



Andrey Kolyasnikov
Ivan-prince

Russian erotic tale

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http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=37664977

ISBN 9785449341235

Аннотация

“Prince Ivan” is a humorous fairy tale for adults with explicit sex scenes. The book is written in the style of old fairy tales. Enjoy reading!

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ISBN 978-5-4493-4123-5

Created with Ridero smart publishing system



Andrey Kolyasnikov (I apologize for my English).

Ivan-Prince

“Long gray hair, big humpback nose, with a wart on the right nostril, green bulging eyes, dark wrinkled skin – this thin hunchback old woman, probably, Baba Yaga. – Gussed Ivan. – That’s what I need”. The old woman opened the door of the wooden hut and went out on the porch.

– Why are you yelling? – Protested The Witch.

– Grandma, sweetheart – I’m going after Vasilisa to take her from the captivity of Koshchei the immortal, I’m tired on the road... Don’t let me die in the swamp, let me stay the night.

– Caoiae, do not tie your horse – it will be useful to you. – The old woman said and went into the house.

The chicken legs of the hut bent, and disappeared under the porch, as if they were not at all. From the wooden hut there was a cry of the old woman, only the porch was leveled with moss swamp.

“What horse? – Ivan reasoned to himself, climbing the stairs. – She still died to the swamp”. Ivan had just entered the hut, as he smelled the smell of fresh food. Still standing on the threshold, and taking off his boots, well done noticed the heat soaring pies on the table and a large glass bottle with tincture. And from the oven directly to the table, smoothly through the air, flying pot of hot porridge.

The house was small on the outside but seemed spacious and

well maintained on the inside. Only Ivan came to the table, as I realized that the floor under him literally danced.

– What is it? – Ivan asked, shrugging his shoulders.

– Earthquake. – The old woman answered, smiling.

– How? Here?

– Do not pay attention – this is my house rises to its feet. –

Waved her hand Yaga. – Old she has become – kneads his legs.

Sit at the table – we will eat.

Ivan drank from a glass of tincture, and started to eat the pies porridge.

– A tell me, Ivan-fool... – Baba Yaga was going to ask Ivan, but he interrupted her, speaking with a full, stuffed with mush mouth:

– I'm not fool, and Ivan-prince. Ivan-fool, last year in the woods left, and did not return – disappeared, poor man. – Suggested the king's son.

– You're a fool, even and Prince. – Said The Witch. – Tell me why you come to me swamp, but not down the path leading through the woods? You will drown – will be for Famously as a gift.. Will come and shout: the hut, the hut turn to the forest face, and to me back and lean a little. I forgot – it's another Ivan said – wanted to see what she hid under the porch.

– That's what the Leshy said me. Go, they say, through the swamp, along the path, you will see a hut that on chicken legs Yes tell her: hut, hut turn to me face, and to the forest backwards...

– That's what the Leshy said me. – Mocked Ivan, The Witch. –

But his head is not?! What if he told you say Vasilisa in a fly has turned? Would you fuck and kiss their everyone here?

Ivan only shyly shrugged, imagining how he runs through the swamps for flies.

Ivan sipped another tincture of his cups, but noticed that the settings of the meager dishes for drinking, not a gram is not diminished, and it was full, as if he only sat down at the table. He still drank a strong red drink, and tinctures less and less in the cup did not become, only his head swirled intoxicating.

– Don't rush Ivan – time to get drunk. A Cup of something bottomless. – Grinned The Witch.

– Who's the bottle on the table for? – Asked Ivan and looked at the old woman that deftly gnawed apples, his last two teeth.

– So you, dear guests, on the third day from the bottle, her darling, to drink.

Only now Ivan realized that he was drunk because everything was floating in front of him.

– Drink the magic potion, it'll be better. – Said Yaga and the mug, out of nowhere, appeared at the lips of Ivanov. The Prince's mouth opened involuntarily, and a bitter herbal broth poured down his throat. – Well, that-feel better?! – Smiled at Baba Yaga.

– Yeah – like I didn't drink.

– Now, only poison you suck, and you will become like a warrior – full of energy.

– What kind of poison do you want to suck? – The frightened Ivan.

– What are you afraid of? The bad blood your, white, through the place front suck, I tell you. So need to-not argue with me.

Only the old woman climbed under the table, as Ivanov's pants themselves slid down. He felt something wet and warm, but very pleasant, gently hugged his manhood. Looked with interest the Prince under the table, and saw that Yaga stuck his cock in his mouth, and leads along its entire length, his wrinkled lips "back and forth". Scary there was Ivan, as he has submitted himself to the old manhood to deprive him, his two teeth and pulled his mouth witching woman your dick.

– What's the old woman up to? The Prince asked, covering his cock with his palms.

– Why are you so scared of the hero? Laughed The Witch. – I'm trying for you. Still your dick is not worth it – how do you want Vasilisa to love?!

– Why isn't my dick worth it? – Ivan Was Indignant. – Here – look.

The Prince tensed his cock, remembered his beloved, and so his cock rose that he struck the old woman in the face.

– What the hell are you doing? Holding her jaw, the old lady whispered. Little teeth and I just can't povybivali.

She grabbed with both hands, like a shaft, for a member of the Prince and says:

– Don't look here take a drink of the brandy, and his favorite, remember.

So did Ivan-drunk a drink from a glass, leaned back in his

chair and remembered his beautiful Busty Vasilisa. She seemed to him as if throwing off her nightgown, knelt before him, and amused herself with the Prince's member. But so skillfully did everything that soon the floor under the Sofa again shake danced, and all the body of the Prince soft feathers tickled. From splashed white blood Ivanova in the crone's mouth.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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