

Nuria in Pattaya

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After 2 days and their nights locked into at our luxury hotel in Shanghai, ordering room service and celebrating on bed and on every corner of the suite my success in the Iron Pussy challenge, my husband Ali bought two returns to Bangkok and booked a down-town modest pension with a single-bed. Considering the main theme of the excursion, that would be enough. We dominated plenty of variations with no need of much furniture, and lack of room service would force us to breathe fresh air during our breaks.

From Bangkok we had decided to make a railway excursion to Pattaya, the recreational city in the East coast of the Thailand Gulf. In the 60's the US army, in line with the puritan motto 'make abroad what you're not allowed at home' had turned the peaceful fishermen town into world's largest brodel with absolutely no rules to stick to, and despite desperate efforts from the Thai government, Pattaya stands nowadays as the ultimate sex tourism resort.

Since Ali had increasing trouble in find from conventional prostitution rivals in my league, we thought that sex-slave inferno might produce some thrills for his lovemaking battleship. I dress up in front of Ali picking attire that could make him down on his knees. We screwed on average 6 hours per day. He had probed every crevice in my flesh with any natural or artificial stiff appendage he could conceive, and every time I respond, and every time the might of the attraction that enslaved us increased. My body is so desirable that hide it from his eyes is a sin.

I choose a minuscule leather skirt and a flossy sleeveless top that tickles my ever hard peaks, and he embraces himself in order to hold back and not to rip it off my chest right away.

Already in the morning the Go-Go clubs were inhabited by an army of hip shaking brats that dragged the customers to private rooms, squeezed them dry in five minutes and throttled back to stage. We chose the largest club available, because he wants me to fight in an all-girl gang bang battle against a formidable number of those chicks. Ali introduced himself to the owner, made an impression with a bunch of notes and persuaded him to cut the music and lead my upstage.

The pitched battle drive the rice eaters mad, and the western tourists wet. The young Thai escorts can stand at best a few minutes of my fingering before breaking down as the little girls they really are. I destroy a dozen of them but new rows replace the casualties avidly pinching, twisting and juicing my most intimate pleasure spots. By eve I'm the last girl standing in the middle of a sea of wasted love athletes. Ali climbs up stage, and pecks my sweaty forehead.

'I'm not done yet,' I challenge watching the sparks from my eyes reflected in his coal-dark pupils.

He chuckles and fireman carries me to the gent's toilets. There he plasters his steaming dick in vaseline and dog fucks me on the wet bricks till my arse foams like a bottle of champagne.

At Jomtien beach, outside the heart of Pattaya, we eat six hotdogs each at a vending cart in front of a bus stop. The vending guy rolls his eyes as I order a seventh one while Ali burps and chucks out. A black and white sticker on the bus stop panel advertised someone called Vulcano Vivian, the Celtic sexfight Queen.

When we entered the club the main event was already on stage. A stout red head with freckled meaty cheeks and a lion mane entangled fierce battle against two Thai ladies more veteran than usual, who probed her large, ginger-haired pussy with all sort of combinations of their sharp fingers, twenty in all. The nails of the Thai ladies merciless bite the tender spots of the sturdy girl, who rolled on the floorboards, unable to get rid of her attackers, and stabbing back the raven haired pussies with her thick, muscular hands.

As Ali dug our way into the watchers to the counter to place his bet, he drew my attention to a small detail. The kind of minute details only he can spot in a dark smoky hovel with his Italian shades on. Both Thai ladies had their clits protected with thick straps of bandage, so Vivian could just manipulate them through those thick pads. In contrast, the red head got her rosy sex fully exposed, and the Thais' witty hands squeezed it as venom spiders, while their winding tongues quivered around her engorged nipples as rattle snakes, stinging deep into her pleasure nerves and prompting savage grunts from the broad chest of the Celtic lioness.

