

Chapter 7.

I meet Marika, Gabika's elder sister.

After returning from Debrecen it was too late to do anything. Debrecen is a big town and we spend a lot of time eating in a fancy restaurant and chatting and getting drunk. Slowly I rode the silver Mercedes back to the shabby hotel, we took a shower, threw the unwanted horny guests to their beds and went to sleep. I joined **Gabika** on the bunk close to the porch door, but she objected.

"No, you sleep with **Marika**. I want you to make her happy like you make me."

"You really mean it? You want me to make love to her? I don't know her."

"Isn't she beautiful? She is much more beautiful than me. She was always the pretty one and had lots and lots of boyfriends." I had to admit she was a beautiful lady and despite her age, 58, she had less wrinkles than **Gabika**. "Besides, you don't know me either. You don't know **Bohunka**, and **Esmeralda** and **Anne-Marie**. You don't even know **Eva**. Why did you **fuck** me? Do it with her and you will like her. **Marika**!" She got up and left the bed babbling with her giggling **sister** and soon **Marika** appeared and got into my bed.

I was horny.

Marika looked much like her **sister**, except she never took as much care about her body as **Gabika** did. She was at least 15 Kg heavier. Her **bust** bigger and somewhat more sagging, but definitely heavier. Maybe not as big as **Anne-Marie**'s and certainly not as big as **Bohunka**'s, but big. She was hugging me and I was getting to know these fun bags very intimately. She talked some English and her German was perfect, result of living many years in Vienna.

"I lost Gyuri 14 months ago. He was not only a very good lover and a good looking guy, but also my best friend. I never cheated on him and he never on me. Now, I need somebody like him to take over." Her **kisses** landed hotly on my **lips** while I was massaging her **bottom** and my **prick** nudged around her **pubic** area. Now, one word about **Marika**'s **bottom**: It was superb. It was wide at the **bottom** and narrow at the top and the **bum furrow** rode high, separating the fleshy cheeks and looked very deep. It would impossible to **fuck** it without first forcing those immense cheeks apart. Although her **ass** was not as big as **Anne-Marie**'s it was very sexy and curvy indeed. How could a 58 year old woman look so young? Man, she was just two years younger than my mom! Although she was somewhat chubby compared to **Gabika**, her proportions remained just like in her teens. There was no trace of a bulging belly, neither of sagging skin anywhere, except some close to her armpits and below her chin. She didn't shave them. She smelled very nice indeed! Considering the fact that I never saw her shower and that the temperatures even now at 11 PM where around the 30 centigrade, she smelled good. I wondered how good she smelled below. It didn't take much time to find out! I dived, and she opened her **thighs** instinctively. I was not about to spend a lot of time on foreplay, because I felt rather tired, yet my intentions did not coincide with hers. She took the lapping with relish and her thick **thighs** trembled with anticipation. She liked the **licking**, but then, most women like it when I **lick** their pussies. But I wanted more. And so did she! She didn't want a weak tongue induced **orgasm**. She needed and demanded some heavy duty **fucking** and by mere chance, I was there to

comply and indulge. I lifted myself and sank into her humid femaleness with a single powerful thrust. Her **sighs** and grunts reminded me very much of **Gabika**'s, but **fucking Marika** was not as pleasant as with **Gabika**. But then, **Gabika** is unique, there is no one in this world possessing a lovelier **punciko** than **Gabika**.

It took **Marika** no more than 2 minutes of violent thrusting to reach an explosive **orgasm**. But that wasn't all! Just like **Gabika**, I could feel the familiar contraction pattern which had accompanied her climax. It wasn't as intense as **Gabika** yet very evident indeed. Furthermore, **Marika** has long finger nails. Yes, they are painted red, but that's not the point. The point is that her nails scratched my skin on the back and caused some bleeding in her ecstasy. Her teeth also did not spare my aching shoulder and bit me quite deeply. The sudden simultaneous pain in my back and my shoulder distracted me from further **fucking** and I unmounted her, laying on my back next to her. Being chubby and not so young, **Marika** perspired profusely, my estimate is that her sweating was nearly as abundant as **Bohunka**'s. The smell of sex mingled with the pungent smell of sweat was overwhelming.

"Please, Yoram, **fuck** me the other way, doggy fashion." She asked and I agreed. Turning around and displaying her beautiful **ass** to me, somewhat protruding, she rested on her elbows and wiggled her behind vigorously, actually making the task of prodding her **punciko** a nice "shoot them up" challenge. Then I heard **Gabika** saying something in Hungarian with **popshee** in it and laughing wildly.

"She said you can also **fuck** very nicely in the **popshee**." Helped **Marika**. Except, I had no intention of leaving her wonderful **cunt** for something less cosy and slippery. Finally, I could **fuck** and **cum** in a **cunt** not very much different than that of **Gabika**'s, the focus of my dreams.

