

*"...eres la forma perfecta
la medida exacta
justo para mi"
Shakira*

Story of N (3)

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There are four separate classes of people out there. The stupid, the deranged, the selfish, and the mystic types. Those groups are separated by the attitude they sport with regard to life in general and people in particular. First is the I-love-life-I-love-people kind, stupid for short. They shake hands and make fanny grimaces like the Muppets, if you see what I mean, when you bit the shit out of them. Useless like toffees, sticky, and tasteless at the end. Second is, just the opposite ones, the I-hate-life-I-don't-like-people class. Ban-zai yelling kamikazes. You can't break their determination because they don't have any. They screw mindlessly till they blow up. Third come the life lovers who hate people one by one. The hedonist, selfish type. They're good at planning and rely on training and technique. Bloody perfectionists who read all in the book overnight. Last come the I-love-people-BUT-I-don't-like-life, too bad, too unfair. Those are the mystic ones. Viciously sacrificed. Crusade bonzos, pain queens. Pretty dangerous indeed. Committed to fight injustice, to redeem the exploited ones regardless they want it or not. Then there is me, La Reina Nuria, a league on my own. I claim to be now the best sex athlete of modern times, and I can be stupid, deranged, selfish, mystic or a weighed combination of all those types depending on which one can juice my rival the quickest and the most intensely. And I don't stop till they hang their head loose and break in tears.

After the Maracaibo initiation ritual, Ali appointed me for a Panamerican championship scheduled in Rio in one week time. I suspected he didn't want to delay his Brazilian trip any longer, but he had stopped talking about that. We had invited Amanda to install herself with us, but Charlie hired her for room service and our mate moved to the maid dorms in the basement. So Ali started picking my sparrings among the most magnificent sex athletes available in the contacts pages of the local papers. When it was a woman we secretly competed for her favour and forced her to choose. After a session with Ali, no matter how experienced she was, she felt herself *possessed* by very first time. After a session with me she learnt the true meaning of the word *pleasure*. So when she got paid and left through the glass elevator her sexual identity was a complete mess. When it was a man Ali watched how I devoured him and juiced their throbbing cocks dry, and once they failed to put up with my thirst, soaked in their sterile jizz, I went to seek relief in Ali's sheltering chest, and their battered cocks went hard again from watching our art. Ali and I run affectionate to threesomes. Putting partners in between us delayed that ultimate test, distracted us from the disturbing question. Left vacant the throne sooner or later one of us must hold. In the meantime, proving Ali I was able to outperform any love machine he could throw at me was more than enough. Demonstrating in public or for his eyes only I was the best woman made me a happy, proud, satisfied little girl.

On day 16 of our Caracas Hilton stay I broke Salome's single hand record, juicing Ali with my left in just below 3 minutes time. He tried so hard to resist my skilful jerking when he exploded the first jet of cum reached the wall. The petite jaguaresse stopped the watch and showed me the awesome reading, whilst my fist merciless milked Ali, and his eruption stained the goose down duvet, the Persian carpet and the stylish

riveted curtains of suite 20-12. I crawled up Ali's chest and body pressing him on the mattress, pinned him with a proud stare. Who's the best now, daddy? That very same day Ali's principal secretary wired exciting good news from Tripoli. The London court had dismissed the environmentalist's claims Against Ali's oil drills in Brazil. I had advised Ali to counterattack and sue the organization for libel over the accusations published in their magazine, choosing the week a far right winger substituted a temporary leave in the head of the Commercial Law court. The strategy proved to be successful. They had been condemned by libellous accusations and should pay a two column apology in the Sunday edition of the Financial News and the trial costs. We managed to extend our Hilton escapade and Ali bought a first class return for Amanda to replace me in the Rio tournament along with three extra nights at the Ipanema seafront with full board.

