

## Alana's challenge

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The noise of a rusty key unlocking my cell woke me up. Enveloped in my own arms I had tried to fight the night desert coldness, without much success. A eunuch with a torch was fighting the lock, and Alana escorted by Raisha paraded right behind. Twinkling golden pieces hung loose from the summit of her breasts. It was still dark, or maybe the skylight on the stone ceiling was blinded from outside. Ali pulled a switch outside the cell and a floodlight burned my retina. I heard Alana's attire jingling into my cell. The eunuch placed two tiny stalls two palms away from each other in the middle of the cell and produced a ponderous metallic double-forceps with the ends padded from his kitbag.

Since we had met in Caracas, and for his own personal benefit, Ali regularly trained my pussy with torsion-spring hand grippers and pieces of lead pipe. Under his guidance I had developed such raw strength he needed to insert two number twelve grippers together to give my pussy a real fight. Alana was a novice in that compartment, so I felt confident and had promised Ali I wouldn't shatter his new fancy toy. We squat face to face on the stalls, struggling with our knees for the better stance. Ali crouched, pulled the golden ornaments of Alana's bottom piece away and inserted one end of the double forceps up her ample nether throat. Evading my stare he turned to my belly and made the same with me, holding my hip tight to lodge the full monster in. Gripping the stall legs, Alana and me locked eyes, waiting for Ali's count down. At the jump Alana, all tendons, all youth, delivered a monster crush and I had to squeeze real hard to stay in the contest.

'Gosh, sweetie, that's taf!' I groaned shrugging my nose in pain. I managed to control her attack, but what hurt me the most was the amazement shining in Ali's eyeballs. He contemplated the rare gem joining his harem, a fresh inexperienced beginner matching his top cunt at her favourite game. I crushed the wooden stall and chewed the padded metallic pegs with all my might till both our bellies were shaking from the strain. Alana's golden pieces jingled from all the shaking, but the double forceps didn't wince. A fat sweat bead rolled down my neck. Alana's eyelids were half-closed but still defiant. Her confidence was undermining mine. I felt cornered against the ropes. Was the newcomer going to take my crown just as I had toppled Salome down? Was she going to do it so easily? With a single bite of her hungry cunt? We stalemated. I was utterly unable to pry her monster pussy open. Neither she was to force mine. Ali bent down, inserted one finger up each our battling slits and started rubbing us. He knew about my soft spots. Dam if he didn't. It was Alana who broke in contractions first, but rather than weakening, the climax still increased her grip strength. Whistling between her clenched teeth she moaned. I beat you!

Her pussy was shut indeed, but mine remained also nearly close. Somehow her prodigious pussy had mangled the thick metal rods of the forceps like wire. I called a break and spit out the forceps with relief.

'My pussy is the strongest,' claimed Alana pounding her endowed chest, making her ornaments tinkle.

Gasping on all four, I didn't find the air to retaliate.

'This is a draw,' announced Ali. 'We need a stronger device.'

Rolling on my back on the rough stone pavement of the dungeon, I gathered the energy to talk.

'This is not a draw, dear.' I conceded rubbing my hurting pussy, 'the girl has smashed your iron toy. She's got the power, she deserves the point. Let's see now how much she can swallow.'

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The girth contest would be run in the same fashion than a high jump event. Each contestant would have three attempts to engulf the largest possible dildo, and a successful attempt earned the right to call for a larger one. The dildos had all a mark at the 10 inches length and a number indicating the girth. An attempt was considered valid if the contestant could make the mark fully disappear inside her cunt in three minutes time. I got up and grabbed a bottle of water, letting my pussy in the expert hands of Salome and her assortment of lubricating cream pots. Alana approached Raisha and exposed her fighter to the belly dancer's expert care. I asked for a number 20, which was crazy as a start, and Ali fixed the dildo to the metallic stand screwed to a large leaded base. I straddled the stand, let the round end of the dildo gently pry my nether lips apart and with a single thrust impaled my self on it down the 10 inch mark. As the monster quickly disappeared inside me I dedicated Alana a mild stare.

Yet the girl didn't hesitate. She took my place, hooked her pussy with two fingers of each hand and pushed down. Half an inch short of the mark she stuck. Alana shut her blue eyes, and roaring like a desert lioness struggled to swallow the final stretch. Victorious, she tapped the mark of the giant dildo protruding off her belly, as a champion eater after a feast.