I put my money on the veteran Thai ladies, and Ali blindly trusted the owner of the club. Looked like another unforgivable waste of money from my dear husband, so much talented for oil businesses but actually so naively dumb in daily life. The Thai women worked in shifts, and as soon as Vivian managed to corner one of them close to orgasm, which was tough since they only had their secondary sensitive spots exposed, they switched positions and the lioness had to start up against a fresh fighter. In contrast Vulcano Vivian, whose real name was Shanon and had emigrated from West Ireland two years ago after divorcing a teenage mistake to start off a entirely new life in Pattaya City, was under continuous devastating stimulation from the seasoned pair. She seemed eternally at the verge of cracking out but somehow she could just hold her own climax with noisy howls and scary grunts.

To our surprise, the fight proceeded much longer than expected. From time to time Vivian quitted the exchange trying to huge both her rivals, grunted as a weight lifter about to burst, but miraculously managed to hold back, and resumed the finger battle. At last one of the Thai ladies grabbed Vivian's wrist with both hands and, eyes tight shut in a mask of sufferance, dribbled on her ample chest. With her partner out of the game the other one redoubled her efforts. Once more Vivian coiled up as a log in the fireplace, and puffed as though she was going to spit out her heart, and once more she survived the pin. Even me, I joined the applause, what a tough madam she was. She grabbed the flabby ass-cheeks of her rival, who was riding on top of her, pried them open and inserted her middle finger, striking the anal-vaginal membrane from inside. The Thai lady took the challenge and retaliated with a gyrating-fist technique that rubbed Vivian's G-pot with her knuckles, while jacking off Vivian's thick clit pinned between her fore and thumb of her other hand. They both yelled but insisted in their holds, and it was clear they won't stop till one of them got wet. Vivian slapped her rival's arse and throat like a female orangutan, but refused to yield. Hugged to Ali, I slipped one hand under his shirt and clipped the fuzz on his chest.

'You want me to join the party? I can climb up there right away.'

'Please, do. Thrash them all.'

I took off my flip-flaps, pulled down my miniskirt and stepped out of it, but left my top on. Elbowing my way through the front row, I jumped up stage wearing my flossy top and a

shining silver string. The bouncer rushed in. I froze him with a hard stare and, tugging at his bulky hand, slipped it under the front of my briefs. The guy looked at the counter, had the approval from Vivian's coach and started working my slit.

Another wave of applause rose from the crowd. The Thai lady was whipping; her bony shoulders quivered and her hard tits jolted as Vivian made her wet. A crew guy handled Vivian a towel and a two-liter bottle of water whose contents she consumed in a single go. Some water spilled down her steaming chest.

I hooked the bouncer's thick neck and cheered him up. He was a handsome young fellow with steroid thickened veins. His finger job was surprisingly excelsior. He quickly made my pussy blossom up and his strong fingers got foamy from my intimate moisture. Vivian watched silently from the other side of the stage, seeping from a second bottle of water and occasionally wiping her forehead and inner thighs with the towel. The crowd started chanting the guy's name. I grabbed his hard buttocks and stuck my tongue into his mouth, raping him till the bulge in his tight jeans was more than evident. His face flushed and as I pushed him further the landlady came to help her best boy.

I felt Vivian's muscular finger penetrating me from behind, banging her favourite spots. I quit the wet kiss with the handsome bouncer and addressed a radiant smile to my new attacker. She didn't stop fingering, but offered water from her bottle, and I avidly drank from her hand. I got sandwiched between both meat cakes. We three were about the same height but their bodies were far heftier than mine. I clasped my hips to the crotch of the boy and pulling at his arse with both hands finished him with a high-pressure bird-caging technique. He released such a wild load, the jizz dripped down from his trouser sleeves onto his shining Spanish shoes.

The read-head and I were left alone on stage. We took each other's fingertips and circled around, visually exploring our magnificent bodies, scanning for the most tender spots.

'What do you want me to do? I let you choose how do you want me to make you wet. You won't have the opportunity to get touched like that anymore around here.'

'Let's do the other way around, she replied as we continued our dance, eye in eye, joined just by the soft tips of our fingers. There is a special purse of 500 dollars for any adult person, man or woman, who can take my fingers for 10 full minutes. Nobody did, but if you want a try is a 100 dollar fee.'

I smiled and turned to the crowd, searching Ali's shades.

