

Lapping it up in Prague

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I'd do the same for you...

"There's many an over-rated shag and an under-rated shit."

Jamie passed judgement on my confession about Gill, my secret illicit squeeze pre-Sophie, a relationship which had recently assumed a whole new level of complexity. He just laughed, and shook his head. My closest friend and confidante since as far back as I could remember, was a solid bloke who hadn't minded getting into the odd scrape when we were younger. But that was before he had met Gemma, and what he had found with her, I knew in my soul was what I wanted too. The complications were all self-imposed; I was being swept along by a raging river, with no life-buoy in sight.

"I should have known when I got down to her panty line and there was no Caesarean scar, three kids later, and the passage was far from honeymoon fresh, know what I mean?" I moaned, running my fingers up and down a half-full pint glass of San Miguel.

Jamie nearly gagged on his beer, as I lamented my poor judgement.

"I've had my eye on her for years; she's petite, elfish-features, cute nose, big eyes, with a tight arse and great tits. Not that she shows them off, mind, but just occasionally you catch a glimpse through a stretched jumper. I e-mailed her a few months ago, and asked her out for a drink, just after me and Helen moved into separate rooms." I continued as Jamie perched eagerly on his bar stool,

"It wasn't hard work to get Gill into the sack, once she agreed to come out for a drink, which took a while, to be honest. It turns out she's fancied me for years as well; she was in a sexless marriage and was gagging for it. So I used some subtle pulling techniques, from the Jamie Scholes School of seduction." Jamie laughed proudly.

"Look, cut the crap and get on with it, ok?" he said, with a hint of urgency.

"Ok, so we're in the pub, right, first drink ordered, and I just came out with it. "I'm dying to get into your pants," half-expecting to get a sharp slap. Gill sipped her gin and tonic, and giggled. "Another one of these, and you can try them on later...", so I did." Jamie's eyes rolled, as I carried on with the tale.

"I didn't need a second invitation. The pub had a motel attached to it, I booked a room, and before long I was cupping a fantastic pair of tits in my hands, nuzzling them, trying to avoid getting my eyes poked out by nipples sticking out like chapel house coat pegs." My hands played out the scene, as Jamie tossed his head back, laughing and shaking it at the same time. "You'll never bloody learn, will you? It will all end in tears, my friend. Keep it in your trousers, eh?"

I spared him too much of the explicit detail, as memories of mammaries flashed through my mind. I was not disappointed, at first, as her breasts more than met my expectations. As I pulled her panties off, she lay there breathing heavily, her pubic hair glistening with moist expectancy. She yanked off my boxers, which took some doing over a totem pole like stiffie. After taking a mouthful of gin & tonic, plus ice, she gripped with me with both hands and took me into her mouth, giving me the most fantastic hot and cold blowjob. I moaned with pleasure, trying to avoid an immediate orgasm, so I rolled onto my side and smoothly into a sixty-nine. Bet James Bond can't do that. After vigorous mutual lappings, she rolled onto her back and I entered her, a brief resistance suddenly met with a void. I plunged conker-deep in an attempt to find some traction but to no avail. It was like throwing a banana up Deansgate. We thrashed about until we both came explosively. In for a penny, in for a pound, I thought, I'm here now, I may as well make the most of it. Five positions later, ranging from girl on top, spoonies, doggy, sitting on a very dodgy chair that had obviously been used for the same purpose before, to standing holding onto the bedpost, we gave each other a good seeing to.

"Our night of passion started like a butterfly caressing a leaf, and ended up like an Alsatian lapping porridge!" I finished the tale with a customary analogy and Jamie in stitches.

"But seriously, what do I do next, Jamie? We've only just started our relationship, and then bam, bolt from the blue I meet Sophie, dream babe. Gill's a good looking woman, with some neat tricks in the sack and out of it, but she's not exactly tight. A loose woman, I guess!" Jamie smiled, as I laughed at my own pun.