I called a 22 and a 25, but failed my first attempt with a 26. Alana put pressure on me, swallowing the 26 just 2 seconds before the time limit. That girl was a natural born cunt fighter. When she got stuck she didn't hesitate to call Raisha climbing on her shoulders to add her body weight and force her giant slit to stretch further. I made it at my second attempt, in 2 min and a half, but now I was trawling behind wonder girl. Alana called for a 28, my personal best, and we both failed the first go but did it at the second. That far in the contest our flesh was oozing all purple, and we needed the assistance of both Salome and Raisha pulling up from our armpits to get rid of the impalement. Alana failed her two last attempts on the 29 so I let Sal slap my bony cheeks and straddled across the up-raising zeppelin.

I had a single attempt left. If I failed Alana took the event. I went back to Salome and she spread some extra oil inside me. Pulling at my inner lips with four fingers from each hand, I inserted the tip and began taking it up. The hard latex tore my innards, digging like a colossal mole. I knew I needed to keep it going, otherwise it would stuck, but one inch short the mark my invaded body refused to accommodate any more. Alana yelled like a rat. Ali raised his hand. I had 30 seconds left. I couldn't move either up or down. Begged some help but nobody reacted. The last 10 seconds started dropping on the screen. You're done, cried Alana. I'm deeper than you. Enraged, I reached the metallic foundations of the stand and made a desperate, suicide attempt. The number 29 dildo curved into my innards the final inch just when the count down reached 0. Ali validated the attempt. Salome ran to hug me. I couldn't move.

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With our scores even one all, and after a too short break with our assistants, we met again for the double dildo. That was again a pussy strength duel, so the one recovering the best from the girth contest battle would make it. We were fed our pound of rice at dusk and were not allowed to ingest anything else than warm water during the day, including the breathers between duels.

Sitting face to face we should take each six inches of a number 16 double dildo and, propped on our hands pull to yank it off the rival, which earned you the win. Salome expertly massaged my groin, pubis and lips, thoroughly wiped me dry and plastered my inner pussy with the white powder they use in weight lifting to secure a firmer grip. Ali placed himself between us and produced from his collection a familiar, up-curved, black double dildo, known as Blakie in our bed games. The stiff double-shaft was patterned with sharp ridges to improve grip, and the ends realistically reproduced oversized cock heads. The midsection was made from a more flexible material that allowed the fighters a range of different moves. Whereas Ali had become distant and emotionless, Salome resulted to be a fantastic second, and my only support to endure those brutal basement wars. Not only her swift hands provided warm relief, but she had the gift to find the most suited word I needed to hear when was about to break. Her hugs hailed the bruises, concealed the fear and nursed my hopes. One minute rest clasped to her bosom was worth a whole night sleep in the most comfortable Queen bed. A few soft words of hers whispered in my ear fuelled my fighting spirit stronger than the roar of a crammed stadium chanting in support of La Reina Nuria.

Something clanked on the cage door bars. Ali clapped his hands and two eunuchs came in carrying the leather braces, lead blocks and iron chains for the tit weight-lifting event. Propped on her elbows, ignorant of the excruciating job Raisha was delivering on her battered sex, the blonde Tuareg princess talked to Ali in Arabian, while she pointed at me with her chin. He squatted and kissed her forehead.

'She says she's happy with a break if you need it. I didn't expect such long exchanges. We are well behind schedule. May be wise to make a break and resume the fight tomorrow 5 a.m.'

I looked at Sal. Her eyelids drooped. I took it as sign of approval.

Sal and Raisha left, the eunuchs refilled my rice bowl and vanished, Ali kissed goodnight to her brand new wife and retreated, Alana gave me a contemptuous stare, grabbed her rice bowl and headed her cell. Noise of metal gates shutting and rusty locks blocked preceded ice cold silence. Only the fat golden cockroaches stayed. Large and hard as a fist, you could stump on them and didn't die, and they could fly, and land on your mouth while you snort. I'm strong, Alana's stronger than me. I'm young; she's even younger than me. I'm determined; she's the toughest bitch I'd ever face. When I battled Ali's prodigious endurance on bed I was committed to pass his tests, to prove him I deserved to be by his side. Against Alana I lacked that divine motivation, I felt a dirty beast fighting another even dirtier beast, nothing honourable or faithful

supported my effort, and I failed. My jaw trembled, my pussy ached. I sat on a moist corner and broke down in tears.

In the middle of the locusts screams a metallic noise startled me out. My eyes were wide open but all was black around.

