

Valis and N 05. The 100-blows challenge.

'Fzzzzzz... Toc, toc.'

Valis climbed up on stage, fished the microphone that glided down from the ceiling and tapped it for testing. The noisy crowd focussed their rat-small eyeballs on him and got silent all at once. On the spot he reflected, what on hell am I doing here, my heavenly girl ready to wank a bunch of jerks in public, and I encouraging her to do so.

Too late. The half hundred clients of the club had stopped their nervy chatting, and stared at him grabbing their drinks desperately. The moment they all had been waiting for had arrived. The event had been well advertised by the club owners and they had full house.

'Err... Good 'nit' everybody,' he announced unprofessionally, staring at the floor, blinded by the floodlights. He pronounced a short welcome speech that nobody greeted and finally made the most wanted introduction.

N emerged from the backstage and clamped to her man with uncontrollable affection, ignoring anybody else. He realized then the splendid body he enjoyed at his will on a daily basis was a prodigy of nature, an extremely improbable event. N was a tall, pale, slim porcelain doll with tits harder than a medicine ball. She wore electric white trainers with no socks, blue jeans shorts apparently bitten by a shark, which explained why most of her buttocks showed off, and a white tank top that her breasts mistreated and made wave above her tight belly. Her shoulder long straw-coloured mane threw some crunchy bangs across her immense, coal-black eyes.

Seen her so relaxed, Valis cooled down a bit, took her by the shoulders and offered his lips for her to smoothly seal them up. Maybe the idea was not that crazy. N was perfectly capable to win the contest, odds shouldn't be stacked against us.

'Ok guys, now I need four tough men, four brave volunteers to take her challenge.'

Over a dozen male customs stampeded on stage. A couple of bouncers from the club worked hard to reduce the number down to the wished four and keep the others in line.

A young grunge-looking chap, surprisingly quick despite his ghostly features, had made it first on stage. He grinned as the bouncers placed him within N's reach, his eyes hidden behind a greasy fringe. A club waitress in a tennis inspired outfit only far too skimpy at her chest, handling a manual counter plugged to the giant screen above, crouched next to him and showed N a referee whistle.



'Ok guys, errr... remember. Ehm, it's 100 strokes. The one putting up with 100 blows from my girl takes tonight's purse home.'

Ref girl blew her whistle. N knelt down, unzipped the young chap and fished his smooth but well developed cock. She pulled back the skin and encircled the silky head using just three fingers as a tight hood. She rolled up her eyes as though she were praying.

'Beauty... you never stop growing? I can't close my fist anymore! I'm sure you can kick ass in a size contest. You remind me my little brother. At your age he took three fingers on his senior school mates.'

Soon the sound of flabby flesh gave way to the peculiar tchuc-tchuc of the skin squeezed against the hardened shaft, and the head ramming against the inside of N's hand.

At the count of 40 the young lad started mouthing, at 50 he blushed like a chilli pepper and his face shrugged like a mask. N took his hand and pressed it inside hers, as though she was going to walk him across the road. He still bravely stood a dozen more blows but at 63 he exploded like a geyser. N kept him squirting till he buckled down like a boxer reached below the belt.

Having witnessed the hard core show closely, next one in the queue was horny like a monkey alpha-male. N received his with a warm candid smile, while wiping the soft membrane in between her fingers with a silky cloth. The fat, greasy, untidy man threw his flabby hips forth and gritted his teeth. N awkwardly managed to flap his pulsating rod free from the trousers and took a tight grip on the mid-section, squeezing the thick green veins so hard the head discoloured. Devotedly, she completed a couple of slow but thorough full-strokes, stretching the skin till the head disappeared inside her fist, and pushing up against the pubic bone, where the thick insertions struggled to force her fingers open. Happy with the response, N pumped slightly faster. After just a dozen blows her pulsating victim was on the verge of explosion, just 3 inches apart from her porcelain cheek. Then she froze, tensed the elegant sinewy neck and focussed her heavenly angel face towards his boyfriend, who stood up uncomfortably, rubbing his forearms, two steps behind. On her knees, shifting her weight on the fingertips of her free hand, she whispered.

