

## **N marries Ali and becomes a sex athlete**

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We moved to Tripoli and got married Muslim style, with a parental permission because of my age. Mom was so involved in her new relation with Irma, a professional bodybuilder that she missed the event because it collided with an inter-gender strength contest in Vegas where Irma had eventually got through to the cruiser weight finals. Family though was represented by uncle Bernie, mom's elder brother, who worked in a restaurant in Southern Spain, and got a day-return flight that, in addition to a couple of 4 h trips in a rusty bus and much sleep deprivation, allowed him to be present at least for most of the ceremony. My only relative there. Nice Muslims don't split guests into bride and groom sides!

By then Ali and I stayed glued like Siamese, and could hardly stand more than a couple of hours without intimate contact. Although all her wives got access to the Oval room, the main stance in the central block of the palace, he frequently carried me upstairs to the Orchid chamber, a charming cubicle on the top of the minaret tower, bathed by the orange desert sunset. When we relaxed, that normally took half a dozen climaxes each, he insisted my Maracaibo experience was just a starter and I had in front a startling pro career as sex athlete. His cloaked Arabian colleagues I had met running pussy races at the Caracas Hilton sponsored an underground sex-fighting league at global scale, called the Pan-Arabian Iron Pussy Championship. The first-to-cum tournaments had gained immediate success. Spectators paid crazy amounts to witness the events, and purses for the winners might compete with earnings of international celebrities in professional sports. I didn't need to be persuaded. I would have done anything Ali would ask me to do, stay locked into the cell of a castle in ruins, live on camel crap, don't ring mom for a whole day... whatever. So, after a 3 weeks honeymoon escapade in a Haifa that tested my supernatural sex drive to the limit we abandoned the torrid sand, and I began my initiation as a pro sex athlete.

I was put on a 12 h-a-day training schedule in the courts, dungeons and gardens of Mr Rushdie's household. Ali had already sponsored Raisha and Salome, her other two wives, in the sex competitions run among sheiks, and now he coached me to compete for the Iron Pussy Championship. He dressed me as a thoroughbred mare, born to run. Ali's favourite maids sewed my Ceylon silk attires, fed me with almond and date delicacies, rubbed my shoulders in Cleopatra baths, oiled my skin with artisan scents, painted my wrists with purple stone powders, and tattooed my ankle with the symbols of the stable. Following my husband's preferences, I had grown my pussy hair again and got it trimmed by my maids, who drew geometric arabesques using tiny razors with incredible skills.

I also became a formidable athlete. Ali pushed me to pump irons at the Mustoil ltd elite gym, which prompted my natural vigour to flourish out. His senior servants instructed me with the spring grips and weight machines, massaged my tendons, and, yes, sparred with me in the Oval room whenever Ali was too busy dealing with his international affairs. Again it was not hard for him to persuade me. Every trick I learned from my trainers I practised on Ali as soon as I had the chance. My mounting skills reinforced our relation. The more promiscuous I became the strongest the link between me and my husband. The name was the same, sex, but the aims had nothing to do. When I screwed other guy I was committed to draw his energy out of him to recharge myself. When I screwed Ali I wanted to overpower him with such a discharge even his bulletproof anatomy was unable to bear. I wanted to prove him how good

pupil I was with his weight machines, so one evening, for his amazement, I lifted him in my arms, carried his bulky body upstairs to the Orchid chamber, and banged him against the wall. He sobbed and squirted and howled and squirted and broke like a little kid.



During daytime I was the top mare of his stable, groomed to become a sex beast. At night-time I was Ali's favourite, bedded him in the Oval room, and pitted my appetite against his. He was sick. His bed was in fact a fighting arena. He conceived sex as a pecking order competition, and he passed that sickness on to me.

Other girls would die trying, I did so well...

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Summertime took over Mr Rushdie's household, and life peaked at eve, when family and servants left their mid-day shelters and swarmed around the many patios connected through stone archways and chilled by zoomorphic fountains. Gardeners, escorts and concubines combined their relaxed duties with friendly chats or animated arguments. They all seemed living scenery moving slowly in the back while Ali hurried from one building to another managing his foreign affairs, instructing the commanders of his tankers, dealing with his financial advisors, ordering air supplies and, at last, dragging me to either the Oval room or the Orchid chamber for yet another collective or private feast.

'Are you ready to face Raisha?' he asked after a particularly tough exchange where he managed to keep me cuming till I rolled away at the verge of fainting.

