

Chapter 3.

Gabika the Goddess.

Obviously, **Eva** and Tamás went to sleep in **Gabika** 's room and she didn't have a place. It was too late to book another room. Just a minute, did I mention **Gabika? Eva's mother**. **Eva** was gone, probably **sucking** Tamás's **prick** and gargling his putrid Hungarian spunk, while I was stuck with her aging **mother**. It was enough that I couldn't go to **Anne-Marie**. She got another room mate and they were both asleep. I could tell, because the back door was open to the common porch and I could look inside, relish at her hefty bosom going up and down with her gentle snores. Oh, how I wanted to join her bed now and **prick** her willing **cunt**. But, for time being, let me tell you about **Gabika**.

From behind, she looked just like **Eva**! Maybe just a little smaller in stature. Actually, they even used the same clothes. She had a stunning figure and as I said, from behind no one would ever imagine that **Gabika** was a **granny**. She was clad in a tricot pink mini skirt, with a wide black leather belt to her hips. Her figure was that of the perfect violin, with the proportions of the most perfect woman. Her **legs** were shapely, tanned and toned and her toenails painted red. One could see on the toes that she was not a young woman. There are places on a woman's body where age cannot be concealed but I'll get to that later. Her décolleté displayed a most wonderful, full, firm, young and appetizing **bust**. Obviously she used a push up bra and her **breasts** seemed enormous! In fact they were at least as big as **Eva**'s. Her armpit hair showed and there was absolutely no slack to the skin anywhere in sight, except... except on her face. Her face was a face of an middle-aged **granny**. With wrinkles, going sometimes rather deep in her loose skin, with **lips** that looked overly made and showed the lipstick stains on her teeth, with a double chin, with a nose that looked fine, but much bigger and less Barbie like than that of her **daughter**, with light brown hair that has obviously been dyed. Her **ass** was a perfect duplicate of her **daughter**'s jumpy bubble **butt** which simply begged to be pinched. Her skirt was short, well 30 cm above her perfect knees. When she sat down I caught a glimpse of her white pantie covered crotch, which introduced another mighty tingle in my now tortured **prick**. I needed a **fuck**, and was caged in with a **grandmother**. A very sexy **grandmother** at that, but still, I gave up on **fucking Anne-Marie** in anticipation for **Eva**'s young and well **fucked** oyster and now that... Anyhow, this is what happened.

"So, you are **Eva's mother**".

"Ja." Oh, goodness. She didn't speak English! Her German was minimal and my German has seen better days and certainly not good enough for a serious discussion. I will now translate our conversation to English.

"You know I was **Eva**'s boyfriend. Does it bother you?"

"**Eva** is a big girl. She is 31 and she knows what to do."

"And Tamás?"

"He is fine. He is not angry. She loves him. I love him, too. He is a good father." Well, things are a little different in Hungary, I guess, regarding fornication.

"I am going to sleep. You can have this bed. There is no lock in the bathroom so leave the door open and the lights on if you use it, then I won't enter."

The toilet and miserable shower were situated in one tiny room. You couldn't take a shit and shower at the same time if you needed any privacy. From the location of my bed I could see hers, and there was no privacy there, either. I went to the shower, leaving the door open and the lights on. My **cock** stood straight from my torso, I had made no attempt to disguise my **erection**. She noticed of course, and moved her head away, blushing. When I got out of the shower, I realized there were no towels so I just walked out, hiding my crotch with my hands and muttering "Excuse me, no towels," entering my bed. Forgot to wear shorts, covered myself with a sheet and fell asleep. I woke up at 5 thirty in the morning, with a raging **erection** and got up to piss. I couldn't get the damn thing down so I simply stood and waited for my **erection** to subside so that I could relieve myself. Failing to do that, I started to wave my hard-on in hope of letting the blood out and making it soft enough to allow the yellow liquid to pass through, but to no avail. I managed just to let a few drops, shaking it, I turned around to get back to my bed. **Gabika** stood behind me, giggling. I had to laugh with her, because the situation was comical indeed. I calmly walked back to my bed, got a can of beer from the ice box I had brought with me, opened it, took a gulp and offered her some. She took the whole can. It was very warm already. I took another can and she pointed to the bottle of Hungarian Schnapps I had in the box. "It is five thirty in the morning." She giggled again, got up and took the bottle, opened it and took a healthy gulp again. She was trying to get drunk. I looked at her: She was wearing a see through but simple light night gown from a off-white lacy cotton. Her **breasts** stood very firm, like a teenagers. I took the bottle away from her and said:

"I really need a **kiss** now." She giggled, hanged herself in my arms, pressed her gorgeous **boobies** to my naked chest and gave me a sloppy boozy open mouth **kiss**, then took another gulp from the bottle and said: "I need this to help me relax, I don't just **kiss** any of my **daughter**'s lovers so." I held her **breast** with my hand, my **cock** now painfully descended and as hard as a stick.

