

Turkish Reflections

Her name was Taze, but we just called her Matahari. She was the hashish and handjob princess of the building in Berlin I lived in, and she used hashish to sell handjobs and handjobs to sell hashish. It was the latter I was after when I walked into her lavishly decorated apartment one spring day, catching her in the act of trying to put up a brand new guest bed.

“Am I ever glad to see you,” she said, “can you figure out this assembly drawing?” She was not dressed for the job as it was. Her clothing tastes were legend, but today she had really outdone herself with an outfit that would have befitted Wonder Woman on a porn safari. Somewhere between heavy fake diamonds and very little stretchy leopard skin attire, there was plenty of long legs, big boobs, and self serve cleavage, under a fantastic mane of long, black hair. She was an absolute cutie, and she knew it.

“My sister is coming to town for a *sünnet*, and we figured we might as well buy a new guest bed for me with that money instead of spending it on a hotel night for her. Trouble is... I can't put it together.” And she used the big eyes and long eyelashes on me.

The thing with me is that I can't really say no to any female in her 30s in skimpy leopard clothing who looks at me that way. Especially if she has given me epic handjobs in the past, and might do so again. So I reached for the manual and sat down on the carpet, in socks and wearing my soccer stuff, as I do on weekends. She mirrored my pose, watching me study technical drawings in an almost choreographed, cute manner. Clearly, she was putting herself on display.

“I'm not even sure if we've got the right tool here for this,” I said and shook my head at the instructions. She cast an amused glance at my soccer shorts, and said brightly “well, I do see one we may be able to put to some good use...” A quick check confirmed it, my soccer shorts were unable to contain my anatomy. She playfully prowled closer, like a cat fascinated by an intriguing sight, and finally sat at an arm's length from me, her legs spread wide, revealing dark, lacey undies and stockings with overly user friendly strap clips. “That must be so uncomfortable, to have such a boner inside such skimpy shorts,” she said in a low, hypnotic voice, and placed a slender hand with lilac fingernails on the bulge on my shorts, pretending briefly to adjust her boobs. “Oh, and there it is,” she cooed as my penis finally sprung out of my right soccer short leg, pointing directly at her. “That's OK,” she said, “you know you can relax around here. Just let him hang out a little. I like looking at them, you know.” Something seemed to arouse her interest. She took it in her cool, soft hands and inspected it closely. “Hey,” she said, “did you have that wobbly, partial circumcision cleaned up that you used to have? And recently, too, am I right? The head is still so purple and shiny. I remember the last handjob I did for you so well, and it was like... sausage roll! Typical, German, half-clipped dick, and that short, thick skin roll would roll forward... and roll backward... like a sock. Awfully easy to get you off with that, I have to say. Flop, flop, boom, every time!” And she laughed. “But now look at that: Damn, that is one tight circ.” She tried to pull the skin forward, starting at the base. “Wow,” she said, “that's not a Turkish *sünnet* job; we wouldn't do them that tight. And here's a mean-looking, dark ring around your shaft... like when they hang people. This was one of those clamp jobs, wasn't it? Look at all that inner foreskin, stretched back tight, so far... I'm sure you haven't even figured out how to jerk off yet, have you? Impossible to reach the glans with the skin now. Poor thing, can I do something nice for it? I have some very nice massage oil, from Mersin.”

She knew exactly how to do something nice for it. I nearly ejaculated my own brains out from one of her famous oil handjobs on her bed, and then we found a way to put the guest bed together, where she found ways beyond handjobs to express her gratitude.

Aren't good neighbours a nice thing.