When I woke up next morning Ali was sat on the bed with his black suit on and a small crimson velvet box in his hands. Maracaibo's jaguar cub had left, but the hand grippers Ali had bought to build strength on our cunts were still scattered on the floor. 'Where is she...' He made me quiet by pressing one finger on my lips, and handled me the precious little box. Gone with last night's stud. Tender love at first sight. But look. 'This is something only you deserves'. My hands were shaking. I flipped the lid open and uncovered the most expensive ring he had found in a rush. It was too tight for my middle finger but to loose for the next one, so he ceremoniously dragged the sheets away, pulled at my long legs, grabbed my white puffy feet by the ankle and inserted the ring up my second toe. The encrusted diamonds twinkled as I waved my toes before his shining face. He reached my other ankle, spread my feet apart and took a dive.



'Nat, *bonita*...'

'Yes mommy.'

'Listen, I got a secret to share with you.'

'...all ears. Tell me.'

'I scored!'

'Well done, but, where's the thrill. You're my mother, I assume you're no virgin...'

'No, listen, serious, is not the usual stuff. It's that it is...'

'Go mommy, I won't faint.'

'It's a lady! I mean, a woman, well... a girl, a grown girl. A big one. I mean, you know those iron pumpers with huge pecs.'

'Zaps mom, you went to bed with a female body builder? Don't buy that.'

'I did, was *incredible*. What a body. Can crack a nut between her tits. Listen, you hear about the Caribbean Extravaganza? It was held in the Cartagena Starr, which we serve. Do you know Irma Columbus? She came second in the middle weight, second only to a steroid rat. Irma she's not on dope, she's a natural...' mom fumbled nervously at the phone, obviously sucking from a cigarette.

'So?' I inquired, uninterested about sports inside.'

'Last night she challenges me in the corridor because the launderette was shut, and I gave her my number and she did ring, but with no cloths to do.'

'Wow, mommy, that's fast.'

'Oh, dear she's so big and cute and...'

'Keep her away from Ali. Tell me, tell me, how was IT?'

'I was shaking and said "it's my first time with a woman", which wasn't exactly truth but you know with such a big block... and she pouted her lips and said "Don't you worry cutie, I'll be gentle", and rubbed my limbs with her muscled tongue and rocketed me to paradise. Can't tell you all the things we did, daughter, *bonita*, I lost count.'

'I'm glad to see you so happy, mom, but I got news as well.'

'Tell, my dear.'

'... Ali wants to marry me!'

'That's... that's wonderful, sweetie, that's really big great news, you know men are so moody... take your chance, he's a millionaire!'

Our last few days in the Caracas Hilton were drenched with mixed feelings. We both knew something was coming to an end. Something fabulous we'd wish, and fail, to revisit any other time. But we couldn't delay the decision any longer. Ali had sent a delegate to Brasilia's meeting and the result hadn't been satisfactory at all. He didn't say it but I knew he blamed me. On the other hand the prospect of a new life together on our own filled my better expectations. Every morning I watched the diamonds ring sparkling from my toe and figured out what would come next. Every morning Ali trained my pussy till his ten robust fingers went sore, and then, while he dispatched his affaires, I took overtime sessions with the metal grippers and the electric gadgets till their batteries run off. In Libya you'll enjoy training facilities according to your class, he promised every time I placed, with a blink, a cracked device on his desk.

We made a funny troop in the airport. Irma carried by hand our four immense pieces of luggage as though they were supermarket plastic bags and cursed about the closed parking lot. Ali followed her, offering a hand she stubbornly refused. In the terminal mom got on her tips to kiss Ali's forehead, instructed him about my favourite food, and wished us all the best, sobbing goodbye. Irma dropped the baggage on the check-in scale, and I hugged her immense bust and promised to take some other time the pussy strength challenge she insisted to have with me. A fair, big hearted muscle

mountain, so was Irma. She pinched my cheek and I wrestled her away to go stop mommy's outrageous sobbing, which was breaking my soul.

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