

**The 22-year-old kinky surprise 01**  
(A 52-year-old man meets a 22-year-old mirage and she push boundaries)

Everyone mentioned or written sexually about in the story is 18 years old or older.

IMPORTANT!

This story is EXTREME in many ways! Scat / Unclean / Fetish / Anal

And features perverted kinky fetishes – where the girl decides

DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

\* \* \* \* \*

I don't like going to the gym, running, cycling...swimming's fine, but think it can be kind of chaotic in swimming pools, and also difficult with the times for the public. At a lake with very few people is the best, only since I like younger girls and it's hard to hide that sometimes...makes it best to stay away from public swimming areas with too much people.

So, I've forced myself to go for walks...walking around here and there. Find forest areas and walkways where there's just the right amount of people. Very few that is.

I am an odd 52-year-old old man, who in addition to liking young girls, also pick rubbish after others, eat veggie-stuff and shops certified organic groceries. Think a lot about nature and animals and bring empty plastic bags to pick up stuff in, when I'm out for walks...also doggy poo bags. Though I think people sometimes is very deserving of stepping into a really big pile of dog shit, but pick it up too...sometimes.

Too much information and not the least sexy, I know...but it leads up to the good parts, starting now.

One of my walk and pick-up paths I found led me rather close to a house, a really nice and big house. I kept my distance to what looked community-like, although the paths there were not at all as used and easy to follow as many other paths. There was a place near the house where there often was a larger pile of dog poo.

Sometimes I thought jealously, served them just right the people who lived in the big fancy house...I could even put the dog poo well inside their lot and lawn, but it was just thoughts...never something I actually did.

The usual walks and picks went on, often passing the rich in the big house.

One day, as I walked past the house, I saw a younger girl in her 20's walking towards me.

She was so hot and so sexy...like a 20-year-old Britney Spears or Taylor Swift.

And she seemed to be wearing a shorter raincoat and rubber-boots, just that...nothing else, it looked like, and she looked right at me.

She looked firmly and kept her eyes on me for a long time...made me weak in my knees and insecure.

I'd walked varying times before, alternating days...but after I met *her* that day, I stuck to the times I thought we could bump into each other.

Man was I thinking about her and wishing she was doing dirty weird things to me.

Lonely perverted old man wanted to be sexually abused and pushed to the limits by hot young girl.

What a dream come true that would be...

Then one day, when a few more days had passed, and I didn't know if I was going to see my beautiful mirage again, I heard something creaking a little on the side of the path...actually, in one of the places I picked up...

...and there she was!

There was my dream...squatting, and pooping. It wasn't dog poo; it was a beautiful 20-year-old girl's poop I picked up several times. And here she was sitting right in front of me, her gaze locked in my eyes while squeezing out a fresh dog p...fresh poop.

Why did she do that, and almost right in front of me?

With her eyes still locked in mine, she got up...walked towards me...near, so I could smell her. She smelled so fresh and clean, and at the same time oozing sweat and pee. When she moved this close to me, I smelled poop and also scent from a really unwashed pussy. Jeez, when was the last time she washed down there...and all over for that matter?

I was hooked instantly...have never felt; never smelled something similar before, and certainly not from such a perfect being. I was inside, like I guess male dogs become when they're sexually active. You know when they jam their nose in yummy holes of all female dogs. Sniffing, licking and happily humping everything in sight.

She looked me in the eyes, and said firmly to me, "Lie down!"

My only thought was, this I have to obey...and obey without delay. I found an uncomfortable but will-do place, just to make it go fast...and as soon as I was stretched out flat, she crawled up on me, almost like a predator controlling its prey.

She got down to my waist. And since I was wearing lame sweatpants...almost like gray pajama fuckpants, it was child's play to pull them down. And she did, down below the knees they went. She reviewed my limp, not very impressive dick, which is of normal length and size, when erect...but in the woods laying awkwardly...it's a crumpled little dot, and impresses zero people, not me...and certainly not my dream girl.

