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*Much more than a fantasy.*

**CARLOS  
MALO  
DE MOLINA**

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*Suzy*



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*Suzy*

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“Al amor y a la pasión”

“To love and passion”





*I appreciate the collaboration of all the friends who have supported me and especially to those who have helped me with their anecdotes.*

*In particular my sister Teresa, my style corrector, my work colleagues Maribel, Mayjo and Gricelda.*

*The author*



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## CHAPTER 1 TRIP TO BRAZIL: IMPROVISED AERIAL ORGI

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I arrived in Brazil craving for sex. It's hard to explain why a flea like me is obsessed with something she can't feel. Don't get me wrong, I feel my sexuality as a female, but I don't practice it as humans do. It's instinctive; only active in certain periods of the year and lacking all finesse. My erotic game is primary, irrational and therefore absent from all attractiveness and intellectual complexity.

Of course, the difficulty here is explaining why I can communicate, speak and write. Even I do not know, but if with my writings, there is something that might clarify this, I will embrace it; it is possible that together we can discover it.

At the end of the day, the only important thing is that these are the facts, but do not be frightened, I don't know of any other flea or animal who have these attractive features except human beings. This is why I'm interested and, as I said before, I am obsessed with human sexuality.

But I do not want to bore you with cheap philosophy, so I begin by telling you that I am in Redenção, a new Brazilian

city located in the south of Parà. I come from London transported to Rio de Janeiro by Henry, a handsome, tall, young Englishman.

I am a female and an advocate of feminism, although I am very attracted to males because a polla (cock,dick) is what I like most in the world, I do not like to live with them. I feel better amongst mine. But to travel, I had no choice but to employ Henry. He is handsome and a little gifted, and in this crucial issue, he is dirty enough to be able to travel without the hygienic practices accustomed by most humans, which threaten my life.

I have observed Henry for some time, and he meets the average English prototype; he's 19 years of age, bathes once a week, Saturdays to be precise. We traveled with Charlie and William, friends and colleagues from the University of Oxford, who took a short vacation after the quarter exams of Law School. We traveled to Rio de Janeiro to experience live their carnival.

At the beginning of the 21st century, the life of a strict feminist is very complicated, and even more, if we consider my dual status as a writer and being obsessed with sex, pretending to leave a record of the most dynamic, diverse and sophisticated function of human sexuality.

Today's women, especially the younger ones, are very clean. They shower more than once a day and wash their pussy (coño) several times. If they fuck or masturbate, their cleaning frequency can be excessive and very dangerous for my life, so I have become a queen of foresight, calculation, and flight, and I have managed to enjoy and live these last years, although with great stress, which I think gives more morbidity to all this experience.

To this, we must add the mania young women have developed to shave. So, what was known to be the main hiding place for most of my congeners, is almost destroyed. Fortunately, they decorate vagina (buceta) with precious fanciful or geometric figures, in a very esthetic way. With a very short hair and very small size, but still, a flea (as it is my case) of a size between 2 and 3 millimeters can hide with some difficulty. I have lost to some extent the forest, but I still have a small garden where I can take shelter.

However, this depilatory fad also has its advantage, because the women who maintain all their foliage devote special care and attention to their pubic hair. Due to the risks they carry and the obsession with hygiene they use shampoos, soaps, and special products, transforming the historic ablutions into true chemical warfare.

A few times, because I am caught asleep or clueless, I have managed to save myself from a torrent of water. I was fortunate that in these scarce and horrible occasions, three in my life, in none there was any added product, which would have been fatal to me.

With the guys there is no problem, despite their metrosexual fashion, it is very rare they shave their pubic hair, and those who don't, they shower less often than women, in almost all cases they don't have a special obsession with the use of chemicals.

Aside from the generalized shaving of the coño, another fashion has developed which is the curious custom of tattooing the lower part of the belly with caverns, flowers, names, animals and other aesthetic compositions.

The tattoo is loaded with symbolism, from obeying a simply aesthetic question to being a synonym of rebellion, belonging to a band or an army.

The origin of the tattoo is very ancient, samples have been found in some mummies and remote villages such as the Scitas in Asia and the Incas in America. At first, the tattoo was linked to the magical-religious thought and the belief of life beyond; then it was employed to scare enemies on the battlefields; the Greeks tattooed snakes, bulls and religious motifs, and, like the Romans, used this technique to mark the prisoners. The expansion of the Catholic Church banished this practice by considering it synonymous with idolatry and superstition.

The tattoos are usually dark in color, with a good presence of black, and with a soft relief that makes it a magnificent hiding place. As a last resort, there is always the mane, which are real forests in which the cleaning operations are easily detectable.

An aggressive washing of a coño or a polla can come at any time, but not the head hair, which has its usual schedules and frequency predetermined. In any case, before the execution, a person has to take certain preliminary steps that put you on notice and facilitate the effort.

On the plane trip, Henry and William sat together and Charlie in the front row, next to the right aisle. In the next seat between him and the window sat a Brazilian, twenty-two years, mid-height, with well-operated tits. I could find out from the conversation that they quickly engaged in that the girl's name was Suzy, she was a resident of London and worked at a Burger King. Given the limited possibilities of a hookup judging from the environment surrounding Henry's polla, I temporarily moved to the front seats, between the seat of the window and its headrest with the goal of being able to enjoy a good midflight fuck. I was adrenaline-filled as a result of the difficulty of having to do it in the presence of all the passengers



while being undetected. Although I had previously traveled by plane, I never had this opportunity. On one occasion, I transported in the bun of a distant cousin of Lady Di; I could see the film *Emmanuelle* in a homemade DVD, film that I regard as excellent. In one of the *Emmanuelle* scenes, she falls asleep in the seat on a trip home with her husband, covered with a blanket of British Airways, slightly reclining, when suddenly a man approaches her, gently strokes and soon, with her consent, he takes her in his arms and takes her to the restroom, where without wasting time they fuck, resulting in a magnificent orgasm.

I also remember a story I read in the paper. In the business class of the aircraft, two executives from different companies, who had no previous knowledge of each other, meet in adjoining seats. Both had a taste for whiskey and in lively conversation lost their inhibitions. In no time, they began to fuck with disregard for the presence of other travelers, and despite the repulsion of the crew members, they did not stop their erotic love making session which was full of expressiveness, movements, and panting.

The story ended frankly wrong though. I recall they were traveling in a conservative airline company that arranged that upon landing, they were detained, in the presence of their spouses and children who were waiting for them. Needless to say, their names, together with their history, traveled around the world.

As it seemed that the conversation of Charlie and Suzy was advancing slowly and I was tired due to the preparations of the trip, I took advantage to take a nap, until a sudden movement of the plane woke me up. I turned my attention to the boys and saw that things were getting interesting. Charlie

was cornering Suzy against the window, kissing her hard and placing his tongue into her mouth, reveling with the different taste of saliva. It seemed that Charlie was anticipating the most pleasant and potent flavor of a delicious coño while his hand palpated it introducing superficially two fingers, gently squeezing the clitoris. Henry and William watched enviously, discreetly and somewhat aroused.

Suzy withdrew Charlie's wet hand, changed position, placed him lying on the window as she continued to kiss him. Charlie introduced his two wet fingers between her lips so that she could enjoy the taste while Suzy put her hand in his trouser searching for his polla, which promised to have proper proportions. From what she could see in these first moments, she was not mistaken.

Suzy with her other hand pulled the British Airways blanket and placed it on them. I quickly moved into Charlie's belt, not without failing to observe that the excitement of Henry and William was increasing and they began to touch their genitals gently with expressions of pain and pleasure.

Suzy unzipped Charlie's trouser, from which his polla popped out since he wore no underwear. It was magnificent, almost 18 centimeters, thick and well structured, straight, with a slightly protruding glans, perfectly formed. Suzy, as a good Brazilian, was obsessed with dicks and introduced it into her mouth. She took it in her hands as she passed her tongue through the whole cock, stretching her lingual caresses through his thighs and testicles, coming to gently savor his anus. While Charlie's polla remained stiff as if it were iron, Suzy continued savoring and sucking repeatedly. This continued for more than half an hour. Charlie had never been given a blow job of this quality in his entire life.

I momentarily abandoned the couple to observe Henry and William, who, with some discretion, had unfastened their trousers. Neither of them wore underpants, and without any shame, they were masturbating. Henry's cock, as I mentioned, is what is now called micropenis, but William's, without being anything from another world, was acceptable.

I was entertained watching Suzy moan while receiving Charlie's polla, while Henry and William, with a good boys' attitude, were jerking off in their seats when I realized that behind my friends, there were two girls who had taken off their panties, and as if nothing happened, infected by the erotic fury of the area were masturbating. Henry and William were ignorant of what was happening behind them. The joint performance of the six seemed like a concert of a delightful musical composition.

I came back on my first target and found that the blow job was already coming to its last moments. Charlie's polla was even harder and, despite its size, Suzy introduced it almost entirely in her mouth until it collided with her throat, both waiting for the time when the sperm gushes out, which Suzy planned to swallow directly.

No two pollas are equal, nor do their sperms taste the same. They vary from acidity to sweetness, but they all have their culinary appeal. I think the degree of pleasure from ingesting semen depends to a great extent on the personal characteristics of who's releasing it and the functionality and beauty of it.

I enjoyed just as they did their orgasm, which was almost simultaneous for them, forming an apocalyptic ending of the aforementioned concert, which was accompanied, by chance, by an abrupt but delicious fall of the plane. A beautiful

stewardess, of about thirty years, took notice of the harmonious ensemble of orgasms, making her and I the only ones that had an integral vision of the orchestra.

Charlie and Suzy lived in their own adventure without knowing what others were doing. Henry and William watched their companions in the front, but were unaware of the sexual activities that occurred behind them, and the girls only partially perceived the excitement of the two males in front. The rest of the passengers slept placidly.

To Elizabeth, the event pleased and excited her, and while fulfilling her routine duties, she approached the cockpit.

We were traveling in a Boeing 747 Jumbo. Assuming my party was not over, I left all the boys sexually exhausted, falling asleep with a nice smile in their face, with the feeling of having their duties fulfilled, I walked towards the command zone.

As soon as she arrived in the main cabin, the stewardess sat behind, but in the middle of the pilot and co-pilot, keeping another alternate pilot behind her. The three were between thirty and forty years old, possessed a good physical state and significant sexual appeal, especially Richard, the third pilot, with a noticeable hard abdomen, without a drop of fat, and with the appetizing six-pack describing and pointing each of the abdominal muscles.

Although the passenger cabin was currently totally in the dark, the lights had just been turned off, and all the windows were closed, with almost all passengers sleeping making it seem like it was night, while in reality, it was a splendid day. Through the front crystals of the plane loomed a radiant sun, with clear skies, which allowed to fully see the firmament and appreciate the beauty of the vastness of the Atlantic Ocean.

The scenario could not be better considering only the panoramic view, coupled with the power felt from being in the command area of a plane of this size, was worth it. I believed that the presence of three flight officers with only a single stewardess would not allow me to observe the consummation of a coitus in mid-flight and that I would have to defer to upcoming trips my desire to witness an aerial fuck.

The experience previously narrated, which was certainly precious and would qualify as very tender, left me anxious for sex.

The atmosphere of the cabin was slowly building eroticism, as the hands of the stewardess strolled through the hair of both pilots while the third pilot placed his hand on Elizabeth's butt.