'Love, I bet you I can blow him up with just three more strokes.'

Valis felt electricity tickling up his neck and down his spine. In private he used to take challenges like that. So he wished it was his cock the one strangled by N's white hands, and wouldn't mind everybody watching how he was the only one capable to endure the pleasure goddess' fist. N insisted.

'Right? You think I can't? I bet your percentage I can crush this little man with just three more blows. Deal?'

She twisted her fist forcing the reddened cock upwards, detached her long forefinger and stretched it underneath the cock till the soft tip reached the hypersensitive nerve bundle just below the orifice. Intently staring at Valis she playfully bit the tip of her tongue. The first blow cut the man's breathing, the second made him shrug his nose and at the count of three he squirted so hard the semen reached the crowd in the second row.

N insisted to dispatch the third and fourth receivers at once. She set them face to face and grabbed with one hand each. Since the 100 blows barrier seemed unattainable at least they would compete to see who could hold back the longest. The waitresses thrived around overwhelmed with betting demands. N knelt down in between the two throbbing cocks, started pumping in perfect synchrony, scrutinizing their absent gazes. As soon as one began to lose heart she relaxed the grip till both reached the same point. She acted like a professional cook boiling two separate hunks of meat to exactly the same point. Eventually she speeded up her double deal and juiced both studs at once, gleefully greeting the massive bombardment her chest was receiving from both sides. Their sustained blasts soaked the tank top till the distinct protuberances of her aureoles could be seen through. She peeled out her teeth and methodically finished them off to the very last drop. Then she relaxed and cuddled the exhausted meat-hoses with the sincere affection that would merit a couple of adorable pet cubs, dispatching them away with twin warm pecks on their snotty noses.

N had made all the studs wet in under 70 blows, the purse was ours, thought Valis, halfway between proud and ashamed. Since her tank top was drenched with cum, she wanted to change into new clothes. A male volunteer darted in with a fresh shirt and a hand towel. N turned her back to the crowd and stripped off for his eyes only, amused as the poor guy made his best to control his shaking and wiped her non-deformable, hyper-healthy chest clean. Valis snatched the towel from his hands and for general disgust dragged her girlfriend backstage.

Inside the girl's lockers, N sat Valis on the bench, pulled his ankles up to rest on her shoulders and started working on his bulge. The club's manager banged the door.

'Miss, the crowd is waiting for an encore.'

'Beat it!' cried N.

'I got a proposition you couldn't turn down.'

N squeezed the head inside her palm, fastened her fingers into a tight fitting hood and twisted out. When the hold was on the verge of pain she loosened it and the dick's head slipped inside her warm tender fist. She alternated left and right torsions with a thorough circular massage. With her other hand she strangled the shaft so hard the semen couldn't be released. With that technique she could keep Valis climaxing with no ejaculation in a continuous hard-on.

'Listen Miss, err, the thing is you are so hot you drive them mad and THEY want a chance also... LADIES, I mean.'

Valis made an attempt to articulate, but N produced a vicious twist that froze him hard.

'No... not today, buddy, just bring us the check,' she replied

Valis squeezed the bench bars as N's fingers masterfully concentrated the surging warmth underneath the skin of his lower belly to produce yet another explosion, muffled inside her fist.

'We might consider though collaboration on a regular basis... a maximum of 3 rivals per night, double purse for girls, and a fix either we win or lose. One on one, standing up and in plain clothes. No nudity, this is not a stripper show.'

Valis released the bench bars and dug his nails deep into N's wrists. She had applied a full-strength double torsion that made her former moves look like playful tickling from a little girl. The argument with the club's manager had added furious power to her innate skills. Despite his scratching N didn't yield. She sustained Valis on the crest of the wave, piercing her wet eyes with her innocent-girl mischievous grin, till he passed away.

to be continued...