



Stories
From The
Brothel

Mr. W.

By [Mr. W.](#)

Blurb

Journalists are badgering the eccentric Belgrade painter Nikola Matovic because his wife, the Swiss Countess of Vanforherden, almost three-times-older his senior, died during sexual intercourse. He decides to tell his story to young, emerging writer Nikola Misovic and hires him to write his confession. The young writer accepts the offer enthusiastically, wishing to become famous on the wave of publicity that surrounds the painter. However, he has no idea in what direction their conversations will go.

The painter begins the story from when he loses his virginity at eighteen. He wants the deed done in a brothel instead of the usual way. Having a peculiar fetish, he fears that girls will reject him and seeks a prostitute, not realizing that he is actually looking for love. The brothel world shapes him as a young man, but with prospects for a well paying job slim in Serbia, he must push himself to make money to pay for his prostitutes. Yet, his sexual need awakens his creativity, which even affects his art.

A fast-paced and thrilling novel about sexual awakening and the maturing of a young man in unfavorable circumstances. While Matovic stoically overcomes the obstacles on his path, will it make him lose his soul?

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Prologue

The name of the painter Nikola Matovic as a modern Raskolnikov is still on everyone's lips. Only a few months ago, the named artist killed a Swiss Countess who was nearly three times older than him in a manner that all debauchers would call the best – with an orgasmic heart attack. Except for the fact that the silver-haired lady wearing a witch costume died during sexual intercourse and left her enormous wealth to her young husband, there weren't many proven details about Mrs. Vanfonherden's scandalous tragedy. All sorts of speculations circulated in the media, some even claimed that Nikola was poisoning his wife and intentionally exposing her to too much excitement. But the autopsy didn't find any traces of illicit substances in her system and the aforementioned excitement couldn't be the basis for prosecution since you can't bring a man to trial just because he was making love to his wife.

Matovic called me and said that he would like me to write a book about him. I have no idea how he came across my phone number, but I do know that I'm not an established writer and that a novel linked to any kind of publicity would launch me to a better position than the one I'm in now. The painter moved to a house on the outskirts of Belgrade. Without a trace of hesitation, risking to become the victim of a practical joke that my idle buddies schemed, the next morning I went where I was told to. I walked through the open gate, crossed the stone pathway framed with weeping willows and ringed on the door of the large two-story stone house covered with dark wood.

After a few moments, the artist appeared. He was dressed casually in a Hawaiian shirt, swimming trunks and flip-flops. Matovic greeted me

kindly, “Sorry for waiting. I wish you a good day. Follow me to the studio, don’t ask any questions and close the door behind you.”

With those words, he turned and hurried forward. We passed through the anteroom, a narrow corridor, a huge living room full of books and paintings, climbed the spiral stairs to the dark attic and ended in the place where we will actually start – in his studio.

“This is my little private gallery. My favorite. It is called Stories from the Brothel,” he said. “And you are the first who has seen it, after the Countess.”

I made a few hesitant steps on the creaking floorboards to take a look at his works. There were no women on the paintings, which was unusual. I could see high school students with backpacks and bottles of rakia, cabbies, priests with babies, cookies, buildings, strange white hills and many more objects that seemed randomly thrown together, but there wasn’t even one hint of a female being. I opened my mouth to say something about that, but he preceded me.

“Answer my question with a short yes or no,” Matovic said curtly. “Do you hear me clear enough to understand what I’m telling you with crystal clarity?”

“Yes,” I answered confusedly.

“Okay. First of all, you have to keep in mind that it is crucially important to protect my identity. Whatever you decide to do, write and publish – my identity must remain completely hidden! Am I clear?”

“Yes,” I replied briefly, although I couldn’t understand why this eccentric man who was dancing on the edge of a knife between sanity and insanity was insisting on secrecy? He surely knows that his name is on everyone’s tongue on TV and in the papers for days now.

“Okay,” he said. “The next thing I want is authenticity! Am I

clear?”

“I don’t understand.”

“Answer with a yes or no!” Matovic shouted. “If you don’t understand, then I wasn’t clear enough. I will clarify! These paintings are true stories from Belgrade brothels. And there must be no blanketing. Everything must be the way I tell you.”

I looked at him cluelessly.

“Vulgarity! I’m talking about crudity. If a man is able to put souffle in his mouth, turn it into shit and push it out as feces, then he is a being of vulgarity. And in his pants, he doesn’t have a penis, but a dick. His life is a fucking show in which he scores a success only when he shags the people he has been jerking off to. We exist because someone fucked our mothers. And that happened long before we had a brain to think. So, dear Descartes, rest in peace, but you thought and existed only because someone screwed your mother. And the history of humanity created by sex without condoms is a long orgy that is slowly yet unquestionably losing control...” he kept talking. “And because of these irrefutable facts, my stories must be real. Or vulgar. Am I clear now?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“The next important thing is to explain why I chose you, Nikola Misovic.” He took a deep breath and clarified. “I have read your novel ‘The Murder of Santa Clause’. While reading the conversation on the bridge between virtuous, moral Vasilii and the potential suicidal guy, I felt that spark. I felt that we share the same passion for women. For whores!”

“I don’t have such a passion.”

“Don’t interrupt me. It doesn’t matter what you say. What I think matters and I think that a literary character whose decision to commit suicide is triggered by the lack of money to pay a whore must be the creation

of a man who is squirming in a quicksand of brothel passions,” he said. “And that’s why I am offering you the chance to write the manuscript as well as the money for the first circulation of five thousand copies and aggressive marketing.”

