

Nuria attends the Power-cum contest in Bangkok

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When our train arrived to Bangkok, we decided to explore the old part of the city. Our obvious look of tourists, with my wavy blonde mane and Ali's expensive shades, attracted all kind of beggars, whores, and kids delivering publicity leaflets, half Thai half English, of dinning places and girls clubs.



Ali squeezed my arm stopping our walk. 'Have a look.' An old-fashion xero copied stained paper handled by one of the street boys announced in bold letters: 'All-Asian Women-Pride Annual Contest'.

Below most was undecipherable Thai characters sprinkled with English headings such as 'wild events', 'fantastic purses', or 'seeking Asia's toughest female'. The entrance fee was twice the average monthly salary for a Thai. What looked like a tiny calendar had some dates marked in bold numbers. The first one, mysteriously tagged as "Power-cum", was scheduled just in two days time.

Back in our pension, Ali faced the ever bowing landlord, a wax faced male of undetermined but in any case advanced age, while I stayed one step behind, doing my best to keep the minute mini-dress stretched down enough to hide my electric-white slip, a task my stunning thighs made rather complicate. Ali at his turn, struggling to be understood, waved the filthy xerocopy to the local man, pointing with his forefinger at the hieroglyphics scribbled on it. The old man, reluctant to translate the embarrassing contents of the leaflet to Ali, kept one eye on my hip line while his head rebounded up and down. It was a sort of endurance masturbation championship. The toughest contestants from all Asia were expected to attend, and a fabulous purse was offered to the only survivor. 'I want my wife to take part in that contest,' bluntly said Ali to the increasingly nervous gentleman. An evil smile grew across his Arabian mug. 'Do you think she qualifies?' The landlord drove his stare off my hips, climbing up my chest. Our eyes met and the filthy piece of paper slipped off his shaking grip. Pouching my upper lip, I shrugged my shoulders, which made my slip show up again under my mini-dress. I thought he was going to drop dead behind the counter. Ali snatched the leaflet from the rice-eater's shaky hands. The argument had taken his nerves. He grabbed my wrist and dragged me upstairs to our den.

Next morning he rang the airline to delay the return to Shanghai, with an unbelievable extra cost that he didn't dispute, and dialled the telephone number in the leaflet to register in the infamous 'Power-cum' showdown me, under the fake of Nuria Chen, native to... Taiwan. Very little explanation was given in very broken English, redirecting us to an internet address. Since our den didn't have www access, we spent six hours in a cyber-cafe for American tourists which charged per minute fares. I sat in his thighs to watch some snaps of last year's event. After dodging tons of popping windows we more or less managed to get a glimpse of what "power-cumming" was about, and it became clear that our hyperactive sex life should take a 48h break.

Asian rules for masturbation contests considered a climax as valid only if the girl was able to ejaculate, something reserved for a small elite of real tough sex athletes. So looked like I had to save my pleasure juices and keep my pussy out of Ali's reach for a while. Since we didn't trust ourselves, set the mattress on the floor and left Ali the bed frame with two towels on top of the springs. The day after, when I woke up, Ali was standing on his tiptoes, grunting and jerking off into the filthy sink of our self-contained Bangkok's nest.

The old-man's sister clips my mane in a tight knot, draws on me slanted eye-lines with her cheap make up, and I borrow some Easter looking cloths from her wardrobe. Nuria Chen is ready for some lower belly action. When we reach the address in the leaflet our wax-faced old pal bows even deeper than usual to me and fades. In front of us stands a detached three-store giant hut, half in ruins, with the main gate locked by a rusty grid with a bulky chain, and no signs of life from outside. No traces of the "Power-cum" masturbation championship whatsoever. Deceived, we are about to make a U-turn when Ali spots a long queue stemming from the back door of the construction and winding away a narrow smelly alley. 'Chen, Nulia?' We are challenged by a staff member, and he instructs me to leave the queue, hit straight into the lockers through the VIP entrance, get undress, and join the contestants in the contest pit. Ali isn't allowed in the main arena, but upstairs in the smoking lounge there is closed-circuit tv and a nice assortment of narcotic products. Before he started his classical complain, I kissed him bye bye and headed the lockers with my backpack on.