"Let me get this straight. You've left your wife, and set yourself up in a rented house, in the hope that your latest girlfriend feels the same way as you, and that you'll be together for good. In the meantime, you're shagging someone else, and don't know how to finish it, but hedging your bets, just in case. Is that about right?" Reverend Jamie would have looked at me over the top of his half-rim spectacles if he'd been wearing any.

"That about sums it up. I want to be Sophie, I need to break off with Gill, but I'm not getting any with Sophie at the moment, not sure why. She seems hesitant." Having replayed the evening of passion, and the extent of my predicament, I was hoping my guru would draw on his years of experience and show me the way.

"Hold that thought; I'm just going to tug myself off," he replied, "you got yourself into it, you get yourself out, but keep me posted, ok?"

Bastard, I thought, but he's right. Just then, a text message announced its arrival.

"Hi big boy, missed u, can make 2moro night, fancy another ride?"

My trousers twitched, and I thought, what the hell? She blew hot and cold the way I liked. I texted back, though to stall for some time.

"Sorry, G, can't do, will call soon, xxx, E".

Jamie came back, looking a bit flushed, as if he actually had polished the bishop. Not wanting to find out, I stood and offered my hand. "Might struggle for this Sunday, mate, we're off to Prague for a long week-end, so I'll give you a bell if I can get a pass-out, ok?"

"Cool," said Jamie, "Give her one for me, eh? You jammy bastard! She's a real looker, don't know what she sees in you, though, you old git!"

"Sod off! See you Sunday with a bit of luck!" I replied, leaving to head back to my rented pad. I started to wonder again what a twenty-eight year old stunner saw in a forty-three year-old, but my Sophie said she saw everything, which was good enough for me.

"I'm not paying more than 700 Crowns."

"800?" replied the smart young man in the expensive-looking black leather bomber jacket, resting against a shiny new Peugeot 606.

"All the way to the hotel, yes?" I asked for confirmation. Sophie was behind me as I finalised the negotiation with the only taxi driver on duty at Prague airport, so I couldn't be too hard.

I thought I'd done pretty well. His first price had been 1500, so to get to 800 was a healthy discount and close enough to the guide book rate. And he had a decent set of wheels.

"Just a moment, please," said Bomber Jacket in a thick eastern European accent, placing a call on his mobile. Within a minute, a clapped out Citroen appeared, smoke pouring out of everywhere, accompanied by loud knocking noises that was either suspension, engine or both.

"Please," smiled Bomber Jacket, beckoning us towards the skip on wheels. I glanced towards Sophie, who said nothing, and just looked skywards. His compatriot, a scruffy guy with patchwork everything, including the few teeth that he had left, leapt out of the car, grabbed the suitcases, and tried to shoehorn them into a boot that was far too small, even without the absent spare tyre. Either sold or burned on the hearth in the depths of winter was my guess.

After ten minutes or so, by which time my nuts had emigrated north to escape the freezing temperature, our indecisive duo had decided that one case had to go on the back seat, next to Sophie who was already inside. Smart move, as she had seen what was coming. Patchwork beckoned me to take the front seat.

"Does he know where we want to go, and the price?" I shouted to Bomber Jacket, who had wandered off deep in mobile conversation again. He smiled and waved, so I jumped in and strapped up. I was thrown back instantly as Patchwork hit the gas, and we hurtled into the frozen December night.

The clatter from the suspension was deafening. Sophie kept exclaiming "Wow, look at that!" and "Amazing! I'm so glad we came!"

I just nodded each time, as my eyes were transfixed onto the dashboard. As the skip sped past each lamppost, the stroboscopic effect intermittently illuminated a sticker attached to the glove compartment. The best pair of tits I had ever seen, either pictorially or in the flesh, was blinking at me every two seconds, advertising a seedier side of Prague than I had appreciated, or expected. Large, dark red nipples, pertly placed upon voluminous white mounds, resting seductively on folded arms, enhanced by a luscious red mouth, puckered and ready to receive, topped off with a gorgeous face framed in jet-black hair. I was hooked on this hooker, advertising a lap-dancing joint called Gold something or other, but "with extras". I'd heard about these places from a man of the world, Mr Jamie Scholes. He swore by them, and I wondered whether he'd been hooked by the same sticker, flouting a truly wondrous pair of orbs, that teased me relentlessly, beckoning me to come inside and find the real thing.

