

Chapter 1.

Meeting **Eva**, **Gabika's daughter** - I go to the all female choir convention and meet **Eva**. We promise to meet again.

This is a story about the best lover I have ever had, and believe me, I've had a quite few. You might tend to think that this lover is a gorgeous young blond with a terrific figure, big fat **bust**, athletic and slim, long **legs** and all. A Barbie type. Well, you couldn't more wrong, buddy. You might even argue, and even make some sense in arguing, that the essence of being a good lover is something that can neither be quantified nor qualified. Well, I will let you read and judge for yourself, because I am quite convinced that not only was **Gabika** my best lover, but that I will never, ever, meet another one who would even come a close second. But before I start describing this angel of eroticism, this saint of fornication, this embodiment of savage bawdiness, let me walk you through the events that led to our joyous union. It all began with **Eva**.

Right after my divorce I had decided to have as many sexual partners as I could find, in order to compensate for the lack of sex I had experienced while being married to this dull, stupid, frigid and mean fruit basket whose name I will not even dare to mention. I was only 32 when I divorced and had a little girl as gift of this bad marriage. If you anticipate reading about a sexual encounter with **Violet**, my 8 year old **daughter**, then you are a pervert and a pedophile, go elsewhere to fulfill your wanking needs. Not that I'm personally against sex in the family or even sex with kids. If everything is consensual it's fine with me, but I don't want any part of it and that's final. And keep your filthy hands off of my innocent virginal **Violet**!

I am a good looking, average guy, not particularly attractive or athletic. Sorry, that's simply not me. I was always the nerd type. I keep a reasonable figure by playing squash, swimming and fitness, which I actually despise, but it helps me keep the muscle tone. I have a good and steady income and work infrequently as a consultant. So, I enjoy a lot of vacation, which I normally dedicate to the pursuit of sensual, carnal pleasures. Since I have the time and the money it shouldn't be a problem, right? Right. Well, sort of. My strategy was to choose a vacation destination, find a girl whom I don't know and **fuck** her silly, until she begs me to stop. When the vacation ends, so does the romance. Since I am far from a chick magnet, I have devised a better strategy. The vacation involved some kind of hobby convention or a gathering of sorts. That way I could pick the best chicks by being smart, knowledgeable, witty, charismatic. So I indulged in a variety of hobbies: Dancing, singing, playing music, playing bridge, I even studied languages. None of this stuff really interested me at all, but once you start something you often get hooked. Once I picked up a stunning girl in a theology convention, believe it or not. The sex we had was heavenly, godly, celestial, transcendental. Well, actually, she was more a woman than a girl, but that's another story.

Oh, forgot to mention my name: Yoram Arnon, Israeli from Haifa, nice to meet you.

This time, July 2006, it was a choir convention. I surfed the internet and stole some arrangements and headed off to Budapest, Hungary. Took a room in the Budapest Marriott Hotel, rented a very nice Mercedes Benz, organized some local women to sing my arrangement and made a very good impression. One of the girls in the choir caught my eye. Her English and German were very good (turns out she was a college graduate in Political Science in the Vienna University).

Her name was **Eva**.

Since this is a real person, I will not disclose her last name, and it is not important. What is important, is the way she looks. About 1,70m tall, with dark red hair, nice smile and a pug nose. But what is even better is her female gear. Man, such highly seated prominent big **breasts**, almost no waistline and a marvelous protruding little **butt** that made me salivate and pray that I could shortly sink my teeth in that perfect, aromatic flesh. OK, there were three or four other girls worth **fucking** in this choir, but since I did not **fuck** them, I also forgot why they deserve my attention. She, **Eva**, looked no more than 18 or 20. But since Tamás (her boyfriend) wasn't around, and since **Eva** belongs to the hot blooded, hormone saturated, itchy clitted wenches with a cavern that required stuffing, she proved an easy target. I didn't even have to bribe her! I just approached her very bluntly and directly.

"**Eva**, I really like you. I think you are a wonderful, talented singer." I lied while smiling. If must lie, at least do it with style.

"Thank you, Mr. Arnon. I think you are a very talented conductor." She lied back.

"You are also very pretty, and I want to get to know you better."

"I... I... Me too, I know what you mean, but I have a boyfriend."

"So, that means you won't accompany me to a candle light dinner in a 1star Michelin restaurant, and then a long session in a night club or a disco, after which you would not even consider coming to my 4 star hotel suite for a glass of cognac and an intimate massage?"

She laughed. "How intimate is the massage? and who is going to massage whom? Listen, I don't know...."

I looked deep in her eyes, giving her the insulted teddy-bear frown. "In that case, would you happen to know a smart, young and attractive lady who would consider such an generous offer from an honorable gentleman?"

"I might just know such a lady..." she coyed, laughing. "I got to admit I am tempted but I don't want you to think that I am, how do you call that, cheap girl. I don't just jump to bed with anyone just because he happens to have money."

