

TRAINED TO SUBMIT

the reluctant spy



powerone

Trained to Submit
by Powerone

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By

POWERONE

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CHAPTER 1—Seduction

Monika slowly got dressed for class, today the first day of her plan. She had been trying to figure out how to do it for over two months now, Monika a determined and inventive girl once she put her mind to it. It sounded like a ridiculous idea but she even Googled the subject, surprised to find that the Internet contained a wealth of information on the seduction of a professor, and it didn't seem to be the taboo subject that many made it out to be. It was different than high school; college students were more sophisticated.

Her medium-length auburn hair hung down just below her shoulders, pushed a bit to one side in front to give her that "sexy" look. At five feet six, one hundred ten pounds, her figure made boys fawn over her, but at twenty-three, she was looking for someone older, more mature. A man that knew what he wanted and would demand it. It wasn't that she was a virgin, though her experience was limited to three boys. One had lasted a few months, the others shorter, all of them sexually unfulfilling for Monika, the boys more interested in getting inside her and pounding away until they came, never paying much attention to her, just a convenient place to park their pricks until they came.

She pulled on the white blouse over the lacy bra, leaving the top button open. "Dress sexy," the websites had said. "It doesn't hurt if you absentmindedly play with the top button on your blouse or reach inside to slowly scratch an itch." Her breasts weren't huge, but were more than ample to draw

attention to her deep cleavage, a small gold cross hanging from a chain looking almost anti-religious as it nestled between her tanned breasts. She stood in front of the full-length mirror, her blue plaid schoolgirl skirt in her hand. It was great to live in a time where schoolgirl outfits were for the fashion conscious, not the perverts. She wrapped it around her; the short skirt leaving a wide expanse of naked leg, even shorter when she would be sitting down. She sat in the front row of his class, where she could shyly cross her legs, but her skirt would ride high up her legs. She slipped on the heels she bought just for the skirt. A fun heel, plaid like her skirt, not too high, but high enough to accent her shapely calves when she walked, hoping to entice him as she walked out of his class. And she wore a white thong underneath her skirt to remind her how naughty she was.

She whistled at the image that shone back from the mirror. God, she made herself wet. "You ready to go?" She yelled to her roommate.

Cassandra stepped out of the bathroom, grabbing her books, stopping dead when she saw Monika. She was really going through with this. "If he doesn't jump your bones, he's blind or gay." Monika had told her of her desire about a month ago, both of them talking about it endlessly, Monika finally getting enough nerve to do it.

"Neither, I'm sure," Monika responded. They were both grad students, Monika wanting to become one of Michael's TA's, teaching assistants. Each summer he would take off for some distant location for a study, never knowing where it would be until the last moment, a select group of his TA's

accompanying him. It was the chance of a lifetime, Michael the head of the Economics Department, a brilliant scholar and a member of the current administration in a Washington advisory committee on economic affairs. And he was damned attractive, mid forties, single, though he was never without a woman on his arm in the newspapers. He dressed like the typical Ivy League college professor, a sweater usually during the cold winters, or a polo shirt in the summer, his chiseled chest more like a man half his age. He wore dress slacks that looked like they were tailored for him, Monika's eyes focused on the bulge in the front and his tight ass. But what drew her attention the most were his hands. Large, powerful hands, Monika almost cumming in her panties each day she stared at them in class, imaging what they would do to her or make her do to him.

"You have lots of competition," Cassandra reminded her. There were more rumors about Michael than any other Professor on campus. And they all couldn't be false. Yet girls flocked to be one of his TA's.

"I don't mind sharing," Monika shot back. And she meant it, though she had heard rumors the other way also. Michael would share with the other Professors, Monika not sure how amenable she would be to such an arrangement. While she was enamored with Michael, she didn't know how she would react to being sexually available to others that Michael would demand of her. *Would my attraction to him and his powerful animal magnetism draw me deep into the dark side?*

"Get going, you don't want to be late. That's not the way to get him to notice you." They closed the door behind them

as they rushed across the campus, Cassandra leaving Monika to go to her class, Monika's heels clicking down the hallway as she entered the lecture hall. She was surprised to see Michael already standing before the class, her eyes looking up at the clock, noticing that she wasn't late. He must have just arrived early, Monika taking full advantage of the situation as she strutted to the front of the class, her hips swinging from side to side, her short skirt swaying hypnotically. She looked at Michael, his eyes not failing to see her outfit, her eyes looking down, catching a glimpse of the bulge in the front of his pants. Her eyes looked up at Michael, turning red as she realized that he was watching her, catching where her eyes had been.

It was getting near the end of the semester, Michael glad that summer was almost upon him. He had lost one of his TA's to a car accident, not serious, but enough that she had dropped out of school for the semester. And a lovely redhead no less, redheads always stirring his cock. He hated to train a new girl so close to the summer, preferring to do it earlier so he knew what he was getting for the summer. But necessity forced this upon him, and it wasn't that he didn't have a bevy of girls eager to submit to him, willing to do anything for him, though Michael did test them to the farthest limits. None failed to live up to his expectations no matter what he required of them. He had a list in his head of the girls he was considering, one of them coming into the class now. And from the looks of her, she also had set her eyes on him. While she always dressed well and flattering, she was dressed to impress this morning, difficult to do at 8 A.M. Yet she carried

it off with flying colors, his cock stirring as he saw the gentle sway of her short schoolgirl skirt, the gentle bounce of her breasts and the tanned cleavage that boldly showed through the unbuttoned top of her blouse. And from the way she was boldly looking at his cock, she was eagerly seeking the position under him. Which is where that lovely body would end up if she was successful.

"Good morning, Michael," all the students calling him Michael, Monika trying to say it with a sexy voice. She still felt a heated flush on her skin from being caught boldly gazing at his cock.

"And a good morning to you, Monika." You look good enough to eat he would have loved to say, but the room was filling up fast. "Tantalizing," he said in a hushed tone that he hoped only she would hear.

She felt a rush of arousal between her legs. *Did I hear him correctly?* Tantalizing as in teasing she hoped. She beamed brightly, Michael had noticed her more than usual. She had had three classes with him already in her academic career, so he knew her, and she often answered questions in class and did well in his classes. But today she felt they had just reached a new plateau. He noticed her in a new way, Monika hoping that it was in a sexual way. She put her books down on the desk, letting Michael look at her a little bit longer before she sat down. She noticed he backed up from the lectern, and then it dawned on her the significance of the seemingly innocuous movement. He wanted to be able to see beneath her table. Not to disappoint him, she sat down slowly, letting her legs part just long enough to give him a

brief glimpse of the mysteries that lay between her tanned thighs in the darkness under her skirt. She crossed her legs, making sure the short skirt rode up high, giving Michael a good view of her long legs, Monika suddenly getting this image of them up over his shoulders as his big cock split her up the middle.

"Come to attention," Michael starting the class. His eyes followed Monika all through the class, often she would answer his questions, Michael gazing down to see her hand playing casually with her leg, drawing his eyes back down under the desk. By the time the lecture was over, his cock needed relief, thank goodness he didn't have a class next period, and Dana, one of his more willing TA's, would be available to take care of his most pressing need. The class began to spill out into the hallway, Michael noticing that Monika was still seated as if waiting for something. He made believe he was gazing down at his notes, waiting to see how bold she would be.

"Excuse me, Michael," Monika clearing her throat as she stood next to him. She was wearing a perfume that an older woman would wear, another hint from the Internet. Michael looked up from his notes.

"I'm sorry I didn't hear you, but I was intoxicated by your perfume." It wasn't the fruity fragrance worn by most college girls.

"Opium," she responded. At \$240.00 for .5 ounce, it better draw his attention.

Michael drew next to her, his nose just inches from her neck as he inhaled in the perfume. "A mystifying fragrance, just as you are, Monika." He wanted to kiss her neck, sure

that she wouldn't mind, but he wanted her to work at seducing him. So much more fun and it would make her more amenable to the acts he would give her to perform in order to get the job, though he never had a girl refuse, though some had been reluctant. But he liked a bit of reluctance in the girls he selected, not wanting brainless bimbos.

She shivered when he came so close, her body tense as she waited for him to touch her, but he moved away without doing it, Monika disappointed, but more determined. "I was wondering if I could make an appointment to see you later." She quickly remembered, her hand sliding back and forth where her blouse split open, letting her fingers glide along the opened blouse, Michael's eyes following her every movement. She felt another button pop open unexpectedly, so she took advantage of the situation, her finger tracing along her cleavage until she found the cross, the gold heated by her skin. She fingered it nervously.

Such lovely tits she had, tanned pillows for his head or his cock, her fingers playing along her cleavage to attract his attention, Michael not wanting to disappoint her. "I always have time for you, Monika. What time?"

"Three, if you're available."

"Of course, that would be fine. I look forward to seeing you." He watched as she walked out of the hall, the soft clatter of her heels, the hypnotic sway of her ass, even the rustle of her short skirt as she walked away. Michael enjoyed a luscious ass more than most men. As Monika would soon learn.

* * * *

Dana was in his office, grading some papers for his afternoon class.

"Are you just about finished?"

She looked up at the sound of his voice. Dana smiled at Michael. This was her last semester, graduating in June. She would miss Michael. And the unbelievable sex, still not able to fathom the pleasure she got from him or understand why she enjoyed pleasing him so much. In spite of the things that he demanded her to do. Or maybe because of what he demanded her to do. She knew why he was asking, hearing the click of the lock on the door as Michael closed it. She felt him behind her, shivering when his hands touched her shoulders, Michael never failing to excite her with his touch. "Do you want me?" She looked up to see the bulge in his pants. She knew better than to ask why he was that way, sure that one of his students had enticed him with her lovely body, Dana doing it also at one time.

"Yes, I would hate to go through another class with a hard-on." He rubbed the front of his pants boldly, Dana watching his hand, her tongue coming out of her mouth and licking her lips. "Your mouth, I think," Michael proclaiming his preference.

Dana could already taste him in her mouth as she got up from the chair. She took off her sweater, unbuttoning it slowly. She reached back and deftly undid her bra, letting it slip off her arms and placing it on the desk. Michael liked her naked, at least to her waist, when she sucked his cock, enjoying feeling up her tits and tugging on her nipples. She

kneeled obediently at his feet, her hands undoing his pants with two years of practice, the zipper sliding down, his cock straining to get out of his shorts. She pulled his pants down to his ankles, reaching out with her mouth to grip the edge of his shorts in her teeth, adroitly pulling them down effortlessly with her mouth, teasing him with her abilities. His cock sprang to life in front of her, freed of the tight confines of his pants and shorts, bobbing up and down. She knew every inch of it, all eight inches, her hands, her tongue and mouth exploring it with such intimacy. Her hands cupped his heavily laden balls, feeling the heat as she gently squeezed them until his cock twitched in pleasure.

Dana went to work on him with years of experience; maybe that is why he needed something new. Dana was good, never failing to draw the cum from his balls, but he would like something new, seeing the look in a girl's eyes the first time she sees his cock, or looking into her eyes as he slowly feeds his cock into her mouth, her eyes opening wide as she suddenly realizes that he wouldn't stop in spite of reaching the back of her mouth. But Dana's tongue brought him back to reality, one of her soft hands holding his cock, while her hot breath blew on the head of his cock making it shudder. Her tongue slipped out of her mouth, slowly and sensuously running all over the head of his cock as her hand held it prisoner. His hand went to the side of her head to guide her forward, her mouth opening to accept the head of his cock, her silky lips sliding around the shaft as she captured his organ in her hot mouth. Her tongue went to work attacking his cock trapped in her mouth, all the while

her hands moved around his cock and balls, one hand stroking the shaft up and down, masturbating his cock in her mouth. Her other hand gently kneaded his balls. He felt her powerful suction as she drew his organ into her mouth, her tongue dancing over it. His hips began to move, feeding more and more of his cock into her mouth, his hand holding her head still.

She looked up at him, Michael wanting to see her eyes and her mouth encircling his cock as he took her. Both hands now gripped her head, Dana knowing exactly what he would do. His cock moved quicker in her mouth, each time going deeper until she felt it. The head of his cock banged against the back of her mouth. She almost gagged, but Michael pulled back out, only to thrust in again, Dana bracing herself for the inevitable. Despite years of practice she couldn't stop her gag reflexes, Michael's thick cockhead busting into her tight throat. She gagged, her throat opening up in response, Michael taking advantage to shove his cock into the breach. Dana felt the burning as the cock rasped painfully down her throat like a giant snake.

Michael still enjoyed the way her throat gripped his cock in the soft passage, her muscles straining to shove it out, his hips driving it back into her throat each time. He saw the tears in her eyes, her nostrils flaring as she tried to breathe through her nose, her mouth plugged by his thick cock. His hips became more urgent as his balls tingled with his impending orgasm; Monika had made his cock hard so hard that he needed this relief. He pumped his cock in and out of

her throat, enjoying her choking and gagging, but giving her no pity, his pleasure uppermost in his mind.

He finally pulled from her throat, Dana knowing that he was ready to blow his cum into her mouth, not wanting anything messy like cumming on her face. She sucked in a lungful of air, Michael's one hand slipping down to cup on of her naked breasts. She felt his cock swell in her mouth, sucking hard as Michael bellowed out loud his pleasure, his fingers finding one of her nipples and twisting it until she cried out onto his cock in pain. That was all Michael needed, cumming abundantly in her mouth, her cheeks bellowing out as they filled with his hot cum.

She swallowed the mouthful of cum, only for Michael to shoot a second and third load into her willing mouth, his salty cum coating every inch of her mouth. He pumped his cock until he was satisfied that she had all of it, Dana waiting until then to dutifully lick his cock clean. He pulled it out of her mouth, Dana licking her lips as Michael dressed. She put on her bra and sweater, sitting back at the desk to finish grading the papers. After all, this was what a TA should be doing while not sucking the Professor's cock. Michael said little as she worked on a paper, kissing her lightly on the cheek, his hand affectingly caressing one breast as he did. He left for the next class, Dana locking the door as she masturbated, needing relief after satisfying Michael.

* * * *

Monika went into his office, the door open, Michael sitting at the desk, his head down, deep into what he was reading.

She looked around, no one else in the office. *Had he sent the TA that was usually in his office away on purpose, or was it just my imagination?* "AAHHH," clearing her throat to get his attention, Michael looking up at her and then his watch. "Two minutes late." He brushed his papers aside then looked back up at her.

Her whole plan seemed to fall apart when he said that. She scrambled to think of Plan B. "I'm sorry, Michael."

"We will discuss that later. What can I do for you?"

"I just want to talk about my thesis. I have some questions on the approach. I was thinking about bringing in the multiplier effect of money, but I'm not sure if it is appropriate or would be effective in the situation." She clamored to sound like there was a reason for this, even though she knew that it would fit the paper precisely.

"It's funny that you mention that. I have been trying for six years to do an economic study of Cuba's socialist's government. While they never turn me down, they postpone it every year. Lately, I don't even consider it, having a secondary study for the summer. This year I expect nothing to change. Fidel is aging, sixty-five this year, but he will probably live to be a hundred. Your theories would fit nicely into that study." Michael didn't fail to notice Monika bent over his desk before sitting down, the same two buttons left open, but her breasts almost spilled out of her lacy, white bra. In spite of Dana's expert mouth, his cock grew to attention again. "And yes, it would fit nicely with your thesis." Though he expected she already knew that.

She sat down, but not before she gave him an eyeful of her tits, almost afraid that one would pop out onto his desk. "Yes, I heard about that study. That's why I applied to be one of your TA's. That and I could be very useful in helping you with your class load." And I would love for you to fuck my brains out, and give me a load of your cum, she thought to herself.

"Yes, I saw your application. You are one of my most promising students." He paused for a moment to let her savor the compliment. "But your competition is just as gifted. It takes a special girl to become my TA. She must have a special willingness. A girl that is willing to give all of herself." He moved his chair back so he could see her legs as she sat in front of him.

He had moved back to see her legs, her hands moving down to lightly run over her knee cap to keep his attention. She uncrossed her legs, leaving them slightly parted, her hands drawing up her skirt so carefully but not to look so bold. "I will put my body and soul in this job, Michael. If you let me." She sucked in her breath as she said it, slightly emphasizing the word body, hoping it didn't sound desperate. Or whorish.

He picked up some papers as if he were contemplating what she had said. "Very well, Monika." He dropped a pen on the floor, watching as it rolled down toward her as if it had a mind of its own. He didn't move to get it, waiting instead for Monika.

"Let me get it," Monika standing up. She bent over, turning sideways so he got a good glimpse of her ass. It was

one of her best features, and she never failed to use all of her assets to her advantage. She bent over, not bending her legs but bending at her waist, feeling her short skirt riding up, sure that her thong was revealed, at least partially. Her breasts fell, almost spilling out of her bra, but she slowly picked up the pen, pausing before standing up.

Michael's cock grew harder as her skirt rode up and her luscious ass flesh was partially revealed. He wanted to reach out and touch her, but that would be giving in to her. No, he still wanted her to work for it. She finally stood up, handing him the pen as she sat back down. She didn't cross her legs, this time her legs parted wider. She was pulling out all the stops to seduce him.

"As I was saying, I consider you one of the prime candidates, but there is much more to the selection process. First, there is a personal interview with me. And then the final two are interviewed by not only me but some of my colleagues. I am successful because of my close relationships with my colleagues, and I do everything to maintain that. My TA must also have that same close relationship, so that individual has to be able to work intimately with them." He chose his words carefully, not failing to see that Monika picked up immediately on it.

So maybe the rumors are true. Monika wasn't sure how she would handle that, but she would think about it later. For now she would accept it and continue aiming for her goal of becoming his newest TA. "You will find me very accommodating, Michael. I am intelligent, personable and one of your most promising students. You will find that I am an

asset that you can depend on this summer no matter where the study is." She stressed the ass, in asset, seeing the way Michael looked at her ass.

"Very well, you will be my last interview." He took a small piece of paper, scribbling down his address on it. "Seven P.M. tomorrow night." He paused for a moment as he handed her the paper. "It is at my home where my TA's do most of my research work, the office being too cramped and the computers too outdated to do my research justice." He saw her look. "That's not a problem, is it, Monika?"

"No, Sir," she shot back. His house. *Would we be alone?* She could only hope, though it did scare her a little. But that made her wet as her mind raced through the infinite possibilities.

"And don't be late again! We still have to resolve your indiscretion of today." He reached over, his hand falling on one naked leg, almost hearing her gasp in pleasure when he touched her skin. He squeezed her leg, his hand moving just up from her knee to touch her inner thigh, her legs still parted. "I hope that you are accommodating." He felt her legs part wider as if giving him all the access he wanted, but he pulled his hand away, leaving her sitting there with her legs spread.

She was sure that she had cum when he touched her, her legs spreading on their own as she felt his large, hot hand squeezing her flesh. God, she wanted so bad to push her pussy onto his hand. She hated when he moved his hand away, looking down to see how obscenely her legs were spread. She closed her legs, blushing as she looked up. "I'll

be on time, Michael." She got up, turning her back to him, her heels clicking as she walked to the door, swaying her ass exaggeratedly. She didn't look back until she was already down the hall. She took her first breath again. She had done it. Or at least she had gotten into the finals for TA. If she became his TA, she knew it would only be a short time until she was in his bed, his strong hands guiding her body into the position he liked, Monika following his lead, eager to please him.

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CHAPTER 2—The Interview

It was a large house, perfectly restored to its former beauty. There was a wide front porch with white pillars that rose up to the roof, double doors with windows down each side making it look so inviting. It was almost what she expected of Michael, a stately retreat for a renowned economist. She had decided to dress conservatively, more fitting of an interview than a seduction. She was right on track to her goal, not wanting to push it, all she had to do was get through this and into the final two.

She had masturbated last night, numerous times, each time her office visit would race through her head, each time she would add more to it, her fingers dancing over her naked body, her legs spread so invitingly. She went over every word that he said, but some stuck in her mind more than others. And with those, her mind ran rampant. Accommodating. She wasn't sure what he meant by that, but her imagination ran amok, all the way from helping the other professors to being in a room with four of them, Monika naked as they fondled her body, her hands forced onto their hard cocks as Michael sat back and watched. She came during that one. Intimate with them. Again, Monika on her knees, four cocks all waiting for their turn in her mouth, cumming on her face when they climaxed. Monika came again. And the final one. Resolve your indiscretion. That left her speechless but not without fantasies. Her mind slipped back to the days when school teachers used a ruler on unruly students, visions of the stern

teacher punishing his errant students. She didn't want to take that any farther, it scaring her. But it also made her cum again, Monika finally falling into a peaceful sleep, her body exhausted from the multiple orgasms that sapped her energy. But the morning found her refreshed, though she didn't understand why she was also aroused.

She looked at her watch, five minutes to seven. She walked up the four steps, the lights burning brightly on the porch. A dog barked in the background, scaring her as her finger trembled on the doorbell. She could hear it ring inside, a loud clanging. She waited patiently, hearing Michael walking towards the door, Monika already knowing the sound of his footsteps by heart. She smiled as Michael peeked out the side window, the door opening, the sight of Michael making her heart skip a beat.

"I'm glad you're on time," Michael commented as he saw her, not failing to remind her of her indiscretion. He smiled at her to put her at ease. He looked her over starting at her feet, medium heels making her legs shapely, a tight skirt, but more modest than the schoolgirl skirt. A suit jacket snuggled tightly around her breasts could not hide them from his gaze. He let her pass, his eyes catching her ass snuggled tightly in the skirt. His cock was already hard in anticipation of tonight.

"It will never happen again, Michael," Monika trying to put it behind them, but Michael seemed to have an obsession with it, Monika hoping that after tonight it would be a past issue and that she'd really manage to be always on time. She could feel his eyes on her ass as she passed, paying special attention to make sure that her skirt clung to her ass. And

she had a surprise on underneath her skirt if she got as bold as she wanted to. Hoping it would please Michael, hoping she knew what an older man liked.

Michael ushered her into the large living room, the furniture mostly antiques in line with the style of the outside. A small fire was burning in the fireplace, a large overstuffed chair and ottoman nearby sure to be Michael's, the table next to it piled with books. "Have a seat," helping her to the couch. "I was just going to get a brandy, can I get you one?"

"Yes, that would be great," Monika sitting down, pulling her skirt down as she crossed her legs. "You have a lovely home."

Michael brought two brandies back, passing one to Monika, sitting in his chair, taking a sip before he put it on the table beside him. "Thank you. I spent considerable time and money restoring it to its original beauty. It's such an elegant lady and I hated to see her in disrepair."

"Do you like that period?"

"While I try to be a modern person, I do enjoy the past. When things were less complicated. Relationship were less complicated, men and women knew what was expected of them."

"It is hard for me to understand that, not living during that time. But I was brought up strictly, taught to obey my elders."

"Yes, obedience is lacking in many of the youth of today. They want to think everything through. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on how you look at it, my TA's have to subscribe to my fundamental beliefs. Or at least obey

them." Michael took another sip of his brandy, as did Monika. "Now that we have the pleasantries out of the way, tell me why I should pick you to be my TA?" He sat back in his chair, knowing that Monika had this down pat. She would have never come if not prepared. And she was good at it. Better than any of the others.

Monika instantly sprang into action. She had been preparing for this for weeks, practicing on Cassandra last night until Cassandra gave up on her; only her masturbation exhausted Monika enough to let her sleep. Monika talked for over twenty minutes, Michael interrupting only briefly to ask a question, genuinely interested in her. She even noticed that he hardly looked down at her legs. She could see it in his eyes, Monika instantly knowing when she was successful in getting her point across. She had him. She finally wrapped it up, summarizing why she was the only right choice for TA. She stopped, taking a big sip of the brandy, feeling it burn as it went down.

"I am quite impressed with you, Monika. You are one of my promising students and would be an asset with any study I do this summer. Are you willing to devote one hundred ten percent to this endeavor?"

"That is a yes. I will be your most willing TA." The word just suddenly popped into her head. "And accommodating."

"There is still an interview with some of my colleagues. They are more of a taskmaster than I am. You know all of them, having had classes with them. They will test your obedience." He looked into her eyes, trying to gauge whether she understood the implications of her decision. "But I can

assure you that if you are selected, I will show you a new world that you never knew existed. And I know you will fit in perfectly. And it will open up opportunities that few will have. Your life and future will be shaped beyond your expectations."

She shivered with excitement at the thought of being his TA and going to some distant country to study with him. To meet famous people, politicians, economist, business leaders, Michael knowing all of them, fitting in with all of them, learning from them. Just the contacts could change her life forever, opening up new avenues for her. "I would be honored to serve you, Michael." And she meant it sincerely.

"Friday at nine. Here. You will get a chance to impress my colleagues as you did me. There will be only one chance, so make your decisions carefully. My colleagues can be very unforgiving, and so can I. Now get us another brandy to celebrate your success." He watched her as she got up, coming across to take his glass. She knew where the brandy was, observant as she watched him before. She brought it back, Michael noticing the gentle sway of her hips as she walked. Now for the true test.

Monika stood in front of him, handing him the drink.

"Congratulations," Michael clicking his glass against hers, taking a sip before he put it down on the table. He watched her as she took a sip, finally pulling it away from her lips. "Give me your glass." He saw the puzzled look on her face as he took it and put it on the table next to his. She started to go back to the couch but his voice stopped her. "Stand here in front of me." He moved forward in the chair, pushing the ottoman out of the way.

Her legs could barely hold her up, trembling so hard when he told her to stand in front of him. She didn't know whether to be scared or excited, all of her fantasies rushing into her brain at one time.

"Take off your jacket. It's a bit warm in here with the fire." His eyes watched her as she slowly took it off, her breasts straining the buttons of the white silk blouse as she arched her back to take it off of each arm. He reached out when she offered it to him, placing it neatly on the ottoman. "You are a lovely girl, but you know that already."

"Thank you, Michael," saying it with smugness.

"Now your blouse. Take it off." He said it with coolness, almost a natural thing for him to say.

She looked at him, her fingers shaking as they reached up to the top button and fumbled with the button. A button that she had done thousands of times but now seemed almost impossible. It finally popped open, her fingers moving down to the next one, this one a little easier as her nerves began to calm down. She wasn't sure what she was doing except for obeying him, not sure how far he would go to test her. Obedience, he had said it before. She pulled the blouse to the side as she popped open the third button, revealing part of her white lacy bra. It was cut low as though she knew this would happen, or maybe just hoped it would. Her chest heaved up and down as she tried to fill her lungs with air, her face flushed as she looked at Michael as her fingers continued with their mission. She finally pulled the silk blouse from her skirt, one last button to undo. She pushed it to the side, her bra exposed to his eyes. And his eyes were fixated on her

breasts. She unbuttoned the cuffs, finally pulling it off her arms. She folded it and handed it to Michael as if it were the most normal thing to do. She watched as he placed it on top of her jacket.

"You have lovely breasts, Monika. Do you want to take off your bra and show me your bare breasts?" Her abundant cleavage was revealed, no cross to draw his eyes, only lovely tanned flesh. His hand went down to his pants, her eyes following as he un-cramped his rigid cock in his pants. His cock jerked when she unconsciously licked her lips.

"Anything for you, Michael." Some of her nervousness was leaving, Monika feeling more secure, though the uncertainty of what he would ask her to do did scare her. After all, she wanted this as much as he did. Her hands went behind her back, deftly unsnapping her bra. She crossed her arms in front of her, slipping the straps off of her shoulders, cradling the bra under her hands, still covering her breasts. She waited, teasing Michael, finally letting the bra fall to the floor, her hands covering her naked breasts. Her nipples felt huge as they stuck into her palms like sharp points. She saw his impatience, Monika letting her hands slipped to her sides, her hands hanging uselessly as her fists clenched into a tight ball. She looked down, her breasts showing no tan lines, standing up like sharp cones, her nipples pointed and hard. Michael's eyes didn't leave them, not a word came out of his mouth.

Her breasts were much nicer than Dana's, Monika's nipples larger and harder, dark brown areolas surrounded her nipples like giant targets. Her breasts were heaving up and down, her face flushed as she stood half naked in front of him, showing

him her body for the first time. He wanted so bad to press his face between them and suck her nipples, but he needed to tease her, to make her want him as much as he wanted her. To make her willing to do anything to get him. And she would have to on Friday. Michael stood up, his eyes feasting on her naked breasts as he walked behind her, her head turn slightly to see where he was going. "Lace your fingers behind your head." He was behind her as her hands came up, her fingers joined at her neck. "Push your elbows to the side."

She didn't notice it before, but there was a large mirror that shone back her reflection, Monika seeing Michael behind her. Her face was flushed as she saw how she looked, naked from the waist up, her hands behind her head thrusting her naked breasts out. And her nipples hard as rocks, the slightest breeze in the room sending a tingling through her breasts. *Would Michael touch me?* She held her breath in anticipation, wanting so bad to feel his fingers on her nipples. "Mmmmmm," trying to quell her moan as Michael's hands slid around her waist. He pulled her back until she felt the unmistakable bulge of his cock on her ass, her pussy growing wet in anticipation. She wanted him inside her, wanting to turn around and touch his cock, take it out and stroke it. She began to move her hips from side to side, hearing the gentle rustle of her skirt on the front of his pants.

Michael felt her masturbating him with her ass, enjoying her movements, his hands sliding up her bare skin, a gasp from Monika's lips as he touched her. His hands slid slowly up her sides, feeling the goose bumps appear on her skin. He felt

her putting her head back onto his shoulder, her body surrendering to him.

She gave into him, leaning back against him, her body on edge, her breasts waiting for the touch of his fingers, her nipples aching for his touch. She looked in the mirror, watching his hands as they slid up beneath her breasts, holding her breath as she waited for the first touch. She wanted this so bad. His hands came up, in front of her breasts, her nipples almost feeling like they were reaching out to touch his hands. Then she felt it, not a hard touch like she was expecting, but a light touch, Monika barely able to feel it as his palms brushed lightly over her swollen tits. She arched her back until her nipples pushed into his warm hands, hard tips rubbing back and forth over his palms, barely able to hold back her moans of pleasure.

He wanted to pinch her nipples, but he barely touched them, feeling her body shiver in lust. She couldn't wait, thrusting them wantonly into his palms, Michael teasing her by moving them farther away, Monika not to be denied, pushing out harder, her back arching obscenely.

"EEEEWWWWW," her nipples throbbing with blood in sync with the rapid beat of her heart, his hand rubbing back and forth over the swollen tips. Then she realized that it was her, not him that was moving, seeing her reflection in the mirror, her back arched, her chest shaking back and forth as she teased her nipples onto his palms. "Please!" Her voice begged for him to touch her. "Touch them. Don't make me beg."

Michael would never deny an aroused woman her pleasure, his hands moving in and encircling the firm, young flesh of

her breasts, feeling the hardened points jab pointedly into his palms. He squeezed them, still gently, his hands moving back and forth to continually tease the swollen tips. His fingers sought them out, his fingernail outlining her areolas, moving closer and closer towards her nipples.

She was sure that she came in her pants, her panties wet, her thighs clenched tightly together as if she could somehow quench her lust. No one had ever touched her like this before. Most boys pawed at her breasts, considering that foreplay. Not Michael, his hands were teasing her, his sharp fingernails rubbing around her areolas, drawing closer and closer to her nipples. Her legs were ready to give out, feeling like rubber as she leaned against him for support. "OOOHHHH," his fingernails rubbing all around her nipples, the edge of his nails feeling like sharp knives as they sent tremors of pleasure between her legs. "EEEEEEWWW," finally getting what she desired, his strong fingers gripping her nipples and squeezing them. Her nipples were so sensitive, sure they were connected to her clit as he squeezed and pulled gently on her nipples, Monika looking down to watch as he stretched them. He twisted them as he pulled them, Monika arching her back.

She had to have the most sensitive nipples he had ever seen, her moans of pleasure more from someone being masturbated than having her nipples played with. He would remember that, having a number of ways of stimulating them, from pleasure to pain. His hands went under the soft under belly of her breasts, hefting them up, his fingers continually curling around the nipples. "Do you like your tits played with, Monika?"

She couldn't lie if she wanted to, he heard her moans of pleasure and she didn't want him to stop. "Oh yes, yes." She felt so comfortable with his large hands around her naked breasts as if they belonged there. Suddenly they were gone, her breasts neglected as he moved in front of her again. "Don't stop!" She hated it, but her voice sounded so desperate.

Michael sat back down in his chair, finishing his brandy. "Get me another." He watched as she took the glass from him, but it was her breasts that he watched, the twin beauties so close as she bent over to take the glass. So close he could almost feel them in his mouth. She stood up, walking to the bar, his eyes glued to the gentle bounce of her naked breasts as she walked. "Bring me some ice in a glass." She made the drink and brought it back to him, her other hand holding a glass of ice, the outside of the glass already frosted. She bent over to give him the glass, Michael noticing that she was doing it on purpose, pushing her naked breasts into his face. "Stand to the side of the chair."

She lost all of her self-consciousness of being half naked, wanting now only to feel his hands on her breasts. Or his mouth. She brought the two glasses back to him. She tried to push her tits into his face, hoping that he would capture one of them in his mouth, eager to feel if his tongue was as talented as his fingers. But it seemed that he pushed her away, making her stand to the side of his chair.

"Bend at your waist and rest you palms on the armrests." He pushed her hair out of the way as she complied with his request.

She felt her breasts hanging down like ripe fruit, hoping that Michael would decide to pick them. He brushed her hair to the side, leaving her uncovered to whatever he would do, Monika hoping it involved her breasts. She looked up at him, her eyes almost pleading with him to touch her again. She saw him pick up the glass of ice and then it dawned on her. *Would he really do that? Or was he just teasing me?* She saw the frost on the outside of the glass, remembering how cold it was. She looked down as he took the glass and pushed it below one of her hanging breasts, moving it close to her swollen nipple. She could already feel the cold air beneath it or was it just her imagination? Or desire. She really didn't care what kind of stimulation her nipples received, only that they did receive some. She looked as it got closer and closer, Michael moving the glass so the side of it was only an inch from her nipple. She was sure she could feel it stretching as if it were seeking out the cold glass.

She didn't move a muscle as he moved the ice toward one of her nipples. Her head moved down so she could watch, Michael not disappointing her as he moved the glass until it almost touched her. "Hold still," he warned her. He pushed the side of the wet, cold glass against her nipple.

"EEEEEEWWHHHH," she screamed out. It felt like her nipple was burned by a hot iron, not cold ice. The pain raced through her breast, Monika struggling not to move away as she felt the numbness spread through her nipple. She felt the wetness of the cold glass as Michael moved it all around her nipple as she struggled not to pull away. He finally moved it away, but his fingers returned, the numbness going away as

he twisted her nipple. Almost in slow motion the glass went to her other hanging breast.

Michael's fingers tingled as he picked up a piece of ice, already beginning to melt from his warm fingers. "Good girl, Monika. Now hold still again." He didn't give her a chance to protest, not that she would. He took the melting ice and pressed it over her nipple, his other finger gripping it securely, trapping it tight.

"OOOOOHHH, GGGGGODDDD, that huuuurrrtss!" She couldn't believe the pain that laced through her breast, shooting to her brain. Michael was rubbing the ice back and forth over her nipple, his fingers trapping the quickly melting ice. She hoped that she could hold out long enough for it to melt, the water dripping onto the armrest below her. Finally it was only his cold, wet fingers that squeezed her nipple. She could barely breathe as she waited. Waiting for the unknown. She'd wanted her nipples touched, but this was beyond her expectations. *What other things would Michael do to me?*

He could feel it melting immediately. He pinched her nipple hard to get the feeling back in it. "You obey well, Monika. Stand up in front of me."