'Sal, is it you? You're not allowed by night!'

A streak of light flooded in yet the silhouette wasn't Salome's buffy physical, but the tall, elegant profile of an elder lady wearing luxurious garments. She spoke with a voice that didn't betray her age.

'Good night, Natalia. Don't be scared. I switched off all cams and mics for a little while.'

'Mrs Rushdie! How come... Thanks for the most unexpected visit.'

'Don't play the brave. I like you, I came to let you know something that is not fair you ignore.'

She sat on the edge of my pallet and touched my sweaty forehead. She detached one of the cashmere foulards off her attire and covered my naked gooseflesh. It was minus zero outside in the desert night. I coiled around the woolly garment as a kitten.

'Watch that fever, I want you all fit to fight that cute monster.

Don't you realize? Alana is not a Tuareg child. She has been bred from genetically selected parents, Danish and Swedish, by the way, raised under a high performance training schedule in Saudi Arabia and programmed to be the most vicious sex-fighter ever by the Iron Pussy lunatics my son is so fond of. Despite all that you Natalia, you my lovely force of nature, you may have a chance to beat the monster girl.'

'However, just in case you haven't, I don't want that manic juggernaut to take your place at home.'

She slid two fingers in her cleavage and produced a tiny pill.

'Keep this under your tongue and stick it into her mouth whenever you can. Won't kill her, just give some sweat dreams.'

I grabbed her hand as a beggar whom someone gave a grand.

'Thanks Laura, thanks indeed. Uh... who did that? Who invented Alana?'

Her eyelashes fluttered, but she quickly recovered her confidence. Got up and strode away.

'My husband did.'

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I placed my hope in the double dildo. My strength trained pussy can give a fight to any lab creature with barbarian grip power. As usual, Sal and Raisha make a great job and we both take Blackie deep in with a single thrust, straining one inch apart for our duel. I got a height advantage on the golden princess and dominate the stare down. Ali instructs us not to punch, kick, bite or head-but, otherwise anything goes to yank the dildo off the rival's cunt. I was fully deprived of any sleep, and she shines brighter than an empress in her fighting attire, but I persuade myself she has been all night as much nervous as myself. We go down to the floor and bend back leaning on our hands. I'm hyperventilating. The score is even one point each. If I win the event I get ahead, and that has to take a toll in her monster self-confidence, if such a thing is possible at all. Ali lifts his arm.

'Ready... Go!'

As joint locomotives departing in opposite directions, we pull away our hips with all our might, but soon it becomes evident that in that position we'll never find leverage to beat the grip power of our strength-trained pussies. At once, we rest our buttocks on the stone pavement, lift our legs, and step on each other's foot plant. As tough we had agreed on a plot, we both slowly increase the leg press until our thighs got swollen and ripped and glistened with sweat drops that poured down our steaming crotches.

Now it's major real war. In common human bodies, quadriceps are the strongest muscle packs. Common girls pushing apart by extending her legs foot to foot would quickly spit Blackie off. But common girls don't screw six hours per day, not those I met at the streets of Cartagena at least, and believe me, they had an incredibly active sex life. I recollect myself pussy-wrestling Irma Columbus, mom's new iron-pumping girlfriend. Irma can't believe I had such a mighty grip. Neither Alana can. Blackie slides slowly but unstoppably off her cunt. In despair she changes tactics and assaults me with sweat-spraying abdominal cramps that fail to yank a single millimetre of Blackie out of me. She boils in her own juices and eventually quits. Ali calls up for a second go, but she intelligently concedes the whole event. I'm two to one up!

My happiness was short lived. Although I'm conditioned from my sex routine and my regular visits to Mustoil's elite gym, Alana simply destroys me in the tits weight-lifting event. The rough, weathered straps hurt like hell, yet she seems to enjoy her display of brute strength. Way after I reach my limit and stop lifting she keeps beating her own personal bests at left breast, right breast, and double. Ali follows her record setting attempts with his square jaw hanging limp, making no attempt to conceal his excitement. With all her show done, Alana approaches him and gives his bulky male-hood a friendly squeeze.

'Enjoying, luv? Your savage cutie's doing well,' and blows him a kiss. Then she offers him her sore champion chest to get rid of the straps that penetrated her breasts flesh, but Ali refuses and sends Raisha to do the job. The score was tied two events each, with the finger duel and the 69 contest ahead.