“But I have no passion for...”

“You can’t say,” the artist interrupted me again, “that you have never been in a brothel. I can see it in your eyes. How they light up when you hear the word whore! You love them! Because you know the truth. And the truth is that no work of man, however great it was, throughout the centuries can’t be raised to the heights a woman’s beauty can reach in the blink of an eye. There is no reason to waste time any further. I was completely clear about everything I wished to say. Absolute secrecy and certain vulgarity. Are you ready for that?”

“Yes,” I answered resolutely.

“Good. They say that a painting is worth a thousand words. And if a painting can’t speak for itself, then it isn’t good. I don’t agree. Actually, I believe in the very opposite. Speech is for mouths. A painting should be silent because it has its creator who can talk about it. You don’t see a pussy on the canvas, but I will explain where it is hiding. Behind each painting is a story which embellished the canvases with paints through my hand,” Matovic concluded.

Then he approached the first painting, showed me the name under it and, emphasizing that I shouldn’t interrupt him no matter what, began his story.

The First Circle of Hell – **POPPING THE CHERRY**

That day, I resolved to lose my virginity. Since school classes were in the afternoon, I had the whole morning to figure out how to do it. I wanted a beautiful, attractive and provocatively dressed girl. But there weren't such girls in my surroundings, which left me only one choice: a hooker. And even if there were girls like that around me, it is a big question whether my charm and physical appearance were good enough to grant me an invitation between their legs. Were there any girls willing to fuck with me for free? Sure there were. I just needed to make a small effort but, as you might already sense, I am a specific person. If I can't have the girl I like, I will rather spend my whole life jerking off while thinking about her than fucking the one that doesn't attract me.

It doesn't matter to me whether a girl loves me or not. Or if she unconditionally surrenders to me, or what kind of person she is. I don't care if she is faithful, promiscuous or avaricious. The most important thing to me is that she has beautiful feet. Nails on hands and feet must be regularly subjected to skilled manicures and pedicures. I prefer red nail polish and lipstick. Yes, I have a foot fetish, but another painting speaks about that. The third important thing beside her feet and hands is her look. Not her eyes, not their color, size and shape. But their look. They must have something wild. Wild, or should I say untamed. Evasive. I don't like when a woman looks at me like a sheep. I can't stand monotony in the eyes of the ones I fuck. When I look at them, I want to feel like I am driving a motorcycle and only one moment of carelessness is standing between death and me in the darkness of an empty highway, while the throbbing of wheels fills my ears and air slaps my face. It may seem a bit weird to hear that there were no ladies around me who could satisfy my tastes since

many will say how our city is overflowing with beautiful girls. But my dear namesake, I assure you that it was rare to come across a girl that had all the required attributes.

If she had a beautiful face and gorgeous body, her nails weren't manicured. "Well, that's the least of your problems," people would say, glad to criticize me. "She only has to put some nail polish."

But I am talking about the psychological moment. Why didn't she already get her nails done? How could she step on the street without a manicure and pedicure? Why isn't she committed to her aesthetics? I want a girl whose instincts, together with the breathing reflex, make her pursue beauty. And I don't want her to be beautiful and glam up for my sake. No, I want her to look beautiful for herself whether I am by her side or not.

And even if she was gifted with beauty and the urge to groom herself, her style would ruin what otherwise promised to be a perfect whole. She would dress plainly, like some pre-war auntie who baked a pie in the morning and headed to her little nephew's birthday party in the afternoon. And she looked at you and laughed like a calf. Without an ounce of boldness or seduction in her eyes. I have heard so many times that physical appearance isn't everything, but my heart would not pump blood into my penis without it, and my soul trembled at the thought that I would end with a girl like that one day. Of course, there were attractive ladies whose existence embodied everything that I loved. Or, rather, adored. They wore high heels, had beautiful hands and feet, big breasts, phenomenal style, beautiful hairstyles, penetrating eyes, and to my disadvantage, a perception that didn't allow them to consider me as a potential sexual partner. Sometimes, I would come across my vision of a sexually desirable girl while walking down Njegoseva or Knez Mihailo Street, but most often I met them in nightclubs. They were sitting in booths, alone or in the company of a handful of guys, drinking glamorous champagne in long glasses as elegant as their lovely fingers which were holding them.

When I had just started going to nightclubs, the question was whether one of the guys was their boyfriend because I didn't want to cause any trouble. However, on several occasions, those enchanting ladies happened to be alone. I didn't have money to sit in a booth and usually stood at the bar so I had to wade through the crowd to get to them. I would wave to the girl, approach and offer her my hand. She would look at me in astonishment and accept my hand with disbelief. I would ask for her name and does she have a boyfriend. The girl usually wouldn't respond or just mumble something before turning her head. I would get the message and leave to save face. After a while, I changed my approach. Instead of stepping to the booth, I would approach from the side and wave. The outcome was the same. I was an athletic guy, but it occurred to me that maybe I should pump my neck and biceps some more. I addressed that issue but it didn't help. I wasn't too surprised since many guys who enjoyed the company and kisses of those interesting girls looked quite unsportsmanlike. Something else was the problem. I thought that I might be ugly. In the end, it occurred to me that the obstacle could be a combination of aesthetics and lousy pick-up lines.

