

Nuria vs So Savoeun

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The Iron Pussy staff provided us with scarce information about the challenger, and gave us a choice between two alternative dates. Since we had got over the Saomi's incident in Bangkok, and enjoying Asia madly, we chose the latest, and typed 'So Savoeun' in our favorite internet research engine. She was the owner of a Cambodian brothel regularly visited by the Phnom Penh elite and Government top officials. Although in 50, her full breasts still defied gravity and her intense sexual life kept her fit like an athlete. She had earned broad popularity in the South-East when she had celebrated her 40 birthday with an endurance contest against two 20 year old Filipina prostitutes representing the two main brothels of the islands. Two Emperor-size beds were set up, one for So Savoeun, and the other for the two Filipinas, and an army of HIV tested studs was recruited. The event was sponsored and filmed by a Japanese porno producer, and although the younger Filipinas worked in shifts they acknowledged defeat just seconds before dawn. The film ended with the poor Philippines exhausted, clutching one another in tears, while So Savoeun, standing on the mattress of her jizz-soaked bed with her legs wide open, fingered herself and roared like a lioness. Pretty impressive, but ten years had past, and first-to-cum was entirely another story. I was *La Reina* Sweet-Sweet Nuria, the Iron Pussy champion, now reborn as Nuria Chen, Asia's top cunt juicer, ready to retain my crown.

With the first-to-cum title defense ahead, my husband Ali put me under an intensive training schedule. I loved to compete with him to see who could hold the longest, but he claimed I should get used to Asian tactics so, from the contacts section of the local papers, he began hiring 24 prostitutes a day in shifts of 6 at once. To organize the training sessions in our room required a bit of persuasion with the reception manager from Ali, and especially that from his thick wallet. Eventually the Chinese *senoritas* were allowed through the back door as long as they wore according to the environment, which derived into an entertaining fancy-dress contest.

The 2-inch thick, Iranian carpet of our suite was set as the arena. Nude from waist down, but with my favorite T-shirt on, I sat on my heels, trapping my hands underneath my arse cheeks, and faced the teams of six professionals, all fully naked except for a number from 1 to 6, like runners in a nudist race. Ali, with 6 labeled watches hanging from his neck, allowed 10 min each to try their best to make me cum, hired again for the next session if they succeeded, or paid with the minimum fare and fired otherwise. My endurance saved Ali lots of money. The most enthusiastic candidates spent their ten minutes immediately, wrestling my tough pussy to no avail. The tacticians chose to give way to their colleagues as soon as their skilful fingers faced my tenacity, despite the risk to become last in the queue and lose the extra purse for the first blood. At the beginning I managed to eliminate one or two bitches before exploding. But I learn quickly, and once I had experienced their depraved Asian tricks, which were many and varied, I could often stand two or three turns of my team of private masseurs before my pussy yielded. When I eliminated a full set of six, Ali rewarded me as I deserved, and only then I took my T-shirt off. He had reserved my upper body untouched for himself. Only exceptionally Ali hired also some male assistant, to help him when I merited double trouble, and then I was sandwiched till cream oozed out of me from every orifice.

Since the best milkmaids, as Ali called them, were kept for the next round, I was especially motivated to endure the 10-min best shots from those few top milkmaids able to crack my almighty self control in their first attempt. Normally I achieved to defeat them in our second or, maximum, third clash. However, there were two exceptions, my pussy's most formidable rivals.

The first one was brought by the reception manager himself. Curious about our activities, he punctually interrogated Ali about my progress every morning, as soon as we hit the cafeteria for breakfast, and dribbled like a bulldog watching me devouring three trays of croissants. Since Ali complained I was kicking the bitches' ass easily, he produced a card from the inner pocket of his black suit and slipped it under Ali's napkin.



