

The Iron Pussy challenge

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My husband Ali, a good-looking wealthy Libyan to whom I had married with a special parental permission because of my age, registered me into the sex prize fighting circuit called Messalina, after the Roman emperor's wife who competed against the toughest whores of her times. Very exclusive events sponsored by certain after-hour clubs for the top cream of their international clientele. For few weeks I trained against his other wives in the Orchid chamber, and he was the only one apparently not surprised by my innate skills. The night I defeated his favorite, Salome, after a lengthy finger duel which left the watching eunuchs drenched in sweat, my husband, pale as full moon, announced I was ready. Salome, a milky, friendly, buxom lady 20 years my senior, raised from her knees, wiped her inner thighs with a towel and kissed my forehead. "Go take your price, sugar, you deserve it", she said aiming with her chin at her own bed from which our husband had been watching. Ali kissed my milk-white knuckles and let me draw in the dark pond of his eyes. 'Am I ready?', I trembled. 'You're my top gun'. And on the road, or rather on the jet, we went.

Ah, Shanghai, land of comfort. In the 30's it was the most decadent and depraved city in the world where anything sexual could be found. The Japanese invasion in WW2 and Mao's communist takeover merely had forced this culture underground to disused factories, clubs and the mansions of China's nouveaux rich. It was at a 2nd floor of a former general store where the Iron Pussy Club was situated that Yiu Ping, the uncrowned Queen of Shanghai sexfighting, the Iron Pussy title holder was introduced. The Sin City woman wore no more than a delicate see-through silk gown down to her hips, with a large purple dragon embroidered on her back



When her name was announced the club's walls echoed as the stylish elite which filled the Iron Pussy burst into the wildest roar. Those who had witnessed the fragile Eastern doll in the Pan Arabian league, beating the fiercest sex warriors using just her fingertips were her army of unconditional fans. She turned elegantly to her supporters, hands joint in front of her chest, and ceremoniously bowed in all four directions.

Then the MC introduced the challenger, *La Reina* sweet-sweet Nuria, current Libyan national, part Colombian, part Lebanese roots, the body of a Miss World competitor and the face of a porcelain doll.

That was me! I rose from my stall and blinked under the floodlight. In the lockers they had trimmed my golden fuzz, spread on my body a fine layer of make up which glowed under the lights, and fitted an ultratight G-string which covered my sex but left most of my mound of Venus exposed. I was used to full nudity but didn't like public exposure of my breasts, a treasure I wanted to keep for Ali's eyes. I jumped on stage cupping my husband's property with my hands. Blinded by the lights, and uncomfortable with the top less rule, I managed a shy hand wave. The reception was cool. Their oblique eyes were dissecting me, but failed to find any trace of plastic surgery. Despite the prematch publicity from my husband, I was 10: 1 down in the odds. I glanced up and saw two giant TV screens which displayed the close ups from two tiny cams, one firing at each one of us, and which flew above us hanging from the ceiling through telescopic arms.

The MC called us to shake hands. Rules were then briefly explained. Not much to say. Spread legs sitting face to face, straddling one-another, and only hands allowed. Closing legs, covering our own genitalia or any attempt to interfere with the rival's manual action were grounds for disqualification. Each fighter could call for a single one-minute break. First girl making the other

cum won the purse, a 1000 dollars check that he waved above his head. Both of us would have competed for free, wining was more rewarding.

Just then Yiu Ping raised her arms and directed her assistant to disrobe her. As soon as her corner girl rolled down her minuscule bottom and her pussy was exposed, an intoxicating sparkling scent infiltrated my lungs and hit my brains like a deep sip of oak-weathered brandy. Her petite body, smooth but toned, seemed to breathe through the wide mouth of an oversized sex slit, protected by a thick tuft of black, silken hair. I suddenly figured she used some sort of chemical hormone to trigger me and break my self control. I scanned for my husband in the VIP front row, where some celebrities covered their identity behind huge shades, but couldn't spot him. I realized I was on my own against that depraved Chinese who had been street-pushed to become the most formidable cunt juicer. I felt my soul deserting me, taking its place on the seats as one more privileged spectator of the first-to-cum contest Queen.

As if detached from me, my soul watched like a normal spectator as the girls went back to their corners for the final warm up. Nuria watched Nuria Chen, herself, totally absorbed by her rival's magnificent body, as the supple Chinese bent over to slap her thighs, ready to milk her. Nuria's breasts were no longer shyly hidden, but jutting and radiant. Locked in a deadly stare down, the girls studied each other, engaged in a psycho battle even more pitched than the physical one to come.