Robert and Marck were relaxed observing the exceptional maritime landscape formed by a barely rough plank of sea, with complete absence of any other visible element and with a clarity that they could hardly remember.

The only woman in the room, had a smile synchronized with the rest of her companions, she leaned forward and moved both hands to the pilots' pollas, leaving her coño in the air. None of the folks in the cabin wore underwear. Of course, this was the case for the three crew members who, when they took off their trousers, quickly their erect dicks (cipotes) deployed.

Richard, while gripping Elizabeth's hair penetrated her with total aggression and brutality in one blow, provoking a groan of grief but one that she was certainly looking forward to. He continued pulling her hair with strength, as he began a fast pace of movements, she screamed with a mixture of pain and pleasure, while with her hands she tried with little precision to masturbate the pilot and the copilot.

The ejaculation of Richard lasted little, perhaps less than a minute, but it allowed for enough time to produce in Elizabeth an acceptable first orgasm.

From those first moments, the passengers, despite the cries of the stewardess and the groans of Richard, heard nothing, they were oblivious to everything that happened. The plane was automatically driven from the control towers. All the crew members stripped completely, completing an idyllic atmosphere. Elizabeth advanced to the front glass recreating herself in the infinity of the waters while Robert, abandoning his command post, penetrated the same way as Richard, but this occasion anally, producing more pain but much more pleasure, while he pulled with equal strength her blond hair.

Unexpectedly, Marck approached Richard with whom he started a delicate erotic session but loaded with passion. The fuck between Elizabeth and Robert lasted, in spite of their heavy jolts, about fifteen minutes, while with great skill Marck and Richard handled with their mouths their respective genitals.

With the same synchrony of the young passengers, the three pilots ejaculated, Richard cumming into Marck's mouth, and Marck with a timely extraction of his cipote came in Richard's face. In the end, Elizabeth ended up licking everything and ingesting the semen around his mouth and Richard's face.

I was eager to arrive in Rio de Janeiro, to attend the Carnival par excellence, a carnival known for lust, sex, sensuality, and music. Brazil is always shutdown during this week. It is a time of drinking, dancing, music, sex, and art, during which there is a mix of rich and poor, police and thieves, virgins and prostitutes, they all feel so comfortable

that they forget who they are. One year there was even a samba school that represented the allegory of the Seven Deadly Sins, among which lust was a veritable goddess of flesh, a symbol of Brazilian beauty. Women paraded naked, covered only with a little paint on the vulva.

They say that Rio is a piece of heaven on earth and, seeing their women this is totally true. Every corner of the city emanates sensuality, everything splurge of energy, rhythm, color, being there is to live the feast of sexuality, is infused with a jovial spirit, cheerful and seductive.

There is the popular carnival, organized by the neighborhoods. These celebrations are dangerous and sadly known for their excesses of violence and even murders. The Brazilian Carnival is celebrated in the Sambadrome; a stadium-like installation, with stands and boxes for spectators. This party lasts three days and each day, five schools of Samba parade participate in a competition rated for the duration of the show. Each school must travel one kilometer in an hour; the wardrobe is valued, the allegory that represent, the decoration of the floats, the scenery, the lyrics and music of the samba. The samba schools of lesser category also make their parades, and every year, as if it were a sporting tournament, they ascend three to the first category and three others descend.

Samba is the national dance of Brazil, a cheerful, erotic and sensual rhythm. Who wouldn't be captivated admiring the movement of the Mulatas? Soaking in that precise rhythm of the pelvis and hips.

There are two elements that define the carnivals of Rio, the cult of the body, and above all the exaltation of beauty, becoming sometimes an obsession. During the Carnival in Rio, there is no room for moderation. It is said that you have

to experience the carnival in Rio at least once in your life, and this was going to be my first time.

These days, people have no willingness to compromise, ambiguous behaviors happen, sexuality is a celebration. There is a popular Brazilian saying that “during Carnival, nobody belongs to anyone.” Orgasm is more important than money, it is the best way to forget everything and the immediate gratification is priceless.

All the elements that combine in carnival; music, alcohol, vibrant and aphrodisiac dances, heat... inevitably lead to sex.

After a few minutes, when the crew regained their composure, they opened the door that was previously locked, so that I could go back and retire to my passenger seat to sleep the rest of the trip and wait for the time when the last food tray is distributed from which I planned to nourish with a ration of peach marmalade.

Fleas that reside in any other living thing feed of their blood. But I, in my strange and unusual code of ethics, neither want nor can do this with the people I coexist with daily. I do not renounce to any other person who I don't consider as part of my environment, with whom I live with only hours or at most a couple of days; which forces me to fight every day for my livelihood.

When my fellow travelers set foot on the ground, I began to notice the strength of a new world. The perception of the heat of humid air framed a different atmosphere that, as I could see in the first hours of stay in Rio, was accompanied by the exuberance of the music, of joy and the social sympathy.

I was going to Brazil dominated by an inner force that justified my obsession with the observation, experience, and study of the sexual behavior of humans. But I realized that



Latin America represented in this case by Brazil, exerted this capacity of attraction over me, not only due to this obsession but also for its way of being and its way of understanding life. I love Brazil and its people, their affection, their way of speaking, their tolerance, their rhythm, all represented in their spiritual and bodily joy.

You will tell me that this is not a true observation since I entered Brazil on the first day of the beginning of the carnival, but I think I have enough analytical capacity to successfully try to delink the exceptional moment that this event generates, from the way of being of a people. Among other reasons, because this carnival is not possible anywhere else other than here.

Everything I lived in these days was exceptional and possibly the most fun and crazy days of my life. But I prefer to tell you little by little.

Arriving at Redenção, transported in Charlie's pubes and accompanied by Suzy, we got off the car, a 4x4-type S10 Chevrolet, in front of a bar, Filet Brasil, which is the most elegant bar in the city. To access it, you have to climb a four-rung staircase. Its decor is modern, with many transparent glasses, and its advanced design tables are from Paú Brasil, which is a type of high-density dark redwood, very expensive, and that is only found in the Amazon jungle, in the states of Amazonas and Pará. The bar has a capacity for 200 people sitting in addition to the standing capacity, and the bar opens 24 hours a day from Wednesday to Sunday.

We entered the bar and Charlie and Suzy approached the bar to order two chops, beers that are sweeter but served as a typical draft beer. While my fellow travelers drank, I felt that was an opportunity to look for my next travel companion. I

was looking for a young woman, pretty, fairly intelligent, but especially with a lot of sexual appeals.

I stood above the counter from where I could observe the effective contact system used by men and women. Usually, when a woman sees a man she likes, she gets his attention by touching her hair, crossing and uncrossing the legs, getting up frequently to go to the restroom, but above all looking with some firmness to the desired person.

The man, who realizes this game of seduction, gives his phone number to the waiter who delivers it to the girl. She then makes a private call to which the man answers and, in this way, the conversation and the adventure begin.

In the event that the guy is the one who wants to hook up, he starts the process with the delivery of his phone number to the waiter.

I'm afraid I was falling in love with Suzy and a little with Charlie, and I was excited as if it were a romance novel, in which both had a good relationship. But I had decided in the first place, as you know, to reside in a girl with certain characteristics that I wanted to compare and contrast and with objectivity in the analysis to be able to choose correctly. Secondly, Suzy lived in London and only come to Brazil for the carnivals, see her family and friends and return in a month to her studies and work in London. On the contrary, I prepared for a long stay in America. Therefore, with sorrow in my heart, I decided to abandon them in search of my definitive alternative.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and my friends had left the enclosure, after a short sleep of three or four hours, I set out to tour the premises. It began to fill with cheerful and loquacious people. There were almost the same number of women as men, the youngest dominated, although as at that time, this

adjective applied to people in their 40s. Some were more than 50 years, but few. The mixture of races was total, recording all shades from white-white to almost pure black.

The business was well organized, a good bar with standing room, many tables, and with a properly studied distribution. There were areas of great light and therefore of greater public exposure; others half-light; and in the last half the shadows guaranteed anonymity.

This bar is used as a place for amusement and hookup, moving the practice of sexuality more powerful and clear to other places. However, in all its space it was frequent to observe loving practices of couples, leading to caresses, kisses, hugs and all kinds of loving practices.

The climate is tropical, a short distance from the equator, so the clothing was very light and especially sensual. The majority of the girls wore a very short skirt and a top, usually with bare shoulders, the bellybutton practically in all cases to the air. Among the women, a differentiating factor was the use of underwear called g-strings and those that didn't wear anything, the ratio being two to one. The boys were somewhat more covered, although some of them wore shorts and the shirt open, others directly without a shirt.

Although I rarely practice sex, I consider myself heterosexual and, without having anything against, I have never had any kind of lesbian relationship. However, I must admit that I am especially attracted to vaginas. All of them in Brazil are especially cared for. The groin is specially shaved with attractive shapes and additional decorations, tattoos, and piercing.

Brazilians understand their genitals are to be shown, not explicitly, but rather in a suggestive and morbid way. In this

sense, they love that in the vision of their vagina the clitoris is noticed as an element of singular attractiveness, and it is close to this point where they place piercings for better signaling. There are penis of all types, big and small, long and short, more or less fleshy, with more or less defined lips.

Every buceta changes its graphical representation depending on if it looks more or less open. As it opens its size increases, as well as its morbidity. With its opening, you can perceive part of its interior, with its roughness and its diversity of shapes and tones. A moving buceta is like the waves of the sea, which allows a constant and tireless gaze.

Suzy and Charlie said their goodbyes at the foot of the staircase, kissing with ardor and tightly tightening their bodies, in compliance with their decisions but still paying tribute to their sadness. Suzy did not want any kind of commitment, everything she lived in the last ten days she took in as good and longed to return home with her sisters, her parents, who until a year ago had been her whole world.

There were plenty of memories to hold on to. Charlie and Suzy copied one of the couples who walked the Sambadrome and left completely naked from the hotel with bare feet and with the only clothing items being a tape on their neck, each with the name of the other. Regardless of the alcohol and the permanent Brazilian music, they experienced a huge sense of unique freedom. They enjoyed their nakedness and the display of their body, applauded by many who were able to see them during the nearly fourteen hours they spent on the street.

During this time they walked, sang and danced, they were surrounded by many people, among whom they mingled, shared drinks, food and dances. They did not carry a single dime, but that did not matter, since in these days of Carnival,

everything was splendor and the generosity towards them was stronger due to the beauty of their bodies, the attractiveness of their genitals slightly exposed, and the harmonic sensation that they deployed on scene.

For hours, they moved nonstop without feeling tired and joined bodies with each other and with others until well into the night. At four o'clock in the morning, they were standing on Copacabana Avenue, opposite the beach. Charlie kneeled at her feet, taking advantage of a shadow, and began to kiss her buceta tenderly. Gradually, the tongue penetrating provoked the first orgasm almost immediately. He kept licking and kissing her for a long time while his polla was getting harder and harder until Suzy got her third consecutive orgasm. Suddenly he expelled a powerful squirt of semen that fell on the sand of the beach, its flow surpassing a small wall that separates the street from the beach.

Then they continued walking the streets headed towards the hotel. On their way, while it was almost dawn, a couple of young white people greeted them from a balcony and invited them to spend the night with them, drinking the last caipirinhas and eating a magnificent bolo de mihlo made with coconut, corn, condensed milk, egg, and sugar. They accepted without hesitation and climbed, tired but animated, the steps to the first floor.