She moved in front of the chair, looking down, expecting her nipples to have frost on them. They seemed no worse for the wear, though her upper body was covered with goose bumps. She touched her nipples, the feelings returning. She looked at Michael, expecting what was next. She still had a skirt and panties on, sure that they would be next. She could only hope that he would touch her pussy with the experience

that his fingers had on her nipples, though the thought of ice between her legs sent more than a chill through her body.

"You have lovely legs, Monika. I would love to have you pull up your skirt to show me, but I think it is too tight to do that. Why don't you just slip it off?"

She had a smirk on her face as her fingers went to the button at the side, making short work of it. A short pull of the zipper, releasing the skirt from her waist. She held it around her for a moment, teasing Michael for just a minute longer before she showed him her secret. She let the skirt fall to the floor, Michael's eyes opening wide in astonishment.

"You certainly are full of secrets and surprises, Monika." Michael gazed at her standing before him, her skirt a puddle around her ankles. But his eyes were drawn to the garter belt that held up a pair of brown nylons. Not panty hose, but real nylons. She kicked the skirt to the side, perched high on her heels, long legs encased in shiny nylon. "You surprise me, Monika. Do you always wear nylons and a garter belt?"

She grinned like a Cheshire cat, proud that she could surprise him. And by the look on his face, please him. That made her feel so good. "No, this is the first time. I bought them last night. I'm glad that they please you."

"Come closer. I must touch them. It's not often that a girl takes the trouble to wear nylons and a garter belt. They are considerably more trouble to get dressed with, though the erotic look far outweighs that. At least for me." She moved closer to him, Michael sitting up in the chair, his hands reaching out for her hips. "Mmmmmm," enjoying the silky touch of the nylons as his hands caressed her thighs, moving

around to the back of her legs then back to the front. Monika spread her legs without being asked. This young girl knew more about pleasing an older man than he was led to believe. He hoped she had other surprises for him. His hands sought out her soft, inner thighs, delighting in the feel of the nylons on her delicate thighs. His hands slid up and down, from her knees up until he felt the bare flesh of her thighs, teasing close to her pussy without touching it. He saw her unconsciously moving, her hips moving back and forth as if he was already touching her pussy.

Please touch my pussy, Monika begged silently, his large hand sliding up and down her thighs, teasing close between her legs, but stopping short of touching her sex. He finally stopped, Monika disappointed that he didn't touch her yet, but she had every expectation that he would. She looked down, not even ashamed at the large wet spot on her panties. Testament to the sexual prowess of Michael.

"They are too pretty to take off, Monika, but you will have to lose the panties." He picked up a pair of scissors from the drawer of the end table. "Hold real still, I wouldn't want to prick you. Unless of course it was on purpose." It took him only two seconds to snip the side panels, the garter belt still holding them on. The front of her panties was drenched with her arousal. It was probably good that he got them off her. "Now slip them off. Let me see that lovely pussy."

She pulled them out from her garter belt, feeling them brush across her bush as she yanked them off. She dropped them to the floor. She knew what he wanted, spreading her legs slightly, hoping to please Michael even more.

What a sight she was. Almost naked except for the sexiest garter belt and nylons, her legs spread to give him a glimpse of her pussy, her bush cut neatly into a triangle that drew the eyes to her slit, glistening with her juices. His cock rose to the occasion, glad that Dana would be coming over tonight when he finished with Monika to relieve his sexual tension. For Monika would not be the one to receive his lust, she still had to wait longer until he took her. Tonight was just to tease her, to arouse her for Friday. Hopefully she will not be able to refuse any sexual advance. From anyone. "Spread you legs wider, Monika. Then use your fingers to pull your pussy lips open. If you can grip them; they look awfully wet." He smiled when he said it.

She spread her legs wide, almost too wide, her fingers slipping down over her naked stomach and through her bush. She felt the tingling between her legs as her fingers played with the short hairs, exciting them down to the roots. Two fingers slid between her lips, playing along her inner lips, feeling the dampness as the fingers slid up and down.

"I didn't say masturbate, Monika. Only show me." His voice was stern.

She gripped her lips and pulled them, feeling the night air blowing on her wet insides. She wished he would touch her or at least let her touch herself, but he only stared between her legs, Monika looking at the bulge in his pants, wanting to feel it inside her.

She was so pink and wet, Michael disappointed that he would not be able to feel how hot and tight she was, but soon

he would have her at his command. "Turn around. I saw the skirt molded tightly over your ass. Let me see it naked."

She turned around, spreading her legs for him, wishing she could see his face as he stared at her ass. She hadn't thought of that, but his voice was insistent with his demand.

"Spread your cheeks open for me, Monika. Show me that lovely asshole." Michael loved taking a girl in the ass. Being well endowed, he loved the sharp cries as he penetrated her for the first time in such an intimate hole. And he was always delighted by the gentle clenching of her muscles as he took her hard and deep, finally cumming deep into her bowels. And Monika would be no different, the tiny speck of her anus barely visible. "Are you a virgin there, Monika?"

She knew it wouldn't last by his question. No boy had ever touched her there, but she knew that would not stop Michael. She had heard of sodomy, but never expected to be taken in such a manner. His probing question told her that would not be the case. "Yes, Sir." Her hands held her cheeks open for his inspection for long minutes until he finally told her to turn around.

"Lie down over the ottoman, Monika. You still have your tardiness to contend with. Such a lovely ass was made for a spanking, don't you think?"

At first she was really scared, thinking that he would sodomize her here and now. But a spanking was also disconcerting. She hadn't been spanked since she was a child. A small child. She lay face down on the ottoman, not sure exactly how he wanted her.

"Head over the edge. Push that lovely ass up into the air. I want a good target. And spread those lovely legs. I want a new view while you are being punished."

She didn't even try to persuade him out of spanking her. In fact, in the back of her mind she was almost wishing for it. She would feel Michael's hands on her, not caressing her, but it would be so close to where she wanted them. And Michael had already taught her that pain was not necessarily bad or unpleasant. She found that when she was aroused, a little pain only added to her pleasure. A strange phenomenon that she was sure Michael would teach her more. She pushed her ass out, her legs spread wide, Michael standing up behind her. She gripped the edges of the ottoman with her hands, waiting for the inevitable.

Such lovely targets, tanned buttocks thrust up in servitude, legs spread revealing a lovely wet pussy. He couldn't wait, going to work on her immediately. His hand swung through the air and found one ripe buttock to strike. He could feel her flesh ripple beneath his powerful palm, the noise of the sharp slap filling the room. But barely a gasp from her lips in spite of her cheek turning red with the imprint of his hand. Not to be ignored, he struck the other one, this time harder, a tiny yelp of pain, another handprint embedded on her firm ass. He began to strike her ass with more frequency, alternating between cheeks as they danced under his hand. He turned both of her lovely buttocks red before he went to work on the soft fold where her ass met her legs, catching her on the sensitive skin, hitting her so close to her pussy. She was moving on the ottoman, her legs opening and

closing, not sure if it were in pain or arousal. He was sure that she wouldn't even protest if he had struck her pussy from behind, but that would be for another day when he could spend the time to do it properly.

She was sure that she would leave a stain on the ottoman when she got up, her pussy drenched, her ass hot from Michael's hand that continued to rain down on her naked ass. And her pussy was hot, the pain doing little to stop the arousal between her legs, Monika wishing she could thrust her hands between her legs and masturbate while Michael spanked her. Her cheeks were hot from his hand beating them, but she only got more aroused the closer he got to her pussy, almost wishing he would miss and hit her on her unprotected lips. She couldn't even imagine what it would be like to feel Michael's large hand slapping her pussy, but her mind conjured up an image of her sitting with her legs spread wide to the side, Michael preparing to hit her full force on her pussy mound. And it made her soaked.

Michael finally stopped, her ass red, her pussy glistening from behind. "You may get up now." He helped her up like a gentlemen, seeing the large wet spot on the ottoman. His hand slid over her hot cheeks, feeling her clench her cheeks from the unexpected touch on her sore cheeks. "You did well, Monika. You may get dressed and go home. I will see you Friday for the final test. You have only one competitor, my colleagues also having a vote as to which of you will be selected." He watched her as she got dressed, almost as enticing as when she undressed.

She was disappointed at Michael not taking her, or at least making her cum. But it only slightly dimmed her joy at being one of the two finalists. She wanted to rush home and masturbate, her mind filled with such images, real and imagined. Michael was such a gentleman, almost as if nothing happened. That she hadn't stripped naked for him. That he hadn't spanked her. She walked to the door, Michael opening it up to the night air.

"One last thing, Monika. You are not to cum before Friday." He looked at her. "And I will know."

He shut the door behind her, and she realized that for some reason he would know if she did. Besides she didn't want to disappoint him suddenly desperate to obey his order. It was going to be a long couple of days.

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CHAPTER 3—Final Exam

Monika was already stripped down to her bra, leaving on the garter belt when Cassandra came back home. Her panties were cut up by Michael.

"You don't look well fucked," she said bluntly. *How could a man see her like that and not fuck her?*

"Not even fucked." Monika was confused. Excited about being one of the finalists, but also extremely horny. And Michael telling her she couldn't cum only made her hornier.

"Well, what did he do?" Cassandra couldn't believe that Michael didn't fuck her. *What was he, crazy?*

"He made me strip almost naked for him."

"What's an almost?" Cassandra laughing. "You don't even have any panties." Cassandra hated to admit that Monika had a great body.

"Like now, but without the bra." Monika took off the bra. "See?"

"Baby, that is naked. And he couldn't get up his dick to fuck you when you look like that?"

"God, his hands felt so good on me. He played with my tits while I posed with my hands behind my neck. I even rubbed my ass against his cock. His big, HARD cock." Monika almost took a defensive stand against Cassandra picking on Michael.

Cassandra could see that Monika was disappointed, hugging her. "You okay, baby?"

"Okay, I'm great. I got the final interview, one of two. Friday night." Monika began to grin. Not getting fucked wasn't that bad. Or at least not now.

"Now that's much better. What else did he do?"

"He made me spread myself open for him. Front and back," Monika admitted, hard for her to say the back.

"You showed him your asshole? You think he'd do it in your ass?" Cassandra's boyfriend had tried to get her to go along with being fucked in the ass, but his fingers were bad enough. She could never take a thick cock up her ass. Not without a lot of pain.

"I know he will. He asked if I was a virgin. Back there."

"Did you have to suck him off?" He had to get something out of this.

"No, nothing. Though he did use ice on my nipples. I thought I would cum when he did it. But then he just told me to get dressed and he would see me Friday." Monika didn't tell Cassandra about the other Professors, not sure that she would understand. Monika not even sure she fully understood what she was doing. Or what she might have to do.

She seemed to be taking it okay, and knowing the reputation of Michael, it wouldn't be long before he was fucking her. And that *is* what Monika wanted. One of Cassandra's hands slipped down over Monika's naked stomach and pushed through her bush. "You want me to give you some privacy so you can masturbate?" She felt Monika's wet pussy, knowing she couldn't go much longer without cumming.

Monika slapped her hand away. "NO!"

Cassandra pushed away. *Was she offended by me touching her?* They had done it often, though they had never made each other cum. "You want to do it by yourself?" Cassandra teased her.

"No, I'm not going to do it. Michael told me I couldn't," she added.

"A man told you not to cum and you listened?" If a man told her that, she'd be jerking off in front of him before she even left just to show him.

"Yes." Monika was determined not to disappoint Michael.

Cassandra slapped Monika on the ass, suddenly seeing that her cheeks were red after Monika yelped from the slap. "You forgot to tell me that."

Monika turned red. "He spanked me because I was two minutes late."

"Of course he did, girl. Why shouldn't he. You are such a naughty girl." Cassandra went to her room, leaving Monika. She didn't know where Monika was heading with this relationship, but as long as she was happy, that's all that counted.

* * * *

It was the longest couple of days for Monika. Everything made her horny. Her mind would continually go back to that night at Michael's, especially when she went to his class. She would look at his large hands, still able to feel them on her ass cheeks as he spanked her, or at least she imagined she did. And his smile, making her heart melt. She was so glad that it was Friday, getting dressed, Cassandra leaving her

alone since that night a couple of days ago. Monika wasn't sure if Cassandra understood what she was doing, Monika not even sure sometimes. She just had this overriding desire to please Michael. No matter what he wanted from her. That is what excited her and aroused she was. Each morning in the shower she would play with her pussy, careful not to let herself go too far and cumming. Michael would disapprove of that. And she didn't want to do anything that Michael would disapprove of. But it only made her hornier.

She dressed in a staid business suit, just like the night with Michael, still not sure what would happen tonight. She walked into the living room, Cassandra waiting for her boyfriend to pick her up. "Are you okay with this?" Monika somehow felt she needed Cassandra's approval. Or reassurance.

Cassandra was very different from Monika, preferring boys her own age. But she never tried to put her morals on someone else. If Monika wanted older men, then Michael was a perfect catch. And there were lots of other girls at the university that thought the same way as Monika. "Monika, I support anything that makes you happy. And if it gets you laid, all the better. You're a real cunt when you're horny," Cassandra laughed as she said it.

"You don't have to be so damned right all the time," Monika realizing how much of a bitch she had been. And she was right, it was because she was always aroused, a situation she never had to contend with before. She only hoped that tonight was a success, and Michael would pull her aside and

fuck her brains out. "And you better hope that I get laid tonight, or I'll make your life a living hell."

"Amen to that. Now off you go and get some nice cock."

* * * *

Monika arrived early this time, almost twenty minutes early. She wasn't going to get on the wrong side of Michael, though a spanking wasn't the punishment that she thought it would be. Each time she thought about it, it was with arousal, not fear. She looked at the house, trying to imagine what would take place tonight, a combination of fear and arousal. She finally got out of her car, her heels clicking on the cement as she approached the porch. She walked carefully up the front steps and was about to knock on the front door when it opened abruptly, scaring her for a second. There was Michael as if he was anxiously awaiting her arrival. *Or was he just hoping to catch her being late?*

"Good evening, Monika. Glad to see you're punctual. You do seem to train well." He opened the door for her, seeing her dressed in a very conservative business suit. But he also noticed that it was cut for her body, accentuating her full breasts and her tight ass. His cock thickened at the thought of what lay beneath her staid clothes, the other night almost a distant memory. Tonight he would explore her much more. And she would provide for his pleasure. And that of the others.

"Hello, Michael." She heard the word train and her pussy grew damp with desire. "I just want to please you." She could hear voices in the living room, all male. Michael ushered her

into the house, the door closing behind her with such finality, sealing her fate.

She wasn't surprised by the guests, all of them her professors. There was Dr. Swenson, a middle aged man, a few years older than Michael, but far from being as handsome, or as fit as Michael, a mid-life paunch around his middle. He was married but that didn't look like it stood in his way, for his wife was nowhere in sight.

"Welcome, Monika." He looked her up and down, always wondering what she looked like beneath her clothes, Monika always dressing fashionable in class and for her generation that also meant sexy. But tonight it was a conservative suit that hid her body from him, but he hoped that it was only temporary.

"How are you, Dr. Swenson?" He was an excellent professor and had helped Monika more than once on her thesis. *Would I have to repay the favors tonight?* She felt a hand at her waist, turning to find Dr. Martin, standing next to her. Now Dr. Martin was more like Michael, though he was a New Yorker, the city, his manner and speech fast, like the city. He was built slim, younger than Michael, a bachelor, a playboy most said. And he loved his students, some more than others. It had been rumored that he would bed two of them at the same time, desiring much more personal attention than only one female could give. And like Michael, he had no problem finding willing subjects.

"Glad to see that you could make it, Monika," Dr. Martin drawing Monika close to him.

She felt his possessiveness, pulling her until their hips touched. He had eyed her in his class, but Monika had always been drawn to Michael, not Dr. Martin, though not sure why. "I'm honored to be here."

"And last but not least, Dr. Stone." Michael introduced her to the final member. Dr. Stone was the senior member of the group. If it wasn't for Michael, he would be the Chair of the Economics department. Michael tried to make this slight on him as easy as possible; after all he was an excellent instructor. So he made sure that Dr. Stone became part of the inner circle that would have the perks afforded by his willing TA's.

Dr. Stone was the oldest professor, Monika sure that he was in his sixties and looked every bit his age. This was going to be harder than she expected. While Michael aroused her, none of the others did, except for maybe Dr. Martin. She only hoped that she was wrong on what she would have to do.

Michael brought Monika a drink, the frost on the outside of it reminding her of the ice that he used on her nipples the other night. "Thank you."

"I hope it's not too cold," Michael teased her. He wished he could see her tits, to see if they grew erect at the thought of the ice on them.

Monika took a sip of it, scotch and soda. It wasn't what she usually drank, but Michael didn't bother asking her. "I like the cold sometimes," Monika swiftly responded to his sexual innuendo. The evening was not what she had expected. They stood around, the men gathered around her as if she had the most profound things to say, perched on her every word as

they talked over economics and the world economies. They were actually finding out how much she knew. Maybe it was just her fertile imagination that made up this ludicrous scenario.

Michael gave her the third drink, not too bad because two hours had passed, and you could not tell if they had affected her. The other professors were impressed with her, not that he didn't think they wouldn't be. They all knew of her knowledge, tonight was more to see how she would carry herself with others. Not with students like her, but foreign dignitaries, politicians, the movers and shakers of the world. When Michael went on one of his studies for the summer, it was part work and part socializing. It was just as important to get his ideas in front of the people that could shape the world economies. And to have a bevy of beautiful, yet intelligent, girls with him to expound his opinions only made his views more universally accepted.

Monika felt a little buzz, but was able to control it. She looked at her watch, two hours since she arrived and the men still hung onto every word she said, though they did force her to defend herself numerous times, Monika proud that she was able to do so easily. She was proud of her and by the look on Michael's face he was also, beaming like a proud father. Or lover, she hoped.

"Let me take your jacket. It's getting a bit warm in here." It wasn't a question and Monika realized immediately it also.

Dr. Stone held her glass as she took it off, noticing that all of the men eyed her breasts as she strained to pull the jacket off. It dawned on her that this was how the other night

started with Michael. *Were things about to change?* She clenched her thighs together, hoping to smother the arousal she felt. Four older men all eyeing her differently now. She handed the jacket to Michael, who put it carefully down on the couch.

Dr. Stone handed back her drink. His hand reached up and brushed the hair from the side of her face. "You're a very intelligent girl, Monika. And beautiful."

She felt a shiver race through her body as his fingers touched her skin. She looked at Michael and he nodded back to her. It was more of a nod of assurance. Then she felt Dr. Martin put his hand around her waist again, this time his fingers moving as he touched her. She saw Michael stepping back, but his eyes on hers. She could see it in his eyes. He wanted her to be "accommodating." The word suddenly stuck in her head.

Dr. Martin moved behind her, pressing up against her. He pushed Monika's hair away from her neck, gently nibbling on her neck as he moved toward her ear. His hands encircled her waist, holding her pinned up against him, feeling his cock twitch in excitement as her firm ass rubbed against him. She didn't try to get away from him, few of Michael's prospective TA's did. Not the one last night, the girl very accommodating for all four of them. Dr. Martin would see which of the two girls would be better. Sexually better.

Monika felt him kissing her neck, sending shivers through her body, no place more than her nipples, feeling them grow erect beneath her staid white blouse. He began to stick his tongue in her ear, the dampness between her thighs growing.

Dr. Swenson was standing in front of her, Monika looking at his hands as they moved up almost as if they were in slow motion. She watched them move up and gently cup her breasts as if he owned her, Monika looking at Michael again for his approval. He was smiling. Dr. Swenson's hands became more insistent, squeezing her breasts, Monika feeling her swollen nipples crushed by his hands. She never would have fathomed her professors doing this to her, but she couldn't deny the hands that caressed her breasts or the hard cock that was pushed against her ass.

"Such great tits, Monika." Dr. Swenson cupped his hand under her chin, tilting her head back until his face was only inches from hers. He pressed closer until his lips touched her soft, silky lips. His tongue snaked out of his mouth and forced its way between her clenched lips until he felt her surrender. His tongue slid easily inside her mouth, French kissing her.

She couldn't believe it, but she was being kissed by a man that she wasn't attracted to. Not only kissing her, but French kissing her, his tongue forced into her mouth. And his hand returned to her breast, kneading it like dough. And Dr. Martin's hands had slipped down to her hips, guiding them from side to side, Monika's ass used to masturbate his throbbing cock pressed against her. She didn't know how far they would take this, but she knew she couldn't do anything to stop them. Not if she wanted to be Michael's TA. And his lover. The tongue pressed deep into her mouth, running over her gums and teeth, all the while his hand squeezed and kneaded her breasts, moving from one to the other, her nipples swelling with pleasure.

Dr. Swenson pulled away from her mouth, eager to see her tits. He looked into her eyes as his fingers adroitly began to unbutton her blouse, having lots of practice yesterday. She looked down at his fingers but made no effort to stop him. His finger traced down her cleavage as he pulled the blouse to the sides after each button was opened, a luscious set of tanned breasts tantalizingly revealed. He saw the goose bumps appear on her chest as his finger traced the deep cleavage, back up along the edge of the low-cut bra. He finally pulled the blouse from her waist, pushing it to the sides. His hands slid over her naked stomach to cup her bra-encased tits, enjoying the way her lovely flesh tried to escape out the top of her bra. He could feel the firm flesh beneath his fingertips. He kissed her again, this time her mouth opening without asking, her tongue darting out to touch his.

He was making her half naked and it felt good. Too good. Even Dr. Swenson's kiss and Dr. Martin still nibbling on her neck and ear aroused her. And the way Michael looked at her excited her beyond expectations. She enjoyed the way he was looking at her as the men began to ravish her. Dr. Martin pulled her blouse from her shoulders, her arms pulled behind her as he pulled it down. She felt him stop, the blouse holding her arms pinned behind her. She panicked when she felt it. A sudden rush of wetness spread between her legs as she felt the helplessness of her arms being bound. She had never felt such a thing before and it scared her. She began to struggle.

"Calm down," Dr. Martin pulling the blouse off of her arms. She had panicked, not sure why. He felt her naked skin, running his hands up her back until he came to her bra strap.

She began to relax again. He made short work of her bra strap, his hands sliding up her arms and slipping the straps off of her shoulders and down her arms. She submissively put her arms to her sides so he could strip off her bra and make her naked to the waist.

He pulled the blouse off of her, Monika regaining her composure. She didn't know what happened. One minute it felt good, the next minute it struck terror in her. It was as if she lost all control over her body. She felt her bra released, her breasts spilling lose of the confining garment. She put her hands at her sides as it slipped down her arms, sending delicious tremors through her body as the fabric slid over her swollen nipples. Dr. Swenson's hands returned, this time Monika able to feel his hands on her naked flesh. Not strong demanding hands like Michael's, but cold, limp flesh that pawed at her youthful breasts with haste. In spite of that her nipples welcomed any touch on them, swelling.

"Now those are nice firm tits," Dr. Swenson commenting as his fingers dug into her firm flesh, feeling her sharp nipples sticking into his palms.

"Let me see," Dr. Stone moving along side Monika. Being associated with Michel allowed him to play with such delicious young flesh in spite of his age, the one last night just as accommodating. His hands reached out and cupped one naked tit, hefting it up as his head bent over, his mouth already opened as it encircled the thick nipple that pushed out so provocatively. He gripped onto the hard nipple with his mouth like a baby, sucking the nipple deep into his mouth, his

tongue waiting for it, slapping back and forth over the hardened bud.

Dr. Swenson was not to be outdone, hefting her other breast up, his mouth sucking the nipple deep inside, slurping loudly as his tongue played over her nipple.

"Stick those tits out, Monika." Dr. Martin stuck his fist into her back, forcing her to arch her back provocatively, her breasts shoved deep into their eager mouths.

Her nipples were attacked with a vengeance, both of the men sucking them so deep that she felt the nipples stretching, their tongues lashing out at the sensitive tips. And Dr. Martin was not idle, his hands sliding down her hips, gripping her skirt and pulling it up, Monika feeling it slowly slide up her legs. Tonight was different, no nylons, no pantyhose. Just naked legs and a modest pair of panties. She couldn't do anything when his hands slid under her skirt, hands finding her pussy, rubbing it with no preliminaries. Not that she needed any, sure that he found her panties soaked. She shoved back, only to find his hard cock pushed deeper between her ass cheeks, her skirt yanked up high, leaving her only with her panties to protect her. As if they were any protection.

"Gotta get this damn thing out of the way." Dr. Martin grew impatient, her skirt constantly trying to fall back down, Dr. Martin eager to get at her pussy. His fingers yanked it down harshly, finding the button and zipper at the side, making short work of it. It opened easily, Dr. Martin sliding it down over her hips until it fell at her feet. "Step out of it," he ordered her, Monika obeying without question. He already felt

how wet she was, sure that she wanted his hands on her pussy as much as he yearned to. His hands slid between her legs again, this time finding Monika obliging, her legs already spread for him. "That's the way I like it, Monika, a girl willingly spreading her legs." He cupped her pussy with his large hand, his fingers soaked as he touched her panties, one fat finger finding her slit, pushing her panties inside her lips. He wiggled his finger back and forth, Monika's ass moving with the motion.

Down to her panties, the men were arousing her, the days of not masturbating putting her on edge. Her nipples hurt. Hurt good, their teeth biting down on the tips until she moaned loudly, not in pain, but in pleasure. The shooting pain in her nipples shot directly between her legs, right where Dr. Martin was expertly playing with her pussy. His fingers never stopped moving, sliding up and down her slit. "EEEEEEWWWW," his hand finding their way inside of her panties, his hot hand gripping her pussy with such power. Just like Michael did.

Michael moved toward them, spreading the small padded mat on the floor. "I think she might be more comfortable on the floor. And naked."

The men needed no further encouragement. They released her, but not before Dr. Martin slipped her panties down her legs and threw them to the side. "I get her pussy first. I love the taste of a wet pussy."

Naked, she was pushed to the mat, shivers running up her spine when he said he would taste her. God, she wanted to feel a tongue between her legs, wishing it were Michael, but

right now she would settle for any tongue. And she was sure that Dr. Martin knew how to please a woman. There were too many rumors about him not to be true. She laid back on the mat, four men standing over her naked body. All of them her professors. She felt a bit of shame, but her arousal overpowered all of her other emotions. Dr. Martin knelt at her feet, Monika obliging, bending her legs and spreading them.

"Show us your pussy, Monika. Spread your lips open for us. Like you did for Michael." Dr. Martin wanted her to expose her body intimately to them first.

So Michael had told them of the other night. Of course he did, she should have expected that. Her hands went between her legs, just as she did for Michael, gripping her pussy lips and pulling them back, exposing all of her treasure to the men. And it only made her wetter.

"Yes, a nice pink pussy. Wet and tight, I'm sure, though Michael said he hadn't had her yet." Dr. Martin couldn't wait any longer. "Lay back and enjoy it, Monika." His hands slid up her thighs, bowing out her legs wider, her pussy still spread in spite of Monika taking her hands away. He licked his lips as his head moved down, licking up her inner thighs, feeling her muscles tighten from the unexpected touch, her hips rising up as if offering up her pussy to him. He teased up and down her smooth, silky thighs. His tongue moving along the vee of her legs, so close but not touching her pussy.

"OOOOHHH, GGGODDDD," she screamed out when his tongue ran up her slit. She could've cum with the first touch, but she wanted to prolong her pleasure. He sucked her pussy lips into his mouth, Monika feeling them stretch, all the while

his tongue went to work on her pussy. She felt like she was being eaten alive, and she was enjoying it too much. She felt hands on her breasts, fingers finding her nipples, one of them played with, the other yanked harshly, feeling the hard tip gripped tight and stretched. She cared little, her body ready to explode in pleasure. There were hands and mouths all over her, Monika not caring who, just enjoying the pleasure. She could have never imagined how good it was to be taken by three men at once, six hands all bringing such pleasure to her.

Dr. Martin enjoyed the sweet flavor of her pussy, sucking and tonguing her pussy, the juices flowing freely into his mouth. His hands slid under her ass, raising her up. His hands dug into her ass flesh, nibbling on the puffy lips of her pussy.

Michael made his move, kneeling down next to Monika's head, the other men giving him all the room he wanted.

She felt his presence, even though her eyes were closed. It was as if he was in her head. She opened her eyes, staring at the most magnificent cock she had ever seen. Looking up, it was Michael, his hand holding out his cock, only inches from her face.

"Make her suck it," Dr. Stone shouted out. He wanted to be next inside her mouth. He enjoyed a young girl sucking his cock. It made him feel so much younger.

"Take it in your mouth, Monika," Michael demanded of her.

She couldn't have refused him even if she wanted to. And she didn't, her mind had conjured up this moment too many times. She bent her head back until she felt his hot flesh on her forehead. He was teasing her, making her beg for it. And

she didn't care, willing to beg to have his cock in her mouth. She bent back further until the head of his cock slipped over her nose and bounced on her lips. Her tongue came out instantly to lick over the head, lightly slapping over the end until she felt the first taste of his essence. The salty crème covered her taste buds, making her want more of it. She pursed out her lips, capturing the very tip of his cock in her lips, tightening on it, her tongue licking the head of the captured cock.

"Look, she's sucking it," Dr. Swenson seeing her mouth open and take his cock in so willingly, his cock jerking at the thought of Monika sucking him off.

Michael felt her hot breath on his cock, her wet, silky lips opening and taking his cock into her open mouth. She had such a look of serenity on her face, as if she were waiting for this moment all of her life. He pushed forward a little more, the head of his cock sucked into her hot, tight mouth. Her lips engulfed the head, trapping it, her tongue going to work on it. Her tongue raced all around the head, licking just beneath the rim. His cock jerked in her mouth, but her lips tightened on it, trapping it. Her head began to move back and forth, sucking him off. He felt the pleasure as her tight lips slid down his shaft, only to have her move her head back again. She rocked back and forth, sucking his cock with such enthusiasm. And expertise.

It felt so natural, his thick cock splitting her lips. All the while her pussy was being eaten so skillfully, Dr. Martin knowing just when she was ready to cum, slowing down, teasing her until he was sure that her orgasm passed. Then

he would return again to attack her pussy with his mouth and tongue, bringing her back to the edge of her orgasm again with such skill and regularity. Monika focused all her attention on Michael's cock, worshipping it with her mouth, her head moving back and forth. Her hands were filled with two more cocks, Monika masturbating them at her side. She never felt so used, three men making her pleasure them while one pleased her.

Michael's hands moved her head sideways, getting into a better position, eager to take full advantage of her mouth. She was sucking so eagerly, her tongue never tiring as it raced up and down his shaft as he began to fuck it into her mouth. "Yes, good, Monika. Take it deeper now." His hips pushed forward, more of his long cock fed through her tight lips. He watched her jerking off Drs. Swenson and Stone with her hands, never missing a stroke in spite of all that was happening to her. Now that is what you called a girl skilled in multi-tasking!

She let herself go, no longer able to contain the orgasm that had been building in her body for the last few days. She could taste Michael's cum in her mouth, wanting more of it, wanting to take it all and swallow it. And she was surprised how hard the other two were in spite of their age, not sure if it was them or because of her. She just knew that she would have to take care of all of them before the night was finished, sure that her impending orgasm would not be her last. "EEEEEEEEGGGGGHHHHHH," her muffled scream rang out in the room, Michael's cock making it difficult to scream, blocked by his thick flesh. Dr. Martin had latched onto her clit, sucking

it deep into his mouth, his teeth carefully trapping it as his tongue went to work on it. And work he did, slapping it back and forth, the swollen bud feeling like a punching bag. And it made her cum, Monika afraid to move her hips, afraid he would tear her pleasure button. She came all over his face, though she was sure he didn't mind. He released her clit, her hips bucking up and down as if she were fucking his face. And then Michael's cock pushed deep into her mouth. Deeper than he had before. She gagged, but he held it poised at her throat, the thick head jerking at her tight opening. She had never deep throated a cock but was more than willing to do it for Michael. Another shudder ran through her body, racing up to her brain, her nipples feeling like hard rocks, her hands moving faster on the two cocks she was eagerly masturbating. A third lesser tremor ran through her body before she was finished, Dr. Martin slowing down his tongue as she came from her explosive orgasm. She waited for Michael to shove his cock down her throat, but he pulled out, Monika tightening her lips on it, not wanting it to leave. "Please, let me finish," she begged him.

Michael reluctantly got up, his cock slipping from her lips, though she did try to keep it, her mouth tight around his shaft. "No, I want to be the first in your pussy. But I will cum in your mouth. You'll taste my essence before the night is over. As well as all of us." Dr. Martin had obliged Michael, getting up from between her legs, his face glistening with her cum. "A very good job, Dr. Martin. It seems Monika has cum all over your face."

Dr. Martin turned red, not sure why, as he wiped his face but not before he licked his lips of her cum. He undressed to join the others, all of them ready to enjoy the pleasures of Monika. She would be very willing now that she had cum once, though they would make her cum many more times before they were finished with her tonight.

Monika looked between her spread legs as Michael knelt down. His hand fisted his cock, still glistening with her saliva, Monika still able to taste the salty cum in her mouth. She wanted so badly to have him inside her, her fingers moving down between her legs, spreading her lips apart as Michael liked. "Please fuck me with your cock," she pleaded with him, but he was already rubbing the head of this cock from the bottom of her slit all the way to the top, gathering up her juices.

She was just as he liked, a young girl begging for his cock. "Of course, Monika." He pushed the head of his cock against her opening, feeling the tightness, just as he liked. He pressed with his hips as she spread her legs wide to accommodate him. He fought the tight muscles of her pussy, the head of his cock finally popping through the resisting hole.

He was much bigger than any of the boys that had fucked her, his cockhead straining her tight hole, but he was not to be denied. She spread her legs wider until they ached, the pressure building as she spread to take him inside her. "AAAAAHHH," it felt so good when he popped inside her. A mixture of pain and pleasure, his throbbing cockhead opening her up. She felt cocks rubbed across her face, but none tried

to enter her mouth, in spite of Monika opening it submissively. Michael's cock felt so big inside her, stretching her, Monika waiting for him to enter her deeper.

It felt like the head of his cock was in a tight vise, her insides clenching on it, pinching it hard. He pressed with his hips, a grunt from Monika as another inch of his cock entered her hot, tight hole. He slowly withdrew his cock, her pussy gripping the head, thrusting back in, sending two more inches inside her, opening her up. He was taking her hard, but she did little to stop him. He began to pull out, pausing for only a second before he would thrust back in, each time taking her deeper, each time his thick cockhead shoving aside all her resistance. He grabbed her legs just behind the knees, pushing them back until they were almost pressed against her breasts, Monika grunting as her body was bent painfully in two. The position left her sex open for Michael to pound his cock into her body. And he did.

It felt like a tree trunk sliding between her legs, spreading her open, Michael taking her as she expected. Hard and demanding. He bent her body in two until she thought her crotch would tear, his cock sliding in and out, burying more and more of it inside her. And her pussy drenched his cock with her juices as he began to fuck her, his cock every bit as good as she had dreamt. Even after just cumming, she could feel her arousal returning, Monika squeezing her pussy on his cock as he pulled it out, not wanting it to leave, ever for a few seconds. She grabbed her legs behind her knees, holding herself open so Michael's hands would be free to explore her body. And explore they did, hard fingers pinching her nipples,

the sudden pain making her pussy tighten in response, only making Michael pinch harder. And her nipples only grew harder in spite of the harsh treatment, though Monika suspected they grew because of it. Michael had a way of making her enjoy his power over her. His hands slid under her ass, lifting her hips up, Michael taking her with the full measure of his cock. His strong fingers pulled her cheeks apart, a delicious tremor racing through her body as she felt the tug on her anus.

