamás.

"You can forget about it, I think Mr. Kovács is not interested in little girls. Actually he is not interested in any girls. But... if you put the notes in this gentleman's pant..." She pointed to

the handsome Tamás, "he would be delighted." Mr. Kovács smiled politely. Not everyday he has such a big sale to such a big group of sex maniacs. Tamás, of course, was not amused. Finally, we dropped the papers in Tamás's underpants and let Mrs. Nográdi pick out the winner.

"Wow, you are a giant..." She smiled at Tamás in appreciation, and read the winner. "And the winner of the diamond ring, the happy bride... is... **Marika**!" Cheers and jubilation came from the elderly **sister**'s corner, while the younger heavyweights looked downbeat and morose. But they have nothing to complain about: **Marika** won her prize fair and square! She put the giant ring on her finger and said, "Now all I need is a bridegroom!"

"What about Mr. Kovács here?" I suggested, and we all had a laugh and left. I think Mrs. Nográdi would have probably liked to entertain Tamás a little longer. We **kissed Bohunka** goodbye and she left in her ancient Skoda on her way to the Czech republic. I noted her e-mail.

Gabika was crying, hugging me and having a difficult time saying goodbye. Even **Marika** seemed wiping a tear or two, but enough is enough, isn't it? I **kissed Gabika** one last time, on the mouth, like lovers do. Crying, she looked older. I then **kissed Eva**. Would I ever meet them again? Should I?

After putting the jubilant **Marika** at home, we left in two cars. **Gabika**, **Eva** and Tamás left in their car and we took **Anne-Marie** and the crazy Costa-Ricans. Debrecen is still almost 250 Km from the airport and the weather was turning bad. **Anne-Marie**'s flight was at 1925. The crazy Esmeraldas were constantly on their mobile phone, talking to the worried **mother**. Their **mother**, it appears, is some diplomatic attache, whose concern for her kids materializes only at airports. The way back to Budapest was awful. It was pouring like mad and the traffic jams were unbelievably frustrating. When we got to Budapest airport it was already 5 PM and the worried **Esmeralda mother** quickly took the exhausted girls and ran with them to the gate. I never got to say goodbye properly. **Anne-Marie** was all tears, not because of our farewell, but because her flight was delayed. My flight was due the next evening and I was wondering what to do in the meantime. Should I go to **Gabika**'s? Not knowing what to do, I rented a room at the local airport hotel, returned the Mercedes to Mr. Hertz, and pushed my luggage forward.

"Wait for me! wait for me!" I heard **Anne-Marie** shout. Were did she come from? "My flight is delayed. They don't know when it will be resumed. They'll call me 1 hour before boarding. Can I come with you?"

"Sure, the hotel is just on the corner. I'm beat. Come, we'll have a nap until your call." When we reached the room, **Anne-Marie** fell on the twin bed, and I joined her.

"So, I started the sex vacation with you and now ends with you." We immediately started **kissing** and undressing. Her **kisses** were wet and eager. "You are hot," I commented.

"Yes... Seeing the Hungarian woman touch Tamás's **cock** turned me on. He was a complete stranger to her and yet she did it."

"People will do a lot for €1600. Would you touch a stranger's genitals for 1600?"

"I am touching a stranger's genitals right now, and he only paid me €100." We laughed.

"You know," I said, as mounted her, "you are a very stupid woman. Trusting a strange man and having unprotected sex with him is not very smart."

"I know what I'm doing. I came to this vacation for sex. I do this every year. I am not a great singer." Wonderful! Just like me.

"And Peter?"

"A few years ago, when I was 41, we had stopped having sex altogether. Our sex life was zilch. Then Peter had an affair with a younger lady. She was not pretty and not sexy, but he **fucked** her many times. I found out when Naomi, my **daughter**, told me about it. The woman was ugly and skinny and flat and she had sideburns. She was younger, true, but that's about it. I decided that if Peter is having fun on the side, I would too. Since then our sex improves all the time. Each year I find one lover. Peter is still seeing Nancy every once in a while. I don't mind. I'm not stupid. I saw you and wanted sex with you. And I do not regret choosing you as a lover because you have taught me many things, like how to enjoy lesbian sex."

"I taught you lesbian sex? **Bohunka** did."

"No, you turned me on and opened some gates in me so I was ready to experiment. Also... The thing with the double penetration was the first time with me."

"You told me you don't like **anal** sex. Most women don't like it."

"I didn't know what it was... When you and Tamás **fucked** me I felt something wild... savage... primordial, I wanted to experience **anal** sex and I felt the excitement. But there was too much fear so I don't know if I felt any pleasure in my **ass**..." My finger now circulated her **asshole** while I was shoving, **sucking** her giant **breasts** and listening to her story. "With **Bohunka** and **Marika** and **Gabika** and **Eva** I felt real pleasure... Now I wonder if without the fear I could sense the pleasure... Did you know that I invited Eva and Tamás to visit us in Toronto? They will be coming in late October. But now I want to learn to enjoy **ass** sex."