"**Suck** me..." she whispered, fell on the bed and forcefully pulled the front of her night gown, exposing the goodies. Hmmmm... I fell on her, lasciviously **licking**, **sucking** and pumping a pair of very **erect**, finger-thick **nipples**, one after the other. She liked that but obviously that wasn't enough. I tried clumsily to lower her panties and test the merchandise using my thick finger, but she pushed my head down saying "one finger is not enough for me". I removed quickly the lacy panties and dived at her aging **pussy**. I expected an wrinkled old **cunt**. Why? I don't know! In fact, in form, size, looks, smell and taste it was just like **Eva**'s, if I remember correctly. She even trimmed her **pubic** hair in the same manner, but did not shave her **thighs** nor her **legs**, a fact which further turned me on. I have never had sex with a woman older than 45. How old was **Gabika**? **Grandmother, Eva**

is 31, so she would be at least 50. I'll ask her later, I decided. **Gabika** really appreciated the mouth treatment. I **licked** first around, teasing, surprising, avoiding the **clitoris**, which looked very gorged and red. I did venture into the cavern with my tongue which got her to momentarily hold her breath, then release the air in a long, wailing **sigh**. She pushed me off, got up and urgently requested "Music! put some music on!". There was no radio and no TV and it was very early in the morning, but I got up, took out my laptop and let some old Israeli songs run in my iTunes. She pulled me back violently pushing my head again between her wonderful **thighs**, impatiently undulating her hips and pressing my head to her **clit**. No time for teasing! She now let herself totally loose, alternating **sighing** and groaning, now camouflaged by the music her erolalia got a lot louder. Suddenly she let a very long half **sigh**, half sob, clutched my hair, just like her **daughter** did, undulated her **pudenda** forcefully, jerking and contracting this wonderful pulsating **pussy**. I have never witnessed a true contracting **pussy**. Of course I have made quite a few women happily and orgasmically content with my tonguing technique, but this time I physically saw the **pussy** pulsate and contract nervously and rhythmically. One, two, three, strong contractions, with a long **sigh**. One, two, three, weaker contractions with a wail and a sob. Finally One, two contractions, while the last one had closed the hole hermetically, expelling a thinnish white **emission** and a long wolf like wail which totally surpassed the volume of the music. Then it relaxed, the **pussy** opened like a flower, some more of the white **emission** trickling down the **furrow** to her brown little **asshole** and finally being absorbed by the crumbling sweaty sheet underneath.

"I want you, I really want to feel you..." I begged.

"You are the man..." She shrugged, so I pulled myself up, **kissing** her on the mouth and with one single thrust jabbed my aching **cock** in her lubricated **cunt** hole. Obviously she liked the rough **fucking**. I intended the **fuck** to be a prolonged relaxed affair, but to my surprise, I have felt such a wonderful compressing, pulsating, unbelievably pleasant sensation in my **cock** I just knew I couldn't hold on much longer. I looked at her face, hoping that the face of an old woman would reduce some of my burning desire, but it only added to my ecstasy. I was **fucking** an old woman! For the first time in my life. Not only that, but it was the best **pussy** I have ever stuck my **penis** in. So soft and silky, yet firm and pulsating, like a live oyster trying to keep the pearl in, **sucking** in my hard on as if its life depends on having a firm **cock** inside.

"You give me such an enormous pleasure..." I grunted while she responded:

"Don't finish."

"I can't hold on much longer."

"No, no. Don't finish inside." Oh, that. I completely forgot that I never put on a condom. Suddenly the friction became so pleasant, so tasty, so rewarding I just couldn't help it and in one of two forceful thrusts ejaculated my seed in this heavenly **snatch**. Then I rested my full weight on this small woman. "Did you finish inside?" She was angry. "Get off! Off! Did you give sperm?" She pushed me off, cussing and mumbling her discontent in Hungarian and rushed to the bathroom. I fell asleep immediately. We woke up suddenly at 6 thirty by a loud knocking on the door. I opened in my underwear and there stood **Eva** and Tamás to

wave goodbye. Luckily I managed to hide my throbbing **erection** as the two **kissed Gabika** and left.