A screech of brakes heralded the skip's arrival at the hotel, and as we clambered out. Taking the cash, topped up with a healthy tip for the dashboard floorshow, Patchwork flashed a Wild West graveyard grin of four tombstone teeth, muttered something incoherently and sped off.

Prague had always been high on my list of places to visit ever since as a teenager I'd discovered the tale about the three blokes who got chucked out a window, but survived when they landed in a pile of horse-shit. The Defenestration of Prague, on the 23rd May, 1618, was perpetrated by a Count who ejected two Governors and their male secretary with a fifty foot drop. "Choose a window, you're leaving." It signalled the start of the Thirty Years War, so they were obviously pretty miffed. Horse-shit must be a bugger to get out of your tights.

Despite this blinkered view of Prague, we discovered a city of unexpected and rare delights. Largely untouched by centuries of European war, it was a gem of architectural and historical wonder. The British Airways offer had been too good to refuse, although as usual, the lead offer had already gone by the time I rang. Still, we went for it, after

a little deliberation. "We going then?" I asked. "Is the Pope Catholic?" replied Sophie. "I'll sort it!" I said and fifteen minutes later it was booked.

The hotel was on the outskirts of the main centre, next to the river to the north of the city. From the outside, it was a modern, run of the mill hotel, with a pyramid shaped glass roof, but the reception boasted a peaceful atrium at its centre, with pools and fountains creating a calming oasis, and futuristic glass-walled lifts adding to the ambience. (Note: develop secondary career as an estate agent.)

I looked round as we checked in, looking upwards for aerial robots zooming around the atrium's upper reaches, busying themselves cleaning windows, and droids scurrying around with baggage and room service, with no expectation of a tip. The porter, unfortunately a human with every expectation of one, rolled the baggage trolley over to the lifts, which opened with a really cool swish. A scene from the Phantom Menace played out in my head, as the hooded Emperor surveyed his capital city, with Darth Maul, an evil-looking Sith Lord, all red and black and bad teeth, prowling menacingly by his side.

"At last we can reveal ourselves to the Jedi," I announced, drawing back my coat, uttering "dzew", revealing my imaginary light sabre with a provocative hip-thrust. The baggage attendant looked at us vaguely. Despite the Velvet Revolution, and the accompanying invasion of western brands and all things good for you, it seemed that Luke and Darth had not yet fought over his part of the galaxy.

Force of habit kicked in, I guess from past holidays with two kids to amuse and keep occupied. I set the telly alarm clock for 7:30am, whilst Sophie was in the bathroom, having also checked out all the channels for soft and hard porn. Drawing a disappointing blank, we snuggled down for the night, soon getting down to some hardcore stuff of our own.

"I'm on, I'm afraid, bloody awful timing." Sophie was unnecessarily apologetic about her condition, as full sex was off the agenda anyway, at least for the time being. Treat them mean to keep them keen and all that. At least petting was allowed, one-way at least.

Lying on the bed, I propped myself up against the headboard as Sophie gasped at my size, taking matters eagerly into her own hands, and then armpit, then feet, then back to her hands again. She took me places I liked to go. Except the armpit stubble grated a bit, and her toenails needed cutting and caught me painfully once in a while.

"I'm nearly there babe," as I closed my eyes, excitement building. My cheeks tingled as I built towards my climax, as Sophie's velvet hands worked their magic. I exploded, writhing in ecstasy, as Sophie continued to massage my moist member. As she got up to go into the bathroom, I opened my eyes and looked down, expecting to see a mass of pubes cloyed together with a generous helping of wallpaper paste. But there was nothing there. My hands wandered down to my groin area, when it

dawned on me that I had actually come in Sophie's mouth. She came back into the room, beaming, and placed a huge kiss on me.

"Can you blow yourself?" she asked, rolling over and cuddling up next to me. Despite her reluctance, and temporary inability anyway, to go the whole hog, she was certainly making up for it.