However, all the shortcomings of this world couldn't change my desires or make me give up. After all, persistent boys manage to take girls to bed, not the pretty ones. Only later did I realize that persistence could become boring and that a boy doesn't get to fuck if he doesn't have a fat wallet or isn't good friends with the girl's astrologer. Given the circumstances, I think it's quite clear why I had to turn to whores.

Let's get back to the story. So, I decided to lose my virginity and a task of indescribable importance presented itself. Even before I found a prostitute, I had to make sure that I will leave the impression of a great lover. As soon as I woke up, I went to the bathroom and shaved my pubic hair to make my dick look as big as possible. However, size isn't the only relevant factor for acquiring the image of Casanova. You need to show experience. Knowledge. Sensibility. Or at least endurance, if you want a girl

to believe that you were with many women before her. I had cardio workouts all day, if you understand what I mean? I will be explicit, just in case.

From the moment I woke up until I went to school, I jerked off. I came four or five times. Since my cock jumped whenever a dressed girlfriend sat on my lap, I was convinced that the touch of a naked woman would make me explode. After I fixed those two problems, the third one was easy. It was necessary to invent an explanation for seeking out a hooker. I planned to say, “Listen, after two long relationships, I’m disappointed in love and now I just want to chill out and change chicks.” All my friends had lost their virginity when they were sixteen-year-olds. What was interesting and common for all of them was that the young ladies with whom they had sex for the first time left soon after that or, rather, traveled to exotic destinations and nobody heard about them again.

One friend, Vuk, had a really turbulent first relationship. According to his story, he started shagging his girlfriend when he was fifteen, but not only that – he often had to flee from her parents who had a habit of appearing suddenly. That’s why he had to hide in the tub and behind the curtain, squat in the wardrobe, stand naked on the windowsill, and sometimes even hang from it... I didn’t believe him since it was obvious that he was lying.

Later, I found out that lying was his pathology and often told him, “If you were Pinocchio, you would be guilty for the end of the world because your nose would puncture God regardless of how far away you lived.”

He would always curse me. But I have strayed from the topic. So, I was faced with the problem of finding a prostitute. My friend Damir agreed to look for a brothel with me after school.

“It will be easy,” he assured me. “We will ask taxi drivers where we can get a massage with a happy ending. They know everything.”

When I got home, I threw my school bag and took a shower. Then, in order to ensure endurance, I jerked off once more. I told my parents that I'm going for a walk with a friend, put two hundred euros in my pocket and walked out. The money was saved from my eighteenth birthday a month ago, October the 9th, when my godfather gave me five hundred euros.

Damir, a foot taller than average guys, with 120 kg of doughy skin and a stomach like a pregnant woman carrying five babies in her womb, was walking in front of me. He approached the cabbies, knocked on their windows, bent and asked with a smile, "Good evening. Do you know where we could get a massage with a happy ending?"

They smiled and replied that they didn't know. Nevertheless, we continued enthusiastically. Night had already fallen when we came across a tall man with long hair and a roguish face behind the wheel of a gray cab.

When Damir repeated his question to the cabby called Dejan, he laughed and exclaimed, "So, you two champions want to fuck?"

"Yes," Damir confirmed. We were grinning from ear to ear. Dejan explained that there is a well-known brothel in a suburb before Novi Sad. He added that he could take us there and wait for sixty euros. Fear raced through my gut. I knew that prostitution was illegal in Serbia and I assumed that there were many tricks. My brain immediately envisioned the worst scenario: Organ trafficking.

My mother's furious ravings echoed in my ears, "Just fool around God-knows-where with all sorts of bums until someone abducts you and rips all your organs! Then you won't be able to cry for your mum or dad! If you manage to survive! Without kidneys! Without a liver!"

This Dejan will take two kids to that kind of place, where other criminals will be waiting. Then they will throw us in a basement, stun us

with gas, take what they need and leave us to bleed to death. Is he crazy? I am an athlete, but what good could the intestines of my fat pal be to him? Maybe it isn't organ trafficking after all.

“If you wish me to go along, I want you to treat me to a girl,” Damir said.

He sensed that I didn't want to go alone and decided to reap something from it. The taxi driver wanted sixty euros, as much as a whore charged for thirty minutes. I didn't want to squander all my money, so I promised to treat him next time. Damir accepted unwillingly and we entered the vehicle.

I didn't talk much during the drive. Damir had no idea that I was a virgin and was already pestering me with questions. “Why would someone with such an athletic body go to a hooker? Why don't you make out with some girl from school, many would gladly fuck with you?”

If he found out that I was a virgin, he would make fun of me for the rest of my life. Damir popped his cherry when he was sixteen in Red Light District in Amsterdam.

Of course, I kept silent about my preferences, even with my closest friends. The girl had to be an attractive slut with red nail polish and high heels; otherwise I will remain a virgin my whole life. I'm not interested in other girls. The very idea of screwing an ordinary girl made me sick. Of course, an erection might occur, and a very stiff one too. I could strip, jam it into her and release myself, but it reminded of going to the bathroom. When you put it off for a long time and finally take a dump, the feeling is great on every toilet bowl, but the ass is always dirty. You can wipe your asshole with toilet paper, but you can't wash away the memory of desecrating yourself with a girl just because you wanted a substitute for your right hand... I would have to live with that memory.