"Alright, miss, no sex if you don't want to. Just a romantic and nourishing Hungarian dinner and a night club, then you go home! But if you change your mind you will never regret it. I'm ready to sink my teeth everywhere in your gorgeous body anytime. Do you think sex is wrong? I want you not because of my money."

Two and a half hours later she was on her back on my bed, **legs** spread and I was munching vigorously on her hairy **snatch**. I just love giving head and I got pretty good at it the last few years. She got such long and shapely **legs** and I just loved the little furry plumage on the inside of her **thighs**. Luckily for me she did not shave. I don't appreciate girls who shave their **thighs**! Rarely have I **kissed** and **licked** such elegant **thighs**. Hm... She wasn't ticklish. The moisture sparkled from the **pussy lips** which little by little opened and split in anticipation to the **oral** pleasure. I know how to delay and prolong her pleasure. Slowly I **kissed** my way closer and closer to her **clit**, yet avoiding it, pressing my **lips** to the vulva and the Venus mound, the lippy entrance and the delicate perineum yet avoiding direct contact with the **clitoris**. I started feeling her impatience. How? Well, she didn't say much but her quivering of the **buttocks**, her pushy hands, her **sighs** and grunts disclosed her eagerness. So, I dived! Man, did I dive. From that moment on it was a question of intense **sucking** of the **clit** area for about 30 seconds, after which her whole waist area trembled, shook and gyrated with an intense **orgasm**. And her cries... Whenever I have **erection** problems I just have to memorize her soft, agonizing cries as she climaxed. As the moment supreme, she clutched and pressed her **pudenda** to my **sucking lips**, rubbing her **clit** furiously onto my **lips**.

Whitish moisture dripped out of her hole, her muscles contracted strenuously and her **asshole** winked from exertion. Guys, remember! Don't charge like a teenager! Tease her first! Much more effective. I looked in her eyes, and noticed a few tears. She didn't smile, instead her complexion was of exhaustion, relief, release and astonishment. I didn't even have to finger her! While she was concentrating on her climax, she said a few Hungarian phrases that caught my attention. Especially got me was "Yoy d' Jenerue" which means, "how wonderful" or something. Or simply, "Yoy!!!"

"Did you have a nice **cum**?" She didn't understand me. Her English was academic at most.

"I came here because you made me laugh and drunk and horny."

"Yes, honey," I persuaded, "I mean, did you climax good? '**cum**' is just another name for **orgasm**".

"Ho, ho, ho..." she laughed with her appalling Hungarian drawl. "I never had such a strong climax!!! Really, I wish Tamás would **lick** me like you did. He is young and clumsy. It was so good, now I feel... like I need to sleep... or hug... or cuddle..." Wait a minute, that was not

my intention! Pointing to my hard-on I turned her attention to the fact that the man needs some satisfaction as well. It was gently bumping into the soft skin of her perfect snow white belly, nudging at the down of her navel, begging to enter.

"Not now, I don't want after the **orgasm**.... I will **suck** you with my mouth." She winked and descended to my raging truncheon, wetting it with her **spittle** she started her **oral** massage. It was useless. She was such a mediocre cocksucker! She didn't even use her

hands and I started to get bored. Forcefully I pushed her, put on the wretched condom and stuck it valiantly in her fuming female hole. Pinching her fabulous **nipples** and grabbing her delicious **bottom** I shoved again and again, retrieving the **fuck** organ out of the humid paradise and stuffing it with accelerated force. She was quite overwhelmed but her objection soon changed to approval, and thus, grunting from the effort my weight exerted on her she started heaving back, pushing and compressing her **cunt** to my **pubic** area, thus increasing the friction. I started feeling really good and aimed to my climax, after an abstinence of two weeks.

"Not so fast, do it slower... Yes, yes, YOY, YOY, that's good YAW, YAW, **suck** my **breasts**, YAW, YAW, push hard, slow and hard YAW." She was aiming for her second **orgasm**. Wow, multi-**orgasmic**! Highly unusual for such a young girl. So helping her, I adjusted my position and leaning on my knees developed the leverage needed to hit home hard. She was now pounding her fists on my back and repeating her "YOY, YOY, YOY d' YAW".

Seizing the occasion, I ventured towards her **asshole**, carefully massaging it with my finger. Oh, yes, she liked that. Her eyes opened wide, her mouth opened and her tongue showed, then she scratched my back with her fingernails and shouted something in Hungarian, biting my shoulder and sending both of us to **orgasmic** oblivion.

I was still panting from exertion, getting rid of the full and rancid condom, then returning to bed.

"Ok, now we can cuddle." I said.

"Yes. Cuddle. Thank you." There is nothing I like hearing more than a satisfied and grateful female in bed. What an ego boost, man. She wiped her tears.

"My finger in your **butt** had turned you on." I said.

"You are a good lover. I know, I have had some. Many."

"But when I touched your **asshole** you turned wild."

"I don't like **anal** sex. But you really turned me on."

"You don't know anything about **anal** sex. You would like it with me." I doubted it. Her **butt** hole was very tight indeed. She wasn't ready for **ass** sex. **Ass** pleasure, yes. Fingers, yes. Tongues, sure, why not? But no penetration.