"Wow, babe, thank you, that was amazing!" as I wrapped my arms and legs gently around her. "I did try once and ricked my neck. I must be an inch or two short."

We melted into each other as always, not knowing where I ended and Sophie began. It didn't matter; we were as one, physically, mentally and emotionally. The break in Prague was exactly what we needed, after the whirlwind of the last few months.

"What the fuck is that?" roared Sophie, the TV blaring into life and drowning out the sparrows farting outside.

"Come on, time to get up and out, there's so much to see, and I've got today all planned out, but we need to leave by nine," I announced proudly. "We can start off in the Old Town today, heading for the Karlov Bridge."

"Hang on, we're on bloody holiday, if you think I'm getting up at the crack of dawn to leg it around like we're on some sort of school trip, you've got another thing coming," said Sophie sleepily. "What time does breakfast finish?"

"Ten," I replied, sulking that my plans had been knocked back.

"Right, set the alarm for quarter to, we'll get dressed, have breakfast, come back, shower, get changed, and then go out, how's that sound?" suggested Sophie in a you'd-better-agree-with-me-or-else-no-more-hand-jobs-for-a-while voice.

"Ok," I said, unconvincingly. But there was so much to see and do; I didn't want to miss anything. That's why we're here right? Wrong. We were here to relax, sleep in late, catch last breakfast and wander around at our leisure. If we missed stuff, so be it, we're here to chill.

Chill was the operative word. As we left the hotel, on the eastern bank of the Vltava River, the icy wind took our breath away, and my nuts scarpered northwards for a warmer haven. It was so cold I could have struck matches on them. Brass monkeys lined the streets advertising for welders. Wrapping ourselves up in hats, gloves, scarves, and all sorts of layers, we decided we would follow the river bank into the city, and see where we ended up. Spontaneous sight-seeing was winning over planned, structured, timed itineraries. We should hit the Karlov Bridge if we followed the river. I wondered why Boris had built it in the first place.

As we came round a bend in the riverbank, we gazed at an imposing walled structure sitting astride a high ridge looking down over the city. Prague Castle had Sophie mesmerised in the taxi the previous evening, but was lost on me, transfixed by a pair of blinking breasts. I tried to remember the name of the club, again, in case an unlikely opportunity for a clandestine visit arose. It was called Goldmembers, or something like that. I was on a mission to get there to check out the Czechs for myself.

After half a mile or so, we stopped, trying to get our bearings. We were not on the one of the oldest streets in Prague, far from it. There was a Tesco, and a bit further down, a hoarding advertised the Black Theatre of Prague's no doubt spot-on non-verbal performance of the Beatles' Yellow Submarine, strap line "A small story from the great time of The Beatles". Non-verbal, though, what was that? Did they hum because they didn't know the words? Or mumble along to the soundtrack?

A solemn moment enthralled us arriving in Wenceslas Square, not because of its architectural sobriety, but for its overwhelming poignancy.

The chill December air was cooling rapidly as the early afternoon sun deserted its post and headed home for the night. The flowers placed caringly around a lone commemorative plaque had long since withered, the candles long since extinguished. It was a couple of weeks after the anniversary of the Velvet Revolution, a huge turning point in the history of the Czechs. A student Jan Palach burnt himself to death in 1969, and twenty years later, a protest rally in the square against police brutality led to the overthrow of Communism.

"What a sacrifice," murmured Sophie, as I read Jan's story to her. We stopped in silence for a few minutes, taking it all in, appreciating our own good fortune, itself secured many times in history by young men making similar sacrifices.

"Lest we forget indeed," I said softly. I have bought a poppy in November for ten quid every year since.

What we had stumbled across in Wenceslas Square was far more moving than the sight of horse-drawn carriages trot around the Old Town Square, the ponies' arses dutifully wrapped in leather pouches to keep the cobblestones crap-free.

