



Andrey Kolyasnikov

THE BRIDE

Erotica

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**The Bride. Erotica**

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**Аннотация**

“The bride” is a complicated fantastic story, the first part of the erotic Saga about Violetta. Because of too Frank scenes, the book is intended for people over eighteen years. Enjoy reading!

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# **The Bride Erotica**

**Andrey Kolyasnikov**

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Andrey Kolyasnikov(Forgive me for my English!)

# The Bride

The second half of the twenty-first century divided the remaining people on social grounds. The first was at the very top of society – the first class passengers, to which I belonged. The second class was at the bottom. At the beginning of the twenty – first century, the class of the “second” still belonged to the third, even when the layer between our social groups disappeared-when only the poor and the rich remained. But at the beginning of the twenty-second century, a group of poor people was decided to list to the second class.

The bottom of social security was deprived of the right to choose the political fate of the planet – both to be elected to power and to vote. There was only one chance to get to the “big League” people of the second class, is to marry one of the VIP-members of society.

Usually people of the first class do not go beyond the boundaries of the city, to the poor people unless they’re going to have fun for loans, but there are people like me who are looking for a bride or a groom in the” the villages of the poor”.

With a tour of our history, I think you can finish here, because you, the inhabitants of the later period of the planet, already know everything about the twenty – second century without me, and this is a story about another – I will touch upon our life and history in conversations with Violetta.

My name is Ruslan Dronov for the past five years, I was looking for a girl with whom I could share my bed and fate, thinking that all my efforts were in vain – none of the women did not suit me yet. All the girls I brought in bed were mediocre, or I quickly got used to them – there was no “highlight” in the girls.

For example, one of the last girls, before violet, was a medium-height brunette with a third breast size, a girl named Nicole. I brought it from “poor line” at the city where one fifth of the city was headed by my friend Ilya at whom I then stayed.

Nicole, in her twenty-five years, was already quite an experienced girl. When I brought Nicole to one of my houses, in the fifth part of the city belonging to me, I asked her to undress at once to throw out latex clothes of “poor line” in an opening of the channel of garbage processing. On my request to be naked, she answered easily, having agreed – usually. Nicole pushed me away, and I landed on the bed. She ran her index finger from her neck, down the centre of her chest, to her navel and her pink, with fine black vertical lines, tight latex suit, swung open. The brunette turned back to me, quickly and quietly for me, dividing the clothing into two parts, the upper part of the jumpsuit fell off her tanned body on the floor. Standing with her bare back to me, slipping two thumbs on the sides “trousers” remaining from the overalls, Nicole, leaning forward from me, pulled her fingers down, slowly, as if to the music, removing the bottom latex clothes.

Very close, less than half a meter from me, I saw her “pussy”,

from which a small corner could see the clitoris, feeling a light sweet and salty smell of the vagina. Nicole turned to me, and I noticed the pleasant singularity of her Breasts – they were close to each other. Naked brunette put her hands on my shoulders and leaning on me, forced my body to take the position of “lying”. Nicole kissed my neck, then bare Breasts. Lips and her hands, sliding down, gently touched my naked body, have removed a shirt and pants. I felt the lips of the poor girl on the palm below my belly button, where in his youth he started a hair before I did laser hair removal. Hot palm Nicole hugged my testicles, and a second later I felt her wet mouth swallowed my cock. With her left hand she continued to play with my testicles, and with her right hand she masturbated my penis, at its very base. Nicole’s lips accelerated the pace, but after five minutes, the brunette stopped – three fingers opening the head of the penis, the tip of the tongue girded the circle along the edge of the head, gently touching his thin skin with his tongue.

I put my wide palm on her straight hair as if to say:

– Keep going – don’t stop.

And again her wet mouth kept moving up and down my penis. The second part of the Blowjob lasted about ten minutes.

I was bored to look, I do not get pleasure already, in the mirror ceiling on how the brunette standing in front of me on her knees smoothly moves her lovely head between my legs. I got up, walked around the girl from behind and threw her body on the bed, face in bed, and Nicole’s knees remained on the floor.

