

Nuria in Asia (4)

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When the Bangkok's club where I had been crowned Asian's toughest pussy shut, Ali, came to the table where I chatted with my cutie new friend from Taiwan to bring me back to our den. Visibly intoxicated with sake, he muttered.

'We better go now.'

My doll and I stood up face to face, joint by the entwined fingers of both hands, looking at each other in silence unable to find the farewell words. Her stare nourished me. She was tall for an Asian, nearly my height, and so sweet she could make a serial killer cry. 'Ciao', I tried, unable to take my eyes out of hers.

I circled Ali's waist, more to keep him steady than to lean on him, and his crocodile shoes echoed down the deserted alleys of old Bangkok, 4 a.m. I was fighting and losing to efface the undeletable imprint of my Taiwanese doll. Ali squeezed me and, reading my mind, mumbled. 'You know something? Saomi gave me her number and I set a date for tomorrow.'

As I didn't reply he went on.

'Awesome this Saomi mare. You know she can make a guy cum using just her belly? Tornado's Special... Lioness Den is also called. She uses in competition... can you believe it?'

I sighed. I had beaten the chubby veteran at her favourite game, and still Ali seemed absorbed with the king-size Japanese meat ball. Perhaps he was just luring me to challenge Saomi to a private rematch for his eyes only.

'Your cutie's mum was there also. We had a sake drinking contest... man, pound per pound the toughest booze hover I ever met!'

Still attached to his waist I raised my eyes to Ali. Even clouded by the alcohol, I still recognised the sort of voice he resorted to when kidding me.

'So?'

'So she gave me such a nice impression... an elegant lady who remains graceful after pouring a dose of sake a grown man just can't endure... I got HER phone number too.'

I grew anxious and prodded his ribs

'And?'

'While she knocked the booze she discussed high cuisine with Saomi. They got on well both.'

'And?'

Ali halted our staggering walk and gave me an intense stare. A spark of lucidity burnt on his coal black eyes.

'And she'll come tomorrow, and she's bringing YOUR cutie kitten, also.'

I head-butted his belly and reached his pack in his tight jeans.

'That's why I love you more than life, Mr. Mustafa'.

We rush into a wider avenue, stop a cab and handle the driver the address written in Thai characters. Despite my mythical appetite, the recent events had taken a hard toll. I use a blanket intended as back sit headrest and doze with my ear resting on Ali's chest. He scratches the roots of my hair.

'My wife la Chen is Asia's toughest chick, I'm a lucky guy'.

'Asia's only? You underestimate me'.

'Mmmm. These Easterns are light weights. Mid... semis the most. Would you outlast one of those 200 lb. Germanic Juggernauts?'

I slide down on his crotch, tilt my head across his shoulder and place his hand on my champion under the blanket.

'Go ahead. I bet you I can cum once more'.

At our destination Ali sets the bill, adds a generous tip for the mess, and carries me in his arms out of the taxi and through the pension's door. Our familiar wax figure stands behind the counter. I recognise he's awake because his fragile-as-papyrus jaw drops as Ali leaves me on the floor and fits my skimpy attire of Asian sex champion in place.

'*Congratulations Mrs Chen, fantastic performance!*' he spits nodding like a roly-poly toy.

I grab Ali's bulky neck and wink.

'Just hands, only one. To me means nothing and for him would be the shag of his lifetime.'

My husband shows his stallion teeth, kisses my forehead and awkwardly crawls upstairs. He's so understanding... Underneath that pile of muscles he's got a golden heart. I circle the counter and take the limp, icy hand. The greenish wax turns purplish. I give him my candid smile.

'Aren't you let me in, macho man?'

Next morning, as promised, Saomi arrives on time with a rented car to pick us for a lightning visit to Bangkok, a city the Toyota-sponsored sex fighter knows from previous tournaments. The chubby woman has put some makeup and a fresh hair-do. The eyes under the thick spectacles seemed retouched and her mood was supreme. Ali ended yesterday night arguing with Saomi about natural vs chemical aphrodisiacs, and the former janitor wants to show him some power greens. We head the Spice Market, which Saomi, a dedicated cook, wanted to visit. She's a safe driver and manages to dodge all the different kinds of vehicles that come out of the blue from all directions. Despite the thrill of imminent collision, I feel floating and half sleeping. Can't take Doll out of my mind.