Jacqueline and Eric were waiting naked with the door open. On the balcony, while they were fairly dressed, they kissed each of them on the lips and repeated their invitation. After exchanging some phrases, they went to the room where the four of them sat, and they started to eat bolo de mihlo. The music was booming; the hosts were of good presence and high social status. Their home with the avant-garde decor has

some deco furniture and red leather sofas of functional Italian design. After the bolo, they continued with the drinks, and all talked praises about the carnivals.

Later, taking advantage of the nudity, a smiling Jacqueline sat on top of Charlie's legs; Suzy did the same with Eric. Both couples started kissing while introducing their penis in the respective pussies, while Suzy inconspicuously looked at Charlie and he looked back at her.

Jacqueline and Eric, more accustomed to the exchange of couples, only focused on their particular erotic session. They changed their position on the sofas, and all ended the sex in a simple way with gratifying orgasms, rather soft and uncoordinated; the women came first.

Relaxed, they rejoined to drink their caipirinhas and eat some more bolo. They still had a half hour to keep talking about the carnival before saying their goodbyes. Jacqueline, given the time, offered them pajamas to return to the life routine. Suzy and Charlie delighted, accepted and departed as if immersed in a dream.

Upon arriving at the hotel, they found themselves in the room with Henry and Marck naked. Suzy took her clothes, dressed and went to her friend Polyana's house where she was staying.

Brazilians are very tactile. It is very normal that under the table, the hands rest on the sensitive areas of their lovers. In most cases, it is done for the purpose of soft touches, and for some, to finger and masturbate. Because of the accessibility of the buceta, the men are the ones that usually finger the women.

In one of the tables, they drank whiskey, while they dined arroz de carretero, whose fundamental ingredient is the charque,

which is lean meat, without fat, cut in thin slices, and dried in the sun, accompanied by rice, tomato, onion, pepper, garlic, and parsley. The majority of the tables mostly drank beers. Also chops, wine, whiskey, and caipirinhas. Sometimes they accompany their drinks with pieces of chopped mandiaca, fried or boiled.

I left the most illuminated area and went near the shadows. On the edge, I found a table made up of seven girls of about 20 years of age. Apparently, they came every Wednesday at the same time; none of them wore underwear, or if they did, it was removed. They always sat at the same table, round and spacious. They needed the collaboration of guys who would typically be different every time.

The girls were always the same and only varied in number if one of them was absent. The boys were acquaintances of some of them, but they had to fulfill a condition. They could not be presently in love with any of them, although an ex-boyfriend or having had a past sexual relation was acceptable.

One of the girls ran the game and therefore did not participate. The entertainment lasted about three hours. The boy was placed under the table while the girls talked, drank and ate, with their legs wide open. Then he would repeatedly kiss and suckle their pussies (coños). Meanwhile, occasionally, a name of a girl would be called, and she had thirty seconds to say who was being sucked. In this time interval, the collaborating boy is not allowed to change the coño he's sucking. If the girl was right, she had a positive point and if she was wrong, two negative points.

At the end of the night, the one with the least points had to pay for the drinks. All scores were recorded and accumulated with a general classification. At the end of the year, the

competition is concluded, and each person obtains a ranking position. The referee was to be rotated.

Charlie left and went to the hotel Makarios, where he had reserved a room, and Suzy left to her family home, located in the street Ciudad de Jardín, in a high social status area of the City.

The darkest area was occupied by married men and women, living different adventures. These were generally older. Some of them were alone and came looking for a hookup. Here the people were calmer and their erotic activity circumscribing to kisses and hugs. Generally, they were couples who talk a lot, sometimes in a heated way and with plenty of arguments. In one of the corners an adulterous couple, both older than fifty years, caressing each other with dissimulation but without modesty. She eventually sat astride him, penetrating his penis into her vagina, and with smooth and clandestine movements they orgasm.

I went up his leg to one of his breasts where I sucked enough blood to compensate for my last hours of hustle. Then I started my way back to the bar. On the way, I was observing different girls to study a possible alternative as a regular companion of adventures. They were very beautiful and attractive, like two or three of the ones that participated in the Round Table game.

Earlier I had been observing a waitress very agile in her movements, of a sculptural body, uniformed in a black and white dress, with skirt slightly above the knee, tall, green eyes, dark-skinned and curly-black hair to which she had added black hair extensions with less dark and reddish tips.

Suddenly, I decided to look for her and settle in her extensions, where I could rest and have a good panorama.



There, I spent three quiet days, and I only left her a few moments in search of food. The more girls I saw and studied, hearing their conversations, the more I longed for Suzy, so I decided that if I saw her again without hesitation, she would be the chosen one.

At the moment, if Suzy had taken some time to return, I had located a possible substitute... An 18-year-old blonde, blue-eyed, elegantly dressed, mid-height, who was a luxury prostitute at the bar Thiazinha, a site that is secured and access is directly by car and to which only men over 30 years of age tend to attend, usually married and of high purchasing power.

The Moças of this establishment are especially beautiful and young. I was always interested in residing for a while in a prostitute, and this was a good opportunity.

Living these days with Cynthia helped me get to know Redenção. She worked in the establishment for more than ten hours. She had a night shift, from 22:00 hours to 08:00 in the morning. At the end of her shift, she would go to her boyfriend's house, get into his bed and, without waking him, started kissing him all over his body, especially lingering in his testicles and polla. Once erect, she would introduce it into her mouth. Upon waking, Ivan would start kissing her coño, rubbing the clitoris with his tongue to incite an orgasm and finally moving to the bathroom where they showered together, and played with water. When they got out of the shower, they would go back to bed where they would fuck until they reach a new orgasm, almost simultaneously. When Cynthia was finished, she would lay naked in bed, and Ivan would get up to finish grooming, dressing and go to work as a prefecture official.

At about four in the afternoon, the waitress woke up and was about to deploy the same dynamism of her work,

throughout the city. She moved in her short skirt, from one place to another. She would stop by her house, go to the supermarket, meet up with friends, go see the movies, attend a conference, or make plans to meet up with an old boyfriend, married to a friend of hers. She spent two hours having sex at the motel Momentos. Around eight in the evening, she set a date with Ivan in a Rodicio, near the Filet Brasil, from there she returned to work.

When Charlie went to the hotel Makarios with the idea of going back to Rio the next day, and from there, travel with his friends to London, he decided to change plans and stay a week in the city to try to see Suzy.

Friday night was especially happening in the bar. It was filled with young people who drank, jumped and sang. It was the first weekend after a week of study and work after the carnival, and there was a lot of desire to disconnect, alcohol was consumed in a compulsive way.

That night, Cynthia only had to work five hours, she'd come in an hour early and could leave at 2:00 in the morning. It was all a mess, a group of 16 or 17-year-olds were playing spin the bottle. They spun a bottle of beer on the table, and the person who it pointed at, once it stopped, was the first to be chosen to be paired with the next person the bottle pointed. If this person was the same sex as the previous one, the turn was repeated until it pointed to the opposite sex. The couples were formed and encouraged to flirt while they were on the premises.

In Brazil, as in most countries, it is illegal to serve alcohol to minors and to consume them in public establishments, but there is not too much enforcement for compliance with these standards.

Nearby was a group of married couples that played more explicitly in the exchange of couples; they did this from time to time. They simply wrote their name on a slip; the names of the women went in one bowl and the names of the men in another. A paper was taken from one bowl and then from the other. If by coincidence the selected names were a couple, the second name picked was replaced. The pairs formed spent the night together engaging in sex anywhere they desired, but before leaving, they enjoyed drinks and commented on the result of the pairing.

Cynthia did not tell Ivan about the two days off work she got and used the hours to have fun without strings attached. Near the Filet Brazil, there is another similar bar but with live music, and with a younger crowd. It was also close to the only nightclub in Redençao, Kalcuta. In the premise was the waitress. At the bar Gasolina, she met with her ex-boyfriend again who was with his wife. She greeted him and, approaching his ear, told him “We meet again the same place, next week.” He answered affirmatively.

The waitress was very attractive, but also very friendly and with a special gift for public relations. Everyone knew that at work, she could not be disturbed, but outside it was a whirlwind. Many boys and girls greeted her, and she stayed with a group of 7 or 8 people who offered her whiskey. At that moment, they were discussing politics, commenting on the allegations that the party of Lula, president of Brazil, who tried to buy the will of some deputies.

She stood for the more politicized side and appeared to be the leader of the group. After a while, Mauricio grabbed her by the hand and kept debating with the rest. After finishing the second whiskey in less than half an hour, they both said their goodbyes to the group, and they left to his apartment,

located less than 50 meters away. Arriving at Mauricio's home, Cynthia comfortably drank her third whiskey so that she could fuck the way she likes.

First, he kissed her coño gently and then did the same with her anus, while she introduced a large vibrator in her buceta. While holding the vibrator in her coño, she lifted her legs to put them on his shoulders, while he penetrated gently through her anus. After having fucked for more than fifteen minutes, he extracted his polla and put it in her buceta, while she introduced the vibrator in her anus. It continued like this for more than 15 minutes until Mauricio was about to cum. He then moved his penis to Cynthia's mouth to cum inside. Cynthia after having orgasm several times ingested his semen and licked his polla until it was completely flaccid.

After they composed themselves, they took another whiskey and soon moved to the disco, where they spent the rest of the time dancing and laughing. At 8:00 in the morning, like any other day, Cynthia went to her boyfriend's apartment.

After that night, I thought of substituting the high-end prostitute for Cynthia, keeping Suzy as my first choice.

On Saturday, Cynthia, after making love with Ivan, instead of sleeping in, she went home where she stayed until it was dinner time with her boyfriend. She took advantage and rested and cleaned her apartment. At about seven in the afternoon, the doorbell rang and, to my surprise, it was Suzy who was accompanied by a man considerably older than her, over forty years old. They came in; Cynthia offered them some whiskey and some cooked mandioca.

It seemed like they were very good friends. Apparently, they had arranged a meeting over the phone without me knowing; I was possibly asleep.

My joy was almost greater than that of theirs; the two would not stop hugging and kissing. I took the time to go to Suzy's pubes. From what I could gather, they were also friends of the group of girls who played at the roundtable. They spoke raggedly, trying to say too many things. It had been more than a year without seeing each other.

To not be rude, Branco decided to meet up another day to catch up. They settled down a bit, and all three talked about the city and its latest changes until Cynthia apologized because she had to leave and said: "You know that this is your house, have as much fun as you can."

She headed out; they stayed comfortably listening to music. After a while, they kissed and slowly took off each other's clothes and headed to the bedroom. He, despite his age, had a magnificent body forged in the gym. From a drawer Suzy already knew, they extracted a mask and a cape for him and a rabbit costume for her. With these complements, they fucked ardently and later exchanged roles and the limited wardrobe. Suzy, in addition, wore a belt with a large artificial polla and with it she fucked him anally, he screamed and enjoyed much more than before.

Branco is an entrepreneur, owner a refrigerator industry; the main industry for the last 10 years was logging and not livestock. With time and laws prohibiting and controlling logging of mogno trees in the Amazon, the majority of the population did their business and worked around livestock. The refrigeration industry buys the cows and ox. They break them down by removing the meat for food distribution, bones as puppy food supply, their viscera for cosmetic and pharmaceutical products, and skin for the manufacture of chewing gum.

After Branco went home to his wife and children, Suzy sat drinking a whiskey while waiting for Charlie's arrival.

