

Chapter 5.

I go to Anne-Marie to seek consolation and get both her and her friend.

I looked again at the sleeping **Gabika** and went to the next room. Mellow music was sounding from the **Anne-Marie**'s MP3 player. She was reclining on her desk trying to write a post card to Peter. She was kneeling on the wooden chair, her elbows supporting her heavy chest and her hand moving the pen swiftly on the card. The good thing was that she was as usual only dressed in her white, easy to remove baggy panties and a bra one size to small. Her friend **Bohunka** was on her bed which was partially visible to us. I entered by the common porch door, which was open. **Kissing** her on her back and lowering her panties I introduced my hard **penis** in her awaiting **vagina**.

"At last... What had kept you so long? And why did you make her cry again? Oh, that's good, yes, shove slowly. Not so fast, I need time to climb..." The sensations were so remarkably titillating, so much better than the condom secured coitus with the Latin American minor next door that I knew I wouldn't last much more than 2 minutes. Gasping for air I increased my tempo, rushing to a gushing sperm flood. "No... Do it slow... let me turn." Too bad, I really liked the way her **butt** shook and trembled. Big fat shaking **ass** is a major turn on, I decided. Especially if it is trembling with every shove and thrust. I like **fucking** from behind. Don't you? And looking at the **ass** crack is another major excitement rush. But, you know, she was right. I just barged in and with no foreplay, nothing, attacked her from behind. That's not nice. In the meantime **Bohunka** got up from her bed and sat on a chair next to us, slowly masturbating with the big massager staff, lust in her eyes.

"She's a lesbian, you know." Said **Anne-Marie** and moving to the bed. She removed her bra and let her bulging **breast** freely rest on her generous belly. They were wonderful. I mounted her in the missionary position and looked closely in her eyes, while thrusting shallow and gentle as make her climb better to match my climax. We talked interchangeably with the **kissing**. I liked **kissing** her, it was so much fun.

"Nah, I don't believe it. Look at the lust in her eyes watching us **fuck**. Did you **fuck** her?"

"Yes, what do you expect? You were murdering **Gabika** in the next room so we got horny. She's fantastic tricks with her tongue... and then we had the vibrators. The big massaging staff is really effective."

"Are you bi?" I asked her.

"No, are you crazy? I'm straight. I didn't **lick** her, she did all the work. It is hard to communicate with her, since she only talks Czech and Russian." She was lying, I'm sure she licked Bohunka's pussy.

"**Gabika** speaks Russian. Did you like **fucking Bohunka?** **Bohunka**, are you a lesbian?" I confronted the fat Czech in slow English. She knew the word. She answered me with a "Yes.... No..." then something in Czech and then a long shrug. Since **Anne-Marie** took her time climbing and I was eager, I switched to **Bohunka**. Now, if **Anne-Marie** is fat, **Bohunka** is even bigger. Everything in **Bohunka** is bigger. She is just as tall, has a bigger **bust**, fatter **legs** and a bigger **ass**. Although it was pretty muscular from all the dancing probably. I started dancing with **Bohunka**, while **Anne-Marie** watched and masturbated.

I threw the electrical staff for her and promised to return when she was ready. In the meantime I started **kissing** and groping **Bohunka**.

Kissing was a problem.

As I already told you, **Bohunka** was not ugly, rather the contrary, she was prettier than most. But since her surgeon did a crippling job on her harelip condition, her face got garbled up. She was conscious of her Quasimodo face and recoiled when I first **kissed** her. "Please, please," I begged and **kissed** her **lips** as gently as possible to relieve her fears and inhibitions: Slowly she warmed up and answered my **kisses**. "You are not a lesbian, **Bohunka**. A lesbian does not **kiss** horny men. You'll be fine, I'll show you the delights of **cock** and **semen**. She shrugged again, not understanding a word. Despite her scary mouth and heaps of blubber, I like her a lot, maybe as much as **Anne-Marie**. She lay down and spread her **legs**. I dived. I just love going down on a woman. Call me a pervert if you will, I just don't care. Diving is just as fun or more than **fucking**. Heaven! Her fat **thighs** showed signs of friction with each other, which left a brownish area on the skin, but her **cunt** was juicy and tasty and very, very beautiful and young. "How old are you?" I asked her. She didn't understand and only after repeating the question a few times she answered by raising 10 fingers three times and adding one thumb. 31! Just as young as **Eva**, but what a difference! She reacted very good to my lingual adoration, until I attempted fingering her **vagina**. She winced and recoiled at my attempted penetration. What's the matter? Everything went just fine till now. Is this some lesbian phobia raising its ugly head again? I took a look, turning the light on.

Oh, God.

A virgin.