I was mostly silent during the journey. When I spoke, I pretended

to be relaxed and laughed, although the taxi driver must have sensed that tonight will be my first time. Dejan spoke mainly about the wide variety of very beautiful girls. “There is a big choice to choose from. Tall, short, big tits, big ass, white girls, Gypsy girls... If you have recently broken a mirror, I recommend a Gypsy! Hahahahahaha.”

“Are they healthy?” I asked somewhere halfway, when the possibility of STD dawned on me like a thunderbolt from the clear sky. I was afraid of HIV.

“Don’t you worry. The boss gets them checked up every two weeks. He doesn’t allow them even to catch a cold,” Dejan assured me.

“And are they forced to work there?” I continued questioning.

Now it was my anxiety speaking. Every meter closer to the brothel seemed to be growing a mouth and speaking, trying to make me change my mind.

“Oh, no. They like easy cash. Rents her putza and flies to Ibiza,” he replied. Damir and I laughed. “No one is forcing them anymore. All those girls want to do that. Easy and fast dough. Sometimes they earn a thousand euros a night.”

“No shit!” I exclaimed with surprise.

At some point, at the outskirts of a small town before Novi Sad, the cabbie turned right and climbed up a long narrow street. After a few more turns, we found ourselves in front of the brothel. It was a house with a tall stone fence and a slightly lower gray metal gate. After a few moments, the gate parted to let us through. Dejan explained that we had to wait for the camera to record us. The parking lot was huge, but it housed only one black Audi.

“There you go,” the taxi driver said, “you are all alone. That is the boss’s car.” I exited and headed cautiously towards the entrance. “That is

the wrong house,” Dejan called out.

I turned around and saw that the parking lot was between two houses. I started toward the lit up one. Dejan entered first, followed by Damir and me.

A short grey-haired man was sitting behind the counter in the dark corridor. He bowed his head respectfully and wished us a good evening. We replied, passed him and entered a large room shrouded in darkness. In the middle, next to the wall, was a stage with three poles for striptease, one in the front and two in the back. House music was blasting from the speakers and blue and the red lights danced across the stage. We took our seats around one of the dozen tables scattered around. The waitress came to take our order, blueberry juice for me, beer for Damir and coffee for Dejan.

The girls started coming onto the stage. My smile froze on my face. They looked exactly the way I wanted. My sweater was tight and I leaned my arms on the table to make my biceps more noticeable. I chased the goofy grin from my face and tried to look serious since I remembered that all this should be normal for me if I want to leave the impression of an experienced fucker. Some girls were in thongs and small bras, others in short skirts or skimpy shorts and T-shirts.

Just as Dejan had said, there were all kinds of girls. Before I picked my favorite, a fat Gypsy girl approached me, smiled and asked, “May I?”

I mumbled that I will wait a little more.

“I didn’t catch that,” she said.

“I’ll wait a little more,” I repeated intelligibly and she left us alone.

Among the dozen girls on stage, I saw her. She caught my eye because of the large dragon tattoo running spirally over her hip and back. That short, slender brunette with a pale complexion was wearing knee-length boots, with high heels – of course, a texas shorts so skimpy it could

be confused for knickers and a green T-shirt resembling a bra. She was deftly twerking her perky butt and the cheeks were vibrating and swaying sweetly. Her nails were painted red and I concluded that she must have beautiful and groomed feet.

At the time, I still didn't know how to tell a girl that I wanted to put her foot in my mouth. I didn't even know if I should go to her or wait. But she felt my eyes on her and, followed by a strong blonde colleague, approached our table. The girls asked could they join us.

“Yes,” I muttered.

She offered me her hand and smiled. “I am Christina.”

“Nikola.”

The blonde girl introduced herself to the taxi driver and Damir. Then she sat in my pal's lap and started rubbing his dick. Over his jeans, of course. Christina sat in my lap. I felt a mild erection. I put my hand around her waist and slowly moved my fingers toward her ass. I didn't want to be a brute and squeeze her butt right away. I will proceed gradually.

The waitress returned with our order and asked the girls do they want a drink. “What are you having?” I prompted them.

They ordered a sour cherry and blueberry juice. I don't remember my conversation with Christina. The girl's juices arrived. She took a tiny sip and said that we could go.

“What do you want?” she asked me. I looked at her, puzzled, until she clarified that she wanted to know how much time am I willing to pay for.

“Half an hour,” I replied and offered her the money.

She told me to follow her. I found myself in that entrance hall where the grey-haired man was still sitting behind the counter. Christina walked through the door behind him. She returned quickly and said that we should climb the stairs that I hadn't noticed before. They were on the left side of the entrance and covered with a red carpet.

The floor was reduced to a long corridor full of doors – rooms where the prostitutes did their job. Our room was somewhere in the middle. She asked me to take my shoes off. I left my Air Max sneakers beside the mat where she was maintaining her balance while taking off her boots. At one point, she grabbed my shoulder for support. The moment of truth was nearing.

But when she finally took off her boots, that moment was postponed once again. She was wearing green socks with purple flowers. Christina entered the room without taking them off. And why should she do that? With such an ass and legs, nobody would dream of kissing and licking her feet or rubbing his dick against them.

I will tell her. But how? We were in the room for a few minutes now. I was standing while she was sitting on the bed and watching me.

“You'll have to undress if we are to do anything,” Christina pointed out.

“Well, we surely won't do it dressed,” I replied with a laugh.