I had been expecting that question. As his former favourite, Raisha had the right to challenge me, but we hadn't discussed the terms of the bout. I got up on all fours and gathering my remaining energy crawled on top of him, grabbed his everhard and guided it in.

'Whenever you wish. How do you want me to crush her?'

He relaxed, crossed his hands behind the nape of his bull neck and let me set the pace, a sign that anticipated open war.

'I gave it a good thought. I talked to her about it, hope you don't mind. Talked to Sal also.'

Sal was buxom, good tempered Salome. She had raised Ali when he was a child, screwed his father whenever he fancied till his dead in an airplane crash, and received furtive and frequent consolation from the talented golden-boy till, still very young, he decided to marry her against the advice of his wealthy family. The raven haired,

superbly chested lady still remained Ali's major confident and frequently joined us in the circle bed of the Oval room.

'What about your mom? Did you discuss the details with her as well?' I replied rotating my hips and grinding him as a wind mill with some new muscles that had grown in my abdomen.

He smiled, undaunted before both my moves and my irony.

'Don't underestimate Raisha. She's a survivor, a street fighting girl who became a self-made woman, she can make a grown man dribble with her belly and choke him to dead with her thighs.'

Exotic looking Raisha, appealing and untrusting as a wildcat, was in fact a former belly dancer hired by Ali as private escort for his business trips just when the flames of his first marriage with Salome were cooling down. The fierce man eater crushed Ali's heart as a decaying bud, and he took her as his second wife, unleashing a family crisis even bigger than his previous marriage. Raisha's demand of keeping an in-house squad of male concubines didn't make things easier, but since Ali felt a bit guilty about his frequent displacements abroad he accepted, and created a group of elite stallions, with a tattooed R on their throats, at the service of her new wife 24 h a day. Now she owns a half of the west wing where she keeps her male harem.

'A non-stop 69, no time breaks till one of us cums, on the cheetahs' garden, in front of your family and his bloody hunks.'

Ali bent up on her elbows and grabbed a bang of my hair, thrusting back blow after blow till his shaking muscles rattled. I tightened my nether grip and leaked the fine skin of his wrist to sustain his agony. Eventually my abdomen overflowed and his liquids spilled over onto his glistening belly.

Ali gasped.

'Sal will be there also. I want her to test you as well, if you don't mind.'

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The day before my bout against Ali's wives the servants polished the stone cheetahs, festooned the balconies with palm leaves and wisteria flowers, my favourites, cut a rectangle of lawn clean, and set up benches at both sides. The same day of the bout they watered the lawn with buckets of orange blossom essence, and I got my ankles painted with lapis-lazuli and my pubis trimmed in a new geometric design. As the concubines oiled my groin I rang mom.

She was very excited, up and down the corridors of Vegas Palladium. Irma was facing a male native Indian in a crucifixion, an endurance event in which the contestants must keep their arms spread out holding an 8 gallon bucket of water in each hand. The first one whose arms bend down was dismissed. I tried to inquire how were things going, and tell her about my Libyan experience, but mom chuckled back Irma was controlling her shaking much better than the Shoshone mountain. Ali's younger brother Jumbo, perhaps the only male apart from the eunuchs allowed in the concubine grounds, broke in sweating and announced everything was ready at the cheetahs'

garden. He gave a good stare to my trimmed groin and praised the concubine's job, kissed my temple and wished me good luck against Raisha, whom he called 'the mink'.

At the cheetahs' garden Ali's enlarged family and a bunch of privileged acquaintances received the palm-leave strokes from a few hefty Nubians, and killed the time sucking the soft drinks offered by Egyptian waitresses. Dressed for ceremony, Salome sincerely welcomed me and hugged my scented body inside her warm ample chest. In turn Raisha, despite Ali's explicit instructions, behaved cold and unfriendly as a rattlesnake. Ali's mom and sisters were also distant and evasive with me, but I'd get on well with his four younger brothers, who made my life in that strange land easier with their affectionate attentions and playful jokes. All of them were single, the youngest, Jumbo, overtly homosexual, and none of them clearly straight. I used to feel Ali had the virility of five men because he concentrated in a single body what his brothers lacked.

