

## Chapter 4.

**Anne-Marie** again. Her room mate, big **bust Bohunka**.  
**Esmeralda** introducing herself.

**Gabika** sang in a church choir. Turned out she was a very religious Catholic. All for the best - I had enough trouble with my group now I had lost **Eva**. I didn't need old voices singing Israeli pop songs. We went down for breakfast together. On the elevator, we met **Esmeralda** and her **sister** whose name escapes me right now.

"So, you are the guy that puts on loud music at 6 o'clock in the morning? Nice music, by the way. What kind of stuff is this?" She looked no more than 15 years old. My heart skipped a beat, because her beauty was stunning. She was short, very dark skinned, with wavy brown long hair that reached her waist. Her bellybutton was exposed, as I told you, the weather in East Hungary then was flaming hot. Her **bust** was young but prominent and stuck out in her bikini top which she wore under her minuscule T-shirt. I introduced myself.

"Yoram Arnon, from Haifa, Israel. Glad to know you, Miss..."

"Esmeralda, we are from Costa Rica."

"Are you here without your parents?"

"Ha, parents! My **mother** is going to pick us up at the Budapest airport when this is all over. I don't have a dad, or at least, I don't think I have one."

I introduced **Gabika**, who couldn't join the conversation, not speaking a word in English. I explained the situation to Esmeralda and her older but nevertheless not even slightly less beautiful **sister**. Esmeralda and her **sister** giggled when I had introduced the older lady.

"I am sorry, but I expected someone younger as your girlfriend. But I like **Gabika**, I wish I could talk to her."

"I am sorry," I apologized, "If our music disturbed your sleep. I will be careful not to be too loud next time."

"Who is sleeping? Who can sleep in such a heat wave? This is worse than in Costa Rica." She giggled again. "We got turned on from your **fucking**. We had to.... You know... Use something to relax us, giggle, giggle..." Obviously she had no problems talking about sex with a stranger. We walked together the 2 kilometers to the dining hall, which was in a different building. **Gabika** was holding my arm and smiling and every once in a while I translated some details of the conversation. I have to admit that **Gabika** looked just as sexy as the two sisters 40 years her junior. Despite the nearly sleepless night she looked so fresh and happy.

At breakfast we met **Anne-Marie** and her room mate. Again the introduction and the apology. Let me explain something about our hotel. It is not a hotel, it was some kind of a dormitory in the communist time for nurses. All of the rooms had a back porch, which was also a corridor through which people could walk. The back door of each room (there

were only double rooms there) opened to the porch and it was always open because of the heat and lack of air-conditioning. When we left the room we closed it but all other people also left it open. There was no way to hide **Gabika's** erotic noise, and I didn't care anymore. But let me get back to **Bohunka, Anne-Marie's** roommate. Seems that she doesn't speak anything except Russian and Czech. But **Anne-Marie** has figured out a way to communicate with her somehow. Also **Gabika**, with some difficulty, spoke some Russian to her. **Bohunka** was Czech lady, very tall, almost as tall as **Anne-Marie**. She seemed 35 or 40 to me, but I could be wrong because of a terrible deformation she had in her lip. Apparently she was hare-lipped, but wasn't ugly, just strange somewhat. She was also fat, even slightly fatter than **Anne-Marie**. No wonder they liked each other! Also, her breasts were gigantic. Because of the heat everybody wore light cotton clothing, including our robust Czech giant. This caused her boobs to sway with each of her movements, and she liked to move her arms a lot. Then she spoke something to me, pointing to my laptop.

"What does she say? **Bohunka**, I don't speak Russian."

"I think she wants you to put the Israeli music on." Said **Gabika**.

"Now? At breakfast?" I opened the laptop and turned iTunes on. She signaled me to skip this number. I pressed skip. She signaled me again, then again and then there was a track that she recognized. It was a oriental, Beduin tune. Immediately she stood up, and started shaking her huge body, like a professional belly dancer! It was fabulous. Such a fat, huge lady, with a deformed lip, without any embarrassment, lifted her shirt and tied it under her humongous bosom as to expose her jelly-belly, and started rotating and gyrating and jerking her hips from side to side and all around, while everybody was clapping there hands to the wild Arab rhythm and the swinging BBW. The number finished and the next tune was a slow European style song, so she sat down again. Her sweat dribbled from her face down her neck and in between the big boobies. I mean, this lady was simply cute. She said something and **Gabika** translated.