The arena was a vast, sultry, empty room with sitting space against the four stained walls for a single row of first-class spectators raised 1 m above the padded floor of the contest pit. The bulk of the audience, including Ali, would follow the event from the upper floor's lounge through cc TV. A mix of cat-food, seasoned urine and green-tea smell invaded my lungs. A huge, cracking fan spinning one turn per hour was the only device intended to fight the choking heat that bit your throat as soon as you took the first gasp of rotten air. A few oil lamps hanging from the ceiling spread a dim, creeping light. I understood right away why the quality of the images from last year's event we had downloaded from the web was so poor. I bitterly argued with the manager but he didn't let me wear my bra, so I enter the arena cupping my breasts with both hands. In the single line of first class VIP spectators I suddenly recognise the waxy mug of our landlord. Excited, he waves to me and I wave back, and to do so I have to let him show one of my porcelain tits. We were about two dozen women of all sizes and conditions, from insolent teenagers to grown ladies well in their fifties, tall and short, trimmed and hairy, hefty and slim, all fully naked except for facial make up and a sticker we were instructed to fix to our outer thigh. The sticker displays a number and the country's flag. Some contestants had already begun rubbing their hairy crotches, others walked in circles, gasping with their eyes closed, as karate fighters seeking for courage. I realised from the different skin tans that those women came from different countries, but not surprisingly, I, baptised for the occasion Nuria Chen, was the only non-Asian looking of the troupe, and the target of most comments in many languages, all unknown to me.

Through a rattling mike we were prompted to make a circle around the head-shaved lad who was in charge of the event. He explained the rules. I recognised he was trying to speak English but didn't get much of his speech. While he talked, a bunch of assistants with the official "Power-cum" T-shirts started furnishing every one of us with a plastic bowl slightly larger than those they use to eat rice, and setting electronic scales with a plate designed to fit the bowl. On a corner there was a large blackboard with our numbers arranged in the first row of a table whose heading went from 0 to 4 h time in 10 minutes steps. Members of the club crew flew around zooming their video cameras on our skin. We were instructed to squat placing the bowls between our thighs, and a bell rang.

I spat on my fingers and spread the saliva along my inner lips. Some contestants had already started stabbing themselves like maniacs, their faces furrowed with strain. Others drove her fingertips through the most intricate and delicate hidden-places of their anatomies, their eyelids relaxed as though they were about to fall asleep. Some have carried devices, which had been

inspected at the entrance, and the non-vibrating ones allowed in. I warmly caressed my lower belly, trying the preliminaries to make love to myself, but the wax-mug chap fixed stare totally blocked me. In front of me one of the oldest women, with white rice powder on her face, rubbed her pleasure spots with a natural elegance that made her different to the rest. She didn't match there. What would that lady be doing in a masturbation contest? Somehow, watching her harmonious uninhibited moves relaxed me.

Before the 60 seconds mark an athletic teenager with incipient tit-buds and hip-long braids inaugurated the event. Showing her large upper teeth she glanced at her own pleasure-fluids pouring on the plastic bowl. She didn't stop her rubbing, rather speeded it up. A couple more contestants cummed on their bowls and my own sex, pinched in the right places, was starting to get moist, whilst the elder woman was still stretching and inspiring, and exhaling and making her elegant breath-control stuff.

On my left, an absent-minded middle-age Indian woman with large breasts crowned by chocolate aureoles pushed very slowly a huge latex dildo up her pussy using both hands. She wore golden bracelets and the typical dot painted in between her thick eyebrows. Eyes closed, she inserted half an inch of the monster, froze, applied a rotation and screwed it another half inch further in.



Two places further right there is a youthful beauty, arguably the prettiest girl on the arena and the only body capable to turn as many heads as mine. Her sticker has the same flag as mine. She has already withdrawn the hood of her clit with two long fingers, and helps herself with the middle finger of her other hand. Every time she reaches her target her perfect body recoils with a shudder like a big lacy kitten. With both our bodies vibrating by the pre-cum pulses, our eyes meet and she friendly smiles. Almost instantly we cum on our bowls. The intense look disturbed me so much I nearly spill the last drops of cum out of the bowl. When our pussies stopped spitting, which happened in perfect synchrony, she flushed and broke the stare lock.

In front of me a bulky Indonesian with her nipples pierced by golden rings, three each, was grunting like a wild board. She had most of her hand buried inside her own dribbling pussy, whose long lips hanged loose, studded by diamond-like stones. Her fluids were so abundant they run across her wrist and forearm, and she was busy catching every drop inside the bowl. The kids wearing the club T-shirts run like rabbits from the scales to the blackboard writing down the readings. After the first 10 min, having cum only twice, I was in a modest 10th place, and after 20 min I'm placed 12th. Only then I realized the worse contestant at each time round was ruled out. The judges tapped their shoulders and the dismissed girls headed the lockers in tears. I recalled my match against Salome in the Cheetahs' garden, and daydreamed a handicapped rematch in which Ali aligned himself along his old favourite both against me. Since Ali knew every inch of my body by heart and I could work them using just one hand each, they made me wet first, but I immediately got them both. The three of us were cuming at once and according to the rules the winner is then the one standing the longest. I drain Salome with my left but Ali's hyperpowerful prick trapped on my right fist keeps squirting past the 90 secs mark. We kiss and faint and only later the chief eunuch grabs my wrist to acknowledge my pussy has outlasted Ali's hose. Ali claims the eunuch is an arsewhole with a secret crush for me, and challenges me to a rematch. Down on the arena, that's enough to add two fingers of cum to my bowl, and now after the first hour I'm leading the pack behind the far ahead long-braid girl. When the camera travelled past me I looked up and blow a kiss, hoping Ali would be watching her girl squeezing her love juices for him.