Ali gathered the challenging wives and the physicist who will act as judge, together with a bunch of young servants from the family household, and decided how to proceed. They commanded the eunuchs to set a large carpet on the grass rectangle, and the servants to rinse our bodies with rose-petal warm water, and spread palm oil on our pussies. As appetizer, Raisha bet against Jumbo she could make a eunuch sweat with her hands tied on her back. They chose a 300 pounds Nubian I couldn't circle with my arms. Raisha stripped, bent over him and licked his nipples till his fat knees shook like the leaves of a willow tree. When he broke in sweat, deeply panting, the former belly dancer turned to the audience and bent over like an actor in the theatre, taking a salve of applause. My turn. Trying to seem unimpressed, I picked one of the largest R-tattooed hunks, and announced my defy. I'd make his bulky loincloth overflow without a single touch. His hands were wet as soon as I dragged him to the centre of the carpet. I whirled around him and started to undress. Minutes later he crouched trying to hide the bulge. I swear I caught a grin of approbation from Ali's mom.

We got ready for the real thing. I approached Ali who was sitting on a special armchair next to his mom, bare-chested as usual and with baggy white trousers that flapped with the breeze. I bent and whispered in his ear 'what happens if I lose?' He gave me a cold stare. 'You simply cannot'. Warming up my oiled pussy with my middle finger I requested Raisha to come up to the carpet and boasted her private riders to move to first row to better watch her defeat. We had our stare down. Ali flipped a coin and Raisha chose to be the first on top. Lying sideways on the musky wool, we grabbed each-other's thighs firmly and entangled in the 69 position, rolling to let her on top. Although the bout would be no time limit or breaks, we had agreed Salome would bang a gong every 10 min to switch positions.



Ali was right. Her former favourite Raisha shouldn't be underrated. Her tongue was accurate as tweezers and strong as a fist. Her muscular pussy seemed invulnerable and on top of that she cleverly thrust her hips down to smash my face and hold my head trapped on the carpet. He dominated me all along the round. Eventually I stopped liking, and howling like a she-wolf arch my back to get rid of her smothering crotch hold.

My eyes watered and my toes twitched. Her strong fingers had stretched my pussy in a tight butterfly spread and her tongue was delivering a flurry of lightening slaps on the very tip of my aroused clit. The gong saved me. You won't be that lucky next time, she spit as we flipped to let me on top. Next couple of rounds were more balanced. She is still confident about her superior mouth skills, but she realized I wasn't going to spit that easy and flicked her tongue at a slower pace, exploring my reactions and focusing in the containment of her own arousal. The audience took parts and cheered their favourite. Only Ali and his mom remained quiet.

'You can be proud son, I know what a woman can do when she is in love but never conceived they could go this far. The blonde tigress cub, she really loves you. Take care of her.'

Flipping over every 10 minutes, the battle raged on. The showdown was so hot most watchers wet their pants, some more than once. Ali holds his breath but refuses to call a servant to seek relief. Her wives were battling for the right to bed him and that deserved sacred respect. Legs spread and reclined in the armchair, he proudly showed off his bulky excitement. He wasn't a newcomer in that kind of performances, but the wild beasts eating up each other were his favourite wives.

On round 6 I make my move. Place her thighs under my armpits and pull up to jack-knife her legs and pry her cunt open at my mouth's reach, forcing the pink skin inside out. I delay my attack and she burns in anticipation, unable to recover initiative. When I finally dive into her honey pot I got a rewarding moan. I'm breaking her will. My tongue runs past the lips corner and flicks on the engorged clit, smothers it as a grappling wrestler and lets it go. I noticed her amazement. She had no idea what I would do next. So I repeat the very same manoeuvre, only at a faster pace. The day was torrid but she is shaking like a leaf. She prays for the gong to bang, but still some time left. I dive again but this time with my lips pouched, to suck as an electric leech, using my front teeth to nibble her pleasure spots. The gong banged and I cursed.

Round 7. Raisha on top. I slide my hands around her buttocks, stick my fingertips in her slit and tear apart. She screams; my hand grip training had taken effect. The mink retaliates. She rubs on my mound of Venus to set pressure inside my pussy and stabs me with three long nailed fingers from her other hand. Like suicide fighters pummelling down each other we trade blows. Then with a supreme effort I stick my tongue deeper and reach behind the ridge of her pubis bone. I feel the wild twitching and the juice release. She is so engrossed in the battle that stubbornly refuses to give, so I work her honeypot on and on, and give Raisha the beat of her lifetime.