His recommendation resulted to be a superb upper-class lady from Singapore who part-time prostituted herself in high standing hotels just for pleasure. She parked her BMW at the main door and flung the keys to the bell boys who jumped like basketball players, aware of the substantial tip. Since she refused to wear the number, Ali negotiated to paint the number on her breasts, and insisted he must do it with his own hands. As yet another special privilege for her she was allowed to compete wearing driving gloves, with her long-nailed avid fingers poking through. She had nails sharper than a tigress and varnished them with a hardener till she was able to carve ten deep trenches in the crust of a seasoned pumpkin. And she did use those claws of hers in the roughest way, so after a few minutes my cunt was drenched in ecstasy and my eyes were watering in pain. To top it off she refused to take the purse every time she creamed me, claiming I was too easy.

The second top milkmaid was brought by the BMW lady herself but she was her antithesis in every trait. Her personal servant; a shy, fresh-looking, young peasant from Malaysia, with large upper teeth, and her abundant hair arranged in a hip-long plait. When she undressed, which she did with surprising willingness, her incipient tit-buds were like two red lotto petals floating in a still milk pond. When she was set in action time froze. That quiet charming girl had been born to please. She didn't rub, just made my clit vibrate, didn't pinch, simply pinned the right nerve and collected my intimate fluids in the palm of her other hand. Since those two so outclassed the local Thai whores, Ali dispensed with them and enjoyed the one-on-one battles those two engaged to find out who could make me burst the quicker, harder and longer.

The self control I developed enduring those battles was entirely of a new and superior nature. I did not struggle to hold my fluids, I fought for my life with the tenacity of a shipwrecked. You never know the strength fear can create. And in the hands of that couple of vicious sex busters I grew frightened indeed. Sometimes I had to strain and pant like a weight-lifter to suck air into my lungs because they seemed stuck together and unable to expand. Sometimes I had to prevent my heart from bursting like a paper bag. I had to stay alive. Some of the climaxes those two extracted from my guts were so massive, I collapsed like a cut-down Sequoia tree, and Ali had to call a break and stretch my arms in and out to bring my normal breathing back. But my prodigious body enhanced at awesome rate, absorbing everything those sex monsters could throw at it, and by the contest's eve I was training against the combined power of their four hands.

The tickets sold out in 30 minutes, and the Iron Pussy was packed with fans who wanted to see whether the blonde western brat who had earlier toppled down Shangai's sex fighting queen by surprise had been favored by a lucky strike or was really the force she had looked like in the match, and could defend her title against a seasoned, more experienced fighter. The match was agreed to three cums with no breaks except for a 1 minute breather between cums. A 2-h time limit was set. We would fight standing up, and two parallel lines painted on the ground would mark the minimum we should keep our feet apart all along the match. According to my new status of superstar, they sent a driver and an escort, an attractive black female bodybuilder, to

pick us from the hotel. The escort gave Ali access through the security check and led me to a section of the former lockers which now was my private dressing room. She introduced me a professional physiotherapist, a flamboyant hair stylist who normally worked for Hong Kong films, and a sort of pro-wrestling valet dressed with a silver suit straight over his muscled bare chest and a matching neck-lace encircling his monster bull neck. His hand hold, yet, when we exchanged our names, was tender.

'I'm Hugo, an honor to meet you.'

Hugo, the twin brother of our female escort, kindly took charge of my stuff and handed me a box wrapped in gift-paper, so small he could handle it with two fingers. I flushed, pecked his meaty cheek, nervously unwrapped the box and opened it slowly, as though the precious content could get spoiled by the exposure to light. It was a tiny piece of golden fabric carefully folded. I slip my hands inside, feeling the spandex-like texture and stretched it out. It was a golden riveted white mini tank-top, customized with an embroidered capital N on the front. I took off my blouse and reinforced bra, placed it all on his hands, and filled the spandex top with my chest. From Hugo's eyes I could see he approved the result. The masseur and stylist took care of my lower body. Their massages make up and hair-do turned my pussy into a prize winning, picture perfect, contest kitten. An ankle bracelet and golden ring around my left foot middle toe, the longest one, rounded up the rest of my outfit.



