

## Chapter 2.

**A few years later: Eva, We meet again. She disappears. Brief encounter with Anne Marie.**

This time the choir convention was not situated in Budapest. It was moved to a remote mountainside village some 500 km from the city, on the banks of the Danube. Beautiful location no doubt, perfect for singing in harmony. Except, I wasn't there for the harmony, rather for the vacation sex®. Hungary is a small country with very few people, most of which prefer living in and around Budapest. So outside the metropolis there are very few people scattered around. One problem. Another was that I greatly missed the Marriot Hotel, with the luxury jacuzzi, air-conditioning and room service. Instead, we were put in a dormitory of some sort, which in communist times has been used as a nursing school. The rooms were small, there was one single toilet room with a bowl (thank goodness...), a shower which spewed warm water and could accommodate one single man, if not too big. There was no twin bed! Two standard beds but not next to each other; probably to increase privacy, which I didn't need. Well. **Eva** was skinny enough to enjoy a thorough **screwing** on a narrow bed, or so I hoped.

Well, we checked in, and to my pleasant surprise, my friend whom I had met in the airport was sleeping in the adjacent room. Well, let me tell you about my friend **Anne-Marie**.

I came flying from Copenhagen, where I have some business. At the passport control I noticed before me a very tall, quite overweight yet short of obese middle-aged lady arguing with the clerk. "I'm a Dutch citizen." She cried. "This is my Canadian passport. I did not know I had to get a visa. Please let me through, or at least let me purchase a visa." She begged and the clerk simply went on with whatever she was doing, ignoring the nice lady. I jumped in.

"Please, madam, this is my fiancé..." glancing at her passport, I saw her name. "**Anne-Marie**. We're together. I didn't know there should be any problem."

"Canadians require a visa. Get in line to the visa application counter."

"She is a Dutch citizen, I swear." I handed the clerk a 100 Euro bill, winking. Must have been more than her weekly salary, because she looked at me with a funny expression in her

eyes, put the money in an envelop and attempted a crooked smile. Inspecting my Israeli passport she heavily lifted the visa stamp and stamped both our passports. Then keyed something into her terminal, handed us our documents and lets us go.

"Thank you, Mr..."

"Yoram Arnon, at your service."

"Here is your money..." She fished some bills from her over-sized bag. I admired her giant form. Usually I'm not attracted to large women, but something in this lady's behavior caused a tingle in my [cock](#).

"Don't worry about it. I refuse to take it." I looked and her fat [boobs](#). They were shaking in her pink T-shirt, obviously trapped in a bra one size too small. **Anne-Marie** was about my height but a lot heavier. Her hair was short and thin, her face fair but plain and her figure reminded me of a butch friend I used to correspond with. Suddenly I needed to **fuck** her, that was a simple fact. I was attracted to this middle aged overweight, not pretty, too tall and beefy woman, whom I did not know.

"But, Sir, why should you..."

"Lets claim the luggage, then I'll buy you some coffee. I know where to get the best cakes in Budapest. Hungarians are experts in stuffing as many calories in a cubic centimeter of cake." She kept complaining but stuck with me. We got our luggage and the rented Mercedes and were off to town. Drinking the best and most expensive coffee in the Marriott hotel I then asked her.

"What brings you to Budapest?"

"I'm going to a choir convention. My acappella group is waiting for me... in..." I had to laugh. **Anne-Marie** was going to the same convention. I didn't even have to seduce her.

"You'll come with me. I'm going there myself."

"YOU ARE?????" She started stuttering in astonishment.

"Stay with me tonight in my room, we are going tomorrow together."

"I can't, I'm a married woman."

"I'll have another bed moved in. I don't plan to seduce you, unless..." I gave her the big eye look. She didn't answer so I continued. "Shall I rent you another room?"

"Are you out of your mind?! You don't know me, this is an expensive hotel." Oh, how easily women get confused.