Approaching the two hours limit the bulky Indonesian is given a call from the judges. She stands last, and if she can't overtake the grown lady with the white face she'll be out. Some of

the dismissed women had dressed up and returned to the arena to cheer up their favourite mates. The braid girl seems from another league. She regularly climaxes every 2 min and her orgasms are nearly one minute long. Only lately she allows a short break for some finger-stretching and back to job. I place second and gadget-woman from India was hot on my heels. The pretty Taiwanese girl, cheered by who might be her elder sister or young mother, is doing well in sixth place. She puts up with my pace but her ejaculation is not as much abundant as mine. At one minute to go the Indonesian delivers a piercing scream and a monster ejaculation on her bowl and overtakes the veteran lady. I'm worried about her, but she doesn't rush. Squats on her bowl with one finger inserted in her anus and her other hand seizing her large but firm breast and cums as easily as though she were peeing on her WC at home. One judge taps the Indonesian's broad back and the big mama collapses and cries like a little baby. She's out.

Something similar happens for the next four elimination rounds. The mysterious elder fighter squeezes her juices apparently with no effort just on time to stay in the race. Ahead, in contrast, some changes are happening. The braid girl, who has nearly a half of her bowl filled with cum, seems dried up. She sits on the floor and embraces her legs. Apparently she can't go on. The Indian woman is also tiring up. She uses the monster dildo as a plunger to pump cum out of her throat, but her late climaxes are shorter and drier and, according to her facial expression, extremely painful.

The heat from the exerting female powerhouses adds to the unbearable Bangkok's muggy weather. I guess it must be 40 degrees Celsius in there. We cook ourselves in our own juices, but this is woman pride test. The female athletes endure the sultry atmosphere, but some contestants are disqualified because they drop sweat on their bowls. A long distance runner has emerged as a new star. I hadn't spotted her before because she's placed at the other end of the room and only now that most competitors have been ruled out my sight field is clear. She is an unattractive, chubby, mature, Japanese woman with small, sagging tits, who competes with her thick spectacles on. She has a lengthy routine that involves some slapping and arm-waving movements similar to those of Sumo wrestlers. After a couple of minutes of that, she engages in fist fucking herself and she proves to be a real deep throat. She uses the knuckles of her free hand to rattle her clit at the same time. Every time she cums she rolls her eyes behind the spectacles and pushes her protruding belly forth, squeezing till the last drop of fluids slips out from her vast innards.

She has caught up with me and we both approach neck to neck the braid girl. Her climaxes are fewer but far more abundant than mine. Absorbed in my contest with the chubby Japanese middle-age woman I suddenly realize my precious Taiwan doll will dispute the three and a half hours elimination to the Indian hurricane. Their readings are very similar, so they will set it in the last climax of the round. Both are exhausted. After a dozen plus ejaculations each, their bodies are drained, so it is a matter of will power. The toughest one will prevail. I surprise myself cheering the Taiwan belle. 'Go sweetie, squeeze it, you're more woman than she is'. Sticking to his 3 finger technique, sweetie explodes like a volcano, quivering and moaning, but nothing comes out. The Indian's hips jerk out like an earthquake just two seconds later, and again no juices appear. In a cunning move, she sticks the 12 inch dildo out of her boiled cunt, which requires the full strength of both her muscular arms, and collects the remaining cum from the dildo, flicking it on her bowl. The last figure of the scale moves on. My sweetie is out.

