

Nuria in Asia 5

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I had never seen Ali a half as angry as the night I lost the Iron Pussy title to So Savoeun, the 50 year old superwhore, in Shanghai. In fact I had never seen Ali angry. In our three years of marriage he had been mildly disappointed due to my laziness to learn Arabian, seriously concerned about his business failures in Brasilia, or deeply upset each time I spoke to mum for one hour with his phone card, but that night in the Iron Pussy his face was that of a total stranger to me. He was furious, and his fury aimed plainly against ME. Only a mosquito-brained spoiled girl, he argued, could be so stupid to ruin the chance to be the first sex fighter on Earth to unify endurance and skill titles. He meant the power-cuming Asian crown I had conquered under the fake name of Nuria Chen in Bangkok and the Iron Pussy first-to-cum title defence la Chen had just lost in Shanghai to Savoeun because I'd refused to stick to the rules. He shouted at my face, blushed, spitting saliva, till I turned back and walked to the lockers on my own. No more limos, valets nor pussy-hair stylists to the deposed champion Nuria Chen. A low-end rented car was waiting in the back door. He drove back to the hotel in silence. Next morning our flight to Osaka was scheduled at 6 a.m., which gave us barely 4 hours sleep. Up in the suite I went straight to bed and he stayed awake late checking his mail. When he thought I was asleep he played once again the 'Lioness Den' video where Saomi belly-fucked a guy senseless using just her deep navel, with her hands tied on her back. Saomi herself had sent it to him with an intimate dedication. I heard the zip and the chuic-chuic from his dick's fur. He used one of my silk shirts to muffle the spurt. When he came to bed I welcomed him with a chilling glance. He sighed and turned back under the sheets. Still looking at the other side of the room I talked aloud. 'I'll fight that cheap Indonesian slut and cook her alive in her own sauce for you, if that's what you want. Or, if you prefer, I'll take you're Japanese fat arse into a belly punching contest, if she dares. That make you happier?'. He didn't reply.



The baby face of my Taiwan doll formed in my mind. Her dark-emerald eyes, larger than the vault of heaven in a summer night, protected me with her friendly grin. I recalled the slightly cross-eyed face she pulled to get rid of the healthy bangs of her short hair brushing her forehead, the spontaneous joy that prompted her to pull up her T-shirt and let me see her perfectly developed chest, never touched by a brassiere. We engaged a comparison round. I own a world-class body line, but recognised the delicate China-clay perfection of the rosy buttons that crowned her snow white tits was unbeatable. We chatted about classic Greek sculpture, and eastern dancing, and travelling, and beauty. And then her long, elegant fingers invaded me, infiltrating the most sensitive depths of my soul till my body was all liquid inside. I moaned on purpose, to make sure Ali could hear.

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We had come to Osaka for two reasons: a meeting with the Executive Manager of the second largest oil industry in the country and, equally important, shopping in the herbs market in search for some seeds Saomi had told Ali she used to make up the scented cream she used in her 'Lioness Den' belly job. Ali had told me Saomi was not in the country, since her sponsors were taking her to an anal sex endurance contest in India. I trust him. At least I saw the roaster in internet and Toyota Tornado was registered in. And that fits well to that fat bottom of hers.

But there was another event coming up in Japan with even more interest to me. The all-Japan scholar powercum championship that Taiwan doll's young brother, Toru, should be attending. I had tried to persuade Ali to bring me further north to Yamamiko, where, according to a brief note posted in the Iron Pussy's web site, the scholar championship was to be held, but he refused. To please Ali, I accepted to masturbate in front of him, something I didn't like but he adored, but it only made him more suspicious. I fried my clit with electric devices, and impaled myself with humungous mare-size dildos, and inserted my own fist up to the womb. A regular watcher would have died from heart stroke. Any porno producer would have granted me for life, but he didn't yield. Stubborn -and horny- like a mule. So I conformed myself with a room with a computer, wideband with unlimited download credit and a daily replenished fridge.

I tried ringing the Bangkok's hotel where dolly have stayed, and I did reach them at my fifth attempt, but they didn't reveal information of the clients. I requested the director and using my best persuasion got a street address. That was all. I involved mum in the hunting, but she seemed determined to describe in detail her progress in bed with her new lover, the female body-builder, and didn't want to know anything about Tai Pei street maps. I burned my eye lashes searching the web and eventually came across a Malaysian web-cam site who promised to cover the event.