"Are we lost again?" I asked Sophie, who prided herself on supreme map reading skills. My pet name for her was Needle Woman, compass bearing super-hero to the lost and distraught. We'd dropped down from the castle, and over another bridge upstream from Boris's, thinking we knew where we would come out.

"Not a fucking clue," she admitted, "this map's shite!"

As we entered the Old Town Square from the east, trying to get our bearings, a fairytale world greeted us. A huge, seventy-foot tall Christmas tree dominated the square, with a beautiful illuminated backdrop of Gothic steeples sprouting from the Church of Our Lady. The Town Hall clock struck seven, craft stalls bustled, and horse drawn carriages moved effortlessly and elegantly along the cobbled streets. Chestnuts were quite literally warming on open fires, ready to be washed down with hot toddies of mulled wine.

As we turned the corner, the Town Hall's astronomical clock chimed again. Rebuilt in 1490, the town councillors were so anxious to prevent the clockmaker from recreating his masterpiece elsewhere, they blinded him. As the clock struck the hour, a procession of the 12 Apostles commenced. First, Death, in the guise of a skeleton on the right of the clock, pulled on a rope with his right hand, raising and inverting an hourglass with his left. Two windows opened, and the Apostles (eleven of them plus St Paul) moved slowly around, led by St Peter. We gazed up at a mechanical enchantment, as a cock crowed and the clock chimed the hour.

Shops brimmed with Bohemian Crystal and wooden toys of every size, shape and colour displayed invitingly in brightly-illuminated windows, adding to the ambience and visual delight. We browsed and bought, thinking ahead to Christmas, with the sheer range of choice more a confusion than a help.

"I'm flagging, Eddie," said Sophie as it got towards nine. "Mind if we head back?" I felt this was my chance to be a hero again.

"Not at all, my darling, it's this way," I replied, for once that day getting the directions right. Perhaps it was the dark that helped, or perhaps it was the eagerness to pack Sophie off to bed to get a few hours on my own.

We made our way back to the atrium lifts; the Star Wars gag was wearing a bit thin, as we pushed our way through the hordes of elegantly dressed hookers in the lobby. Sophie collapsed in an exhausted heap on the bed, setting the clock for last-minute breakfast.

"I'm not ready for bed yet, mind if I go down to the bar for a drink or two?" I asked gently.

Sleepily, Sophie responded. "Not at all, but don't be long, eh?"

"Just an hour or so, honey, sleep well, I'll try not to disturb you when I come back up," I whispered, kissed her forehead and left.

The bar was empty, not even a couple of Germans to take the piss out of. None would be back either, as there were no jumpers draped over any of the bar stools. Reluctantly, I had no choice but to head out to live a different dream.

I approached the concierge, and asked if he knew of a club called Goldmembers.

"You mean Goldfingers, sir?" replied Pavel, smiling knowingly. "There is a much more interesting place, called Foxy Ladies; I know people there; you will have good time, yes?"

"Ok, can you arrange one of the hotel taxis to take me, but also to pick me up after one hour?" I asked, holding up my index finger.

"Make it two, sir, you'll have very good time," suggested Pavel, in a ridiculously rich and sexy voice emanating from a five foot four, seven stone dripping wet frame.

"Ok, let's do it, cheers," I replied, and slipped him two hundred crowns for his trouble.

"Ask for Ilsa, she is the best," said Pavel, opening the door of a black Mercedes. He spoke with the driver, and wished me "much pleasure." I momentarily felt a pang of guilt, a tug at the heartstrings, and my bottle going. Until the dashboard mammary memories came flooding back, along with the overwhelming desire that in the interests of research, and to complete a further module in the University of Life course, it had to be done.

Ten minutes later, I was dropped off outside a tall imposing building, the driver pointing to a darkened alleyway. It was at that moment when I had visions of paying an extortionate entrance fee, walking through a door at the end of the corridor, only to find myself out in the street again.

"I back here at twelve," said the driver in his best English, and then pointed again. Ah well, I'm here now, I thought; Jamie would never forgive me if I didn't go through with it, having created the opening. It would be like missing a sitter in front of the Stretford End; Giggs flies down the left, Rooney controls and lays the ball back, Scholes chips it forward, I spring the offside trap and then hesitate fatally as the goalie makes up ground to smother the ball.