When Sweet-Sweet Nuria, la Chen, ME, the champion, was announced, So Savoeun was already waiting on stage. As we engaged in the preliminary stare down separated by the ref, I noticed how successfully her robust but feminine body had endured age. She wore high heels and black suspender belt and stockings; her round bony face was carefully made up, in sharp contrast with her exuberant, untrimmed pubic hair. Pearls shone everywhere, in her ear-rings, waist chain, bracelets and, especially, in a long necklace hanging loose from her muscled neck. The necklace was so long it constantly tangled in the winding bushes of her pubic jungle.

Contemplating the legendary brothel owner, So Savoeun, fully naked ten inches in front of me captivated me so much I didn't realize the warm-up girls were already working us thoroughly from behind. We both put up with their fine job without blinking, anxious for the real thing.

At the bell ring the Cambodian whore steps forth and traps me with her long pearl necklace, pulling me closer. I shiver when our nipples get in touch. Linked by the string of pearls around our necks, which denies any possible retreat, she pries my thighs open and takes an incredibly accurate double hold on my inner labia, pulling them apart with just the right strength to force my clit out of its hood. I get ready for her stroke but she doesn't touch it. Rather pulls at my lips with a vibrating staccato that sends tsunami waves of stimulation on my untouched pleasure spot. Just 20 seconds into the match, I hadn't even had time to grab her sex, and she already had me at the verge of orgasm. Grabbing her arse with both hands and squeezing as hard as I could feel my nipples engorge and ram into hers. Shrugging my nose I rattle.

'Oooooooooohhh, god, you're so good, bitch, this is going to be great great fun.'

My boasting didn't impress her. Without stopping the cunt lip vibrato, she detached her fore fingers from the hold to leave them free to tickle my organ, already engorged to bursting point. Seems she could finish me at any time but enjoyed making it last.

'Sure, pussy, you got a nice little kiddy prickie here. You knew I can already make happy my grandson?.'

With the smirking grin of a teenager across her round face, the fifty year speeded up her infernal frigging. Ali and Hugo were cheering me from first row and back stage respectively, urging me to attack her sex, but my hands were glued to her arse. They didn't know I was so horny a single wince from any part of my body would make me burst.

My tiny nose shrugged, my nipples piercing her large breasts. I keep staring back at her as my fluids run free.

'Yessshhh, yeshh, oooohhh, how good, how goodddddd.'

I release her arse and bend over on all fours. The ref dives to break for the 1 minute breather. I crawl to Hugo's stall. The big boy welcomes me with a fraternal peck and wipes my inner thighs as gently as he can with his huge hands. At least I managed to keep her making me cum much longer than necessary. That should slow down my next one.

Who was I kidding? Next round she creams me again. This time I take care to get an early hold and begin working her pussy immediately after the jump. No way. The well used monster expels my fingers like thick rubber. Instead she catches my spot again. I shudder. My eyelids flatten like butterflies and I fly away, carried in the Cambodian rapture.

Ali punches his table, spills his 30 dollar drink. 'Hold on cutie, for god's sake. She's kicking your arse like a novice's.'

It's literally true. I dropped in the odds to a painful 15 to 1, and nobody understands how I was lucky enough to beat Yiu Ping two weeks ago to take the title. We exchange some holds and moves, but she simply masters me, takes control, breaks my defenses with her devastating combos and, before Ali lose his voice, makes me spit once more.

'So Savoeun takes a 2-0 lead. Her pussy seems invincible' -barks the pay-per-view broadcast speaker's voice at the cousin-padded, patchouli scented lounge where the Singapore BMW lady lays, with the plait girl stretched across her chest, grabbing one of her strong hands and licking with her tiny coral tongue the tender skin in between the fingers. The screen action sparks on their irises. None of them speak.

'The Cambodian superwhore has made Nuria Chen cum again, but this time the blonde managed to make ol' Savoeun to squirt.' announced a sweaty overexcited reporter.

