

Story of N

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You can call me Nuria. That's the fake name my husband Ali used to register me in a sex prize fight in Maracaibo, my very first time. I'm the only child of a Colombian launderette maid who had an affair with a wealthy foreign client. The Lord was generous and blessed her unexpected creature with a world-class body and a strangely captivating soul. And Lord knows I didn't spoil His gift, rather I made a living on it, turned it into my working tool. I'd like to personally show Him my gratitude where I do best, on bed. Considering He is all-powerful and I'm pretty tough under the sheets would be stiff competition, a sodding balanced event. I grew up in the sunny streets of Cartagena, helping mom in all sorts of doubtful deals she managed to make with the local entrepreneurs that flourished along the Caribbean coast.

I work since I have conscience to recall things. Mom pushed me to do it. Selling soft drinks in the beach, modelling for children fashion and hiring my services as a tourist guide at the gates of the main street hotels... anything you get paid for. It was so easy for me and I didn't understand why.

I met Ali, my husband, serving in the cocktail-bar at the Caracas Hilton Terrace, where an exclusive outdoors swim-suit pass had been organised for Eastern guests. Since mom's franchise supplies services for the most luxurious resorts of the Caribbean, she knew about it and slipped me in. They set up a stage at one side of the pool and cleared a restricted area at the other side. On the back the standard clients packed up behind a security-men line, whistle-cheering and peeping through binoculars. A runway connected the stage to the artificial island in the middle of the pool. The sponsors had recruited renowned top bodies from Europe, and I day-dreamed about myself cat walking for the sheiks, clad in sexy outfits. My fantastic shapes would stretch the fabric testing its limits each time my tender feet stump the stage. Earth stops spinning, the jet-addicted oil tycoons suddenly have no relevant subject to discuss, and they turn up their goatees, ready to kill for the right to share the breeze that brushed that teenager's golden skin.

'Lady? Do you hear me?' The male voice burst the bubble around me; I don't stroll down the runway anymore. Actually I'm dressing a quite retro blouse with the Hotel chain logo embroidered on the shoulder, and hold a round silver tray under my armpit. I seek the origin of the voice and my eyes pick a muscular bare-chested grown man sharing a front table with a bunch of cloaked Arabians playing 'pussy races'. They have one little bikini-girl each riding on their knees and their black hairy fingers slid underneath the bottom piece. 'Two more *mojitos*, please'. Only when I reach the counter and inhale the acid from the smashed limas I manage to go on breathing. 'Extra rum in this one, Charlie, please'. But when I rush back with the drinks Mr Hunk

has dived on the blossoming cleavage of his riding girl. His hands are busy so it's she who takes both glasses, seeps from one and another in turns, and holds them steady without pouring out a single drop, which is miraculous considering the thorough treatment he's applying to her. 'Err... are you happy with the drinks, Sir'. He rises from her chest and we make eye contact. The bikini-girl moans and spills 30 dollars of alcohol on her shaking thighs. The others curse in Arabian and dispatch the girls with a friendly slap shaking hands with the lucky winner. The girls take the big notes and giggle good bye, except the one sitting on Mr Hunk, who burps like a fish still holding the half empty glasses on the air.

On the runway an awesome living female-masterpiece clad in a golden one-piece with virtually nothing on the back chews the strap with her ass-cheeks at each stride. She's a lingerie-model from Sweden world-wide famous for her all-natural round shapes. The giant columns of speakers vomit their street-fighting burps, but the girl's body is so imposing that it adsorbs all the noise and you could hear the sound of her barefoot balls squashed on the catwalk, echoed by the creeping from the circle of torches beside the pool. Unfortunately some bone bags replace her under the floodlights, and the sheiks resume their dull arguments about current affaires.

I drop my tray and peep through the folding screens that border the backstage. 'Hey, you! a champagne bottle for dressing room 3, hurry up'. Charlie puts a Moet Chandom inside a metal bucket and shovels crushed ice to the rim; adds a two feet tall pyramid of glasses and rushes me away. In dressing room 3 the Swedish girl in the golden one-piece stands still while one middle-age lady spreads make-up powder on her inner thighs, another climbed on top of a stall pumps up her mane wit a long needle, and a third one scraps the minuscule attire from her skin, throws it away and replaces it with an even skimpier outfit. The girl's abundant forms fight back the strips, and she has to work hard to keep all the strings in place. 'Open the bottle, dear', the busty model squawks at me without moving her head. I scrap the foil away, unwire the bottle and strangle the cork inside my fist.