An unexpected buzzer thunders, as the last four contestants remain: me, the spectacles Nipponese, the elegant white-face lady and the Indian fighter. Braid girl withdrew in tears, sinking her tender face into her trainer's sweatshirt. The judges stop the clock. The club kids invade the arena cleaning up stuff from eliminated contestants, offering ice tea and towels, collecting the filled bowls and providing us with new ones. Even for a fit sex athlete as me, the contest was resulting extremely demanding. Both my throats are burning. I order tea from the kids and a squeezing bottle to refresh my loins. Those Asians proved to be mighty forces of nature. In my quest to overtake the braid girl I had beaten my personal best, recorded in the Orchid chamber with Shazara, the Persian female masseur who trained me for numbers. Only here I was going for volume of cum, and each climax was twice longer than usual. The

continuous bursts were tolling my conditioned pussy that looked all bruised and inside out. Fortunately, my Indian and Nippon rivals sported battered sexes in an equally painful state. What worried me was the rice-powdered lady, who despite a shining lay of perspiration which made her powerful features glow in the dim light, seemed miraculously fresh, perhaps as a result of her Chi breath-control stuff.

Because of the eliminations, some space is left now in the room and a bunch of new spectators is allowed in. Under the dim light the bouncers lead them to their sits and collect their tickets. While wiping my inner thighs I recognize those 600 dollar Armani shades and blow Ali a kiss. He's so nervous he can't unclench his fists.

This was turned into a one-on-one elimination tournament. I am pitted against the Japanese and the white-faced veteran lady matches the Indian. The winners will face one another in the final. A two-plate brass, rusty balance is set in the centre. The contestants, knelt down at each end, must place their bowl on the plate and cum straight on the bowl. Since the scales arms are barely 30 cm long the contestants are so close they can feel the rival's breath.

The Indian and the Chinese step over each plate and sunk on their knees face to face. There's no contest. The Indian uses every accessory of her monster dildo, the ridges, the rough rings, the rubber nails, the clit and anus hooks. Yet just a few scarce drops tap on her bowl. The Chinese lady just watches her rival, expressionless, almost bored, and when she fancies entwines her large fingers as though building a complicate shadow-theatre figure and puts her pussy into a sophisticated two-hand grip which squeezes her clit saving her two little fingers for the anus ring. Within seconds her lower body is quivering and two minutes later she's skirting her bowl so hard some cum splats out on the floor. The Indian had enough. With the dildo deep stuck she sinks back on her elbows and verbally concedes.

'I give.'

The judges call me to face the Nippon bespectacled powerhouse. The watchers stir up. This is the matching everybody wanted to see. The young, cute Western-looking blonde with the body of Miss World only with natural boobs, against the 160 pd chubby lady in her forties that permanently wears thick spectacles as her only cloth. I place myself straddling the scales plate first, pry my oozing, swollen lips open and stick two fingers of my other hand just on the right spot. She performs her sumo ritual slapping her meaty cheeks and ponderous thighs, puffing as a weight lifter facing a personal best attempt, and eventually takes her place. We rub our battered pussies like vicious apes. I cum first. My tits jolt and my belly quivers. My clit grip hurts like hell but I hold it till the pain clouds my vision field and I'm about to collapse. The two semis are narrated live by the lad in charge through an echoing mike, so I learn my rival's name is Saomi but she's often referred to with the nickname of Toyota Tornado. Her short puffy fingers brutally stab her slit over and over till, announced by a pitched moan, the geyser explodes.



Saomi and I would get close friends after that first match, and would compete with unpredictable outcome in all sort of physical tests, always keeping a warm friendship and sportswomenhood. Her story is worth telling. With very modest roots, she worked as a janitor, cleaning overnight the Toyota factory, till she competed and easily won a sex tournament organized for the directives of the firm, beating manager director's lover in the final. The Japanese, with their single minded purpose, hired foreign masters and put her into a tight schedule of full-time sex training that scientifically enhanced her prodigious natural power, turning the mature poor-looking cleaner into a sex fighting beast.

Now Toyota sponsors her to attend the World Circuit, and she has been ranked among the top ten sex athletes ever since. Saomi always rested humble and loyal to her modest origins, and used her now millionaire income to support her old mother and relatives.

The scales swing and Saomi overtakes me. Later I would cum first and get ahead, but again she'd fight back and take the lead. For the next 40 min we repeat the same scheme, only my cums are getting less abundant and hers doesn't fail. At the 1 hour 15 minutes mark of the extra time my last climax is unable to lift her plate, and her explosion is still to come. The scales wince, Saomi's plate is just a millimetre from the winning ground-touch. If she manages to cum again ahead of me I'm done. Ali nervously springs up from his sit and meets the convenor, speaking on his ear. They argue waving their arms and eventually the convenor nods. Ali walks to the corner where the Taiwanese cutie has installed herself to watch the finals, grabs her wrist and pulls her up. He talks in her ear and touches his pocket. The girl straddles the balance facing to me, caresses my cheek bone, grabs my neck and thoroughly French kisses me, raping my mouth with her graceful tongue. Saomi's concentration is broken, and under the mouth job from the pretty Taiwanese new fresh blood is pumped down my belly into my battered cunt. Cutie releases my mouth, and framing my face with her lean hands leads it to her ripe nipples. I tickle and gently bite them with my teeth, testing the hardness they achieve under my mouth work. As I suck her breasts her tongue trails the softness of my neck and her minute teeth trap my ear lobe. For her credit Tornado Saomi is catching up with us, her puffy fingers making a brutal but masterful job. We cum at once. My cutie squeezes my face in her hands and pierces me with her emerald eyes, her lips one inch apart from mine.