"I have special belly dancing outfit in my room. I love Arab music."

"This is Israeli music, but we have also oriental numbers." I explained.

"I loved your music this morning." She said and laughed wildly with **Anne-Marie**. Also **Esmeralda** and her sisters laughed, while **Gabika** turned beet red. Then **Anne-Marie** asked me in English:

"What did you do to the poor **Gabika**? It sounded as if you were torturing her. Are you into SM?"

"Why don't you see for yourself?" I asked in English, knowing well that **Gabika** can't understand. "The door is always open. When the laptop starts playing music we start making love. She doesn't doesn't feel free to groan loudly without the music."

"I'd like to watch that," added **Esmeralda**.

"Aren't you too young to be interested in sex?" I asked. Unfortunately, **Gabika** understood the words "sex" and "music" and made the connection. She seemed upset, but since everybody laughed, she joined us.

"I'm 15 and my sister is 16. In Costa Rica women start having sex at a young age." Her "r" of "Rica" rolled off her tongue like a pretty melody. Despite her Latin drawl her English was

perfect. **Esmeralda's sister** was five tables away, **kissing** a young boy.

"Does your **sister** have a boyfriend?"

"Yes, they've met here. I think she's in love. We won't be seeing much of her for the rest of the week." She looked with affection and jealousy at her **sister** and the hunk who was gently pecking her mouth with light **kisses**. "Now I'm stuck in my room alone listening to your constant grunting with my finger as my only consolation."

"I'm sure a beautiful girl like you can find a boy anywhere." I comforted her. "Or a girl maybe..." I joked. She did not respond but clearly she was stressed from the situation. Maybe I could relieve some of this stress, I thought to myself, then repudiated myself for the thought of violating such a young girl.

"Would you like to join my group? I now have only 11 girls in my choir since **Eva** had left. I desperately need a good Mezzo.

"I sing with the salsa choir, but I'll make the transfer. I can read notes, no problem." I bet she is dying to sing with the guy who made an tragic opera singer from **Gabika**. The rehearsals went fine, and I met many other candidates who could fill **Eva's** part both in bed and on stage. But, so it seems, I had my hands full already so I gave up seducing Svetlana from Russia, Jaga from Poland and Agi from Slovakia, all worth mentioning but put on freeze for another opportunity. I also gave up on Hadas and Ophira from Israel... Oh, boy. So many missed opportunities.

Returning to our room after lunch it was too warm and I went to the shower to refresh myself. Walking out I went to my suitcase to fetch the shaving machine.

"No, no!" objected **Gabika**. "Don't shave. I don't want you to shave."

"Why not?" I looked at her in surprise.

She looked timidly at me. "I like it when your face hair scratches my **thighs**. It turns me on."

She likes the stubble, OMG. "Would you like me to scratch your **thighs** with my beard now?"

"Yes, do it now." I picked her up in my arms, which wasn't that difficult, as she did not weigh more than 55 Kg, and threw her on the bed, raising her tricot pink mini dress and gluing my mouth to her **punciko**, not even bothering to remove her frilly black panties. "Wait! wait! Put music." I had to go to my iTunes while she removed her panties and laid spread on the bed waiting for my unshaven beard to scratch her inner **thighs**. I just knew **Anne-Marie** and maybe even **Esmeralda** were on alert standby, hearing music on my laptop, to come and watch what had made **Gabika** squirm and produce such uproar. This time I combined **licking** with fingering. At first I introduced two fingers in her soaking **vagina** while my mouth was suckling her succulent **punciko**. She received this treatment enthusiastically. I now added one finger in her **anus**. I was planning to **screw** her **ass** this very night, because the pressure in my prostate started building up. Normally I don't have a problem of not **cumming** for a week or two, but when I **fuck** three times a day and don't **cum** it is getting a bit awkward after a while. I needed the release and her **ass** was now my target because her **punciko** was verboten. I prefer the **cunt** to the **ass** but now she left me with no other option. However, I couldn't get my finger deeper than 1 cm in her lovely **popshee**.

"What's the matter, **Gabika**? You like it, you told me yourself. How can I **fuck** you in the **ass** if you don't even let my finger in?"

