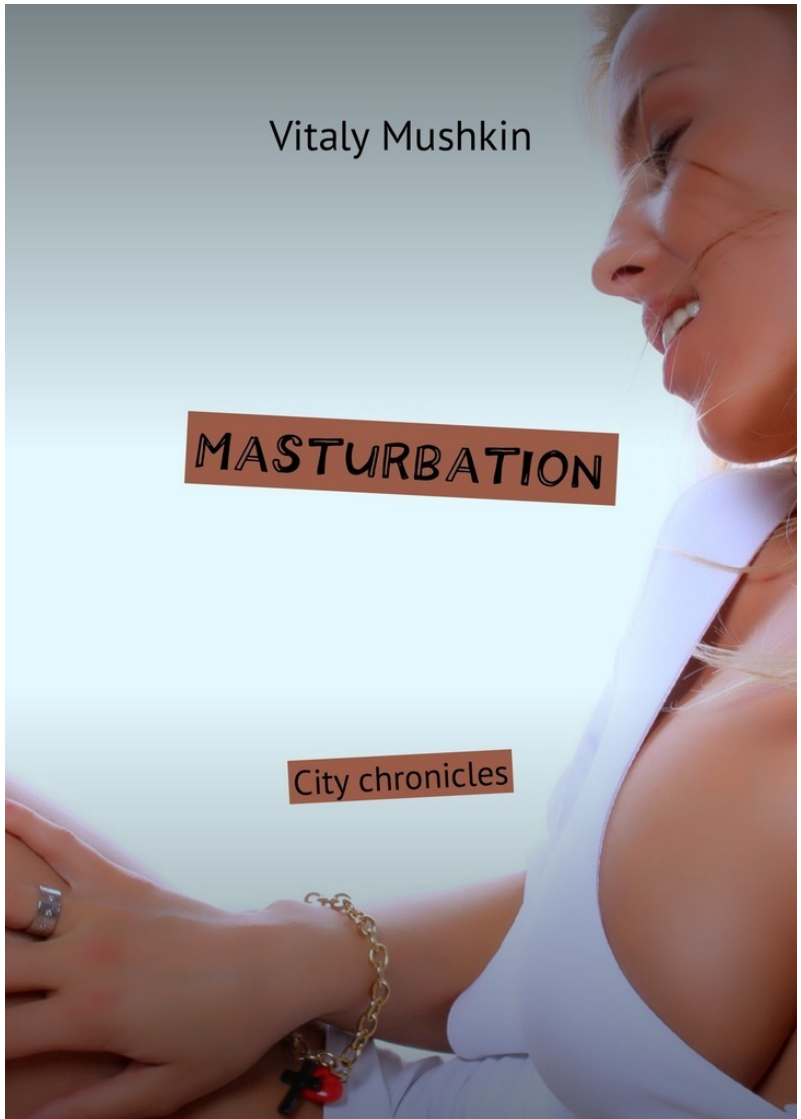


Vitaly Mushkin

MASTURBATION

City chronicles



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Masturbation. City chronicles

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Аннотация

It is difficult for a modern man to realize his erotic desires and fantasies. There are still no public places where for free or for a moderate fee one could retire with a sexual partner and enjoy bright and rich erotic experiences.

Содержание

Polyclinic	5
Cinema	8
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	10

Masturbation City chronicles

Vitaly Mushkin

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Polyclinic

I met Nadia in the queue at the polyclinic. I immediately noticed her. An interesting woman, she came to the reception in a gray tight-fitting sweater and jeans. In the queue, as always in our polyclinics since Soviet times, there was confusion. Someone was going to the doctor with a number, with a prefixed time of reception, someone without a number, in the order of a “live line”. I had a numbered ticket and the first, despite the people who had long ago (probably) been sitting at the doctor’s office, I had to go. A light squabble began. In turn, the first was to go Nadia (I learned the name, of course, later). I was already prepared to skip ahead of myself one person from the general line, that is. Nadia. But the “intervening” intervened in the matter, following after me. An energetic middle-aged woman with a resolute face who does not accept objections, almost forcefully shoved me into the doctor’s door when a light bulb hit her. Ten minutes later I went out, avoiding looking people in the eyes.

Several days passed. And I again went to the clinic. This time without a number. Preparing to wait a long time, I took a magazine with me. Who is last? The last was Nadia. We recognized each other, in her eyes I read indignation, resentment for my past misconduct. Nadia was in the same sweater, on her

feet lay a book. I sat down next to a chair. The magazine was not very interesting, it was frankly boring to sit in line. Nadia was reading a female novel and sometimes I glanced at her book, however, more often not her legs. The girl was in jeans, dressed in high boots, shod in turn in polyethylene “shoe covers”. The line moved very slowly. Well, however, as usual. But now, it’s time to go and Nadya. Now the patient will leave the room, behind which she occupied and the light bulb over the doctor’s door lights. But then something unexpected happened. However, why the unexpected? Together with the patient, a doctor, our district therapist, came out of the office, looked around at the queue. “Come on,” he pointed to me with his finger. And again I went around Nadia.

After leaving the polyclinic on the street, I breathed in a fresh chest with fresh air. Still full of snow lay, but the rays of the sun shone in the day is much more affectionate, the inexorable approach of spring was felt. Flowers were sold in the pavilion nearby. I came up with a crazy idea. I went to the store and bought a small bouquet of flowers. And began to wait for the girl from the queue. To apologize. So she appeared.

– Girl, excuse me, I’ve cut you two times in line. There’s a little compensation for you. “I handed her a bouquet.

She took the flowers, smiled.

– You know, I’m already used to rudeness in the queues, so I was very upset.

– Okay, sorry again. I'll go. Although, we, probably, on the way. We are with you from one site.

Yes, our houses were not far from each other. We walked courtyards, inhaled the scent of the approaching spring and did not know what to talk about.

– Here is my entrance. Farewell, thank you for the flowers.

– What is your name?

– Nadia.

– I'm Sasha.

– Bye.

I watched her pleasant figure.

– Nadia! – I ran after her.

– Yes.

– Have you already been discharged?

– No, they extended the sick leave for me. Another 3 days sick.

“Being sick at home is so boring.” Maybe we go somewhere in the cinema?

– To the cinema? Well, yes, you can. Call me – she dictated my number to me.

Cinema

The next day we went to the cinema with Nadia. It was our first date. The mood was upbeat, I definitely liked the girl. There was a Hollywood action movie. We sat in the center of the hall, the people were few at the session. Why did not I take the ticket to the last row? For a first date, this would be too bold. The actions on the screen developed in their own way, our relations with their own. The chairs in the hall were comfortable enough and wide. To touch each other with Nadia, we could only have elbows on the armrests of the armchairs. We took off our jackets and put them on vacant seats. On the screen was a powerful action. We could not talk with the girl, either, shots or loud music interfered. In addition, it was loud in the hall, it was also very light from time to time, that is, in addition to watching the film, there was nothing to do for young people (Nadia and I).

– Well, I wonder? I leaned close to Nadya's ear.

– Never mind.

What else to say? Maybe she's really interested. After some time, I began to delve into the content of the film.

“Do you want candy?” – Nadia held out her hand to me.

I took the candy, but Nadia's hand was not in a hurry to go back. She stayed in my hand. So she herself takes the initiative! Our fingers began to stroke each other. So, she likes me!? So she

wants to caress! But how is it to organize the whole thing? Nadia was sitting to my right. I threw my right hand on her headrest, and left took her hands. Kissing in the hall was impossible. Sideways and behind people were sitting. It seemed to me that they were mowing at us.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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