

The Golden Paint

A man and his wife sat at home. They had a small little house, with windows raised a half meter up from the street outside. The husband, looking at his wife, said to her:

"Ah, dear wife, you are so sweet, you're so beautiful. If your thing were golden, you'd be even more beautiful to me!"

"Well, husband, you're right, but the Lord didn't let us have golden ones."

"I will do it for you, wife, don't worry, I'll do it for you. I will make yours golden."

While they were having this conversation, a man was passing by along the street; he heard this conversation and he stopped by the window.

"Ah," he said to himself, "this is good. Gold will come here tomorrow morning." And the man went on his way.

In the morning, the husband went off to work, and the man came and knock-knock, he knocks on the door.

"What is it?"

"Are you Riste's wife, Rajna?"

"Yea, I am."

"Well then, your husband sent me to gild you."

"Oh my, he really is carrying out what we talked about yesterday, he's doing it!"

"Let's go."

"But what about the money?"

"That's an easy matter, dear woman. Your husband and I came to an agreement. It's an easy matter!"

"Fine, master, fine, what do you need?"

"I don't need anything. Get undressed, lie down on the bed, I'll come right away."

This master goes into the living room and sips brandy and wine until his dick gets hard.

Then he goes into the bedroom and looks at this fine woman all naked in front of him.

"OK, master?"

"OK," he said, "right away."

He takes her and gives it to her once, and again, and again, until his soul is satisfied.

Finally, he takes out some paint, stirs it up a bit, you understand, and begins to paint her with the brush. He finishes painting her with gold paint and props her legs up with a post. And he says to her:

"Don't move until your husband comes this evening!"

"But, master, we discussed having our daughter gilded, too."

"Oh, that's even better! Come on, let your daughter come to me."

He put her down on the bed, and took his pleasure. With the brush, he gilded her with gold paint as well. And her propped her legs up, too.

"What will it cost, sir, what will it cost?"

"We made a deal for two liras. But you can give me whatever you think is fair."

"Oh, no! I don't want to shame my husband. He is a smart man, he did what he promised, he found a craftsman, and I should break the deal! No way! Here, sir, take two and a half liras.

When the husband comes home in the evening he sees his wife and daughter with their legs propped up. It was a sight to see.

"What the heck is this, you mother fuckers?"

"Listen to him! Didn't you send us a craftsman to guild our things?"

“What are you talking about, send you a craftsman?! May there never be a house with windows facing the road. You can’t have a decent conversation! You did a fine job, wife! Congratulations! Now it really is gilded!”