"Tamás and I tried it a few times. It hurts."

"Is he a good lover?"

"Who, Tamás? No. Yes. I don't know. He makes me climax."

"**Cum**, he makes you **cum**. But not like me."

"No one has made me climax... sorry, **cum**, like you did." YES! I love hearing that. Man, for the first time in some years I was hard again so soon.

"Look, **Eva**, stay here with me. Don't go back to your cheap motel. I don't want you to go."

"I have already paid the bill."

"Please, don't go. You are such a sexy girl, I want you to stay."

"But Tamás..." Goddamn, this stupid boyfriend of hers, damn him.

"Please..." I tickled her **nipple** with my tongue. It was **erect** and the rubbery nubs tickled me back. I pulled her hand to my hard-on and showed her how I liked it: With plenty of **saliva** and vigorous rubbing.

"**Spit** on it more. Yes. Rub it hard, here, along the corona." It started feeling real good. Again went my finger and pressed her moist **anal** orifice. She didn't object.

"It is circumcised".

"Do you like it? All guys from Israel are circumcised. It's a Jewish custom."

"I like it. It is very beautiful and hard and smooth. And red."

"But it's not as big as..."

"It is thick and big and very sexy, and it smells like sex. I like having it in my mouth and my hands and my **Poontsikko**." I laughed.

"That's what you call a **cunt** in Hungarian? Funny name."

"That's what I call it. In Hungarian it is simply **Vagina**." She pronounced it VO-GUI-NO.

"I like **poontsikko** better. I love your little **poontsikko**." She had plenty of fuzzy dark red hair on her **poontsikko**. Oh, what a lovely **poontsikko**.

"You like it in your hands and mouth and... your **ass**???" I looked hopefully in her beautiful brown eyes. She didn't reply. "I would love to **fuck** you in your **ass**. Do you have a name in Hungarian..." She laughed out loud.

"I call it **popshee**. But that's not the proper Hungarian. Do you like my **popshee**?" She turned around, accentuating her bubble **butt** and shaking it slightly. It was a perfect **ass**. The cheeks protruded roundly, like the **bottom** of a ripe peach. The **bum furrow** was clean and pink, and only around the smallish starry hole there grew some fluffy short red hairs. It wasn't big, but neither was it one of these tiny fleshless, unsexy teen booties. I gave her **popshee** a big **kiss**. I proceeded further below and started to **suck** her **poontsikko** again. This time I inserted two fingers in the hole while **licking** her **clit**. In my position it was awkward, so I waved her **popshee** goodbye and turned her around. Using my fingers I

massaged upwards, locating the rough texture of her G spot while **sucking** her **poontsikko** gently but firmly. Her hands pulled my hair roughly to cause firmer friction with my mouth and tongue. Grunting again and agitating her whole lower body, she called, nearly shouting:

"**Fuck** me, **fuck** me now. now. NOW!" I didn't have time to put on a condom, she didn't care, I didn't care, the urgency in her voice had won. I was in her, pounding roughly, my mouth, my now **cunt** smelling mouth glued to hers in a never ending **sucking kiss**, my **cock** compressed in her soaking **poontsikko**, my fingers perforating her now accommodating **popshee**-hole while we both came at the same time.

"So, you are multi **orgasmic**." I claimed.

"No, I'm not. Only with you. But *you* **cummed** also twice."

"I can do that sometimes. You are very beautiful Stay with me until the end of the convention."

"But... You don't understand, me and Tamás..."

"Are you going to tell him?" I interrupted.

"No! Are you mad? Of coarse not."

"So what's the problem? You stay with me and learn some tricks. Tamás will never know. Does he plan to visit you in the hotel?"

"No, Tamás is in Vienna."

"You see?" I played around with her mucilaginous **poontsikko**.

"You are a pervert, and I love you. I'll think about it. Now, let's sleep." Oh, gosh, I hope she didn't mean the love thing. After all, this was just good vacation sex.

"Good night, darling. And, you were right. I am a little pervert. I'm going to dream about my Jewish **cock** pumping deep in your **Poontsikko** and your **Popshee**." She slapped my arm hard, twice, turned her fabulous **Popshee** towards me and fell asleep. I looked at the clock, it was 1 in the morning. The air-conditioning was purring like a tomcat with a lab rat in its belly. She woke me up at five thirty in the morning, and was all dressed.

"I'm going, don't have time to explain. Here is my phone and e-mail."

"What... Why? What's going on?"

"Tamás sent an SMS. He is on his way to my hotel at this very moment."

"Will I see you again? You are my best singer, I need you." I lied.

"Call me, no, wait. Don't call me. Use the e-mail. I'm not coming back to rehearsals." I got

up to take a leak. She was behind me as I shook my relieved [cock](#).

"Yoram..." she begged.

"What?"

"Can you... would you... you know... before I go one more time..." She looked embarrassed. I sank to my knees. Raising her mini skirt and lowering her black lace panties I gave her my Arnon tongue specialty again, which had sent her screaming to **orgasm** heaven again.