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At 5 am Ali comes in as noisily as usual. But rather than our eunuchs, he brings a staff of five unknown people wearing black caps, bringing huge black sport bags from which they produce a range of telescopic stands and electronic devices needed. Slowly I realize they are building a professional set for the recording of our finger duel. They

even fix mini-cams to our head-bands and point at our groins with their directional audio-capture gear. A physician attaches a pulse meter to our neck veins and inspects our pupils with a tiny torch lamp. It will be a best of five duel with two minutes breathers between climaxes. I leaned my cheek on Sal's warm bosom as she worked my strained neck. 'If anyone on Earth can make that monster blow up that's you Nat honey, relax and enjoy the game as you always did.'

I played my best. Gave Alana enough stimulation to kill an alpha-male elephant, but she didn't spit. She seemed happy to let me get the upper hand, to find her sensitive spots and feel free to strike them as much as I wished. One would say she wanted to delete any trace of hope from my will. I simply couldn't make her cum. Once her own arousal had put me on fire she made her moves. Ultra-accurate, surgical ones. I spitted out so hard I had to grasp her neck, failing to fall face first. Sal made great cooling me down in her two minutes, but just a minute later Alana's round finger-pads had my heart pumping out of control again. She detached her left hand from my creamy crotch and clipped my nipple.

'Cheater!' I screamed. 'That's not allowed!'

She released my sensitive nipple and, pulling a scornful grin, held her hand on the air.

'ok, cool, shaggy, I won't mistreat you unless you beg me to do...'

I controlled my heavy breathing and tried to focus on Ali, and how much I wanted him, and the only thing that prevented me from having him was the stupid blonde I had before my eyes.

I massaged the dome of her deep nether throat with my middle finger, the longest one, using a vibrato technique. The move made an impression on her, although she tried her best to conceal it. I reached deeper and harder, taking advantage of my hand strength. Her ears reddened and her disproportionate nipples grew even thicker, beating the girth of a boy's prick.

'Gotcha hottie, cum in my hand.'

She didn't, but we battled on neck to neck to deliver a fabulous 22 minutes mutual destruction till eventually she dropped her head and exploded in my hands. The recording will bring more earnings to Mr Mustafa than his Brazilian oil fields.

Beat at her favourite game by first time in her lifetime she muttered with sincere anger.

'I know all your dirty tricks already, slut, you have no way to make cum again, not in a whole fortnight!'

Unimpressed, I received Sal's expert care, the technician adjusted the recording gear, the doc torched our eyes, and we met for the third round.

She wasn't bluffing. Next exchange was even longer. She resisted everything I put on her and broke me at minute 28 with a deep pinching technique. Clinching her fists she sprung up with a roar and ran on Ali's lap. He pecked her sweat-beaded forehead and sent her to Raisha.

I dominated her in the fourth round. She panted and grunted at the verge of the explosion. Suddenly a strike of suspicion bites my spine. Was she concealing her best shots for the decider? At minute 14 her abdomen twitches and she released abundant juices on the stone floor.

‘What’s she gonna do to me now?’ I ask to Sal, who is wiping me with a silky cloth and pressing with her thumbs the thick vein in my groin to decrease the blood flow and thus the sensitivity in my steaming pussy.

‘You made great, you made her furious so now she can’t think, she has no plans. You can make her wet in 2 minutes, believe me. Just go there and shatter.’

I got up and walked slowly towards Ali, stopped half way and grabbed my hips.

‘I love you Mr Mustapha.’

That did drive her mad. She stroked me the wrong place at the wrong pace. She took my fingers for two minutes, and another two, and yet another two, but at minute 7 I caught her with a double-thumb spread, and she broke like the little girl she actually was. Queen Nur takes the event and got an overall lead 3-2 with just 3 more events left. As Ali’s current favourite, I just need to win one more event, just one more, since with a 4 all tie I retain the title and Ali will be mine.

Alone in our cell, me and the giant cockroaches, I make my best to ingest some rice. I’ll need it for tomorrow’s battle. No way. My stomach twitches and I taste the gall in my mouth. My legs shiver, I feel dizzy and lye on the humid stones. Would the fat bugs be tastier than the rice?

I couldn’t fall sleep. My eardrums buzzed. Beside the cockroach creeps on the pavement and the locust screams outside I swear I heard Alana throating her wild moans. I stuck my ear on the stone walls and tracked around the cell, unable to detect the direction from which the moans came. Had she the stamina to keep screwing in between our bouts? Perhaps Raisha brought half a dozen of her R-tattooed junks to keep her warm. Or was Ali furtively visiting her cell during night-time?

