

Now, after ten thousand plus sex battles, I reckon I'm the most depraved and efficient love maker in the whole history of the human kind. But it was Ali, many years ago, when I had barely reached age of consent, who initiated me in that domination game, who turned me into the sweetest man eater, showed me the beast I carried inside. At his Hilton suit *La Reina* Nuria was born. The sex addiction drained my veins. When you fuck someone to tears, make them scream till their nails scratch the flesh out your shoulder blades, then a pecking order is indelibly stamped linking that pair of souls, and no matter how big, how wise, how old, how smart they are, no matter age, race, sex or size, they shall belong to me, lick my feet, kiss my ass. They are forever mine.

Jumping down Ali's bed I hunted the wild street creature, cornered her against the padded linoleum of the suite and grinded her dark pussy with mine till I made her pass away, and then back to Ali's arms to receive my most merited reward.

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Six days later we travelled to Maracaibo for my Captain Alice sex-fighting premier. Even if you avoid rush hours and are lucky with the motorway jams, Maracaibo is about ten hours drive from Caracas, but Ali insisted to rent a car and not to go by plane. He was also adamant in bringing his laptop and PDA, and a thick bunch of printouts from the Petro-Braz files. He drove all the way through, with just short stops when I begged I needed to piss.

I read him the e-mails and typed the reply, was her faked secretary on the phone, bought 10% of a maritime society in Guyana and brought civil suit against the environmentalist gang which blocked the arrival of one of Ali's cargos. He instructed me about liability jurisdiction in navigation issues, and I learnt by heart the names, addresses, marital status, wife's hobbies, sexual orientation, religious inclinations and any possible obscure affaires related to the 12 judges of the court which was about to rule the case.

I fed Ali whilst he steered with roasted ham sandwiches, seeping *añejo* rum straight from the bottle, a half of the bottle each. When the road went bendy I sat on his thighs and he let me the wheel. He took the chance to slip his hands under the shirt and grab my tits. I placed his claws back on the wheel, tied his shaft with a cotton napkin and jerked the tip till his balls were about to burst. By the time we glided downhill to the foamy coastline the files were spread all over the cabin and his crotch was a mess. I wiped him with the skirts of my shirt and my thoughts returned to Captain Alice.



I had been scheduled against an Orinoco youngster under the stage name of Amanda, the Jaguar girl, advertised as savagely pretty, but who was also unknown in the club.

We arrived just 20 min ahead of the event.