I must have looked like a fool since I wanted to strip as soon as we entered, but didn't do it because immediate jumping out of clothes struck me as immature. Boorish, to be more precise. I undressed.

“Lie down and relax,” Christina said.

How can I tell her to take off her socks?

She started kissing me. First my face, then body and finally around

the dick. I felt a mild erection, but then it froze. In vain, she sucked my balls, licked my dick, groaned, twisted and squirmed. My cock was laying like slaughtered on my shaved groin and the prickly area was unpleasant to the touch. I jerked off in the hope of getting a hard-on. I told her to get on all fours and raise her ass. I licked her butt and wanked.

My dick managed to harden just enough for penetration. I rolled on a condom, which immediately softened my poor erection for at least twenty percent. However, with Christina's help, I managed to push into her. I moved a few times and then pulled out since my dick softened so much that it threatened to slip out.

I lay down again, and she resumed kissing and licking. Christina rolled a new condom on my cock and went down on me. She blew me in vain. It must have been frustrating to tongue-chase that tiny invertebrate snake that was refusing to harden. It was a Sisyphean task. She even treated me ten minutes, but to no avail.

“And I thought that you were going to nail me,” she muttered.

“I didn't hear you,” I said.

“Oh, nothing.”

“Just one more thing,” I started seriously, forcing myself to grin. “Not a word about this to my friend.”

She laughed and said that I shouldn't worry. We left her room and parted at the foot of the stairs. I returned to the room with the stage.

Damir and the taxi driver greeted me with wide smiles. I was desperate because I didn't fuck, but managed to fake an exalted grin.

“I can see by your smile that it was wild,” Damir said.

“It was great,” I confirmed. “She really is skilled.”

“Yes, yes,” Dejan joined in. “She surely looks fiery.”

As soon as I sat down, the waitress brought the bill. Four juices, one beer and one coffee: sixty euros! SIXTY! Ten euros per drink. When I settled the bill, only twenty euros were left in my wallet.

On the drive back, I tried to be talkative.

Damir and I got out in the center and walked to McDonald’s, where I treated him to three hamburgers, one big mac and a milkshake. I don’t remember what I ate, but I do remember how much I regretted all that whacking the whole day. I was determined to go to the brothel fully rested next time.

SECOND CHANCE

I spent some time thinking whether those few thrusts of my limp dick into Christina's pussy could count as popping my cherry. However, I concluded that I must be a man and stop deceiving myself with shameful lies just because it is difficult to face the truth. I established the boundaries firmly and concluded that I can enter the world of men only when I combine erection, vaginal penetration and ejaculation. Something like a holy trinity of the cunt that baptizes boys into adults. If Christianity has it, why wouldn't the female sex organ have it? The difference is that when you, say, join your fingers and make the sign of a cross with faith in the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, ending with an amen, most likely nothing particular will happen. However, if you abide by the original rule of the pussy, surrender to it and achieve erection, vaginal penetration and ejaculation without contraception, it is inevitable to feel bliss followed by the risk of sexually transmitted diseases and alimony.

I wasted my first attempt in the middle of November and decided to postpone the second after New Year's holidays. Two factors didn't allow me to get rid of my virginity. The first was exhaustion since I shouldn't have masturbated so much. The other one, the one I overlooked but whose existence in my subconscious brought chaos and contributed to the fiasco, was fright. It was natural and I wondered how I didn't take into account that a young man will feel slight discomfort and fear when confronted with a naked woman in flesh for the first time.

However, I didn't deal with this problem with the conviction that these feelings are unavoidable and that I have to face them. At least that's

what I thought at the time because I still haven't met Pinch, a rascal from Dorcol. I already had a lot of experience when he told me, "When someone is to fuck for the first time, take him to a bar twenty minutes earlier, order him a whisky, and without his knowing put half a cialis in his drink. His dick will jump immediately. And there will be no problem. A guy is frightened the first time, although he doesn't even know it."

What I could control at the time was strength. I decided to be as rested as a bear after his winter sleep, so starting January the 1st, I adopted an ascetic regime without jerking off. It was difficult to fight against a habit half a decade old, which became so strong that it forced me to completely unconsciously, mostly in the morning, slip my hand into my boxers and start wanking. Nevertheless, I managed to remember that big unfinished business was awaiting me and resisted, no matter how strong the urge for satisfaction was.

But after two weeks of abstinence, only a few days before my second visit to the brothel, a force majeure thwarted my intentions. I dreamed that I was making love with that long-legged brunette and, as always, couldn't get my cock into her pussy or my mouth near her foot. Despite that painful fact, because it seems that you first have to accomplish something awake to make nice things happen in dreams, I felt exquisite while she blew me. It was so exciting that an ejaculation woke me.

My boxers were wet and sticky so I got up, took a new pair and headed for the bathroom, trying not to wake my parents and grandmother. I wondered how some friends of mine come in their boxers and then just leave their dick lying in sperm until it dries and stiffens. I wash my masculinity after every masturbation. Even when I have no sexual cravings during the day, which is rare, I still wash it in the morning and in the evening. But along with thoughts about my friend's poor hygiene, my future intercourse with a prostitute came to mind. This was my last chance in the next few months because I had spent almost all my money. There was no

room for failure. I could only hope that three days would be sufficient for regeneration.