Gabika started giggling. "Do you think they know?" I asked.

"Yes. I am sure."

We jumped back in bed for a relaxed **fuck**. She complained a little, "You are too heavy." I just continued thrusting and she soon forgot her grieving. The problem was that she came too soon. As I was thrusting, **kissing** her mouth and rubbing her **anus** she suddenly let out a gasp of surprise grunted and snorted, scratched my back and tensed. Again! One, two, three major contractions. I felt them good. Then a **sigh** and three weaker contractions, and then two harder, mightier, the last of which held my **prick** in a vice. She yelled, and I came, despite her grievance. As before, she cursed and pushed me off rushing to the toilet to clean herself.

Crazy old woman.

But... What a **cunt**! She came back, extremely upset. I **kissed** her.

"What's the matter **Gabika**? Didn't you like the sex?"

"I told you not to finish. Not here." She pointed to her **cunt**.

"Why not? I like your **poontsikko**." She burst into an uncontrolled laughter. "
PUNCIKO, not **poontsikko**! Who said you **poontsikko**, **Eva**?" She couldn't stop laughing.

"I really love your **punciko**, and I really enjoyed **cumming** in your **punciko**. Why not? **Gabika**?"

"I menstruate."

"You what? **Gabika**, when a woman menstruates she is bleeding. You are not bleeding!"

"No, you not understand. I menstruate not now. I don't want sperma in my **punciko**." Now I had to laugh.

"You don't want to get pregnant? **Gabika**, may I ask you how old you are?"

"Don't laugh. I am 55 years old and I menstruate and I don't want baby."

"**Gabika**, you are such a lovely woman, so pretty and feminine, and your body is sexy and young, and you have the best **punciko** in Hungary, but... I don't think you could get pregnant, not at your age."

"No, but I don't want the riziko. I am a nurse and don't want mongoloid baby."

"Ok, **Gabika**. I didn't have a woman for two weeks. I couldn't hold back, because your

punciko **sucked** my juice from my **cock**. But now, I won't do it again. Forgive me. Come back to me."

Quick as she was to get mad, she was quick to forgive and forget and she jumped on me, her **legs** wrapping my waist, her hands around my neck and her mouth **kissing** me all over the face.

"Put the music again. Hard." She waited for me and when I came back she pushed my head between her **legs**. Her **punciko** was clean and fresh and willing. I pulled her **legs** over my shoulders and dived. There was no sense in teasing, she was horny like a woman who abstained for 10 years. I **licked** her **clitoris** in the purpose of gratifying her as fast as possible. She yelled and yanked and sobbed, often shuddering her hips when I hit a sensitive button and had one **orgasm** after another. There was no way of mistaking her climax. The contractions, the shouting and the squirting were so evident. After two **orgasms** I tried lowering my vibrating tongue to her perineum, just below the hole. I even dared a quick **lick** on the **butt** hole itself. With a sudden inhale of air, as if suffering great pain. I let it be, raised myself and stuck it in her **punciko**, **kissing** her fiercely but remembering not to **ejaculate** internally. I **fucked** slowly and deeply. She took my hand and put it under her **butt**. "I like it. You can do more."

"Do what?"

"Like you did with finger in the **popshee**. I like it." I did it. She liked **anal** stimulation! What a babe, just like her **daughter**. I rubbed slowly but firmly, then raised my finger **licking** it suggestively, as if to lubricate it, but actually, to see her expression as I tasted her. She actually blushed, but it made her **cum** again. As she came, she pushed me off of her. I wanted to **fuck** some more! It was still very early, breakfast was only at 0800. But she wouldn't budge. Probably afraid I would spermatize her again.

I gave up. Instead, I asked her to turn around and lie on her belly so that I could massage her back. One of my vacation experience was a massaging workshop teaching everything from sport massage to Reiki. She looked surprised but complied and turned her beautiful torso for my expert hands. I love massaging a woman. Don't you? There is nothing like it. While I massaged her perfect and slightly muscular shoulders, occasionally **kissing** them, I started interrogating her.

"Are you married?" Her language skills grew by the minute. She was now freely chatting in German, and although she made endless grammatical mistakes, I had no problems understanding her. She had a lovely voice: A voice of an old woman, but very nice indeed.

"My **ex** left me with **Eva** when she was 14. **Eva** was my only consolation when Janos left."

"And you didn't remarry? Why a fantastic, unique woman like you don't want a husband?"