The two warm-up girls entered the stage. Gorgeous double-D bikini gals, much taller and bulkier than both contestants, sporting sinewy arms and sharp nails painted just on the tip. They entwined their muscular fingers and popped them with a brutal jerk, before squatting in front of the fighters, which was awkward for them because of their high heels. Both reached for the fighter's pussies. Getting into position they could hardly hold themselves from rushing at the girl's velvet double lips. There was a bonus for them if they got an early cum from the either contestant. Following the ready-go sequence they started their intense masturbation of Yiu Ping and Nuria.

Yiu Ping had proposed an awesome 5 min long warm-up period, even longer than some whole bouts, to intimidate Nuria, and to her surprise the novice had accepted. So the experienced warm-up girls worked at full power on both fighters with the speed and precision of mechanical devices, resorting to their knowledge of over a dozen different erogenous places in a female sex, and their skill to stimulate most of them at once. Nuria's pussy got moist and opened like a ripe fruit.

The Asian girl grinned in triumph. Her flat belly was soft and relaxed despite the intense jerking received just inches below, so rough that her hips were shaken. Nuria couldn't stop an involuntary contraction of her lower abs, which put tension on her nether lips and acted as a primer for the warmth to accumulate inside. As soon as she managed, after a tough mental struggle, to halt the pleasure signals her girl switched to a new technique on other erogenous zones, and the abs contraction got tighter.

Only after what she judged an eternity Yiu Ping sex had slightly sprouted, while hers was already fully wet and boiling. She must be doing not bad, though, because she realized in amazement that in the public some punters pointed at the clock, got paid by the bookies and encouraged her to hold on. In the last couple of min of the agreed warm-up period both bikini girls added their tongue to their arsenal of intimate caresses. The Western fighter let out a surprised grunt as her clit vibrated like a shivering bird, close to explosion. She was happy the masseur girls didn't continue a single second beyond the buzzer.

The public applauded the bikini girls, who wiping up their thick lips with the back of their large hands and sweating profusely due to the intense exertion, blew kisses as they exited. Exhausted, Nuria placed her hands on her thighs and blew on her own sex. It was burning. Yiu Ping and the MC approached.

'I hope you have enjoyed this extreme appetizer, ladies and gents, now time for truth.'

People howled, particularly a group of Asian she-wolves inhaling through long thin cigars that backed Yiu Ping in all her bouts. Nuria glared at them and received a barrage of boooohs and threats.

'Ping's gonna rip your clit off, slut.'

'Ladies, may I have you sit down,' asked the MC.

They sat. Yiu Ping took Nuria's feet and grapevined Nuria's long legs with her golden, deceitfully fragile, limbs. She extended her tongue and sensuously bit the tip. Nuria shrugged indifferently. The Asian girl was gently scratching the soles of her feet. Nuria didn't complain, just licked her fingers in boredom. Yiu Ping shut her mouth and released Nuria's feet.

Shooting at her with the almond shaped eyes, she stretched her own sex open with her left hand and stuck her right hand fingers deep inside, twisting and rubbing them against the wet walls. A female ref dressing black and white stripes squatted beside, reset the clock and counted down.

'Three, two... Go!'

Nuria quickly grabbed her prey and started rubbing. Yiu Ping delayed it, as if she were so concentrated that she hadn't heard. But suddenly she bent over and kissed Nuria on the cheek bone, and at the same time inserted her thumbs inside her. Nuria instantly prayed for the steel fingered warm-up girls to come back. They seemed like inexperienced schoolgirls compared to the Asian champion. Yiu Ping didn't rub her clit, she dissected her vaginal nerves, over-flooding her spine with pleasure bursts. Instinctively Nuria's legs jolted and jerked and only in the last minute she could control herself to avoid disqualification.

'Seems Ping's gonna cream another brave cunt in record time,' buzzed the MC as one screen displayed her relaxed smile and the other Nuria's grimacing face.

Her hands worked on Yiu Ping's sex ineffectively, while the Asian effortlessly turned her pincers into a percussion hammer. Nuria's body contracted and she dropped her soaked forehead on Yiu Ping's shoulder. Grunting and gritting her teeth she resumed her grip on Yiu Ping sex and gave her best shots. The ref bent to get a closer view among the crossed arms and carefully inspected both pussies. The battle was at its zenith and Nuria, tougher than expected, endured what should have been finisher after finisher. Big money changed hands and the odds became slightly more balanced. Still Yiu Ping, who had kept full control, had reduced her rival to a miserable, moaning state, and Nuria just struggled to survive in the contest and stubbornly sought for some weak point in the invulnerable sex of her rival.

Just past the ten minute mark, a thumb-forefinger pin on the base of Yiu Ping's clit brought first signs of weakness in the Asian. Nuria noticed the shiver, and redoubled her efforts with her other hand. Yiu Ping replied with a circular fingertip pressing technique that buried Nuria's hard clit squeezing it against the pubic bone. Nuria released her hands and opened her mouth wide as to shout, but no sound came out her throat. Rather she slammed the mat twice, calling for her time out.

