

VITALY MUSHKIN

Sex with the dragon

THE GIANT PHALLUS



Vitaly Mushkin
Sex with the dragon.
The Giant Phallus

*http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=29803657
ISBN 9785449041197*

Аннотация

The writer goes to the country house at night. In the forest, he sees a fire, and next to him a naked red woman. It is tied to a tree. There is an acquaintance, there is mutual sympathy, then deeper feelings. But the beauty is a witch that can turn into a dragon. Of course, there will be sex, lots of sex. And various sexual adventures.

Sex with the dragon

The Giant Phallus

Vitaly Mushkin

© Vitaly Mushkin, 2018

ISBN 978-5-4490-4119-7

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

In the summer I rented a country house. I did not have a car and I got there by train. Sometimes business was detained in the city late and I only managed the last. Here and today I sit in the train of the last electric train and turn over the log. Outside, the window is dark for a long time, and lighted houses and villages are occasionally carried by. I need nature very badly, especially in the summer. Fresh air, forest, river, literally drink me new strength. Walk in the fields, ride a bike, meet the sunrise with a fishing rod on the lake, which can be better. Usually I got up early in the morning, jogged, bathed in cold river water. Then he took a cup of coffee and sat down to write. I wrote and wrote. I wrote a historical novel. The working title of the novel was “A Bonfire in the Forest” and he narrated about a village sorceress who, despite persecution, saved lives.

The train stopped at the station, I got out of the car. At first my way lay through the illuminated village. Then I crossed the bridge across the river and went further in the forest. It was not very far to go, but at night the path always seemed longer. In order not to get off the road and not stumble over anything, I lit a flashlight under my feet. Going through the dark forest was not something that was scary, but somehow uncomfortable. Here's a fork in the road, turn, come here. Suddenly, I saw light from the left. What could it be? Light a lantern or a fire? Yes, like, a fire. According to my calculations (now in the dark, nothing can be seen) there was a small swamp. This part of the forest I usually avoided in my walks, since I once met a snake there. A bonfire, but people are not around. Although, if you look closely, a silhouette of a man, women, is recognized near the fire. The naked woman. What the hell is this?

I got off the road and went into the woods, to the fire. Next to him was really a naked woman, she was tied to a birch tree. The first thing that caught my eye was her bright red hair. "Natural or dyed?" – For some reason I thought. There is nothing to compare the color with, since, except on the head, the hair of a woman was not observed anywhere. But it's good. Damn good! And sexy. Damn sexy! Reflections of flame cast on her slightly magnificent body fanciful erotic shadows. I immediately wanted to touch this body. But I walked closer and untied a knotted mouth.

– Finally!

– Who are you?

“Some drunken youths.” Divide, tied to a tree, wanted to abuse.

“Where did they go?”

– They saw you and fled.

I began to untie the ropes, trying not to give out their brightest sexual interest. But she must have felt it.

– Sorry, I’m so uncomfortable bothering you.

– Yes you, I’m glad to help you.

I freed the woman from the fetters, she threw a light robe lying around her, put her feet in sandals.

– My name is Vyacheslav.

– And I’m Tamara. Where do you live?

I waved my hand to the side of the house.

– And I’m there. Well, I’ll run.

– Let me take you.

– No, thank God, do not. I’m local, I know every bush here.

And you seem to be a visitor. I’ve never met you here before.

– I rented a summer house for the summer.

“Is this a green house by the ravine?”

– Yes.

– Come on, Slavik, see you. Thank you.

She kissed my cheek and ran away. I stood and inhaled the aroma of the red-haired stranger. Then he went out on the road and headed for the house.

The next day I took a bicycle and drove around the district. Paths, tropinochki flew under my wheels. Here is the place where I met naked Tamara at night. Here is the ashes of the fire, here is the birch. She said she lives there. And I went to the side where the woman waved a hand. Nearby was a small village, separate houses were scattered here and there. In which the beautiful woman lives? I did not inquire about Tamara and returned home in a couple of hours. My novel was waiting for me. I sat down at the laptop and plunged into fantasy.

The knight on horseback, in heavy armor, rode through the forest at night. His name was Edmond, he was wounded in battle and wanted to sleep. But he could not stop for a minute. He carried the joyful news to the king. The Allied army entered the kingdom and the king urgently needs to come forward. Here is a fork in the road. It's like going to the right here. But suddenly a big bear jumped out of the bushes, the horse was frightened and carried the rider on the left road. Edmond did not know that Emma (the so-called witch) took the image of a bear and saved the knight from an enemy ambush.

Having gone again on business to the city, I entered the train. In front, with her back to me, sat Tamara.

– Tamara!

I approached, the woman turned around.

– Oh, I'm sorry, I confused you with my friend.

In the city, I also saw women very similar to Tamara. Why does she see me all? Maybe because I think about her. Yes, our familiarity is not called ordinary. At night, I dreamed of Tamara. It's like we're sitting with her in a posh restaurant and I'm inviting her to a dance. We waltz in the center of the hall, everyone is looking at us. Tamara in a beautiful blue dress with a large neckline on her chest. And I, I'm completely naked. The woman cuddles up to me, I have an erection. I'm ashamed, but we continue to dance.

– Who are you?

– I am a witch.

“But are you Tamara?”

– No, my name is Emma.

“Do you want to help me?”

“Yes, my knight.” I'm giving you a date. Come today on the last train and come to our place. You will meet the devil there and you will have to release me. Will you come, Slavik? Will you save me?

A fog covers the hall. He shares me with Emma. I try to get rid of the fog, I jerk and wake up.

I again return to the country house on the last train. A little on the soul restless. And suddenly there again these hooligans? Bridge, forest, road, turn. What is it? Again the light? And what is it this time? I come closer. A fire is burning, next to it are

figures of two people. One is on all fours, the other is behind. Yes this is a woman and a man! And both naked! I go even closer. Tamara, this is her red hair, kneels, bending forward, and behind her “naryivaet” some type. And, the type of terrible, brutal form. A healthy, fat man of kilograms of 200, all covered with black hair. Yes, he raped her! I walked closer.

– What are you doing? Stop it.

“This is my wife, calm down.”

“Tamara, is this true?”

A woman’s sight is invisible. She does not answer, she just groans loudly.

“Tamara, are you okay?”

– Yes, she’s off. Until I finish, she will not come out of trance.

You can touch it.

– Touch it?

– Well, yes, touch her breasts, you want it.

The brutal type, speaking to me, was doing his male occupation. His huge cock sucked, time after time, entered the woman. And she only groaned loudly. It was probably very far away. Okay, if this is my husband and wife, then I’ll go.

“Wait, do not go, I’m done.”

And he finished the same way. I saw semen flowing on Tamara’s legs.

– Oh, good!

The peasant got up, put on his pants, then his shirt.

– My name is Ivan. While she is off, you can also insert it.

I allow. He laughed loudly and went.

He left, and Tamara stood on all fours. Her moaning became more and more quiet, her gaze began to acquire awareness, and all the sperm flowed and flowed. Finally she somehow got up, staggering.

“Is that you, Slavik?”

– Yes.

– You want me?

– Want.

“But first you have to help me.”

– How?

– It was not my husband. This is Demon. His sperm, this is the most dangerous for me. If I get pregnant with it, there will be a lot of grief for people. Including you. I’m not talking to myself anymore. His sperm is more terrible for me than snake venom. And you must suck this poison out of me. Immediately. Please. I beg you! Save me!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.