"Do you feel my finger tickling your **ass**?"

"Hmmm, it tickles."

"Do you feel pleasure? Excitement? Do you feel as if you would like me to push my finger inside?"

"Yes.... yes.... yes... I can feel the pleasure... put it inside slowly and **fuck** me.... **fuck** me hard with your **cock** and **fuck** me with your finger in my **ass**..."

"You have a very big **ass** and your **anus** is very pretty." I said and pushed my finger in, then retrieving the finger I suggestively put it to my mouth and **licked** it, more in order to turn her on than to lubricate it. Her **cunt** flowed enough goo unto the brown hole below. I pushed the finger gently back again.

"**Gabika** loved having her **ass licked**... I want you... would you... please..." Would I? What kind of question is that? I'm always there for the damsel in need. I like **licking** assholes. I like it almost as bad as **licking** cunts. I moved down and with some effort raised her thick **thighs** on my shoulders. Her **ass** was spread for my tongue to feast on. But I didn't, right away. Instead I rubbed my wet finger on it and talked. "Do you remember how I **fucked** you there while Tamás put it in your **pussy**? Was that fun or what? Now tell me, what do you like more, **licking** or **fucking**." Now I started **licking** in the earnest, while rubbing her **clit** with my finger.

"Ay, ay, it's nice... I can feel the slippery tongue... in... inside... ay, ay, inside my **ass**... hay, hay, hay... do me... do me with your **penis**... **fuck**... hoy..." she of course didn't wash her **ass** nor did she use an enema, but I got caught in her excitement. I don't mind much if my tongue stinks. Sure, it could get messy, but I didn't care anymore. She was hot and so was I and her story of mutual infidelity stirred my imagination. I spread her hefty cheeks and **licked**. Her **asshole** was perfect: It had no hairs and had a light brown color which contrasted her white red buttock skin. It was hidden very deeply in her **ass**, as if trying to avoid unnecessary exploration, and it was perfectly round and strong as an iron spring. Every once in a while it twitched and caught my tongue in a clamping vice, after which a long wailing **sigh** erupted. I **spit** in it once more and pulled myself up, my foul mouth **kissing** hers, and my **cock** seeking its brown target with zeal.

I put it at the entrance and pushed lightly. We didn't have a lubricant and she wasn't entirely pure. "Don't worry, I have slow metabolism, there is nothing there, it is clean. Just push." I pushed and it entered. A wince wrinkled her forehead and I realized it must be painful. I retreated and tried again. This time it went right through and stuck in the fat **ass**. I stopped moving, and applied only the tiniest of circular shoves, gradually increasing the penetration. "Oh, you are such a good lover. I wish... I wish I could hire you as my sex guide and take you to Toronto."

"We don't have much time and **ass fucking** requires preparation and patience. They can call you any moment."

"I know. Tell me. Am I a good lover? I want you to tell me the truth." That was a mistake, because I usually do tell the truth. Sometimes it is not wise to hear the truth in the middle of **anal** sex. I kept on pushing gently, slowly rocking and pushing without thrusting. I didn't want her to panic just as she was finally getting used to the sensation of being **fucked** in the **ass**, and enjoying it, if to tell by the moaning and groaning. So we were, her **legs** on my shoulders, her **ass** spread wide and my hard **cock** half way stuck in her hot orifice. I pulled out, **spit** on my **cock** and pushed it back in again. Her **breasts** heaved and shuddered and her red face showed tiny droplets of sweat. My **cock** did not have much room for manoeuvre but it was very pleasant indeed. "Did you **fuck** many women in your life?"

"I did. More than 30." Which was the truth, since 130 is certainly more than 30. "You, **Anne-Marie**, are one of the best **fucks** I had, even though most of the woman were much younger than you."

"Thank you. You **fuck** me good in the **ass**. For the first time in my life I enjoy **anal fucking**. It would be more difficult with Peter, though."

"He is indeed hung like a blessed donkey." She laughed.

"But... how do I compare to the other ladies? **Bohunka**? **Esmeralda**? **Gabika**? You **fucked** them all."

"I **fucked** you, **Gabika** and **Marika** up the **ass**. I **fucked** you all in the **cunt**."

"In the **cunt**, then."

"Well, you are certainly better than **Esmeralda**. She is just a kid. And almost as good as **Eva** and **Bohunka**." She seemed disillusioned, as if failing some kind of a test.

"And **Marika**?"

"Oh, **Marika** was much better than the others."

"Really??? What about **Gabika**?"