"I like finger, but not deep. I don't want accident."

"**Gabika**, do you like my finger in your **popshee**?"

"Yes, but not deep, please." I got back to **sucking** and lightly fingering, extremely frustrated. Her erolalia grew from moment to moment, as I switched tasks now to excite her some more. I stuck my thumb in her **cunt**, rubbing her G-spot with a hook motion movement while my tongue explored her perineum and **anal** region. I like that, what can I do? I'm a pervert. Why do I love **Gabika** so much? Her mind works like mine and she gets a thrill from this **anal** adoration. Her ecstasy then fuels my lust even more. You should have heard her cries and her eyes really literally watered from emotion. Her **popshee** spasmed two three times pushing my tongue even further into her nether hole and attracting even more yells, and then, BIG, BIG, BIG, weak, weak, weak, LONG, Extra long.

I will never ever shave again, at least not in here in Hungary.

When I raised myself up to mount **Gabika**, I saw **Esmeralda** at the door, watching and giggling. I **fucked Gabika**, fingering her **ass** and **sucking** on her aging **lips** and tongue, but I knew that there won't be a happy ending to this **fuck**. I needed to expel my **semen** and I am sure not going to do it in the air like these stupid porn movies. What's the fun in rubbing your dick like mad and spraying the sperm on the woman instead of it her? Absurd! I was **fucking** hard and fast, using my knees to improve leverage so that I could plug and thrust with all my weight and might, like I knew she liked. It was very easy with **Gabika**, she **orgasmed** each time we **fucked**. To increase the suspense I shoved my index finger up her **bum** extracting more yelps and squeaks and objections "Not deep, not accident!" from **Gabika**. But I didn't care anymore and my finger penetrated all the way, **sucking** the air out of her old lungs. She came again, even more intensely than before and pushed me off. I rolled over as she ran to the bathroom, shouting "Did you sperm me again inside!?!?"

It took her a long time to realise that I didn't **ejaculate** in her sacred genital and her **punciko** is as fresh and un-slimed as before. I got up, winked to **Esmeralda**, **Anne-Marie** and **Bohunka** who stood at the entrance laughing and babbling, obviously enormously excited. My **cock** was still hard. I dressed and when **Gabika** came out she joined me.

"Where are we going?"

"To the pharmacy." She did not know the word. "Apothek, where they sell drugs." In the center of the village, which was practically deserted, I found the pharmacy. **Gabika** joined me. I tried talking English to the man at the counter, but he only understood some German. Fine. I bought an enema set, which looked a little crude but sufficient to wash **Gabika's** internal organs with and get rid of her "accident" phobia. I also bought some condoms and lubricating gel, which looked suspicious, but I checked the content and found it no different than what we usually use. Then my eye caught an electric massager on the counter. I bought this too. It was one of those massager sets with a long arm and a soft, big vibrating head which looked somewhat like a microphone. I know this stuff can be very effective. "You have to try this out, **Gabika**, your eyes would pop out after 10 seconds." Then I asked the man: "Do you have any erotic massagers?"

He looked at me with a crooked smile and said: "This is a pharmacy."

"I know, this is a pharmacy. But this is a small village and there are no sex shops here. You surely have something for the lonely widows, or not?" He looked at me again with a suspicious and hostile look and took a small RocketPocket from under the counter, slamming it on the counter. The fool. Doesn't he want to make business? What's his problem? Is he impotent? I asked him: "Do you also have something shaped like a dildo?"

"No."

"Look again."

"It will cost you, Sir."

"Bring it." With a **sigh** he disappeared and emerged from another entrance after 5 minutes, holding two battery operated big dildos without the original packaging. This two pretty gadgets have been used, probably on his **wife** or mistress, and considering his age, this was no young lady. I was wild with excitement, imagining the old lady rocking on the big fat dildos oiling them with her vaginal stench. I bought both and we left. What do I care? I shall never see this impotent apothecary ever again.

I was kind of glad that I could use his **wife's** dildos on **Gabika** now. It was just like committing adultery, wasn't it? **Fucking** his horny **wife** with his permission.

