

AZIZA

QUEEN OF TUNISIA

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Pedro has finally landed in Tunis. The flight was long, but he could not wait to meet Aziza. His friend Mahdi said he told her all about him and she had mutual thoughts.

Mahdi met him at the pick-up area. "Hello, my friend Pedro!" Pedro did not know his friend was on a wheelchair. But he said nothing about it. "Good to finally meet you Mahdi". "Good to meet you also Pedro. Sorry we can only talk for a bit, it is a short drive to Aziza".



We talked and laughed the entire ride there. His cousin was cool to talk to also.

When we arrived at Aziza, it caught me off guard. Here was this large white mansion. The tall eight foot doors in the front with pillars on the side, said it all. "This woman has to be pretty powerful. Mahdi. Who is this again. You said your cousin". "Yes. Yes, my friend. It is my cousin Aziza"

As Mahdi rolled up the ramp and I walked next to him, the doors slowly opened inward. Upon entering, I see a beautiful woman walking down a large staircase. Oh WOW! Slips out of my mouth. And she quickly smiles at me. "Good job Mahdi. You are free to go".



Mahdi leaves without saying a word and the doors immediately slam shut behind him. It caught Pedro off guard, and he flinched back towards the doors. Hello Pedro. Pedro turns back around and watches as Aziza steps down the final step in her white 6 inch high heel shoes. And though the older woman was beautiful. He finally gets a good look at the giant woman. All eight feet plus of the big voluptuous woman, who was wearing a short silk robe and where it ended. A large cock awaited his vision!



Pedro straightens up and his six foot slim figure looks up past her large breast to her beautiful eyes and evil smile. "Hello Aziza".

"SLAP"

Her slap was mighty and swift. It put Pedro to the ground.



His entire face was red and stung. He felt a trickle of blood on his lip. Then a few teeth loose in his mouth. He spat them to the floor with a wad of blood.

"Stay there and don't say a word."

Aziza began to walk in circles around him. "Mahdi did a good job finding you. I guess he valued his freedom more than yours." Pedro said. "He set me up!"



And as he finished his statement a kick that nearly took his head off connected.

"CRACK"

"I said don't say a word!"

"You're working me up now! So don't say a damn thing unless you want some more!"



Aziza walks up to him and places her high heel on his head, putting a little weight on it and begins to disrobe.



"Let me take these off. Im usually naked, but I was trying to look presentable for you."

She removes her robe and tosses it to the ground.

She steps off of Pedro, grabs him by his throat and picks him up, off the floor.
"Lets get rid of these clothes". And she rips the clothes from his body. Tossing them on his luggage.



She throws him over her shoulder and begins to walk up the stairs. She begins to squeeze and grasp his small ass with her vice-like grip. "Im going to fuck this little ass up!"

"SMACK"

She gives it a hard smack. He jerks back, tightening his fist, trying to handle the pain.