I didn't **fuck** her that night. She slept in the next bed, annoying me with her snoring and farting. I peeked at her enormous [boobies](#) which sagged out of her nightgown, masturbating

quietly while I fantasized about her big **ass**. She must weigh 90 Kg, and be 1.80meter tall I guessed, while stealthily raising her nightgown to get a good look at the merchandise. She wore baggy panties and her **pussy** was puffy and fat. Two large stains marked the place where the fabric absorbed her female moisture. She sensed my manipulation of her lingerie, opened her eyes for an instance, turned her **ass** towards me and continued to snore. I placed my head about 2 cm from her **ass**, inhaling and waiting for her to sink deeper into slumber. When she was way down, I removed the panties and managed to **kiss** the **bottom**. Short stubby hairs concentrated near her split but I was too chicken to attempt to spread the cheeks. Then I felt really tired, covered her and returned to my bed. **Anne-Marie** was a very stupid woman, trusting a stranger for a 100 Euro. I could make use of her stupidity later on.

Anyhow, when I woke up the next morning at 5 AM, her big fat **ass** was clutched to my now throbbing **erection**. Nothing could have happened, because both she and me had panties on. She, even had a night gown. She must have invaded my twin bed while I slept. I needed a piss, but could not get up without waking **Anne-Marie**. I felt for her fantastic **breasts**. They were tied up in a stupid bra. What kind of woman goes to bed, someone elses bed, wearing a bra? They were soft, mushy, heavy, firm and very very large. Heaven. I couldn't resist pinching the left **nipple**, which got hard, while I managed to get my right hand under her big belly, searching for her **cunt**. I underestimated the magnitude of her soft belly, my hand did not reach her **pussy** and her weight hurt my arm. I pulled it back, grabbing her **ass** instead, from behind, and freeing my throbbing **erection**. I raised her cheap white gown and lowered her panties. Hmmmmm.... Big **ass**, and very firm, just like her **boobies**. I tried to maneuver my **cock** to the entrance but the position and angle were not optimal and her flesh was very firm and unyielding for me to pass through. The she turned around and started **kissing** me feverishly, calling, "Peter! Peter!" and speaking in a strange language, probably Dutch. Who, for crying out loud, is Peter? Her husband? She now held my **cock**, **kissing** me and mumbo jumboing in Dutch while I tried to remove her bra, once succeeding with my mission, dived to **suck**, one after the other. She pushed my head down and I complied. I knew what to do. Her **ass** was enormous and her split juicy, soft and quite frankly, rather smelly. I didn't mind much, being as horny as I was and enjoyed **licking** her. She was very slow in climbing to her climax, so I attempted something more daring, and started biting her **pudenda** all over, momentarily avoiding the **clitoris**, which in her case was rather developed and protruding. I like a big **clit** every once in a while. She liked the diversion, so I ventured something different and descended to her **rectum** with my tongue. I like that, too, if I'm very turned on. "No, no," she objected, "not that." Indeed, she did not taste that good. Fat women can sweat a lot, you know, or maybe you don't. I don't recall her getting a bath in the evening, nor a shower. But now she was alert and forgetting her laziness started pushing my mouth roughly to her **clit**, anxiously agitating her **pudenda** to create more friction, then with a deep **sigh** and a heave she came. I loved her contractions, man, I could really feel her **cunt** clutch and release, clutch and release, alternating. She nearly ripped my luxurious hair off my scalp in her ecstasy.

"Was it good for you as it was for me?" I smiled in the darkness.

"Oh, it's you." She recognized my voice.

"I'm sorry I can't be Peter. Who is Peter?"

"I know you are not Peter. Peter is fat and old and bald. He is my husband. He doesn't like to go down on me any more than I like to **suck** his **piemel**."

"**Piemel**?" I wondered.

"**Cock** in Dutch." I was now at face level with her, trying to insert my now almost aching **piemel** in her now luxuriously soaking **cunt**, clutching her blown up **boobs**. They were remarkable. My **cock** reached the target with ease and penetrated almost instantly. She pushed me off. "No, no, I don't like my **pussy** touched after **orgasm**."

"What!???"

"What you heard. It is too sensitive and it tickles. You'll have to wait."

"How long?" I was desperate.

"Not long. 10 minutes at most." I walked to pee. Returning to her, she didn't let me yet.

"Not yet, I can't."

"This is very frustrating, **Anne-Marie**. You had your fun." I said, unabashedly massaging and masturbating before her eyes. She liked it, I think.

"You have a cute **piemel**."

