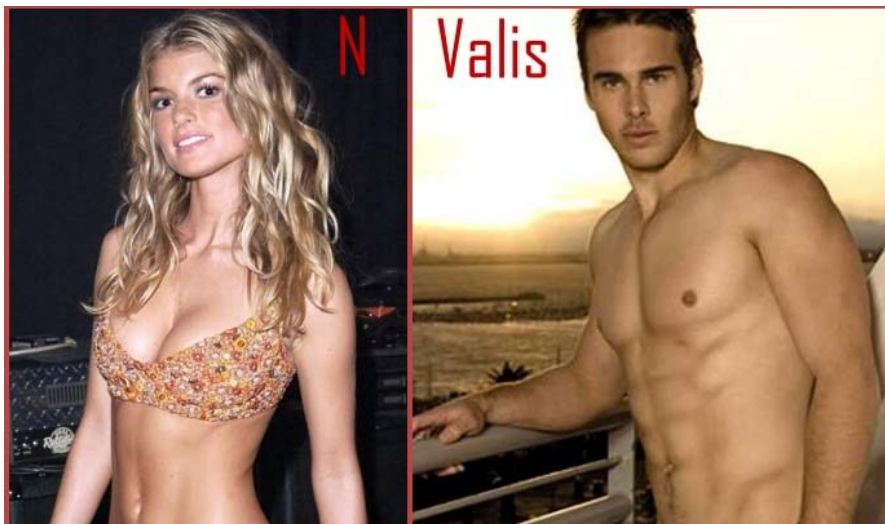


Valis and N_01. Background

My name is Valis and I'm the luckiest man on Earth. For more than twelve years I got my body juiced on a regular basis by the top girl in the male-squeezing sport. You can say that's a quite materialistic approach to a relationship. That's because you didn't get her under your skin. Which means you got no tv, read no papers and don't browse magazines in the bus stations or airport shops. Because even if you aren't up on internet underground sex you'd still recognise N as the girl in the soft-drink commercials, glamour mags, schoolboy folder covers and gossip tv-shows. A single contact with N, eye contact would suffice, and you'll want nothing but stick to her for the rest of your life. So now imagine what would you do if you were allowed a whole night stand. A quicky one, which for her standards translates into some 90 minutes of continuously escalating action, and all your principles tumble upside down. You end up wondering how damn you could have spoiled your existence in getting a nice job, making lots of money, having lovely children, instead of investing every nanosecond of your life span at screwing her. Or rather, to be 100 percent honest, getting screwed by her. You wouldn't conceive a greatest prove of genuine, all-generous, spiritual love that sleeping with N, abandon your sinful flesh in the hands of N, the blessed dick-disposing machine. But let's start by the beginning, and the story kicks off some twelve years ago, in the warm, stylish coasts of Southern Europe, when the days got milder because summer had lost its sharpest edge.



Retrospectively, it was crazy how the life of young N Lakshmi Leão had changed in a matter of months, not to say weeks. Dad had got a promotion and the whole family moved South, into the major touristic city of the country. Dad's company rented an immense but cute art-deco chalet in a residential neighbourhood, five minutes walking from one of Europe's largest sand dune, with three spare guest rooms and enough space to park a truck and unload its contents without leaving the garage. She started her first year in a large, cosmopolitan Senior High, where the lings of other successful entrepreneurs gathered from all across Europe mixed up with the local top layer in multilingual harmony. Soon the slender girl with the languid ocean-wide stare and crunchy curls became popular by mistreating a worn, creaky bicycle with her mighty thighs in her way to school every morning, and leading courageously the contralto voices in the chorus rows every eve.

But the big changes came from inside. By then young N had already come to terms with her body, and got more or less used to turn up more faces than she would wish. Genes had prodigiously shuffled to produce an eye-catching combination of

mum's feline and exotic elegance and dad's muscular tone. Should nature laws allow it little N could be the awesome cross between a magnetic-strolling panther and a shy gazelle with eye-slashes the size of butterfly wings, only her eyes could out-scare a predator's gaze and compared to the antelope she got longer limbs. Some key parts of her anatomy, though, still bore an awkwardly childish reminiscence, as built up at a different scale to the rest.

That was until late summer, when the last touches from the brilliant genius who designed her body came into shape. As wishing to celebrate one of those pink-glowed September dusks, the pure, graceful lines sketched during her late childhood took chiselled definition. Her chin developed, the fingers grew stronger, her shoulders broader, her neck elongated like the swan in the tale, her midriff got that unnecessary, insultingly superior, extra stretch and the cute young lady muted into a female Michelangelo chef-d'oeuvre. A modern times Venus with no need of shell.