Already at the door, Cynthia reassured her that they would meet up soon. Tonight the waitress had her day off and after dinner with Ivan she had planned to go with him to the so-called poor parties, held in poor neighborhoods on weekends, with the greatest disinhibition, much euphoria, and too much alcohol. They could have been more fun, but they were too much too dangerous. In all of the parties, there were some brawls, almost always with wounded, and in some instances deceased.

These brawls were the product of the mixture of alcohol, sex, and passion, usually among men who disputed the love of a woman. At other times they were provoked by jealousy. Visitors from other areas stayed on the sidelines of these brawls; they only had to be aware of potential robberies and try not to meddle in the affairs and relations of the locals

As soon as Charlie arrived, he was happy and anxious to see her again. Charlie was completely in love with Suzy, maybe she was too, but she did not want to make it obvious. She had her own plans and had not yet fulfilled her goals, so she did not intend to break them. She reluctantly accepted the prolongation of the presence of the Englishman in her city, but only for a week. She enjoyed with him a special tenderness which she remembered only from the early moments of her adolescence. She felt comfortable just kissing him, stroking him and having him at her side.

## CHAPTER 2 FULL OF CHARLIE: SUZY AND POLIANA LOVE THEIR SEX

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Since her arrival, she had deployed a great deal of activity, and she had not stopped. Her way of being, in many respects, resembled that of her friend Cynthia, both dominated by the passion for life, mixing professionalism, sensibility, affection and sex, all in large doses. She had reserved part of her time, in a measured way as if there was a ration quota, for Charlie.

After kissing ardently, as usual, they prepared steaks on the grill accompanied by fried eggs and potatoes, drank a bottle of Chilean wine that Charlie had brought, and then onto the couch, to make love tenderly while they listened to Brazilian music. They did a style called *papá y mamá* here, or missionary style in Europe. In other words, the man on top of the woman. Suzy didn't pass on the opportunity to suck Charlie's *polla*, which she was totally in love with.

Her new friend had broken many of her biases. She was well aware of the sexual superiority of Brazilians with respect to the rest of the world. She knew an important catalog of Brazilian and English cocks of which the locals won by a

landslide, but above all, she knew the passion and the amatory arts of her compatriots in comparison with the coldness and clumsiness of the English, but Charlie was a separate case.

Regardless of his beauty, which was in the top male ranking, he had it all... a fantastic cock, long, thick, well proportioned, with impeccable aesthetics, powerful, very affectionate and, to top it all, he overflowed passion.

She had decided to repress herself and at the end of his stay in Brazil definitively cut the relationship, but during those days, she intended to look after him, show her love and encourage sexual diversions with different erotic games.

After several hours already installed in bed, rotating between sleep, caresses, and sex, she gave him his first gift. At dawn, Cynthia joined them; she joined them between the sheets, and they both started kissing him all over his body, while he touched, kissed and sucked anything he could. Their mouths came together, as if attracted by a magnet, to Charlie's cock, while he alternated his tongue enjoyably between one clitoris and the other.

Charlie, who despite his pre-trip intentions that were sex, sex, and sex, from the moment he met her on the plane all he wanted was to hear from her, but was willing to accept the terms Suzy had prepared for him.

The two were still fascinated by his polla, they were excited and revered it, as they played affectionately with it with their mouths. So they spent a lot of time until Charlie came, they shared, while they continued kissing it and sucking his semen. In the end, they all fell asleep and intertwined over the bed.

In the morning, after breakfast, Suzy politely got rid of Charlie, not without first promising him that she would pass by his hotel that same afternoon.



Suzy and Cynthia had a lot to talk about, and there was no way to put order to the conversation. During their time of separation, they had been connected through the Internet, but it was not the same, and they needed to hear it from each other's mouths. It was evident that the most interesting thing was to know about Suzy's experiences in London, so she was ranting about many of its aspects. She valued to a great extent the power to study; she had successfully surpassed the first year of her career, audiovisual communication, despite her job and having started the course once it had already begun. In a similar manner, she also valued the cultural level of London and its accessibility, and she pointed out her salary as the positive such that, while being low over there, in Brazil, it was a very appreciable amount. The negative part was primarily represented by the people and its climate; she could not bear its cold winter, nor the rains and the summer heat, or to have to dress in a covered-up way, but much worse was the coldness of its people.

The English lived isolated in their individualistic world, and they do not know what passion is, neither in life nor in sex. They live sex without vigor, almost mechanically, and love as an intellectual entelechy in which too many concepts are mixed, a lot of which are of rational character and lack instinct.

It was the turn of the Englishman. First of all, Cynthia bent over backward in praise of his cock (for both, this was a key element in valuing a man), and then she dropped the bomb suddenly..... "Say what you want but you're in love". Suzy told her in detail about all she had lived with him for fifteen days, emphasizing on the day that they both walked completely naked in Río.

She also told Cinthia about the moments of tenderness with him, his calm way of making love; but sharply she concluded that next Thursday, she would end everything.

Cynthia, who shared almost everything with Suzy, had a less radical vision. She had self-promised to leave sex with all its strength, but she did not renounce love; so after hearing, with her jaw dropped, her friend's stories, she couldn't believe her words. Suzy, who partly appreciated the disbelief of her friend, preferred to change the subject and moved on to recount another erotic adventure of Carnival one in which Charlie did not participate.

During the week and a half that she was in Rio, she resided in the home of their common friend Poliana. One day, they both walked down the street and entered a bar where Elizabeth was just a few feet away. She did not recognize her, but the flight attendant who was the only witness of the aerial sex concert approached them and requested to take a caipirinha with them.

The three were open-minded, it did not cost them to quickly enter into a fluent and interesting conversation. As it is logical, they started talking about the carnivals and in general of Brazil, to finally winding up on men and sex. The curriculum of the three was extensive and varied, especially that of Elizabeth, supported by the age and her capacity to travel the world protected in the anonymity of hundreds of different cities.

They all loved sex, and they would lose anything for a good polla. Just the mention of its name excited them and made them lubricate their vaginas (bucetas). The flight attendant invited them to a VIP area that she had booked, along with other pilots and flight attendants, in the Sambadrome.

It goes without saying that they accepted delightedly. Elizabeth, after confessing that she was aware of everything that happened on the plane, she described in detail all the youth concert and her own party in the cockpit, causing the rest healthy envy.

Although it was not necessary, Elizabeth informed them that, in addition to seeing the parades of floats with a variety of drinks and something to nibble, the goal was a bacchanal of sex. All the attendants were fittingly liberal, and all guest needed to be endorsed, with these criteria, by the person who brought them. Not all the members of an aerial crew were of this way of thinking; rather they were a small minority. However, they had organized themselves to coincide on certain routes.

All of a sudden, Suzy asked point blank if she was married. Elizabeth, with a smile, replied that she was, that she had a 3-year-old son and that she was doing fairly well. Suzy bit her tongue and said no more about this topic. Stories of their escapades continued, without omitting the most morbid details. Suzy and Poliana already knew the VIP area; nonetheless, they appreciated the exceptional value of the invitation.

They were the first to arrive. Elizabeth, as a good hostess, had introduced them to all present and those arriving. In total, there were thirteen, seven girls and six boys, including Robert, Richard, and Marck. Most of them were around 30 years old, and as good sex-obsessed people, they took care of their bodies. The most handsome was Richard, who, when everyone was accounted for, went to the front and started a sensual striptease.

His face was really pretty, and his body seemed to be chiseled muscle to muscle. His pito (cock) was not very large, but very esthetic and proportionate. It appeared almost erect

after unbuttoning the trouser buttons. It was completely shaved. When he removed the last sock, Marck came and kissed him in the mouth interweaving their tongues, while with one hand, he gently patted his cock, already fully erect. Richard took his shirt off slowly kissing his naked body, crouched slow to his knees, lowered the zipper of his trousers then appeared with all its hardness Marck's polla. He gently sucked it in the presence of everyone until he got an acceptable ejaculation that spread over his chest.

Elizabeth asked Suzy to accompany her, and together they kissed his magnificent chest sprinkled with semen while exchanging erotic kisses. While they were parting and kissing each other, Richard leaned his hands on the glass, and Marck penetrated him.

Elizabeth kissed Suzy's breasts while at the same time with her hands stroking her coño and her culo ( ass). Then Suzy knelt down and with enthusiasm, ate the pussy of her stewardess friend. After a few minutes, two guys approached them, they gently placed them both in the same position as Richard, with their hands on the crystals, and carefully they introduced their cocks into their vaginas. Once everyone was undressed, the five remaining girls, including Poliana were placed in the same position so that the remaining boys could penetrate them alternately.

Richard and Marck joined the game so that while the seven girls watched their show, they were being penetrated successively and in a rotating way by the six boys. When all the males had run in the different vaginas and asses, the group took advantage to drink, eat and see in exclusive the parade. On this occasion, Suzy and Poliana had enjoyed the ride like never before.

When the outside show was about to end, Richard raffled six sleeping masks. Poliana and Suzy got some, so they were, to a large extent, on the hands of other's desires. This part of the game was developed at the far end of the VIP area where there were several sofas. Suzy got different cocks to suck, while she was caressed, sucked and fucked repeatedly.

Suzy told Cynthia that she was expecting Elizabeth's visit with the three pilots along with Poliana and another stewardess the following day. Cynthia thought it well conditioned so that she could make timely changes with her co-workers; she would really only have to miss Monday night.

Cynthia, impressed by Charlie's cock, asked the pleasure to enjoy it again. Suzy thought it was a good idea and recommended that she call him throughout the day to the hotel since she had not planned a visit until nine o'clock in the evening. Suzy retired to her house, and a little later than agreed, she approached the hotel Makarios. She found Charlie relaxed and happy, they asked for a bottle of champagne, and they spent a quiet night.

Suzy told Charlie everything, each of her experiences; she acted in a clean and transparent way. In the face of love demands from him, she always eased things, though acknowledging them, his feelings and despite all his pleas was inexorable in her final opinion. Under no circumstances, it was the time for her to give life to a stable and lasting relationship.

Charlie repeatedly expressed his love, he would rebel with continuous protest, but in a good tone and a framework of dreamy loving and sexual experiences he never imagined having. They fucked like two in love.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the following day, Cynthia, Charlie and Suzy were at the airport in the city of

Palma, awaiting the arrival of the private flight that would take them all to Manaus, a city located in the center of the Amazon.

Of the few paradisiacal spots left on Earth, the most significant is the Amazonia, a jungle located in northern South America that covers about seven million square kilometers of dense vegetation. Two-thirds of the Amazon is in Brazil, but the Amazon River basin crosses the northern part of South America from one end to the other and also crosses the territories of Colombia, Peru, Venezuela, and Ecuador. This rainforest is known as the world's largest environmental lung. In fact, many of its thousands of plants and animals are still unknown to science. It is the planet's ecological paradise with 30,000 species of plants, 2,500 of trees, 3,000 types of fish and one-third of the planet's tropical timber.

The Amazon River is the longest in the world with its 7,020 kilometers, born in the Andes and flows into the state of Pará in the north of Brazil where it forms a large estuary 240 kilometers wide.

In these lands, many legends survived. The first explorer who toured the river was Francisco de Orellana, Lieutenant Governor of Guayaquil (Ecuador) in 1542. He named the river Amazonas due to the legends of Naked warrior women who inhabited their Rivera and defended their territory against the Spanish invaders with bows and arrows. It was said that "they made as much war as ten men."

There are currently more than 370 villages in the Amazon, among which live some 940,000 indigenous people. Most are sedentary farmers who brush small land and plant cassava, bananas, beans, rice, and fruit. They also hunt animals like wild pigs and fish in rivers and lakes.