"No, no. You don't understand. **Gabika** is a different league altogether. She is of another planet. Nothing can compare to the sensation of her **cunt**. **Gabika** was even better than **Marika**, much better. It is impossible to **fuck** her more than 3 minutes without ejaculating. You have to be a man to understand this. You are fine, **Anne-Marie**, a very sexy lady and better than most. But **Gabika**... Now, that is class. She is the best **fuck** of my life, leading far ahead. And her **ass fucking** is... almost as good as her **cunt**. And she is a marvelous **cock**-sucker. I have never ever experienced such delight, such lewd and obscene eroticism as with her. Now, I got to say, your **ass** is even better than **Marika**'s, but not as good as **Gabika**'s." She was now starting to reach her climax so I risked a faster pace. Her big belly served as a cushion to block my blows. She tilted her head back and curled her toes and her face became contorted as a convict on the torture table. Snot shot out of her nostrils as she cried, pulled on my neck and came. I felt her **ass** cling to my hardon and hold it in a vice, so I could not move it.

We rested a little in each other's arms, my soiled hard **cock** nudging her **thigh**, face to face, lightly **kissing**.

"You **fucked** me good. I have to go soon. I'll never forget you."

"Me neither. We both like sex vacations. Perhaps we'll meet again?"

The phone sounded. "I have 1 hour until boarding time. Flight leaves in 90 minutes." She was dressing hastily. "Why don't you call **Gabika** and tell her all the wonderful things to her face? It will make her feel good. I think, Yoram, that you are wasting yourself as an IT analyst. You should organize sex workshops for people like me, who don't want to grow old without the thrill in their lives. I would pay \$1000 for a workshop with you. So would Peter. I opened the laptop and called **Gabika** on Skype. "Hello **Gabika**. I love you."

"Hello Yoram." She was surprised to hear from me so soon.

"**Gabika**, I don't really know you as a person. I know that you are a good lover and that you have the best **punciko** in Hungary and that you are a geriatric nurse and that you have a beautiful **daughter**, whom I also love. But I don't know anything else."

"What are you trying to say?"

"I'm trying to say that I have just had the best vacation and the best sex of my life and I'm in love with you and I don't want to lose you."

"Yoram, you live in Haifa and have a **daughter** in Germany and a good job that had made you rich, and you are 20 years younger than me. I live in Hungary, next to my only **daughter** and my son-in-law and three wonderful grandchildren. I can't go with you to Israel."

"**Gabika**, listen. I would like to try to live with you for a while. I don't want to go to Israel. My **daughter** is in Germany with her wicked mom. I don't like my job and I have enough money. I want to live with you. Let us try." **Anne-Marie** could not believe her ears.

"Yoram, you are young. In 20 years I will be 75 and you will still be young."

"Then you'll pull out your false teeth and **suck** me as I roll you around in your wheelchair." She laughed. **Anne-Marie** listened intensely, holding my rock hard **penis** in her hand. I don't like to make decisions with a hard **cock**. I pushed her head down to **suck** me.

"Yoram, I love you. I love you very much and want to try to live with you here in Hungary. But I have **one** condition."

"OK, say."

"In 3 months, if you like me and I like you, you will take me to church and marry me and buy me a diamond ring like you bought **Marika**. I'm old and don't want to wait forever for a husband." I laughed.

"We Jews don't marry in church. But I will then take you and marry you before a magistrate. But I have also conditions."

"What?" **Gabika** was shedding tears, real tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"First of all, I want sex everyday. In the **cunt**. And I don't like to pull out. I like to **cum** deep inside, so if God wants us to have a baby than we'll have one. And I don't like condoms. OK?"

"That's all?"

"No, that's not all. Once a year I go on a long vacation. I like to have sex on my vacations, with many people, people I don't know and some which I do. You are welcome to join me, but you don't have to. When not on vacation, I will not be interested in other people. It is only you and me."

"And?"

"And sometimes **Marika**. And if **Eva** wants to join, I will **fuck** her too. Maybe we should convince **Marika** to leave Debrecen and come to live with us. Your house is big enough."

"And when I'll get older?"

"You are older. If you don't like sex anymore, I can always have **Eva**. And in 20 years Diana will be 24."

"And?"

"And I like to watch you have sex with girls. With **Marika** especially. It turns me on. I want to see you **fuck** your **sister**, thoroughly without reservations. It makes me hard. I even..."

"What, Yoram? What?"

"...want to see you and **Eva** together, you know, in bed. Like lovers." There followed a long silence.

"And?"

"And you must learn English and travel with me in the world."

"I like traveling. I like sex with you. You are a pervert and it fits me fine. I will learn English for you and travel with you and let you **fuck** others on your long vacations and make love to

Marika and **suck** on **Eva's cunt** for you and **fuck** Tamás and **lick** his balls if you want. I will let you **fuck** me in the **punciko** and let you spill your sperm inside and accept it with love. I will let you **fuck** me in the **ass** and let you **lick** me there and scream and let you **cum** in my mouth and will drink it, but **one thing I will not do!!!**"

"What, **Gabika**, what?"

"I don't cook."

I **kissed Anne-Marie** goodbye and kicked her out. Then I ordered a taxi, paid the hotel bill and went to my new life with my angel, my sex angel **Gabika**.