Do you think we went directly back to the room to **fuck**? Wishful thinking, buster. We had a full day of rehearsals ahead of us and I had to make something out of the useless bunch of incompetent females that had made my group. Luckily, **Esmeralda** succeeded in making the transfer and her voice had saved the day. I put her up front so that even the steel hearted judges would give us more points. We couldn't **fuck** again now, and anyhow, I think **Gabika** has had enough and we went back to rehearsals. Only after dinner we went back to the room to check out the gadgets. However.... Nobody gave us any privacy. As soon as we entered the room and the modest shower, **Anne-Marie** entered and sat down. The fact that we were half dressed and dying to **fuck** didn't mean anything to her. She wanted a beer. Right after that **Bohunka** entered and asked for the oriental number to be played so that she could dance and teach **Gabika** and **Anne-Marie** as well. Soon they were all dancing, drinking beer and laughing. I turned Skype on and called **Eva**.

"What are you doing? How is Diana?"

"Ok, considering. It is better that she stays with her **mother** for a while. I might be back for the last day, Tamas wants to hear us sing. Do you miss me?"

"I would, but I guess your **mother** fulfill all of my needs. I'll be glad if you join as well though."

"Mom? Let me speak to her." I turned the laptop so that she could see the half naked women dancing freely to the sound of Arab music, which I turned on.

"As you can see, she is busy. And she is quite a beer drinker..."

"I hope this doesn't lead to... you know..."

"Are you crazy? Your mom... well, never mind. How come she doesn't have anyone? She looks like a teenager."

"Lots of women in Hungary look great. It's the paprika." I had to laugh, but gave the microphone to the celebrating **Gabika**. There followed lots of gibberish in Hungarian with a lot of noisy drunken introductions. Diana came online and said hello grandma! The call disconnected unexpectedly and did not resume, luckily, because some of the dancing ladies had now nothing on except bra and panties. Only **Bohunka** danced with her belly-dancer outfit on.

"Let's call **Marika**!" Said **Gabika** suddenly. Who is **Marika**? Another stealthy granddaughter? I inquired.

"Yoy, **Marika**, my **sister**. She lives here not far in Debrecen."

"Oh, how nice. Does she sing? Do you have any other sisters?" I tried to sound interested.

"Yes, one **sister** living in Vienna and one in Debrecen. **Marika** sings beautifully, her voice is just like **Eva's**. Can't we go and fetch her? I want you to meet her. She is a very beautiful woman. For her age." **Gabika's** lively temperament and young figure makes one forget her true age.

"**Marika** is 58, and she is very lonely. Her two sons had left home and she had lost her husband last year. He drank too much."

"She should find herself someone," I suggested. Then let **Gabika** add **Marika's** name to the skype contact list and called her. A picture of a beautiful woman emerged on the screen and this picture started babbling in this alien language that no one besides a true Hungarian can comprehend. There was a lot of laughing and giggling and endless introductions. **Gabika** was so proud of her conquest she had strutted me around the webcam several times so that her **sister** might appreciate the catch. She, **Marika**, was indeed more beautiful than **Gabika**. Much of her body I couldn't see, but obviously she was a little older and heftier, and her hair a shade lighter than that of her sisters. Her **bust** was also more prominent and her mouth more sensual and appealing. She, however, wasn't able to come since she already had a date with someone. A pretty woman, regardless of age, doesn't stay single for very long, and **Marika** was indeed very pretty. I couldn't believe myself: Was I attracted to older ladies? I had always found post-menopausal women somewhat repulsive. **Marika** was just 2 years younger than my **mother**. The thought of my **mother** as a sex object crossed my mind for a minute and I shuddered, erasing it forever. Or thus at least dominated my thoughts.

Looking disappointed, **Gabika** said: "Maybe we can bring her tomorrow. I want her to meet you. I think I have a crush on you." Yeah, right. A woman 20 years my senior who could have been my **mother's** best friend. The problem was that I was growing fond of her. This bizarre relationship was starting to be more than just vacation sex affair. I really liked **Gabika**, for who she was, not for her **fuck** skills. Suddenly I felt a wave of emotion surge toward this petite old lady. I wanted to take her in my arms, dance with her, **kiss** her, then take her to bed and **ejaculate** my seed deeply in her **punciko**.

I then wanted to stay around and watch her child grow.

This was too serious to ignore.

