

Valis and N 06.

One night stand

At 3:30 am we reached back *Cidade Jardim*. Rather than parking in front of her villa I drove into a dead-end alley 50 m apart. The car tyres squeezed the gravel. The engine came to an end.

N pinched my chin. 'Tomorrow all family are supposed to visit my grandma and stay overnight'. What if little N changes her mind and stay to dive into her Maths assignments?' I tilted my head and admired my reflection in her ocean-wide eyeballs. Most guys spoiled their whole life without feeling anything near that. I dived in her foamy waters. Our mouths wrestled the idea of separation like Siamese twins.

'Let me in your room'

'Vasco is probably awake, studying, and Samir may be watching Indian wrestling life at satellite tv...'

'...and your dad will be up in a couple of hours to drive his daily 200 miles, what's the problem? None of them ever adventure into your den...'

N giggled. The sandalwood-scented breeze brushed my hair.

'..and dad doesn't work on Saturdays!'

She pinned me with her pupils and slashed like a human butterfly. One minute ago I was knackered and wasted, my sight was cloudy and my spine hurt from the long driving. Now I could run a marathon, provided she was watching.

'Ok, come along. But please be quiet!'

Her key scratched the lock and our steps cracked onto the staircase wood as we head the top level of the art-deco chalet. The noise seemed to us louder than a fire alarm, but no one drew out from their rooms and we reached the penthouse safe pushing the solid door close behind us.

'Now you'll do what you're said, ok?'

'Sounds nice. So what should I do?'

'Just seat down'

She locks herself into the tiny bathroom that had been refurnished making the most of a penthouse corner. I sit on the edge of her bed and realize I had stroke every square inch of her surface, probed her deepest crevices with my swift fingers, but had never seen her in full nudity. I mean, with her skin exposed all at once, head to toes. Unfortunately, that privilege had to be delayed. The door handle rattles and she comes out with the upper part of her lamb spotted pyjamas only. She pulls nervously at the long sleeves. The skirts of the shirt barely conceal a minuscule slip that presses her soft crotch. It is so tiny that bits of golden hair stick out the edge.

I spring up from the bed's edge and take her hand. N stretches on the tip of her naked toes to offset the slight height gap and whispers into my ear. She sounds somewhere between nervous and naughty.

'Don't move'.

The muted but distinct voice of a sports speaker filters through the walls. The tone sounds familiar and I pay attention but the words are completely meaningless. N sticks a finger and seals my lips.

'It's Samir downstairs, he's watching wrestling at Indian tv.'

She kneels down and takes my shoes off, pulls the socks away and massages my feet. She's got the skills from practicing with dad. Then she unzips my jeans and slips her hand in, to find me ready for her routine.

'This guy never rests?'

I say a pray for her to be ever right. After a brief hesitation she dives and takes it all into her mouth at once. Rolling up her eye balls, uses her tongue to flap it from one side to another, pressing it against the pulpy inside of her cheeks. She spits it out, coughing, squeezes it inside her fist and pumps like mad. I drive my hips away and pick her by her marble chin.

'Hang on, you're gonna choke yourself to dead. Are we in a hurry?' N hides her face in my inner thigh, rubbing her nose on the rough fabric of the jeans.

'I'm not doing good, am I? You have to teach me.'

I pulled her up by the armpits and brushed a golden curl out of her eyes. You wanna learn to fuck me to dead, that's the idea?' I grinned, wishing to be wrong. Her self-confidence returned. Squeezing her lips she pushed on my shoulder.

'Get into the bed, and no matter what you feel keep quiet' I step out my trousers and slip under the sheets. She jumps in and launches up her routine.

Then someone bangs the door hard. She leaps out the bed and half opens the door, placing herself in the way.

'Nit Nur, I heard you're awake, come down, Igni is gonna wressel a huge Russian guy.'

'Uh, no thanks Sam my dear, I got a horrible headache, I'm gonna sleep.'

'Coming late from your date from that Valis guy, you naughty little sister... What he gave you to drink?' Samir's words were overtly friendly, though. He winked. 'No worries, my lips are sealed. Have a nice sleep.'

N closed the huge door and hopped back into bed, mocking my heart attack.

In those days I already was quite experienced, and in any case a banging grand-master compared to young N. I had dated several girls during high school, back in my

home country, but Jarmila was the touchstone for my groin to groin dancing skills. We met in a beer festival, which provided a favouring background for easy social life, but by then I was engaged to an Italian foreign student with whom I exchanged views on world's affairs and little more, and wisely went back to her country saving us a painful splitting up scene. Jarmila was a spectacular blonde tower who had four inches on me –and I was one of the tallest guys in my classroom. She was a proficient volley player and the province junior record-woman in high jump. Unfortunately some of her affections, among which beer was one of the most innocent - cut her promising sporting career short.