'Yes Pravit,' echoes the second speaker. 'Both fighters are cumming at once, so according to the rules the one standing the longest takes the lead.'

'Look how closely Mr Chou follows the fight,' observes the former, commenting on the ref squatted between the human geysers with both thumbs up.

'That's good refereeing.'

'You won't believe me Pravit, but I'm watching the time counter and that young lady has been cumming for 110 seconds now. Savoeun is drained. Nuria Chen takes the point.'

On stage the ref has turned his left thumb, the one closer to the Cambodian, downwards, sprung up and with a karate move striking the air between the competitors he shouts "Break".

Tumbled down on my small bench I rest on Hugo, while my masseur uses her best knowledge to try and rebuild some key muscles in my battered nether throat. The Cambodian has not even sat on her bench, and waits for me, hands on her hips, in the center of the mat.

On the giant screen, BMW lady watches the sex fighters meet, the ref shouts "Fight", and So Savoeun links her neck to Nuria's with a double lock of her pearl collar. They French kiss and this time So Savoeun's nipples force Nuria's to withdraw inside her tit flesh. Then the

Cambodian works the blonde from top to bottom: mouth, ears, neck, armpits, breasts, nipples, navel, pussy. When her deadly fingers pinch the roots of Nuria's silky turf, she takes her mouth out of Nuria's breast, stops the nipple suction technique and mutters in her ear.

'Ya quit?'

Nuria shakes and keeps plunging the Cambodian's orifices with three fingers of each hand. Again it seems ol' Savoeun is playing with her, delaying the coupe de grace like a big cat letting the trapped mouse believe he can escape. The appearance is deceiving, since Nuria's long middle finger has located Savoeun's G spot and keeps plunging and scoring, and the Cambodian struggles to hold her cum.

This has turned into a marathon sex-bath. Nuria and Savoeun endure each enough sheer excitation to make a frigid woman cum a dozen times. Only the blonde's pride and the Cambodian's veteran skill allow them to hold off. Both bodies steam, releasing enough heat to feed the electric consumption of the whole town. Even the most experienced watchers in the audience have trouble recalling something similar. Most, no matter men or women, have wet their pants. Savoeun persists with her trademark: "the fiddler", a one finger anus-ring technique that successfully elicits involuntary quivering in Nuria. But the blonde is so tough she absorbs amounts of punishment that would knock down a racing mare. So Savoeun, intoxicated by the cutie's endurance, can't help but getting more and more horny herself.

Eventually Nuria starts dribbling first again, but immediately pushes Savoeun past melting point to a screaming orgasm... another test of duration... and Nuria wins, to set an overall 2-2 score.

In the patchouli scented lounge the bizarre lovers can't believe what they witness on the screen. Nuria, still linked to Savoeun by the pearl collar, refuses to break the embrace for the 1 min breather. The ref yelled a first warning in her face but she stubbornly shakes her head. Mr Chou gives her a yellow card. Ali covers his face, she's going to be fouled out. Even Hugo seems nervous; he checks his radiant neck-lace in place. Suddenly Ali understands. The watch shows 1 h 54 min, just 6 min short of the agreed 2 h limit for the match. The obstinate blondie could retain the title by enduring those last few minutes, since a draw favors the reigning champion, but a draw doesn't satisfy her killing instinct. She wants to defeat the Cambodian superwhore, so she needs to keep fighting right now.

Before the TV screen, the plait girl has frozen, opens her mouth and moans something in Malay. The BMW lady bites her lips, shaking, and clasps the little head of the Malaysian in an instinctive protection reflex, wiping her tears with the soft fingertips. The Cambodian superwhore has got rid of Nuria and puffing her chest poses for the flashes. Mr. Chou holds up the red card and waves it in Nuria's face disqualifying her, then he grabs the wrist of So Savoeun holds it aloft and declares her the winner of the first-to-cum contest, and new Iron Pussy champion.

to be continued