

## Story of N (2)

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-Can't... can't hold... shhhh.... she's too good...

I protested, gritting my teeth and sinking my short-cut nails deep into Ali's trapezius. He shook, raising before my eyes the large display of the digital watch. He was timing how long I could take the hand job from the cute street girl he had hired for me as private waitress in a speciality brothel downtown. We three were knelt on the emperor bed of Hilton's suite 20-12, naked from waist down. I faced Ali, with my hands locked behind his bulging neck. On my right the masseur girl, one hand sank between my thighs and the other reaching from behind, smiled as her tricks made me shudder. 'No way, kid -said Ali severely- if you want to be a pro your sex must be invulnerable; this must be just tickles for you'. Yet the minute, muscled fingers of the girl worked my pussy pitilessly, switching front and rear grips, locating each nerve bundle with innate talent and squeezing with no sign of mercy. She was paid to make me drip, and she knew about it. My nipples could dig on concrete, I was over the top. Ali scratched the back of my head.

-You like it?

....like mad.

-Want it to last?

-ab-so-lute-ly.

I shut my eyes so hard a fat warm droplet run down my cheek and lashed on Ali's rocky shoulder. I felt street girl's middle finger scan the ceiling of my nether throat, flick over and reach my pleasure's vital spot. Her native face pulled a naughty grin, aware her smashing move was more than I could chew.

-No! Not yet- spits in my face Ali, so sincerely angry he scares me. Cocking his head and reassuming his caresses on my hair roots he spoke tenderly again. I want you to take it till her fingers ache. Tell her you're not done yet, tell her you want more. You *need* more.

I bite my little finger down to the bone. Cutie had me on the verge and her skills were a prodigy, but there was something still stronger. My wish to prove Ali I could stand whatever he wanted me to do. I turned my face to Cutie, and pouching my lips whispered her.

-Go on, *mi amor*, you won't stop yet, will ya?

Defeated, street girl jumped down the mattress and coiled herself in whimpers on a corner of the suite. Panting, I entwined my fingers behind Ali's neck, knackered, but filled with pride. He dropped the watch and encased my face within his large hands.

-You're the best, kid.

Now, after ten thousand plus sex battles, I reckon I'm the most depraved and efficient love maker in the whole history of the human kind. But it was Ali, many years ago,

when I had barely reached age of consent, who initiated me in that domination game, who turned me into the sweetest man eater, showed me the beast I carried inside. At his Hilton suit *La Reina* Nuria was born. The sex addiction drained my veins. When you fuck someone to tears, make them scream till their nails scratch the flesh out your shoulder blades, then a pecking order is indelibly stamped linking that pair of souls, and no matter how big, how wise, how old, how smart they are, no matter age, race, sex or size, they shall belong to me, lick my feet, kiss my ass. They are forever mine. Jumping down Ali's bed I hunted the wild street creature, cornered her against the padded linoleum of the suite and grinded her dark pussy with mine till I made her pass away, and then back to Ali's arms to receive my most merited reward.

Six days later we travelled to Maracaibo for my Captain Alice sex-fighting premier. Even if you avoid rush hours and are lucky with the motorway jams, Maracaibo is about six hours drive from Caracas, but Ali insisted to rent a car and not to go by plane. He was also adamant in bringing his laptop and PDA, and a thick bunch of printouts from the Petro-Braz files. He drove all the way through, with just short stops when I begged I needed to piss. I read him the e-mails and typed the reply, was her faked secretary on the phone, bought 10% of a maritime society in Guyana and brought civil suit against the environmentalist gang which blocked the arrival of one of Ali's cargos. He instructed me about liability jurisdiction in navigation issues, and I learnt by heart the names, addresses, marital status, wife's hobbies, sexual orientation, religious inclinations and any possible obscure affaires related to the 12 judges of the court which was about to rule the case. I fed Ali whilst he steered with roasted ham sandwiches, seeping *añejo* rum straight from the bottle, a half of the bottle each. When the road went bendy I sat on his thighs and he let me the wheel. He took the chance to slip his hands under the shirt and grab my tits. I placed his claws back on the wheel, tied his shaft with a cotton napkin and jerked the tip till his balls were about to burst. By the time we glided downhill to the foamy coastline the files were spread all over the cabin and his crotch was a mess. I wiped him with the skirts of my shirt and my thoughts returned to Captain Alice.



I had been scheduled against an Orinoco youngster under the stage name of Amanda, the Jaguar girl, advertised as savagely pretty, but who was also unknown in the club. We arrived just 20 min ahead of the event. The dungeon was packed full with stinky sailors and noisy dock men who circled around a couple of fully naked middle age buxom ladies who screamed and scissored one another straight on the filthy ground, in the space where a few tables have been cleared out.

The air didn't carry oxygen and the smoke was so thick that I started pouring painful teardrops. A crew member led us to the smelly lockers, and as soon as a couple of bouncers dragged the defeated lady out of sight and paid the stunned winner her purse, I found myself held on to an *añejo* bottle in the middle of a circle of all-male

punters, with my eyes locked to the emerald seas of the so-called Amanda, the Jaguar girl; an extremely young, chocolate skinned native who, touched just with the black headband, grabbed her own, protruding hip bones, her petite but athletic bare chest puffed up with pride. She was sponsored by the dubious local businessman Ali had contacted ten seconds after I had said yes. She had been recruited from the forest inlands of Orinoco.

In the lockers Ali had unbuttoned my shirt and slapped my face till my legs managed to carry my weight. He had put a white headband around my straw-scented layered mane and affectionately kissed my aching eyelids. 'Go out there and show those motherfuckers who the best girl is.' She was ferocious and committed, and while we fingered each other's clit she expelled such a repertoire of high pitched moans I doubted she could speak.

We were both complete beginners so the battle was long, pitched and genuine. I remember Ali biting the sidepiece of his Armani shades, and shouting 'Hold on! Hold on!' By the minute I got the petite *jaguaresse* on the verge, her jaws foamed but she was able to cope with my nail job. Next minute her sharp, feline fingers reached the exact spot and I felt about to burst, but miraculously, I managed to hold back, and the ref, squatted to inspect my sex, pointed up his thumb raising sheer delirium from my punters, and our pinching battle went on and on. Touching with my white headband her sweat-drenched black one I shut my eyes and fixed my mind on Ali, how madly I desired him and how proud he would be if I defeated the rain forest jaguar cub for him.

Her sobs woke me up in time to see a large teardrop running down her cheekbone, and then I felt something warm squirting hard on my palm. Totally exhausted, the jungle girl sank her face on my chest and only my embrace prevented her to fall limp on the filthy planks of the stage. I had made her cum at last. Eventually, my pussy proved to be the toughest one. I had won.

She did speak, and inside Ali's car explained she had been fired since she had lost. We spent my pot in daiquiris and brought her back to Caracas with us. Ali pulled through the motorway guided by the dim light of dawn. Installed on the rear sit, coiled in my arms, we shared Shakira's pump ups and hip shakes, one earphone each. My spare T-shirt wrapped loose her minute brown body like a nightie. As the shadows of the giant trees verging the motorway scared our car, intoxicated by the rum, and using my left breast as a pillow, she felt asleep. Sheltering her in my arms, I felt her deep breathing caressing the sensitive skin of my neck. I had beaten her in a best woman war, so she'd be mine for many years to come.

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