Her gaze left the disappointment and looked into my eyes.

– Are you afraid? You don't have to be. Not as long as you do what I say.

I've watched and followed you for a while now, and I'm pretty sure you're exactly what I want.

If you can be a dirty toy, pretty much without limits...then you're the one I'm looking for.

And if you're the one I'm looking for...then I promise you...you'll never want to go back to your old life again. Never!

– But we'll see how today plays out first...

...it's not an easy task to get inside these doors over there and have your wildest fantasies fulfilled.

Inside the doors is one thing, staying is another...and having second and third dates...a whole different thing that includes getting this god-like fantasy to like you. At least tolerate you...

– And to do that, I need you to fuck me. I have *a lot of* desires lined up to be fulfilled and number one is to get fucked...which is kind of hard to do with that misery.

– So, let's go, get your cock fucking hard, because you're going to fuck my greasy ass.  
.....mmm, I guessed more would be needed, well, here's a treat for you.

And while she was digging with one hand in her pocket, she took the other one on my cheeks and squeezed my mouth open.

I knew before she got them out in the open that it was her panties...

...her very very well-used panties. They didn't smell, they reeked pussy and pee!

She moved and set us face-to-face, making me inhale that freshly washed summer meadow scent again...she turned me upside down. Completely!

I think my reaction to her smells was noted, but she just centered herself and readied to spit in my mouth. I wanted her, now...so I raised my head to kiss her, and taste her spit immediately.

– No, my eager little horn-dog. There's a lot of that coming up later, but one thing at a time now.

Then she dropped a string of spit, which didn't land fast enough in my mouth. So, she spat it in...and just as I swallowed it and tried again to touch her lips, must get more, she took her stinking panties and pressed them hard against my nose and mouth.

I felt it turn in my stomach and I thought I was going to throw up...but just repeated gagging and swallowing...to keep it down.

– Mmmm, there are a lot of new smells and tasty flavors you must get used to.

You're allowed to adjust, but I have short patience, and almost never give second chances.

So whether you think I smell wonderful or nauseating, you're going to endure it and learn to love it. And if you puke...then you hold it in your mouth, and swallow back again...swallow back and learn to love the vile.

Her words felt so excitingly right. Even though it was disgustingly wrong, I wanted to do everything with and for her, and not just that it felt like the right way to go...it calmed me down too.

...and now that I had those stinky panties in my mouth and covering my nose...

– Buut...look at that. The handsome horny old man is starting to like my stench.

And damn, it was stiff now. The dick was so hard it hurt.

So her smooth rubbing fingers around the shaft felt so good, and when she straddled and sat the tip to her incredibly sexy ass...pushed down hard, and just like that had me all the way inside her tight butt...it was unbelievable.

I... I came...squirted and pumped into her so I was cramping...

...almost hurt so hard and tense I came in her.

She showed no emotion...and didn't say anything while she was moving up on my stomach.

Took her panties off my face, wrapped them around the brown-colored cock...and jerked of most of the poop. Then she drew a 'cleaning-stroke' in her butt and spun the panties together.

Picked up a bag from the other pocket, which I saw contained similar panties I had just worn on my face.

She opened the bag to put down the panties she'd just wiped herself with, and it smelled in there. Oh, the other pair reeked as disgustingly as the ones I've had on my face. I guess even worse.

Then I got the bag pressed with force in my hand.

She didn't look at me at all, just dreamily out between the trees when she monotonously said, "Today was as expected. A little better, actually. And now you have study material for tomorrow. Tomorrow is step two, and then I will not tolerate any gagging."

– Step two is my baby sister...so brand new very challenging smells and flavors.

You have about twenty-three hours, so work on the panties you have, and I'll see you the same time tomorrow.

She leaned in...stretched out her tongue and licked my chin, cheek and up to my forehead...then she stood up, and walked away.