Michael pounded his cock in her pussy for five minutes, his hands digging into her ass cheeks, upturning her body so he could take her as deeply as possible. And Monika took his cock without complaint, though he enjoyed her grunts of pain when he took her too deep, banging the head of his cock against her cervix. He enjoyed the way her ass cheeks clenched, fighting his fingers as he pulled them apart, opening up her crack, exposing her anus as he fucked her.

The men grew more impatient as Michel continued to fuck her, a cock slipping across her lips, Monika obliging it by licking at the head. She couldn't even see who it was, but she felt the head of a cock slip through her lips, her tongue racing out to greet it. Hands turned her head sideways, hips thrusting the cock deeper into her mouth, Monika taken by two cocks at once, both of them wanting her undivided attention. Monika tried to please them both. And most of all, herself.

She was so hot and tight, Michael not able to last much longer. She was dragging the cum from his balls, her tight pussy gripping his cock so lovingly, the look on her face as

she sucked Dr. Martin's cock only making his pleasure come quicker. She was taking to her new role in life, Michael sure that he had found his newest TA, sure the others would agree. He hips moved in a frenzied motion, his cock fucking in and out as he felt the rush of cum shoot up from his balls. Dr. Martin knew instinctively, moving out of the way, Michael pulling his cock reluctantly from her pussy, moving up to the side of her head. He pumped his cock as she turned her head toward him, her mouth opened willingly, her tongue waiting for the first blast of cum. She didn't have to wait long, broad strokes of his hand on his cock sending the first ropey blast of cum on target.

She knew he was ready to cum, his hips pumping her so fast and hard, her body taking the hard fucking. He pulled out, Dr. Martin making room next to her head. She had never let a boy cum in her mouth but that was all to change in only seconds. She turned to look at Michael as he knelt near her head, his hand pumping his cock, her mouth opening submissively, her tongue out. It was almost as if it were in slow motion, her eyes trained on the tiny hole in the head of his cock. It opened up wide, a white, rope of cum shooting out into a wide arc, Monika moving her head just in time to catch it in her open mouth. It struck her lips, her tongue snaking out to pull in the thick, hot cum into her mouth. A second load of cum shot out, this time Michael moving forward, the head of his cock only an inch from her mouth. She felt the sharp blast of his cum shoot deep into her mouth, Monika forced to stop from choking as some slid down into her reluctant throat. Her mouth was filling fast, Monika never

realizing how abundant cum was until she had to take it into her mouth. Her cheeks bulged out as a third load of cum shot into her mouth, this time Michael placing the head of his cock into her mouth, her lips closing tightly around it as it spurted its hot seed into her mouth. She finally had no choice, gulping loudly, the thick crème slowly sinking down her gullet to fill her stomach with the first of many loads of cum.

Monika obediently licked his cock clean before he pulled it out, still semi-hard in spite of cumming, her mouth that good.

Dr. Martin spun her body around as soon as Michael took his cock from her mouth, Monika found herself on her hands and knees. Hands pushed down on her back, her hair grabbed and pulled back, thrusting her ass out.

"Spread your legs," he urged Monika, a slap on her naked ass cheeks all the encouragement she needed.

She could feel her cheeks parted, her pussy lips spread, still wet and ready. He didn't take long, entering her without any preliminaries, not that she needed any. His cock filled her completely, pounding all the way into her until his cock banged against her cervix, bruising her insides. He pulled out, his hands yanking her head back like reins on a horse, impaling her pussy onto his cock. Her breasts danced erotically below her, swinging back and forth rhythmically as his cock fucked her. She opened her eyes, Dr. Stone's cock pushed against her lips. She opened her mouth reluctantly, his rubbery, hard cock pushed into her mouth. She had never fathomed sucking such an older man's cock before, but Michael's look told her to obey. She sucked it, surprised that her mouth made it grow harder, but her concentration was

between her legs where Dr. Martin's hard cock was punishing her pussy but in a good way. Her hair hurt, his hands yanking her head back painfully, her back arched awkwardly, but his cock filled her completely, his abdomen pounding noisily against her upturned ass cheeks with a loud slap each time. He was taking her with the full measure of his cock, and she was enjoying every inch of it.

Dr. Stone enjoyed the way she sucked his cock, her mouth sucking with such enthusiasm, in spite of his age. And he never felt so hard as he did now, eager to shove his cock into her pussy as soon as Dr. Martin was finished with her. He watched her as her body was buffeted by Dr. Martin's powerful thrusts, her tits rocking back and forth beneath her, hanging down like ripe fruit. He couldn't resist, his fingers plucking at the tips as he fucked her face.

Dr. Martin's hands slid around her waist and found her pussy, peeling back her lips to seek out her clit. He found it, hard and throbbing, his fingers pinching it, driving her ass back onto his waiting cock. Between the two cocks she couldn't wait any longer, unable to contain her own lust, cumming on Dr. Martin's cock as he reamed her out. He waited for her to finish before he pulled his cock out, Monika's waiting mouth ready for the second load of cum. She eagerly sucked in the abundant crème, filling her belly with more of the thick, salty cum.

Dr. Stone had her flat on her stomach, his legs between her thighs spreading her so wide that she thought she was being split up the middle. She felt a tremor of excitement spread through her body as his cock slid over her anus, but it

was not destined to be there that he entered her, pushing his cock down farther until she felt his cock split her wet pussy open. He spread his naked body on hers as his hips rose up and down rhythmically as he fucked her. He didn't last long, pulling out too late to reach her mouth, his hands pulling apart her cheeks to shoot his cum on the crack of her ass, the hot crème jetting onto her anus, an uncomfortable tremor running through her body of forbidden lust.

Dr. Swenson was last. She was forced to sit on his cock, Monika finding it much more painful to take it inside her. His hands guided her body, forcing her up and down, each time his cock feeling like it was splitting her up the middle and would come out her mouth. His hands played with her breasts as they danced on her chest from her rhythmical coupling. She felt fingers playing along her ass cheeks, rubbing along her sweat-drenched crack and over her anus, sending the tiny hole into uncontrollable spasms. Her body grew tense as the finger circled her anus, teasing the tiny hole, Monika's body frozen as she waited to be pierced by a thick finger in a hole not meant to be touched. But she knew that her tightness only made it easier for Dr. Swenson, his cock spewing his cum inside her pussy, unable to push Monika off in time.

Michael wasn't finished with her yet. They all got dressed, but Monika lay on the mat, naked, her legs spread wide, her pussy glistening with the spunk that filled her. Even her ass cheeks were slick with white, milky cum as well as her face. She had been thoroughly fucked. Michael told her of her success in securing the TA position, Monika proud that she got it, but was more excited for what Michael would teach

her. And do to her, her body ready for anything he wanted. And she knew that she couldn't even comprehend what he would fathom. She masturbated willingly for them, her last task to complete, Monika easily able to cum in spite of them watching her or maybe it was because of it. *Have I become an exhibitionist, able to achieve pleasure from performing blatant sexual acts as others watched?*

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CHAPTER 4—Surprise Trip

It was a lot different than Monika expected it to be. It was much more work, and less pleasure, Michael extremely busy and a bevy of TA's to fulfill his desires. She had been working on the plans for the summer study, three months in Romania. It was to study their growing current account deficit as the country embarked on a massive expansion of welfare and infrastructure to bring the country up to the standards of the European Union. They would be staying in Bucharest, the capital, and the thought of the excitement in a foreign country would be a nice change. And only two other TA's would be going, Monika hoping that she would be able to monopolize more of Michael's time. And his cock.

Her mind lingered on the last time she was with him. Over two weeks ago, though he did tease her body almost daily to remind her of the power he had over her. Not that she minded, it was just that it would end up as solo-masturbation when she got home, reliving the feelings of his hands on her body and the way her body responded.

She had worked late in the office at his house, one other TA helping, but she finally went home exhausted. Monika had noticed that it was already eleven P.M., turning off the computer and ready to go home when Michael came into the room. He was behind her, his hands sending chills through her body when they began to knead her shoulders, all the tension of the day suddenly disappearing as his large, powerful hands began to work over her body.

"Pull your chair out so I may see your legs." Michael pulled back as she complied, his hands returning to her shoulders, feeling the tension released in her taut muscles. "You have such long and lovely legs, Monika, but nothing is as exciting as imagining where they lead to. Slip your skirt up a little higher; entice me with the mysteries between your legs."

She felt her pussy growing damp with arousal. She spread her legs obediently, her hands gripping the bottom of her skirt and slowly letting it ride up her thighs. She could feel Michael's eyes on her legs. His hands were slipping down lower, down the front of her blouse, Monika arching her back as if she were trying to thrust her tits up into his hands. She sighed when he touched her breasts, looking down to see his large hands able to encircle them with ease, feeling the gentle pressure, hoping that he would squeeze them harder. She pulled her skirt up higher, almost all the way to her panties, spreading her legs wider. She wished he would touch her there, or she could, but Michael refused to let her masturbate unless he specifically requested her to do so. At least in front of him.

Michael pressed his cock into the back of her head, reaching over to cup her breasts in his hands, his eyes glued to her naked thighs, the skirt high up her legs. "Let me see your wet panties."

He knew her too well already. She raised her ass off of the chair, pulling the skirt from beneath her, raising it up until the front panel of her panties was exposed. And true to Michael's words, a wet spot of her arousal soaked her panties. She wanted so much to touch herself.

He pulled her blouse open with haste, rubbing his cock against the back of her head as he leaned over her. He pulled the blouse to the side, his hands sliding easily into her bra to find her warm flesh, his fingers running over her nipples. She was pushing her tits into his hands.

Her nipples jumped to life when his hand touched them, her bra threatening to rip, his large hands not having enough room inside but that did little to stop him. "Let me take it off," she obliged, leaning forward, Michael pulling his hands out of her bra long enough for her to slip the blouse and bra off. She leaned back against the chair, the cold back pressing into her naked skin. His hands returned, this time her flesh naked, her hard nipples targets for his powerful fingers. God, it felt so good, his hands plucking at her nipples. He yanked her breasts up, pulled up by her nipples, her thighs clenching together to quench the lust that spread through her.

"You like that." It was a statement, not a question. He released her breasts, Monika slipping back down into the chair. "Take off the rest of your clothes." Michael was eager to enjoy her body, quickly stripping off his clothes, his hand stroking his cock as he watched her slip her panties down her legs, catching a glimpse of the dark mystery between her tightly clenched cheeks. He still had her anal virginity to take, but he would savor the moment when he did.

She stood before him, naked, her hands at her side, eagerly awaiting his pleasure and hopefully hers.

"Lay on the table." He arranged her, her head facing him, seeing her mouth open as if she were anticipating his next move. "Not yet." He leaned far over her, his cock rubbing

along her face as he grabbed her ankles in his hands. "Don't panic," he warned her.

As soon as he said that, she did. She felt his strong hands wrapped around her slim ankles. Then he pulled back, her legs going with him as he pulled her up. Not by her hands, but by her feet, raising them up into the air, handling her body like she was a doll. She was pulled from the table, Michael careful as her head went down, the blood rushing to her head making her panic. She was being hung upside down by her ankles, Michael's powerful arms yanking her legs up high until she found her face brushing against his cock, the thick prick jerking against her smooth skin. For some reason she felt secure, in spite of being held upside down, the slightest slip and she would be dropped on her head.

Michael pulled her crotch up until her pussy was in front of his face. He didn't have to say a word to her, his tongue beginning to lap at her pussy with a fury. He moaned as her mouth opened and engulfed the head of his cock inside her mouth. Her tongue went to work on him, her lips grabbing the shaft of his cock as her head began to bob back and forth.

It was hard to suck his cock upside down, but with some determination she was doing a good job. And Michael was fulfilling his duties, eating her pussy with a determination, his teeth biting on her pussy lips just hard enough to send masochistic tremors in her body. And her pussy spewed its juices onto his probing tongue.

When Michael wanted to push his cock deeper into her mouth he would push her against the wall, then thrust his hips forward, her mouth having no option but to take the

massive shaft deep into her mouth. He heard her choke, not stopping until he felt her tight throat grip his cock in its possessive passage, her muscles rippling up and down as she choked and gagged.

It felt like he was trying to drive his cock out her stomach, shoved deep into her throat, sliding inside her dry throat painfully, not caring for anything but his pleasure. But his tongue more than made up for it, expertly probing every nook and cranny of her most intimate body. And she came hard when he sucked her clit deep into his mouth, the tiny organ stretched farther than it should, his tongue attacking it until the throes of her orgasm overcame her body. And while she came, he spewed his hot, salty cum into her mouth, pulling out of her throat in just enough time to fill her cheeks until they bellowed out for his abundant sperm.

They both rocked against each other as they came, Michael holding her upside down, her pussy cumming over his mouth and face, his cock filling her mouth over and over with his hot cum. He finally let her down on the floor, her face flushed red from the blood draining to her head, but her pussy was soaked in cum, as were her lips, dripping out the cum that she couldn't swallow fast enough. He left her without a word to lock the door behind her, the first night in a while when she didn't go home and masturbate.

* * * *

Michael looked at his Blackberry, the text message spilling its content out boldly. "10 at Starbucks"

Michael understood exactly who it was and where. He showed up at the Starbucks, taking a seat near the back of the room facing the door. They had found out the same time he did, or maybe sooner.

He sat down, both of them only nodding in passing, looking around to see who was in the slightly deserted Starbucks. They whispered in hushed tones, never sure who might be listening.

"How did it happen?" He questioned Michael. "After six years all of a sudden you get approval?" Everyone back at the Company was speculating as to what made him change his mind.

"You probably heard sooner than I did." It had come out of the clear blue sky. An innocuous telegram. Nobody even sent telegrams in this day and age. They used E-mail. It was short.

You have been granted a visa for you and your staff for three months beginning June 1st. The Minister of Financial Planning will be at your disposal to you and your staff during the duration of your visit to help you in your endeavor. I hope to meet you and your staff after your arrival.

Cordially yours,

Fidel Castro

President of the Council of Ministers

"What the hell did you do differently? You've been trying for six years. All of a sudden Fidel Castro likes you?" The Company was abuzz with rumors.

"I didn't do anything. I submitted the list of TA's as I did every year. More of a formality, never expecting him to

accept. That was two months ago. Nothing." Michael couldn't explain it. Then it dawned on him. "Except."

"Except what?" He looked at Michael. This was their chance of a lifetime, very few Americans allowed into the country. Especially patriotic ones like Michael.

"I changed the list two days ago. One of my TA's was hurt in an accident and didn't return to school. I finally got a new one and changed the names."

"Who is she, the goddamn daughter of Hugo Chavez?" He was referring to the President of Venezuela, one of Fidel Castro's few friends since the fall of the Soviet Union.

"Monika Kowalska. I think you better check her out. And fast, we are leaving in a week." Michael didn't like loose ends; he needed to know more about Monika. And fast. He knew what they were already thinking.

"I'll get back to you tomorrow. Is she trained?"

"I only had her for a couple of weeks. What do you think I am, a magician?" They always expected too much. He began to calm down, after all, this was the chance of a lifetime. Not only for this reason, but also for his career in economics. This would be the first study of the Cuba economy by a Western economist in over thirty years. "She's obedient. Sexually at least."

"At least you can control her with your cock."

"Yes, but so could others I suspect. Monika has something deep inside her. I haven't found it yet."

"Well find it fast. Or else they might. I'll have everything ready in two days for you. What we wouldn't be able to get through their customs will be waiting for you inside the

country. We still have lots of friends in the country that would like to see Fidel dead. The rebels will contact you after you arrive. Act surprised. No one must know of your identity, especially Monika. Play along with them, maybe they will be able to get something out of her. I'm sure they can find something interesting for you to do, or someone to do while they take care of Monika."

They left separately, Michael heading back to the campus, the other car speeding off for the freeway. This was going to be an interesting three months.

* * * *

As the days moved closer to leaving for Cuba, Michael became more attentive to her. She wasn't sure what changed, but she didn't care. She loved the attention. And the sex. Like tonight. They had finished early in the office, Dana leaving a short while ago. Even Dana seemed to notice, leaving them alone. They were in Michael's bed, Monika naked, sprawled across the bedspread on her stomach. Michael was casually playing his fingers over her body, sending tingling tremors of excitement through her as they moved down over her naked back. Michael was an ass man, Monika knew that, and it was only a matter of time when he took her there. And she feared that, his cock big, her asshole tight and virginal. But she would never deny him anything. *Would it be tonight?*

Michael lay next to her naked body. The Company couldn't find any connection between Monika and anyone in Cuba. She had never been out of the country. Her parents were

deceased, her mother passing away three years ago from an automobile accident. They could not find her father, or who he was, her mother having Monika out of wedlock. "Keep a close eye on her in Cuba," they had told him. As if he wouldn't. And then there was the plan they were formulating. Michael had thought they were crazy, but they continually brought it up until even Michael thought it was possible. But they would need every bit of luck and more. In two days they would leave, flying to Mexico City and transferring to another plane to Havana. The United States still refused to recognize Cuba and forbade its citizens to go unless they had permission from the government. But now he had this lovely body to take care of.

She had a great ass, full, firm cheeks and a deep crack that hid the mysterious from his eyes. Her legs were coyly together, but he knew he had to only tell her to spread her legs and she would open up to him. His fingers trailed along her silky, smooth skin, leaving a trail of goose bumps as they traveled down her side. He could see the gentle swell of her breast, her arms out in front of her, her head resting on them, her head turned away from him as if she wanted to be teased by the fingers. His hands caressed the gentle swell of her ass, tiny hairs on her skin looking so delicate and fragile. His finger traced along her crack, Michael sure that he felt her hips rising up, her ass cheeks taut as though she could protect her asshole from him. "Relax, Monika," his voice demanding. His finger traced deeper into her crack, her cheeks allowing him access to explore the deep crevice of her

cheeks. He moved his head down to her back, able to see all that his fingers could explore.

She could almost feel his breath on her ass, his head on her back, his finger demanding access to a place that no one had explored before. Until tonight. She had to fight her cheeks from clenching, his finger discerning as it slid through her crack, the pressure as he pushed into the sharp crack. His other hand slid down over one cheek and was caressing her thighs, applying pressure between her legs, Monika knowing what he wanted. She refused, waiting for him to order her, the sound of his voice when he said those words making her almost cum on command.

"Spread those lovely legs, Monika." She obeyed instantly, one hand sliding between her thighs to lightly trace down to her crotch, exploring the newly opened flesh. He got up from the position he was in, moving to the other end so he could gaze up between her legs and feast his eyes on her lovely pussy. "Farther," he ordered her, her legs spreading wider, her pussy opening up to his gaze. His finger returned to her crack, finding her damp with sweat as he traced up over her perineum, teasing the tiny patch of skin before he moved up to his ultimate goal. His finger slid along the deep crack, his other hand gripping one of her shapely globes and pulling it apart to reveal the treasure his hands and eyes want to explore. His finger circled the tiny wrinkled hole, his finger almost bigger than it. He felt her body grow tense as he touched her in such an intimate spot, her cheeks clenching and unclenching uncontrollably from his touch.

She felt her cheeks pulled apart, feeling Michael's eyes staring up between her legs as his fingers took liberties with her anus. She couldn't control her muscles, Monika not believing that she had such delicate nerve endings in such a place. She could feel the bedspread beneath her grow wet with her juices. One finger played with her anus, Monika's body on edge, wondering if and when he would press harder and breach her. His other hand slid between her legs, pulling back her wet lips, sliding up and down her slit as he gently began to masturbate her. She had a hard time keeping her body still, the finger feeling so good as it split her lips apart, exploring her inner lips almost clinically. She felt his mouth on her inner thigh, licking along her skin, his beard scratching her sensitive flesh, Monika spreading her legs wider. His finger left her anus, Monika giving a sigh of relief, but his hands gripped her cheeks harder, pulling them apart until she could feel the night air blowing on her exposed anus. She didn't want to look behind her, ashamed at how she must look. She felt his beard scraping her ass cheeks, a kiss and then a bite as his mouth attacked one cheek.

Her asshole was fluttering, his finger testing its resiliency, teasing at it without entering her. He finally abandoned it, yanking her cheeks apart until her crack had almost disappeared, her anal ring stretched wide, open and vulnerable. His mouth attacked her ass, kisses, followed by bites on the firm flesh, all the while he kept her open, Monika knowing how vulnerable she was. His hands grabbed her hips, pulling her up until she was submissively on her knees, her ass pushed back provocatively. He nudged her thighs apart

until her legs were spread wide, her pussy and ass opened. His fingers tugged on either side of her anal ring, stretching it. He began to lick up the damp crack, starting at her pussy, moving up along the delicate crack, her body trembling with the touch of his tongue. She trembled, knowing where his tongue was going. He was going to lick her in a place that only Michael had the privilege of touching.

She was on her knees, her ass thrust back in submission, her legs spread wide. All of her body was open for his inspection. And she was drenched at the thought of it. And now he was kissing her ass, literally, sharp bites along the crack, Monika almost afraid where he was going with all of this. As much as she knew what would happen, it still surprised her when she felt it. A hot, wet tongue began to lap over her anal ring, setting it into spasms from the obscene act. She tried to move away, panicking when she felt the sharp pain as Michael's hand slapped her ass.

"Don't move!" He slapped her ass again, her twin cheeks already turning pink with the imprint of his hand. "Get that ass back up." This time when he slapped her, it was between her legs, on her pussy.

"EEEEWWWW." She couldn't believe it, not only spanking her ass like he did before, but his hand came up and slapped her on the lips of her pussy. Her ass rose up high, her legs spreading willingly, wagging her ass back at him. She was almost begging him to hit her between her legs again, the sharp slap bringing such elicit tremors through her body.

"Much better." He went back to the task at hand, peeling apart the globes of her ass, his head pressed between them

and began to lick all around her anal ring. Her cheeks tried to shut on his face, but his hands returned to her cheeks. Just the touch of his hands kept her obedient, Monika knowing what would happen if she denied him his pleasure. He ringed her asshole, feeling the spasms that his tongue set off in her body. His fingers pushed to the side of her anal ring, pressing until he felt it begin to flower open, watching intently as the dark hole began to expand from the center. His tongue breached her, a gasp of shame from her lips at being entered in such a manner, his tongue stretching her wide as he fought her muscles trying to force his tongue out.

It was perverted, Michael tonguing her asshole, tasting such a place, the thought of it shaming her. And all she could do was pose up her body to this unspeakable act, fighting the tongue that pressed into her rectum, setting her muscles into uncontrollable clenching as they tried to force out his unwanted tongue. His beard scratched her cheeks, but Monika could do nothing but take this oral assault on her ass. It was long minutes before Michael grew tired of teasing her, pulling back until he was kneeling behind her. She held her breath in heated expectations. *What he fuck me there? Was he just making my anus wet to sodomize me?*

It was still not time yet to fuck her in the ass. She had learned obedience, letting him have his way with her asshole in spite of her revulsion for the act. And by the way her pussy was glistening with her juices, she protested more than she needed to, for deep down she craved to be taken against her will. "Put my cock in you."

She reached back, feeling his cock jutting out along her ass cheeks. *Where did he want me to put it? In my ass? Or my pussy?* She rubbed it up and down her crack, Michael saying nothing as she gathered up her wetness from his saliva on her pussy and ass, coating his cock. She felt the hot flesh pulsating in her hand, her pussy wanting to feel it deep inside her. She slid it lower, putting the head of his cock inside her pussy, her wet, tight hole welcoming it, her ass shoved back onto the rigid prick. She heard him grunt in pleasure as her pussy engulfed his cock, tightening her muscles in hopes of pleasing him. His hands moved to her hips, guiding her up and down on his cock. She felt his cock fill her, rotating her ass, clenching her pussy as he pulled out, all in the hopes of pleasing him. She felt him lay on her back, his hips moving faster as he began the rhythmic thrusting inside her, the thick head of his cock bringing such pleasure to her. His body enveloped hers, his hands around her waist, one hand sliding down to feel his cock as it fucked her. She arched her hips up higher, taking him deeper, Michael encouraged to rub her clit. His fingers were strong as they pinched the swollen organ.

Her pussy engulfed his big cock in her hot, tight hole, Monika making her muscles tighten on his thick shaft in spite of the powerful strokes he took her with. His fingers danced from her nipples to her clit, keeping her moving, her ass rotating in a wide circle as he continued the rhythmic fucking with his hips, making her take the deep, full strokes inside her. And she took it with pleasure, moaning softly each time his cock plunged deep inside her. He pulled back, sitting up

on his knees so he could admire her lovely ass that danced as he fucked her, his eyes feasting on her asshole.

She felt the pleasure building in her body as Michael fucked her hard and fast, his hands on her hips, as he pulled back, sure that his eyes were devouring her asshole as she fucked back on his cock. She didn't care, needing to cum so badly, hoping Michael would do the same when she did. She could almost feel the powerful jets of cum inside her.

"Cum for me, Monika," he casually demanded of her. He felt her tighten her pussy on him, his finger playing along her crack to tease at her anus one last time before he came. He couldn't take much more, his balls ready to explode. His finger touched her anus, pushing until he felt it breach her tight hole and enter the unexplored territory of her rectum. Her asshole was even tighter than her pussy, pushing hard against her muscles in her rectum, a gasp from Monika as his finger twisted inside her.

She felt like a trained dog, Michael ordering her to cum, but deep down his voice was all that was needed. She gripped his cock lovingly as he fucked her, her pussy tightening up even more when his finger speared her asshole brutally, shoved inside, pressing hard against the muscles that tried to fight off the obscene intrusion. But it did little to dampen her enthusiasm, in fact it only added to her surrender, Michael taking her body in whatever manner he chose, Monika unwilling to stop him. "EEEEEEWWWW," she screamed as she felt the first jet of cum shoot inside her, blasting deep in her pussy. She came with him, his cock never slowing down, spewing his cum inside her as he fucked her. Her ass cheeks

continually clenched and unclenched, her asshole pierced by a thick finger that moved inside her like a snake. It only added to her submission, the orgasm racing through her body.

He couldn't last any longer, plunging one last time deep inside her, his cockhead banging hard against her cervix, his cum racing up from his balls to shoot deep inside her. He blasted her insides with hot cum, pulling out to shoot a second load as his cock plunged back in. He continued to fuck her as he came, Monika's pussy gripping him so tight that he could barely pull his cock out. He kept his finger in her ass as she came, feeling her asshole muscles tighten each time she came. He finally dumped all of his cum inside her, leaving his cock just inside her as Monika calmed down, her head laying on the bed, her wet hair stuck to her head, a light sheen of sweat on her naked back making her sexier.

Her body was exhausted, Michael's cock still sitting inside her. "Can you take your finger out of my ass?" Monika asked almost too casually, even though it felt so strange, Michael never leaving his finger still.

Michael reluctantly pulled his finger out, watching as her asshole closed slowly, the dark, black hole slowly shrinking until it was gone, the skin around her wrinkled hole a light pink, the only sign of his abuse. "If I must," slapping her on the ass before she finally turned over.

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CHAPTER 5—Cuba, the Land of Mystery

There were four of them, Michael, Monika, Joanna and Sandra. Joanna was blonde, the cheerleader type, full, firm breasts, a set of lips that made Michael's cock hard when she spoke. Monika had seen it in him when they talked. Sandra had black hair, long and straight, half way down her back. Monika knew that she was Michael's fetish for long haired girls, liking them naked, their hair covering their body, nipples peeking out mysteriously between the hairs. He had lost his redhead when the TA was involved in the car accident, his true lust. Monika would have gladly dyed her hair red for Michael, but his lust was for the red bush between her legs, not on her head. Monika still didn't know what drew Michael to her, but she would do little to complain or even ask, just grateful for the chance.

They had a chance to get off the plane in Mexico City, an hour delay before the flight to Havana. They finally boarded, the plane filling up fast. And most of them were not Cubans, but businessmen from many countries, all drawn to do business with Castro's Cuba since the American's refused to do so. Cuba still had natural resources that were sought by others, especially the hopes for the oil offshore. The four of them stayed together, Michael getting looks, sure that they believed he was a pimp bringing American prostitutes to Cuba.

He warned the girls to be prepared. "We are some of the few Americans that are allowed into Cuba. And we are not

terribly liked, but that would be an understatement. I am not sure how they will treat us at customs, especially attractive American girls, but you should expect anything. They might try humiliating you, not unfathomable that they will make you strip naked and be searched. And not by female officers, but males. I still don't know why I got the visa to come to Cuba after turning me down for six years, but you should expect anything."

Monika had never even thought of that, her travel contained to the United States where they still treated you with some respect, though that had changed after 911. *How would I handle that? Would it be difficult or actually be exciting?*

* * * *

It was already hot and sticky in the terminal in Havana, waiting in line for only a few minutes. They had worn skirts and blouses, wanting to put out a professional look but were already regretting it.

"Senor, will you and your party come with me?" The Cuban soldier carried an AK47, his tan uniform stained with perspiration.

"Well, I'm sure it wasn't hard to spot us. Guess we should follow him, since he is the one carrying the gun." He could see the nervousness in the girls, trying to make light of it. They were led down a long corridor, stopping at the first door. "Senor, please go in here."

"But what about the others. Can't they go with me?" He hoped they wouldn't be split up.

"They will be treated with respect, Sir, now please enter, they are waiting for you. And they tend to grow impatient." He moved his hand to the AK47 in a threatening manner.

"We'll all meet outside in the terminal near the front entrance." Michael wasn't sure exactly where, but he would find them all. "Take a deep breath and remain calm. It will be okay." No matter what he said, they all had a look of fear etched in their faces.

It wasn't what Michael had expected. Inside were three soldiers, but not the burly soldiers with AK47's, but three female soldiers, the tan uniforms stretched tightly across lovely breasts, full hips highlighted by tight pants. Yet they all wore army boots, their pants tucked into them. And all had a holster with a revolver, a Ghs-18. Michael knew his firearms, wishing he had one now. He had warned the girls that they might try to humiliate them but never expected it to happen to him.

"Would you put your carry-on bag on the table, Senor, and stand over there while we search it?" Captain Yelinda Famosa was in charge, a ten-year veteran and an intense patriot. She had been told of the American's arrival and had been given explicit orders. She would carry them out with pleasure. She had brought two privates with her, wanting young girls, though she was not sure that this man would be humiliated by stripping naked. At least at the end he would know that the police would be keeping a special eye on him.

Michael watched as the two privates began to tear his carry-on bag apart, even ripping out the lining in the bottom, but Michael knew that he had to be careful. Only common

items that he could disguise were brought with him, the rest would be supplied by the rebels.

"If you would face the wall and put your hands outstretched on it, *Senor*. Michael is it not?" Captain Famosa moved towards him. He was indeed handsome, she would enjoy this.

He felt her hands on him, a strange reversal of roles for Michael. Usually he is the one doing the inspecting. But the Captain was attractive, and he couldn't stop his cock from getting hard even if he wanted to. And he didn't. She searched his upper body, her hands running over the front of his chest, Michael able to feel her pointed breasts pushing into his back. He held his breath as her hand slid down over his stomach, stopping briefly at his belt, his cock straining to get loose of the tight pants that constricted his hard-on.

She had to admit he had a nice body, a firm chest. Her hand ran down his chest, lowering down to slide down the front of his pants. She had already seen the bulge in his pants. She felt his cock, her fingers curling around it. "Is this you, *Senor*, or are you carrying a large gun?" She felt it jump in her hand, squeezing tighter on it.

"If you continue to squeeze it like that, Captain, I'm afraid it might shoot at you," trying to make a joke, but it didn't go far.

"Are you threatening me, Michael?" She let loose of his cock, but it still felt like it was in her hands.

"No, Captain, I'm sorry. I was just trying to make a joke." It seemed that his humor was lost on her or through the translation in her head. He saw the other two come over, his

belongings back in his bag. They were young girls, barely out of their teens, but nothing could hide the delicious bodies beneath the drab, tan uniforms.

"Take off your shirt." Her voice was demanding, her smile gone from her face. The two privates looked at Michael with a hunger in their eyes. Hungry for his body.

Michael did as he was ordered, neatly folding it and placing it on the table. He didn't have to wait long before she told him to take off her shoes and socks, Michael sitting down briefly to comply. When he stood back up he only had his pants, knowing that it wouldn't be long. He would almost be grateful, feeling his cock harder than he had every felt it before, straining to get out of the constricting fabric of his pants. He hoped the girls were faring better than he was.

"You take good care of your body, Michael, in spite of being an American." So many of the foreigners that came to Cuba are fat and flabby middle-aged men. This one had a flat stomach, large arms and powerful hands. But he didn't scare Captain Famosa. She could handle any man twice her size. And she was an expert with her revolver, able to subdue any man bigger. "Your pants now, Michael."

Michael unbuckled the belt slowly, opening the front of his pants, his hand sliding down the zipper slowly, filling the silent room with the hiss of it. He drew them down his legs, stepping out of them. He stood in his shorts, nonchalantly folding his pants with precision to lay them on the table. He looked down, his shorts barely able to contain his cock, the outline of his thick shaft and big head etched in the fabric.

"The shorts, Michael. Strip naked for me." Captain Famosa loved the power her position gave her, though she wished she could rattle this one. The two privates' mouths almost dropped open when his huge cock popped free, springing to attention. It was almost as big as a babies arm, the head as big as a young girl's fist. For an American, it was an impressive weapon, though Captain Famosa tried hard to ignore it.

"Hands on the wall again, Michael. And legs apart this time. I must check to make sure you aren't bringing in any contraband. Your American CIA is very devious. I have heard many stories where they use innocent people to smuggle in contraband to the rebels." She picked up the rubber gloves, snapping them noisily as she put them on, warning Michael of her intended use.

Michael spread against the wall, the snap of the rubber gloves surprising him. He hadn't thought of that, though it swam through his brain now. He jumped when she first touched him, not gentle, her hand grabbing his balls, surprised she was so strong. She squeezed his balls until he groaned in pain.

Her hands slipped between his legs, his heavy ball sack hanging down so vulnerable, Captain Famosa grabbing them in one hand and squeezing it hard until she knew she was hurting him. "Is that too hard, Michael?"

God damn, his stomach turning as she squeezed his balls, crushing them in her powerful hands. It was almost like something he would do. But he refused to give in to her. "NOO," he managed to stammer out bravely. She released

her grip, but only briefly, squeezing again, this time finding one single ball to crush. Michael felt a sharp pain in his guts.

"Private, help out." She had already instructed them on what to do, the young private putting on her rubber gloves. She stood to the side of him, one hand reaching out in front of him. She grabbed his cock, bending it down until it was almost bent at an unnatural angle, her hand firmly gripping the thick shaft. "You too," Captain Famosa ordering the other private.

They all began to work over his body harshly, Michael unable to do anything but stand there and take it. One of the young girls was gripping his cock like a baseball bat, bending it down until he thought she was going to break it in half. All the while the Captain was having success with his balls, her fingers searching out each individual ball and squeezing it hard until she knew it was hurting him. Still she didn't stop, his stomach turning over. And now a third one was on his other side, her fingers covered in foul tasting rubber gloves, pushed into his mouth. She had three fingers jammed in his mouth, yanking his tongue harshly to the side as they explored his teeth and gums. They were all working him over, the one in his mouth jamming a finger to the back of his mouth until he gagged on it, still not moving it away as his stomach turned. Fingernails dug into the side of his cock shaft, in spite of the gloves they felt like needles, sure that they had already pierced the rubber. He could almost feel a wetness, sure that she was cutting him as the private dragged her nails down the side of his shaft, grateful at least for now her nails stayed away from the sensitive head of his

cock. And the Captain was relishing her job of squeezing his balls until he was sure they would be swollen and black and blue tomorrow. It felt like ten minutes before they stopped, Michael sure they weren't through yet. He heard the metal cap being unscrewed, looking over to see the Captain dipping three fingers in the grease.