He had already manoeuvred to stand next to the club owner, who coached Vivian. They had ordered free drinks and seemed to be long-time friends. At Vivian's command, the bouncer I had just creamed had produced a microphone and announced the terms of the contest. On a black board a barman had chalked our names and the crowd rushed to place their bets. A local escort girl took off what remained from my silver string. I grabbed my breasts and shook, refusing to strip down my top. We would kneel down face to face and she would finger me for ten minutes non-stop. If I could hold up the purse was mine. I went down on my well spread knees and joint my hands behind my neck.

'All yours, hottie, try your best not to tickle me.'

Vivian let her ponderous body fall on her knees, leaned on me chest cheek to cheek, and driving her right hand down my belly and her left hand across my waist below my ass cheeks, took a tight double hold on my sex.

The bouncer set the chrono and cried.

'Ready.... GO!'

Vivian might seem a brute pile of muscles, but she knew how to please a girl indeed. It was me getting trapped in her web or she had switched from the violent moves she used in her fight against the Thai ladies to the kind of gentle squeeze she used in bed with her secret lover, a petite Eastern girl who waved her huge cocktail glass to cheer her from the front row.

'Just there, just there, Sharie, her jaw's shaking, that's the right spot. Sharie, you gonna cream her.'

I sank my chin in her bulky shoulder. A hell of a challenge, just two minutes in the match and she had already unveiled my soft spots. She could choose strength, delicacy, vibrato, whatever she wished to make me cum. But then, rather than panicking, I figured out my plot.

'Hey ya, yes you, cutie, do you wanna jump up and lend a hand to your lover? She doesn't seem woman enough to make me cum on her own.'

The Asian young girl blushed. Her relation was unknown for most. Vivian's fingering got clumsy.

'What are you saying, slut? Leave her alone.'

'You better focus on your handjob, red-hair. I was getting warm, don't spoil it.'

And turning my face I nibbled her earlobe.

My move set her on fire. I felt her nipples probing on my chest, and flinched to offset her small height advantage in order to battle hers with mines, like rams in heat. I was so horny from her fingering that my top couldn't restrain my nipple engorgement anymore. Only mines had the protection of the fabric, and that gave me a key edge.

'Welcome to the club of the sensitive chests, ginger. Who could guess!'

And keeping my hands tied behind my neck I raped her mouth with my tongue.

'Five grand my wife can make your champion wet without using her hands.' Challenged Ali to his new colleague.

'Oooh, you have to be very confident on her skills. Bloody lucky guy. Ten grand.'

'Deal.' And their wineglasses clinked.

I clang to Ali's scented torso as we walked in the dark through the deserted beach. We had missed our return train to Bangkok and next one was in 6 h time. The moon floated on the black sea.

'I hold! Aren't you proud? She couldn't make me wet, and she tried every trick! Where will you treat me with the 1,000 I made you earn?'

'Mmmm, say the balance is not that positive. I got slightly overexcited when you started licking her ear. Please don't do that again in the middle of a prize fight.'

'I had to make my move, she was cracking me up. What kind of mess did you do this time?'

'Nothing. Leave it.'

'Leave it? I take her monster fingers for 10 minutes while you seep cocktail with your new friend and it's my fault if you waste the money I make you earn?'

'You know nothing; you're just a fucking brat living inside a sex dream 24 h a day. Life is not like this.'

He detached from my embrace and made a running scape. We raced barefoot on the sand till our rib-boxes were pounded from inside. I tackled him down and we wrestled on the shore. Straddled across his chest, I pinned him down. The beach was lined with fragments of marine jewels and pulsating tiny beasts the gentle wave splashes made roll and shine.

'I never got used to so much strength inside such a divine female body of yours.'

And grabbing my wrist placed my palm on his bulk.

'Pervert.'

We screwed slow motion on the sticky fragments of shells and corals, me on top most of the times. When we finished, ebb tide had made the sea disappear in the black night.

I sat on top of him and encased his rough jaws with my hands.

'Don't talk to me like that never again, Mr. Mustapha. Don't ruin this dream. I want to make it last forever.'

to be continued...