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Salome congratulated me with a warm, friendly but slightly arrogant grin that exposed her robust teeth, while got rid of her golden ceremony garments down into milky, carefree, buxom nudity. We squared up and she friendly cherished my up-pointing breasts.

'I'm glad you beat the crap out of Raisha. Now, here comes the main course, let's see if you can take it all.'

And she knelt on the carpet ready for the finger duel that we had agreed freestyle.

I went down to my knees and we placed our hands on each other's pussy, waiting for Ali's countdown.

'I'm too hot right now, can I relieve myself?' I questioned Ali, but he shook.

'Against the rules.'

Jumbo rushed down the terrace, took a large bucket of orange-boson water and spilled it all over my burning chest. I took his bonny hand and pressed it with my thumb. He cocked his head.

Ali shouted, 'Ready... go!'

Sal's chubby fingers were good stuff. She surpassed me in experience, so I played a defensive match, throwing back at her every trick she tried on my pussy. Her coal-black eyes sparkled in surprise.

'You learn quickly, gal, but won't be able to hold much longer.'

'You think so, granny? Why are you dribbling then? I got nothing to lose. Raisha has been eating my cunt for 90 min and I wasn't even allowed to release. If you win Ali will think it's unfair, if I beat you I'll set a permanent pecking order for us.'

It worked, broke her self-confidence. She held the eye-lock, but a veil of fear fogged her eyeballs. We were inside each other up to the wrist. We exchanged devastating flurries but eventually the senior fighter couldn't hold the eye-lock and dropped her head. I had found her deep-hiding Achilles heel. She had guided me to it, herself. I insisted on the very same spot with a vibrato technique and beat her veteran pussy to a pulp.

For a long while she rested still, except for her colossal chest that bulged and collapsed like a broken dinosaur. Fixing her stare up at my triumphant pupils eventually gathered some remaining pride and sportively acknowledged defeat. The exhausted audience gave me a mild applause, except for Jumbo who clapped his hands like mad. Ali came over to help us up on our feet and we three melted in an affectionate huge.

My career as a prize sex fighter in the Pan-Arabian Iron Pussy Championship took off like that in Libya. We cruised around Northern Africa in Ali's 4x4, staying on cheap hotels where Ali booked rooms with two single beds, one for us and the other for Raisha and Salome. Both had to look after *La Reina* Nuria, as Ali has baptised me, treat her conqueror as a spoiled child; keep fresh cloths ever ready for me, fix me coffee in the morning and rub my back in a hot tube bath in the evening.

Always ready for fresh tough pussies, I fried a couple of beginners in a gloomy basement in Tripoli, at a tourist resort in Bizerte, and on the burning sands of a dusty bazaar in the middle of a circle of punters. If Raisha stayed home then Salome was allowed into our bed. We entangled our limbs and I often ended the night with my face sunk between Ali's cinnamon scented pectorals and Salome's warm, juicy breasts. One cheek tickled by his crispy fuzz and the other pocked by her nursing tips. They say nobody is happy because you only appreciate things when you lose them. Nonsense. I was aware I was enjoying sheer happiness and squeezed every gram from it.

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Next the big names came, trimmed muscular mares seasoned in special facilities owned by deranged sheiks. They were trained to endure industrial strength dildos and high voltage electrodes, but toughie Nuria *La Reina* burst them all. By then I had already developed my favourite finisher, 'the fairy stroke'. I played rough with the muscle mountains but when I had them about to burst I suddenly stopped, crossed my hands behind my neck and exposed myself to whatever they wanted to try. Once it was clear I could take it all I flicked my soft, virtually nail-less pinkie and finished them with my little finger magic strike. Salome, my number one fan, pleaded me to practise on her, and when I did she never had enough.

Family life got ups and downs, like riding a buggy on the desert dunes. Ali's sex performances continued to be fantastic, but spaced more and more in time because of hectic business issues. His family, particularly his mother, was friendlier with me, and brought me shopping to the least far city once or twice a week. I got on particularly well with Jumbo. He was in charge of the housekeeping, and I loved to take long strolls with him along the many gardens of the household, feeding my lungs with the air scented by the tropical plants whose names he managed I learnt.

'You were very kind with me during my initiation fight, Jumbo, I really appreciate'.

He got tense, picked a flower from a purple bougainvillea and blushed.

'You're a cute guy Jumbo. Sure you don't want me to reward you? We can let Ali know, he wouldn't mind, I'm sure'.

Jumbo took a bang of my hair away and placed the flower behind my ear. He seemed exhausted after that.

