

Valis and N_04.

Yes, I am her boyfriend

That autumn evening at N's penthouse set the pace our lives would pursue the next few weeks. With her accurate Mudras contortionism and uninhibited naive curiosity under my control, N's hand-job had become a masterpiece. Her performance was prone to as many variations as the main theme from a Bach's cantata. She might strangle the shaft and simply test how much pressure my monster can tolerate, or simply use her flying phalanges ended in short-cut trimmed nails to tickle every sensitive spot in the congested head, or do both things at once.

On school days I met her at the gate and we three, Val, N and her old creaky bike, diverged through the Forest Park to get rid of her mates and have privacy to chat. At the artificial lake's shoreline we raced. 'See who can reach the lake first,' she announced, and sprung like a missile. I sprinted till I felt my heart choking up my throat, but she beat me by three lengths. Apparently her daily routine pedalling that rusty bicycle surpasses my untrained carcass. Exhausted, I cling at the long skirts of her oversized linen shirt, probably inherited from her dad, and tackle her down on the grass, rolling like dizzy dancers to let her land on top.

'Beat ya, lol,' she boasts.

'Fair enough, you got longer legs and a younger heart.'



I didn't forget her upper body, but decide against further comments. She measures her own thighs in palm lengths and then makes the same with mine. Since they're close she uses finger thicknesses as decimals. 'Which shoe do you wear. 42 also? But female sizes are smaller.' 'They're not.' She flings her light footwear and wrestles my trainings off. She pushes her bare foot plant to plant against my improperly black sock. My foot tip stands out but N's second and middle toes are slightly longer.

'Thought you were ashamed about your large feet and hands,' I retaliate making use of her private conversations with Nadia. She flushes, which rarely happens and makes her even more delightfully desirable, and withdraws the end of her limbs into the floppy sleeves, as an endangered snail.

She's proud of her end-less, bony feet, and wears a white-gold ring in her fore-last toe. Geishas never were role models for her. But envy filled her when a fellow schoolgirl showed off delicate, feminine hands, with petite sharp-ended fingers. Hers are ponderous and bulky, so when she walks she tends to clench her fists, and when she stands they promptly fly out of sight behind her back.

I catch her palm and unfold it into display. 'They're not that ugly, are they?' She lets me have a close look at what she thinks are manly hands, and I find fair-skinned, pale and polished as china-clay. True, the fingers are robust and she doesn't grow her nails. Hand comparison comes next. We set our wrists together and stretch out the fingers to full length. Again, as with the feet contest, who disposes who depends on which finger you choose. My third and fourth ones are longer than hers, but she beats me with the index and thumb.

'And you can't imagine how much strength I got in my hands. At home it is me who opens the marmalade jars.' We crawl face to face and try to dispute an arm-wrestling match, but the daisies prairie under our elbows doesn't offer the necessary support for a real contest. We lose balance and roll on the lawn, picking dry leafs stuck to our clothes. She pulls out her shirt to reach it with her eyes and pinch the leafs away. Her move is so vigorous I feel she's going to tear off the tissue. I figure rampaging she-hulk ripping her human clothing to shreds in public places like this, crowded with ball-playing kids and relaxed family men. Somehow the linen resists the stretching. Now she resumes the arm-wrestling stand, waiting with her left hand ready for another go. But when I square off she takes me by surprise with a vicious side-tickling attack. I fight back and N's chorale-trained throat bursts with uninhibited sheer-pleasure laugh. A surprisingly low-pitched cackle comes out her swan neck. Not even laughing can you be discrete, my sweetheart?

The tickling battle transitions into a more intimate hug on the white-splattered green layer of lawn, and I hear my self-consciousness saying farewell. Like boxers after a clinch, we move apart, with heavy pants, and stare intently at the casualties our hot game left behind, taking the same back-step that a painter takes to appreciate his work on progress on the canvas. Our steaming chests pump up in tune. Mum's power-bra has resisted my assaults, but N's swollen breasts pray to be released. We could live comfortably for ten years just on the fortune any big fish would pay for a three-second flash on those celestial wonders. I gather the courage I'm assumed to have, insert two fingers inside each cup and set them free. The almond musk intoxicates me. I rub my eyelids against the nipple-crowned spheres, and dream on a full-time common life with that celestial female. A decent racketeer would commission a murder for the right to have a flash on those perfect tits, and would happily commit suicide if only N let him go for a face-rubbing bout. But it's my face down there in between, could you believe it? How unpredictable life is. She hugs my head and I nibble the tip of her nipples till her throat starts releasing sweet, tender whines. If once there was a paradise, it had to be a boring, eventless resort compared to N and Valis' dreamland.