"Do you like it in the **ass**?" I asked but she didn't answer. I wet my thumb lightly with **spittle** and rubbed it on the **asshole**. A sudden gasp and a yelp came out of her throat, and she heaved back, signalling me to insert the willing thumb in the welcoming **popshee**, which of course I did. **Marika** was on her way to a second satisfying **orgasm** if not for what had just happened. All of the sudden, out of the porch there came the dancing fairy, **Bohunka**, with the haemorrhoidal smear tube in her hand mumbling something in Czech. All she said in English was 'Please, Please.' I understood she wanted me to smear her aching **popshee** hole, which I willingly did.

Gabika, who was sitting just a meter away on the straw chair enjoying the voyeuristic trip of watching her sister get poked, got a laughing fit which nearly choked her. And indeed, it was very funny. I, kneeling behind the generous **ass** of **Marika** and vigorously thrusting my Jewish **cock** in and out of **Marika**'s Hungarian **punciko**, while one thumb is invading her **popshee** and another trying to smear soothing salve in **Bohunka**'s giant **ass**, which awkwardly stuck outward merely 2 centimeters from my sniffing nose. I stopped **fucking** for a moment to check her **ass**. There was no sign of her haemorrhoids. Her **asshole** looked healthy and shiny and tasty. If you want to taste, I told myself, better do it now before the disgusting cream spoils it. Spanking her gigantic **butt** cheek playfully and spreading the other, I applied a thick layer of **spit** on her inviting **asshole** using my horny tongue, and when it entered the hole **Bohunka** emitted a yelp of delight and surprise.

"She is cured," I informed **Gabika** and **Marika**. They gave me a puzzled look.

"From what?" I smeared the **asshole** and gave the fat dancer a farewell slap. She understood that and took off.

"She had haemorrhoids. But now it is topsy turvy."

"Oh, poor girl, not being able to enjoy the **bum** is frustrating." Said **Marika**. OK, now I get it. **Marika** likes **ass** sex too. I now recalled that **Gabika** had told me that they used to widen each other's **butthole** when they were little.

"How old were you when you stopped masturbating your **sister's butthole**?" I asked **Marika**. She giggled, so I repeated the question.

"I did not masturbate it, it was a medical procedure. It was not intended to give sexual pleasure. I'm not a lesbian! **Gabika** is not a lesbian." She objected.

"Yes, I suppose so, medical procedure indeed. But how old were you when you stopped the medical procedure?" I insisted, inserting both my **cock** and my thumb in the corresponding holes. There was no answer, but a wild giggling fit from both sisters.

"Come on, tell me. It turns me on like mad. I'd like to see it. Tell me, please and I'll buy you a gold ring." More hysterical giggles followed. "I'll buy you earrings to match." More giggling, like teenagers. What's going on here? "**Gabika**, how old were you when daddy stopped fingering your **asshole**?"

Gabika finally answered. "I was 8 when mom and dad stopped to procedure. When **Marika** was 8, three years before, they stopped doing her. I continued. We liked it but it was not sexual. Never."

"Did you not touch the **pussy** of each other?"

"Yoy! YOY! YOY!" Followed a hysterical laugh from both elderly ladies. "Of course not! Just the **popshee**! Just the **popshee**! To make it wider. This is medical." I never believed them. Obviously they were either mad or lying. And **Gabika** was not mad.

"When did you stop fingering each other? Tell me." I insisted

"Are you really going to buy us rings?" **Gabika** asked.

"Yes, really." I promised.

"From gold?" She insisted.

"From gold." I promised. She now laughed so hard that tears dropped on her wrinkled cheeks. I finally understood.

"I get it, I get it. You two never stopped. You are still doing it, even though you lied and said there was no sexual gratification involved. Did you lie?" The continued laughing. It was impossible to **fuck** this way and I quickly lost my **erection** despite the sexy atmosphere and my growing desire to spermatize **Marika**'s **punciko**.

"We did not lie. We still finger our selves and each other. We never stopped doing it, but it is not sexual. We do not **orgasm**."

"Then show me what you are doing and how you do it now." I insisted. "I can't believe this in not turning you on. It turns me on like mad. I'd buy you earrings too if you show me. Now. Now!" I was delirious from passion and bawdiness.

"No, no, no!" Both shouted. I got pissed.

"OK, no show, no earrings. That's final." There followed a strong and vivid argument in Hungarian. It was so loud that **Anne-Marie**, **Bohunka** and **Esméralda** came running to see what the commotion was all about. I chased them away, closing the porch door, even though it was still 30 degrees centigrade outside. I would not miss the show for anything in the world. Finally, they gave up.

"We get the earrings too, from gold. And we get to choose the rings. OK?"

"Fine." I got up, making place for **Gabika** to get on the bed. I opened the porch door and checked that the fat girls are not spying outside. They were. I kicked their butts.