"One more thing to check and you may go, Michael. You make a very submissive male," teasing him. "Are all American men so docile?" She didn't wait for an answer or want one. "Privates," ordering them to go back to the task. One grabbed his cock in her hand, yanking it out until the head was stretched to the breaking. The other gripped his twin balls and squeezed until Michael stood up on his toes to relieve some of the pain. But nothing was better than his shocked grunt of pain as she played over his asshole, lubricating the tight muscle of his ass until it glistened with the grease. She gave him no warning, flicking one finger up his asshole, fighting his muscles as she turned and twisted in into his asshole until she felt his rectal muscles grip her finger almost possessively.

His balls being crushed and his cock stretched so long that he was sure he was up to ten inches by now, and nothing could have prepared him for the finger that slid up his ass, his sphincter fighting the rude intrusion. In spite of the grease it still hurt as she fucked her finger up his ass. And she didn't stop with one, now two fingers stretched his anal ring until Michael thought she would tear it. Her fingers never stopped moving, twisting and turning as they bore into his guts like a drill bit. And the private with brutal fingernails piercing his

cock until it burned, sure he was bleeding. And his balls were crushed. In spite of it, his cock stayed hard, not sure why. He couldn't stop the groan that came out his mouth, three fingers tearing up his asshole, the Captain opening them when they were deep inside his asshole, stretching his intestines deep down until his stomach churned in pain.

"Jerk him off private. Cum for me Michael, and I'll take my fingers out of your asshole." She twisted them painfully as the private began to jerk his cock off. Not nicely, but her fingernails digging into his shaft as she slid up and down, now slick from the blood. And she discovered his displeasure when her fingernails dug into the soft, tender underside of the head of his cock, rubbing it back and forth until she dug into the sensitive flesh.

Michael had no choice, one soldier jerking him off, not in pleasure, but pain. His asshole felt like it would explode, feeling like she had both of her hands inside his asshole and was trying to open them. And his balls would never be the same.

"Release his balls, otherwise he can't cum. Maybe play with his nipples. I'm sure Michael has abused many young girls' nipples. Let's see how he likes it." She shoved her fingers inside him, his muscles forced into submission by her fingers.

Michael felt the relief as she released his balls, but she attacked his nipples with equal cruelty, twisting and turning them, her fingers digging into the flesh. He had to end this quickly, his asshole, cock and nipples abused painfully. At the same time Michael felt the masochistic pleasure tingling in his

newly released balls. The pain began to mix with the pleasure, her fingernails on his cock more pleasure than pain. He came painfully, his sperm splattering against the wall in front of him. Just as he shot out a second ropery load of cum the door opened wide, an Army Officer staring into the room, Sandra and Joanna strolling by almost casually. They heard the commotion in the room, turning to watch him as he shot a final load of cum against the wall, the Captain still twisting and turning her fingers in his asshole. They moved down the hall, Michael hearing their voices receding, finally feeling some relief as the Captain pulled her fingers from his asshole with a loud pop. They let him go, but not before one of the privates scooped up a blob of his cum from the wall and shoved it into his mouth, the Captain daring him one last time to defy her. Michael licked his lips in defiance, swallowing his thick, pasty cum. They let him dress, Michael walking a little funny, his cock and balls still sore.

"Welcome to Cuba, Michael," Captain Famosa said as Michael passed her. Her superiors would be pleased with her.

* * * *

Monika was split from the other girls, each placed into separate rooms. Inside were three soldiers, an officer by the look of the bars on his shoulders and two enlisted men. There was a large table where Monika was instructed to put her carry-on bag, the two enlisted men opening it and spreading out the contents on the table. The Officer looked at her without saying a word. The men were commenting on her panties in Spanish, Monika not sure what they were saying,

but sure it was something obscene by their laughter. The Officer finally stood up, looking at Monika.

"Put your arms behind your head, *Senorita*, lace them behind your neck." He saw that she didn't move fast enough. "NOW!"

She heard him, but her body froze. *Were they going to search me?* That would be the only reason for him to make her pose that way. His loud voice scared her, Monika lacing her hands behind her neck, feeling her breasts stick out. She watched as he walked behind her, her body tense, waiting for his hands to touch her. She could feel his breath on her neck as he moved in close against her. The other two men stopped what they were doing, turning to watch the Officer.

"Stand still, *Senorita*. I must check you for contraband. I'm sure you have been touched many times by strange men. All of you American's are such whores." He didn't like the Americans, this one attractive and vulnerable.

His voice was harsh, his hands sliding around her waist. Her body froze as his hands slid up toward her breasts, Monika holding her breath as she waited, her body frozen in fear. His hands crushed her breasts, the air escaping from her lungs loudly. "EEEWWW," the sudden shock hitting her, the two enlisted men watching their Officer with envy in their eyes.

"I don't think that will be necessary, Captain," the commanding voice booming in the room.

The Captain moved quickly away from Monika, the two enlisted men moving to the side out of the way. "Yes,

General," the Captain's voice submissive to the General's rank and stature.

"I must apologize for my men. Sometimes they get overly ambitious when confronted by such a beauty as you. Monika, is it not?" The General looked her over, his eyes going from her lovely face to her full breasts that were recently and rudely fondled by the Captain, all the way down her long legs. *El Presidente* will be pleased, much more beautiful than he had expected.

Monika was surprised that he knew her name but grateful that she was saved from further pawing by the Officer.

"Apology accepted, General." He had so many stars he must be the highest General in their army.

"Let me escort you out. The men are finished with you. Aren't you!" The enlisted men quickly put her things back in her bag. The General grabbed it for her. "Your friends should be with you soon." He walked her out to the big lobby of the terminal, finding a seat near the door. He put her bag down, his eyes watching her long, naked legs as she sat down. He tipped his hat. "I will see you soon, Monika."

He walked off without any word from her, Monika dazed by his power. Here was a man that exuberated power. And he was handsome also. And he said that he would see her soon, as if it were already ordained. She would welcome meeting him again. It was a while before the other girls came out, Monika noticing their wrinkled tops and crooked skirts that they were subject to the same handling that Monika was saved from. No one said anything, the other girls looking too embarrassed.

Michael found the girls sitting in the grand lobby of the terminal, looking like they had been there for a while. They must have fared better than he did, Sandra and Joanna not looking him in the eye. "Well, that was certainly an experience that I hope we will not repeat. Must be the way Castro gets back at Americans." That was the last thing said about it.

* * * *

They were amazed by the cars, all relics of the United States' past, but would be highly sought after by collectors back home. Chevy's, 1955, 56 and 57, big fins and lots of shiny chrome. All makes and models ran on the street, though they looked like they were barely held together, parts gone over 20 years ago now. They weren't sure how they managed to still run after all this time. And the buildings, the Old Havana barely standing in parts of the city, other part of a massive rejuvenation that went slowly due to costs.

The taxi pulled up in front of the Hotel *Nacional de Cuba*. It was located in the center of Havana, a view of the Havana Harbor and close to the sprawling downtown. It was large, over 400 rooms, reminiscent of the age when it was built, ornate and elegant in an impoverished land. Monika was not expecting anything like this. "It must be quite a grant, Michael, to afford this," Joanna commented.

"It's not as pricey as it looks. And yes, we are funded generously." And by more than one benefactor for this grant, Michael thought to himself.

"We have off until tomorrow. We meet at 7 A.M. for breakfast and it's off to get a good start. We have an important meeting with the Finance Ministry for background information and our liaisons. Now remember, they don't particularly like Americans as you have seen. I still don't know what made them change their mind, but this is the opportunity of a lifetime for all of us. So we might have to put up with some shit. Just grin and bear it." Michael knew first hand this fact, his cock still sore from the fingernails that chewed it up.

Monika opened the door to a lavish one bedroom suite, much more than she had expected. Michael peered into the room.

"I think they might have put you in the wrong room. While our budget might be high, I don't think this is what I had in mind. Stay for now and I'll call you." Michael moved down the hallway with the other two girls as Monika's door closed behind them. He opened up the doors for the other girls, more modest single rooms, though still decorated with the lavishness of the prior century. His room was similar. He put his bag down and picked up the telephone. It rang four times before the front desk answered.

"This is room 424. We had four rooms reserved, but I think 401 is a mistake. That one is a suite." Michael hated to say anything but he didn't want to find out after three months that the bill was triple of what was expected.

"Yes, Senior, that is correct. The hotel gave Seniorita Kowalska the suite at the same price as the others." The clerk was very courteous.

"Who authorized it?" Michael wanted to know who Monika's benefactor was, a bit of jealousy slipping in.

"It came from the government, Senor. Very high up I understand. That is all that I am allowed to give out, Senor."

"Thank you, you have been very helpful." He hung up. So Monika did have some connection to the Cuba government. *But did she know it?*

* * * *

The next three days were hectic. They met someone new in the Finance Ministry almost hourly, meetings running into meetings, from early in the morning to late evening. While all of them were cordial, you could see that they strained to be civil, none of them liking Americans. But Michael was surprised by their openness, getting far more detailed briefings of the economic policies of Cuba than he had expected. Whoever had decided to allow them into the country had also allowed them unlimited access within the government. It only made Michael more leery of the whole situation.

The girls were doing remarkably well, the officials much more cordial to beautiful girls, in spite of being American. Michael watched carefully, but they didn't seem to favor one over the other, including Monika. In fact if you had to pick one that they favored more, it would be Joanna, though Michael suspected that it was because she was blonde, most Spanish girls had dark hair.

On Friday morning, they all woke up with a small envelope slipped under their doors sometime during the night. It was a

personal invitation. Personal in that it was signed by Fidel Castro himself, or at least it was his signature that graced the bottom of the gold printed invitation. It was for Saturday night at the *El Capitolio Nacional*. The building was the former head of the government, patterned after the White House. It now housed several museums, but still maintained grand ballrooms for state dinners. The girls were all excited, having worked so hard during the week with little time to do anything else but go to bed at night. They had all brought formal dress, as well as Michael bringing his black tuxedo, hoping for an opportunity like this. None more excited than Michael, for he hoped for this opportunity to meet Fidel Castro first hand.

"Well, it seems our good fortunes continue," Michael commenting to the girls over dinner on Friday night. This will be a good chance to meet many others outside the Finance Ministry. And I hope we have a chance to meet Fidel." Michael had not spent time with any of the girls since arriving in Cuba, all of them too busy and tired by day's end. He was hoping that by the weekend he would enjoy one of them, his balls and cock recovering from the inspection. And Joanna had been hinting the same thing since yesterday. He always loved a blonde bush, but not as much as a red-haired one.

* * * *

A limousine was waiting for them, another mystery that Michael could not solve. Maybe tonight something would be revealed. They pulled up in front of the *El Capitolio Nacional*. While they had seen lots of old cars before, tonight the front

of the building was lined with black limousines, all dropping off lavishly dressed men and women, many wearing formal dress military uniforms, their chests filled with brightly colored ribbons.

"This is a magnificent building," passing through the *Capitolio salon-des-pas-per*. They entered the ballroom, armed security guards checking the credentials and invitations before allowing entrance. Monika was impressed by the ballroom, filled with tables set with splendor she had never seen, a small band playing softly in the background. They were ushered to a table of twenty, the seats half filled around, the guests still streaming in.

They were more gracious to them, Michael suspecting the ones in the Finance Ministry were warned of them beforehand. Not so with the guests sitting around the table, probably seated with them by chance. All were connected with the government in one way or another, capitalism non-existent in Fidel's country, the government having their hands in every aspect of the country. Including most employment.

Dinner was elegant, seven courses, Monika hoping to catch a glimpse of Fidel Castro, though she secretly sought out the General that had saved her. They were having desert, Monika asking one of the women seated next to her. "Does the President attend?"

"*El Presidente* has many dinners and cannot attend any more than a few moments. He greets the important guests in private, preferring one-to-one *tete-à-tetes*. It is an honor to meet him." The woman was in her mid-thirties, her husband

looking like a General, but not as many stars as the one Monika met.

"You must have met him many times," Monika impressed by the woman.

"No, I haven't had the honor, though we have only been attending these in the last three years." She still sounded impressed.

The music began to play, Michael asking Joanna to dance, Monika a bit jealous as she watched him holding her so close, almost able to feel his cock against her. A young Captain asked Sandra to dance, leaving Monika feeling left out. The song ended, but Michael and Joanna didn't not return, Monika sure that he found a quiet place away from peering eyes to go to. Sandra was standing near the bar, a drink in her hand, the young Captain talking to her. The music started again, Monika startled as a hand touched her naked shoulder gently. She looked up into the big brown eyes of the General, her pussy getting wet from just his touch.

"Monika, I promised I would see you soon. May I have this dance?" He took her hand, not waiting for or expecting an answer. She got up, seeing the woman she had talked to surprised by her companion. Obviously he was very important by the way her husband sat more rigid in front of his superior.

Miguel looked at her, even more beautiful in the red dress. His hand slid around her waist, feeling the satin cloth beneath his fingers. The crossover bodice clung tightly to her breasts, Miguel eyes feasting on the gentle bounce as she walked, unrestrained beneath the sensuous material. His hand slid

around her back until he found her bare skin, the back open to way below her waist, his fingers sliding over the tiny hairs on her lower back.

Her nipples burst to life when his hands touched the bare skin on her back, pushing out the smooth fabric, every step rubbing the hardening tips back and forth over the satin material. His hands felt so hot on her skin, wishing they would slide down more, over the gentle swell of her buttocks. God, he was doing such things to her body and he had barely touched her. *What would it be like if I let him have his way with me?*

She was mesmerized by the way he moved, his hands gliding her body back and forth over the dance floor with such ease, Monika not expecting such grace from him. There was only the gentle swish of her dress and her breathing as he pressed closer to her as the music slowed down. She felt his cock pushing against her, Monika welcoming the intimate touch. His hands guided her hips as though he was masturbating her body against him, all the while hundreds of people watched. One hand slid lower down her back, a finger slowly tracing circles in her skin as it moved down below the edge of her dress until she felt it touch her crack. She almost lost it then, her body shuddering, afraid of cumming.

She had such a delightful body, graceful as she glided with him along the floor, Miguel ignoring all around him as he enjoyed her. His hands took possession of her and she did little to stop him, moving exactly as he instructed, his body pressing against hers until his cock jerked against her pussy. She didn't move, seemingly un-offended by his bold move.

Her hips moved from side to side, his hands guiding her, the soft shimmer of the satin dress rubbing up against the front of his dress uniform pants. He could almost hear her labored breathing. It was unfortunate that it would not be tonight, for he had more urgent business to attend to first.

She could hardly breathe, the medals on his chest pushing into her breasts, making her nipples tingle with every movement. And his cock, moving back and forth, Monika sure it was rubbing against her clit, or maybe she just hoped it was. She never felt such passion from just dancing. It was as though he was making love to her on the dance floor for all to watch their erotic coupling. And the one hand slipped beneath the back of her dress, resting at the beginning of the crack of her ass, sent her body into a state of perpetual arousal, waiting, expecting, hoping for it to move. The music stopped, but he still had his hand around her waist. "You know my name, but I don't know yours. I hate to call you General."

"Miguel at your service, Monika." They walked off the dance floor.

They went the opposite direction from the table, Monika confused, looking around. *Was he like Michael, trying to find a dark place to ravish my body?* They walked down a hallway, two guard snapping to attention when they approached. "Where are you taking me?" She had a hint of concern in her voice, though she would have followed him anywhere, as aroused as he made her.

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CHAPTER 6—El Presidente

"As much as I would like to spend more time with you, Monika, there is someone more important that would like to meet you. But soon, Monika, we will meet again I promise you." The guards saluted and opened the door, Miguel ushering Monika into the room. "Don't worry, I will tell the others you are safe and will return to the hotel by your own means. Now enjoy."

Monika walked into the room, a small parlor around a fireplace, a bar in one corner, one whole wall of windows opening up to the broad expanse of a garden, even at night it was lit up brightly. She sensed someone in the chair, but she couldn't see over the high back. Her heels clicked softly over the tiled floors, her heart pounding in expectations. "*El Presidente!*" She said it in her best Spanish accent when she saw him. It was actually Fidel Castro looking so much like his pictures but younger than the sixty-five years old that he was reported to be.

"Have a seat, Monika. I've been dying to meet you ever since I heard you were coming to my Cuba." She was almost the splitting image of her mother at the same age.

Monika was flustered, not knowing what to say. It was as if he knew her, even his eyes looked as though he was seeing her again, not for the first time. She sat down, someone bringing her a glass of wine which she immediately took a sip of, her mouth dry. She finally could muster a few words, but

they came out sounding funny. "It's an honor to meet you, Sir."

"You make me sound old and pompous, Monika. Relax, sit back and take another sip of wine." She was every bit as gorgeous as her mother, Fidel remembering that night so vividly.

"I'm sorry but I'm flabbergasted." She turned red at her choice of words, sounding more like a teenager, wanting to be a woman.

"Now that's more like it."

Monika was finally getting some of her demeanor back. "Why did you want to meet me? While I'm extremely flattered, you are a very important man. What makes you interested in me?" Again it sounded stupid, demeaning her own self worth.

"I met your mother many years ago, I will not reveal how many years ago, but you were not born, or even conceived. It was only for a brief time, but her memory lingers in my head even to this day. Your Professor had been trying to do a research study in my country for many years and for many years we ignored him. Then this year your name popped up and I couldn't resist meeting you."

Monika studied him, just like the pictures, the beard, looking more like a peasant than a President. *Did I dare ask?* Finally she had to know. "Will you tell me about your meeting with my mother?"

"Are you sure you want to know all the details? Your mother was quite the woman." And he was sure that Monika

took after her mother in every aspect. That he would soon find out. Or Miguel, his trusted General would.

"I'm a grown woman. And after what your guards tried to do to me."

"Yes, Miguel told me about that incident. It was not suppose to happen, a Captain got too ambitious. Can I interest you in a cigar? Cuban, the best you can buy. It's a long story." He handed her a cigar, Monika taking it.

"I cut it for you already, but by the way you handle it, you have smoked cigars before, but none as fine as this." He handed her a cedar match to light it, watching carefully as she took it between her lips, his cock hardening as her lips curled around the cigar as if it were a cock. She lit the match, holding it away from the cigar, turning it as she warmed it. She took a puff, the flame jumped up, Monika continuing to turn it until it began to glow. She exhaled the smoke.

Monika had smoked cigars before, comfortable handling them, not sure if it were a male bonding thing or more of phallic instrument thing, her mouth sucking on a fine cigar just as good as sucking on a fine cock. Fidel watched her as she took the first puff. "The story now." She took another puff, sitting back in the chair.

"I only knew the ending, but your mother told me the whole story after we met. She was about your age when she came to Cuba. She had come here to visit one of our many fine casinos, but happened into the middle of a revolution. We had just taken over the government, and when I mean just, it was literally that day. To say that things were chaotic would have been kind, but we were trying hard, but some of my

men were overly ambitious. Like the Captain you met at the airport. The United States was not supportive of our cause and my men took out their hatred on any Americans they found. Your mother was just passing through customs when some of my men seized upon her. I will give you her details, exactly as she told me first hand. The story will forever be etched in my brain.

He started the story.

* * * *

She was taken into one of the private rooms by three men, all of them carrying guns. She was scared out of her wits, hearing gunfire in the streets and not really knowing exactly what was going on, but hearing many things. The rebels had taken over the government, throwing foreigners out of the country with only the clothes on their backs.

"Let me get on the next plane," she begged them, but they laughed as they went through her bags, throwing her clothes all over the floor.

"American pig," the one officer spat out at her. "You are to be searched and then we will see about your fate. It all depends on your cooperation. Do you understand, Senorita?" He snarled at her as his eyes raced up and down her lovely body.

"PPPleasee," she stammered, her head knocked to one side by a slap to her cheek that shook her teeth.

"Shut up, bitch! Hands up into the air. Straight up, yes, like that." He watched her raise her arms like she was being held up, noticing the pair of lovely tits that seemed to reach

for the sky. "Spread your legs," he ordered her next, his flat hand warning her of her disobedience.

She did as she was ordered, shivering in fear, her arms straight up into the air in surrender, spreading her legs until he was satisfied, a grunt signifying his acceptance. Her short skirt was tugged tightly across her ass by the spread of her legs and her breasts looked as though she was sticking them out to tease the men with her body. She knew she was going to be raped.

"Hold still," standing behind her, his hands around her waist, drawing her against him. "Can you feel that Cuban cock sticking into you?" He made no attempt to hide his intentions, sliding from side to side, enjoying the feel of her ass against his cock. She would soon satisfy his pleasure and that of his men. He had heard that all Americans were whores.

She was afraid to say anything, her body tense as she suffered the humiliation of the soldier masturbating against her ass. His hands were not idle, sliding over her waist and cupping her breasts, his fingers squeezing them too hard. She smothered her cry of pain when his fingers sought out her nipples, pinching hard when he found them. He twisted and pinched them for long minutes, shooting pain lacing through her breasts, all while he casually masturbated against her ass. He grew impatient, fingers unbuttoning the blouse with haste, two buttons flying across the room as they tore off. He pulled her blouse out of her skirt.

"Take it off." He watched as she put her hands down and slipped off the blouse submissively. His fingers slid along her

naked back, seeing the goose bumps as he fumbled with the bra strap. He opened it, slipping it off her shoulders. He warned her when the straps began to slide down her arms, her arms rising up in reflex. "Don't move." The bra slipped to the floor, the other two soldiers moving around in front of her to see her naked breasts.

Her nipples tingled as the bra slipped over them, but nothing could hide her shame as the other two soldiers raced to get in front of her to ogle her naked breasts. The one behind her cupped her naked breasts, jiggling them until they danced up and down.

"Make them tits dance," the soldier getting carried away with making them jiggle. His fingers found her nipples, yanking them out hard until she stood on her toes, the soldier pulling them up to the ceiling.

"OOOWWW," she cried out in pain, her nipples feeling like they were crushed in a vise, standing on her toes in hope of relieving some of the pain. But it only got worse. He released her nipples, but his hands slid down over her hips. She felt the button open and then the hiss of the zipper.

"Take it off," the soldier growing impatient when he couldn't get it over her hips, the spread of her legs making it pull too tight. He enjoyed the view as she shimmed it down over her hips, falling to her ankles. She now only had a pair of white panties that hid her secrets from them and that wouldn't last long. "Nice ass on this one." He began to rub his cock on her ass again, holding her against him when she tried to pull away. "I didn't say to put your legs together." He

slapped one of her tits, making it bounce up and down, red from where his hand had slapped it.

The two soldiers in front of her where openly rubbing their cocks through their pants as the one behind her continued to strip her naked to be ravished by them. Her breast stung where he had slapped her, the man evil to hit a woman in such a place. His hands crept around in front of her, feeling them slide over the front panel of her panties, her spread legs leaving her open and vulnerable. His hands attacked her pussy, pinching her pussy lips until she cried out in pain, finally doing the ultimate perverse act, slapping her pussy, rewarded with her ass pushing against his cock, only to slap her between her legs again. His finger shoved her panties between her pussy lips, sliding up and down as though he was trying to arouse her, but she was too scared to be aroused.

Such a hot little pussy, slapping her pussy until she rubbed sensuously against his throbbing cock. His hand slipped into her panties, finding a dense bush, his fingers tearing out errant hairs as he sought out her puffy lips. His finger slid between them, finding her dry, but not caring one way or another. He'd fuck her wet or dry, he didn't care, just needing relief and needing it soon. He pulled his hand out as the other soldiers gathered around her.

The other soldiers got into the act, standing in front of her, yanking down her panties in lust. They slapped her naked thighs until she spread her legs for them, a dry finger shoved inside her as she gasped in pain. She was rocked between the men, her pussy pierced by a fat finger.

"Put her on the table so we can inspect her more intimately," the soldier ordered the other two.

She felt herself thrown over onto the table, the men lifting her as if she were a bag of potatoes. She was thrown on her back, two of the men bending her knees back and to the side until her crotch felt like it was being split up the middle. The other one came over, licking his fingers, getting it wet, knowing where he would shove it. They held her arms over her head while her legs were spread wide, the other one grinning evilly as he kneeled between her legs. She felt fingers peeling back her pussy lips until they felt like he would tear them off. Then she felt a sharp finger nail prick the sensitive skin inside her pussy, slicing up into her as her body bucked on the table in pain.

"Hold her good, she's a tight one." He cared little for her pain, his finger corkscrewing in and out of her pussy until it met no more resistance. Then one finger became two, her body jerking painfully as she was impaled once again. He pulled his fingers out of her pussy. "She's almost a virgin" he exclaimed with glee. He licked his finger again before sliding under her ass. "Hold her tight, she isn't going to like this much."

And she didn't, the soldier rubbing his wet finger over her anus and then slipping it inside her with a brutal thrust that drove a scream from her lips. She had never felt such a thing, his finger hurting as it drove up into her bowels, twisting and turning, his nails rubbing hard against the soft passage.

"Hot, tight hole. Never been fucked there. We'll have to teach her. Hold her down while we get ready." He had never

fucked a woman in the ass, his girlfriend indignant when he even suggested it. But this American whore would have no such choice. She would provide the perverse enjoyment he sought from fucking a tight asshole.

One of them held her pinned to the table while the other two stripped off their clothes. When they were naked, two thick cocks jutting out, ready to rape her, the third stripped naked. They moved around her like a pack of wolves around a chicken.

"We can have her all at once. One in her mouth, the other in her pussy and the last in her ass. She'll never forget her trip to Cuba," the soldier proudly exclaimed as he stroked his cock.

Not only were they going to rape her, but take her in her mouth and sodomize her. All at once. She prayed quietly as she waited for the inevitable.

"You men look like you are out of uniform." The loud commanding voice boomed in the room.

"Get out of he..." his words falling off as he turned around and was confronted by the man that spoke the words. He looked foolish as he snapped to attention, still naked. "Yes, *El Presidente*."

The other two men did the same, confronted by the Commander in Chief, Fidel Castro, the new head of Cuba.

"Get dressed and get out of here. This is not how we act. We revolted to stop atrocities like this. Not to commit them in revenge. Report back to your Commander. I will deal with you in the morning." Fidel strolled over to the girl on the table as the men scrambled to grab their clothes and get out of there.

They finally slammed the door behind them, Fidel picking up the girl's clothes. He turned around so she could dress, though he couldn't stop himself from stealing a glimpse of her naked body before he did. And she saw him looking at her.

She was saved by none other than the leader of the rebels, Fidel Castro. She had heard them shouting his name in the streets, expecting someone more dignified, not a bearded rebel. But she was relieved, saved from the inevitable rape by only seconds. She got into her clothes quickly even though he turned his back. She had seen the way he looked at her on the table, his eyes gazing lustily between her wide spread thighs. "I don't know how to thank you."

"It is I that should be asking for your forgiveness. My men were acting like a bunch of rapists, and I am responsible for them. I am truly sorry." He turned around as she finished dressing. She was a beautiful girl. Far too beautiful to be spoiled by the likes of his soldiers.

"I would like to go home. Can you arrange that?" She had to get out of here, not a place for a young girl alone in the middle of a revolution.

"Yes, but it will take a while before the next plane is ready to go. Can I interest you into something to eat while we are waiting?" It was the least thing he could do.

* * * *

He was a gentleman, making quick work of getting her on the next plane, though it would be four hours before it boarded. They went to the small restaurant in the terminal but they were served as if they were in a five-star restaurant.

He was highly educated, surprised that he wasn't just a rebel. And interesting, her attempted rape becoming a distant memory as the new leader of Cuba began to fascinate her. And she could see it in his eyes, following her every movement, every word that came out of her mouth as if she was the most important person in the world. He was enamored with her.

There was only a half an hour until the plane boarding, both of them walking around the terminal to kill time. She was surprised. Here was the leader of a revolution that was only one day old, and he was spending time with her as if they were on a date. He should be running his country. They were walking down the hallway when she noticed where she was. She opened the door to where they had held her captive, pulling him into the room.

"What's the matter, did you forget something in here?" Fidel was puzzled, looking around the room, empty except for the furniture. The door closed behind them.

"I want to thank you personally before I leave."

He was about to say that it wasn't necessary when the words stuck in his throat. She had knelt down in front of him and her hands were already working on his belt and zipper. He said nothing as her hands moved with skill, his pants around his ankles, his shorts quickly following. His hands lifted her head up, ready to ask her not to when he saw her mouth, her silky lips opened wide in an oval, her hands gripping his cock only inches from her face. He felt her hot breath on his cock and no words came out of his mouth. Only the sound of pleasure when her hot, tight mouth

engulfed the head of his cock, her tongue instantly going to work on him.

His hand was guiding her head back and forth as she tried to please him, tasting his essence in her mouth as her tongue raced over the helmet of his cock. One hand slipped beneath her skirt and into her panties, rubbing her wet pussy while her mouth continued to work her magic on his cock. It was big and strong, just like *El Presidente* should be. And demanding, his head holding her tight, but she began to enjoy it, letting her fingers masturbate freely while he used her for his pleasure. It gave her a perverse thrill to be taken by such a powerful man.

They both came together, Fidel attempting to pull his cock out of her mouth when he was ready to cum, but she would have none of it, only sucking harder. His cum jetted into her mouth, her body shaking, mumbled cries of pleasure from her lips as she came with him. Their orgasms seemed to last for hours, her mouth never tiring, her hand never stopped moving beneath her skirt. They finally pulled away from each other, no words spoken or expected. But he always remembered the look of contentment on her face, her lips glistening with his cum as her tongue came out and licked off the last traces from her lips into her welcoming mouth.

* * * *

Fidel came back to reality, the story now just another memory. "I put her on the airplane that night, never to see her again, though I did follow her life, including your birth. I was sorry to hear of her death from such a senseless

automobile accident. I regret never seeing her again, but our lives took us in different directions that would have made it impossible to meet. And then there came about this chance meeting of her daughter, unable to pass up this opportunity, afraid of living the rest of my life with two missed opportunities." He looked up at Monika for the first time since he started the story. Her face was flushed.

"I'm sorry, was the story too risqué for you? I know it's hard to imagine your mother as such a beautiful, sexual woman, but there is no other way to tell the story that it would do it justice." Maybe he shouldn't have told her the story.

"NO! NO!" Monika could barely speak. Not from the shock of hearing of her mother. It was the arousal. She had never been so aroused as she was now. It was almost as if Monika had lived through the whole thing as he was talking, her eyes catching every word that came out of his mouth, feeling everything that happened to her mother. Feeling everything she had done, the cigar in her mouth a poor substitute for a thick cock. "It's not that. The story aroused me." She wasn't sure she should say that, but she felt a special bond with him. As though they were once lovers.

"I didn't know that I was that good of a storyteller?" Fidel was surprised at her confession. Most people would have feigned shock at the story.

"It's the story and the way your heart was in it. I could see it in your eyes as you told it. You were reliving it vividly. That is so special. And I almost felt I was there."

His cock was hard, her moving lips reminding Fidel of her mother's lips on his cock. "It's almost as if it were happening again each time I tell it." He quickly changed the subject. "Tell me about yourself. I have followed your growing up, but tell me of the real Monika."

She felt so relaxed and comfortable with him, in spite of him being the President of Cuba. They had a bond that connected them, her mother, each holding special memories of her. Monika told him more than she had ever told anyone of herself, even the most intimate details of her life. It was as though they had been friends for decades, not hours, almost like a best girlfriend. She puffed on her cigar, another glass of wine magically appearing, the servant disappearing as though he had never been there. The more she sipped the wine, the more comfortable she got.

Fidel was impressed of her knowledge, especially of his own country. She was very opinionated, both of them clashing at times about the role the government should play in the lives of the people. But neither got angry or tried to push their opinion on the other, both of them allowing for differing sides. He glanced at his watch, noticing that two hours had passed.

She saw him look at his watch. "I'm keeping you." She started to stand up, but he waved her back down.

"I have never been so enthralled by someone since I met your mother. There is nothing that pressing that requires me to take leave of such lovely company. But I cannot abide by your insistence that your form of government is better than mine," he chided her good naturedly, hoping to provoke her.

"Yes, yours does have some values. You don't spend much money on reelection campaigns," laughing louder than she normally did, the wine beginning to take its toll on her.

"True, but we have a better caliber of Presidents," touting his credentials. "Yet, I don't get the respect your Presidents do. Hell, we make the finest cigars in the world, and I don't get a young girl putting one my finest Havana's between her legs like your President Clinton did."

They sparred back and forth for several more minutes before they finally changed the subject, both too stubborn to change each other's mind. There was a knock on the door, a soldier bringing him a note and then quickly departing. She looked at the clock on the wall, sure the others had already left and returned to the hotel. She took a big sip of her wine, sitting forward in her chair, the decision suddenly popping into her head with such crystal clarity. "Can I have another cigar?"

"So you enjoy my Havana's. At least I have convinced you of one thing." He opened the wooden cigar box on the table beside him, picking out one of his finest. He leaned over to her, handing her the cigar. He picked up the lighter.

"No, I won't need that. We might disagree on ideology, *El Presidente*, but I enjoyed your company. And your story of my mother. I'm sure that she preserved that memory in her mind just as you did. I would like to leave you with a memory also." She rolled the cigar in her fingers, looking at the five inch brown cigar with lust, finally laying it down on the table next to her. She stood up, feeling her head spin for a second. She reached back, unfastening the halter top, feeling it pull

away from her breasts, sliding erotically over her nipples as it slid down until Monika could feel the cool air of the room on her bare breasts. She looked at *El Presidente*, his eyes glued to her rising and falling breasts as she tried to fill her lungs with air. Her hands went behind her again, finding the small snap and then the gentle hiss of the zipper pulling down filled the room. She felt the gown loosen, letting it fall to the floor at her feet, standing in front of him in only her panties. And she was sure they were drenched by now. She stepped out of the dress. She took a deep breath as her fingers slid into the waistband and drew them down her legs. She stood back up, her face flushed, her breathing ragged as she stood naked in front of him. *What if he was insulted by my insolence?*

Stripping naked in front of him. She looked at him, but only saw a smile on his face as his eyes raced over her body. She looked down, his pants bulging from his obvious arousal.

He didn't try to say anything, just as he didn't that night with her mother. He wasn't sure where this was going, but with a young, naked girl in front of him, he wasn't about to break the moment with a stupid question. And what a body she had, just like her mother. From her full breasts and hard nipples, her slim waist, her full hips all the way down two slim legs. But his eyes always drew back to her bush, her thighs nestled tightly together though he suspected not for long. He waited patiently.

She reached over and picked up the cigar. She spread her legs, feeling her thighs pull apart from the slick juices that coated them, her juices flowing freely. That was good for what she planned to do. "Just to show you, *El Presidente*, that

you are just as good as our Presidents, if not better. You should be afforded the same privileges." She showed him the cigar. "And with nothing but the best."

His eyes were glued to the cigar in her hand as she moved it down over her stomach, playing the tip of the cigar down her skin as she moved it lower. His eyes were mesmerized as it slipped through her dense bush, pushing aside the thick hairs as her legs spread wider. He heard her moan as she slid the end of the cigar through her pussy lips, pushing them aside to enter her. She began to masturbate with the cigar, drawing it up and down her slit, Fidel able to see the wetness as it coated the fine tobacco leaves. It began to turn dark as she stained it with her love juices.