It is very important to note that in this world of globalization and telecommunications, there are still some 40 groups of indigenous people who have not had contact with other non-indigenous populations.

The singularity of the Brazilians is also noticed in the indigenous; there is a diversity so great that it is difficult to generalize, around it there is a whole world of myths and legends, the festivals are their maximum expression of their sense of community.

Among the indigenous, there are some characters who are known as shamans who, they say, cure diseases and can communicate with the world of the spirits while dreaming or using hallucinogenic drugs. Many indigenous people are animists, believe that within plants, animals and even men/ there are spirits who can act well as guardian angels or can cause sickness and death.

After the most magical and mysterious part of the Indians is the other side of the coin, their serious survival problems caused by the ecological destruction and abuse of man with the illegal colonization of land, for cattle pasture, soybean plantations and illegal trade of timber, mine projects, dams, and roads. Each year, more than 300,000 fires are recorded, most of them caused by farmers, ranchers, and loggers. In 2004 alone, 26,000 square kilometers of Amazonian rainforest were lost. If this bleeding continues, in 50 years, the Amazon will be a desert.

The big problem of this country is how to maintain economic development, based mainly on the cultivation of soybeans and cattle while maintaining a defense and preservation of these forests, their valuable wood and the waters of their rivers. Brazil is the world's second largest soybean exporter,

after the United States and one of the biggest livestock sellers, controls 20% of the world's beef market, with more than 60 million of cattle, of which 30% is in the Amazon. Millions of trees are cut for the cultivation of soybeans and pasture for livestock; 80% of the wood used in Sao Paulo alone is of illegal origin. The Amazon needs special attention on the part of the world.

President Lula opted for sustainable economic development, and initiated a series of measures to prevent the illegal occupation of the Amazonian rainforest but has failed to curb its devastation, partly by the collusion between landowners, policemen, local politicians and corrupt judges who have imposed their law for years.

An hour later they were in the plane piloted by Marck. Suzy and Charlie sat together; She did not want to miss the opportunity to re-savor his cock, which he rewarded by drinking a whiskey that he previously poured into her breasts and her buceta.

Upon arrival, they moved to the Tropical Manaus Hotel, a luxury accommodation, located on a small island in the center of the Negro River, which together with the Solimoés, comprised the Amazon. They dined, with a good Bourdeaux wine, a typical dish of the place; Fish in banana leaf consisting of mackerel with lime, cilantro, salt, and oil.

After the habitual whiskeys, Elizabeth assigned rooms discretionally, mixing people up according to her whim. Although she wanted to try Charlie, she matched him with Poliana. Given the crew's professional obligations, the trip was too short, forcing them to move in a hurry. They only had two hours to stay in their rooms, because after that a beach party was planed with over a hundred people.



Poliana, guided by Charlie's fame, darted over his cock and sucked it passionately. I had moved to Charlie's pubic. Suzy had been paired with Richard. Charlie, repeating the experience of the plane occasionally wetted his polla with whiskey and gave it to Poliana to drink. Simultaneously, he poured whiskey into her vagina and drank it. Poliana asked him to penetrate her ass while with a belt he beat her gently and pulled her hair, so he did.

Charlie would have wanted to be alone with Suzy, but he enjoyed every second.

When they reached the beach, there were already dozens of people. Just entering there was a snack bar with all kinds of drinks, with half a dozen waiters, next to a group of sunbeds where clothes were left, as it was obligatory to be completely naked except for a wide mask distributed by women that practically turned a face into anonymous.

The beach was specially decorated and lit. There were hundreds of torches made with reeds but with a tank of gasoline on the upper-end lit, causing a dim and intimate light. Besides natural plants acting as embassies of the jungle, you could see aesthetic flower-filled centerpieces full of color. In one of the areas, there were cane sofas, properly padded, with small tables.

The whole context with the force of the Virgin Nature, the jungle, the river beach, the decor and the aesthetic nudity of all the present, created a beautiful and attractive atmosphere that provoked, in everyone, a feeling of placidity that predisposed them to dialogue and communicate with others. In this way, all those who arrived were integrated with great ease. Our group quickly dispersed, following the previously stipulated instructions.

After a few laps and a few caipirinhas, Charlie was caught by a band of four girls that did with him as they pleased. They ate all the parts of his body. At one point, the four girls urinated simultaneously on his body; he responded by distributing his urine amongst them.

He left the group and went to bathe in the river. By sheer chance, he recognized Suzy's body in the moonlight. They hugged and stayed as children, bathing in the warm waters, and so they spent more than half an hour. They then abandoned the group to retire alone to one of the rooms, where they made tender love again. At seven in the morning, they joined the rest, having breakfast to begin their incursion into the jungle.

They ate and drank abundantly; coffees, natural juices, fried eggs, sausages, and even some chicken and meat. In the few hours spent resting, I took the time to get back to Suzy extensions.

We moved walking to the helicopter, which would give us a first ride in the air to move us to a place in the middle of the jungle. From the sky, we followed the course of the Negro River until it merged with the River Solimoés, causing an exciting effect. Its waters of different color do not mix, keeping the itinerary of the river at different tones separating the passing of two different rivers.

All this framed in the spectacular dimensions of a giant river of 300 meters wide surrounded by the aggression of the Amazon.

We abandoned the water and mixed with the trees at low altitude to make the most of the landscapes of the jungle. Many of the pieces of land that we could see had never been trodden on by man. Its beauty is unspeakable, and I do not say this to use grand words, but to express my frustration for not

being able to explain properly, even in part, the beauty that invaded us.

We stop in a small hole and with the protection of three guards, we enter a few hundred meters, deep in the jungle. Despite the way we had arrived and with all the elements of protection placed at our disposal, our friends believed and felt like Robinson Crusoe emulating one of his feats. It is at times like this when you realize the artificialness of our lives and the damage resulting from our estrangement from nature. We renounce something much more potent than we think, part of our genetic code, definitely of our life.

This analysis, pure human philosophy, came to him by empathy, he assumed his role as if he were one of them. In fact, these same ideas expressed in a different manner were mentioned by Cynthia.

We enjoyed that beautiful landscape to return to the helicopter which, this time, would take us to meet an indigenous population for the first time. We arrived in an area where the Serenguerios were working. It was said that after the indigenous people, they are the ones who best know the Amazon. They have even located several tribes unknown to the rest of humanity.

They took us to a Yanomani tribe. These Indians live in a circular house of about 150 meters in diameter, without internal divisions. Inside coexist all the families, without intimacy; each family has its fire, and everything is done out in the open. The patriarch and the elders decide where to build houses, and they are in charge of establishing relationships with other groups, from which marriage alliances and product exchanges result. The women are responsible for enforcing the rules of coexistence, prepare the food, and carry the water.

We shared a moment with this tribe and with this exciting experience in our retina we went to the helicopter to return to Tropical Manaus, we arrived at the hotel at four in the afternoon.

We still had time to sit down and eat some grilled meats with cassava and chips. I took advantage to savor some blood extracted from Elizabeth's calf. While the majority of the group remained commenting on ecology and the damage that human beings are currently infringing on the earth. In a concerned sad tone realizing how the wonders we had seen were in jeopardy, and as a result, the development of humanity; Suzy, Poliana and Cynthia took the opportunity to take the last dip in the pool.

The return home was made in semiconscious state, exhausted. In the Palma airport, they said their goodbyes to the pilots and stewardess. Cynthia arrived late, already at dawn, to work; fortunately, she had been able to give a notice. Charlie stayed at the hotel and Suzy went to her home with Poliana, who had decided to stay with her for a week.

The next day, as always, everything got underway. The first thing Suzy did when she woke up was to call her friend, Michel, and claimed her position to which she was entitled to as a veteran in the group of the Round Table at the Filet Brasil, and requested by way of exception, the possible assistance of Poliana.

As a very important complement to her, she reserved the boy's role to Charlie. Michel did not object to anything and agreed to confirm later. Poliana asked her friend for permission to have another romp with Charlie. In this way, Suzy had already organized the last day of the Englishmen. I didn't want to miss anything from his farewell, so I decided to move on to a tattooed rose that Poliana had in her pubic.

Charlie was delighted to receive Poliana who came with a bottle of whiskey under her arm and half a dozen of sandwiches, very proper for an Englishman. Just arriving, Poliana pounced on Charlie's fly and without time to close the door that was completely open, she pulled his dick which she kissed and sucked passionately while slightly inclined on her knees, she masturbated. As she was not wearing an underwear and the skirt was very short, one could observe his manipulations from the hallway. In front was a young boy with the door of his room opened, observing every instant. A few meters down the hallway, a housekeeper was in the same situation.

Poliana, without hesitation, took the bottle she had left on the floor and poured whiskey on Charlie's genitals. While Charlie was taking off his clothes. Poliana continued to kiss him and drink whiskey mixed with skin, pubic hair, testicles, ass and Charlie's polla.

They were ecstatic without acknowledging anything that was going on in their surroundings, while their neighbor and the housekeeper exchanged looks. Poli, while sucking Charlie's cock, took off all her clothes leaving both in full sexual action and naked, practically in the hallway of the hotel. Suddenly at the end of the hallway, they heard noises from a group of people advancing towards their room, they both woke up and fully entered their room closing the door. The neighbor across the way made a gesture to the hotel maid, she went to his room and they also closed the door.

Once in bed, Charlie spread the whiskey on Poliana's body in small doses. As he was pouring, he gently passed his tongue on her skin. He started by the mouth, followed by the neck and stopped at the breasts, followed by the stomach, stopped again in the navel, which wore a nice silver piercing

with two green crystals that looked like emeralds. He then advanced to the rose tattoo and then to the thin row of pubic hair. He jumped up to her toes to alternately climb in steps; ankle, knees, thighs until he met Poaliana's long-awaited libidinous cave. He sucked everything in his way, including the anus.

Poli, who had already cum several times, discharged a great deal of her own juice. Her clitoris was strengthened as if it were a micro penis. The mixture of whiskey and female secretions was like a delicacy of gods to Charlie, as he poured the whiskey through the outer part of her vagina so that it did not produce much burning. He strongly rubbed the clitoris with his tongue, and the outer part of her coño for a long time.

At that moment the door rang, Charlie opened it and a young boy in a bathrobe introduced himself. He was Brazilian, soft brown skin. Hastily and somewhat confusingly, he asked if his friend and him could join the party. Charlie, impressed by all that was happening to him but open to all kinds of experiences, gave his consent and upon indication of his neighbor, a girl running naked entered his room. A few moments later, the four were already in bed.

Charlie spilled, like before, the whiskey on the body of his new Playmate and Poli did the same with the neighbor's polla. After hooking up amongst the four in a disorderly fashion, Charlie ended up cumming into the vagina of the maid, while Poliana did it sitting on the neighbor.

Marisia realized that she had left her job for too long. Using the neighbor's bathrobe, she returned to the other room to dress. The rest continued their party. Poliana took the two freshly ejaculated pollas and began to suck them alternately. After a few minutes, she managed to erect them but without

the previous hardness, while they both licked her coño, colliding their mouths and tongues.

Charlie and Leandro began to delight in the play of their tongues until at a certain point, they began to kiss each other. Poli enjoyed seeing how they kissed and caressed and she began to kiss Charlie's anus, introducing the tongue and then the two fingers. Later when the Englishman balanced his rear, Leandro penetrated him gently while also masturbating him slowly. Poliana put her coño, sprinkled with whiskey, within reach of Charlie's mouth. He savored it with tenderness, between gestures of much pleasure and some pain.