The championship spanned two days. On day one they run the elimination rounds, quarters and semis, and day two was reserved to the grand finale. In the first section of day one all the contestants facing the crowd jerked at once on stage, and those who couldn't cope with the rhythm of a buzz that sounded punctually every 4 minutes time were eliminated. A couple of judges in the black & white stripes and latex gloves tapped the shoulder of the losers who inevitably broke down in tears.

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After a long struggle with the navigator auto-translator, a 3 inch slow-refreshing window opened in the top of the computer screen. The narration was dubbed in English life by an unskilled Eastern commentator, but the original soundtrack was far louder and there was no way to turn it off. The place was dark and the camera angles frequently overflowed with too proximate close-ups of what probably was blurred skin from uninteresting body parts. Yet introductions proceeded and a densely populated flock of kids in sportswear with the official school badges packed on stage. Needles to say, I couldn't tell who Toru was. The fully committed boys undressed from waist down and started a thorough and uncompromising warm-up. I stuck my nose in the screen in a supreme and unsuccessful effort to recognise the doll's features in the strained faces, but the boys looked all the same. When only eight contestants remained a horn announced a break. The boys joined their female masseurs and male advisers for a well merited refreshing time out. Since the lettering was in Japanese and the names pronounced by the native speaker were all unrecognisable to me, I didn't have a clue whether Toru had made it to the finals or not.

In the second section the boys competed in one-on-one round robin fashion, eliminating the rival when one of them quitted or trawled two cums behind. The first quarter final matched the slimmest and the fattest boys. The skinny one, touched with a head band with the samurai flag, pumped himself like a horny monkey, and screamed at each climax, fully committed, probably too much. The fat one played more conservative, and cut away at first spurt as soon as the ref acknowledged the point. He scored first, and his skinny rival punctually arrived behind, noisy as a flock of buffalos. At 5 each the fat one decided he had had enough, pulled up his trousers and

left. The second quarter final matched two identical kids. They were so determined but so even I thought they both would juice themselves to dead on stage, which that mad audience would probably very much appreciate. After 8 incredibly abundant skirts per capita the ref called a break, and both teams clutched together to brief. Two skinny but immensely endowed Western girls were called up stage to get their micro-T-shirts wet and slant their gigantic jugs in front of the kids. Hostilities resumed and somehow the boy's muscular hands managed to extract two more climaxes each, but then they sighed synchronously and quitted at the same time. One of the massively chested but otherwise all bones crew girls jumped on stage and cracked her finger joints, ready to serve both boys at once for a decider. But the twins had resigned. 'Sadly, looks like a double withdrawal', announced the translator. And the skinny girl with the borne-to-smother wet T-shirt prompted a painful Ooooooh from the crowd.

The third quarter final matched a pale boy with soft, nearly feminine features, against a more sinewy and sturdy bully with the largest prick of the contest. That was the most one-sided match since the delicate guy managed to spit twice in record time before the other guy's prick could even reach the top of its magnificent form. The last quarterfinal matched who obviously was the local contestant against a silent kid with coal-black undercut hair. The local took the lead with two quickies, but had trouble to get a third one, was overtaken by the stranger 4 to 3, and eliminated for the deception of most -except the punters- when the silent kid, who worked himself with a curious inverted grip with the thumb closer to his balls, managed to cum by fifth time in that section.

I called reception to order food. 'Nuria Chen, room 269, a no-pickle veg meal, pork rinds and banana shake please'. I wasn't really hungry, but needed something to tame my nerves. My tits were so swollen they ached. Was Toru the samurai boy? Or the petite, girlish-faced one? I took off my top, grabbed the suffering breasts and squeezed till the flesh oozed between my fingers. If I opened my mouth my heart might jump out. I imagined Doll and her mum watching a hopefully clearer screen. Or had mum spent her savings to fly to the event? In that case Doll would be on her own, as much nervous as myself, probably also suffering from oozing tits.

I scrolled the contact list in my cellular, didn't find what I looked and dialled Ali's.

-Mmmm?

-Ali, do you have the number of the Taiwanese lady who outperformed you at drinking Saki in Bangkok?

-You mean doll's mum?

-Right

-...why?