It was so wicked to do, only increasing her arousal more as she felt the thick cigar sliding up and down her slit. It felt just like a cock, her juices flowing as she watched his eyes as she boldly masturbated for him. "This will be for you to savor, *El Presidente*." She bowed her legs gently as she pressed the cigar inside her, feeling like a cock as it forced her open. The cigar was still a bit dry, all the moisture soaked into the wound tobacco leaves, but she pushed harder until her pussy began to swallow it up. God it felt so good, her eyes closing as she began to fuck herself with it, almost forgetting that *El Presidente* was watching her most intimate solo masturbation. And that only excited her more. Performing as a man watched her. She pushed the cigar deep inside her, twisting it, her other hand drawing her clit out of hiding, lightly tapping back and forth over it until it burst to life.

She was fucking herself with one of his prized Havana's, soaking the leaves with her womanly juices. He licked his lips, knowing that he would savor the cigar like none before. "Open your eyes. I want to see you enjoy yourself." Her hips were moving gently, fucking back and forth, her pussy swallowing the cigar each time. He saw her lips curl around it as it slid into her wet pussy.

She opened her eyes, *El Presidente* devouring her as she openly masturbated for him. She wouldn't last much longer, her pussy filled by the thickness of the cigar, almost afraid of cumming in front of him, having never let a man see her in such a state before. But she wanted to please him and give him a gift that she knew he would enjoy later when she was gone. Her fingers raced faster, the cigar going in and out with ease, coated liberally with her abundant juices, her fingers pinching he clit as her orgasm approached.

"Cum for me, Monika."

It was though her body had to obey, shoving the cigar in so deep that she almost lost it inside her, surprised at how resilient it was in staying together as she used it so provocatively. "OOOOHHH," trying to contain her outburst, afraid guards might rush into the room from the loud scream, catching her perform this lewd act. She came, her body shuddering in bliss, her legs feeling like rubber as the pleasure raced through her body. She pinched her clit, each time another tremor racing through her body, her pussy squeezing so affectionately on the soaked cigar inside her. She watched his eyes as she performed this brazen act, his eyes focused on every movement of her hand only exciting

her more. Just when she thought her orgasm was finished, her pussy would involuntarily clench on the cigar as she pulled it out, her finger exciting he clit to one last tremor. Finally she finished, wanting to slump to the floor but she had one more act to finish. Still naked, she pulled the cigar from her pussy, looking at it. It was still in good shape, though the leaves were stained a dark color and slick with her juices.

"For you, *El Presidente*. From another Monika. May you savor it." She handed him the cigar.

Fidel took the cigar from her, soaked in her juices. He licked the end of it, her sweet juices filling his mouth as if he were eating her pussy with his tongue. "I have never been so privileged, Monika. And a delightful taste which I shall enjoy in the intimacy of my room tonight when I retire." She began to dress, Fidel watching her every movement until her naked body was once again hidden from his eyes.

"I must go, *El Presidente*. I have monopolized too much of your time. You have seen how much I have enjoyed myself. Good night." She walked to the door.

"Monika?"

She turned around. "Yes?"

"If Miguel asks you to go with him, do so."

"To where?"

"Don't ask. It will be so much better if it is unknown. You will enjoy it." He paused for a moment. "And I will too."

She was about to ask another question, but she didn't. He was right. Not knowing makes things much more exciting. And with Miguel, she knew it would be exciting. She didn't know how *El Presidente* would enjoy it also, but she liked

performing for him, hoping she would have the chance to do it again. Maybe as her mother did, with her mouth. "I will do as you order."

"I knew you would. Have a good night, I know I will." He watched until she left, picking up his cigar. He waved off his guards, wanting to go to his bedroom to savor his trophy.

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CHAPTER 7—Trip into the Unknown

"We missed you last night," Michael trying to figure out where Monika had disappeared to. They were all sitting around the table eating breakfast.

"Joanna and you had already snuck off to some secluded spot, and Sandra had found a young Captain, leaving me to my own devices. So I too found someone to capture my interests." She wasn't going to tell Michael much, preferring to be mysterious and leave him a bit jealous she hoped.

"Anything to do with that handsome, older man. A General by the looks of the stars on his shoulder." Sandra was jealous, meeting only a lowly Captain, though he was an interesting man.

"Let's leave it at I smoked a cigar and drank wine with interesting people. A lovely tasting Havana cigar." She licked her lips as though she had just finished sucking a cock, Michael staring at her, a perplexed look on his face.

They finished breakfast, no one saying anything else about last night, each with their own secrets they didn't want to reveal. They went back to work, the schedule intense as they gathered up the initial data they needed to begin the project. They seemed to be getting unlimited access to whatever they wanted. And even better cooperation, Michael not seeing the distrust in their faces any longer. *Did Monika have something to do with this? And who was this mysterious General that Monika had met?*

* * * *

They had met in an out-of-the-way café, Michael changing cabs three times until he was sure that he had lost his tail. He knew they were being followed, but he had learned this skill well, ducking through small shops and out the back doors before anyone could follow, quickly hailing another taxi.

"He is General Miguel Borges Pérez. One of the few four-star generals and an intimate advisor to Fidel Castro. Your young lady is extremely lucky or skilled." Alejandro was part of the resistance in Cuba, Michael's contact. He had seen the girl, a very beautiful American, but he felt there was more than what meets the eye.

"I'm not sure if it's either. There is something else that we are missing. But we better find out before they find out about us. I think maybe Monika and I should be captured by the rebels. I don't want her hurt, but maybe a little humiliation would loosen her tongue. If not, at least some of your men would enjoy her sexual charms. And maybe you could find something to occupy my time while I am 'captured'."

Hopefully they would have some other lovely girl captured and available to him. "We need to broach the subject of our plan to Monika if she has the access that we hope, but first I want to make sure where her allegiance lies."

"That can be easily taken care of. Saturday night, Baracoa Café at eight. You will be snatched as you are leaving. Put up a good fight, we'll try not to hurt you much," Alejandro laughing. "I have a delightful Romanian girl that we have been tailing for a week. She works at the American base, but I think she is a spy for Castro. We'll put both of you in the

same cell and maybe you can befriend her. I think we can make it very intimate for the both of you, knowing of your perversities, she might be very accommodating, though not willingly." Alejandro would have loved to have the girl first, but the cause always came first. But he would enjoy the pleasures of Monika instead. "Keep a close watch on Monika this week."

"I will," Michael getting up, looking around before he walked to the back of the café, slipping out the back door and into the alley. He soon found himself in a cab back to the hotel, his cock hard at the thought of the delights of the Romanian girl on Saturday. His sexual hold over Monika was slipping; tonight he would exert his control over her again. He had to keep her on a short leash if he wanted her cooperation.

* * * *

Michael was again paying more attention to her than usual, even to the jealousy of Joanna, though they all knew they had to share him, they all resented when he fawned over one girl more than the other. She welcomed it, solo masturbation her only sexual outlet since that night with *El Presidente*, Monika hoping that Miguel would come into her life soon, but she would take Michael without hesitation. She didn't have to wait long, the soft knocking on her door late at night, Monika knowing it was Michael. She went to answer the door in only her panties, her heart racing that it might be Miguel, but when she looked through the peephole it was Michael. She

opened the door, Michael standing in the hall in his bathrobe, his hard cock jutting out the front boldly.

She was almost naked when she opened the door, as if she were waiting for him, or maybe her mysterious general. He slipped into the room, closing the door behind him, Monika turning her back to him as she started walking to the bed. He looked down at her lovely ass, packed tightly into her panties. His hand moved and gripped her shoulder until she turned around. He pushed down on her shoulder until she submissively kneeled down in front of him, no words said, none needed. He waited until her hands came up and opened his robe, her hands sliding in and gripping his cock. His cock jerked from her soft touch and the way she licked her lips, wetting them for when his cock would slip over them.

He couldn't wait until she got to the bed, Michael stopping her and forcing her to her knees. She knew what he expected, opening his robe, her hands encircling his cock, feeling the rock-hard flesh. She began to stroke it with broad strokes, her fingers tightening as they traveled over the large head. She licked her lips to get them wet, ready to indulge him in her mouth. She looked up at him as her head moved in close, her tongue moving out of her mouth to lightly trace over the thick head. She tightened her grip as it jerked in pleasure from the unexpected touch, holding it tight as her tongue licked all around the head. She turned her head sideways, her tongue trailing up and down the shaft with broad strokes, stopping each time to gather up the juices that escaped from the head, relishing the salty taste. She teased him as much as she teased herself, wanting so bad to shove

his hot flesh into her mouth. She had to hold his cock tight to keep it from escaping as her tongue lavished attention on it. Her tongue traced all over it, from the thick head already wet with his cum, all the way down the long shaft, even licking his balls, pushing the errant hairs out of her mouth. His hands moved to the side of her head, Michael growing impatient.

He enjoyed her tongue, but he wanted her mouth, her hot breath blowing on the head of his cock. He gripped her head, holding it up so he could look into her eyes. Her mouth opened wide, Michael trying to restrain himself as her lips slowly curled around the head of his cock. He sighed loudly as his cock entered her hot, tight mouth, her lips closing on it to trap it inside her. Then her tongue went to work on it again, lapping lovingly over the head while her lips held it captive. He began to move her head, his shaft sliding in and out of her tightly clasped lips, the tight band sliding up and down his shaft. Her tongue never stopped moving.

She took him in, his cum coating her taste buds with his salty flavor, his hot flesh feeling so comfortable in her mouth. He was guiding her head as his hips began to work his cock in and out of her mouth, Monika only having to use her tongue to make him happy. His cock danced in her mouth, especially when he shoved it in deeper. She loved being used in such a manner, kneeling half naked on the floor, her hands at her sides as he guided her head to please him. He was taking long strokes, the helmet of his cock banging against the back of her mouth, Monika feeling it plug up her throat. He pulled her onto his cock, one hand on the top of her head, the other under her chin. His hands tightened as his cock began to

press against the tight hole of her throat. She gagged once, but he didn't stop, holding her against his cock, Monika feeling the hard helmet of his cock trying to breach the tightness of her throat. "AAAAWWWW," gagging again, this time Michael pressing with his hips, her throat opening, Monika forced to swallow his cock into her throat. Her stomach turned, his cock feeling like a snake burrowing into her stomach, short, jerky thrusts with his hips wedging more and more of his cock into her gullet.

He saw the tears in her eyes as she choked on his cock but cared little except for his pleasure. He pulled her onto his cock until he felt the muscles of her throat rippling up and down his cock as he buried it deeper into the tight passage. He was plugging her throat, her nostrils flaring as she tried to breathe, gripping her head tighter to achieve the pleasure he sought. Each time she gagged, he would thrust more of his cock in her opened throat, almost able to see the thick shaft outlined on her neck. He began jerking thrusts in her throat, never fully taking it out, enjoying too much the pleasure of her clenching muscles as they involuntarily rippled on his cock.

Michael kept his cock in her throat, Monika making no attempt to stop him, letting him enjoy his pleasure no matter how much she had to endure. Her throat felt raw, rubbed harshly as his cock jerked in and out, tears running down her cheeks as she struggled to fill her lungs with the air sucked in her nose. She finally felt some relief when he pulled out of her throat, Monika sucking in large quantities of air, his hands not pressing so hard on the side of her head. She took the

initiative, her head moving up and down, her lips tight on his cock as her tongue danced over the flesh. She hoped to please him without him shoving it down her aching throat.

She was doing such a good job at sucking his cock that he released her head, his idle hands now free to play with her lovely, naked breasts. His fingers easily found her hardened tips, pinching them to greater hardness. His large hands encircled the firm flesh, squeezing them until her breasts slipped through his fingertips. Her head was moving back and forth, her hand cradling his balls, lightly tickling them, Michael feeling the cum build in his balls, ready to unload into her waiting mouth.

She was ready when he was, but Michael pulled his cock out of her mouth, Monika opening her mouth wide as he stroked it in front of her face. She stared at the one eye of his cock, watching as the tiny hole opened wide as the first rope of cum shot out in an arc and landed on her nose with a loud thud. She felt it sear her flesh, the hot cum slowly dripping down as Michael continued to stroke his cock, her hand clenching on his balls to urge another load of cum onto her waiting face. His next blast of cum was on target, shooting into her open mouth and landing on her tongue and lips, the heavy, salty cum quickly filling her mouth with his crème.

Michael watched his white, milky cum drip down her face slowly, her mouth opened wide as he shot a second load on her tongue. She scooped it up into her mouth. "Open wide, Monika," slipping the head of his wet cock into her mouth, her lips glistening brightly from his cum. Her tongue licked

lovingly on his cockhead as she cleaned it, Michael finally pulling it from her lips.

It didn't take him long to get hard again, Monika finding herself in the middle of the bed on her hands and knees, Michael behind her, his cock already deep inside her as his hands circled her waist and slid between her legs to tease at her clit as his cock reamed out her pussy. He hammered into her for twenty minutes, his hands keeping her ass high up into the air, his cock flying in and out with abandonment. She rotated her hips, his cock touching everywhere inside her with deep strokes that finally brought her to an explosive orgasm, his fingers pinching and pulling at her clit while her insides nibbled at his cock until he blew a second load of cum inside her, mixing with her juices. He left her with neither of them barely saying a word, Monika quickly falling asleep, his cock taking the edge off. But she still had erotic dreams of Miguel.

* * * *

Monika was off for the afternoon to do some research that Michael wanted and had been unable to obtain. He hoped that a lovely female would have better luck in convincing a man to give it to her. She was just about to enter the office when she heard a familiar voice that made her pussy wet.

"Come with me, Monika." Miguel was flanked by two soldiers, young enlisted men that were part of his detail, El Presidente forcing Miguel to have them, weary of the rebels. And they did come in handy at time, this being one of them. He didn't wait for an answer, hustling her off to the waiting jeep.

She felt secure with Miguel's hand around her waist as he led her off to the jeep that was waiting outside as if he knew exactly where she would be. Come to think of it, he probably knew her every move and that of the others. She looked at the two soldiers with him, young men barely her age, both of them snapping to attention each time Miguel spoke. Both of them were also handsome, their bodies tight from the vigorous training. She knew better than to ask where they were going, just hoping she would have time to get Michael's information without him knowing that she had disappeared again. She liked keeping this secret from him, making her feel so naughty.

The jeep pulled past the *El Capitolio Nacional*, but drove around back, pulling into a dark alley that was barely visible from the street, two guards at the gate as though it contained top military secrets, the men saluting sharply as the jeep pulled up to the gate. It opened, the jeep pulling into the bowels of the building, stopping at a large loading dock. It was strange, all the windows had bars on them, almost as if it were a prison, not a public building.

Miguel helped her out of the back seat, his eyes feasting on her naked legs as Monika struggled vainly with her short skirt, but could do little to stop it from sliding high up her legs. She was glad she wore the short, silky skirt that clung to her ass and hips, almost as if she knew today would be the day she would see Miguel. The other soldiers eyed her body as well, Monika no stranger to the looks of lust men gave her. They walked up onto the loading dock and to a thick, double door, another guard opening it with a loud click of the lock.

Whatever was inside was well shielded from the public. The fear of what was inside only added to the erotic excitement.

The two soldiers followed them, Miguel's hand around her waist possessively. "This used to be a prison for political prisoners before *El Presidente* took command of the county. Many that entered through that door never left it standing up."

They were going down a long hall, cells opened to the hallway, no privacy afforded, even to the small sink and toilet that was placed in the corner of the rooms. There was a cot in each room, conveniently placed in the center, some still with leather straps placed in all four corners. "Is it still used?" She wasn't sure if she should ask that, still trying to figure out where she stood with Miguel.

"Officially no," Miguel skirting the issue.

"Should I worry?" Monika's voice trembled slightly.

"Fear is just as much an aphrodisiac as arousal." They went to the end of the hall, two large doors looking so imposing. "This is the interrogation room."

Monika felt her fear increasing as she walked into the room. It was large, filled with various pieces of furniture, if that is what you could call them. Most of them looked like they dated back to medieval times, heavy wood, iron and chains. They all had one express purpose. To keep the individual secured in them, immobile, unable to stop the atrocities that would be committed on their bodies.

Miguel led Monika over to his favorite. "This is the rack. I'm sure you have heard of it. It can literally pull a body apart by its limbs. And can be slow and painful or quick and deadly,

depending on the inquisitors' desires. Most inquisitors achieve sexual pleasure from torturing their victim. And, if done correctly, the victim can also achieve the same pleasure, their choices taken from them by the tight bondage, free to focus all their attention on what is being done to their unwilling bodies. Unable to stop the most perverse acts committed on them."

Monika looked at the rack. It was made of thick, hewn wood, rectangular, over seven feet long. On each corner was a wooden roller, a chain connected to a thick leather cuff rolled around the roller. The cuffs lay open on the table, beckoning to its next victim. The rack wood was stained from years of use. It was wider than she would have expected, almost more square than rectangular. And the ones she saw in history books only had two rollers, one at each end, this one more sinister, though she was not going to ask many questions.

"It can be lowered or raised, one end higher than the other, all to make the victim easily assessable to whatever the inquisitors' desired. It was a favorite for female victims, leaving them helpless and open." He looked at Monika, a hint of fear in her eyes. He liked that. Now he would see how willing she would be.

"Very interesting," Monika wanting to move on. She watched as Miguel flipped a switch, the gentle hum of a motor beginning. He pushed a button and the rack at one end lowered to the ground, the other end moving higher. She suddenly got the feeling they weren't going to move on yet. Miguel still had more to tell. This one had been updated with

modern technology, motors replacing the manual cranks of the past.

"Would you like to try it out, Monika?" He waited, seeing the look in her eyes when he said it.

Now she understood what *El Presidente* had meant, though she didn't understand how she would enjoy being tortured. It was a moment of decision. She had already been afraid of being restrained, even panicking when her own blouse held her arms pinned. Now she was to entrust her safety to a military general in the bowels of a building that housed a torture chamber and maybe still used for that purpose. To be tied to a device that would literally tear the limbs from her body. And three men that would be able to do anything to her body while she was incapacitated. It normally wouldn't have been a hard decision to turn him down flat. Except. Her pussy was soaked at the thought of Miguel having such control over her body. She had been dreaming of him demanding her submission as Michael does. No, more than what Michael does. And that excited her more than she feared. She didn't say a word, moving to the foot of the rack. She laid back on the steep incline until her back hit the hard wood, her feet on the ground. She waited for his instructions.

So *El Presidente* knew Monika better than Miguel did. He was sure that she would turn him down, yet here she was, lying back on the rack as if she were getting into her bed for a good nights sleep. He would not underestimate her again. He would push to see her far her limits were. "Arms over your head, Monika." Miguel nodded to one of the guards, the soldier stunned as he watched the girl willingly submitted,

grabbing the leather cuff and bringing it down to meet her raised arm.

She felt the guard grip her wrist in his powerful hand, pulling her arm until she felt it stretch to meet the cold leather strap. She had to stop from panicking when she felt the leather wrapped around her slim wrist, gasping as the leather tightened. She didn't have time to think as the other soldier made short work of her other wrist, feeling the pressure in her shoulders as her arms were strung high above her head. She looked up with a panicked look on her face as she tugged on the chains, the iron chains banging noisily, but holding her secured. She took a deep breath, trying to fill her lungs, her heart racing widely. She looked down, her breasts strained by the thrust of her arms, so vulnerable, yet she couldn't help but noticed the way her nipples protruded out, pushing out so provocatively as if begging to be touched. Or worse.

Miguel wanted the pleasure of securing her legs. He pushed a button and the table began to move up on one end.

"EEEEWWW," panic in her shouted gasp as the table began to move, Monika afraid that her arms would be stretched. The table began to get level, actually taking some of the pressure off her shoulders. She looked at Miguel as he moved to the end of the table, readying the other straps. He was staring up between her legs, Monika afraid of how she would be in a few minutes once he secured her legs to the two corners of the table. That is when she would be most vulnerable, her legs spread wide, her short skirt would do little to protect her.

"Relax," Miguel tried to calm her as his hand gripped one of her ankles, his large hand easily able to encircle it. He felt her muscles tighten, giving her a moment to surrender. He moved to the corner of the table, pulling one leg over with him, her other leg moving with him as she tried to keep her legs closed. He took his time as he secured the worn leather strap around her ankle, tightening it until the leather cut into her soft flesh. He released it, Monika testing the chains, the clanging of the iron chain on the hard wood table filling the room with their ominous sound.

Now the panic sent in again as Miguel grabbed her other ankle in his powerful grip. He would spread her legs so provocatively, the table wide. The two soldiers moved to the foot of the rack to get a better view. She felt her legs pulled open, unable to do anything but submit, her choices taken away when her arms were bound in the leather cuffs. She felt her legs spreading wider, her pussy getting wetter as Miguel spread her leg to the other side. It wasn't as bad as she thought, the chain closer. She felt the leather cuffs digging into her skin until she was bound tight. Miguel stood back and feasted his eyes on his prey. Her breasts were thrust up high, her heavy breathing making them move erotically, her nipples pushing out her top. Then his eyes moved to her naked legs, spread so willingly, the leather cuffs keeping her open. He moved up to her head, looking down at her, the two soldiers standing to the side, eager to see what would happen.

"How are you doing, Monika?"

His voice almost sounded genuinely concerned, but she didn't know how he could be since she was the one that was bound on a torture device. "How should I be?"

"Well, Monika, you are bound to a table, your arms and legs spread to the corner like a butterfly." His hand pushed her hair from her face, feeling the sweat on her forehead. His hand moved over her cheek and traced along her lips. His fingers moved inside her lips, forcing her mouth to open wider as he pushed his finger inside. He began to move his finger in and out of her mouth. "Your mouth is open, my finger inside fucking you, but it could be just as easily my cock. Or theirs," pointing to the two soldiers. "Or all of us."

He was fucking her mouth, Monika wishing it was his cock instead, but the mention of the other two soldiers opened up something new. She hadn't expected that Miguel would allow others to have her. Though she should have expected it, the soldiers standing close to her, able to see everything that Miguel might do to her. She did what was expected of her, sucking his finger as though it was his cock.

"Yes, very good, Monika." She was sucking his finger, making his cock grow at the thought of being inside her hot, tight mouth. He pulled his finger out of her mouth, one finger trailing down over her bosom and down between the valley of her breasts. Her chest was heaving up and down, his finger tracing over the fullness of one breast, circling the nipple that grew in anticipation of his touch. "And those lovely breasts. I could make them naked, your nipples available to whatever I wish to do to them. Have you ever felt the exquisite pleasure

of a clamp biting into the sensitive tips? Or nestled a cock between them until it came all over your face?"

What was going to happen to me? Miguel looked down at her, pinching her nipple until she squealed in pain, but the pain raced between her legs, igniting a lust that she had never felt before.

"And I forgot to tell you. There are four rollers instead of two on this table for a reason. Not only will they stretch you, but they will also move to the side and spread you. Especially those lovely legs. I can spread your legs until your crotch feels like it's on fire. And strip you naked, your pussy spread so obscenely that I could peer deep inside your body without touching you."

That scared her more than anything else, now knowing why her legs were not spread very wide. The soldiers were looking up between her legs, her short skirt doing little to hide her treasures from them.

"That is what I am going to do now, Monika. I want those lovely legs spread wide." Miguel pushed a button, a red light coming on the panel. "Don't fight it, Monika, it will do no good and you could hurt yourself." He pushed the button and the twin rollers at her feet began to move sideways, the chain pulling up.

She was afraid as the chains began to pull her legs open wider, dragging along the harsh wood, pulling out to the side. And as her legs spread, it tightened the chains on her arms. She began to feel a dull ache in her crotch as the mechanical mechanism continued, never growing tired as it split her up the middle with unyielding precision. "Please," she begged,

but Miguel's hand did not move to push the button again, her legs continuing their obscene spread, Monika not able to see much, only to feel it. No one had ever spread her like this before.

Her legs were spread over four feet wide, and he still didn't stop. He wanted more. The motor hummed so seductively, never hinting to its obscene act as her body began to stretch, not only her legs but her torso and arms, her back arching up, thrusting her breasts out. He finally pushed the button, her legs spread over five feet wide, her toes pointed to the corners, the muscles in her thighs taut. If he didn't stop, there would have been the fatal popping over her joints.

She couldn't breathe, her head spinning, her crotch aching, feeling her pussy stretched by the obscene spread of her legs. All the muscles in her body were taut, not knowing what to expect next.

"I don't think your skirt is doing much good any more, Monika." He looked between her legs, her panties clearly visible, the short skirt had ridden high up. His hand ran up from her knees, teasing along one tanned thigh, feeling taut muscles, his hand enjoying the silky skin. He moved all the way to her panties, his fingers teasing along the sensitive skin where her legs met her torso.

Her pussy got wet instantly as his hand touched her, his calloused fingers sending shivers up her spine as he tickled close to her pussy. She couldn't do anything, the complete helplessness finally coming into realization. She was bound and spread and completely at his mercy. And she welcomed

it. She felt the cool air blow on her sex, her skirt pulled up above her waist and neatly tucked out of the way.

"Look at the lovely vulva outlined in the tight panties," he pointed out to the soldiers, more to humiliate Monika than to tell the soldiers what they obviously were staring at. "Even her pussy lips were parted by the wide spread of her legs, though her panties are drenched." Miguel's hand slid over her abdomen, feeling her stomach muscles contract as his fingers rubbed over her bush. Lower down, his fingers sliding over her mound, pushing her drenched panties into the deep crevice of her slit, the wide spread of her legs pulling her lips far back.

She nearly came when he touched her, the three of them watching her as Miguel casually played with her pussy. And she could do nothing about it. Even if she wanted to. The panic of being bound had changed to excitement, her body not her own any longer, Miguel could use it in any manner he wanted. Including letting the other two soldiers have her. His fingers felt so good, brushing lightly over her hairs, sending tremors of pleasure into the root of each follicle. She wanted so much to push her pussy harder into his hand as he played along her slit, but the bondage prevented her from doing anything but take the pleasure as she could.

"Do you have a knife?" Miguel spoke to one of the soldiers.

"Yes, General." He took out a large knife, a blade over six inches long, so sharp that he could split a piece of paper with it.

"Take her panties off. But be careful, I don't want to hurt her much." Miguel moved to the side so the soldier could do his job.

Fear set in again when she saw the size of the knife. It gleamed in the bright lights. He would be touching her and making her naked from the waist down. *Would he touch me also? Would Miguel let him?*

The soldier smiled down at the beautiful girl that so willingly submitted to be bound and spread. The General had such power over young girls. He hoped he would have the chance to enjoy her. Maybe in some perverse way, the tight bondage not allowing her to protest any act he would want to perform on her. He showed her the knife, her eyes opened wide. "Hold still. Very still. I wouldn't want to cut you." His fingers moved to the side of the panties, the thin material silky as he pulled it up. He snapped the edge of the blade along the frail material, the knife cutting through it like butter, pulling away, a glimpse of her bush revealed. He moved to the other side, pulling it out until the knife snipped the last band of silk that held it around her, the front falling to reveal the top of her bush. Her pussy was so wet that the panties clung to her slit, pushed deep inside by the General's fingers. He pulled up on the panties, dragging it slowly through her legs, his eyes glued to her pussy as the material dragged through her wet slit.

It felt so good, her panties rubbing along her sensitive inner lips, rubbing them so erotically, the young soldier staring at her pussy as he made her naked. She tugged on the chains that held her, confirming her submission. She

never felt so helpless or excited as she did now. She felt the cold steel of the knife as the soldier slid the flat end of the blade through her lips, pushing back one lip, never feeling so open and exposed. The metal quickly heated up from her hot pussy, the soldier sliding the blade up and down, Monika's body on edge, knowing the slightest wrong move would slice her pussy lips. And it only made her wetter.

"I think Monika deserves to cum for us." Miguel moved to take the soldier's place, wanting to be the first. "Would you like that, Monika?" His fingers slid over her mound, teasing the hairs of her bush, squeezing her puffy lips together, but depriving her of the more intimate touch she wanted.

She looked at the three of them staring at her naked pussy, Miguel rubbing her pussy, exciting her. "Y-y-y-yesss," she stammered, her breathing ragged.

"Yes what, Monika? Tell me what you want."

"To cum. Make me cum. Pleassse," she begged.

Miguel's fingers slid through her lips, pulling them apart to expose the moist, pink inner lips, smooth to the touch as his fingers explored every inch. From the bottom of her slit, up one side and down the other, his fingers gathering up her abundant juices as she squirmed ineffectively in the tight bondage. He exposed her as no one had ever done before, even her dark, mysterious hole beckoning his fingers to explore the deep recesses. She was moaning softly now, her head thrown to the side, her lips curled in pleasure, her eyes shut tight as she immersed herself into his gentle masturbation.

God, it felt so good, too good, his fingers seem to be everywhere, exploring her so intimately, even more than her doctor. And all the while the others stared at her most intimate body, and she could do nothing. His fingers pushed down to the tight opening of her pussy, remembering Michael's cock that split her open only days ago, his fingers teasing at the tight hole. "EEEEWWW," a finger snaking inside her, teasing at the tight hole, expanding it for something bigger or more fingers, Monika not caring which. She only wanted relief. It pushed the opening in ever expanding circles, stretching, preparing her.

His finger was tugged into the elastic opening of her pussy, clenching and unclenching on it, trying to drag them deeper into her. But he teased her, one finger soaked in her juices, teasing the tight opening but not going any deeper, her hips unable to screw her body any higher and impale her pussy on his rigid finger. He pulled the finger out, two fingers returning to press deeper into the soft folds of her pussy, pushing deeper into the hotly expanding passage, his fingers demanding entrance deeper inside her. She moaned softly as his fingers corkscrewed into the hot, tight passage, his other hand sliding up and down her slick inner lips.

She prayed that he would soon touch her clit, the organ swollen and needing attention. His fingers felt so good, her juices flowing freely between her thighs as she was masturbated. His fingers seem to be everywhere, two fingers pressing deeper inside her, his knuckles rubbing harshly against the soft, sensitive walls of her pussy, burrowing deep as his hand pushed against the tight opening as if he were

trying to force his whole hand inside her. She could feel the stretching, but she cared little of the pain, only taking as much of the pleasure as she could. "AAAAHHHH," his finger teasing her clit, pinching close to the base as the blood poured to the swollen tip, expanding quickly into an engorged bud, pounding hard in tune to her heart. He pinched harder, feeling like it would burst. Two fingers became three, shoving aside all resistance as they pushed deep inside her, only to pull back out and thrust back in, fucking her with the thick fingers. "EEEEEEHH," a hard fingernail suddenly snapped across her clit, sending a shiver of pain and pleasure racing up her spine to her brain. Her body froze, her pussy tightening on the fingers inside her as she waited for the unknown, not sure if he would do it again or not.

Her clit was so swollen, teasing it from its protective hood, his fingers squeezing it like a tiny cock until it swelled with blood, hard and throbbing. Once it was a target, he snapped it hard with his fingernail, enjoying the clenching tightness of her pussy on his fingers from the unexpected touch. He opened her up more with three fingers, forcing the elastic walls to surrender to his thick fingers. His fingers returned to her clit, but this time they gently played back and forth over the tip, the swollen organ red and throbbing. Her body shook, her muscles contracted with each touch of his finger on her clit, Miguel knowing that she was ready to cum. Her quivering clit began to vibrate from his finger strokes, Monika suddenly cumming loudly, her pussy juices began to flood his fingers copiously, the only sound in the room was her cry of pleasure

and the sound of his fingers sliding nosily in her drenched hole.

She came like no time before, Monika opening her eyes in shame as the three men watched her erotic gyrations in the spread-eagle bondage as she came all over Miguel's fingers. Each time when she thought she was finished, Miguel's fingers would snap new life into her pleasure button, teasing the swollen organ to unleash another flood of her juices on his fingers inside her. Finally her body slumped exhausted on the rack, feeling the wet juices flow between her widely spread legs. That is when she saw it, surprised she didn't see it before. It was a camera lens aimed directly at the rack she was on, a red light above the peeping lens glowing brightly. *How long was it on? How much had it seen? And who was watching it?* Her mind raced with sordid scenarios. Her orgasm had taken the edge off, suddenly confronted with the reality of still being bound and spread. And half naked. And by the look of the bulges in their pants, in the company of some very horny men. "What's that?" Her eyes pointed to the camera on the wall.

Miguel looked to where she was pointing with her eyes as if he didn't know of its presence. "A camera, Monika. It records everything that goes on in here. There are a number of them around." He said it with indifference.

"Who's watching or will watch?" She was afraid of the answer. *Would they sexually blackmail me?*

Miguel moved close to her head, bending down to whisper in her ear. "*El Presidente*. He told you he would be watching you." He said it as if she should have understood it.

She nodded, knowing that she couldn't do anything to change it. She hoped Miguel would let her loose now. She felt his hands return, sliding over her stomach and through her wet bush, seeking out her pussy again. "No more, please."

"Nonsense, Monika. I think you can cum for me again." His fingers pulled apart her pussy lips, her inner lips drenched in her juices. Even her clit was still swollen, now a deep red, standing up like an erect little cock. He began to rub over the tip, her body jerking from the initial touch, but soon her head was thrown to the side, her eyes closed as she began to concentrate on cumming again for him.

She let her senses take over, concentrating all of her power between her legs, her imagination taking over as she saw the three of them standing over her body as she was forced to cum again like a trained dog. She felt the helplessness and it increased her arousal. She looked up, Miguel smiling down at her, four fingers inside her, fucking her drenched pussy with rhythmic thrusting, Monika concentrating on squeezing her pussy muscles on the demanding fingers. But she knew she wouldn't cum unless there was more, needing something else. She couldn't believe she said it, letting the words spill from her mouth before she could stop them, sounding so perverse as they sounded out loudly. "Force a cock in my mouth."

Miguel pulled his fingers from her clutching pussy, leaving her empty for a moment. He pressed a button on the control panel, the head of the rack slowly lowering down toward the ground until it almost touched the floor. Her legs were high up, Monika almost upside down. But her head was at a

convenient height. He found what he was looking for, putting the black mask over her eyes, shutting out all images from her view.

It grew dark, Miguel putting a mask over her eyes so she couldn't see. Now she wouldn't know whose cock was placed in her mouth. The blood was rushing to her head, but she knew that it was so that her mouth could be breached with ease. She heard the sound of a zipper being pulled down, then felt fingers slip inside her wet pussy, tightening her muscles on them as they began to fuck her again. Her head was turned to the side, Monika clenching her lips tight as if she were trying to keep the cock out instead of welcoming it. She felt hot flesh rubbing on her tightly clenched lips, sliding back and forth, the flesh hard and demanding as it tried to force its way inside her mouth. She kept her mouth closed, but the cock was relentless, forever pushing into her lips as they were forced to open just wide enough until the thick and round head of a cock slipped into her unwilling mouth. Monika no longer able to stop it as it forced its way past her teeth and into her gaping mouth. It filled her suddenly, going deeper until it banged against the back of her throat, her tongue forced down to the bottom of her mouth, a thick cock holding it pinned. She could feel a pair of heavy balls slapping against her nose, prickly hairs tickling her face, Monika only imagining how he must be, kneeling over her face, his cock splitting her lips apart. Or who it might be.

He stroked his cock in and out of her mouth, her oval lips curled around the shaft almost lovingly, a tight band that slid up and down with each thrust.

The cock continued to shove deep into her mouth, slamming hard against her throat with each powerful thrust, making Monika gag, afraid of it being forced into the tightness of her throat. She surrendered as the fingers returned to her pussy, stretching as they plunged deep into her deserted pussy, igniting the lust in her again. She began to tongue the cock, swirling her tongue around the thrusting prick, acceptance of what they were doing to her. This is what she begged for, groaning heavily around the thickness that split her lips apart and pounded into her mouth. Her tongue explored every inch of it as it shoved in and out, Monika trying to discover whose cock was possessing her mouth. It was hard and thick, but it could be any of them. She began to suck the cock deeper into her mouth, her efforts increasing as she gave into the lustful sensations that she began to crave.

