

Ali marries Alana

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We drove 600 miles south into the desert. Motorways gave way to local roads, which quickly degenerated into sand tracks. The jeep travelled inside a capsule of dust and we could barely see two yards ahead. Wearing Ali's pilot goggles I sat on the window with my whole body outside, fists clung to the roof-rack, trying to keep his mad driving away the largest stones, the only ones I could spot. Often the roar of the engine buffered my shouts and we sprang over the rocks, failing to turn over by miracle. None of that interfered with Salome and Raisha, who ignored the perils of the route comfortably installed on the back sit. The aim of the trip was to reach the dominions of a Tuareg chief based in the Libyan Sahara. Ali had defended the nomad's interests before the Arabian authorities of Tajirhi in a trial versus a rival oil company. The old man belonged to the *imajeghan* cast, the proud and free warrior-aristocrats of the Tuareg society, and led a family group of over two hundred relatives.



In the trial's aftermath he had insisted to offer Ali the pearl of the clan, his youngest goddaughter Alana, gifted with the rare but occasional trait among the Tuaregs of yellow hair, blue eyes wider than the firmament, skin smoother than the most remote dunes, and breasts as full as Jupiter's twin moons. Bedouin princes from all Sahara pretended the rare, untouched, golden gem, but he insisted to give her to Mr Mustafa, the benefactor of his clan, in acknowledgement for his brave defence in the trial, but also as a family commitment for a better social position.

The good old chap probably went nuts when Ali pick up the phone and said 'yes'. He stammered his gratitude and made things ready to trait us to the wedding ceremony at Tajirhi. I wonder how he would act, the respectable old chief, had he known the real reasons for Ali's 'yes'.

'Nothing compares to the sensation of dominance you feel when you force a tough chick like you to cum against her will', Ali praised when my nose shrugged, my fingers dug into his broad shoulders and my pussy yielded, spiting abundantly into his palm like a tame little pet liking the hand of his master. His infernal deep pinching I still hadn't learned how to resist. When I was done he inserted his heavy-weight fist up my nether throat and his rude fingertips spotted the right nerve bundle with the accuracy of heat seeking missiles, breathing new life into my sex-fighter machine. My apparently wasted tunnel constricted the invader, and his knuckles made the rest. He could finish me any time, anywhere with that diabolic multi-stimulus move. Entwined inside his sleeping bag, he sustained my climax till my contractions turned so violent, sweat trickled off my breasts splashing his face. He let his robust teeth show and for a second I prayed he didn't bite my engorged nipples, otherwise my heart would blow out just like a paper bag. I gasped for air, my mouth wide open, but nothing came in. My skin got purple; I pulled at his hair and eventually slapped my own thigh, our code sign meaning I couldn't take it any longer. He released his grip but didn't stick out his fist. Raisha and Salome dozed placidly in the other sleeping bag. 'And when your rival is a previously untouched chick, then the feeling is even greater. Virgins are magnificent rivals; they try to endure fighting to the end.'

Married to a Muslin stallion that owns a harem, I frequently engaged into group sex. Incidentally, with such experienced partners as Salome and Raisha it resulted to be an extremely pleasant activity, and a hell of a test for my sex endurance and stimulation skills. Crucifixion was Ali's favourite gang-bang position. Rather than taking over a single girl or two, that allowed him to cream out four of us at once. Very few men on Earth could do the crucifixion thing. It demanded the coordination of a four handed pianist and the mind control of an atomic clock. The man lays on the floor, blindfolded, arms spread, and four girls joint by their shoulders in a circle, like dancing, sat on his mouth, prick and hands. The hard bit, what makes Ali a guy from another planet, is he can make all four girls wet before coming himself. Further, what Ali only can achieve is getting us to fight for the mouth place. Big Salome cums so abundantly when Ali eats her pussy he fails to choke. Belly dancer Raisha is especially good on the prick place. She gets over the top when we pinch the roots of her unshaved armpits while she rides out the bull.

Seek of hiring pay girls to complete the crucifixion troupe, he decided to marry a fourth wife. He appointed me in his office at Mustoil headquarters, a territory I scarcely frequented lately, gathered his finger pads together, informed me about the old chief's offer, and consulted my views. 'I'm fine' I lied pretending an undaunted voice, 'as long as I got the right to challenge the newbie to retain the title of favourite. I don't mind the rules of the fight. I trust you and your insane fantasy.'