In the contest aftermath Ali had spent a half of the purse treating the attendants to the most expensive liquors at the club's bar. Although Nuria Chen -that's ME- had just been declared Asian's most sexually potent female, my new status didn't impress Ali as much as Saomi's belly tricks, so I'd dragged my doll to a discrete table and chat about our secret loves and ambitions. Gulping Asian beer neck to neck we quickly felt as old school pales, pawing each other and trading confessions unknown for our closest friends. I knew her mother, a country peasant, had married her boss and moved to Tai Pei, but divorced as a result of continuous infidelities, and chose to raise her and her little brother on her own, back in a rural community where sex within the family wasn't taboo. She knew I had discovered my own body and its fabulous performance with Ali, and he was to me the beginning and the end. I knew she had dropped

her boyfriend, who disapproved her sex practices, and felt somewhat lost and lonesome despite her mom's support. She knew the orgasm she had given me by gnawing my nipple, when apparently nothing was left inside me, was probably the most intense I had experienced in my life. I knew she had been daydreaming with me throughout the whole contest and only that allowed her to pass the three hours mark, her personal best.

Saomi pulled around a vast fenced park at the other side of which laid the Spice Market, at that time crowded like an ant's nest. The car now floated in a sea of colourful peasants carrying all kinds of merchandise, reaching hardly 1 mph, so we decided to walk. The locals didn't recognise the name of the shop where we ought to meet with the Taiwanese, so we spent the next half an hour witnessing how poor was Saomi's Thai, still much better than the local English. To make things worse Ali's cellular had run out of battery, and Saomi seemed to ignore the concept of international prefix. Next day we had our return to Shanghai very early in the morning, so chances to meet Doll again flew. Ali reckoned our friends would have left the bar, after such a long delay, and with Saomi's approval decided to enjoy the market, hoping to encounter the Taiwanese somewhere by chance.

Saomi guided Ali through the shops, explaining all the fruits and vegetables we came across, and the recipes she cooked with each of them. Ali simulated interest, but tended to push conversation towards Saomi's prowess, and requested details about her belly technique that the Japanese woman refused to deliver, pinching Ali's cheek, covering her mouth with a robust hand when she laughed. I insist we should seek the Taiwanese, but they ignore me.

When they ran hungry we hit a teahouse and we sat around a table in a private cubicle on the top storey. Saomi grabs the menu and points with her pinkie at a particular local blend we should try. She persuades Ali but I refuse and order a coke.

'You should drink this tea; otherwise never get a belly like Saomi's to perform the Lioness Den.'

'Shut, not funny.'

'Tell her, would you?' he says reaching the soft flesh of the Japanese's thick arms.

Saomi flinches and shrugs a shy grin. The waitress is back with their teas, a pot of cream, scrums, and bad news about my coke. It's good she doesn't speak any English because she catches Saomi with her shirt pulled off, massaging her chubby belly and explaining how the lioness den is all about suction power, and how only big-headed heavy weights fill her navel tight enough –and as she proceeds with her explanation hooks her navel with two fingers of each hand and stretches it out till it can host a human fist. If you add some saliva –and she now slurps and hit the navel pond with a warm foamy blast- the delicate navel skin shrinks and sticks to the dick's head so intimately you don't need your hand anymore. And she demonstrates swaying her female abdomen back and forth. I catch Ali drooling more abundantly than Saomi. The waitress has to insist they ran out of soft drink or any other western beverages and challenges me with her endemically cross-eyed stare. 'I want nothing.' I must repeat it four times. To my disgust, Ali is now describing far too emphatically how I can use my long and flexible toes. He insinuates her belly can't match my foot job, but Saomi doesn't bite the lure and denies with her bespectacled round face. He can't help taking furtive glances at her generous tommy, protruding on her tight T-shirt.

'You think Nuria could do it?'

Saomi keeps covering her mouth with the hand that the scones leave free, and shaking her round shoulders in a fit of laugh.

'Show her your navel, shuga' would you?'

I rather let my middle finger on display. Ali insisted I should learn from Saomi how to use my belly, as another step in my unstoppable career, and prompted us to pull up our T-shirts for a belly comparison round. He has the bad taste to argue I wouldn't have defeated the big fat Japanese without him lobbying the judges to let Doll milk me. I'm tempted to beat it but eventually accept to do the belly thing if they managed to ring the Taiwanese. Saomi brought her phone from her pocket and fumbled with her puffy fingers on the keys. Useless. I recorded the number in my mind and, when the waitress came with a second order of scones, wrenched the cellular from her hands and run downstairs, out the teashop, elbowing my way across the crowd.