Leandro came in Charlie's ass and set out to masturbate him with his mouth until he also came, while Poli sucked Leandro's flabby polla. After a while, Leandro fucked Poliana anally, while she was sucking Charlie's cipote and he sucked her vagina.

The three of them ended up exhausted, resting on the bed. They drank a whiskey; this time with ice and in glass along with the sandwiches and ordered some burgers to the hotel room service, which the neighbor invited before saying goodbye. Shortly after Poliana and Charlie showered and arranged to follow the program that Suzy had prepared.

The next stage was at Cynthia's house, to which Poli took Charlie in Suzy's sister's car; she took him to a bedroom thrusting him in a closet from which he could practically observe the entire space. Poli explained to him that he needed to stay in there no matter what without being noticed, until she picked him up in three hours.

Soon after she left, Suzy came in joined by three black men, with their pollas in similar in size to the Englishmen. The three stripped her as they kissed her in bed all over her

body while she slowly stripped every one of them. When they were all without clothes he stood them up and she, on her knees, began to suck on one of their pollas while masturbating the remaining two; she continued alternating the different cipotes. She knocked them down again, continued the same game, while they disputed the rest of Suzy's body. Later, she lay down on one of them fucking him, while another penetrated her anally, and the third introduced his cipote into her mouth. So, they were fucked simultaneously for more than twenty minutes.

After the three came almost simultaneously inside her body, she began to try to recover the stiffness of their pollas with her mouth, after which each one penetrated her pussy, one by one, to ejaculate, and pulling her hair strongly.

I resided in Charlie's pubis, which I had moved to while in the hotel room when Poliana and the Englishmen went to shower together.

Charlie attended the show, once again, impressed, and with strong jealousy to see how they fucked her one after another, and to appreciate clearly how she was coming, accompanied by cries and groans of pleasure. At the same time, he was as excited as if he were one of the protagonists. In fact, he was the main one, as she had prepared it exclusively for him. Despite some sexual exhaustion, Charlie could not suppress manipulating his polla, masturbating stealthily, to come twice.

When Suzy and her friends left the house, Poliana came with the intent to fuck Charlie again, but he was not able at the time. They rode in the car, and stopped at the Praça to have a Caesar chicken salad accompanied by a Diet Coke, before the next appointment in the Filet Brasil.



This square is the main one of Redenção, in Avenida Brasil, it is full of bars, restaurants and pizzerias with terraces that are filled from six in the afternoon. The audience was especially young suitably dressed, each on their own, as a meeting point from where to start their different ventures. When they reached the round table, Suzy, Michel and most of the girls were already there. One of the group members was not coming, so it would be eight participants in the game.

Before starting, Charlie sat down with them at the table. After they told him his job, they started talking about London. The Englishman, with excitement of his last experiences, had trouble talking about his country but was delighted to have so many girls just to himself, to whom he was going to eat their coño as he pleased.

They had never played with a European, much less one so attractive. One of them asked him to take off his shirt off so she could appreciate his magnificent torso with all his muscles drawn on his skin. Charlie was already hard and the girls started to discharged juice from their vaginas. He told them about the pubs, the parks, and their filthy food. Suzy, without a desire for protagonism, interrupted to talk about their rich cultural possibilities and their standard of living. Charlie went on addressing questions about fashion, cars, the subway and the circulation system on the left. He also had to refer to the royal family, focusing on Prince Carlos and Camila Parker. He explained the cricket and polo games.

One hour later, the referee sent the Englishmen under the table and he set out to stick to the great binge of bucetas. It started with Suzy's, which she spent more than ten minutes absorbing all the liquid that she was able to produce with great pleasure. As expected, she lost two points. I took advantage of

it to go to my habitual residence. He continued with another girl. She's completely white, without a single hair in the pubic, that when he introduced his tongue, her lips continuously moved spasmodically. She was also scored negatively.

He turned a little to his beloved and then focused on Poliana, with a broad coño easily accessible from which he enjoyed all the inside, manipulating her clitoris with his nose while he carefully penetrated two fingers. She rattled herself out when she finally gave up a sigh. No one could maintain anonymity; in no other game had so many negative points been awarded. Cynthia went to the table, after greeting them and wishing them a pleasant evening. As a good waitress, she asked them if they wanted anything else. Michel, given the special passing of the night, ordered, in an exceptional way, two bottles of champagne with nine glasses, one for Charlie.

The binge that had transformed the erotic pastimes continued simultaneously to the debate that was organized above the table regarding the dimensions and shapes of the pollas. The conclusion was that the size itself mattered; they stressed the necessary thickness to be able to feel the vaginas filled. Suzy even raised the point that she needed to feel some pain in penetration in order to fully enjoy herself; a controversial opinion however, one that was confirmed by the majority. Poliana ruled that for her, a polla was the best thing in the world, reiterating that she had felt like this before she became an adult. In fact, she sucked her first dick at age 12 and fucked for the first time two months later, of which she was very satisfied. The sexual beginnings of the rest were very similar.

Michel put the glass full of champagne under the table; Charlie used it to sprinkle drops on the delicious coño. He

happily continued his endeavor, not forgetting to give Suzy a kiss occasionally in the clitoris and devote more time to eating it.

After a little more than three hours, the referee, with some grief, ended the competition and announced the scores of the day. Charlie, with blue balls, had already come once in his trousers. He sat down again at the table to keep talking and drinking whiskey.

At the same time, the girls whose boyfriends were waiting for them started to depart, only the two friends and Englishman remained. Poliana again asked Suzy for permission to feel the extreme stiffness of Charlie's dick, but this time with a smile, she told her it was not necessary. She took him by the hand, moved him to a small, medium-dark garden in the back of the bar, where she fucked him holding on to his neck, with her legs attached to his hip. They went dancing to Kalcuta accompanied by tasty Brazilian music to later go to their hotel, where they spent the last night together before he returned to his country.

I can't stop thinking of the sensation I had when I heard the name of Marisia. My heart dropped, I felt as if that name was part of my life, not knowing in what way. The girl was attractive, but her name explained something more, something like affection, a desire to protect her; in short, it looked like an enigma. On more occasions I have lived with this strange syndrome that I will go on to call the Marisia effect.



## CHAPTER 3 WHORES FOR A FEW DAYS: ALBERTO HUNTS SUZY

The following day, Suzy and Poliana met with Cynthia at her house. They wanted to have a quiet time, to rest. They listened to Brazilian music. To begin with, they chose the band Capital Inicial, which has songs like *Rosas e vinho tinto*, *Eu vou estar* and *O passageiro*, which the middle and high classes like. Brazilians produce a different music from the rest of the world, with a different rhythm, loaded with sensuality, very rhythmic, usually leaves little of its borders.

Brazilians carry music in their blood, their way of life permanently enrolled in festivities which makes them the embodiment par excellence of joy, the enjoyment of sex, and the feeling towards the music. In its streets, Brazilian melodies continuously play, Sambas, bossa nova, reggae, etc. In this wonderful country, western, indigenous and African roots are found, becoming an almost unique example of cultural crossbreeding that has given rise to important world-renowned creators such as Caetano Veloso, Milton Nascimento, Gilberto Gil, Vinicius de Moraes, Marisa Monte, and Carlinhos Brown.

The origins of the Brazilian popular music go back to the first colonial experiences, with the presence of Portuguese, indigenous and African. The Modhina and the Lundu are the basis of the Brazilian music. Later, European ballroom dances like the Polka and the waltz were adapted and gave rise to the Maxixe and al choro. At the end of the nineteenth century, the use of the term samba was generalized, referring to the gesture of the Umbigada and it was used to call thus the popular dance in general, which was gradually transformed until becoming a true symbol of the Brazilian culture. In the fifties, bossa nova emerged, which is nothing more than a reinterpretation of samba with a jazzy inspiration. This movement was followed by the MPB 'Música Popular Brasileira' which uses more critical content around social injustice and the dictatorial repression of the sixties.

The city of Bahia, in Salvador, is to Latin America what New Orleans is to the United States. In Bahia, African and Brazilian cultures are blended with ingenuity, the example is Carlihnos Brown who mixes funk, reggae, samba, and orchestral ballads and is leaving an important imprint on Brazilian music.

But the real development of urban popular music is closely linked to the carnival, and it gains its peak at the samba schools parades, a competition which they prepare for a whole year. It is difficult to explain the value that music has for Brazilians if you are not here; all I can tell you is, any corner of any city, street or public establishment is flooded with speakers and music equipment from which emanate the songs with great volume. It is impossible to get away from this rhythm and not let go.

It is the music of life, the music of the five senses. When you have a few days listening, you are able to feel it, touch it,

smell it and taste it. It pervades everything that is ordinary and is something so intrinsic to them that they have their own production, of high quality and they seldom export it to other countries, just as it is difficult for other music to penetrate their market.

None of the girls, for different reasons, wanted to talk about Charlie, but the whole philosophy of the discussion was haunting them. The three lived happily with their lives, they held themselves as intellectuals, there was no need to judge them for these last two weeks, terribly restless and dynamic, mature, very sensual, but they did not have a clear alternative of how to combine their passion for sex with the effective development of a family. In Europe, saving the differences, with just over twenty years old, this would not be a problem, as this situation occurs ten years later. Women are more independent, do not have such a powerful sexuality, and do not prioritize so much the need to procreate quickly. Our friends are totally independent, but in the rest, they meet the stereotype of the Brazilian with some radically enhanced elements.

Cynthia had a partner, Ivan. She thought about having a son shortly with him, although it was not clear if it was going to be for a lifetime, rather she bet for a few years. In no case did she want to give up other frequent adventures. She kept two fixed lovers, Mauricio and his ex-boyfriend Joao. Nor did she intend to tell her lover, whom she tried to deceive. To some extent Ivan, the lover, looked the other way as he would whenever he could be unfaithful to Cynthia, which she supposed. This type of a couple, with less intensity, is very common in Brazil.

Poliana was the most childish, had nothing clear and at the moment cared for nothing. Sometimes, she thought that if

she fell deeply in love, she would be as faithful as she can be in Brazil and other times that Cynthia's model was not bad. The times she had fallen in love, she had sometimes devoted herself exclusively to her beloved, and in others, she would shamelessly reconcile with other relationships. These experiments were ephemeral; none lasted more than three months.

Suzy believed in sincerity, making this value an essential point in her code of ethics and she applied it in affective-sexual relations. She was passionate about the idea of love, but she did not believe in it as her friends believed in pleasure, passion and the strength of sex. She had decided never to lie to her sexual companions and equally not to be paired exclusively with any man. Till date, she had not had any partners.

These are the arguments they used for most of the afternoon, mixed with short comments on other topics. Poli asked her where she had found the Negros for the exhibition before the Englishman. Suzy told her that they were from the rugby team at the University of Góania, a city close to Brasilia. She met them a day that she was sad, more than two years ago. She went to the pesc-pague bar, on the outskirts of the city, where she found them. She left with them to the motel Moments, with which she had an experience similar to that exposed to Charlie, had the most powerful and the best-tasting penis that she had ever had in her life.

Poli asked her for the contact of the rugby boys, the waitress also wrote it down, who told them that Mauricio, an entrepreneur of agricultural machines, he was going to hold in two weeks a convention in Guarai, a city of the state of Tocantins, about three hours away. She had narrated to him the roundtable game, and it occurred to him to organize



something similar in the opposite direction but without a game, and around a good meal.

