



Vitaly Mushkin

Blow job

Bloody sex

Виталий Мушкин
Blow job. Bloody sex

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Мушкин В.

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The main hero of the story, an artist from Moscow, goes to the Tver region to buy a house in the village. The owners of the house, a young girl and her mother, persuade the Muscovite to stay with them for several days. The first night a woman climbs up to the artist under the blanket. The second night he mates with her, but also does not know who it is. Everything is decided on the third night, when all three of them arrange a real orgy in the bath.

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The first night

My name is Anton, I'm 30 years old (with a tail), I live in Moscow. I am an artist. Besides that I write pictures, I have a small business, my own gallery. In the past year or two, I began to feel some fatigue, the pictures began to come out less and less from under my hand. After reflection, I came to the conclusion that the city was the fault. A huge metropolis, forcing people to accept its fuss and crazy pace. All the time, some business, some (often unnecessary) meetings. And I decided to find a place where I could hide from everyone, secluded and write, write... On the Internet, I quickly found a house in a village called Korovino, where there was a "pristine nature", a forest, a river. The house was located in the Tver region, the hosts were in place. Without thinking long, I got into the car and drove off.

It was the middle of summer. Outside the window, magnificent landscapes of the so-called "middle strip" rushed past. I was tempted to stop and capture some particularly beautiful view. Moreover, I had an easel with me. But the meeting is a meeting and it was necessary to go. And the day inexorably sloped towards evening. When I arrived in the village, it was starting to get dark. The hosts welcomed me cordially. Irina Nikolaevna (that you, simply Ira) and her daughter Elena. Lena was pretty. I immediately wanted to write her portrait. Not even a portrait, but all of it. To the big green eyes and light "flaxen" hair, scattering on the shoulders, to add a tall thin neck, a beautiful chest and an ideal hip shape. Lena looked good in her slightly open shirt and tight jeans amid the yellow sunset, next to the wicket door of the house. Or maybe it was worth drawing it in a domestic situation, for example, in a village bath. In a linen white shirt and with a small towel. She wipes her hair and looks a little mockingly...

The hosts showed the house, the plot. I liked everything, agreed on the price.

"This business should be noted," Irina said.

– I would be glad, but I can not, behind the wheel.

– What are you, Anton, for what drive? Where are you going, it's dark after all. Spend the night, and in the morning, and move.

I agreed. To go at night, especially so far away, did not feel like it.

Soon arrived and dinner. The hostess poured into large piles of vodka. I took a little bitter liquid and drank it for snacks. Simple food seemed to me unusually tasty. Hot potatoes, mashed and mixed with stew. Pickled cucumbers, pickled mushrooms, smoked bacon, fresh herbs. Mother and daughter after the vodka were flushed. And I myself felt the cheeks burning. It's from nature, fresh air, and from village food.

– Well, as you have with us? Ira asked.

– Yes OK. Nature, this is what I need right now.

– But you have not seen all the beauties. What a river we have! Far away there is a lake. And the forest? In September, we gather here so many mushrooms. And white, and boletus, and butter. Take a walk, Anton, look. Now this is all yours. Yes, tomorrow my husband comes with a son-in-law, they'll bring the documents home. And the day after tomorrow you can go to the area and make out a purchase.

– Yes, perhaps, it would be the best way.

After supper we left the house to breathe air. We sat on a bench, looked at the starry sky and peeled sunflower seeds. Then I was shown a summer shower, where you can wash yourself. The landlady said: "Go and wash, Anton, I'll bring you a towel now." I was already washing myself, when

a woman's hand held out a towel. It seemed to me that Irina (and it was, probably, she) did not immediately release it from her fingers. Yes, of course, it seemed.

They put me on the veranda. I happily stretched out on a clean fresh sheet and quickly fell asleep. I woke up because someone was stroking my legs. In the darkness, the silhouette of the woman standing at my feet was barely discernible. Who was it, Lena, Ira? I tried to get up, but She whispered: "Quiet, lie". I lay down. A little adventure was by the way, as I had not experienced intimacy for a long time. The woman continued to stroke my legs under the blanket, making her way higher and higher. I have no panties, I like to sleep naked. Here her fingers reached me to the groin. They touched the testicles, felt the awakening penis. I felt a rush of passion and slightly spread my legs. And then she came from the end of my couch and ducked under the blanket. She took my penis in her mouth and began caressing him with her tongue and lips, helping her with a slightly hand. Who is it, Irina or Lena? And maybe, in general, a neighbor? Laski were tireless and insanely pleasant. And I gave myself completely to the feeling. I put my hands on the woman's head and stroked her. Small warm ears, smooth cheeks, thick hair. Under my hair, I felt for her on my head two small tubercles. What is it? But there was no time to think. The blood struck my head, and a stream of semen poured into her mouth. I could barely restrain myself from screaming. Before I could recover, the woman fled from under the blanket and ran away.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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