Another sound of a zipper being pulled down, then her mouth was left vacant, her tongue searching for a cock to pleasure. It was only seconds until a cock returned, her mouth opened wide in welcome, her lips split as the full measure of a thick cock entered her more than willing mouth. Her tongue lavished such attention on it, from the thick, plum-like head, down the shaft to explore the thick veins that bulged from the side, all trying to determine its owner. But it did little to reveal the owner, both of the cocks could be the same, or maybe different. All she knew was that they were both demanding, cum leaking into her mouth with each stroke. This went on for long minutes, before it happened again, the hiss of a zipper, her mouth vacated, only to be filled in seconds with another cock.

The fingers were driving another orgasm from her body, her mouth used so submissively giving her the needed lust to cum again for them. She sucked the cock with abandonment, the cocks moving out, Monika never knowing who it was inside her. But she sucked with gratitude, her tongue lashing out at the thick helmet of the cock as it leaked into her mouth. She knew he was ready to explode, his heavily laden balls slapping so erotically against her nose with each powerful thrust.

The cock in her mouth increased the speed and depth of the strokes into her mouth, sure that she would choke on the penetrating cock. Her clit was attacked with a vengeance, the only thing needed to drive the necessary orgasm from her body. She came all over the fingers that masturbated her, feeling the cock in her mouth begin to swell in anticipation of cumming. She waited, not sure if it would pull out, but it stayed deep inside her mouth. She felt the ropey cum spurt in endless streams into her throat, Monika desperately trying to swallow the abundant crème. Each time another gush of thick, white milky cum spewed into her throat, Monika struggling not to choke on the pasty fluids, the burning fluids slowly filling her belly. There was one last spasm, a small jet that she swallowed before the cock began to deflate in her mouth. She sucked softly on the shrinking prick, just as Michael required of her, bathing it clean of the salty cum until it slipped out of her lips, already gaining back its semi-hardness.

Monika could barely stand as they released her, her legs feeling like rubber as she stood up, Miguel at her side, holding

her up. She could feel the dry cum on her thighs, her panties gone, only the short skirt to hide her treasures from the rest of the world. She looked at each of them, not able to tell which would have climaxed in her mouth, all of them sporting hard-ons that bulged their pants. They climbed back into the jeep, speeding off into the late afternoon sun. The jeep pulled up in front of the offices where they were working, Monika suddenly remembering her unfinished task for Michael. *Would he find out what I had done?*

Miguel kissed her cheek lovingly, his tenderness surprising Monika. He handed her a brown envelope. "I enjoyed you very much, Monika. We'll have to do it again. Real soon. This is for Michael. It is what he sent you to find. It will please him, but not as much as you please me. Now be careful. There are many opposing forces."

Michael saw her enter, Monika looking more frazzled than usual. She handed him the envelope, Michael's hands hurriedly opening it and looking it over. He looked up and smiled at her, saying softly so the others wouldn't hear. "I hope you didn't have to give up too much to get this."

"Nothing I didn't enjoy more. I'm going back to the hotel. It's warm and humid today and I need a nice bath." She turned and left the room with a swish of her skirt.

Michael watched her leave, her short skirt moving from side to side. He was sure that she was naked beneath it, a tanned ass cheek clearly visible as it swayed from side to side. *What did she give up? And to whom?*

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CHAPTER 8—Rebel Capture

Monika stayed with Michael, Sandra and Joanna for the rest of the week, working hard on the project. It was going well, exceedingly well, beyond Michael's expectations. Michael was still his charming self, suggesting they go out Saturday night, Monika graciously accepting. She masturbated almost every night that week, Miguel in her head and always wondering whose cock was in her mouth. She had hoped that he would magically appear and spirit her away, but the week went by without Monika seeing him. Miguel had unlocked something in Monika that Michael didn't even know existed. Being bound had excited her beyond belief, and the added excitement of others watching her, from the soldiers to El Presidente had unleashed a dark side of her sexuality. And she wanted to experience more of it.

At the same time she felt uneasiness. It was as though the men in her life, Michael, Miguel and El Presidente, all had an agenda that Monika wasn't a part of. At least not yet. Tonight she saw it in Michael, taking her to dinner at the Baracoa Café, an out-of-the-way bistro. It wasn't so much the place, but Michael seemed to be on edge, looking around as if someone might be following them. During dinner he was his charming self, but he was getting jealous, though he didn't know what or who he was jealous of. It was Monika's unexplained absences, Michael continually trying to dig deeper into the mystery, Monika more determined to keep it from him. She liked the degree of control it gave her over

him. She might be submissive sexually, but she still had a strong individual personality.

It happened so fast that Monika didn't get a good look at anything. They were just getting ready to cross the street when a truck came out of nowhere, both of them having to step back up on the curb to get out of its way. All she could remember was the color, army green, though she didn't remember seeing any insignias on it. It screeched to a halt right in front of them, the sidewalk around them filled with men, Monika's last glimpse was of Michael being hit before something was thrown over her head and the blackness engulfed her. She was manhandled, her arms forced behind her back, a hand making her bend at the waist, Monika finding her wrists bound before she even realized it. She could already feel the numbness in her fingers, the ropes cutting off the circulation. She could hardly breathe, let alone scream, the air beneath the hood suffocating. *Were these government soldiers? Or were they the rebels I've heard of?* She couldn't make out what they were saying, speaking Spanish. She was tossed into the back of the truck like a bag of potatoes, her knees scraping on the hard, rough floor, sure that they were bleeding. She heard more shuffling and then the truck sped away, the trucking bouncing on the potholed streets of Havana.

"*Bonito culo,*" the rebel said. He grabbed Monika around the waist, pulling her up to her knees. "Head down," pushing down on her shoulders, her ass forced to rise up. "*Si.*" His hands slid over her ass cheeks. "*Bonito ass,*" his English not very good except for some swear words. He saw her trying to

move away, his hand swinging and catching her full on one of her ripe cheeks with a loud slap.

One of them yanked her up, Monika forced to her knees, her arms tied tightly behind her. His hands began to wander over her ass, but she couldn't do anything to stop him, wagging her hips from side to side to try to avoid the molesting hand. She felt the sting on her ass, he had spanked her cheek, the skin burning even after his hand left. Another slap to the other side, the sound of men laughing filling the truck. Fingers crept under her short skirt, touching her smooth inner thighs, another hand holding her still. When she tried to move away, a hand would slap her, Monika never knowing where, this time her inner thigh slapped. The hand returned, this time Monika not moving away as the hand became bolder, sliding up between her legs. His strong fingers gripped her soft skin, pinching it until Monika shrieked in pain.

"Pussy," the rebel knowing what interested him. "*Difundir sus piernas*," growing impatient.

Monika didn't know what he wanted. Well, she did know what he wanted, but she didn't know exactly what he wanted her to do. The fingers pressed painfully between her thighs, feeling like pinchers as they squeezed her flesh. The hand slapped her soft, inner thighs, Monika realizing what he wanted. Her knees scraped along the rough truck bed as she spread her legs.

"*Si*," his hands now free to explore more of the American's thighs. He flipped up her skirt over her back, a black thong doing little to cover anything, especially the lovely tanned

cheeks. He saw where he had slapped her, the skin already turning red. He gazed down lower, the thong disappearing between a lovely crack, the black thong reappearing at her crotch, pulled tightly over her pussy. But nothing could hide the twin lips. He couldn't resist, slapping her inner thigh, but this time high up, his fingers touching so close to her pussy that he could almost feel her heat. She bucked when he hit, her, moving to the other side and repeating himself.

She never felt so vulnerable, her ass raised up, the man behind her slapping her ass. And not her cheeks, but her thighs, hitting so close to her pussy she could almost feel the wind blowing by.

"Leave her be, there'll be time soon enough."

She heard his voice, authoritative, sure that he was the leader. Monika was relieved, but she knew it was only a brief reprieve. It didn't take long for them to get where they were going, the truck slowing down, the rattle of the tires on the brick pavers of old Havana. The truck made several sharp turns, Monika almost losing her balance before she felt it stop abruptly. She heard the sound of more men jabbering in Spanish, Monika wishing she knew more than a few words.

She was pulled up by her wrists, forced to bend over as they almost dragged her from the truck. She was thrown over the shoulder of a man, her body tossed as though she weighed nothing.

"You know what to do with him. Take this one to a cell. Strip her and hang her from the cell bars. You know the way I like them. Put a blindfold on her, we don't want her

identifying any of us if she makes it out of here. Then we'll see if she will talk."

She bounced on the wide shoulder of the man, his hand on her ass holding her tight. She could smell the damp rank of a cellar, the air getting cooler as they moved down a hallway. It became quieter, the men talking in the distant growing faint until she could hear them no more. She was alone with this one, to be stripped and strung up like a piece of meat and she couldn't do anything about it. *What did they want from me and Michael? Did I have some secret that I didn't even know about?* Of course, they must be rebels, somehow knowing about her strange relationship with Miguel and El Presidente.

"I'm going to untie you. Don't move a muscle or even try to take the hood off." His English was much better, having learned at a young age by his mother. He pricked the skin of her back with his knife. "That's what will happen to you if you disobey."

"Eeehhh," the sharp prick in her back feeling like a dagger stabbing her. She froze as her hands were untied. She could only stand there as the man began to make short work of her clothes. First was her blouse, his hands large as they pressed against her breasts as he fumbled with her buttons before she heard two of them flying off in his frustration. He yanked it over her shoulders and down her arms, yanking it from her hands. She felt the chill of the air on her half-naked skin. His calloused hands touched her naked back, spinning her around, Monika knowing her bra would be the next garment stripped from her body. His hands were cold as they managed to unsnap the bra, his hands slowly sliding the straps down

her shoulders. She could feel him behind her, a thick cock pushed against her ass as the bra slipped down off of her breasts. A shiver ran through her body as the bra cups rubbed over her nipples, the buds hardening in the cold and anticipation of the cellar. It fluttered over her legs and landed on one of her feet. Even though she knew what he would do, it was still unexpected, two large hands cradled her breasts, hefting them up as though he was weighing them. Her nipples sprang to life as the calloused fingers rubbed over them, the fear overcome by the arousal of his gentle touch. His fingers snapped back and forth over the tips, Monika arching her back as if she were offering them up to him, ashamed that he was arousing her.

"*América zorra*," feeling her begin to respond. He squeezed her breasts harder, his powerful fingers compressing the firm flesh until her nipples popped through his fingertips.

Her skirt was next, falling to the ground, Monika wishing she hadn't worn a thong tonight, her ass cheeks rubbing against the rough pants of the man behind her, feeling more vulnerable with little to protect her from his cock. He didn't even bother to pull her thong down, the sound of the fragile fabric ripping filling the room. She had to spread her legs to release the thong, the man caring little for her discomfort as he pulled the dry fabric up between her pussy lips. She stood shivering, naked in the cold, damp air.

He turned her body around until she was facing the tall, black metal bars that ran from the floor to the ceiling. The leather cuffs were conveniently located, worn from years of use. "Hands up," his hands grabbing her wrists and putting

them up into the air until each was conveniently placed near the cuffs. He didn't have to tell her, making short work of securing each of her arms in the cuffs, both of them forcing her almost up onto her toes, each one spread wide to the opposite sides. He slid his hands down her side, taking a detour to run his hands over her full, naked breasts. He kneeled down at her feet, gripping one ankle and yanking her leg wide to one side, another cuff, this one cold, hard steel snapped around her slim ankle and shut with a loud clank as the lock snapped into place. He moved to the other side, staring up at her naked crotch as he pulled her open like the wishbone of a chicken, her cheeks parting, her pussy lips pulling back. He heard her grunt but cared little for her discomfort. She was just another slut to interrogate. He had to hold her leg tight, slipping the steel cuff shut.

Her nipples pressed against the cold steel of the bars, Monika moving to the side, her breasts pushing between the bars. Her toes already ached as she stood on them, her feet straining to keep her shoulders from pulling out of place. She already ached and she was only bound for a second. She felt his hot breath blowing on her ass cheeks, his hands grabbing her ankle and pulling her open as if she were a toy to play with. The cuffs on her ankles hurt, not like the ones on her wrists. It was hard and cold, probably steel or iron. She felt her skin pinched between the metal before she heard the sound of the lock clicking in place. The finality of being bound. Her other leg was quickly secured, her crotch spread wide, just as Miguel had done to her on the rack. Hands left her and

then there was silence, only the sound of her breathing in the room.

* * * *

Michael took off his clothes outside the cell. "Punch me. Make it look good, a little blood goes a long way." He hit Michael, his head rocked to the side, his lip split, a trickle of blood running down his chin.

They shoved him in the cell, the lovely Romanian girl just as they promised.

"Tie him to the bed with the slut. We'll get to them later. Let them enjoy each other's misery for the night."

Michael looked at the girl. She was barely twenty. They suspected she was a spy for Castro at the American base, getting a job with her girlish good looks and charm. And he could see why, the girl naked, bound face down on the bed, her arms tied to the head of the bed, one in each corner, her legs similarly secured, spread wide. Her cheeks were parted, a tiny anus barely visible, a pink slit revealed from behind. Her ass glistened, the guard pouring olive oil all over her cheeks, the girl panting indignantly when his fingers rubbed the slippery oil up and down her defenseless crack and over her tiny anus. She had panicked at the time, but since they left her alone since then she felt more secure. A fatal flaw. She looked up at him, her eyes going down to his cock, his organ rigid, jutting out in front of him. Her eyes moved away in feigned shame.

"Lay on top of her," the guard threatening Michael with the butt of his rifle.

"I'm sorry," he pleaded with her as he lay down on top of her, his large body easily covering her.

"Put your cock between her cheeks. Let her feel your manhood all night long."

Again he apologized to her, his cock jerking in pleasure as he placed it between her cheeks, sliding easily along her oiled ass crack. They tied his arms and legs just like hers. They turned off the lights, plunging them into darkness, but not before one of them put something beneath her, the girl protesting indignantly, her ass pushing up and staying up high, pushing sensuously against his hard cock.

"I'm Michael."

"Alina." She felt his cock move, pushing between her cheeks, feeling the hot hard flesh of his organ in such a perverse place. "Don't move. Please!" She begged as she felt his cock shudder.

"I can't help it, Alina. You are a very sexy girl. And we are both naked. If you don't move I think my cock will go down."

"Yes, I will be very still." She could almost feel it growing, not shrinking. Her body froze. After a few minutes it seemed to be working. While his cock was not soft, it wasn't as hard and demanding as before.

Michael used all his willpower to concentrate on something else, though it was difficult since he knew what would happen tonight with the lovely girl beneath him.

"That's better," Alina feeling better. He was heavy on top of her, but she was more concerned about having a naked cock between her naked ass cheeks. He had to only slip down a couple of inches and he could put that monster in her

pussy. While not a virgin, she had never taken anything as big as that. Not even half the size of it.

"AAAAGGGG!" Alina screamed, something biting between her legs, her ass shoved up as she tried to escape the terrible feeling.

Michael's cock hardened instantly when she rubbed up against him, the oil making her slick cheeks of her ass clench around his cock. "What happened? I thought you were going to stay still. I can't will my cock to go soft when you rub so provocatively against me."

It felt like electricity shooting up her pussy. They had put something underneath her, Alina trying to stay away from it by raising her ass up, but she grew tired, finally pushing her pussy down onto something hard, feeling it slide between her pussy lips. She was finally getting used to it when it sprang to life, feeling like her pussy was being electrocuted. "They put something between my legs. I don't know what it is. It feels like the fire of lightening." She felt his cock grow again, this time it feeling bigger. "You said it would get soft."

"It's not my fault, Alina. It's yours. You shoved that lovely oiled ass against my cock, rubbing it to life. I am just a man, Alina. You rob me of my willpower with your lovely body. Do not blame me." Michael pleaded with her almost sincerely. He made his cock jerk in the tight confines of her ass cheeks.

"I'm sorry. I will stay still." She wasn't sure why the device they put between her legs sprung to life, her body tense as she waited, not moving. He was trying, feeling his cock growing soft again, Alina praying that she wouldn't move. It was going to be a long night.

Michel willed his cock to get soft again, harder this time because he felt how pleasurable her clenching ass cheeks could be. He held the button in his hand for a few more minutes, lulling her into a false sense of security. Her little body was so still beneath him in spite of his heavy weight on top of her. He pushed the button, sending the signal to the device. The result was almost instantaneous, her ass shooting up. The guards had bound her well, giving her enough room to bounce up and down, but unable to shake his cock from between her cheeks.

"EEEEWWWWW!" The pain was worse this time, feeling like it was attacking her clit. And it stopped only for a second before a second surge of pain shot through her loins, Alina almost able to hear the crackle of electricity between her legs. "EEEEGGGGG!" She humped up again, this time her ass cheeks clenching tightly on a hard cock, the first jolt bringing him back to life again.

She rubbed him so nicely, as though she was deliberately arousing him. "Stop it, Alina," Michael feigning indignant to what was being done to him. Her ass pushed back down, but her hips rolled to the side, her cheeks still clenched tightly around his slick cock, braced for pain, but only bringing Michael pleasure.

"I'm so sorry, Michael," Alina pleaded with him. She couldn't help it, her pussy still tingling from the evil device they placed between her legs. She tried to figure out when it would happen again. Maybe it was something she was doing that triggered it.

Michael made his cock twitch against her ass, feeling her reciprocate involuntarily, her body thinking it was the evil device ready to bite again. His cock grew harder and thicker. "I can't control myself if you keep doing these things to me. I am just a man."

"Please forgive me." She trembled, waiting for the next time, his cock not shrinking this time. It was all her fault, her body making him betray himself.

Michael pushed the button, released it, then pushed it again, holding it down for long seconds while her body jerked in pain.

"EEEG," her pussy fried by the device. It stopped as abruptly as it started, but then lit up again, this time her ass shooting up higher as the evil device continued to send its powerful jolts through her pussy. "AAAAAAAGGHHH! Her ass humped up and down in pain, Alina unable to do anything as she tried to escape from the crackling fire between her legs. And through all of this she could feel his cock jerking and twitching between her cheeks, rubbing back and forth through her crack. She felt the twitching head of his cock rub over her anus, the thick helmet had to be as big around as a baby's arm. Her body finally slumped back down, feeling his cock still twitching between her cheeks. But the slick oil had pushed it down, the hot flesh sitting on her anus. If this kept up his cock would soon be between her pussy lips and then she would never be able to force it out. And he was too big to be inside her.

Michael felt the heat of her asshole, his cock jerking in anticipation of being in a hot, tight place soon enough. Once

that happened the only way his cock would shrink would be for him to cum. And the lovely Alina would provide all the necessary clenching to make it happen. "I'm sorry for what you are going through, Alina." Michael sounded so sincere.

"Thank you, Michael. You are so kind. You are such a gentleman. I only wish I wasn't putting you through this terrible ordeal." Her body was tense, knowing that it would soon start again. She kept her ass cheeks clenched tight, in spite of trapping Michael's rigid cock between them. It was the fear that made her do it, Michael having to suffer because of what the rebels were doing to her.

"I am trying my hardest to ignore your lovely body, Alina, but your spastic jerking only ignites my cock. I cannot control it." He made his cock jerk again in the tightness of her ass cheeks. He pushed the button again, holding it down as her body jerked up and down, her screams only making his cock harder. He felt the head of his cock rubbing over her anus, spasms from the tiny hole feeling as though it was trying to draw his cock into the depths of her bowels. He released the button, her body slumping down before he lit up her pussy again, her screams louder this time, her ass rising up higher. His cock rubbed down her crack, this time Michael pushing with his hips until the head of his cock pushed against the wrinkled opening of her asshole. He released the button, her body settling back down and as she did, her ass pushed back, the head of his cock beginning to open up the petal of her anal ring.

"AAAAAGGGH!" The bite was getting worse with each time. Her ass rose up until she was straining at the ropes that held

her bound, unable to go any farther. Michael's cock throbbed against her. She slumped back down, but was immediately jolted again as if they could see her temporary relief, this time the bite continued, her ass jerking back and forth. NNNNGNNNGGGG!" Michael's cock moved lower this time, rubbing over her anus, a strange burning in her backside. The oil made her too slippery to stop him, her ass humping up and down in pain. It finally stopped, Alina exhausted as her body slumped down. But she found it different, her jerking around had pushed his cock down farther. It was pressed against her defenseless anus, pushing in as if it were trying to breach the tiny hole. She sank back down onto the evil device, feeling a strange feeling as her anal ring was forced to stretch to take the slick helmet of his hot cock inside her.

"Push it out," Michael protested in mock horror. "What are you trying to do, Alina?" He made his cock jerk inside her anus, the uncontrollable clenching of her tight hole on the head of his cock feeling like it was in a powerful vise. It only made his cock grow thicker.

"I can't. It's stuck. Can you move away?" She felt so shamed, making Michael's cock push against her anus. It was such a filthy thing she was forcing upon him. She tried to move her hips from side to side but it only made his slippery cock stretch her anal ring more, the head of his cock having too much success in entering her in such a perverse place.

He enjoyed her rhythmic clenching and the way she moved her hips only drove his cock farther into her rectum. Soon he would be seated inside her, Alina unable to drive his cock out unless it was no longer hard. And the only way to do that

would be to make him cum. Cum inside her guts. "This is so perverse, Alina. Why are you doing this to me?"

Before she could say anything her pussy became alive in pain again, her ass shooting up from a powerful jolt. "GGGGUUGH!" She felt her anal ring stretch wide and suddenly she felt a painful popping. Her ass was high up into the air, the head of his cock firmly inside her rectum, her muscles straining hard to force out the intruder, his cock twitching each time she involuntarily clenched on his cockhead. The pain receded, only to jolt her again, her ass shooting up to engulf the head of his cock deeper into her rectum. She slumped back down, her ass cheeks clenching, humiliated as she felt the thick flesh of Michael's sitting inside her rectum.

"I can't help it, Alina. Why did you do this to me? I can't take my cock out; you have it trapped inside you. What am I to do?" It felt so good, her asshole closed over the head of his cock like a tight vise, crushing it. And her muscles strained to shove him out, but once seated inside her, he wouldn't leave voluntarily. He flexed his cock, making it jerk inside her, making her feel the thickness that was splitting up her virgin asshole. "Have you done this before, Alina?"

She never felt so much shame, forcing Michael to put his cock in her ass. "Never. I didn't even think anyone would do such a thing. Honest." His cock twitched and jerked inside her. He would never be able to make it soft again. She was destined to have his hard cock in her ass all night long. "GGGGUUUGGHHH!" Her ass shot up, Alina bracing this time, but no amount of preparation could have stopped her hips

from trying to escape the evil bite on her pussy. She was sure it was frying her. But what was worse was Michael's cock. It slid easily on the oil rubbed on her cheeks, feeling her insides opened up to the large helmet of his cock. It stretched her virgin flesh as it pulsed and throbbed inside her. Her rectum clenched and unclenched on the rigid flesh, her anal ring stretched tight around his shaft like a tight rubber band, feeling like a baseball bat was slowly and systematically shoved up her ass, and she could do nothing to stop it.

Michael played with the switch for twenty minutes, making her take his cock slowly, savoring each groan as she shoved another inch in her virgin asshole, her anal ring so tight around his shaft that he thought it would cut off the blood supply. She pleaded for forgiveness from him, all the while his cock danced erotically in her asshole, Michael never feeling so much pleasure from a girl before. He had half of his cock inside her clenching hole, making it twitch, her asshole responding uncontrollably with gentle contractions that rippled up and down his cock. It was going to be a delightful night with this girl.

Her body was covered in sweat in spite of the damp air, Michael's body stuck to hers. She never felt so full before, almost as if she had just ate a big dinner. His cock jerked and twitched in her asshole, Alina shamed at putting him through this terrible ordeal. Her pussy grew wet, in spite of the shocks that raced through her delicate flesh from the evil device, her clit swollen. And each time it sent new pain through her body and more of Michael's cock into the depths of her bowels. She couldn't believe how long and thick it was, her stomach

cramping as it straightened out the bends in her intestines, his hard cock demanding. It felt as if it were alive, Alina knowing that her own muscles were making it jerk, only hoping that Michael would forgive her. It seemed like hours before she felt his abdomen on her ass cheeks. His cock jerked inside her, feeling so huge. It had to be all the way inside her, her stomach cramping from being packed from the inside. Her only hope was that his cock would grow limp inside her, relieving some of the powerful cramps that rippled through her stomach.

Whenever he jolted her, she would roll her hips as they jerked up, his cock getting such a delicious massage from her soft intestines. Each time she would think it was over, he would remind her with a new jolt, sending his cock jerking and twitching.

"I can't take much more of this, Michael. Your cock is too big. It's stretching me from the insides. And the cramps. I know you can feel them. It makes your cock jerk. It's not your fault, it's mine. I don't know what to do." She began to sob, the thick cock filling her guts.

"There is one way, but I'm ashamed to mention it."

"What? Anything." She couldn't take having his big cock in her bowels all night long. And nothing seemed to make it shrink.

"If I came, then you could push me out." He said it in a low voice as if ashamed to mention such a thing.

"Cum inside my ass? You want to cum in my ass?" She had never even thought of such a thing.

"I don't want to. It's your fault my cock is stuck in your ass. But when I cum my cock will shrink. Then it's up to you to use your ass to shove my limp cock out."

"Can you cum?" It was her only hope, as revolting as it sounded. To have him dump his cum into her guts.

"Not without moving. And the way we are tied, I can't move an inch. No, you'll have to do it."

"Me, what do you want me to do?"

"You've been humping up and down like a horny dog all night. And your asshole grips my cock like a hand. All you have to do is continue what you have been doing, but try harder. I'm sure you can do it, though it might take a while. And I'll try real hard to cum but you have to do most of the work." Michael made his cock twitch again, enjoying the way her muscles rippled up and down his shaft.

He wanted her to fuck his cock with her asshole. She couldn't do such a thing, it was too perverse. His cock jerked in her asshole, a new shooting pain running into her stomach. If only she could bend over to relieve the cramp, but spread to the bed she could do nothing to stop the terrible cramps. It would be hours before they would come back, Alina knew she wouldn't last that long. And she didn't know how long before the evil device would bite into her pussy again. She concentrated, using all of her power to squeeze her asshole. She felt his cock shudder inside her. She pulled down, feeling his cock pull about an inch from her asshole before she settled back down, his thick cockhead pushing deep into her guts. "Like that?"

"Yes," Michael said excitedly. "Exactly like that. Roll your hips as you do it. Yeees, that feels real good. Keep that up and I'll dump all my cum in you." Michael began to relax, letting her do all the work, her asshole nipping at the head of his cock as she began to fuck him.

She was sweating as she gripped his cock with her asshole, humping up the few inches she could move before she had to settle back down, the thick head of his cock expanding her virgin anal passage as it pushed back in. All the while her body was braced for the pain of the evil device pushed against her pussy, waiting for the pain that she knew would come. It was so perverse, Alina fucking a strange cock, not in her pussy, but up her ass. And she began to get a strange tingling between her legs, her pussy rubbing on the thick device between her lips. Even though she was bracing for the pain, she also felt the masochistic thrill of the device sliding up and down her wet slit. And part of it was riding over her clit, making it swell in pleasure. She couldn't believe that her body was feeling these perverse thrills from such a revolting act. And his cock felt so full in her ass, her stomach cramping on the thick head each time she forced it back inside her. She almost wished his cock was in her pussy.

Michael tried to stall his orgasm as long as possible, her virgin asshole so delightful, never having a girl so willingly fuck his cock with her asshole before, savoring the pleasurable feelings. It had to be at least a half an hour, Michael not shocking her pussy, seeing the change come over her. She was enjoying fucking her asshole onto his cock, her grunts of pain now mews of pleasure. And she was

enthusiastically humping up and down on his cock, almost wishing that she wasn't tied down, preferring the long deep penetrating strokes inside her asshole. "I'm sorry," Michael trying to sound sincere as his cock twitched inside her tight asshole. "But I'm going to cum inside you."

She knew it before he said it, his cock growing, the head feeling like a ball inside her. She rubbed her pussy back and forth over the evil device wanting to cum at the same time. It hadn't bit into her pussy for a long time, maybe it was broke. He was groaning behind her as she humped up, squeezing the head of his cock with her muscles, feeling it swell as his body shuddered.

Michael wanted more from her, not wanting her to cum yet. No she would have to fuck him again before he was finished with her for the night. "EEEEHH," he cried out in pleasure as the cum shot up from his balls, blasting the first load of cum deep into her guts. He pushed the button, sending a powerful charge that bit into her pussy just as she was ready to cum.

She could feel it, the cum shooting up the thick cock that filled her guts with his flesh. She humped hard on the evil device, ready to cum when it hit her again, Alina screaming out in pain and frustration as the pain shot through her sex, humping high up into the air as the shock raced through her body. She felt him cum inside her, feeling the shame as he dumped his cum in her asshole, the wetness filling her up. She slumped down when the device stopped, only to shoot up again as the fire raced through her pussy again, humping up, his cock pulling a few inches out, then back down as he

blasted her guts with a second stream of cum inside her, shaming her as he came in a place not destined to be taken in such a manner. The pain stopped, Alina continuing to squeeze his cock as he shot a final load of cum inside her, slumping down, humiliated and frustrated. At least she could squeeze his cock out now, feeling it begin to shrink inside her.

"I'm sorry you couldn't cum," Michael hinted to her.

"I wasn't going to," Alina shot back indignantly, refusing to give him any satisfaction. She would never admit to enjoying this degrading act.

"Yes, you're right, I must have been mistaken. Give me a minute and then see if you can squeeze my cock out of your ass. Then we can both relax." It felt good to cum inside her, but it would be just as fulfilling the second time, able to hold out longer this time, all the while Alina would do all the work.

She tried to lie still, but her body was still braced for another shock and she needed to get his cock out her asshole, feeling so shamed, her insides soaked with his cum. His cock got softer, Alina finally unable to wait any longer. She groaned as she pushed hard with her ass muscles, straining to push the semi-hard cock out of her once virgin passage. She felt it moving, her muscles clenching on and off the flesh as she grunted with each contraction. It was moving, slowly moving up her anal passage.

It felt good again, Alina working harder now to push his cock out. He tried to concentrate on keeping his cock soft, though it was more semi-hard than soft. He wanted to get her hopes up first.

The relief spread over her as she felt it sliding out of her, the thick cock not stretching her as much as before, though it did still fill her. She was sure that half of him was out, her muscles gripping his cock and pushing it out. She grunted for about five minutes, each time another millimeter of cock pushed out, each grunt getting her closer to getting his cock out of her asshole. She felt it jerk, panic hitting her when she felt a second jerk of his cock. "NO! NO!" She felt his cock getting hard again, just when she was so close to success.

"You're taking too long," Michael turning it onto her. "I'm only a man. You've been gripping my cock for five minutes trying to push it out. But at the same time, I've been struggling with the delicious feeling you have been igniting on my cock." He jerked his cock inside her again, his cock returning to its hardness, pushing deeper into her colon as it gained back its girth and length.

She could feel it grow inside her, pushing back down inside her, back to where she had successfully pushed it out of only minutes before. The cramps began again as she was filled with the immense flesh, this time sliding easily along her cum soaked anal tract. "GGGGGUUGGH!" The pain shot through her pussy again, this time concentrated on her clit, driving her ass high up into the air, the cock pulling out, feeling like a giant suction behind it as the head swelled. The pain stopped, slumping back down, her asshole engulfing the cock deep inside her again, growing in intensity as her asshole clung to it possessively.

"Why did you take so long Alina?" Michael made his cock twitch inside her. "You're just going to have to do it again

Alina. I'm sure that I wouldn't be able to get hard a third time if I cum inside you again."

She resigned herself to the terrible task, her body drained, but the cock almost felt harder than before, the cramps much more powerful as they rippled through her body each time his cock twitched or jerked inside her. She began to hump up and down on his cock, milking it of his cum, her body drenched in sweat. Her only hope was that she might cum this time, rubbing her pussy up and down the evil device in spite of the pain it had brought her, robbing her of the orgasm she sought.

Michael settled into the pleasure as Alina worked on his cock with her asshole. He would be able to go at least an hour, maybe longer if he concentrated, his finger on the button, ready to send the jolts into her pussy if she began to lose the enthusiasm he sought. "Roll your hips as you grip me Alina. Yes, like that. It feels so good. You've done this before, so you should know what to do to please me."

She felt like a whore, trained to pleasure him, ignoring her own pleasure for him. But she did as he requested, moving the way he liked, squeezing when he told her to. All to end this misery.

After about ten minutes, Michael began to talk to her as she worked on his cock. "So are you a spy like I am?"

"You're a spy? But you're an American."

"Don't stop," he ordered her. She resumed, humping up as high as she could, then settling back down, squeezing his cock as it slid into the depths of her bowels. "That's why I am so good at it. Nobody would suspect it. Do you work for

General Amanar?" General Amanar was the secret head of the Romania Secret Police. Few knew of him and Michael hoped it would help get the truth from Alina.

"You know General Amanar?" Alina was surprised that he knew the name.

"Yes, my handler knows him. I have never met him but my handler has on numerous occasions. They have worked together at time. Yes, that feels good Alina," her asshole gripping his cock in a warm blanket, her muscles rippling up and down on her short humps. "My American friends will get me out of her by the morning. I can help you get out but I need to know where your allegiance lies.

"Yes, he is my boss," Alina admitting it, hoping that he could help her get out of her. "Can you help me?"

"Yes. In the morning I will help secure your release. But for now, work on my cock and bring me off again Alina. I want to cum in your asshole." He noticed a new enthusiasm in her, a renewed energy as she humped up and down on his cock. He let the device bite into her pussy just to keep her on edge, but she never stopped riding his cock. Michael did even better than he expected, lasting an hour and a half until he came, this time letting Alina cum with him.

She was exhausted, but he finally swelled inside her, Alina not sure where all his cum came from, her insides bathed with the hot juices. And she had cum with him, humping her pussy up and down the evil device, this time it not ruining her orgasm. She was exhausted after they both came, but she used what little strength she had left to finally squeeze his

cock out, a loud pop as it pushed out her abused hole. She finally felt the relief as his cum oozed out her asshole.

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Monika still had the hood on, blocking off her view. She heard voices and the sound of boots in the hallway. Fingers fondled her casually, her breast thrust out between the bars, her skin finally warming the iron bars. Her nipples were teased by calloused fingers, rubbing back and forth over them until they sprang to life. What was worse was the fingers that slid between her legs, the wide spread of her legs leaving her open and vulnerable. Large fingers slid between her lips, Monika ashamed that they found her wet.

"Put a." The soldier teased the American, his fingers plucking at her nipples until they grew hard. His hand slid down through her bush, his fingers forcing apart her lips, not surprised to find her wet. Americans were all slut, only wanting a cock to satisfy them. Two fingers found her pussy hot and tight, sliding in and out, her body already moving in rhythm with his thrusts. He had to leave, hoping he could come back and enjoy her before they let her go. Or maybe the lovely Romanian slut they had in the cell tied face down on the cot. He would love to ride his cock up her ass.