Jarmila was a screamer. She could over-howl a pack of Siberian wolves and out scare a polar bear with her grunts. It happened to us to be expelled from a motel because the clients two floors above couldn't sleep a wink from Jarmila's noisy demonstrations of affection. She was also the perfect measuring stick for a young gun searching for self-esteem, as I was myself. I mean she asserted few white male dicks were long enough to reach the abyssal depths that triggered her howls. And apparently she had tested quite a few. In fact she would eventually dump me to proceed with her pursuit for centimetres with an African-rooted fellow in the athletics team.

I quickly recovered from Jarmila's loss with a chubby, stocky, short-haired dynamo called Sonja. In the verge of overweight, but with the smoothest complexion I ever clasped to, Sonja part-time served at the high-school cafeteria, and readily accepted my invitation to taste the alcoholic drinks banned in a teaching institution after work. At her modest but tastefully decorated flat, suitably located at walking distance from both my parent's and the school, I learnt she performed sex as yet another form of daily care for her prodigiously slick and tight skin.

Sonja, a reflexive, body conscious, sweet talking girl, used to urge me into the positions that, according to her books, allowed deepest penetration. Screwing Sonja was like trying to blow up a tractor wheel on hip thrusts. She puffed and puffed and puffed but never exploded. I still exchange letters regularly with her.

After such a couple of deep-banging freaks I necessarily had to be cautious with young inexperienced N. We turned on our sides face to face, I placed her palm around it and she resumed her strokes. When the purple head gasped for oxygen inside her hand I started and accurate preliminary fingering till her wet vulva turned inside out. I manoeuvred hip to hip, but as soon as I headed up her gate she constricted my tip as a python, expelling a slurp of sheer pain. Her contractions were so massive, my attempt risked to end up getting myself amputated.

I never tried again. Since our mutual masturbation was so creative, pleasant and successful, we barred penetration out of our penthouse feasts. Sex addict N will nominally continue to be a virgin, her shell core will remain untouched still for many months to come.



That first overnight experience at N's penthouse she finished me with a trick we would later baptise as the lion's den, one of those ultimate proofs that innocence and perversion are just two sides of the same coin, a currency N posses with unlimited credit. She's earth largest millionaire in that department.

I regained consciousness when the sun started filtering through the cashmere veils of her balcony. My fuzzy view field was shielded by the lower of her thighs scissoring my chest, and her two pale, muscular buttocks parted by the trail of pink flesh that riveted her glistening orifices. Behind that, beyond my sight, I could feel my half awoken dick comfortably trapped in the warm, tight nest weaved by her fingers. The trick was N kept her virtually boneless pinkie flicked inwards and as my member enlarged the glans rubbed against that smooth padded tip, switching on a massive hormonal release in the remote tiny bit of my brain that governed the erectile function.

As I expanded inside her hands she adapted the cage so perfectly tight to my expansion, the pulsating wiggle drained all my known and under cover pleasure centres like a devastating flood. Patience and immobility was also the key to succeed, which partly explained the scissor thing. Since her legs were far stronger than my arms I had no chance to escape her immobilizing hold, if tempted to follow a shortcut to relieve.

In the beginning, when N started putting me on the lion's den hold I thought the scissors were some kind of domination streak hidden in her subconscious and surfaced in the heat of the moment. Bullshit. Somehow, intuitively, that drop-dead gorgeous teenager knew lack of oxygen delayed the male climax, so her thighs crushed my lungs on purpose, with the right amount of strength not to choke me unconscious, but enough to keep my blood with a cum-retarding deficit of fresh air. When you daydream about a monster sex partner the most fantastic creation combining the ten top pornodivas runs short compared to N. A girl that can push you to the point of no return without wincing a single muscle of her celestial body, keep you there as long as she fancied just by pressing the right spots, and make you explode using no other driving force but your own hard-on.

Unfortunately the lion's den is an unrepeatabe trick. Once you explode, firmly entwined to your girl but both of you fully still -apart from the uncontrollable contractions typical of the male climax- you empty your one week reserves in a single blast. That would discourage another less exigent girlfriend from further skirmishes. Not N. To her the devastating nuclear deflagration just set the beginning of war. A

dead fight between your cock and her hands you can foresee the outcome but wish was as much lengthy and cruel as humanly possible. And you're not deceived.

to be continued...