I now danced with her a close embrace dance, looking in her eyes and smiling a goofy smile. Maybe I had too much to drink. **Anne-Marie** was dancing with **Bohunka** in the self close embrace. Obviously both have been very turned on. Despite the heavy rhythm of the shuffle rock tune, we were dancing the slow erotic dance. **Esmeralda** was lying on the empty bed, a beer can in her hand, snoring lightly. Her **legs** were slightly spread showing her pink lace underwear closely fitting her juvenile **cunt**. It was time to make a move. I hurried **Anne-Marie** and her new friend out of the room, giving them each an electrical massager, the big round hammering one and the smaller, rocket pocket mini vibrator. I gave them a few extra relatively yet cold beer cans and pushed them out. **Gabika** was laughing hysterically, apologising and now totally reclined on the bed, arms and **legs** spread wide, waiting for me. I threw the fat used dildo of the chemist's **wife** in the direction of the snoring Costa Rican in the back bed, in case she woke up, and dived on the eager **grandmother** in the front bed. A lusty, bawdy tongue fight had erupted, with impatient hands tearing the remainders of the clothing off, mouths biting and painfully **sucking**, nails grinding, scratching and pinching and hot fervent genitals engaged in a wild and rough coitus. I was on top, thrusting slowly but roughly. These were long thrusts, clapping my whole torso into her petite split, shuddering the bed frame and relocating the mattress with every swing. She liked it rough and was letting me know, just like the neighbors. I wondered what **Anne-Marie** and **Bohunka** were doing in the next room and the wild fantasy just invigorated my love making. Usually I'm not a rough lover but since we both wanted it, it happened.

The problem with the rough **fucks** is that they don't last. They never do. **Gabika**, despite her excitement, kept begging me not to come inside. I considered putting on a rubber, but who can consider anything while wildly sawing into the best **cunt** in the world? In about 2 minutes she came. Again the contractions of her powerful **snatch** had almost made me faint. BIG, BIG, BIG, weak,weak, Long, Extra Long. Her eyes watered from the emotion and she was panting from exhaustion. Believe me when I tell you, when the guy attacks his woman in ecstasy and there is nothing in this world that his woman would like more than that to happen, that's when you have rewarding sex, and that's the kind of sex we had this evening: Savage, beastly, relentless and uncompromising. There was neither need nor desire for a lengthy foreplay, just masculine breathtaking copulation. I turned her around and **fucked** her from behind. I knew now from experience that **Gabika** could have multiple **orgasms** and that the only reason she throws me off of her is her irrational fear of conception. She rested her head on the pillow and received the mighty thrusting with relish. I wetted my thumb and rubbed her **anus** as I continued **fucking**, determined to invoke by her yet another rewarding climax. Spitting on the embedded thumb I inserted it some more into the welcoming damp muscular ring, which swallowed the fingery intruder with unequivocal delight.

"Not deep..." She begged, taking my **penis** and placing it close to the pinkish brown and inviting cavity in a silent petition to perforate it.

I did.

You think I'm crazy? A woman wants me to **ass fuck** her, so of course I will. I've always been fond of **ass fucking**, until I met **Gabika**. Why? Because nothing can compare to the pleasure of a **cock** sinking in such a perfect sex receptacle. Nothing can top perfection, and perfection is found in the form of this aging Hungarian **punciko**. (Mind you, there are some gray hairs to be found decorating this lovely **punciko**, but I really don't care. It's just another major turn-on.)

"Yoram...."

"Yes dear."

"Do it gently and slow. And not deep... Please, I don't want accident."

"I would do anything for you, **Gabika**."

"Anything?" I kept **fucking** her slowly and there followed a long silence with only the moaning of my princess and the occasional peep of Skype on my laptop signalling whenever someone came online or off line.

**WAIT**.... Did I leave Skype on? Gosh, the video led was blinking. The session was still on. Someone has been watching us **fuck**. The laptop screen was suspiciously close to the bed and definitely directed and focused at our genital area. This was no accident, someone has adjusted the laptop to document our carnal encounter.

**Gabika**. But for whom???

**Marika**.

"Yoram, please forgive me... I wanted **Marika** to enjoy also, she did not have sex for more than a year. And I wanted to... how do you say in German... to be proud... to show off... Please..." I interrupted my thrusting for a minute, but continued anyhow. All she could see was my undulating hairy **ass** and an occasional testicle. It kind of made me hornier, but then, almost anything does, since I had met **Gabika**. I pulled out, stood up and waved my **cock** toward the built-in webcam. Let her have her fun. **Marika** was sitting and her hand was holding an object between her **legs**. She was dressed, though, only her pants were lowered. Now I stood, I could see that clearly.