On Friday evening, Damir and I met at the city center and headed for the taxicab stand where Dejan was waiting for us. The stand was on Terazije, beside the entrance of Moulin Rouge casino where I lost two thousand dinars on my family patron saint day, St. Luke.

“Matovic!” Damir shouted. “If you don’t pay me a hooker, I’ll wank in the soup your mother prepares for Sunday lunch and your whole family will eat my bodily fluids.”

“I’ll pay, you fat monkey, and then I’ll fuck your mother in the ass and she’ll scream and pray for more while you watch. And she will get pregnant and give birth to your brother who will be the king of septic tanks, so you will have to blow his dick for the rest of your life,” I retorted.

“Matovic,” Damir said somewhat more calmly. “Don’t doublecross me. You know how much I’m looking forward to a pussy.”

“I won’t hoodwink you. Relax. I gave you my word and I will keep it,” I assured him and continued walking.

Soon we stopped in front of Dejan’s vehicle.

“Oh, lads, how are you!” he exclaimed and got out of the car to shake hands with us. We hugged, chatted a few moments and got into the car. “Motherfucking cold! Minus six! It is really freezing,” he complained.

“Yes it is,” I agreed.

“Well, a good cock sucking will warm me,” Damir said.

“Me too,” I replied and let out a forced laugh.

Dejan drove much slower than last time. Even though there was no

snow, the roads were covered in frostbite and it was easy to lose control at higher speeds.

“I will fuck that blonde,” Damir announced. “The one that sat in my lap last time...”

“Yes, yes... I remember,” Dejan said. “She’s a good chick. Strong.”

“I will put my dick between her tits and then push it into her throat until she chokes with my sperm.”

“They only give head with a condom,” I told him.

“Aaaaa!” Damir was startled.

“Nothing without a condom,” I repeated.

“Some fucking blowing! They swallowed sperm in Amsterdam for sixty euros. And licked my asshole.”

“They must have had strong stomachs,” I said.

Damir and Dejan laughed.

My friend is really perverted. He loved, at least that’s what he claimed, to give girls a double-barrel with his fingers which were long and thick like cigars. The very thought of his strained fat face and tiny eyes behind thick glasses squinting at a girl’s groin while pushing his index and middle finger in her vagina and anus made me laugh. He often said that he is a huge fan of anal sex and threatened our classmates who annoyed him that he will sodomize their mothers. Damir, as he often repeated, also loved when girls licked his anus; once during recess, he explained in great detail that he likes them to put their heads over the edge of the bed so he can squat on their tongues.

It took us about an hour to get to the brothel. We were the only guests again. Dejan said that we were very lucky.

Once again, we sat at the table in front of the stage. This time, Dejan didn't join us but took a seat a few tables behind.

I was a little upset at the prospect of seeing Christina. Almost a month had passed and I hoped that she had forgotten me. In any case, I'll pretend that I don't recognize her. But what if she talked about me with other prostitutes? What if all of them already know who I am? I'm sure that eighteen-year-olds aren't regular visitors. Thank God, this question didn't bother me while I was preparing my return because I would have surely lost my mind. Well, I don't care.

The girls came on the stage. Christina was among them, but she danced in a corner. Soon I noticed a tall, slender brunette in a short black dress. She had beautiful legs and her black high-heeled sandals were surely hiding equally beautiful feet. I watched her for a few moments and then waved.

She approached me.

"I want you," I told her.

The girl smiled, shook my hand, and said that her name is Ceca.

"I'm Nikola."

Ceca sat on the chair next to mine and crossed her legs.

A few moments later, that blonde girl approached Damir. After getting confirmation that she was his chosen one, she sat in his lap.

The waitress arrived to take our orders.

"Is it very cold outside?" Ceca asked.

"Kind of," I replied.

She took my hand.

“Your fingers are like ice,” she said.

Ceca lifted her leg, placed my palm between her thighs, and crossed her legs again. I got an erection instantly.

I’ll be just fine, I thought to myself.

“Matovic, you started playing offensive right away,” Damir noticed. “I expected some subtlety from you... You are such a boor.”

“You are a boor,” I retorted. “Look at you. You have already pulled that girl on your lap, and yet you speak about subtlety.”

Word by word, an ordinary harmless conversation threatened to turn into our daily bantering. Still, I was wise enough to realize that the hookers will think that we are crazy if we continue. That forced me to shut my mouth. A brothel surely isn’t the same as school and it wouldn’t seem right to talk how we will fuck each other’s mothers to oblivion, spice up family lunch with our bodily fluids, sodomize one another and so on.

But Damir didn’t realize that. Although he didn’t go to extremes with insults, he didn’t pass the chance to say, “Silence, Matovic! You are our school whore! You would lick our Physics teacher’s pussy for a D! I wish a tram would run you over!”

The prostitutes laughed.

He continued, “Wipe that grin off your face, Matovic. When Stanisic finishes with you tomorrow, you will cry because your ass will be like a cave!”

Damir continued in that fashion a little more while I warmed my hand between Ceca’s legs.

At one point, she looked at her colleague and asked, “Shall we get going?”

“All right,” I said.

“It’s high time,” Damir agreed and started to rise. The blonde slipped from his legs and almost fell on the floor. “I’m sorry,” he said with a laugh. “I can hardly wait to... Hmmm. So I’m in a hurry.”

“How long?” Ceca asked.

I took out a hundred and twenty euros and said that both of us want half an hour.