'Can I help you?' I can recognise the virile musk that soaks my lungs. I turn back and pull the cork out slowly, baffling the burp with a firm grip. He nods appreciative of my hand strength and takes the bottle from me to fill the pyramid in cascade. I deliver the champagne glasses. The model girl empties two of them before disappearing heading the stage, with all her assistants trawling behind. Mr Hairy Barechest glances at me as I gather the empty glasses on my tray. I back pedal and manoeuvre with my tinkling burden as a trailer truck. I take the empty glasses on the tray and wait for him to finish the last drop. I can hear his gulp. When I pass by he produces his magnetic card and drops it on my tray. 'Hang on' he stops me cold. He picks from the floor the golden swimsuit the model left behind and stretches it out using his fingers. It is so minuscule he can hide it inside his fist. He makes a ball with the golden fabric and leaves it on my tray. 'Suite 20-12' he whispers, and his voice trembles like that of a timid child.

I beg Charlie to cover my retreat, run into the lockers and get rid of the uniform. As soon as I slid into the one-piece swimsuit, still warm from the intimate contact with the Swedish buxom, my skin falls in love with the golden strings. The smooth fabric tickles my unshaved mount, parts my juicy breasts tight and disappear on the rear, crushed by my tender buttocks. I sneak through the service gate, slid Mr Hunk's magnetic card inside the reader and access the main building via the glass cabin lift straight to his suite. I knock the door. My heart pumps so wild I think my tits jolt at each beat. The

door creaks open and he appears wearing just a pair of jeans. Perhaps his baggage with all his shirts got lost in the airport. Speechless, he cuts my way back to the corridor with his broad chest, bows as though I was a Roman imperator, and grabs my wrist, dragging me inside.

Pushing the door close with his heel, he squeezed me against the wall with his imposing, musky chest, beat me after a fierce tongue-wrestling bout and made me scream just grabbing my muscular buttocks and pulling them apart. Furious like a trapped jaguar cub, I hooked my legs around his hips, caged his steaming monster with my belly and grinded around till his fluids burned my silky loin. Our first zeal spent, we rubbed slowly one onto another as though we sought to merge into a single flesh pack. The suite had a football-pitch size bed but, to my surprise, rather than bringing me there to take rest, what I expected from a male after such a discharge, we crouched on the Persian carpet face to face, he took my wrist and placed my fingers around his volcano-hot, vanadium-hard male-hood. I squeezed to test how stiff he really was cracking a smile of sheer proud. The moment had come to test the divine gift I had receiver at birth at full stretch. I pushed on his chest to get him lying face up and got a ride.

I impaled myself just with the first third of his prick, feeling the burning head drive its way inside my honey pot. I felt he was huge, but didn't want to seem inexperienced, so I wrestled back my nerves and dedicatedly glided up and down that glistening pole, in the position I'll later knew was called Andromache. Leaning forward, which took a moan from his throat, I bite his earlobes. Propped on his elbows he sought my face and kissed my eyelids in reward each time my tight lower body hoisted an extra inch. When the crests of our hip-bones clashed I smiled in triumph. By the sparkle in his pupils I realised not many grown women had managed to handle his entire male-hood. He got up to sit face to face, gently grasped my hands and placed them on his muscular buttocks, inviting me to set the pace.

Moving both just from waist down, we jostled eyes locked, all his containment gone after my tour de force. By then I wasn't aware I was screwing a world-class stud, but I did perceive he was testing me and was determined to pass with high marks. As the battle raged on and I didn't yield, swallowing, chewing and spitting his formidable size, his dark eyes clouded with sheer concern. Was that tender young lady going to make her spit without climaxing herself? Not acceptable for his macho pride. He probed, stabbed, hammered, and pounded my innards with every blow from his repertoire. He couldn't believe I could hold back that long, he was delivering enough thrust power to make a female dinosaur faint. What he didn't know was that I didn't cum because I had been cuming all along non-stop since our bellies had melt in touch. So when he released a throaty moan and his pressurised juices foamed down my thighs I simply passed away in his arms.

We remained clasped to each other, our heartbeats pounding across our melted chests in tune, until we gathered enough strength to talk. 'My name is Ali Mustapha Rushdie, my pleasure to meet you Miss'. 'The pleasure is mine. Can we have a deeper knowledge Mr Mustapha?' And so we did, countless times. You can say I was naïve by the time, but now, after having screwed over 10,000 big-cocked guys all over the world, clean and rough, gentle and brutal, smart and dumb, still no one could delete his imprint. That's why I married him, love in the purest state.