"No chance," I thought, as in the words of Alan Partridge I buried it. "Back of the net!"

A gaudy neon sign flickered alarmingly over the entrance, with a large flashing red arrow pointed down some stairs, exuding a deep red but welcoming glow. I could hear the boom of a base and drums pounding away, as I took a deep breath and made my way down.

A beautiful but bored blonde was sitting cross-legged behind a small desk, fishnet tights criss-crossing her pale white skin, her bustier doing the job it was designed for delightfully well.

"Good evening, sir," she purred. How the fuck did she know I was English? "It is 350 Crowns entrance, with one dance included. Find a table and a hostess will serve you with drinks. Have you been to a club like this before, sir?" Fishnets looked at me inquisitively.

"Well, something like this," I admitted, not wanting to seem completely ignorant.

"So you know the rules. No touching, unless invited by the girls, and any extras are negotiated between you and the girl. OK? Have a nice evening, sir." With that, Fishnets handed me a voucher in exchange for notes, and I was in. I glanced back. "Is Ilsa in tonight?"

Fishnets looked at me, smiled and winked knowingly.

The music was loud and vibrant, the sort of base that gets straight to the groin. The club was dimly lit, as I made my way to a table, brushing past voluptuous women of every hair colour in the L'Oreal range. There were no more than three guys in the place, excluding me, and twenty women. I mentally rubbed my hands and sat down expectantly.

A hostess tottered over on amazingly high heels, showing off her slim, elegant legs to perfection. "Drink, sir?" Christ it had happened again, what is this, Englishmen only night or something?

"Budvar, prosim," I replied in my best Czech. High Heels was delighted at my attempt at her language, smiled and tottered off to the bar.

"Hi, baby!" erupted in my ear as the first wave of pleasure descended, with a selling technique honed over months, if not years of practice.

I turned to be faced with the most enormous pair of hooters. Don't get me wrong, I like big tits, in the right proportion of course. The eye-poppers in front of me looked like they needed a bike pump to keep them inflated.

"They are all mine and could be all yours," oozed Hooters, cupping her right breast in one hand and moving slowly up to her nipple, still covered, pulling on her bustier provocatively.

"Pull the other one," I said, convinced they were false.

Hooters looked at me quizzically for a moment and started to do the same thing on her left breast. "I understand, yes, you cheeky boy!" she purred.

"How much for a dance, Frankentits?" I asked, not wanting to waste any valuable time or cash on fakes. I was after the real thing.

"100 crowns, more for extras!" she replied, delighted at thinking she had scored one over the other girls from such a poor overall attendance.

"Ok, here's 100, go and dance for him over there, but find Ilsa first and ask her to come over to me, ok?" I said. "Understand?"

Frankentits stood up, snatched the 100 Crown note from my hand, and stormed off.

Charming, I thought, as High Heels tottered back with my Bud. I tipped her well, and asked her to find Ilsa, thinking that my earlier messenger had abandoned the job, having got the cash already.

Five minutes later, a raven haired beauty approached me. "I'm Ilsa, you were asking for me?"

"Yes," I stammered, "Pavel at the Hilton suggested it."

Ilsa threw her head back and laughed. "He's a very good friend of mine," she said, "buy me a drink?"

"Of course," I replied as I beckoned High Heels over.

"Another Budvar and whatever Ilsa's having," I said generously.

"I'll save you for later," she smiled, and ordered a vodka and tonic.

The woman was statuesque, the red and black stockings, suspenders, briefs and bustier leaving little to the imagination. She was the dashboard babe, for sure; I could not believe my luck, and Jamie would surely never believe my story.

"You like a dance? It's 100, ok?" offered Ilsa, as I did a quick ready reckoner in my head. I'll stop at five, I promised myself. "Sure", I smiled enthusiastically.

