

50 Euro



Karina Bush

BareBackPress

A neon sexy world
Whirls
In soft focus. A purple haze. Traffic whizzing.
This place sizzles.
Baby-faced – red light – blue UV -
nails white – string-bikinis – glitter-phones -
black eyes – wet smiles.
Eh
coca-coca
ecstasy?
Eh
Viagra for love night
Man?
Latex catsuit. In the doorframe.
Bathed in glaring blue.
Statuesque. Symmetrical. Alien. Ponytail.
Throwing hair. Biting lip.
Back turned. Harden nipples.
Back arched. Texting. Boring.
Hand on wall. Hand on pussy.
Pressed to the glass.
Kiss kiss.
A red leather chair. Black pillows. Mirrored.
Come in.

BABYMAN

I fuck so many Brits I can't tell the difference between them anymore.

I make them keep their socks on. I don't trust feet. I have to decontaminate enough already. And I like how it degrades them. Makes them look more like perverts. I wish I could take photographs.

Spineless. Leg wastage. Almost Dickensian but for the pink t-shirts and shit tattoos. Very low IQs. I like that. I like the thought of them wanking over me back at home. In their sneaky moments. And I like taking them inside. Seething my feelings onto them.

This one was a bit different. The same in many ways. Smell of dangerous dog on him. Bad breeding. But different. Softer. Maybe some of them are good people. It's hard to tell sometimes. It's very confusing. He just wanted someone to tell him he was worthy. That he was good at sex. He wasn't. But I can lie.

Slipping in and out of me. Sweaty and red and boiled looking. Desperate to please me. With embarrassing moves copied from a porno. This was his movie. His big moment. The big gorgeous pornstar. Yes baby. I love British dick. Yes baby. Wow you are amazing. He touched my face. Intimate. He thought he was my lover. Yes baby. Yes. Fuck. Fuck.

He came nice and quick. Sort of hanging there in space. On his thin umbilical dick. Like my big baby. His wet eyes scanning my reaction. His big stupid smile. Yes baby. Yes.

No.

KNIFED

Bad boys. Boys who only know how to be masculine. Boys who don't cry.

I like him. He is a bit wrong. The kind of man who breaks people's faces. A body that is always burning. And eyes that are always calculating. Tight and unreadable. But lovely to me. He said I was innocent. I pretended to be with him. That's what he wanted to believe. But everyone has harm in them. It's our most interesting part.

He has a scar on his abs. I watch it when he fucks me. He likes that I like it. I want to bite it open. I told him that when I licked it. Felt his cock slide over my neck like a knife.

He has seen things he needs to forget. He can try. But no pain is forgettable. All pain imprints. Replicates.

He brought a knife with him one night. He said it was the knife that stabbed him. He let me touch it. Play with it. I cut off a lock of my hair for him with it. Then I climbed and crawled all over him until he pinned me down and fucked his violence into me. Like he hated me. Like he hated my innocence. Drove it deep up through me. Thick and angry. Sometimes I take what men have to give. What they have to let go of. Fuck the bastard in him.

It ended exhausted. He panted brute head on my chest until stable. Then withered down. I wanted to put my hand on his head. Play with his hair. I couldn't.