
Mossad - Deep Investigation

Contributed by nacho

That's right, hardcore porn from Israel. I guess they have porn in every country but, for some reason, I was thinking the Jews were...you know, different. It's not that they have a certain civilized grace, it's just that they seem to be pure minded and serious. That's probably because they're under siege. If the Jews listened to my plan and all moved to the US, they'd be much more relaxed and we'd learn all of their dark secrets. Like Mossad - Deep Investigation.

The Jews belong in the US because this is the only country that won't go nuts and kill them, even if we talk about it. We never carry through on all that talk...well, unless you're black. Or a woman. Or Catholic. Or Irish, Italian, Polish. Or a liberal.

Still, though. The Jews make money and they stuff it in their walls, which means the average American lynch-mob will hesitate when it comes to burning down their houses.

But I'm not here to make fun of the Jews. I'm here to talk about Jewish porn. It's my new fetish, but there's a bit of an argument going on. Many folks tell me that Jewish women give blowjobs like pros. Yet we know, as voiced by Kiefer Sutherland in Stand by Me, that Jewish girls do not suck cock. This is backed up by certain individuals in my family who have reasoned that Jews won't suck cock because it reminds them of sausage.

If you're sitting at a dinner table full of my extended family and you just said that, then you need to pause and wait expectantly for laughter. I can't quite do that here, but I'm sure you have the image in your mind.

The big question at the moment is -- does Hebrew ruin a sex scene? It's not a sexy language, in my opinion. English and French are great for porn. German is okay, because I have a vague grasp of the language. Enough to know that the girl just asked for the guy to stick both his fists into her ass, which is all the German anyone needs to know. Where is the train station? When does the bar close? Will you fist my ass?

I will confess that I never imagined Jewish girls for porn fiends. Given my tastes, I only hang out with fallen Catholics and pagan women because they're manic-depressive nymphomaniacs with severe social anxiety disorders. For some reason, I find women like that to be comforting companions. My uncle says it's because I have those same emotional problems but, you see, we come from an aristocratic family. I could be a homicidal maniac, and it would be passed off as charming eccentricity. That's what a few generations of real money (now mysteriously absent) buys you. Actually, it's not mysteriously absent. Someone stole it! But, that's okay, I'm sure my dad had a very good reason for destroying his family.

I can't blame him. If I were in his shoes and anywhere near my mother,

I'd have freaked out, too. But, you see, normal people get an apartment and continue on. They don't hold the equivalent of a bank robbery and vanish forever. Though, I'm sure, it was fun.

Now, what I want to talk about is the time a Jewish woman turned me down because I didn't share her religion. That's okay, except she turned me down during a moment that you and I might refer to as "the preparation stage."

I tried to explain that I was nothing, really. My family hasn't had an allegiance to religion or any god since 1925, because hedonistic greed and criminal terror is far more profitable. Of course, you can't curse in front of my grandmother. She won't explain why that is. My grandfather distrusts black people and women, but he blames that on "Baptist influence." He won't go into further detail, though.

As for me, growing up in modern America, I don't hate anyone except for the Soviets, so I'm open to sex with anyone and you can curse in front of me. I should repeat that -- I'm open to sex from anyone at anytime. Just in case you were thinking about something. I'm even thinking of going gay, just to improve my chances. After all, a blowjob is a blowjob, right? Of course, that may just be the Baptist influence talking.

So there we were, she and I, getting ready for the down and dirty. I was jiggling her lily, as you do, and she was trilling like a pheasant that had just discovered a mound of millet seeds. Her pale body writhed and convulsed as I slowly -

Look, I need to make sure that you all don't think I'm some sort of predatory monster. I know some people may infer that from what they read about me, but it's just not true. There are multiple women who'll vouch for me, too, but don't ask any of my ex girlfriends.

See, this girl wanted it. She and I had been manhandling each other for a month and, finally, she got that Cheshire grin, grabbed my cock and said that she needed some sexual healing or some such thing. With the lunatic leer of an Indian who's been in a Texas jail for too long, she led me by the balls to her room where she stripped naked before you could say "Good heavens, Miss Yakamoto, you're beautiful!"

Then, as women are greedy and narrow-minded, she made me work at getting her off without the slightest thought of my own needs. Don't get me wrong, it's fun for me. I enjoy it. But it's sort of like playing baseball without a ball if I don't get a return on the investment.

I did my duty and brought her to that little convulsion point that's somewhat exciting when viewed from the right position and she pushed me away, caught her breath a few minutes later, then told me that we had

to stop.

I figured, well, she's having a Good Girl moment. Easy to defend against. But she said we had to stop because I wasn't Jewish.

Not only did she wait till after I had given her a shout-out-loud orgasm, and ignored the beggars can't be choosers rule, but she pulled a discrimination card on me. Everyone's circumcised these days, right? It's not like there's any difference. Worse yet, she had dragged me far from my intended path. I had to take a taxi home, which is beneath me. She had also kept me up well past my bedtime. If I don't get at least 12 hours of sleep each night, I lose my youthful beauty and it takes weeks to get back into form.

Now, I don't mind being used for sex. If some girl wants to use me and abuse me, that's well and good in my book. In fact, if I get off properly and enjoy it within the standards I have set, I don't particularly care if she drives a screwdriver into my skull afterwards. I have low standards when it comes to physical gratification. Behavior like hers simply wasn't acceptable, and I let her know that I could be Jewish for a few hours. Of course, in the end, I was out of luck. I rode a taxi back into the suburban enclave I called home and spent a sleepless night thinking of sex and sin. This, of course, became part of the vicious ball of sexual misadventures that's been building in my gut for over a decade now and, someday, will lead to a total breakdown at which point I'll join a Baptist church and marry a prudish woman who cooks delicious German Chocolate cakes for small town bake sales. Shunned and bored by my wife, I'll develop a homosexual affair with the neighbor, a retired Air Force general who enjoys double fisting. I see it all...my doomed future.

Well, time for cake!