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For the 69 contest, in addition to their electronic equipments, the black-capped staff brought in ponderous flood lights and a fluffy round mat, while our eunuchs joint in with scented unguent pots and two jars of date jelly that compared to our boiled rice diet tasted like Moët & Chandon. By first time the staff included female personnel that took charge of our hair do and added to our worn faces some makeup. Perhaps the sex-fight movie producers grew fed up of gory dungeons and went for a tour de force... After all, the clips of the fight were selling at insane prices among the wealthy Iron Pussy gang around the globe.

Although the event was scheduled non-stop, Sal wished to be present to cheer in my support and shout me some advice. Aware of the cameras, she flaunt her splendid cleavage clung in a gold embroidered party dress from the Persian dynasty, a gift from Ali’s dad. Somehow, her sophisticate elegance and my raw nudity matched all right.

But it was me on my own against that lab monster. Vicious clit twisters, savage fist fuckers, splendid nail virtuosi, delicate pussy lickers, brutal wham-bam chunks, I adore to compete at their favourite style, outperform their specialities, crack their hardest parts till they sink their watering eyeballs in my coal pupils and stagger, unable to choose between 'please no more' and 'please don't stop'. And now, with no time to adapt I find myself placed in the receiving end. I tried everything on Alana, everything. She doesn't wear out. She endures, puts up, outlasts and wickedly retaliates. She demoralizes me, I can't hurt her, I can't take her tricks. Each time we flip positions at the 69 I feel further away from giving her a real match. She bends my will, undermines my confidence, shatters my self-esteem, plays with my body as a ragged doll ensuring the most humiliating positions to make me blast time after time before Ali's eyes. I'm unable to bear it any longer and by first time as a sex athlete I hear myself shouting.

'I give... Stop it... Stop it... I give up!'

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Sal finds my plan ok. She's already realized I'm seriously sick and chances to endure more torture than super-blondie are minute. In fact she's glad it's me who's proposing it and no need to argue against my pride. We'll concede the pain endurance event, request permission to exit the dungeon during the day off to breathe clean dry air, and place our hope on a quick recovery for the freestyle sex-fight. And if that doesn't work we still can rely on Laura's pill... Ceremoniously, Salome announces our deal proposal to the rival team. Alana seems surprised but does shake my hand. While she retreats, she speaks in Arabian at Raisha's ear.

Next morning Sal wakes me up. My cellular, which she guards during the battle, flashes with an unidentified call.

'Mrs Mustafa?'

I was about to ask which of them when I recognised the voice.

'Mom? What a surprise, *mamita linda!*'

'*Mi niña*, you don't know how much I missed your calls.'

All of a sudden my recent live in Libya rapidly rewind on my mind. No trace of mom, not even at my marriage. My voice turned colder. 'So what's on, mom, still dating the beef cake?'

'C'mon, don't be angry with me, my dear, flesh is weak... But let me explain myself.'

'Go ahead.'

'Someone called Jumbo sent me a pendrive with your finger duel against that blondie bitch, the Tuareg slut. I showed it to Irma, and guess what. She's got freak pals my Irma, but good tempered, and they knew the bitch. They went on the web and showed me a video of that blondie monster knocking down a buffalo by blowing his gigantic prick into her deep throat. She's a monster, sweetie, she'll kill you like she blew out the 10 pounds heart of that buffalo just using her mouth.'

'That's why I'm ringing my dear. Fly away and don't look back. I can meet you in Bengasi and bring you back home.'

'Well, that's no matter really, in fact I already know what Alana is capable to do, I got to know her quite well also after 3 hours juicing each other's intimate parts.'

'No, no, no listen, the thing is... Irma said... she's invincible!'

'Invincible? She's made of truck wheel rubber, but I'm not piece of cake. You underestimate what your daughter can do on bed.'

'Forget it, sweetie, there's no flaw in her megabody you could exploit to beat her. They put special genes... Irma said... they sort of injected toughie genes into her and stuffed her with chemicals and now she's unbeatable, no vulnerabilities what so ever.'

An icy double shock cramped deep in my spine. Watching the screen in the cellular I realized I was receiving a local call.

'Mom, where are you now?'

'Hmm, closer than you believe *mi niña*, please escape from your Mustafa's castle. Can you reach Bengasi this evening?'