'You're a gorgeous creature, Nuria, but I prefer the mink's hunks. That's why we hate each other.'

I can't imagine how a no-sex relation with a man could be. I never met my father, but all other male members of the family had an affair with me. I cornered him against the bathhouse gate.

'Just give me an opportunity and I'll change your mind. You can't imagine the pleasure I can give you just with one hand. You won't fancy those beefcakes anymore.'

I grabbed his fingers and pointed to the bathhouse.

'Just five minutes, please. I feel like proving what can I do to you.'

He flinched.

'Now you're behaving like all of them. I hate you all,' and he ran away.

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Although my extended family life interested me more and more, Ali showed less personal commitment and insisted in pushing me into competition. Somehow, I reached the Middle East elite, and decided I was there to stay. After one tear dropped for mom, I applied for the Libyan nationality and was scheduled to face Cleo, a gorgeous curly haired beauty from the Egyptian upper class, for the Pan-Arabian first-to-cum belt in Cairo.

'You need to go to Tripoli tomorrow to get your new passport,' he announced, his silhouette framed by the orange glare.'

'You're not giving me a lift?'

'I got a videoconference with Brasilia; they didn't confirm the time yet.'

That was the very first time I had doubts about my engagement. As Ali returned to bed, grabbed my mane, and screwed me as effectively as usual, the faces of mom, Irma, Salome, Jumbo whirled around like an opium nightmare.

Since Cleo had successfully defended her title for 21 times in a row, she was considered as invincible. The closest any one had been to defeat her was a chubby Qatari Princess who had 80 pounds on her and went for a duel of endurance with no breaks among climaxes. The tape of the bout travelled around the virtual universe. It was a draw, but since Cleo was the champion she retained the title. When the judges called the end of the bout the Qatari powerhouse got consolation from her man, who was complaining all the time about partial refereeing.

In order to pump up my name and build some confidence on my assault to the championship, Ali hired the 5 top fighters from the 5 most powerful Libyan tribes to confront me in a single event hosted at Bengasi's Medina by the local chief. Mixed rules were set for the clash; to eliminate a rival I had to make her cum twice without cuming myself. The Moorish pigs chose to take turns so each time I made 3 or 4 of them burst I got so aroused that climaxed myself, and the score was reset. Four hours into the match Ali's team called a break and Salome gave advice. I would pretend to be in the verge so the rival would try to take for herself the glory of my elimination and would stay rather than give a relay. It worked and once I had eliminated two of them Ali requested my right to face the remaining three at once, and the judges approved it. Three experienced tongues and 30 wicked fingers was a formidable test, which I past.

That exceptional night Raisha took my place in Ali's bed, and I received intense revitalising care from Salome. The swelling figures of mom, dad and my Caribbean friends paraded in my brain mixed with my roommates. The beds were close enough for me to stretch out my arm and hold Ali's hand while we both received the expert treatments we deserved.

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Against Ali's advice I didn't give up modelling. The sex training made me fittest, and according to both male and female photographers, gave me an extra allure that turned my body even more desirable for the camera. I regularly posed as bikini model for glamour pay sites, and more seriously under exclusive contract for a lingerie firm. He didn't appreciate that activity of mine, that curiously enough he considered a frivolity for perverted western wankers or, at best, a digression from my main career. I retaliated saying I had never seen so many jerkers as since I lived in a Muslim country, and that really pissed him off. He also grew reluctant to take my advice when ruling his businesses, despite my success with the issue of the environmentalists. But his strategy was subtle.

Since the gym where I trained weights was in the same building, I had access to *Mustoil Ltd.* headquarters, and frequently visited his desk. He moved to a restricted area and stopped talking about business issues at home, so I lost touch with the files I had helped him with during our Caracas days. I satisfied though my entrepreneur's anxiety with the modelling activity, and things went really fine. An offer came from the lingerie firm to double my contract if I refused to pose top less for the concurrence, and, backed by Ali's mother, I signed down. The firm was trying to launch for that summer the three pieces as a standard product for general public, and mine was one of the world's few bodies that could wear those three tiny triangles of fabric joint by tight golden strings without looking like a cheap whore. But Ali's opinion was just the opposite. The arguments had built some distance among us, and I often ended the day clasped to his chest, my fluids spilled over his rough perfumed skin, with his pulsating snake still in, without having exchanged a single word. He still drove me mad.

*To be continued...*