When I woke up the midday light blurred into the suite, tickling our skin. I was still lying on the Persian carpet buried under his inert bulky humanity. I was late for the lunch opening, Charlie would kill me. I reached under his knees and armpits, carried him across the suite and gently dropped him limp on the unused, full sized bed. Didn't I mention? I'm far stronger than an average girl.

But, excuse me, I'm digressing. What I wanted to tell now is that initiation, my very first time competing in front of a live audience in a tough-pussy contest; two girls face to face on stage, fingering each other, committed to make the other one cum first. I was leaving in wonderland: Ali's suite at Caracas Hilton. He had popped up by the cocktail bar next day by lunch and paid Charlie a generous compensation to license me. No more early get up to do the dishes, no more waiting late at night for the last drunkards to retreat, only one hour calls to Colombia every second day to reassure mom that all was going fine. Fine indeed. In the morning we screwed till one of us conceded, which took long, long time to achieve. Then we ordered room service, roast beef or spare ribs or French-reminiscent fish recipes, loaded fruit juices and mountains of ice-cream for me. After the feast I loved to take a nap across Ali's curly haired chest, breathing his strong cinnamon scent and letting his fingers plough the roots of my layered mane. I phone chatted with mom for ages, occasionally setting the speaker aloud to let Ali hear when mom's affection overflowed out of control. Or rather we discussed my aspirations, using a funny melange of my basic English and his broken Spanish, heavily spiked with rude words that didn't fit his polished manners of high standing businessman. He had an important upcoming meeting in Brasilia, but I managed to delay his travel over and over. Rather my left hand did. He claimed Salome, her first wife – yes, Ali had two adorable wives in Libya and a dozen lovers everywhere, including the Swedish model he was dating the night we met – Salome according to Ali was the most skilled hand-job performer around the globe. So we started timing with his 6,000 dollar watch how long he could take me. I earned the right to another opportunity if I managed to cut down my personal best by ten seconds, which I consistently achieved at each run. After the hand-job contest we had a shower together and were ready for an evening stroll.

It was in the botanic garden, under the perfumed shelter of a colossal Wisteria, where he first mentioned the Captain Alice, a Maracaibo's club named after a fearsome female buccaneer, and the sort of private events they occasionally hosted in special late-night shows. I confessed I got no experience with girls but wouldn't mind to have a try. He was delighted. Grabbed my chin and sealed my lips. He said I was a natural born sex fighter, a prodigiously gifted athlete on bed, and he would manage me to the top. It sounded so simple I couldn't conceive how come it was not on tv yet, instead of those boring ball kicking games. Two girls straddled their legs face to face, all naked except for white and black headbands that identified them to the punters. A stage referee dressed in the classical stripped outfit enforced the very few rules of the contest: knees always spread apart and the one pussy dripping first was out. Ali didn't need to insist, inside the glass lift, in our way up to his 20th floor suite Ali pulled out his cellular, rejected yet another call from the Swedish top model, and rang a dubious local businessman who regularly supplied the Captain Alice with fighting girls. The tough pussy contest was already running and he had registered me in, under the fake name of Nuria, for next week's main event. Next day I had my pubis shaved and a coiled capital N tattooed where my silky fuzz used to be. I had my pussy daily tanned with integral sun baths on the terrace, heavily oiled with scented ointments by a hired private waitress, and pitilessly creamed by Ali's athletic fingers. Sex fighter Nuria had borne and was here to stay.

-You think I'll win?

Ali sipped his drink absent minded. Sure, kid- he echoed, and stood up from his deckchair to offer me his towel, since I hadn't brought any. After our evening stroll he frequently requested the manager to open the pool for us, so we could take a swim under the stars before going to bed.

-You're not paying attention to me. What's on?

-It's only this Brazilian gang, they don't stop e-mailing me for the meeting. Other offers pour down, so they say.

I was damp and the night was chilly. Holding my breasts I run for the towel. Rather than wrapping my shoulders, he gently brushed my face, chest and belly with an end of the cotton tissue, watching the patches of my skin he made dry as a sculptor watches the torso he's carving from the stone.

I reached his buttocks with one hand and secured a firm grip.

-You wanna go? I can wait you here. Or go back to Cartagena with mom and wait for you down there.

He evaded my eyes, handled me the towel and made a dive inside the warm pool.

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