Ernesto Lopez was the head of the Cuban resistance. His parents had been killed by Castro when he came into power, but not before they were tortured in one of Fidel's prisons. He vowed from that day to revenge them, growing up with a hatred that only intensified as he grew older and more powerful. He had connections with the American's, especially

with their C.I.A. That is how he got involved with Michael. He was surprised when he was allowed into the country, clearly Castro must know that he was a C.I.A. agent. There was something that he didn't know, and that's what he intended to find out. His men had followed all of Michael's members since they arrived, shadowing Castro's spies that were doing the same. The only one that showed promise was Monika. She seemed to have connections with Castro's government, though he couldn't find out how or why she did. They had lost track of her twice, once the night of the ball, Monika disappearing into the bowels of the *El Capitolio Nacional* building. And strangely enough a second time in the same place, but this time she was seen with General Miguel Borges Pérez, one of Castro's most entrusted Generals. She would reappear magically later on as if nothing had happened. Ernesto rubbed his cock at the thought of the young, American girl hanging naked and spread in one of his cells, waiting for him. Not only would he interrogate her, but he would also enjoy her charms.

Ernesto walked down the long hallway, his boots clicking on the hard floors. He saw the light of the cell, a lovely naked breast peeking out from between the bars. He stood in front of her, not saying a word, his eyes raping her naked body as he checked her out. Nice tits, hard nipples, one of his men must have passed through and teased them into their erect state. A nice bush, glistening in the bright lights, the same man must have enticed her juices from her pussy. He could see the way her head moved, she sensed him, but did not know for sure that he was here. He walked quietly into her

cell, the door left open, it wasn't that she could escape. He walked behind her, a lovely ass greeting his eyes. The muscles of her legs and thighs were taut, the wide spread of her legs forcing her onto her toes to relive some of the pain in her arms, but he could see she was tiring already. Her body was covered with a thin sheen of sweat, making her look even more sensuous. Her cheeks were clenched tight as though she sensed where his eyes were staring, but could do little to protect her pussy from his gaze.

She heard the footsteps coming closer and then they stopped. She could almost feel the eyes burning into her naked body. *Was it the same one that touched her not long ago? Was he back for more?* She heard him moving almost silently, the hood over her head making her other senses more acute. She was sure he was behind her, Monika tightening her ass cheeks, trying to protect the final modesty of her ass. She was sure that Michael would take her last virginity from her, not wanting it to be snatched by a ruffian rebel. Her body jerked when she felt it, a light touch, almost like a feather gliding up and down her side, Monika moving to escape it but it followed her every gyration. She felt goose bumps appear on her flesh, her nipples springing to life, throbbing as they grew harder.

Ernesto teased his finger along her side, up and down from her hip, all the way up to her armpit, sliding over the sensitive skin as her body shook in the tight bondage, her breasts doing a lovely dance as they bounced so provocatively. He moved to the other side, repeating the process until her body moved back and forth.

The touch was soft, not what she was expecting. The last one touched her with the finesse of a gorilla, this one was actually making her excited, though Monika hated to admit it. His touch teased along the soft swell of her breast, sliding back and forth, Monika pushing her breast out farther, trying to thrust her nipple into the path of the teasing touch. She felt a delicious pain, it must be a finger with a very sharp nail, sliding back and forth around her breast as it moved in close to her areola. She could only imagine how she must look, offering up her breast to his touch like a whore in heat. But Miguel had unleashed something dark from inside her, the tight bondage exciting her more than she cared to admit.

Ernesto's fingers slid lightly beneath her breasts, his body only inches from hers, not wanting her to feel him yet. His fingers glided over the firm flesh of her breasts, hefting them up. His fingers teased close to her areola, taking one ragged nail and tracing it around the dark flesh until bumps appeared, but he refused to touch her nipples in spite of how much she tried to move her tits against his fingers, moving out of the way each time. He had something better than his fingers. He picked up one of the toys he had brought with him. The shiny metal clamp shone brightly, the long chain hanging down to a two more clamps with chains attached in a Y. He opened the clamp, the serrated edges meant to bite deep, making it almost impossible to pull off, but also very painful. After the initial sharp pain wore off, it would still leave a dull ache that would only worsen with just the slightest touch. He walked around in front of the cell, wanting to enjoy the way her body reacted when he put the jewelry on her

body. He looked at her nipples, the tips so hard and pointed they looked as though they were begging for the clamps, Ernesto more than accommodating.

She heard him moving, the sound getting distant, then closer again. She could almost feel his breath on her breasts. He was in front of her. She wanted so much for him to touch her nipples, thrusting out her bare breasts into his face. A hand touched one breast, almost as if holding it, Monika's holding her breath, hoping for his touch. "EEEEWWWWW!" It was a far cry from what she was expecting. It felt like her nipple was crushed in a vise, sharp, burning pain racing through her breast and shooting to her brain. She shook her breasts but that only aggravated the pain, stopping, even a deep breath made it hurt more. "It hurts!"

Ernesto opened the clamp wide, placing it around her hard nipple without touching it. He released the clamp, the serrated edge biting into the brown flesh of her nipple, pinching down, the flesh crushed beneath the unyielding metal. He loved her scream and the way she shook her breasts as if she could somehow throw it off. Her breathing was ragged as she stopped moving, finally coming to the realization that any movement only made it worse. "Of course it does Monika. And now for the other."

He spoke to her. And she felt his hand on her other breast, her body taut as she waited for the pain. It took only a second, another scream tore from her lips as the terrible pain in her nipple raced through her body. She couldn't even breathe just the rise and fall of her breasts from this simple task made the pain ignite one hundred times. "No more," she

begged him, but she couldn't even see his face. She felt the tug on her nipples, pushing her breasts out in hope of relieving some of the pain. But the more she arched her back, the more the strain on whatever was biting into her nipple flesh.

"Do I have your attention Monika?" He tugged on the chains one more time, a gasp from her lips each time the clamps dug deeper into her flesh.

Each time she felt some relief, she would feel a tug and then the pain would intensify. She wasn't sure what was on her nipples, all she knew was the pain. "Yeees," she stammered from the pain. "What do you want?"

"I have two clamps on your nipples Monika. Very sharp clamps as you can feel. They are all connected by a lovely chain. One tug and it sets them all into motion, and you know what that feels like. And I have one more before we will talk. That way I will have your full cooperation."

She had never felt such a thing. If she didn't move the pain went to a dull ache, her nipples throbbing beneath the metal that kept them imprisoned. And he had one more, Monika afraid where that would go. Then she felt his fingers between her legs, the bondage keeping her open and vulnerable, none more than now, his fingers touching her intimately, Monika not knowing where he would clamp, though Monika was afraid of any of the possibilities.

"NOOOO!" She felt his fingers coaxing her clit from its protective hood, his fingertip squeezing it at the base until it popped out, his finger rubbing it until it grew erect like a tiny

cock. He couldn't do it to her clit, that was her pleasure button. "Not there. I'll do anything," she begged.

"Yes, you will do anything once I clamp it. But that way I will have your undivided attention. Such a big clit you have Monika. So much better for the clamp. It will bite deep in it." He opened the jaws of the clamp wide and placed it over her exposed clit. He let the jaws slowly close, feeling her body jerk from the first touch of the cold metal on her sensitive organ. Her inhuman scream rang out in the cell, bouncing off the hard walls. Her body shook as she struggled under the terrible pain, Ernesto enjoying her pain.

She felt her clit swell when the cold metal touched it, her body betraying her. The pain was horrific, Monika screaming as the clamp felt like it was tearing into her clit. It hurt so much she almost threw up, shaking as the pain laced up her spine to her brain. She could only hope that the pain would die down to the terrible ache in her nipples, anything better than what she felt now. "No more, please."

"Now we can talk." Ernesto grabbed the end of the chains, pulling the slack from them until the clamps danced to attention. "Now that's not so bad, is it? If you hold real still it wouldn't hurt much."

She felt the tension in the clamps increase, sure he was pulling the chains. She braced for the pain, relieved when it didn't come.

"Now tell me who you know in Castro's government. For such a young girl, never having been to Cuba before you have a wide circle of friends."

"I don't know anyone. I was never here before." She answered quickly.

Ernesto yanked the chains hard, a shrill scream filling the air of the damp cells, her nipples and clit dancing like a doll in the hand of a puppeteer. "I don't believe you Monika. Maybe you want to tell me the truth this time." He yanked the chain one more time for effect.

It felt like he was tearing her clit and nipples off, the pain lacing through her body. A second time he tugged only made it worse. She couldn't take much of this, afraid he would tear her clit off. "I met El Presidente," she blurted out.

"You met Fidel Castro?" He released the tension in the chain.

"Yes," her body trembling, waiting for him to tug on the chain again.

"When?" *What was special about this girl?*

"The night of the ball. He sent for me and I met in him a private room. We smoked a cigar together." She didn't tell him anymore.

"What interest does Fidel have in you Monika?" He tugged the chains until the slack went out of them.

"My mother. He knew my mother many years ago. Before I was born. I guess he just wanted to meet me." She felt the chain grow taut again, afraid of not answering truthfully.

"And have you met him again?" He tugged harder on the chain until he felt it pull on her clit and nipple, a gasp coming from Monika's lips.

"No," she answered truthfully, though she was sure that he watched her when she was chained to the rack by Miguel.

"And General Perez. Did he know your mother also?"

"He saved me for a strip search at the airport. And he brought me to meet El Presidente."

Ernesto gave the chains a good tug, especially the one attached to her clit. He watched the tiny bud yanked harshly out of shape, Monika screaming in pain. "Is that all?"

She was ashamed to answer, but her clit felt like it was being torn off. "He took me to the dungeons below *El Capitolio Nacional*." She didn't want to say anymore.

"So the most important General of the Castro regime is a tour director for visiting American girls. You better start telling me all the truth before you lose your clit forever." He tugged a bit harder, watching the tiny organ straining, the hard metal biting painfully into the red organ.

"He chained me in the rack." She paused while she got the courage to say the rest. "Then he masturbated me."

"So the General likes the young body of the American. And what did you do for the General? He is not known for being denied his pleasure. Especially when he has a captive audience."

"A cock was forced into my mouth." Or three, though she didn't mention the others that might have been in her mouth.

"So the General took you in your mouth. I hope you were very accommodating." He released the tension in the chains. "Are you going to see El President or the General again soon?"

She ignored his other comment. "Probably," or at least Monika hoped she would.

Michael nodded to Ernesto to put on his hood. He did, Ernesto moving behind Monika. He slipped the hood off of her head, a lovely face greeting him, a luscious set of lips reminding him of what she did for the General.

She felt the chains falling, tugging on her clip and nipples as they swung back and forth before they stopped. At least no one was at the end of them. She felt the hood slipping over her head, the bright lights leaving her temporarily blinded until she adjusted to the lights. Then she saw him, Michael standing in front of her. Naked. And he wasn't bound like she was. She turned to see someone behind her, his face covered with a hood like the one that came off of her head, now curled up on the floor. "Michael. Help me."

Ernesto put his hands on her hips, pushing his hips forward until his cock rubbed against her naked ass cheeks. "Such a nice ass on this one Michael. Have you had her there yet?" He moved his hips from side to side, his cock throbbing for relief.

"No, she's still a virgin there. I think. Monika did the General take the virginity of your asshole. Or did you just suck his cock?" He couldn't believe what had come out of her mouth. She had met Castro. And General Perez. And he tied her up and masturbated her, making her take his cock in her mouth. And by the sound of her voice, it sounded like she enjoyed it all. This was not the Monika that he thought he knew. *Was there a dark desire that he knew little of?*

She was offended by Michael's comment, but she was more offended that it seemed like Michael was part of the rebels. While she suspected that the U.S. government supported the rebels, she didn't know how Michael was mixed

up in this whole thing. "No, he didn't touch me there," she said curtly.

"Maybe I should let my cock snuggle deep in that virgin hole," Ernesto pushing his cock hard against her cheeks, feeling her futile attempt to keep her cheeks clenched tight. As if that would protect her virgin asshole. His hands slid around her waist and up to cup her tits, making the clamps come alive as they bounced up and down, her ass pushing back against his hard cock as he ignited pain in her body.

"You're a patriot, aren't you Monika?"

It was a strange question, but she was trying to ignore the man behind her. "I guess. I don't support everything the government does, but I do enjoy living in a country that is free." Her nipples hurt as he bounced her breasts, but at least he wasn't touching her clit clamp. "Do you work for the government?" That is not what she meant, she knew he had worked for the government on and off for years. "I mean the C.I.A or F.B.I, or wherever the spies work for."

"Yes, though I will deny that I ever said it. And Ernesto is a friend of our government."

She heard the sound of a zipper being pulled down and feared for the loss of the virginity of her ass. She felt him snuggle up against her as if they were lovers, this time Monika feeling hot flesh pushed against her ass cheeks, only making Monika clench her cheeks even tighter. "Are you spying here?" Could General Miguel have known this and was just using her to get to Michael?

"A much more complex mission Monika. And much more important. Castro has run this country for too long, his people

suffering under his rule. We have tried to liberate his people many times, none successful. The power in Washington know the only way to overthrow Castro is with his death." He paused for a moment, letting the truth sink in.

"And you can help us Monika. For some unknown reason, you have access to the very man we despise so much. You could help us eliminate this ruthless despot." Ernesto's hands went down to her hips, sliding her ass back, his cock jutting out in front. He gripped his cock, sliding it between her spread legs until he found her wet pussy. "See if you can be as accommodating to me as you were to General Perez." He pushed with his cock until he found her pussy, the head of his cock entering the tight hole. She was drenched, maybe the General had found her secret.

They were talking about killing a leader of a country all the while the one behind her was readying to fuck her. She felt a thick cock splitting her pussy lips apart, finding her pussy and beginning to enter her. She was ashamed at how wet she was, his cock finding entrance too easy. She bowed out her thighs as she found her pussy impaled on a hard and demanding cock, pushing deep into her body until she could say words again. He began to fuck her immediately. "You want me to kill someone? Are you crazy? What am I to do, pull a gun on him and pull the trigger? What kind of a person do you think I am?" She could never do such a thing, even for her country. She was being distracted by the cock that was fucking her, the time with Miguel when she was bound reliving in her brain, tugging on the chains that kept her spread open to be fucked from behind only exciting her.

"Not like that Monika. We know you could never do anything like that. But just a tiny drop of a substance in his drink. Or on his cigar and he would never know what hit him. And we could have you out of the country before they knew what happened. It would look like a heart attack. All very neat and pretty. No blood and guts." Michael watched as she was fucked, seeing it in her eyes. She was enjoying being taken while bound, in spite of not even knowing whose cock was inside her. She was rolling her hips from side to side, the cock pounding in and out of her with abandonment, sure that her pussy was gripping it with such delicious clenching.

God, the cock felt good. Her nipples and clit still ached, but nothing like before. It was just a dull ache, the cock in her pussy taking the edge off of any pain. And with Michael watching her get fucked while bound only added to the excitement. It was like with Miguel, Monika sure that El Presidente was watching, adding to the excitement, knowing that El Presidente was probably masturbating his cock as he watched Miguel fuck her mouth or masturbate her until she came. *As for Michael, could she do such a thing?* Yes it was what the government wanted, she had heard the stories of his brutal government. But it was different when she met him. She didn't see any of that in him. And to think that her mother sucked his cock many years ago. The cock in her was more demanding of her attention, shoving in and out, his fingers plucking at her clamped nipples. "OOOOOWWW," she screamed out. He had slapped one clamp off of her nipple, the metal clamp falling to the floor, the blood rushing into the crushed tip with such a terrible pain. His fingers squeezed it

until the pain went away, the blood pounding heavily in the abused tip. His cock continued to fuck her, Monika squeezing the thick shaft as he pulled it out. Another snap and the other one flew off, Monika almost grateful to the fingers that pinched it back to life again. Tears ran down her face as she waited for the last one, not sure if she could take the pain of the one on her clit.

Michael stood up, moving to the bars. He picked up the end of the chain, two empty clamps dangling uselessly, but the other one was still attached to her clit. He gave it a tug, Ernesto grunting in pleasure as the pain in her clit made her pussy clamp tight on his fucking cock. "Tell me when you're ready to cum," Michael speaking to Ernesto. "I'll pull the clamp off her clit. It should give you a nice ride while her body shakes in pain." He looked into her eyes, the big brown eyes covered in tears.

Monika could only brace for the pain she knew was inevitable, watching Michael's hand as he gripped the chain tight. She heard the voice behind her, but it could do little to have prepared her for the pain. She felt his cock spurt his cum deep inside her just as she screamed in pain, her pussy tightening up as it felt her clit was stabbed by a sharp needle. Michael's fingers rubbed it back and forth, but the pain was overpowering, even as the cock inside her spewed his hot seed in her body. He continued to pound in her pussy as he came, finally pulling out, his cum dripping down her thighs.

Michael moved behind her, his cock slipping into her pussy. He reached over and began to rub her clit, feeling her begin to respond. His cock sank easily into her wet pussy,

taking her with the full measure of his cock. She squeezed his cock just as he had taught her, his fingers exciting her clit in spite of it being abused so bad. A sharp snap of his fingernail against her clit did little to dampen her enthusiasm, Monika now moaning in pleasure, not pain. "So what do you think Monika about our offer? Your government would be eternally grateful. You would never have trouble finding employment. The C.I.A. takes care of their friends." He added the warning. "It also is not very forgiving of its enemies."

Her mind was confused, Michael fucking her hard, his finger bringing such joy to her clit, all the while bound to the cell bars only clouding her judgment. It was her chance to do something important for her country. And if Michael was a part of it, how could it be bad. "Just a drop in his drink or on his cigar?"

"Yes, that's all Monika. It would be like putting salt on your food. In just a second you could change the lives of millions of people living in this oppressed land. Now cum for me Monika." Michael ordered her, Monika obeying like a trained dog, his finger playing with her clit until she came on his spewing cock, Michael's third orgasm tonight.

Michael was through with her but Ernesto still had plans. He took her down from the bars, making her kneel at his feet. He tied her arms to her ankles, her mouth conveniently situated, his cock already hard again. He took her just as General Perez did, his hands guiding her head up and down his cock until she received his cum in her mouth, making her swallow it and clean his cock before he released her. Michael and Monika left a short while later, Ernesto handing Michael

the small vial of poison for Monika. He would be able to control her. He was walking out of the building when he walked by the cell, the single bulb dangling from the ceiling silhouette the lovely ass of the Romanian girl that Michael had 'interrogated'. Her lovely ass still glistened from the oil that lubricated her. Michael had told him of her confession, tomorrow she would be disposed of properly. His cock grew again at the thought of Michael fucking her in the ass. He slipped into the room, the girl not even stirring as he undressed. She didn't even cry out until his body smothered hers, his hand guiding his cock between her cheeks. He pushed into her ass without any preliminaries, sinking six inches of rigid cock into her resisting asshole as she screamed in pain. It only made him harder, beginning to pound in her asshole, her gaps of pain only igniting his lust to greater depravities. It took him ten minutes to cum inside her, by then she was only sobbing uncontrollably, her voice hoarse from the screams as he violated her asshole.

She felt the weight on her back and then the pain, thinking that it was Michael again. But this one was cruel, her ass split apart by a thick cock. It wasn't gentle, shoving half of the thick cock into her as she screamed, her asshole splitting from the large cock. It wasn't a gentle clenching like Michael, this one fucked her hard, eight inches of cock plunging deep inside her guts while her stomach turned in pain. Then it pulled out, sucking her guts out with it, pausing just long enough to begin again. It tore up and down her ass for long minutes, Alina crying in pain. Finally it ended, her bowels taking his cum deep inside her. He pulled out immediately,

leaving her laying there, her asshole ablaze in pain, fearing he would come back for more.

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CHAPTER 9—The Plan

Michael wasn't sure of Monika's acceptance of their plan. She had committed to it, but he wasn't sure that her acceptance was genuine. They had decided to keep a close watch on her, though it was difficult, Castro's security forces able to make her disappear right under the noses of the rebels. She didn't say anything regarding Saturday night to Michael, acting as if the whole thing never happened. Michael got back into the project, far too important to play second fiddle, even to the demise of the Cuban President. No matter what happened with that plan, if he pulled off this study as he planned, his recognition would be greatly enhanced, and it seemed like Monika was instrumental in getting the difficult documents he needed, her connections with the government impeccable. Michael would use that to his advantage.

"I need two things, Monika, that the people that I talk to have been reluctant to give me. The first is the sugar production numbers for the last twenty years. I know they are going down, even though Castro says they increase each year. I need the real numbers. The second is the preliminary estimate of the oil reserves in waters off the Cuba coast. This is crucial to Cuba's future. There has been speculation of up to four billion barrels of oil." He was hoping that with her connections she could secure them.

"So what am I to offer them for this information, my body?" Michael's demands were getting unreasonable. First the plot for her to poison *El Presidente*, now he wanted

information that only Miguel could get her access to. He had no scruples regarding using her in any manner as long as his agenda was furthered. When she decided to seduce him, she longed to submit to him, but this was not what she had in mind. Her submission only went as far as her sexuality. She was too strong of a woman for anything else.

"Not many men can resist you, Monika. All you would have to do is tease them." Michael could see that he wouldn't get anything sexually from her for a while. He would have to satisfy his lust with Joanna and Sandra, a thought that was not distasteful by any amount. In fact, he thought he might do a threesome with them this weekend. He barely noticed as she slammed out the door.

She was still one hundred percent behind the study, doing what she had to do to make it a success. And if that meant using her feminine guiles to get Michael the information, then she would do it. In spite of him or maybe just to spite him.

* * * *

Somehow she knew she would see Miguel this weekend, though not sure how. She dressed with that in mind, a short skirt, tight blouse, highlighting all of her "assets" though she knew that in the case of Miguel, she wouldn't expect to stay dressed for long. On a spur of the moment idea, she decided to take a taxi into Old Havana but wasn't surprised to see a jeep pull up in front of her, Miguel's smiling face beaming out at her.

Miguel got out of the jeep, pulling the seat back so Monika could get into the back seat. "I hope I am not keeping you

from anything, Monika." He looked at her, his cock hardening at the sight of her long, naked legs.

"Only you," she quipped back at him. She really wasn't that hungry, at least not for food. She wanted something else from Miguel. She got into the back, three pairs of eyes staring at her legs as her short skirt rode up high on her legs. The two soldiers were not the same as from the other day. But it was Miguel that interested her, not them. The jeep pulled out, Monika not knowing where they were going, only hoping. She wasn't surprised when they pulled into the back of the *El Capitolio Nacional*, her pussy getting wetter at the thoughts that raced through her mind. "Another tour, Miguel?"

Miguel got out of the jeep, watching as Monika tried to be as ladylike as she could getting out, but it didn't stop him from getting a peek at the dark treasures between her legs as she tried to maneuver from the back seat. "There is so much more to see. And feel. Maybe you would like to be on the rack again, this time face down, Monika, that luscious ass open and vulnerable." He paused for a moment before he added. "I hope the rebels saved it for me."

So he knew, though she should have expected it. *How much did he know about that night? Did he have spies in the rebels? Did he know of the plot to kill El Presidente?* She was sure that she was about to lose her last virginity today. And the thought of being bound when it happened only heightened her expectations. She could feel the eyes of the two soldiers on her ass as they followed them down the hallway to the interrogation room. She passed by the cells, a reminder of the cells she was strung to by the rebels. The

door opened to the room, Monika already feeling the cuffs on her arms and legs.

They walked by the rack, Monika staring at it as if she regretted that he passed it by. He stopped at the end of the row. "Yes, this should do nicely, Monika. Don't you think so?"

Monika looked at it, understanding the basic concept, but this was different than what she had read of in history books. Maybe she should have studied torture more, laughing to herself. "A pillory, I presume. But I don't fully understand this one. I'm sure that you will instruct me in the more intimate uses of it." She could feel her panties grow damp with desire. She looked at the heavy wooden beam, three holes in it, one for her head and two for her arms. They were secured to the ceiling with black chains, thick interlocking rings of steel. The floor in front of it had another thick beam of wood, this one secured to the floor with iron brackets. There were at least ten slots in it spaced along the width. Each would hold the individual, spread wider as they progressed to the edge. The farthest would surely split the individual up the middle before they could be secured.

"I think you have too many clothes for this, Monika." Miguel instructed the two soldiers. "Strip her naked."

"I'll do it," Monika surrendering to the inevitable.

"No, let them, they will enjoy it much better." The two soldiers almost pounced on her, both of them eager to strip the lovely American girl naked, her submission surprising them.

She could only stand there as they manhandled her body, the fingers of the one young soldier hastily attacking the

buttons of her blouse, the other already slipping one hand in and cupping her bra-encased breast. Miguel watched as he fondled her with impunity, Monika unable or unwilling to stop them. She felt the blouse slip off her shoulders, both of her breasts grasped harshly by the young soldiers. They spun her around, an inexperienced soldier fumbling with her bra catch, finally succeeding. He slipped the straps down her arms until her breasts bounced free of their restraints, hands quickly finding the soft, firm flesh. She felt her nipples come alive beneath their touch.

The soldiers were too eager, no finesse in them, jumping her body the moment they stripped it naked. Monika's breasts already showed their harsh fingers, red grooves left by their touch. Miguel watched as they made short work of her skirt, the flimsy garment falling at her feet. One knelt down to pull her panties down, yanking them down fast instead of savoring the moment. He pulled them off her feet, his fingers moving up the inside of her thighs, Monika forced to spread her legs as he moved higher. He was about to touch her pussy when Miguel's voice rang out in the room. "That's enough. For now."

They both moved back away from her, the General's voice demanding their obedience in spite of the excitement of the naked American girl standing in front of them. They only hoped that the General would share her with them.

She stood in front of them, naked except for the high heels, making her feel even more naked with them on. Miguel had a device in his hand, pushing a button, the soft hum of motors in the ceiling breaking the silence of the room. The

pillory began to move up until it was the same height as Monika. She shivered in lust at the thought of being secured in it. Miguel took his time fitting the bottom of the pillory around her neck, Monika raising up her arms and fitting them into the two slots. Then she felt the top of the pillory slide over, Monika gulping at the rough, hewn wood pushed against her throat. She felt the snap, as the two pieces of wood were locked together, Monika testing it, tugging on her hands verifying her wrists couldn't pull through. She was trapped. And that excited her more than anything else. Except when she felt Miguel's hands on one of her ankles. She didn't fight him as he pulled it wide to one side, panic setting in when she realized that he might pull it too far. Spread her too wide. He pushed her foot into the round hole, the top piece slipping around her slim ankle and then the sharp snap as it locked in place. The rough wood rubbed harshly against her tender skin. She waited until he moved to the other side, unable to look down at him as he grabbed her other leg and began to spread her. Just as he did to her before. She felt her wet pussy lips pull apart as he continued to yank her legs wide before finally putting her other foot into the waiting hole. Another snap and this one was locked, her legs immobilized, spread wide, her crotch aching only adding to the heightened arousal of her body. She could feel their eyes staring at her sex, Monika looking down to see how exposed she was. And wet, her pussy juices glistening in the bright lights.

Miguel was pleased with his handiwork, Monika naked and spread for his pleasure. Now to get her in the right position. "You might want to bend your knees. I wouldn't want you to

hurt yourself." He pushed the top button, the motors coming to life. The chains began to nosily move, first parallel to the floor, moving away, taking Monika with them as the pillory moved out, her feet trapped in place. He stopped the forward movement, pushing the button below it, the two chains on the end of the pillory slowly lowering.

She felt her body pulled away, her feet trapped in place. The gentle rumbling finally stopped, her legs stretching out. *What did he mean that I should bend my knees?* When it moved again she knew instantly. It was lowering toward the ground, forcing Monika's back to bend, at the same time it was applying pressure to her legs, forcing her to bend her knees or they would break. Miguel was standing behind her, as she felt her ass rising up, bowing out her legs, Monika knowing she must be quite a spectacle from behind. And the soldiers realized the same thing, moving behind her to catch a glimpse. Her head went lower and lower, Miguel finally stopping. Her head was almost lower than her waist, her hair hanging down. Her legs were not only spread, but bowed. She felt her cheeks part a long time ago, knowing she was fully exposed by the position. And it was her last vestige of virginity that was exposed, her anus. Michael had touched her there, but for some reason had spared her. Now he would lose the chance to be first inside her, for Miguel would be claiming that prize.

Even with her cheeks parted and her crack barely visible, her anus was still small. A tiny, brown wrinkled hole in a sea of tanned flesh. He slowly undressed, nodding for the other soldiers to do the same. With her head bowed down, her

mouth would be at a convenient height, Miguel willing to share his good fortune with his men. And he didn't think Monika would mind it. She did a good job of sucking cock before, not knowing who was in her mouth yet she performed admirably.

Monika couldn't look behind her, but she heard the sound of zippers and the rustle of clothes and knew they were getting naked. And not only Miguel, but the others as well. *Would they all take me in the ass?* Monika nervous but excited at the same time?

Miguel picked up the bottle of oil, rubbing some on his hands before he coated his cock with it until it glistened in the bright lights. He tipped the bottle over her ass, watching as the thick oil ran down the groove of her ass, slowly passing over her anus before coating her pussy with its thick coating. "Relax, Monika. There is nothing you can do about it, so try to take it with as little discomfort as possible. Such a tiny hole." Miguel's fingers circled the tiny brown hole, rubbing the oil all over her brown hole. He felt her pucker tremble as he touched her so intimately, his finger pressing hard as it circled the tiny hole. Miguel's cock swelled to erection at the sight of her ass, the fullness of her cheeks, the sharp crack parted so provocatively by the wide spread of her legs. His fingers played around the tiny hole, feeling the tiny hairs growing around the edge, his finger sliding easily over the oiled flesh. His finger trailed down her crack, teasing along her perineum, the tiny patch of skin separated her ass from her pussy, feeling her body begin to move from his gentle touch. He couldn't resist from clenching her firm cheeks in his

hands, pulling them apart as her tiny anal ring slowly parted wider. He couldn't stop, his fingers finding the fleshy folds of her pussy, fingering the soft folds of her femininity until he felt her wetness. Her hips began to rotate as his fingers explored her pussy from behind, tiny gasps from her lips as he intimately explored her slick inner lips with the tip of his fingers. His finger moved back up, back to lubricating her sufficiently for his cock, his prick straining to be snuggled into the hot, tight hole presented for his pleasure.

It made her nervous, having to take such a large cock in her ass, but his fingers were making it easier, her bound body adding to the excitement as Miguel explored her more intimately than her doctor did. She couldn't contain her hips, moving in mock rhythm to the fingers that opened her up. He yanked her cheeks apart, Monika feeling the strain as her anal ring was forced to open, a cold, wet finger circling the tiny hole. She never knew she had such feeling back there, his finger igniting a strange tingling as it oiled her tight hole. She wished she could shove back on the finger that played with her pussy, wishing it would impale her but he teased her, moving away as she became more aroused. The finger moved back up to her anus, a shiver running through her body as the finger pressed against her anus. She felt the pressure as it sought entrance to her most intimate body, circling her tiny hole all the while he pressed harder, Monika feeling her anal ring begin to stretch to accommodate the thick finger. "Ehhhh," she gasped silently as the finger breached her backside, slipping into her rectum with surprising ease, her ring clinging to the finger as it twisted

inside her. It felt funny, like a tiny snake crawling around inside her, never stopping, pushing hard on her rectal muscles, twisting and turning inside her.

His finger slipped inside her with barely a murmur from Monika, her hot, tight hole clinging to the tip of his finger as he pushed into the dark depths of her ass. Her rectum fought the intrusion, her muscles clinging to his fingers, clenching to push it out a natural reaction of her body. He fought her muscles, pushing hard against the soft walls with his finger. "So hot and tight Monika." He could feel her ass contractions, her cheeks opening and shutting, at times trapping his finger in her tightness, but his slick finger was not to be denied deeper entry.

Her lips were clenched tight as the finger touched her in places that were not meant to be touched from the outside. And it continued to burrow deeper inside her, her anal ring feeling his bony knuckle pass through her stretched hole, his finger driving deeper into her guts. Her legs strained, bowing to accommodate the thick finger that entered her, thankful at least that it was slick. She felt it pull out until her anus clenched on the tip of his finger, then it plunged back in unexpectedly, twisting and turning as it sought her darkest secrets.

Miguel watched her anal ring expand over the thicker part of his finger as it slid inside her, fingering her asshole, expanding it for something much larger and demanding. He pushed his finger in two inches, pulled out, then back in, going deeper each time, twisting it with small half turns, feeling her muscles tense up from the constant fingering.

Monika's cheeks would twist as he pushed in, her asshole feeling like it was going to swallow up his hand. Miguel began to pump quicker, his finger fully entering her until his knuckles beat against her strained anal ring, pushing deep into her snug asshole, her muscles fighting uncontrollably from the strange probing of her anal depths.

She couldn't contain the gasps from her lips at being so openly played with, Miguel's finger touching her deep inside igniting a strange lust in her loins. Her muscles fought the thick finger uncontrollably, trying to force the finger out, yet accepting the deep thrusts inside her until she thought it the finger would come out her mouth. His finger would drive deep inside her guts, twisting and turning in small rotations while embedded in her anal passage. She could only imagine what it would feel like to have the hard flesh of his cock up her backside. Suddenly she found her anus empty, the finger pulled out, Monika's muscles clenching on the emptiness as if seeking out the probing finger again. She felt hands on her hips, urging her hips up higher, the motors humming as the pillory began to lower once again. She found her ass rising up submissively as if offering up her virgin asshole for his waiting cock.

"I waited for this since seeing that tiny hole while you were on the rack, thankful that others left in untouched." Miguel nosed his hardened cockhead between her cheeks, rubbing up and down her crack, oiling the head for the hard entry. He moved it back up, the thick head covering the tiny hole with its massive size. He pushed with his hips until he felt the first contractions of her cheeks against the side of his cock, her

anal ring forced in by his demanding cock. He savored the moment, knowing how hot and tight she would be once he breached her. He pushed, the head of his cock slowly forced past the tight anal ring, Miguel straining as he sought entrance.

Monika began to cry softly, not as much in pain as surprise, the pressure building as Miguel's fat cock began to enter her, her ring stretching wider, thankful at least that his finger had eased the entry. Her legs were flinching, pulling against the restraints as his hardened prick began to stretch her, shifting her weight as it passed into her virgin opening. She gasped, biting her lips at her outburst as the head of his cock suddenly popped into her rectum, her ring clinging to the head as if it didn't want to leave. It felt huge inside her, stretching her from the inside and out, Miguel's jerking inside from the unbelievable tightness.

Her anal ring expanded as he pushed with his hips, the head of his cock suddenly swallowed up into her asshole, the hot tight insides gripping his cock like a tight glove. Miguel pushed a little more, sighing in pleasure as more of his cock was sucked into the warmth and tightness of her virgin hole.

She never felt as full as she did now. It felt like her asshole was an extension of his cock, feeling every bump, ridge and vein on it as it slowly slid inside her asshole. No matter how much she tried to stop it, her muscles fought naturally the intrusion inside her but Miguel was not to be denied his pleasure, his hips gently forcing more of his thick cock inside her. She could feel the head of his cock past through her anal ring, the tight band slipping to trap it inside her, clinging to

the shaft of his cock almost lovingly. It was so much thicker than his finger, her insides stretched until she was sure that she would burst, each time her contractions would force another jerk of his cock. She could barely breathe, afraid of moving.

He had two inches inside, her inside clinging tightly to his cock, feeling like it was in a hot vise of flesh. He wanted to go slowly, to let her feel every inch as it fed it into her but he couldn't contain his lust. She was too tight, his lust not easily contained. He pulled his cock out, Miguel looking down as her anal ring stretched tightly around his shaft until only the head was inside her. He braced himself, his hips shooting forward, his hands digging into the soft flesh of her hips as he held her still. His cock impaled her, sending over half of his rigid prick into the tightness of her ass. He felt her hips try to move away, his powerful hands holding her prisoner, her asshole having no choice but to accept the rude intrusion into her virgin hole. But it was not without a muffled scream of surprise from Monika, her head bouncing, making the chains dance.