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On weekends I studied all morning for my mid-term exams. At 13:30 I quitted with my thermodynamics notes and had a light lunch while driving to *Cidade Jardim*. At her

villa I ring the bell, receive her peck, she drags me upstairs and we performed our routine. She cracks her finger joints and sits on my belly facing my feet, caresses the bulge, taps with her knuckles challenging with her contralto voice the monster underneath, making it anxious for the fight-to-dead. When it seems even the rough fabric of my jeans couldn't restrain the air-striving monster anymore, she pitifully unzips and sets the beast free using just her puffy fingertips. She whispers in my ear like a female lion dresser to her favourite beast. 'Ready, cutie? I wanna give you lots of love.'

The longer I endure the most furiously she battles out. On school days the only time limit is 17:50 in her alarm clock. When those figures flash in the display she leaps like the Bengal tigress I'd imagined. She picks her trousers from the carpet and hand in hand we run three floors down to the basement, jump on her old bicycle, and her fit thighs set a new national record at two-people cycling in the non-Olympic 3 miles class, the distance from her villa to the scholar chorus rehearsal point.

After a couple of weeks I had nothing more to teach. Mudras-girl knew it all. I simply focused on the fight and tried to resist a bit longer. I still could take most of her moves, but it was her confidence which really defeated my self-control. From the very first squeeze she knew sooner or later her tricks would break me down. 'You done or want a rematch?' she boasted afterwards. 'One more run, I can take that new spin of yours' I retaliated, but I knew I lied.

Because she could knock me out at her will, so she delayed her triumph; dragged me to the verge and kept me there, abyss-sick, moaning for a quick outcome that she brought with a vicious twist, or a precise tickle in the right nerve, or a sudden, unbearable change of pace, or often several of those mad tricks at once... N triggered the massive explosion at the very time lapse she fancied, like a ultraprecise time bomb. N played machinegun shooting, targeting the walls, the ceiling, the clock display, the nipple marks in her T-shirt, even her own lean neck.

Then she wiped my skin and clothing and we shared a soft drink, getting ready for the next round. By round 5 or 6 my monster was close to submission, and it was then when her fast-growing skills were tested to the limit.

On weekends the time limit was often set by a sudden bang in the door that the first time threw my heart out my throat. It was her Mum, who had fixed some real good tea from Goa for the guest.

We checked each-other's hair, climbed down the wooden stairs and sat on the floor to drink Mrs Leão's genuine tea from Goa. I forgot to say I hate tea, it makes me sick. So, eyes shut, I seeped out the steaming beverage, and then I cheek-kissed mum and child good bye to drive back home.

With the complicity of friendly and liberal Mrs Leão first, and the supportive but not that happy tolerance of the whole family later, I became a regular to the family brunches that for N and I, sat at foot-contact distance at the opposite sides of the table, were in fact a time out that divided our Saturday and Sunday penthouse sessions, allowed replenishment with the essential salts and carbohydrates for our fluids, and gave me the chance to

exhibit in front of her family, some other interests beyond the obvious one. My docile Easter-Europe look, easy conversation and some bits of theoretical physics bordering abstract philosophy spread at the right conversational spots helped me to cultivate an intellectual side and more or less efface the suspicions that N's dad and brothers had built up around my eternal presence at the top of their castle, lock-less locked inside the chambers of their only, still teenage, girl.

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Fifty miles north from *Cidade Jardim*, the coastline switches from sandy beaches to rocky cliffs. This is the no trespassing border for the holiday makers. Touristic resorts give way to rough fishermen villages embedded in the edge of land. *Barocca*, the largest one, seems from the winding road a bite in the rock given by a giant. The many times expanded concrete breakwater shelters a flourishing fleet of ragged trawlers and mid-size cargos that look much older they actually are. Not long ago the local cantina opted for adult distraction, and opened up its basement under a giant pink neon the shape of a thick-lipped mouth, successfully concentrating the worse of the region's nightlife. Eastern crab dealers, and low rank seamen from old Soviet trawlers, all anxious to quickly spend their wages in white spirits and dancing gals. It is certainly a banned territory for decent school-girls. If N's dad, or even her tender and understanding mum, knew I drove her there I would endorse the family's black list. So furtiveness added danger on top of the thrill of our overnight excursion. The right ingredients to fuel N's blood run wildly underneath her skin.

The *Barocca's* troupe had prompted the organization of bizarre events, involving their top strippers and the regular customers rumbling together at toe-wrestling, cricket eating contests or beer-pissing showdowns. But their top speciality was a challenge called the 100 blows that offered a substantial purse to the man capable to take 100 hand jerks from the club's top strippers. Female volunteers were also allowed to have a try as pumpers by paying an exorbitant registration fee they would get back quadruplicated in the eventuality that no guy could resist their fists. The thick veins running across the stripper forearms witnessed the contest was for real. The show hypnotised young N. That sport was made for her. Glued to my chest, she squeezed to draw my attention and rolled her immense eyeballs. She wanted to have a try.

to be continued...