

Valis and N_03.

N's penthouse (part II)

But it's she who makes the move. N's white spider grabs my ankle and places my heel on her tucked legs, pulling the foot balls against her belly. Her swift muscular fingers take control, play her hard-core Mudras on me, pull my toe joints apart, rub the soft flesh in the arch rising sparkles of warmth up my leg across the spine. I lean on the wall, stung by the poison of her laser pupils, but somehow break the spell and set myself in action. Unfold her leg, letting her marble endless toes at my expense. Should I be conscious of the game I had surrendered right away, but the very same spell she had cast on me gave me the strength to pick the fight. Gnawed the soft balls of her toes, leaked the sensitive skin in between. She retaliated blow by blow, vigorously spreading the bones in my foot like a lady's fan, and chewing my powerless toes one by one. By nibbling her puffy little toe I got the upper hand. Her pupils got cloudy, her porcelain nostrils twitched. Somehow I was managing to cope with her masterful rubbing, and send the sensual will-cracking waves back through her stretched limb. I use my free foot to dig under the skirts of her oversized male shirt.



'Not fair,' she complains, and sends my explorer away her reign. Her voice is sweet but her hand so firm I got clear she's determined to set the rules. I stick to them, committed to beat her at her favorite game, and tongue-attack the delicate insertions of her toes. Her pupils grow wider, her fingers stronger, her skills mightier, and I feel I've unlashed a Bengal tigress I'm locked with into a tiny penthouse on the sea front.

I'm aware it may sound unbelievable, but I swear I don't remember who won the foot-liking contest. Might be me, since my next memory is N leaping at my crotch, using her languid fingers to fish my beast and drew it out of its den, to get blasted by the sunlight. By first time her tenuous lips called my name. 'Val, I wanna make you mad, my sweet, but I want you to hold on, no matter what I do to you, ok?'

The stiff monster rose up proudly and little N slapped it tenderly, as the rider of a muscular mare ready to race. Before I blink she had wrapped the monster and started pumping. I have to restrain her spontaneous eager, keep her off the too sensitive parts her fabulous hand strength otherwise could hurt. I grab her wrist and carefully place her fingers one by one around the shaft. She grins, purses her lips, and pumps off with renewed overenthusiasm. I have to stop her again and reset her grip, correcting the

position of each of her fingers, advising the right amount of strength each one should use in the hold. I correct her time after time till she masters all the basics and adventures into moves of her own. Soon her hand-job is so devastating I feel I'm the only male on Earth who can put on with it. She picks up every trick instantly and the wonder is... I can resist!

With her accurate Mudras contortionism and uninhibited naive curiosity under my dressage, N's hand-job becomes a masterpiece. Her performance was prone to as many variations as the main theme from a Bach's cantata. She may strangle the shaft and simply test how much pressure my monster can tolerate, and suddenly use her flying phalanges ended in short-cut trimmed nails to tickle every sensitive spot in the congested head. I have to restrain her spontaneous eager, keep her off the too sensitive parts her fit fingers otherwise could hurt. She picks up every trick instantly and the wonder is... I can resist!

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Ninety minutes later a car's engine approached and roared off underneath the balcony, the door creaked open and someone on heels stepped into the front gate.

'Some... somebody's... coming...,' I moaned driving my chin into the rib bone to stare at N, who was straddled across my waist, the large male shirt still on, and applied a double-handed inverse rotation technique as though she wanted to unscrew the glans from the shaft. Utterly absorbed in her job, N didn't even seem to hear me. I lay on the bed, naked from waist down only, with a firm grip on the metal bars in the grid of the bedhead.

Downstairs the keys rattled the locks open. N added an extra twist to the final part of the strike of her left hand, the one she was using to work the glans. Watching my reaction, she gritted her teeth. Her tits jolted free inside the large shirt, closed by a single button. 'Gotcha!' she muttered in triumph, as my exhausted cyclope opened his eye gasping for air.

'Darling? Are you in?' called N's mum climbing up the stairs. 'I'm going to fix tea.'

I was only capable to partially buffer a roar. A thick silence followed, interrupted just by the deaf and, I hoped barely perceptible noise of my blast rattling across one of the Hindu posters, the one with the teen male wrestler. As I continued firing my load on Agni, N's mum raised her voice again, and it sounded so crystal clear she had to be already behind the door. I swear I heard her Hindu fingers caressing the knob of the huge wooden door, studying the possibility to use her round shoulder against the half ton of oak, ready to push.

'You ok, dear?'

'I'm fine mum, I'm with Valis, Nadia's brother, you should know it.'

When I heard my name I was persuaded she was going to invite her mum in. I made a pathetic attempt for an escape, but couldn't even wince, which wasn't surprising

considering she was sitting on top of me, and her formidable fist had by then reduced the whole old Valis' musculature to a limp pulp. Anyhow, with a surprisingly serene voice considering she was putting all her soul in the final few devastating blows, and in an impassive tone, despite she was biting the tip of her tongue, she added.

'We'll be downstairs in a minute, mum.'

As soon as my heart dropped through my throat back into my chest I gathered the strength to mutter in a much less clear voice.

'Hallo. A pleasure.'

That day I celebrated N's dungeon was guarded by such ten inches thick wood wall, but promised myself to check for a locker in the nearest ironware supplier first time the day after.

And that's how N introduced me to her mum.

to be continued...