Again the same procedure. We followed them to the counter near the entrance and waited for Ceca to take the money behind that door. Then we climbed the stairs and reached adjoining rooms. Neither lady asked us to take off our shoes. Nevertheless, while the blonde was unlocking the door, Damir kicked off his sneakers on the doorstep, unfastened his belt and unzipped his fly.

“No reason to waste time,” he said. Then he turned his head toward me, grinned and shouted, “Matovic! Show yourself in your best light! Don’t embarrass me!”

Ceca, the blonde and I laughed before entering the rooms.

“Do you want to take a shower?” she asked me.

“If you want me to. But believe me, I’m as clean as a... whistle,” I replied.

That was the truth since I showered three times before leaving the house. My skin wasn’t smelling only of soap because I put on a very nice cologne. Besides my neck, joints, armpits, back, chest, stomach and legs, I sprayed even my masculinity. Very sparingly, but still sufficient for the receptors in the nose to feel the pleasant scent, if by some miracle they became activated.

“It’s okay. You don’t have to, but I will,” she said, took off her shoes and started toward the bathroom.

My guess was right – her feet were perfect. Narrow and proportional, with perfectly shaped red nails and skin that looked very gentle. How to I tell her that I want to put her foot in my mouth? Has anyone ever done that to her? Someone must have.

I stripped and lay on the bed.

After a few minutes, she returned – without her dress. She was beautiful. Her breasts weren’t particularly large, but with such a face, stomach and long, smooth legs, I wouldn’t pay too much attention to her bust. I turned to my side. Ceca lay beside me and turned on some music.

“What are we going to do?,” she asked.

“Well, first we are going to snog for a while until I get a hard-on,” I muttered uncertainly.

“What?” Ceca asked with disbelief and made a face that I interpreted as disgust.

“To kiss,” I corrected myself quickly.

“All right,” she agreed.

We leaned toward each other and kissed. She was the third girl I had ever kissed. Third time lucky! The first time I felt the lips of a girl was in fifth grade at a friend’s birthday party. Her name was Sladjana and we kissed a few times. I tried to make each kiss as loud as possible and pouted my lips to make explosive echoes.

A few hours later, while we were still at the party, I pulled her away from the crowd and said, “Sladjana, I have something important to tell you. Don’t speak to your parents about this. We don’t want them to

think that this is a serious relationship. And don't tell them about the wedding because it's too early for that."

"Yeah, I know. Of course," she nodded, looking at me seriously. We broke up three days later at math class because I was annoyed by her girlfriends interfering with our relationship.

I kissed a girl for the second time a year ago, the summer before my eighteenth birthday, also on a high school friend's birthday party. She was fifteen years old, but I can't remember her name. She was wearing narrow leather trousers and high-heels, and looked very provocative and mature. I almost choked with an ice cube when I found out how old she was.

I acted like a cool guy and lady-killer. A few days after I seduced her, she sent me a text, "Want to grab some pancakes?" I broke up by ignoring her. She was too young and insecure, and I didn't like her invitation to have some pancakes. Why didn't she suggest a good bar or nightclub!? I wanted a wordly girl. A predator.

And now I had one. It didn't matter that I paid for her. I only cared for the fact that she was here, on the bed beside me, kissing me and rubbing her sweet pussy on my quadriceps. My cock was stiffening. Although I was a bit scared, I knew that my erection will soon show its full potential. I pulled her leg up so her foot touched my shin. She sensed that I liked it and started rubbing me a little more powerfully while I slowly jerked off. Then Ceca rolled a condom on my dick.

"You are doing all the work," I noticed while laying down on my back.

She straddled me. Her long hair fell over her back and chest. Her face had something sophisticated.

Later, I found out that she was from Novi Sad and that figured

since all girls from Novi Sad are special in some way.

She started riding me, lightly, with a proud expression, holding her hands on my chest. Then she groaned quietly. Of course, even then I knew that it was part of her job.

The words of Rihanna's song 'Disturbia' were floating around the room. 'Disturbia' ... I liked her playlist. I enjoyed the touch and sounds. Still, I was far from coming.

Ceca leaned over, glued her body to mine and began kissing my face. I squeezed her ass. I wished to slap her buttocks, but didn't want to be rude and thus suppressed that urge. She rose again, quickened, and pulled my hair. I loved it. I felt her domination. My hands glided from her butt down her thighs, then grabbed her shins and held them.

That was an overture for what attracted me so much, but what I just didn't have to guts to say aloud. Feet. After a while, I gathered the courage to touch her heels. At first, I only brushed them, then held them and eventually folded my whole palm over her heels. They were just as gentle as they had seemed. She sensed that I liked it and gathered her feet so I could hold them easily.

My orgasm was nearing. Rihanna's songs 'Umbrella', 'Live your Life' and 'Love the Way You Lie' finished before I came in the middle of Williams's song 'Happy'.

Several times during sex, Ceca asked me, "Are you near?"

I had only nodded and gave her the sign to continue. The enjoyment was indescribable. Though effective, one's right hand can never cause the satisfaction an appropriate woman can. After a few seconds of euphoria triggered by sexual ecstasy, I thought that coming during sex with the right lady is part of the celestial kingdom brought to earth.

"Well done," Ceca told me. "Others come very fast. You really are

in top condition.”

She was breathless, and I was proud. I managed to leave the impression of an experienced guy. I was convinced that she didn't pretend to be breathless since it isn't easy to move your butt up and down for over fifteen minutes.