I **kissed** some more and **licked** all over to calm her fears. Now I concentrated on giving her a rewarding climax, and believe me, I'm good at it. Not one bit less adequate than those damn lesbians. I know the ins and outs of the **cunt**, all the hooks and the nooks. I **licked** all around the **lips**, which were rubbery and elastic and not very hairy, which simplifies the **saliva** smearing. It smelled like heaven. Much finer smell than **Anne-Marie**'s! And the taste, like cinnamon ice-cream. Even better. I **licked** now around the hole yet avoiding the actual penetration for now. Then I **licked** below, which I attempt at most women, especially those equipped with an attractive genital. I always do with a pretty **cunt** and venture to the **ass**. Many of the women appreciate the gesture and take it as a big compliment. Some reject it. This time it was a failure, or was it? She winced again. I took a closer look and yes, what my tongue had told me was true. There was a mild inflammation of the **anal** ring and the **anus** clearly showed the peculiar swelling of hemorrhoids. Golly, this is getting complicated. Both holes barred, I suddenly got a great idea. Pointing to her sore **ass**-hole, I asked her if she has medicine for the inflammation. Finally, there was a word she did understand. Obviously Medicine is Medicine in every language. She got up, heaving her fat layers with some difficulty and looked in her purse, delivering a large plastic tube with some gel inside. Opening it, she wanted to apply some to the sore **ass**, but I took a big glob of the stuff and smeared it on and in her virginal **pussy**. "No, no!" she objected, but I held both my hands to my heart, as a gesture of fidelity, saying, "Trust me." I've heard that the hemorrhoids gel has anaesthetics qualities. I was right. Now the insertion of my finger in her **cunt** did not cause pain. I pushed her back to bed. From now on it was easy. My mouth worked overtime on her **clit** while my finger was smearing more of the cool gel on her sore **anus** and her scared hymen. She was huffing and puffing and as with many other women subject to my lingual humiliations, she was on the brink of sobbing. And ready, because she pulled me up, took my hard-on with her puffy hands and directed it to her **pussy**. So much for being a

lesbian!

I pushed.

The obstacle gave up easily, stretched for a few seconds and broke. A little **sigh**, whether caused by discomfort or excitement, I don't know, escaped her defected **lips**. Her broken **vagina** was pure heaven. Just as good as the well-**fucked** paradise tube of **Anne-Marie**. She was panting and giggling and her beefy hands clasped me forcefully to her enormous white **breasts**. A few more shoves and I emptied my prostate in her virginal split. So excited was I, that I remained stuck in the now bloody and mucilaged receptacle.

Anne-Marie was right above us, inspecting with big wide open eyes and furiously rubbing her **cunt**. "I'm ready now," she called.

"**Bohunka** didn't finish, you'll have to wait your turn."

"Hurry, I can't stand it." I kept moving slowly, but she pushed me off, indicating that she wanted to inspect her **cunt**. She retrieved a mirror from her purse, turned the lights on, spread her **legs** and inspected the bloody mess. Actually, there was a lot of spunk but very little blood. Scooping some of the **cum** on her finger and bringing the mucilage to her nose she took a long sniff at the putrid mess. "**Lick** it," I said and she did, without really understanding what I had said. This was so erotic that my **cock** was again in its full glory, waiting for her newly perforated **vagina**. I could resist a **lick** as well and now concentrating on her **clit** brought about some very electrifying zilches before being pushed away by **Anne-Marie**, who wanted to take a look as well. I pushed playfully her head in the slushy **pudenda** and surprisingly she did not recoil, but stayed there and gave a few **licks**. But, it had to finish with a heterosexual act. Pushing **Anne-Marie**'s head away I inserted my **cock** gently in her muff and brought the **ex**-lesbian to a shattering climax.

Immediately after her **orgasm**, I jumped on **Anne-Marie**. It was a little crowded with three people on one 90 cm bed, so **Bohunka** got off and sat down next to us while I indulged in **Anne-Marie**'s infinitely vast goodies. Even though **Bohunka**'s **breasts** were bigger than **Anne-Marie**'s I prefer **Anne-Marie**'s. They are much firmer and the **nipples** stick out like cartilage from a dead chicken bone. Yummy! Her **cunt** was so slushy and warm it was like bathing in a health mud bath. Sticky and slimy, that's how I like it, or better still, that's how it likes it.

Anne-Marie was so turned on from the deflowering spectacle she had witnessed (for the first time in her life) that coming came so swift and natural, as if she has never had any thyroid problems. She started coming and contrary to her previous nature, did not throw me off once she **orgasmed** but let me go on thrusting as I wished. I wanted to come inside her wonderful **vagina**, so that she would remember each time she wiped it whose **semen** has flushed it that night. When it finally came, she was sorry it was all over. Yet I stayed glued to her sticky **pudenda** for a while, **kissing** her feverishly, fingering her **asshole** and squishing her admirable **boobs**.

"You like to play with the **asshole**." She commented.

"Yes, I'm a pervert."

"I don't like **anal**."

"Too bad, dear, too bad. Poor Peter, I pity him for not enjoying you fully. Your **ass** is so

beautiful and big and yummy."

"Yummy? You can't mean that. I sweat a lot."

"I'd eat it anytime." I admitted. She blushed.

"Did you **fuck Gabika** up her **ass**?"

"I sure did, and she liked it."

"Is that the reason she screamed like a mutilated actress in a horror movie?" **Anne-Marie** laughed.

"No, that's not the reason."

"Tell me, then."

"It's personal. Why don't you ask **Gabika** yourself? You like her, don't you?"

"Sure, I like her. She is so beautiful." Unlike me, you should have said, **Anne-Marie**, but you didn't.

"Yes, it is remarkable how young she looks as far as her body is concerned. And she has the prettiest, yummiest, most beautifully carved **ass** I've ever sank my teeth in. Better than her **daughter**'s." I exaggerated of course. **Eva**'s **butt** has nothing to be ashamed about next to her **mother**'s.

"Oh, now I know why she screamed." Exclaimed **Anne-Marie** while my now embarrassingly soft **penis** slipped out of her aromatic cavern. "You pervert... You spanked her **ass**."

"Almost, dear. Almost. I did something to her **ass** that made her scream from pleasure, something very delicate, very gentle and totally not involving any form of aggression, only adoration and bliss." **Anne-Marie** blushed. I'm quite sure she got hooked and knew exactly what I meant. After all, **she** dislikes **anal** sex, right? Well, things aren't as simple as that anymore.