She never felt such a thing before. One moment she was empty, the head of his cock nuzzling at her anal ring, Monika not sure if he was pulling out. Then she felt his hands tighten on her hips, Monika unprepared as his thick cock bore into the depths of her intestines, shoving aside all resistance as it opened her up to the thick flesh. She gasped as if she were swallowing it inside her, Miguel not hesitating before she felt it pulling out. This time it felt like he was dragging her guts out with his cock, the fat head creating a powerful suction

behind her. She didn't even have time to catch a breath before he sent it back inside her with a hard thrust that sent it even deeper. It pulled out, Monika feeling every ridge and vein as it pulled out, her insides clinging to it. He didn't stop, fucking her in the ass with his cock, each time his cock burrowing deeper into her bowels. Unlike her pussy, her asshole would take all of his cock, her insides clutching the long shaft in a blanket of intestines.

"Rather big inside you Monika?" Miguel made his cock flex deep inside her, pulling out, feeling her muscles ripple up and down the shaft as he fucked her. "Such a tight ass Monika. I'm glad that others left it for me." Miguel began to ride her ass, making her take the full measure of his cock with each stroke, enjoying the way her cheeks would tighten when he stuffed his cock in too hard, his hands still holding her hips submissively, pistoning his cock in and out of her stretched anus.

She couldn't say anything, trying to absorb the powerful strokes of his cock up her ass, feeling her stomach cramp when he went in too deep and too hard. His hands pulled her hips up even higher, opening her up to deeper thrusts, Monika sure that he was trying to drive his cock into her stomach. She had never had anything that big inside her, feeling bloated from the inside. She murmured soft "ooohhhhssss," each time he plunged in, his cock jerking deep inside her guts, fully up her stretched ass.

Each time he pushed in too hard he heard her grunt or sigh, her contractions only adding to his pleasure. And then he felt it, a change in attitude. Not only was she taking his

cock, but she was participating, clenching and unclenching her asshole when he was deep inside her, clenching tightly as he pulled out, pushing out with her anus when he thrust in. "So my Monika is enjoying her first ass fuck. Tell me you like it Monika." He shoved hard, sending his entire hard prick inside her. She gasped, but then her muscles lovingly contracted on his prick.

She hated that he was right, but the cock in her was like nothing she ever felt before. It was giving her strange tingling in her body, unlike being fucked in her pussy. She wanted to please him, with her asshole, squeezing her muscles in spite of the pain, already stretched to the breaking point by his monstrous cock that split her cheeks open.

Miguel nodded to the two soldiers, the young men stroking their rigid cocks as they watched Miguel sodomize Monika. They walked in front of her, Miguel pressing the button that sent her head up higher until she was staring at two young demanding cocks.

She felt the motors come alive again, her head rising up, but Miguel continued to fuck her ass with abandonment, the friction heating up her insides only adding to the pleasure. Then she saw them, the two soldiers, naked in front of her, their hands holding out their long cocks in front of her face.

"Take them in your mouth Monika. Both of them." Miguel didn't have to say it, knowing that she would have complied without it.

She opened her mouth, both of them pushing forward at the same time, one of them finally winning as his cock pushed into her willing lips, the other pushing the hot flesh of his cock

along her cheek. She closed on the cock, her tongue instantly going to work on it, bathing the head as he began to hump his cock in and out of her mouth. She feared how far he would shove, her head immobilized by the pillory, forced to take it in her mouth or down her throat if he desired, Monika unable to stop them. She never had so much cock lavishing attention on her, one in her ass, one in her mouth and the other leaving a trail of hot cum as it ran all over her face, waiting for its chance inside her mouth.

Miguel used all his will power to sustain his erection in her without cumming, wanting the soldiers to have their chance in her mouth. Their youth was their failing, too excited, Monika too good for them to contain their lust for long. The first one blew his cum into her mouth before he had much of a chance, even to punch his cock down her unwilling throat. Miguel heard her mumbled swallowing as she tried to contain all the cum that blasted into her mouth. Before she had a chance to catch much air the other was in her mouth, this time he enjoyed the throat, Miguel hearing her choking as she swallowed the head of his cock. He enjoyed her clenching as she fought both of them driving deep into her body.

She never felt so used or pleased as she was now. The soldiers fucked her mouth with the same abandonment as Miguel, but not without as much restraint, the first one catching Monika unprepared when he came in her mouth, furiously gulping to contain the abundant crème that exploded from his cock. The second one entered her mouth, her tongue trying to please him but he wanted more, punching his cock into her tight throat, Monika choking and

gagging on the thick cock all the while Miguel continued to hammer his cock in and out of her asshole, pounding her passage into submission. And she took them all, Miguel's hands sliding around her to play with her clit, his hips driving his cock back and forth through her battered anal ring, feeling his cock swell to massive proportions as she knew he was ready to cum. And cum inside her asshole, a place not destined for his seed.

The last soldier pulled out of her mouth after making her take his cum, Miguel finally ready and willing to cum. "Cum with me Monika." His fingers teased her clit, slapping it back and forth with his fingertip until he felt her scream out in pleasure. He pinched it, shoving his cock deep into her bowels.

She felt him deep inside her, stopping, the head of his cock feeling like it was blowing up like a balloon. And then she felt it, a large spurt of cum jetting from his cock, blasting her guts with his hot cum. Each time he jetted in her, her asshole would contract on his cock, forcing more violent eruptions inside her. She felt it fill her bowels with his cum as she soaked his hand with her juices as her body came continually from the dual ravishment of his hand and cock, the taste of the young soldiers still lingering in her mouth.

They were like gentlemen once their lust was satisfied, helping her out of the pillory, Monika barely able to stand, her back aching from the obscene position she was forced into. They even gave her a washcloth, the cum dripping down her thighs from her asshole, still feeling like Miguel was inside her. It was hard sitting down in the bumpy jeep, each bump

letting lose enough drop of cum from her asshole. She was finally glad to get into the bathtub, soothing her abuse body. And a solo masturbation beneath the warm waters as Monika relieved every exciting moment of the day.

* * * *

She had this haughty look on her face when she walked into the room, Michael, Sandra and Joanna looking up from their work. She dropped the envelope down on the table in front of Michael. Miguel seemed to know all of Monika's desires, sexual or not. And he was very good at filling them. He handed her the envelope as they dropped her off at the hotel. She looked at it in surprise, exactly what Michael was looking for as if she had already asked for it. "Thank you," was the only thing she could say. She reached down, finding his cock already hard again. "And thank you again," squeezing it.

"Always willing to accommodate all of your desires, Monika. Even the ones you don't know of. I will pick you up Saturday night for dinner, with *El Presidente*. I would suggest you don't tell the others. They might be jealous. Like me, *El Presidente* is mesmerized by you. It will be a very private affair," the emphasis on the word affair. "I will not be attending but will always be nearby for you."

She watched Michael leafed through the pages. His eyes opened wide as he read the pages. "You got everything I wanted. And more. How did you do it?"

"You could say I worked my ass off for it, I hope you appreciate it." She didn't wait for a reply, liking instead for

him to imagine what she meant. She could only hope that he suspected that her ass was no longer his to possess for the first time. They went to work with the new material, the week busy as they compiled the data they had from the outside with the documents from the government. The week went by quickly, Michael not even trying to get Monika into his bed. By the look of the ways Joanna and Sandra cooed into Michael's ear, he was doing both of them, maybe at the same time. Monika didn't mind, she had her secret, a rendezvous with *El Presidente* this weekend and hopefully with Miguel. She could already feel her arms and legs bound as she was spread open for his pleasure, her pussy growing wet with those thoughts. It took a lot of masturbation, but she finally made it to Saturday.

"Would you like to join us, Monika? We are going to tour Old Havana." Michael was trying to be gracious, but Monika seemed to have her head someplace else.

"No, I'm going to stay around and relax. It's been a long week and I just need to unwind." She tried to sound non-committal, but she could almost hear the excitement in her voice.

"Don't forget the vial if you should go out," Michael secretly whispered in her ear.

"I remember," she snapped back curtly. He left her alone, not wanting to push the issue any further. She heard them leaving, Monika going down to the pool, almost empty, most people going out to see the sights on a nice day like this. She relaxed and read a book, a Powerone novel that only aroused her, hard to keep her fingers from straying between her legs

as she read it. She would definitely be aroused by tonight, Powerone making her soaked. Especially when she read his anal scenes, Powerone never missing out on a chance to take a woman in the ass. She went back to the room, taking a shower, her hand straying between her thighs but leaving herself unfulfilled. She dressed casually, a short skirt and a loose-fitting blouse. And a pair of high heels that made her calves taut, her legs looking even more tantalizing as they slipped beneath the short skirt. She jumped when the telephone rang, answering it.

"Your car is ready, Senorita," the clerk at the front desk said.

"My car?" She had expected Miguel and the jeep again, almost disappointed she wouldn't have all the eyes trying to catch a glimpse up her skirt as she got in and out.

"Yes, Senorita."

"I'll be right down." She picked up her things, fingering the small brown vial before slipping it into her purse. She locked the door behind her, slipping a message under Michael's door. Inside it read; "I'm having dinner with *El Presidente*. Might need a sudden departure. You better hope your plan works."

The door of the long stretch limousine was already open, Monika bending over to get in the classic Cadillac, sure that many men were staring at her ass as her short skirt rode up high in the back. She was actually enjoying the bit of exhibitionism. Miguel was teaching her well. She looked inside, not surprised to see him sitting there waiting for her, dressed in his finest uniform, his large chest busting with ribbons. "I'm glad you're here."

"I told you I would, Monika. *El Presidente* is anxious to see you. He talks about your mother and now you incessantly. I think brief affairs have a tendency to have a longer life, the things missed harder to forget." His cock was already hard in expectation of Monika, the girl able to do that to him with such ease. But he doubted that he would have her tonight, sure *El Presidente* would monopolize her time.

"I am so fortunate to meet him again. I know how busy he must be. And thank you for that information. Michael is beyond words, not knowing what is happening. And I like it that way." She fingered her handbag nervously.

"Yes, I like Michael guessing also. It is good for him." The ride was short, going again to *El Capitolio Nacional*, this time pulling up in front, a soldier there to hold the door open for them.

Monika got out first, sure that Miguel did it to get the best view as she bent over to get out the door. She took her time getting out, sure that her skirt was half up over her ass, Miguel's ass that he had possessed.

She was such a tease, showing off her ass as she got out. He watched her as she looked around once she got out. "Everything okay?" he asked, concerned that she was a little nervous. After all, she was meeting with *El Presidente*. The first time was a complete surprise, this time she had a chance to think about it. Her heels tapped along the tile floors, finally getting to the end of the hall, a large double door that had to be over ten feet tall, two guards standing at the side. They snapped to attention as he approached, a nod his only

recognition as they opened the door for them. "I will leave you here, Monika. Enjoy yourself as I know you will."

She didn't reply, walking into the room, a fire dancing off the wall, cigar smoke wafting up from the large leather chair. She walked over to it until she saw the familiar face of *El Presidente*. "Good evening, sir," she said without thinking. It sounded so formal. After all, this is the one that saw her pussy and sucked on the cigar that was coated with her juices. They were more intimate than a sir.

He could tell she was nervous. "You look ravishing tonight, Monika. Have a seat and call me Fidel. I think we are a bit more intimate than most."

She sat across from him, nervously clutching her handbag. "Yes, I guess we are. Fidel," she added. "How did you like your cigar?" She began to get more comfortable.

"I smoked it in the intimacy of my bedroom, savoring every sweet puff of smoke. It's surprising how much better good Cuban tobacco can be when drenched in your sweet pussy juices. I was sorely disappointed when it was gone."

"Maybe a box of them for Christmas would be appropriate," she teased him, though the thought of masturbating with that many cigars did appeal to her.

"Yes, that would be memorable. For both of us, though I doubt you could accomplish the task in one night. I think your arousal would be satisfied before you got to the last cigar."

"Yes, that's true, but I would suffer countless nights of masturbation if only for your pleasure, Fidel." She was getting much more comfortable. And aroused, the conversation heated almost from the start.

The door opened, five servants bringing in a table and chairs along with the food. "I hope you are hungry. I had some Cuban delicacies prepared especially for you."

"I have this oral fixation, loving anything in my mouth. Food is no exception."

"Yes, you do seem to take after your mother," he teased her, sitting back in his chair and laughing.

She broke out laughing with him, Miguel must have told of their secrets. She had never thought of her mother in that way, but this reminded her of the truth in it. Maybe she would make it truer before the night was over. They both sat down, their conversation light but always with sexual innuendos, most of them quite blatant. She wasn't sure where the evening was going, but she began to see Fidel differently. As she saw Michael and Miguel. Strong and sexually demanding. Just the type of person that made her pussy wet with desire.

Fidel found her even more charming than before, and she seemed to be sexually sparring with him since she arrived. Any uneasiness she had when she first came in was gone, Fidel only seeing a very desirable woman seated across from him, her every movement making his cock hard as his imagination took hold. Her putting her fork in her mouth was sensuous, the way her lips curled around it like they would a cock. His cock. The dinner went quickly, desert taking only a few minutes as if they were both in a hurry to get dinner behind them. Fidel finally got up, the servants taking the table and chairs away in minutes, leaving them alone again.

"Miguel tells me you love performing. Sexually," he added.

She tried not to look surprised, but she was sure that Miguel's loyalty was with *El Presidente* and he held no secrets from him. "It's hard not to when I am bound. And you have such a lovely collection of fine furniture in the building. Designed for that express purpose. And Miguel has exceptional talents to please."

"Yes, I have heard that before from others about him. Are you just as accommodating when not bound?" He stood up, walking over to her, picking up the blindfold that he had on the table.

She saw it in his hand. A black blindfold, shiny silk, an elastic band around it. She wasn't sure what was about to happen, but she was sure that only her imagination that would see it, the blindfold destined to take away her sight. She had felt it when the rebels captured her, the hood making her other senses come alive, more acute, the pleasure greater. She didn't say anything as he stood behind her, pulling her head from the back of the chair as she felt the blindfold slip around her head. The darkness was sudden and black, not a hint of light reaching inside. Her hands were at her side, her fists clenched as she began to imagine the most perverse things.

"Stand up. You are going to have to trust me to guide you. Can you do that, Monika?"

She felt his hand help her up. She had never done anything like this, though her panties were already damp with desire. "Yes, Fidel," she answered in a soft whisper, though she didn't know why. It was like she had to whisper since she couldn't see, her voice sounding louder. She began to walk,

her body tense as she waited to walk into things, but Fidel guided her expertly, Monika able to almost feel walls near her as she walked, as if she were sensing them. She heard a door opening, and then heard what sounded like echoes as they walked. *Were we going down the same hall that I came in?*

"You're doing well, Monika. Just a little farther." He watched her body as she walked, the gentle bounce of her breasts, looking over her shoulders to watch her swing her ass sensuously. He was like a voyeur that wouldn't be caught ogling her body. He stopped for a moment, opening the door. "Inside, Monika."

She felt the warmth of the room as they entered. Not what you would feel from a room that had been unprepared. Or empty. They were walking, both of them tapping on the floor, but she thought she heard something else, though she couldn't identify it. *Was it traffic outside? Or people nearby?*

Fidel brought her to the chaise lounge in the middle of the room, the black leather chair over six feet long, with one end sloping sharply up in the back.

She felt the heat when she heard the click. *Was it a light coming on? Why was it so hot?* Monika was able to feel the warmth on her skin. It must be close.

"Sit down here, Monika. Relax now." He helped her down, her naked legs sticking to the leather chair. Soon she would warm it up.

It was cold, sure it was leather. Her skin began to stick to it. He turned her sideways, pushing her back until she hit the back of the chair. He lifted her feet, turning her sideways until she was reclining on it. It must be a leather couch, long

because her feet never touched the other armrest. And strange, there were no sides to it. Only one back that she could feel. She put her arms to her sides, not sure what she was to do but sure that Fidel would soon tell her.

"I'm going to sit right across from you so don't get scared. I will tell you exactly what to do. Leave the blindfold on. Can you do that for me, Monika?"

He got up, Monika grew tense for a moment until she heard his voice again. This time it wasn't near, but not far away. The silence was almost deafening, as though it was fake.

"Yes, Fidel." *What did he want me to do? And why here, not back in the other room?*

"I want you to masturbate for me, Monika. Show me how aroused you can become until you cum." He waited to hear her answer.

The first thought in her head was she alone with him? Or were there others in the room? She tried to shut out all the sounds but couldn't pinpoint anything. It was as though the silence came alive, pipes creaking, floors cracking, the wind blowing twigs against the windows, the sound of traffic, all sounding so close and loud. She sat back on the couch, lifting up her knees until her legs were bent back against her. Her hands went to work as though he willed them to do this.

She had a look of contentment on her face as her hands moved between her legs, sliding down between her thighs until her legs parted, the darkness of her treasures hidden beneath the skirt silhouetted in the overhead light that shone brightly from above her, though she still didn't realized that

she was the center of attention. She hiked up her skirt, her hands already caressing her thighs with such attentiveness, sliding close to her pussy but not touching, as though teasing herself. Or Fidel.

She forgot about almost everything, all except Fidel, knowing that he was watching her and that excited her beyond belief. Every touch of her fingers was like it was the first time, her senses heightened by the blindfold and her powerful voyeur. She could hear his breathing, knowing he was so close. She reached to the side of her skirt, the zipper sliding down filling the room with the sound of hissing. She pushed her ass up into the air as she shook her hips from side to side, trying to get the too tight skirt down over her hips, almost ripping it in her haste. She wanted to be free of the restraining garment. She kicked it off her ankles, hearing it sail across the room before it fell to the floor with a gentle swoosh. Her hands teased along her thighs again, but she closed her legs, her hands moving up to undo the blouse one button at a time, starting with the bottom. As each one opened, she spread the blouse to the side, feeling the night air on her naked stomach and then moved higher. She pulled the blouse open, finally all the buttons open, pushing out her breasts brazenly as she pulled the blouse off. Her fingers teased along her bare bosom, one finger running up and down the deep cleavage until she felt the goose bumps pop up on her skin. Her nipples hardened in spite of not having touching them yet, growing erect at the thought of baring her breasts to Fidel. Her hands grasped her breasts like a man would do, squeezing them hard until she felt them pushed to

up the top of her bra. She released them, pulling her back from the chair, a crackling sound as her bare skin pulled away from the leather. She undid the catch of her bra with a deft flick of her hands, teasing Fidel by holding it over her breasts as the bra released their captured pair. One hand teasingly slid the straps down over her arms until both of them were gone, her hands the only thing protecting her breasts from his eyes. She sat up in the chair, the soft bra slipping down, her hands capturing her bare breasts before they were revealed.

She was incredible, teasing him with her body, finally moving her hands to the side long enough to reveal her naked breasts to the waiting light, illuminating the firm flesh, the erect nipples surrounded by the dark areolas that circled them. She arched her back, thrusting them out as though she was pushing them into his face. Fidel watched as she settled back against the chair, this time her fingers coming up to tease at the hardened nipples, playing with them until they rose to the occasion. Her fingers teased around them as they swelled, only when at full attention did she squeeze them with her fingers, her lips curled as Fidel realized that she was squeezing them hard as if to please him. And she was. She settled back comfortably in the chair, one hand playing with her breasts, her legs spreading almost on their own, her other hand trailing down over her stomach to brush across the front of her panties.

She didn't even realize her legs were spread until her fingers found her pussy, squeezing her bush until she found her puffy lips, two fingers squeezing them and pulling them

up, her panties growing wet with her arousal. Her fingers pinched her nipples until they hurt, almost wishing she had the nipple clamps to put on them for Fidel. Her finger curled up and down her slit, pushing the damp panties between the pouty lips of her pussy, her fingers beginning the gentle masturbation that would be the preliminary. She spread her legs wider, her feet still hitting no restraints as she spread her legs, her fingers more urgent.

"Take off your panties, Monika. Show me your pussy again." Fidel took a more active part, wanting to see how well she would obey. Her hips rose up, the panties skimmed down her legs in haste as she submitted. Her bare ass settled back down on the sticky leather chair. "Spread your legs. Show me all of your pussy."

She spread her legs, almost feeling his eyes staring between her legs, feeling her wetness intensify as her lips pulled apart, exposing her inner lips to Fidel's eyes. She wished she had a cigar to push inside, but she would have to be satisfied with her fingers. She waited as if she needed Fidel's next command, and was glad when he did give it.

"Play with your pussy. Raise your ass up and open up your lips so I can see you better." Her ass pulled off the sticky leather seat, rising up, her legs spread wide.

Her fingers gripped her wet pussy lips, squeezing tight as they tried to elude her grip, her fingers finally trapping the wet flesh to yank them wide until it ached. She could feel the warm air as if it were blowing directly on her. She kept that position, sure that he could almost see inside her.

The bright lights from above glistened off her juices, her pussy lips pulled wide apart, her pink insides exposed to the harsh glare of the lights. She kept the position as if posing for a camera. "Get on your hands and knees, Monika." She obeyed without question, flipping over, eagerly pushing her head down, her ass rising up high, her hips almost wagging back and forth. She was getting excited performing for him. He picked up the vibrator, the thick shaft a shiny black, curled balls running around the tip that turned in rotation, the head shaped like the helmet of a cock, Fidel's cock. He moved close enough to throw the vibrator next to her. It bounced near her leg. "Use that, Monika. And spread your legs wide. I want to see everything." Another light clicked on, this one from the side behind him, shining directly on her naked ass. It lit up every nook and cranny of her pussy and her ass, including the slightly inflamed asshole that Miguel had penetrated last weekend.

She felt more heat, but it was the hard object next to her that got her attention. Her hand hefted up the mighty weapon, her fingers finding the switch, the fake phallic instrument coming alive. She didn't play with her pussy, instead taking it and drawing it around her mouth, looking back in Fidel's direction as she forced it against her lips. She kept her lips tight as if denying it entry, each time pushing harder into her tightly clenched lips until it finally found her weak spot and pushed in. Her lips split as they were forced open by the slowly vibrating cock, her mouth forced to take it in. Her hands began to fuck her mouth, each time driving

deeper inside her, her tongue working its magic on it. Just as she wished she could do to Fidel's cock.

She was doing an excellent job improvising, but he wanted her pussy now. "Use it on your pussy, Monika. Show me how you pleasure yourself in your own bed." Her legs spread wider, her stance wider, her ass arching up as the vibrator slipped between her legs. He watched with such astonishment as her pussy literally swallowed up the thick vibrator, the gentle buzzing now muted as it was buried inside her. As it would pull out, the buzzing increased as she hit the switch higher, back in until her pussy engulfed it, vibrating deep inside her.

It felt so good, the vibrations tingling against her soft passage, the curled balls spinning around and around inside her, Monika pulling it in and out as she increased the vibrator to high. She didn't even realize it before, but her ass was wagging from side to side, dancing on the fake cock that was inside her, her insides clenching on the hard plastic. She wished it was real, hot flesh. Something bounced near her again, the gentle sound of buzzing bumping against her knee.

"That one's smaller. Put it in your ass. Then you can cum for me, Monika." He watched her pick up the long anal probe, the shaft curved, tapering to a rounded edge at the end, the shaft growing progressively thicker the closer to the base until it was the size of a small cock. It should be easy to take after Miguel's cock, his cock known among the women for its girth.

She had never used anything up her ass before while masturbating, but, then again, she was an anal virgin a week

ago. And she couldn't deny the pleasure she felt from Miguel's cock up her ass. She turned it on, easing it back between her cheeks until she felt the hard plastic touch her anus. It was already slick, Fidel kind enough to lubricate it for her. She pushed, fucking her pussy with the other vibrator to keep her mind off of the anal probe as it slowly and methodically began to enter her. It didn't hurt, at least at first, the tip slim. It pushed inside her, nibbling at her insides, the curved shaft spreading her open the deeper it went. But she knew Fidel wouldn't be happy until it was all the way inside her, and she was destined to please him no matter what. She could feel them meet inside her, both of them buzzing across the thin membrane that separated her pussy from her asshole. She could only imagine what it would be like to have two cocks between her legs, two massive pricks each fitted into her body at the same time. She felt a cramp as the probe banged against the side of her passage, but she pulled back, then back in, this time it slipping in easier. She felt her anal ring stretching wider, knowing it was growing thicker inside her.

Fidel watched as both of her holes sucked the twin fake cocks inside her with such ease, Monika beginning to fuck herself, one going in as the other pulled out. He was amazed as her pussy clung to the shaft, her anal ring wrapped tightly around the probe, even as it grew thicker when it pushed in. Her hips were never still, fucking them in unison.

"Please," she begged. "May I cum?"

"Yes, Monika. Show me how you can cum for me" Her body was covered in a sheen of sweat, the hot lights burning brightly on her, highlighting every intimate part of her body

to the eyes that devoured her. Her hands became more urgent now, the vibrators moving faster, the sounds of them buzzing loudly as they pulled out, muffled as they pushed in, her muscles silencing them. He wasn't sure but he would bet that somehow she was managing to caress her clit, her breathing loud and ragged as she neared her climax.

You could see her juices splash out her pussy as she came, her head thrown back as she screamed in ecstasy. Her ass shook from side to side, her body jerking with each thrust, her pussy and asshole taking each powerful thrust at the same time. It took her long minutes before she finished cumming, the vibrators slowing up but never stopping as they continued to coax more crème from her pussy. She finally slumped down in the chair, exhausted and spent.

Fidel got up. "Leave the mask on for now." He helped her up, Monika barely able to stand on two legs. She rubbed up against him as they walked back to the other room, Monika not even caring if she was naked. He closed the door after they entered the room, dropping her clothes on the table near her. "You can take off the blindfold now, Monika."

The bright lights blinded her for a few moments, then she saw him looking at her, Monika suddenly blushing subconsciously as she realized she was still naked. "Did I please you, Fidel?"

"Not as much as you pleased yourself, Monika, though I did enjoy the performance." His cock was so hard, brazenly sticking out the front of his pants.

She looked down, seeing his hard-on. She moved next to him, not even caring if she was naked. One hand went down

and cupped his hard cock. The same cock that her mother had sucked. As they say, like mother, like daughter. "May I?" *It sounded foolish, what man would say no?*

He only nodded as she kneeled down, her fingers already freeing his cock from the tight confines of his pants. He watched as it popped free, bouncing in front of her face. The night over twenty-five years ago suddenly popped back into his head as he felt her hot breath on the head of his cock. She looked up at him, and it was like her mother, her eyes opened wide in excitement, her tongue coming out of her mouth to wet her lips. And then the movement of her head as she moved in closer, her mouth opened wide in a big oval, engulfing the head of his cock while her soft hands held it still as it jerked in pleasure when her tongue worked its magic on the head.

It was so hard, not expecting that for a man of his age. She took it in her mouth, her tongue running up and down the shaft, her head moving back and forth as she began to suck his cock with an enthusiasm she never had before. He had watched her masturbate, and she had a deep nagging feeling that others had also witnessed her sexual exhibitionism. The gut feeling only made her excitement and orgasm that much more fulfilling. Miguel had already taught her that, the young soldiers always nearby to see her perform and to take part, her mouth taken by both of them while she was ass fucked. She pulled his cock out of her mouth for a moment so she could speak. "Guide my head so that I satisfy you." She put her hands down to her side as she opened her mouth wide. She felt his hands go to the sides of her head,

gently pushing her head forward until her lips curled around his shaft. Then she felt his hands guiding her, rocking her back and forth, each time more of his cock fed into her willing mouth.

He took charge, his hands guiding her head back and forth, her tongue never tiring. He struggled to contain his orgasm, but her prolonged masturbation and now the delicious pleasure she was giving him with her mouth was too much to contain. Not to be denied, he slipped his cock down her throat, forcing her head down deep until he heard her choke, not stopping as her hands curled into fists but did nothing to stop him. He couldn't believe the tightness of her throat, feeling like the head of his cock was compressed in a vise. He fucked it back and forth but had to pull it out, eager to cum in her mouth. "Play with my balls," he ordered her. He felt her soft hands gently cup his balls, squeezing them until he couldn't contain his lust any longer. He pulled out and shot the first load on her face, her mouth open as the white, ropey cum shot out. The second load was just inside her mouth, her lips curled around the shaft, his hand stroking the shaft, her fingers urging the cum from his balls.

She took it deep in her mouth, her mouth already filled with his hot, salty cum, dripping down her face with the first load and the final load jetting to the back of her mouth and almost choking her. He kept his softening cock in her mouth as she swallowed the cum, gulping loudly as it slowly sank into her gullet. Her tongue cleaned it as he pulled free from her mouth. They both got dressed without a hint of

embarrassment, Monika licking the cum from her face with her tongue and commenting to Fidel how good dessert was.

They both sat in the facing chairs, Fidel passing around fresh cigars, Monika feeling comfortable with something long and hard in her mouth. They talked until the wee hours of the morning, from politics, to Cuba, the United States, economics, any subject. Including sex. Fidel was well versed in all of them, finding his match in Monika, arguing incessantly over the smallest details, neither willing to back down from a good argument.

"I must let you go. It is almost dawn and state business will require my undivided attention. And you, Monika, distract me greatly. I hope to see you again before you go, but I am going abroad for a month, spending much time with my brethren in Venezuela. But I think our paths will cross again. And I am sure that Miguel will take good care of you. He has many things that he will teach you, and you are a willing student." He kissed her lightly on the cheek.

She felt his beard scratch her face as he kissed her. She had never enjoyed such a night before. Not only the sex, but the discussion. They seemed to have this bond for her mother that could not be broken.

"Would you like me to dispose of it?" Fidel said to her as they were heading to the door, Miguel just outside waiting patiently like a good soldier.

She feigned ignorance. "Dispose of what?"

"I wouldn't want you dumping it down a toilet. It is a very powerful poison, it wouldn't dilute very easily. I have experts, like those that gave it to you, that can get rid of it safely."

She reached in her purse and pulled out the brown vial. She handed it to him. "How did you know I wouldn't use it?"

"I know you better than your so called friends know you, Monika. You aren't that type of person." He took the vial and put it in his pocket. "Don't worry about them being disappointed that you didn't do it. I think you'll find that you can use them more than they can use you. You're a smart girl, you'll figure it all out."

They drove back to the hotel, the sun rising in the sky to a new day. Miguel looked like he was rested up from the night, but Monika suspected that he was nearby the whole night.

"I will see you soon, Monika," as she got out of the car.

"I'm sure I will," she teased back at him. "I wait with high expectations." She got out of the car, but not without shaking her ass at him, hearing him laugh as she closed the door of the car. It sped off into the distance, Monika glad she didn't have to work today.

She told Michael that she couldn't do it, finding her note that she left him. He didn't look terribly disappointed, not into it like the rebels. Or his boss. The next two months passed quickly, Monika not seeing *El Presidente* again, just a short note from him as she was leaving. But the same couldn't be said for Miguel, Monika finding herself visiting *El Capitolio Nacional* as if he were a tour director. By time she left the country she was initiated into every one of the pieces of furniture including the plank, her pussy sore for a week afterwards. It consisted of a board, stood up on its side, the edge almost pointed, the wood rough. Her arms were tied above her head, her legs tucked behind her, all of her weight

pushing her sex hard onto the edge of the board. Miguel kept her that way for half an hour, each time she got too still he would use a riding crop on her, visiting her body wherever he pleased until her gyrations would drive her pussy up and down the rough wood. The wood beneath her pussy grew wet with her juices as Miguel rode her to climax, the pleasure overcoming the pain. She regretted leaving, knowing that it would be almost impossible for her to return.

Epilogue

The next year passed quickly for Monika. She was still was a TA for Michael, but he didn't take her sexually very often. The closer to graduation, the less frequent it became. He had a new stable of fresh girls to teach, and Monika didn't mind. Miguel had opened up something new for her, and Michael still didn't know what it was.

She wasn't sure what to do upon graduation. The Cuban project had been immensely successful, not only to Michael, his reputation renowned because of the study, but also for Monika, Joanna and Sandra. They had their pick of almost any large corporation that wanted the brightest up-and-coming Economist. Even the government sought them out, the White House, Foreign Affairs, Congress and some of the biggest Senators tried to get them to join their organization. Joanna took a job at the White House, the new President having at least four years, Joanna working on his economic stimulus package. Sandra took the corporate road, joining IBM, working in Brussels for their businesses in the EU.

Monika was ready to sign on the dotted line when she got an unexpected offer that was unsolicited. She had opened the plain crisp white envelope, the gold letters emblazoned with the name but no return address. It was an offer. Or more to the point, an offer for an offer. To be negotiated. Monika was a hard bargainer, taking two weeks of almost daily meetings before it was finalized, Monika getting everything she wanted, heeding Miguel's advice that they needed her more than she needed them. She was the first and only Economic Liaison for Cuba. At a salary that was in excess of \$150,000 per year, a vast sum since she would be stationed in Cuba. The only official representative of the United States government in that country in over twenty-five years.

The head of the Caribbean CIA office had been mysteriously summoned by the Cuban government one night over a year ago. Not to turn down such a momentous invitation, he accepted the short notice. He was ushered into a room with about twenty people, most of the married couples of high-ranking officials and military leaders of Castro. They were given specific instructions to maintain absolute silence and then they were introduced to the most bizarre display that he had seen in his life. Fidel Castro brought in a girl that was blindfolded, putting her in the center of the room as the bright lights cast an eerie light over her. There the most powerful man in Cuba instructed the girl to masturbate for him, all of them in awe as she performed masterfully, following his implicit instructions to the letter, stripping naked until she finally came under the dual impalement of two vibrators. And the girl was an American.

He was so impressed, seeing the way Castro looked at her as though she had captivated him, not the other way around. They had to have her, no matter what she requested.

She even met the new President of the United States before she left, trying to impress upon her the importance of her mission. No, they got the foolishness of trying to kill Castro out of their system, no one even mentioning that it was in fact a mission. Now they wanted to begin building a harmonious relationship with the aging leader. And Monika seemed to be the only one in the free world that had the connections to the leader of Cuba. Okay, she was working for the CIA, but it was more like they were working for her. And it was only where her paycheck was coming from, not her authority. Not surprising, she was accepted by the Cuban government with nary a question, her visa accepted within days. The private jet landed at the Havana airport in the hot afternoon sun, the first American jet to land in a public airport in Cuba in decades. There were no marching bands or celebration, just a lone black stretch Cadillac limousine sitting on the tarmac. Monika grew excited by its occupant, not surprised to find Miguel smiling up at her, a new star on his shoulder. "I see we both did well."

"Yes, very shrewd negotiations on your part. Even the rebels will be scared away from messing with you. And how long will you stay?" He watched as she got into the car, his cock already stirring.

"Well, my new President will be in office for at least four years. Do you have any other museums with unique furniture that I might be interested in? I have been neglected for too

long." She sat down in the seat, letting the short skirt ride up high on her legs, parting her legs so he could feast his eyes between her thighs.

"Yes, I have just the place for you. And do not expect special treatment. *El Presidente* told me I should pump you for information." He stared blatantly under her skirt.

"I expect to be pumped often and thoroughly. And I do hope to see *El Presidente*. I have a box of his favorite cigars."

"He is waiting impatiently for you also. I think you took ten years off his life when he heard you were returning."

"And the others."

"Others?" Miguel seemed puzzled.

"Yes, the others in the room that watched me masturbate. Do they know?"

So she had known. "Only one, me. But I am sure that we can arrange something. For their enjoyment as well as yours."

"I wouldn't want to disappoint anyone."

"I don't think you can every disappoint anyone, Monika." The car sped off, Monika settling next to Miguel, his hand resting on her naked thigh feeling so heavy, Monika wanting to move until it slid beneath her skirt, but she held still. All in good time.

The End

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