"Do you want to marry me? I want to marry with you. I want a young and good-looking man to **fuck** and love me. You marry me. I want a man with job and money." She winked and laughed. "You massage me very good". I moved a little lower and slid my hands on her sweaty back and minute waist. There, I managed to find a little fat, which I liked. I like

a woman who is not totally skinny. She moaned. "I love how you **fuck** me and **lick** me. I even love how you finger my **popshee**." I move on lower, to her wonderful **popshee**, squeezing, pinching and stroking.

"I find it hard to believe that you can't find a man. Every man in the world would love to have you as a **wife**. Don't look for young men, they will desert you like your **ex** did."

"I had a boyfriend. He was 6 years older than me. I loved him and he loved me, but when we came to bed he couldn't do, and then he blamed me that I is not good. Then he left. He was also good to **Eva** and rich. Then I had my job and **Eva** and did not have time for men."

"Didn't you miss the sex?"

"Woman don't need sex like man. I forgot. I thought I too old and don't need sex."

"Didn't you masturbate?"

"Me? Masturbate? I never masturbate. I need a good man with a big **cock** and a good tongue. I don't touch my **punciko** with my fingers." It was almost time for breakfast, but I wanted to try something. With ease I turned her on her back, lifted her lower body with my arms and dived in her **pussy**, sticking my tongue as deep as it gets in her hole. "No! no! Not like that. Do the music first!" I did, and returned. Now she started groaning again, thinking that the cheerful Israeli pop music camouflaged her noise. I **licked** around her **clit**, playfully nipping and biting around it, then swiftly returned to the hole, but as if by mistake, lowered my tongue to briefly tap her **anus**. Again! The unmistakable inhaling of breath with a hissing through the teeth, as if attacked by the sudden pain. Definitely, she liked it. I repeated the pattern: **Clit**, nibbling, **cunt** hole, "accidentally" **licking** the **butt** hole. Again! Hssss, Hssss. I lifted her **thighs** on my shoulder and **licked** a thorough **lick** on the surface of her **anal** area. Realizing now it was no accident, she started sobbing ecstatically, her red painted finger nails sinking deeply in my shoulders and causing me pain. With one swift I turned her around again, placing a pillow under her stomach.

"What do you want me to do now, **Gabika**? Tell me."

"I want you to **kiss** me..." Her wrinkled face nearly contorted with lust, embarrassment and longing. She looked pretty to me, even with the wrinkles.

"No, no, you don't want a simple kiss. Where, where do you want me to **kiss** you? Tell me where."

"On my.... YAWY, **popshee**..." Oh, gosh, what a red face.

"On your **popshee** or in it? Where in the **popshee**, where???"

"YAY YAWY YAW... Do, please..." She was now moving her hips savagely, like a teenager on his second **fuck**. I smacked her **popshee** to stop its agitation, pushed it against the pillow and dived in her unbelievably sexy **buttocks**, which glistened in my **spit**. I don't **lick** every woman in her **ass**, but **licking** **Gabika** was a treat. I now stopped the gliding long

licks, and stuck the speared tongue lightly in the pink **butt** hole, penetrating and wiggling it around, but not too deep. She was now hysterical, and shouting, her fingernails clawing the messy sheet and leaving tears and scratches all over it. "No, no, not deep... No, stop please..." She cried.

"Why, **Gabika**, why? I like it so much. Please let me. You like it too."

"No, not deep, I don't want accident. I like, but only not deep, do, please." I continued my **anal** adoration, slightly more daring my tongue now penetrated and **licked** quite deeply in her **anus**, which spasmed and contracted like crazy. She was now really shouting.

"No, not deep." She wailed, "**Fuck** me now, **fuck!** **Fuck** now, I need your **fuck** now!" She turned around and pulled me in. She was so turned on she didn't care anymore if I came in her, she needed her gratification now. I shoved hard and started thrusting while inserting my finger in her **popshee**.

That was a mistake.

"YAY, YAY, YAY! YAWWY! She cried and the unmistakable contractions followed. BIG, BIG, BIG, short, short, short, LONG, VERY LOOOOOONG. And then, as expected she pushed me off. My **licking** and fingering gave her the push. I was happy! Frustrated like hell, but happy, happy for her, happy and proud! I made **Gabika** come again! I **licked** her **bum** and made her ecstatic with savage lust! A woman who did not have sex for the last 17 years. A woman 23 years older than myself. I couldn't be more proud, or so I thought.

"You are a GOD, my god. You make me love again after forgetting. You are the best over, the best god. I love you. I love your tongue. This is not natural. Feeling such pleasure is not natural. This is not normal to have so much pleasure."

Now, I was really proud.