The wedding night at Tajirhi Ali lay on the carpet blindfolded, and we four entwined our arms to form the crucifixion wheel. Tender Alana and I placed face to face to compete in a first-to-cum fight, simultaneously worked by Ali's hands. Since he's ambidextrous there is no position advantage, and since he's blindfolded, he doesn't know whose pussy he strikes and favouritism cannot be alleged. First to cum is my best-liked event. I can stay at the gate of paradise for ages, watching how my rivals melt down and drop their heads, yanked by the contractions of the orgasm, whilst I hold on and on. But youthful Alana resulted to be a proud tough chick. Sal's honey pot overflowed half a dozen times. Raisha's bunny chewed and gnawed Ali's prick to dead, the feathers clasped to her nipples jolting free, and still the rare blonde gem refused to yield.

Alana's immaculate pussy is pink inside. Her clit is safely protected deep under thick, tight pleats of tender meat. Her throat is narrow and never ending -she would regularly compete in deepness events- and you need a long and brawny middle finger to seek for her G-spot. Her puffy nipples, crowning round boobs incredibly plentiful for such a skinny girl, are virtually invulnerable. Her tongue, so large and muscular you can't believe how come she can draw it back in, turns her into a frightening deep kissing contestant. Raisha and Salome are done. No more that banging, ragged dolls. Their necks fall limp and their massive bodies don't collapse just because Alana and I grab their armpits. I have to concentrate real hard to have a chance. Alana seems invincible, wiggling her monster tit buds and whining like the little virgin kitten she is, taking everything master Rushdie delivers on her. A massive imperial climax pushes inside my lower belly. Ali is pinching my clit by its root and taping the sensitive end with a detached finger at the same time. I have to hold tight to my harem mates not to burst. Alana's large blue eyes pierce me. You can't take any more, western bitch. I'm the toughest one. Her taunting triggers the monster free. I squirt like a volcano. The wheel collapses and only the young blonde Tuareg princess stands. She tears Ali's

band off his eyes and grabbing his wrist with both hands releases the juices she had been saving just for his man.

On our way back to Tripoli, with the jeep wheels creaking under the extra weight of Alana's dowry, I sunk between the hefty, perfumed bodies of the senior wife and the belly dancer. The harem's newcomer took my place in front and dozes hugged across Ali's chest. I knew Ali would test her against me again and again. It's not just that I deserved a rematch after she had surprisingly defeated me at first-to-cum in the crucifixion wheel. Not he'd said 'I got a girl who wants to dispute the title of favourite against you'. Not I'd seen special attentions that made me jealous. Simply Ali felt an insane curiosity to search across the world for sex monsters to pit against myself. And he had found another one. And I was so proud about it...

Back home we discussed in private the details of the contest. I let him choose events as long as an unlimited endurance test was included. I was so confident about my stamina that Ali would have to eat on my palm after I licked his adorable newbie. What we came out with was an unprecedented battle of colossal dimensions that would stir the thick walls of Mr Rushdie's Household.

Ali calls me in. I enter the room and take a sit in front of Alana, who is scanning her short nails for any failure in the varnish, dressed with a sleeve-less light robe that barely conceals her incredible boobs. I notice the devastated bedding spread on the floor. Since Ali's fourth marriage he installed Alana in a modest but comfortable room attached to the main building, and spent most nights with her, deserting the Orchid chamber. It's one o'clock in the morning and the locusts scream outside.

'Already done?' I spit to the blondie. 'With me he would be starting to enjoy.'

Alana reaches up and grabs a bang of my hair, pulling like mad. I slap her face but she doesn't release. Ali breaks in and disentangles us.

'Calm down. You'll both need all your energy soon. This is the final schedule for your fight.'

He jerks a notebook on the table open by a page plenty of crossings-out and smudges. Apparently he'd given a good thought to the details of our fight, perhaps seeking a fair contest considering our strengths and weaknesses. We both grab the notebook at once, ripping the paper to shreds. Ali waves his fists sincerely angry, collects the papers and reads out the list. Day one would be a preliminary pussy strength contest, girth and depth contest, and double dildo (best of three). Day two would kick off with tit-harness weight-lifting (left, right, and double), and will proceed with finger duels (best of 5), and 69 (no time limit). Day three begins with a semen drinking contest, an enema battle, and a pain endurance duel with electrodes clasped to our soft spots. Day four is off for resting, and from day five on is a no-time limit freestyle sex-fight refereed by Ali himself. During the week we would sleep in two cells in the basement, eat rice and water only, wear nothing but a rough woollen blanket, and pee in our washbowl. Raisha will assist Alana and Salome will be my best girl. No watchers, no cameras, not even eunuchs this time. Just Mr Rushdie and his four wives; this was a family affaire. He called up our assistants; I grabbed Ali's necks and we kissed maybe by last time. Sal took my hand, Raisha held Alana's and we headed the dungeons

which will be our sweet home for the seven days to come. As I walk past Ali I take a glare at him, but his eyes are fixed on the ceramic bricks of the floor. The stunning screams of the locusts thunder on the walls.

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