"Hi, **Marika**. Having fun?"

"Yes, Yoram. Show me more." **Marika**'s voice was rough and hoarse from passion. She was masturbating slowly. I rubbed my hard-on some more in front of the camera, and sniffed my hand. Yucky... it smelled. What did you expect?

"**Lick** me, Yoram." I adjusted her position so that **Marika** could watch better. She was on her knees, her **popshee** raised and her head lowered.

I dived. Now I really **licked** her **ass**, pushing my tongue as deeply as I could. **Gabika** screamed. And so did **Marika**. I penetrated her again, standing next to the bed and pushing my **cock** in shallow.

"Not deep... Not deep... Not deep..." she chanted. I didn't go deep. Instead I pushed two fingers in her **cunt**.

"Not deep... Oh God. Oh God. Deep! Deep!" Now deep? That's my girl! I pushed all the way and she screamed again. And then BIG, BIG, BIG, weak, weak, weak, Long, EXTRA LONG. I could feel it pulsating on my **cock** and on my fingers, like a jellyfish recoiling when touched by a sharp metal nail. I wanted to come, but she pushed me out and looked angrily.

"I don't want deep! Now look at the mess." I couldn't look because she disappeared in the tiny bathroom and stayed there for a long time. I kept masturbating slowly and talking to **Marika**.

"Did you see everything?"

"Not everything. You **fucked** her **ass**."

"Do you like it also?" She failed to answer immediately, then admitted, yes. What's the matter with these Hungarian women? Are all Hungarian women kinky? Then I remembered that **Eva** didn't like **anal**.

"You should find yourself a man."

"I have someone, but his **cock** is not hard enough or doesn't stay hard enough long enough. He is 66. Nice chap, though."

I wanted to ask her if she would consider **fucking** me, but then **Gabika** finally finished, I heard her flush, returned to bed. She carried one of the condoms.

"Put this on and **fuck** me, then you can come inside." But I wanted to wash my **cock** first. It smelled like fresh sewage. When I got back to bed, I put the condom on and **fucked** her **cunt** from behind. She was already sleeping. I carried on, but this was no more fun and I had lost my motivation and my **erection** with it. I got up, and went to the other bed. **Esmeralda** was lying there masturbating vehemently using the pink dildo 'borrowed' from the chemist's **wife's cunt**. I pulled it out and replaced it with my boner.

"Take the condom off; I want you to feel me." I took it off.

"How is a young **pussy** for a change? You can come if you like."

"Your **pussy** is divine... I feels like silk." I exaggerated. Her **pussy** was young and ordinary and not even as good as **Eva's**. Certainly, **Gabika's pussy** was tighter and sappier. I didn't want to sample her **ass**, not yet at least.

"Don't you want to come? I'd like you to." She kept **kissing** me and gyrating her hips. "I already came..." She whispered. Of course she was lying. How could she come so silently, and so swiftly? I didn't feel any contractions, no **sighs**, nothing. Why do women fake **orgasms**? This is kind of silly. I was starting to lose steam, even though my **cock** did not **ejaculate** today and was stuck in a **vagina** of a 15 year old central American beauty. I **kissed** her and got off.

"Thanks, honey, but I've got some other fish to fry. Go to sleep, it is already 11 PM." She looked disappointed somewhat, but if she was, it was her fault. Why lie to me about her **orgasm**? What's the point?

"Did you really come?"

"Yes, no, no, not right now, earlier. I was watching you and **Gabika**. I don't come more than once. Sometimes no more than once a week..." She laughed. "I did like your **fucking** though. You are much better than my boyfriend. He's a brute. Actually, I prefer masturbation to **fucking**." Typical teenager, I thought. She is simply too young I suppose.

"Did you really like my **pussy**? My friend says I have a unique **pussy**." If you don't want to get offended, don't ask stupid questions, I thought. But I was honest with her.

"I've had quite a few partners in my life. I think that in 3-4 years you'll grow to be spectacular. Take it easy and enjoy life, you have nothing to worry about. I really almost came, but as I said, I must deal with another problem for now." I **kissed** her forehead and left.