In the game proposed by Mauricio, some twenty men would be involved, including him, but he needed two women. He had a budget of 3,000 dollars; 2,000 for the two girls and 1,000 for who gets him the girls. Suzy loved the idea; she would have twenty dicks at her disposal, and she would charge for it. They felt whores, it excited them just to think about it. They were going to enjoy for the first time open bar of sex while charging for it.

The following week passed more quietly. Suzy, who was scheduled to rejoin London after a month, decided to delay her trip. In just over a year. In addition to paying for the trip, she had saved, 3,600 dollars. With the convention business, she could stay longer. The university classes had already begun, she received the notes of the first semester and had passed the February exams brilliantly. She was on honor role and had definitive highlights. The corresponding annual subjects were four outstanding and two notable. On the Internet, with a notebook Dell Latitude D600, she received promptly the notes and the texts needed to continue studying. They were sent by her peer Catherine, an English girl; chubby, beautiful, good family and very nerdy.

She called Burger King to report that for personal matters, she did not know when she could return to London, so she left her job on hold. The Human resources manager thanked her for notifying and informed her that the settlement would be prepared at the end of her holiday month and she would be placed on a list of possible candidates for readmission when she returned, given her proper professionalism and labor adaptation.

She signed up for a literary seminar on the figure of Paulo Coelho and his work. She took advantage to rest, see old friends at the Praça and spend time with her family.

Poli also postponed her return to Rio. She soon called to meet the rugby players before they returned to the university. She was with them at the Moments motel more than five hours. She let himself be treated by them, squeezed them to the last drop of semen. She made them repeat twice the triple powder fuck and fucked the three; one of them went down on him once more as a farewell, until she swallowed all his semen. She was delighted.

Cynthia followed her routine and had to postpone her date with the Black men because they were leaving. On Wednesday, they were all reunited in the roundtable of the Filet Brasil. On this occasion there were nine, they took as collaborators an ex-lover of one of the participants, a white boy of 31 years, architect, with long hair. He didn't suck it that bad and fidgeted with his hair.

After the game, to relieve him of his priapism, his ex-girlfriend fucked him ardently in the darkest area of the bar. The debate focused on Coelho's literature led by Suzy, Poli, and others attending the seminar they had just had a session.

Suzy was excited about reading, she was also passionate about her country, feeling that increased while residing in London because she longed for that way of life. This led her to discover great Brazilian authors, such as Jorge Amado, Joao Ubaldo Ribeiro, and Paulo Coelho. All three had in common that they had written erotic novels free of prejudices and shames on the sex. Suzy read a book by Ubaldo Ribeiro about lust that was a song to sexual pleasures and the free and carefree enjoyment of sex; she was delighted, since what she saw reflected her way of living life.

Jorge Amado was also impressed by “Gabriela, Clove and Canela,” where a mulatto woman from the country arrives in the city and tries to transform herself to marry her patron and become a respectable lady of cinnamon skin and clove essence. Gabriela doesn’t accomplish this. Amado treats sex openly and shows it as a source of pleasure.

Paulo Coelho is today almost a guru of the new Brazilian literature. For many people, it is a mass phenomenon. Suzy likes his work because he uses a simple and straightforward language, where content is the important thing, and not the forms, an aspect that provokes strong academic criticism while being exalted by his fans.

Coelho has a record; he is the author of the most read book in Brazil and the most sold in Portuguese of all history, *The Alchemist*. But Suzy was captivated more by *Veronica Decides to Die* where he approaches the issue of suicide by depression from the experiences he lived in his youth in a psychiatric. And *Eleven Minutes*, a title that refers to the average duration of coitus, and which tells the life of Maria, a Brazilian prostitute who emigrates to Switzerland with great ambitions of sex and money, seeking happiness.

Suzy’s family is a real gynoeceium. It is made up of her rather young mother, forty-one years old, and five daughters. Her father is dedicated to cattle ranching, with several haciendas in the states of Pará and Tocantins with more than 5,000 cattle and is seldom at home. She has two older sisters and two younger ones. The two oldest and one of the younger ones are married and have children, although the second one, Lilly, lives at home with her two children, her husband works in New York.

They get along exceptionally well between them; they tell each other everything, not their mother. The arrival of

Poli was very celebrated. She lived until she was 13 years old in Redençao, but due to her father's work, she moved to a northwest city on the banks of the Paraíba River, located at 130 kilometers from Rio de Janeiro, with almost 200,000 inhabitants where the headquarters of the company, National Steel Company, were located. She was also friends with her sisters.

They slept naked and, in the absence of their father and visitors, in the same manner, they moved around the house and garden, protected from the outside by a wall of 3 meters tall. They had four puppies and sometimes other animals. Their conversations were delightful. They had a 22-year-old brother from their father side with whom Lilly had repeatedly sucked. For a while, she was in love with him. Through the advice and pressures of the rest of her sisters, they made her desist, which did not prevent her from time to time to continue fucking with him. He was also in a relationship.

On Friday night, her mother had gone to one of the haciendas with her husband. All the sisters, along with Poli, took the opportunity to prepare a barbecue by the pool. The children were already asleep. When they were taking their first dip, two other cousins came to join the party. One of them, Rosinha, was a very amusing contrast. She was loyal as the rest of them were, but had a completely different approach to the rest, which allowed them to continuously provoke her, causing exaggerating regarding their sexual liberality, and dedicating time without shame to the most morbid details of their different experiences.

She was the only one who stayed with a nice yellow swimsuit. She was married, had a son, but her husband had five more with so many neighbors. Faced with the continuous

scandal of the others, she did not like to suck a good cock and much less swallow the semen.

Suzy, as expected, was the star of the night. She started narrating her life in London, but she spent much more time talking with all the luxury of details of her last three weeks. She recreated it with Charlie, with his cock, body, and tenderness. In this part, Poli nodded vehemently. She amused her self-describing the various events. At a certain time when her eyes sparkled, Rosinha said something that, without being a precedent, was approved by all... 'Marry him.' She did not answer, instead, she spoke again of her London experience.

The situation that Lilly used to tell about a party, in a hacienda on the outskirts of the city, where she fucked her best friend's boyfriend. She was going without an underwear, and a short skirt. He wore trousers with no underpants and no belt. When he was cumming with soft moans, her friend went into the room to kiss another guy. He was able to control himself momentarily, but the presence of the woman excited them both much more, and they could not repress their movements or their expressions that were much more potent.

In the face of the mess, she discovered Lilly, but not her husband. She was frightened and left with her partner so that they could finish a great and morbid fuck. The two went out exultantly, though he is a little less in front of the evidence that his wife wanted to have an affair. Later, her friend commented to Lilly 'what a fuck you were enjoying in the wardrobe; tell me who you were having it with.' She replied that she could not tell her because he was a married man and maybe she knew him. Rosinha told her... 'No wonder I don't let you near my husband.' The others laughed.

The relationship between Lilly and Suzy was even more intense, although the sister's early marriage, at age 16, had created a barrier. Suzy tried, without success to keep her from getting married. Lilly was still very much in love with her husband, Marçio, despite the distance. He spent almost half a year in Redenção, a time when the woman and her children stayed in their own home, a short distance from Redenção. They fucked several times when they were together, besides mutual and continual infidelity, both were terribly jealous.

Lilly asked her sister to join her at the roundtable, Suzy pledged to try and answer that she would most likely get it, once she left, covering her newly recovered post. Lilly was a friend of all the participants for many years, but she was pregnant with her second daughter when the first game was made.

They continued until very early in the morning with the conversations, the pool, and the barbecue. As happened in those prolonged fraternal encounters, they recalled their childhood, in a special way, their first sexual stimuli and their obsessions for fucking. After a last bath, already with the water almost hot, they took one last whiskey and withdrew all together to the same room.

Already in the two beds, a little tight, before sleeping, they started a last debate about drugs. For a few years now amongst the young people of Redenção, in line with what was happening in the rest of the world, cocaine and the pill were easily accessible. There was unity in the group regarding the rejection of its consumption. Suzy listed the damage that slowly generates the consumption of cocaine. Strong emotional imbalances, possibly reaching psychotic outbreaks, radical changes in behavior, alteration in the scale of values

transforming consumers into egocentric and individualistic, loss of physical sensibility, loss of sexual appetite that in men causes impotence. Consequences already known in part by the rest that only reassured them in their collective anti-drug position.

Suzy had received several e-mails from Charlie but had not answered them. In her farewell, she modified her first criterion of not having any contact with him again and accepted to receive his emails, warning him it would take time to reply to him. Charlie did not talk about his feelings towards her. He thanked her for recent experiences together, recreated especially the day they walked together naked during the carnival and told her of his daily life, without mention of any sexual issue.

During the following week, she continued with the seminar, agreed to a trip with Branco where the refrigerator entrepreneur had a splendid yacht, attended her Wednesday appointment at the roundtable and one day, accompanied her father to one of his nearby haciendas. In those days, Suzy besides Branco only fucked with an old hookup of three years ago. On Friday they went to the agricultural convention in Guarai.

In the experience of the three blacks with Suzy, I felt the Marisia effect again.

The idea of feeling as whores excited all three of them a lot. They didn't need the money much less needed that way of practicing sex. But the morbidity of doing it only for money was an idea that they had always cherished. They had not dared, but they were excited at this first and fortuitous occasion. They had all the expenses paid in a magnificent hotel where they had booked one of the best suites, with a very spacious, round

jacuzzi. In the living room and in the two bedrooms, they had flat screen TV and open letter for all types of expenses within the hotel.

They traveled by road on the new Cayene 4x4 porch, accompanied by Mauritius and a chauffeur. On the way, Mauricio told them that he had thought of complementing the game with two more ideas. At the end of the meal, each of the two, Suzy and Poli, would be placed in two complimentary rooms and would be accessible to any of the participants in the event that wanted to fuck them. The second idea was, since they were going to be until Monday, they would be at the disposal of the Convention to make out with anyone who requested it.

For the first of the ideas, they would charge 3,000 dollars more and for the second 200 dollars for each application, as long as it did not last more than an hour and a half. The proposals did not only did it not scare the three friends, but it gave them a greater incentive. They were going to act for three days as whores to the last consequences. Cynthia was a little envious, although in any case, she would charge, as agreed, the third of all the money.

They arrived at noon and left, after taking possession of the rooms, to eat the four together, they took advantage to discuss national policy by analyzing Lula's presidency in relation to the economic transformations that the country was living. In general, the conclusions were quite favorable, very much in line with the opinions being formed on a global context.

Lula came to power representing the Brazilian radical left through the Labor Party, with the support of communists and trade unions, at a time when Latin America is ruled, in part, by demagogic, leftist, and populist presidents who generate mistrust from the world economy. Against all the odds and far



from contributing to political and economic destabilization, he has been instrumental in strengthening Brazil's economic structure and hence its environment.

He won in 2002 after losing four presidential elections, two against Cardoso and two against Collor de Melo. With a large array of promises, he proclaimed the arrival of a new era, the formation of an open coalition government "the best," a national Pact against poverty, corruption and inflation, the promise of giving three meals to each and every one of the Brazilians and create 10 million job openings.

No one doubts that Lula has made a commitment to his political project, in his objective of combating inequality and social injustice, achieving important and verifiable progress.

But other factors that perhaps were not recognized for their relevance, such as Brazil's highest public debt and an unfavorable international environment, predict that Lula's mandate will end with an acceptable perception, but with some frustrations.