Taking in his right hand my cock, I went into warm “pussy” Nicole – she groaned. I knew Nicole was faking, but I’m like any other man, love the moans from the girl, from such as this brunette, however, I still wanted to hear her sincere feelings. Clasping Nicole’s hips, I abruptly entered his cock in her “pussy” so that the skin on my testicles came into contact with the vagina brunette. Another sharp movement of my pelvis, another, and another, and another... and here Nicole shouted, clutching his fingers in the black silk sheets – it was already real to her feelings.

With my left palm, taking Nicole by the neck from the front, I pulled her curved body to my chest. With the index finger of my right hand I played the brunette’s Clit. My hand released her neck and roughly taking the face, turned my face, our lips were close, but never touching it. Left hand again descended on her neck, not allowing Nicole to kiss me, so wanted the dark haired girl.

Hands poor brunette grabbed my hips, trying to push or stop me, but it was in vain – I’m sharper and sharper, stronger and stronger, entered the warm vagina Nicole. My hands slid over the already wet body of a sexy girl. Nipples Nicole petrified – and a brunette cum.

Clasping her hands around Nicole’s waist, I lifted her slightly and threw her back on the bed. Intoxicated with love pleasures, the brunette was now in my power.

Pushing the slender legs of the girl, and throwing them on his shoulders, I shoved my cock into the wet anal Nicole. On this day, Nicole experienced her first real orgasm, but over time, for

the agreed week, she got used to me, and I to all her “stuff”.

Things had become mundane and boring.

A month after Nicole, I decided for the last time to try my luck among the “poor line”, but I didn’t want to find a new bride far away, and turned his eyes to the province near the borders of my city.

Week of the search and on the screen in my office, was a girl of nineteen, blonde Violette the growth of one hundred sixty-four centimeters, the breast of the second size, medium build. At first, she did not even want to communicate with me, especially to negotiate a preliminary meeting as a bride. But perseverance on my part, and gifts for her older brother, did the trick – after a month and a half Violetta gave up. Yes, I was not mistaken – in our century “poor people” live in families in two – storeyed houses, on five-six people, or as Violetta together with the brother.

– Violet, I can’t understand – the feelings in me mixed up – I should have been angry, that the girl is screwing with my head, but only her thin lips curved into a sweet smile, giving birth to the pink cheeks barely noticeable dimples, I was disarmed in front of her – it drove me crazy. – You said you liked me, why don’t we experience our feelings – I would like to have beautiful children like you.

– I agree, but only for twenty-five thousands of credit and on two days. If you don’t like me, I won’t have to look at your robots for a year.

– A year?! – The blonde girl with wavy, slightly below shoulders, hair obviously exaggerated the earnings-any inhabitant of “poor line” in a year had no more than five thousand credits on the account. This allowed people to eat well, build their homes, start families, but it was not enough to buy a robot – otherwise the provincials will put them into operation, and then, and at all, will become our neighbors in the cities. – OK – I agree, but you will have live with me three days.

– Solved – until tomorrow.

I’ve probably never gotten out of bed so early. The bright crimson sun shimmered in a Golden cobweb over the high metal fences of my part of the city. I felt cool and fresh air behind my screen-window.

After sending the car for violet, my heart began to beat with such force that it seemed, just about to break out of my chest. The heat burned my face, and the warmth that rose from the depths of my soul kept me from breathing. Somehow I was able to cope with this heightened feeling, when on the horizon, soaring above the ground, seemed my returning car with Violetta.

For the first time in my head climbed the thought of how I felt all those girls who I brought here as their test brides. Girls who have never seen their fiancé live, except on the screens during the negotiations, and after-what they felt, being denied? Because as week in bed with a man, not worth no money – honor, even in our time, above all.

The door opened behind me. From the strange excitement,

tormenting me for an hour, I was afraid to turn around.

– Hello – thought I heard a pleasant female voice-my name is Violetta.

Mustering an effort, I turned, feeling like my cheeks are flushed like the boy that first met a girl. Violet smiled at me – her brown eyes sparkled fervently. For a second I thought she was happy to meet you and, perhaps from it, fear of it disappeared.

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