That night when I arrived home, I tried to do it on a pillow and got tired after a hundred and twenty seconds, as the stopwatch informed me, confirming my earlier conclusion.

Ceca lay down beside me and we began talking. I learned that she was born in 1989 in Novi Sad and that she used to hang out in Teatro Bar.

“Maybe we met there,” I said.

Ceca opened her mouth, but before she had a chance to say anything, I added, “But I doubt it. I would have remembered you.”

She laughed, paused for a few moments and then said, “Hey... I must tell you something. But don't get mad.”

“I won't,” I assured her. “Speak freely.”

“That guy that came with you... he's not your true friend.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Well... You know... A real friend would never tease you like that in front of others,” she said. Her face was completely serious.

“I don't know,” I sighed. “It's hard to find true friends today.”

What else could I say? If I tried to explain that I regard my pathologic friendship with Damir normal or told her a small part of our everyday bantering, she would run out of the room screaming. It was better to pretend that I'm downhearted and sane, which was obviously hard for me

even in the brothel.

“Our time is almost up,” she said. “You should get dressed.”

“Okay.”

I got up and headed for my stuff thrown over the chair in the corner of the room. While I dressed, I watched her beautiful feet move restlessly on the carpet while she, unaware of their beauty in my eyes, squinted at her phone and typed. Who is she writing to?

At that moment, I felt a great urge to ask openly, “Hey, can I just kiss your feet for a while?” But I suppressed it. Shame won.

We left the room, descended the stairs and parted after she said goodbye sweetly.

Damir and Dejan were waiting for me in the room with the stage, which I will call the hall from now. Please, remember that. HALL! HALL! HALL! Both of us were more than satisfied. The waitress brought the bill. I was supposed to pay fifty euros, which astonished me since we drank only four juices. But I paid to avoid an argument. When it’s a ball, it might as well be a masquerade.

Anyhow, I became a man that night and shouldn’t be stingy. They can have their ten euros, I plan to be a millionaire. I still don’t know how, but I am sure that I will find a way.

It took us an hour to return to Belgrade. It was already three in the morning when we exited the cab at Slavia Square. We said goodbye to Dejan, who continued toward Terazije.

Damir and I stopped near the bus station and started comparing notes.

“That girl of your’s wasn’t bad,” Damir said, “A bit skinny. Mal-

nourished.”

“I like girls like that. Long-legged broads.”

“Mine sure was feisty. She blew me, Matovic... Sucked me to the last drop! She gives head like a champion. I even forgot that I had a condom.”

“Mine drained me too. She rode me expertly.”

“Hey!” Damir continued excitedly, “But I could tell that she liked me. In fact, she liked my dick more than me. While she was sucking me, when my dick got as stiff and long as possible, she sighed with disbelief. She was really surprised! And she muttered *Ah!* so lustfully. I know that all of them act, but there was genuine excitement when she saw how big I am!”

I didn't tell him to stop bullshiting since I didn't have the strength to argue, so I just nodded.

“What are we going to do?” he asked. “It will be grueling at school tomorrow. I don't know how we'll endure without sleep.”

“I'm not going,” I replied.

“Why?”

“I don't go to school on working Saturdays.”

“You don't-give-a-fuckism. Well, come on then, hang out with me. I don't want to go home.”

“How will you go to school without your bag?” I asked.

“I will borrow a notebook from someone. And I can always borrow a backpack from someone who has training after a school so it won't look like I don't give a damn for school, classes, and teachers,” he explained.

“Smart. But I’m sleepy. I can’t stay long.”

“Well, stay at least for a short while.”

“It’s so cold, bro. Let’s go to the casino. I think it works non-stop.”

“Matovic... You know that I don’t gamble anymore.”

“I know. Maybe we can bet on dogs if they still have races going on at this hour.”

“No, Matovic!” he shouted.

I changed the subject. We spent some time walking around Slavia Square, blowing at our hands to warm them and talking about everything.

When my exhaustion couldn’t be ignored anymore, I said, “Bro, I’m going home.”

Damir tried to persuade me to stay. But when he saw that I was adamant, we shook hands, turned, and hurried our respective ways.

After a few yards, I heard his voice. “Matovic.”

I turned around. He was looking me right in the eye. Something seemed to shine in his pupils. He was silent.

“What!?”

“I swear to Allah, I will be your best friend for as long as you wish because you paid me a whore tonight.”

His words sounded like a confession.

I smiled. “Thank you. Allah is happy as long as he has followers like you. And Islam is in safe hands.”

“Do you want me to sodomize your ass, you little pussy?” he exclaimed. “Ha! Do you want Dr. Damir to fuck your butt!”

Although it was cold and three in the morning, it was still Friday and there were people on the street who stared at him with astonishment that soon gave way to mockery. Damir didn't pay attention to them.

“Do you want me to fist you without lubricant? Then you'll see what happiness is!”

“As I said, with people like you, the future of Islam is secure!” I exclaimed.

“Why are you talking about Allah when you have just fucked a whore in a brothel!” he retorted.

A police jeep passed us.

“I'll see you on Monday! I'm so tired that my legs will give away! Bye, bro!”

“Bye!”

We finally parted. I walked home quickly. My pockets were empty, but my heart was full. I, Nikola Matovic, became a man. I fucked Ceca from Novi Sad!

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