The family had already settled down in their brand new villa and registered the kids at high school for the upcoming new term. N and her three elder brothers Anthony, Vasco and Samir –who looked like three sizes of the same good-looking model- had battled for their favourite rooms among the many available in their villa. She conquered the one on the very top, with the sloppy ceiling and built-in wardrobe, with full-size oval mirrors inside the twin doors. She had finished unpacking and classifying all her clothes, threw her tank-top to the pile for laundry and stood in briefs, panting at her equally endowed double reflection. She pulled up her chin and puffed out her chest, sincerely surprised by features never seen before. Should Botticelli be allowed to peep through, he had burnt his Venus down to ashes, and given himself up to the new beauty idol. Because N does not attract you, she simply inhales your soul and uses it to warm up her chest. The funny thing is, no matter how obvious her charm displayed, she'd rather let her toes got plucked off one by one with a rusty pair of pliers than admitting so. And that was the finisher, the final tap that makes your defences come tumbling down.

It happened exactly when the course began. All of a sudden and mostly against her will, her chest decided to explode. Then the body changes that had seemed an innocent consequence of teenage biology unveiled their secret plot. They made real the kind of *beauté* one presumes as exclusively divine. As the days shrunk she outgrew not only her last season infant bra, but also the next two sizes beyond. Her breasts turn from strawberry-shaped buds to tight-skin oranges, bulge past Brazilian mangos and seek free admission in the champions' league. Not a thing that made her happy, indeed. Even the baggiest clothing she can choose gets trouble to conceal that suddenly added poundage.

Relieve comes only months later, when new-N stabilizes and puts an end to the crazy turnover in her lingerie stock. She had definitely earned the adult pass to womanhood. Shrimati Leão makes it official when one Sunday morning she surprises her daughter picking from the pile of fresh-washed weekly laundry and takes her upstairs to the main bedroom, pulls the bottom drawer open and produces the piece of Goan artisan lingerie that contained her bust during most of her wedding night. Struggling with her heart beat, the daughter fits the delicate but ample cups, reaches back to clasp it on and, yes, her non-deformable new tits stretch the see-through fabric tight and her thrill-engorged rosy nipples even threat to bore a whole on it. Mum and girl exchange stares that compete in sheer family pride and melt in a vigorous huge that crushes their now equally powerful chests.

Yet THE one, important change, excuse my selfishness, is still to come. During the chorus repetitions she got intimate with a school mate with East European roots

called Nadia, my little sister. At Nadia's birthday party we meet, and next evening we start dating. I wasn't supposed to be there, but the mid term exams in the University kept me locked up at home. She was hit with the evidence that some guys don't leap straight at her splendid cleavage. At least not me. Gentleman Valis plays the mature University guy, walks her down the park and lures her with inaccurate but first-hand descriptions of Roma, Bucarest and Paris. I illustrate my accounts with local terms, that she finds so musical and passionate, although she had a hard time identifying where the local language ends and my Eastern accent begins. We eat up emperor-size ice-cream buckets and taste the flavours from each other's lips, and when we kiss, I make double-sure she feels fully reassured before taking the next step.

We kissed for ages. One can say we had gone pro. N picks any new move so quickly, as a witty novice learning fast from her personal instructor, and surprises me with creative innovations from her own. She kissed me until her lips went dumb and perspiration shone on her temples, and her heart hammered from inside her puffed, steaming chest. But she would go for a fresh start whether I could take it without red-level heart failure risk. Eventually facial exhaustion forced us to move half an inch apart, our jaws hanging loose as the limbs of fatigued wrestlers after a close bout, and stayed face to face, caressing each other with our knuckles, unable to unlock our eyes.

As all of you must know, sex is just a game, the primal playful activity for human beings. A chip, healthy game where that you own from birth is the only toy you need to play. Not surprisingly then, humans start playing the game as soon as their bodies are ready. No need of painful training or erudite learning on awkward rules. In fact the fewer the rules the more pleasant it gets. It doesn't need either any shopping to do or any credit line to ask for. So this game lacks age limit other than that imposed by the physiology of primates. By the end of summer N's physiology was so ripe she could inspire a porno script by just naively pressing in her arms the worn snout of her lifetime teddy-bear. In short, she was ready. No human on this planet, crazy or sane, could deny that. Still our wild exchanges did not involve what can be called conventional sex. We didn't need it. Ten minutes of our mutual rubbing were more rewarding –and exhausting- than ten conventional copulas within a married routine.

Besides, she had shared with me the discouraging recollections about her first and last previous experience. On how her instant crush with a handsome monitor in the summer camp, when a discrete tuft of golden hairs had just flourished on top of her Venus mount, led the furtive couple to a hand-in-hand stroll in the woods that more or less culminated with a brief attack of his bony hips to her miniskirt. It had been two years ago and all she remembered now was how she had felt a sort of sting and three seconds later the guy in question was squealing like a mouse and drooling like a monkey. Both had come independently to the same conclusion. We wanted to make sure anything like that wouldn't happen to us.

Discovery is an essential part of the game. And we made revolutionary findings every other day. It was then, for instance when we found out, both at once, that the body can be exhausted and still entirely unsatisfied, and wishing –but unable- to go on. It was by then also when we came across a common trait that built the most solid and durable link among us. No matter where the limit was, we both wanted to find it out together.