Lost in the market, I searched for a peaceful corner and tried to dial again, only to find out that Saomi's phone had a Japanese password to unlock the display. I sat on the filthy road-stones and broke in tears. Then, in the distance, just slightly recognizable above the market roar, I heard a female voice calling my name.



'Nuriaaaa, Nuriaaaa'

My heart pumped. I could recognise that accent among trillions. The call was fading away. I was ready to shout, but... I had never asked her name!

'Heeereeee, Heeereeee'.

I ran after the fading calls, knocking off peasants with brutal shoulder blocks. A minute later, gasping, red-flushed, I was hugging my sweetie, crushing her indomitable breasts under the sheer white blouse, her hazelnut eyes wet like the sea.

Dragging me by the hand she led me to a fairground she had discovered during her pursuit. She wanted to ride every attraction, try every shutting place. We devoured fried chicken with tomato noodles, three packets each, and run back to the roller coaster. I got sick and plucked the chicken, and my sweetie held my forehead and wiped my lips with the skirts of her blouse. I ate two more packets of chicken and we shared a sugar-coated fruit that tainted our lips in brown. By dusk we walked back to the market, hand in hand, along the riverside.

When we returned, the market had disappeared, and the ground formerly occupied by the modest dismountable shops was now a litter landfill. The sun insisted to float over the delta, and everything was amber or pink.

'Mmm, Ali's probably back to our pension. No rush. Have a last drink?'

In front of two huge ice cokes we laughed when I described how, since I didn't want to seem inexpert to him, I had trouble to hide my astonishment the first time I was confronted to Ali's ten incher. He'd pulled down his pants and the colossus avidly pointed at me. I had to hold

back a sigh, doubting between an appreciative remark or faking that was within my standards. I spat on the tip and fist-spread the saliva along the shaft pretending that was routine for me, which now seemed quite dubious and funny to us. When we recovered from our laughing fit she confessed her former boyfriend, a not particularly gifted guy, was her only full experience, since with all the other males, including her brother's training, she had just practised *tekoki*, the Japanese term for hand job. In turn I promised I'd ask Ali next time we met to fill that gap, and we roared with laughter again.

I felt curious about her little brother, whose name was Toru, close to our Spanish name for bull. She told how her family stuck to an old tradition from the island aboriginals, stifled by the imported moral nowadays, according to which the young mothers competed to speed up the maturation of their kids with daily sessions of stimulation since very tender age. 'My uncle had been the county's earliest, and my little brother beat him,' she said clenching a fist, with a spark of pride on her dark emeralds, 'jerking his jelly juice before he had finished sixth grade.' Now in eighth grade he already competed in the jerk off scholar championships against guys 3 years his senior, and, under mom's expert hands, he often kicked ass.

The last bars shut down and we strolled hand in hand. The dry breeze bruised her healthy short hair and made her white blouse, with an extra button undone, shake like a poplar leaf, letting furtive glimpses of the treasure underneath. I reached out and felt her body under the blouse, the tiny but muscular waist, the powerful rib box, the ripe full breasts. The buzz of Saomi's phone vibrating in my rear pocket stopped me cold. Only then I realised there were just 2 hours left for my departure flight, and all my baggage was somewhere downtown in a third class hotel whose name I didn't remember.

I took the call. It was Ali and this time he was sober and angry. I stopped a cab and gave Doll Saomi's cellular.

'Give it back with my excuses. Tell her I'll be growing my tommy waiting for that contest.'

She tilted her divine face and grinned. I cleared my throat.

'Will you ever visit us?'

She repeatedly nodded, as in an accelerated videotape.

'Otherwise I'll come here, well... to Taiwan, or wherever you wish... C'mon sweetie, you're a grown girl now, don't cry.'

'Go, you'll lose you're plane.'

I licked a large teardrop away her tight skin and slipped into the cab.

'Airport please' I commanded, avoiding on purpose to look back.

The silly smile of the driver didn't wince.

'Airport, airplanes, flight, vvvvvvooooooh, I mimicked spreading my arms, ready to strangle him next.'

'Aha, Fli', fli' he fumbled, and I prayed he had understood.

The taxi pulled into a knot of road connections which led us to a 3 lane motorway, and a traffic panel depicted the international sign of a taking-off airplane. I relaxed on the padded sit and recalled the scented chest of my doll rubbing my face as she fingered me in my final match against Wan Lay. Fresh blood rushed into my vulva and tickled under its swollen skin as in my mind Sweetie's never-ending fingers worked my loin as though I was being touched by very first time in my life. Only then I realized I still didn't know her name.

to be continued...