Lifting her arms like a captured bandit, Yiu Ping let her go at the ref request. The female Asian supporters jumped out their seats sensing a victory and the security service had tough work to regain control. Nuria lied on her back panting twice per second, and forced her legs together. The rules stated she had only one minute to cool down before resuming hostilities. She had already spent her time out and Yiu Ping seemed virtually untouched after the rest. Sooner than she wanted, the ref called them back together. Yiu Ping issued a challenge and stretched her

upper body, pointing with her tiny hard breasts to the ceiling like a fancy pussy cat offering her loin. Again she allowed her opponent an early start.

They rubbed each other harder and harder. Their bodies glowed filled with raw arousal, their breasts steamed and their sexes went incandescent. Yiu Ping though still fresh was somewhat surprised as Nuria proved capable of resisting some of her more devastating techniques, showing off an incredible endurance, and even retaliated, trading stroke by stroke, guided by a natural instinct that compensated her inexperience. Still Yiu Ping had made cum some of the world's toughest women, and her sex had undertaken the most experienced techniques without blinking. She resorted again to the circular squeezing technique that had forced Nuria to timeout. She froze. The brave Western girl was mimicking her moves and was putting the same squeeze on her own clit.

Nuria smelled her rival's surprise and poured on, trading blow by blow. Yiu Ping's sex started to dribble. The ref carefully examined it. Nuria clenched her teeth. The Asian champion was too proud to break the exchange and continued, although her sex shuddered. Nuria had her clit caught between Ping' lethal fingertips which were frantically vibrating it against the edge of the pubic bone. But, as a mirror image, she was doing exactly the same to the Shanghai woman. Yiu Ping's eyes watered. The public silenced, aware of the very special event they were witnessing. Yiu Ping drove a hand open and slammed the mat. Nuria let her rage burst in a wild low-pitched yell that froze the blood of the Asian mistress and her army of supporters. She bit the tip of her tongue and made a fist to her husband, who clapped his hands mildly.

One all. She had forced her to ask for a break, which happened very rarely. But in fact what worried Yiu Ping was not her statistics but the outcome of the bout itself. She sat on her arse cheeks and grabbed her own legs, seeking inner concentration. Her rival, propped on her toned arms waited avid for the end of the timeout. Not only had the amateur shown she could take everything but now she proved herself skilled enough to pay back cent by cent. It was like self-masturbation. But she mustn't keep thinking on that.

As the ref called them to restart, Nuria crossed her hands behind her neck, like a bodybuilder in an abs spread. Yiu Ping didn't understand.

'Go ahead,' she said to the doubtful Asian girl, 'You're not woman enough to make me cum.'

Yiu Ping looked at the ref, who just kept shouting go, go. With a grimace of rage, insulted, she charged like a bull. Nuria shut her eyes. Yiu Ping worked on her clit with mixed techniques. She took it all. It was so good she just didn't want it to end! Then she spread a hand open and slowly approach her middle finger to Yiu Ping's throat. The Asian girl redoubled her rubbing, making Nuria's breasts bounce and slap each other. Nuria run her fingertip nail first downwards on Yiu Ping lower belly opening a track into her pubic hair. Yiu Ping opened her mouth. Her cheeks were red flushed.

Nuria's finger reached her cunt lips joint and pried them open, turning inwards. Yiu Ping rolled her eyes and shook her head left and right. Nuria circled her clit with the nail tip and slightly flicked it, slowly first, then faster and faster, sending an electric current through the Asian. Yiu Ping yelled like a rat, unable to further restrain the waves of pleasure that poured out her innards through her dripping vagina. The ref thumped the mat. The MC shouted wildly through the mike announcing the outcome, enhanced on both giant screens. Yiu Ping can't take it any longer and she is cumming like a geyser on Nuria's palm.

Young Nuria has outlasted her. What a titanic clash. The amateur Western has melted the icy Asian champion to prevail. Nuria's husband leapt from his seat and waved his fists in triumph. His girl ignored the ref and kept pumping Yiu Ping, making the devastating climax last till Yiu Ping grabbed her wrist and begged her to stop. Only then did she allow herself to cum. For a few long minutes both girls stayed down resting their spent bodies on one another, whilst the female ref struggled to get the exhausted fighters on their feet.

When my soul attached back to the the pale, magnificent body and I recovered self-conscience, a Chinese lady dressed in black and white stripes was grabbing my slender wrist in the air and declaring me as the winner in 24 min time, and NEW champion of the Iron Pussy challenge... *La Reina* sweet-sweet Nuria!

to be continued...