Bengasi was three hours away driving, and Jumbo would bring me there if I just gave him a hint I wished. He would squeeze my rib box and release his dramatic sighs and carry me if I couldn't walk. But I had a job to do at eve... A job no one else could understand and I was completely unable to explain. Beat the unbeatable girl.

'Mom, I'm losing you... Mom, not very nice coverage down here... Big kiss. I quit.'

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In hind view, my endurance contest with Alana was the most formidable physical effort I ever made as a sex fighter. Although I had some technical training from Salome, most of my knowledge came from my overnight feasts with Ali, and I was by then not particularly experienced in battling women in long-run bouts. So next day at the dungeons it was my prodigious natural stamina against her lab-designed monster skills.

I fought that genetically engineered prodigy with the sole arms nature had gifted me when my mom delivered me in her laundry's backroom at Cartagena. While I squeezed her sensitive spots with the aim of making her cum, as though I was bedding with my lover, she mangled my sensitive parts with the aim of bursting me out, the most painfully the better, committed to break me down. Rules were we would alternate receiver positions, with the receiver forced to adopt the position the rival commands until one of the fighters cum. Doc, aided with his neck sensors, validated the cums. Painful holds were allowed provided they give the receiver the opportunity to stimulate the rival's sex somehow.

When I commanded I went for straight mutual fingering, scissors or cow-girl rides. Alana exploited her rounds with complex wrestling holds that twisted my legs into positions that sent raw sex arousal up my spine BEFORE she actually started touching me. Salome went mad yelling at Ali to break the holds after I had cum, but Alana refused to release me and prolonged the climaxes till my arms hanged loose.

Three hours into the match Sal placed her fist into my palm.

'The pill,' she whispered. 'Hold it under your tongue.'

'No need,' I panted, 'I can beat her. I know how.'

'Pleeease, Nat, sweetie, she'll kill you. Believe me, she can.'

I smiled, opened my mouth but no words came out.



Years later I'd got from Mrs Rushdie the recording of Alana's successful assault to Cleo's Panarabian crown. The match had taken place few weeks earlier in the Nefertiti Room, terrace level just underneath the heliport, at a six-star resort in Cairo. No more than twenty tycoons from all around the world know about it. And, yes, Ali was there supporting his brand new wife.

*Fighters meet face to face in the center of the mat, their hot upper bodies encrusted with prohibitive jewelry but naked from waist down, to allow the busty milkmaids, dressed as ancient Egyptians, do their supreme finger jobs.*

*Once their pussies had blossomed out, which demanded their full skills from the experienced milkmaids, the black-strip dressed ref calls them to join on the mat and holds them by their round shoulders to announce the rules.*

*Defending champion Cleo wins the coin toss and yields. She has all the momentum and confidence after winning the last 12 matches in a row.*

*Swiftly, Alana feels Cleo's wet sex palm up with her flat digits, inserting, dividing and pressing on the nerve bundles deep inside the champ's nether throat. At the bell the champ's forehead drips in sweat.*

*Cleo squeezes Alana's double Ds to slip the pink mighty nipples out, and rubs them with her own rock hard thumb-thick ones. Then she bends and bites them delicately just in the tip and test their hardness against their own. The rods ram one another and Cleo's bury Alana's deep into the huge globes. But her time is gone and the maneuver has excited herself as much as Alana.*

*The blonde applies a fingernail technique on Cleo's clit that the champion survives panting like a racing mare.*

*Cleo pinches Alana's clit and pumps it between index and thumb, alternatively pushing against the bone and pulling till the whole inner lips poke out. Alana takes it all without a blink. Cleo's tight flesh is shining in sweat.*

*Alana licks her two longer fingers and drills into the trembling champion, reaching the G spot and crushing it with her trimmed nails. Cleo's jaw drops limp, her eyeballs roll and taking a step back she calls a time out.*

*With a mean grin Alana shrouds and shows the white palms of her muscled hands. Sorry sis, I thought you'd like it.*

*The Tuareg supporters roared in triumph...*

Exhausted, my body collapses like a chopped log, rebounding on the stone pavement with a nasty chilling noise.

'Get on your feet and fight on,' my rival roars out of her foamy mouth.

Ali dives in and takes my wrist pushing away the Doc. No pulse, but I'm alive. I had unintentionally swallowed Mrs Rushdie's pill. Ali shoves me up across his shoulder and carries me upstairs. In the distance I hear Alana's screams.

'I'm tougher than her! I'm tougher than her!'

Crossing arms, squeezing her ample chest, Salome grins.

'I feel your husband don't think so.'