Marika was now on the bed, lying on her stomach, her **popshee** on two fat pillows and her hands spreading the magnificent cheeks. **Gabika** was sitting between her spread **thighs** and wetting her index finger with **saliva** she stuffed it slowly in the hole, just until the first knuckle.

"No, do it properly," I insisted. After a few more nervous high school giggles she complied.

"OK, we go to wash the **popshee**." They were off in a minute, returning in about two. Obviously, despite the feverish denials, they thought it was very sexy. I almost fainted. Assuming the same position, **Gabika**'s finger now penetrated fully and stayed there a long time, while **Marika** was obviously very turned on, but afraid to make any sexual gesture. I helped her and started fingering her **clit** from below while still standing next to the bed. She made more room for me on the bed and I lay next to her, fascinated.

"If you keep rubbing me like that I'm going to **cum**." I stopped, instead, reversing my position put my head between her **thighs** and started **licking** **Gabika**'s penetrating index finger was just before my nose. **Marika** took my **prick** in her hand and put it in her mouth. "Not sexual..." I joked. But nobody laughed. And then, BIG, BIG, BIG, weak, weak, weak, long, EXTRA LONG. The contractions came, just like **Gabika**'s. Her **punciko** excreted some mucus which drooled directly into my mouth. It was foul, but I was so hot, I didn't care any more.

"Now me, do me now..." Begged **Gabika**. I took her and put her on her side, kicking **Marika** out of the bed. Immediately I inserted my **cock** in her **punciko** and started thrusting.

"Finger her **ass**, **Marika**, while I **fuck** her." I instructed. I was **kissing** **Gabika** on her mouth, and by forcefully pulling her on my **prick** I spread her beautiful and athletic **ass**, exposing the hole to **Marika**'s finger, which immediately invaded the familiar hole. It took **Gabika** exactly 2 minutes to reach **orgasm**.

"So, this fingering, which has been going on more than fifty years is not sexual? You never touched **Marika**'s **cunt** while fingering? You don't have to lie to me, I'm but a stranger. Come on, **Gabika**, it really turns me on to hear the truth. Two sisters! Making love! And **anal** sex! This is unheard of. Tell me, please, show me the sexual stuff. The place was becoming too crowded. I made a show of getting up, and throwing the mattress off of the bed. Getting up, they looked on puzzled. I then took the bed and carried it to the other end of the room, returning with the other mattress and placing it on the floor, next to **Gabika**'s. We had now a twin bed on the floor. I got on top of **Marika** and started thrusting. **Gabika** had put her hand on **Marika**'s shoulder and observed the savage **fucking**. I was sure **Marika** would reach yet another **orgasm** and I had intended to join her. I looked in **Gabika**'s eyes and she had understood me without any verbal communication. Her finger went below **Marika**'s **bum** and inserted in her back orifice. **Marika** reciprocated and fingered **Gabika**'s **ass** in return.

"**Kiss** her, **kiss** her on the mouth. Make love to your **sister**." I urged, but what followed was but a mere smack on the **lips**.

"Touch her **cunt**, **Gabika**, like you did for 50 years. Rub her **clit** and make her scream. Touch her **punciko**, like your dad had touched you and **Marika**."

"No, daddy and mommy only pushed in the **popshee**." The adamant **Gabika** said.

"Yes, maybe, but you wanted them to touch your **cunt**. You wanted them to make it sexual. They didn't, but you did. You masturbated your **sister**. In the **ass** and also in the **cunt**. You made love."

"No! No. We are not lesbian. We only put the fingers in the **popshee**, but..."

"But what? What???" I was thrusting now very fast.

"When I fingered my **sister**'s **ass** she touched herself sexually. And I did too, when she fingered my **ass**. And we never stopped doing it. But we never masturbated each other, only in the **popshee**."

"Then do it for me! Do it for me, because I want you too and I love you, **Gabika**. I really do. And it turns me on to see you masturbate **Marika**."

"Oy, Yoy, YOY!" They now both were totally delirious. I took **Gabika**'s hand and put it on **Marika**'s **breast**.

"YOYOY! YOY!" Keeping on the steady **fuck** rhythm, I pulled **Marika**'s hand out of **Gabika**'s **asshole** and put it on her **cunt**.

"YOY! YOY! YOY!" They both exclaimed. I sensed **Marika**'s approaching **orgasm** and with superhuman effort delayed my own to match hers. And then, BIG, BIG, BIG, weak, weak, weak, long, EXTRA LONG. I thrust in deeply and poured a torrent of gushing genetic matter in her aging **punciko**, biting her shoulder with ecstasy, and feeling her sharp nails scratching deep grooves in my back.

We all fell asleep, there in the sleazy hotel on the twin mattresses on the floor. My seed was finally in an Hungarian **punciko**, after having to wait so long. When I finally uncunted both sisters were already snoring.