"Should I be insulted? You didn't say anything about the size."

"Peter's is bigger." Oh, God, a smart broad would never say that. "But yours is harder, and just as thick, and circumcised. Let me help you out with my mouth." She went down on me, not exactly what I had anticipated but I was desperate. Holding my **penis** clumsily with her hand she applied her mouth just as clumsily to my **erection**. I lost it after two minutes of this useless **sucking**. No amount of handling or **sucking** helped. What was I thinking? Here is a lady 10 years older than myself, not beautiful, not particularly sexy, with ugly hair and a plain face and a smelly **vagina**, while just 300 km away awaited me Hungary's most beautiful chick, one who could easily star in any erotic feature, win a beauty pageant, and get anybody she desired. Why was I wasting time with **Anne-Marie**? I couldn't explain this weird infatuation with this plain woman. I will find the opportunity to **fuck** her sometime in the future, I comforted my frustration. She looked disappointed that I did not reward her with a load of my slimy genetic material and seemed rather upset. 10 minutes had passed so I attempted to mount her again and put my now slightly flaccid '**piemel**' back in the target. But neither of us was interested enough to continue.

"I got a thyroid condition," she claimed. "I'm very slowly aroused and often I don't have an **orgasm** at all."

"You nearly strangled me with your **orgasm**."

"Yeah, it was great, wasn't it? But I don't like to cheat on Peter. I do it only on vacations and then never tell him anything."

"And he? Does he cheat on you?"

"Peter? You got to be kidding. Who would want a 50 year old bald fat slob with a diabetes? Yeah, he probably cheats on me, but I don't care. We never go to vacation together, I don't question him and he doesn't question me. He knows I'm not such a sex machine, I need my time."

We ate, left and started to long ride to that damn forsaken village.

We arrived early in the evening, registered in the Hotel and had a beer in the local restaurant while waiting for **Eva** to appear. She appeared later, looked distressed but **kissed** me, shook **Anne-Marie's** hand and sat down. She did not disclose what was the reason of her upset mood. I got to admit, she looked just as fabulous as 3 years ago, only her hair was a bit longer, her **breasts** even bigger and her face seemed more mature, although still very young. The contrast between the stunning young Hungarian lady and her much older, much heavier and not so pretty Dutch-Canadian rival was remarkable. How could I lust **Anne-Marie**, who completely paled in comparison to **Eva**? Well, I did. My **cock** tingled every time I looked at this whale-like MILF, and my **penis** does not lie. In fact, it tingled more in the direction of the hefty woman. I was now horny as hell.

"Let's go to the hotel room." We had left, leaving **Anne-Marie** behind. I felt sorry for her. On the way **Eva** talked.

"Who is your friend?"

"I met her in the airport. I helped her with the visa."

"Did you **fuck** her?" "Nearly. I just **licked** her, but she didn't let me **fuck** her."

"Why not?"

"She's got issues. Never mind."

"Do you fancy her?"

"Oh, yes. She's got such fine jugglers."

"I got to talk to you."

"What's the problem? Is this Tamás again?"

"No, it's Diana."

"Diana? Who is she?"

"My **daughter**, my 4 year old **daughter** from Tamás".

"You? You have a **daughter**? What's wrong with her?"

"She got asthma. I may need to leave tonight."

"Back to Budapest?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry, that's too bad."

"You have **Anne-Marie**."

"Yes." But although I at this moment preferred **fucking** the fat old Canadian-Dutch, I regretted not having a second go with **Eva**. God works in mysterious ways. Do you believe in a divine providence? The second time this stunt happens to me and **Eva**.

"Stay tonight, and go tomorrow. What did you mean when you said Diana is from Tamás? Have you got other kids?"

"I have three." I could't believe her. "Two from Tamás and one from another guy."

"What?? How old *are* you?"

"I'm 31. I'm sorry that I don't feel very much like having sex. I'm worried about Diana."

"You have to go. How are you going back?"

"Tamás is on his way." He appeared at our room 2 hours later. It was 10 PM. **Eva** did not try to conceal the fact that she had been allocated to a room with another man. Tamás didn't seem to worry about it, though. Anyhow, it was too late for them to return to Budapest, so they took to another room. That's when the surprise hit me!