-You got it or not?

-Listen kid, I'm driving in heavy traffic. Easy, then. Mmmm... I don't think so.

-Too bad- she cut.

The door was knocked and I yanked it open, still angry with Ali's lack of concern. Immediately I realized the Japanese callboy was not used to see exposed world-class breasts that close, and cupped them with my hands, which rendered me unable to help him bringing in the meal. I chin-pointed at the foot of the bed, where I had dropped my purse. He panicked, and retreated walking backwards, ass first, muttering 'enough reward Ma'm, enough reward'.

The first semi paired up speechless kid against the skinny samurai. Some recorded footage was inserted during the break. Only then I recognised the red and blue Taiwan national flag, and with some effort, a name that sounded not far from Toru. So, he had made it. The silent

foreigner was Doll's brother. The kid her mum had put in a Japanese boarding school in order to be entitled to compete in the championship.

Despite the previous sessions, the junior samurai's potency seemed virtually intact. He jerked as feverishly as in the beginning and celebrated every explosion in his noisy fashion. He took the lead and kept spitting ahead, but Toru was consistently hot on his heels. While his rival fisted out full power, Toru used alternating techniques, switching grip styles. In his 4th cum of the session, which summed up a fantastic overall of 12 for the whole day, the samurai yelled louder than usual. His prick tumbled down and, despite the brutal efforts, refused to go on. Toru didn't blink. For Nuria's delight he squeezed a fourth and then a fifth climax out of his weapon. The samurai kid was counted out, but he refused to quit, pumping his own minced meat to pulp, till the crew pushed him downstage. Only then Toru broke his concentration and received the ovation with a couple of discrete head nods. A crew girl, the one with the slightly less gigantic tits, had picked the champion dick from its skin and gave it a victorious lift.

In the other semi the delicate boy with the delicate, almost girlish features faced the only contestant from the draw match who had the guts to go on. Again there was no choice. The lethal quarter final had taken a heavy toll. He managed to produce two courageous spurts but then quit, whilst the slender boy squirted like a hose. Just then the window in my computer staled and the signal went off. I taped every key on the board but the image was stuck. I logged off and on, restarted the computer, punched the PC. No connection anymore.

I dialled Ali's cellular again. Engaged. Called almost right again. 'Your correspondent is not available, please leave a message after... '

Nuria hit the hanging lamp with the cellular and dived on bed.

In my dreams, my delicious Taiwanese doll tugs at my hand cutting through the flock of local kids that offer her cheap services to the tourists. Ok, ok, we'll take a guide, but just one. I shout and tell dolly my plans. She translates to them something like. We'll hire the one boy who could force my friend to spill her juices using his hand. To my surprise, not a single kid deserts the army rows. Even more, they spread the call and new wannabees gather around. I reach under the miniskirt and pull down my briefs, laying on my back and spreading my knees apart to give the pretenders full access at will. A dozen tiny, frisky hands invade my orifices, while new volunteers wrestle their way into the inner circle. Dolly makes a good police job, granting no other parts of my body are allowed and expelling the hands that adventure up my chest. Even the most naive ones readily locate my nerve bundles and twist them like pro nymph hunters One of them, with copper pupils and a shadow of prepuberous dawn on his upper lip has pinched my most profound soft spot, and he knows it. The boy offers me a brazen smile. 'Can me kiss you?' he hisses through the gap in his frontal teeth 'I bet you'll squirt off if I kiss you right now'. He's crouched to be able to stick his hand up to the wrist inside me, and my heavy breathing makes the bangs on his forehead swirl. 'I can take you for ten hours, young gentleman, you won't make me cum', I lie, wishing he wouldn't be so loyal and break the rules by sealing my lips with his adolescent mouth. But a stupid pox-faced skinny boy had pushed my Adonis away and stabs my slit like the bad guy in a low-cost horror film. To my credit, I take the boys long enough to crack their junior determination and they fail to make me wet, so Dolly and I we get rid of them and hand in hand continue our stroll...

Nuria wakes up, rolls on the belly and leans her chin on the back of her hand, giving the idea a second thought. Suddenly making up her mind, she sprung up and rushed to the cupboard, picked Ali's backpack and fished from the inner pocket the envelop were he kept hidden the cash, pulled one big note back and took the rest. A thick, filthy, stinky, fat roll.