'Go Nuria, you can beat Saomi, you're tougher than her.'

The sound of my name in her blooming lips, pronounced in her sweet Eastern accent makes all my innards melt. Saomi can't bear it any longer, her spectacles clouded with sweat, and sinks on all four. Eyes wide open I keep cumming for my cutie, determined to prove her I'm the better woman and the toughest pussy on Earth. I keep cumming till my plate sinks and touches the ground. Only then I release my clit and hugs the Taiwanese doll tight, sinking my face in between her honey-suckle scenting breasts.

Ali's head lean on the wall. His jaws hang loose. Despite the shades I recognise that pose. He has wet his pants. Doll licks my face like the affectionate 120-pds kitten she actually is. The convenor and judges have met beside the blackboard, discussing in a closed circle how to proceed. Some watchers have booed my move, others joint Ali's self relief. Only the Chinese lady seems unimpressed by the scene. The main judge eventually detaches from the circle, takes my bowl and pours the content on top of the previous one, places it on a precision digital scale and announces a new overall record in the club. Then he switches to Thai and announces something that prompts major, yet split, support. My Taiwan doll translates for me.

'Nuria, you won. You will fight against Wan Lay for the title after a 30 min break.'

Reluctantly, staring one another intently, we undo our embrace.



For half an hour my Taiwanese doll rubs my shoulders, grabs my head and shakes it, kisses my forehead, slaps across my face, but I'm done and we both know it. Yet my husband, who quickly got my crush on the cutie, had one of those ideas that made him an oil industry tycoon at global scale; he managed to persuade the judges to let the sweetie act as my milkmaid. I'm allowed to turn my back to Wan Lay and face my doll. With her genuine innocence, she's willing to test the limits of my sexual endurance. The bell rings and Doll penetrates me, scrutinizing my pupils as her sensitive finger tips probe between the roots of my clit and my G-spot. I give her my best, but the titanic battle with Saomi has tolled me far more than Wan Lay's two minutes win on the exhausted Indian. So Wan Lay takes easily the lead, and only sweetie's magical strokes allows us to miraculously stay on the contest.

I'm totally drained. My head is dizzy. My pussy is a crimson bluish sagging mass of battered flesh, and my throat is drier than Sahara.

'Water, please, pleeeeeease... ' I beg

'No' allowed, no' allowed!' shouts the pit ref.

Doll stops fingering me and stands up, thrusting her pelvis against my face. I don't understand.

'Is sweet, taste,' she radiates with the sweetest smile.

Only then I realize, close my eyes and open my mouth wide. Her golden squirt foams clearing my throat. I gulp it all grabbing her arse-cheeks as anxiously as a shipwrecked holds to a floating raft. I feel his invigorating liquid honey pouring down my throat and filling my stomach tight. I tongue-catch the last drops tangled in her abundant, silky public hair. Almost instantly I feel my lower belly reborn and wishing to burst. She's back on my pussy, this time working me from behind. Her slender arms encircle my hips and her witty fingers reach my soft spots in anus, pussy and the sensitive ridge in between. Gritting my teeth like a fighting pitbull I cum, and cum, and cum.

'Gggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Nuriahhhh ishyyy the taffffeshhhhh.' I moan.

The Chinese lady, biting her coral-painted lips, spats on her plate of the scales. But now hers looks like the incipient climax of a young school-girl, and mine the real woman stuff. The scales swing. I turn the tide and keep splashing, my soft parts fantastically played by my doll. The pit ref squats to watch whether my plate touches ground. I need a couple more drops. Saomi and Ali are cheering me. 'Go Nuria, kick her ass!' Sweetie bites my nipple just in the right spot. My plate's burden beats Wan Lay's and touches ground. The ref taps the floor. I won!

I leap on Sweetie and we roll embraced on the floor, toppling down the scales and Wan Lay's stuff. Then I spring up and fist-pounding my chest face the audience and make them bow down. When I meet Wan Lay we shake hands and she bows at me. The mike rattles

'The winna' of the All-Asian Powel-cum championship and new all-time club recold... Nulia Chen!'

to be continued...