Ilsa started to writhe in front of me, weaving her body to the seductive music that filled my ears, as I swelled with pleasure. She leaned forward and breathed in my ear, her perfume wafting to my nostrils. She turned and bent over, her fingers teasingly caressing her panties. I swear I could see every outline. She turned again, and dropped her bra. Her nipples were like thumbs, I had never seen anything like them, and it wasn't even cold. She caressed her breasts gently, pushing them up towards her mouth, a delicate tongue flicking out to lick the end of each nipple. It was not difficult; she could have picked her nose with them. She moved her hands down to her panties and pulled the elastic forward to reveal the faintest trace of fuzz. I was hooked as the music came to an end. "You like I carry on?" she offered, huskily.

"No thanks, I'll pace myself," I said, grabbing my drink and finishing it in one relieving mouthful.

"You like extras?" Ilsa looked at me invitingly, as she replaced her bra.

I considered the options for roughly a split second. "How much?"

"300 for blow, and 600 for full," she replied very matter-of-factly.

"I'll think about it," I replied, hesitantly.

"No need for condom," Ilsa offered as part of the deal making gambit, "and I swallow."

Christ! Christmas had come early.

"Ok," I said, "but not here, surely?"

"Come with me," said Ilsa, taking my hand and leading me through some red velvet curtains into a small but very comfortable cubicle.

Ilsa stripped off her bra, as I lay back on the couch. She leaned over and breathed in my ear as she loosened my belt, and started to unzip my chinos. My cock burst out into the open as she expertly tugged my shorts down around my ankles. She knelt in front of me, and rubbed my old man in between her tits, which felt and looked totally natural. I closed my eyes as she took me in her mouth, a short stroke, then released me for one tug with her hand, same again, but two tugs, then three. Christ, she could teach Sophie a few tricks, and I thought she was good. I shot my load straight down her throat as she leaned back and let me watch it trickle down her tongue. She swallowed, and leaned forward, my prick still in her hands.

"You want more? I do everything!" she teased seductively. I leaned over and kissed her mouth, sharing my salty fluid. My hand drifted in between her legs, rubbing the outside of her panties. Something wasn't quite right. I felt again, and recoiled in horror.

"What the hell are you?" I screamed, as Ilsa stood up, revealing a sizeable swelling in her panties.

"Please, don't get angry," pleaded Ilsa, "didn't Pavel tell you?"

"No, he fucking well didn't," I yelled, as I struggled with my trousers. My dad had once joked with me to watch out for thick wrists and an Adam's apple. I had seen neither fifteen minutes ago, but in an instant I saw Ilsa in a completely different light. The grim dawn of realisation.

I threw back the curtains, and stormed past Frankentits, who was creased over with laughter. Joke's on me, ok, ok, what an idiot. I turned back to see Ilsa walking after me.

"You owe me 300 crowns, I think," said Ilsa, as a huge bruiser appeared out of the shadows, looked at me and nodded.

"No hard feelings, eh? Except in your panties," I said sarcastically, as I shoved the money into her hand, and legged it up the stairs.

Fuck, I thought as I emerged into the freezing December night. Only an hour and a quarter till the taxi arrived. Looking back, I understood what the strap line meant about extras. Christ, it was a close shave. Jamie once told me about a mate of his in the Merchant Navy, who got into a similar pickle, but was so far gone he just went with the flow, all the way. Afterwards, he highly recommended it to all and sundry. Well, if he was in the navy, it surely can't have been the first time anyway.

I had emptied my pockets before leaving the hotel, so had no local map, hadn't a clue where I was anyway, didn't have a mobile phone, nor was there any sign of a phone box. The buildings loomed large all around, as snow started to float from the heavens, so no way could I get my bearings in what were totally unfamiliar surroundings. I resigned myself to chill it out, and wait. Sod's law, the driver was half an hour late.

"You had good time?" he asked as I slammed the door. I didn't answer, just glad to be out of the freezing cold night.

Two hours after my hasty exit from Foxy Ladies, I crept back into bed, to snuggle guiltily next to my Sophie. Pavel was off-duty when I got back, but I would have him, my Czech fuckin' mate!

Ends