Lula's personal life is the example of the self-made man. It is the seventh of eight children of illiterate blue-collar parents. He lived under the protection of a protective mother because he did not know his father until he was five years old, from whom he received ill-treatment. As a child, he developed the most diverse works (shoeshine, dry-cleaning, errand boy) that he combined with his elementary studies. At the age of 14, he began to work in different iron companies. Years later, he joined a union of the iron sector from where he jumped into to the politics founding the Workers' Party.

Suzy and Poli took a nap followed by a pleasant bath in the Jacuzzi, almost an hour, accompanied by a bottle of Spanish cava, Freixenet Brut Nature.

Cynthia accompanied Mauricio to his suite ready to release some of the anxiety provoked by her friends' festive erotic panorama, which she was vetoed from. She took his shirt off with her mouth, tearing the buttons, and ate his chest with kisses and soft bites. As he prepared the hot Jacuzzi with foam, he removed the rest of the clothes. On the rug, while she savored her testicles and his cock, he tore her underwear with his teeth and began to eat her buceta. He introduced his tongue up her ass to penetrate her anally in position of four, while with his hands he fidgeted squeezing her nipples.

When they both came, she somewhat before, they went to the Jacuzzi, already ready, where they kissed and caressed each other until they achieved a new erection, which Cynthia took advantage of and to introduce his cock in her pussy, with her sitting on him while Mauricio bit her nipples each time stronger and alternating. The fuck was good and the two came simultaneously.

The grand dinner was already set on the table. There were twenty-three diners, almost all middle-aged, between forty and sixty years, good looks, well dressed, but most had tummy, three were obese.

The table was rectangular, almost square, with a white tablecloth that reached the floor. When it was time to make a toast, Spanish wine was offered, Marqués de Murieta, a reserve of Rioja. Suzy and Poli opened the opposite doors of the room, without clothes, with a red mask and high-heeled shoes of the same color. They entered the room advancing towards the table to go under it, before the stunned glances of the participants.

Mauricio, as a good host, had warned of the erotic content of the event but without specifying the slightest detail. The room was logically a reserve; it was in proportion to the size of

the table, luxurious and superbly decorated with bouquets of very colorful flowers. After a few minutes, without anything happening, the girls began to lift the skirts of the table by placing them at the waist. They did it slowly, one by one, and randomly.

Shortly after that, they gently massaged the thighs and then remove the shoes and socks. They left them barefoot for a few minutes while they tasted the hors-d'oeuvres. When it began to generate some anxiety in the attendants, they slowly dispossessed of their belts, little by little, each took of their trousers.

The anxiety was transformed into bewilderment, and everyone felt like they were tied to the table, unable to move from the chair. They felt morbid and embarrassed, but none of them did anything to avoid being stripped of their clothes.

Suzy and Poli began to caress, kiss and even suck their genitals over their underwear. They talked little and raggedly, ate slowly and exhausted one by one all the bottles of wine that the waitresses left on the table. They started drinking even more, and some went straight for the whiskey.

Under the table, they had previously installed a dim light system to organize all the development of the game, so you could clearly appreciate the nudity of the twenty-three bodies. The moment arrived when the guests began to forget their shame; the collaborators began to realize what already seemed imminent. With their mouths and hands, they manipulated the cocks already practically erect, of all present.

With the disinhibition that was already noticeable above the table, Mauricio recommended to the men present that they contained themselves to enjoy more of the event and to be able to save their energy for activities later. At that moment,

they dared and began to talk about sex and about what seemed to be happening under the table.

The more daring ones and those with the best body took off the rest of their clothes. Some, as expected, could not help but cum quickly. But most of them stood firm until the end. Several dared to get up and change their positions with others. Suzy and Poli, although the material they worked with was very inferior quality to which they were accustomed, enjoyed more of the game than them and they paid closer attention to the more attractive cocks, among which was the one from Mauritius to which Suzy managed to extract its semen.

During dessert, both had bottles of whiskey they had prepared. They consecutively sprayed their genitals to taste them in a disorderly fashion. Shortly after that, they left the table and room. The members of the Convention remained taking their glasses and speaking, in the absence of the girls, with greater obscenity regarding what happened and the exuberance of their bodies.

The host observed that a hint was made to recover his clothes, he informed them of the joy of the participants that the party continued.

Some waiters introduced a nice rug that they placed at the end of the lounge. The two friends re-entered the room; they had changed their red mask to black and their shoes to boots. They came in parallel looking at the wall. At this time, Mauricio informed them that anyone who wanted could fuck any of them, as long as it was one by one and in that position, while the rest could continue with the gathering.

They could penetrate them through the anus or through the vagina, they could come inside or out, but they could not take more than eight minutes. The first two volunteers were

quickly put in place. The scene could not be more morbid... two fucking, two waiting and the rest seeing everything as if they don't want any part of it. Suzy and her friend, despite the unattractiveness of the bodies and the inadequate level of the amatory capacities of the guests, came shortly after being penetrated the first time and so they did again for many times.

They were two hours on their knees until sufficiently satisfied but very tired. The bell rang, and again they withdrew, this time to their room. The rest incorporated into the dynamics of its convention.

Already in his suite, they reacquainted with Cynthia, anxious to know all the details and their sensations. They were amazed, almost ecstatic, regardless of exhaustion and even sexually aroused. Poli commented that they had to repeat this experience but with good level cocks and with attractive guys. Cynthia liked the idea, and with it, she was left to some extent rewarded. They went together in the Jacuzzi drinking another bottle of Freixenet just like the last one.

Suzy, as a result of her adrenaline rush, told them that she felt they were privileged. They lived and enjoyed the way they wanted and had their whole future ahead, almost without borders or boundaries. The three were friends since childhood, had always been connected and had passed countless experiences together. Cynthia, who agreed with her friend's approach, declared... 'We should travel and live together.' They relaxed, for an hour, they had to be attentive to the various demands of sexual services.

Cynthia moved to her friend's suite to organize the encounters.

A planning problem arose. The demands came flooding, so they had to be organized in time cuts. There were seventeen

requests for that night. They would start at midnight, and at the mark of the hour, Suzy and Poli would change rooms. The first one would end at eight and the second at seven. For the moment they would rest until the following night.

Mauricio had prepared for each of them a dozen intimate games of Spanish brand corsetry la Perla, as well as two natural silk robes to match with slippers, and a J'adore perfume by Christian Dior.

The sexual encounters in each of the rooms were of a rather low-level routine. Although they were very polite gentlemen, almost all declared their love, excited, and conditioned by the attractiveness of their bodies and their youth. One proposed to Suzy. Two of them were different, one from Brasilia and a Spaniard from Madrid, representing the brand John Deere for the Southern hemisphere, Alberto, 42 years, tall, good-looking, with a cock of an acceptable size and very esthetic, who also knew how to fuck well.

Alberto was a seducer, treated her like a lady, he flattered her and did not pretend to enter into sex quickly. Only at the end, when they had fifteen minutes of his time remaining, he gently removed her underwear and kissed her in the pussy, passing his tongue softly. They talked fluently about the need to seize the opportunities in life, to know how to fight, to be proactive, both considered themselves entrepreneurs.

In the morning, back in the room, she found Cynthia and Poli talking about the night experience. Cynthia had spent the night with Mauricio and Poli told a scenario similar to Suzy's. She was somewhat disappointed, only one was halfway decent. The two remaining nights were a little uphill. All three went back in the Jacuzzi with another bottle of Cava. There, Suzy regained the conversation she had with Alberto. They

were restless; they needed to prove that they wanted to eat the world. The others retouched the project of doing something together. Cynthia called Mauricio to convince him just to keep the service tonight and eliminate Sunday's. He accepted, and her friends thanked him very much. The day was spent sleeping, reading and watching TV.

At twelve o'clock at night, they returned to their work. They had twelve applications, six for each. On the list was Alberto for Suzy, this part she liked. The development of the work was similar in style to the previous day, except for the interval between three and four in the morning when she went to the Spaniard's room. He awaited her with a nice gift; he had bought her an elegant white gold bracelet. They were talking about Brazil, which they were both in love with. This time they made love with her on top of him, without stopping the conversation. Alberto offered to spend the next night together, paying what was appropriate; Suzy agreed, but on the condition of not getting intimate.

At six in the morning again, all three were in the jacuzzi. The last one to arrive was Cynthia who was coming back from Mauritius.

They definitely gave up their whore life. In a few hours, they had appreciated their contents and their limits. They wanted no more, and with cava, they closed this side of sex forever.

At eight in the afternoon, she went to dinner with Alberto to the Churrascaría; he gave her some earrings to match the bracelet of the day before. Tonight they talked about their lives and their projects. Alberto had made enough money and was planning to leave the industrial representation to mount a Brazilian restaurant type Rodizio, in Madrid. They were having

drinks in different places. They made love. Alberto proposed to go to Bahia together. Another trip with Branco was pending, but she fancied it more with the Spaniard. Alberto was a friend of Mauritius, and he had a boat there, so all four could go.

In the middle of the morning, they returned to Redenção. Poli that afternoon departed for Rio to resume her academic year. Cynthia, after missing three days, retook her work, and Suzy, I doubted all the alternatives. Charlie's messages and class notes were still coming in via email. For the time being, she was planning to stay in Brazil. For the first time, she replied to the Englishmen, telling him her past experiences. She told him practically everything except nothing that had to do with Alberto.

In the afternoon, at the Praça, Cynthia told her that she was better off with Mauricio than with Ivan. He looked more solid, more mature, made her feel safer. Suzy conveyed a similar idea about Alberto, it was too soon, but she felt good by his side.

On Wednesday, in the absence of Poli, they let Lilly participate in the roundtable game, taking into account that Suzy would soon be leaving too. This time, the collaborator was an 18-year-old blond, blue-eyed, he was an inexperienced kisser but was passionate. In the end, in agreement, they let Lilly compensate the boy, who was taken to the Oce Que Sabe motel and did a good review together. She sucked his cock until he came, she kept blowing him while he was kissing her buceta, and when he was erect enough, she sat on him getting him to cum inside. After resting, she got him to cum again, then the two went to the disco Kalcuta and danced until dawn.

When I came home, I went back to Suzy's pubis. On Friday, Alberto appeared by surprise at Suzy's house in



Redenção; he brought her a gift, an amber necklace and a matching bracelet, which combined well between his pieces all the shades of yellow to black passing through the shingle, of an exquisite taste. They went to dinner at the Bambia restaurant; then they had time to grab a drink at Gasolina.

The Spaniard told her that he had changed his business idea, because he had been informed that there was already a Rodizio in Madrid in the street Pez Volador, it was large, worked well, with good quality of meat and live music. Now he was thinking of a big nightclub with a Brazilian vibe and music. They resumed the idea of the excursion to Bahia.

A little before two in the morning Mauricio arrived and shortly after Cynthia who had a reduce shift that day. The four left in the Cayene to the hacienda of the Brazilian businessman. He had a tastefully-made wooden house with a high-quality stereo and 42-inch plasma screen, with a superb collection of CDs and DVDs of all kinds of Brazilian music. They were listening to music until five o'clock. They spoke of national politics, of Ben Laden; Alberto was asked many things about Spain. They drank French champagne, Veuve Clicquot. Then, at dawn, the four went on horseback through the property, stopping at a dam to swim naked where the two couples made love.

Both relationships were evolving differently, but with a converging end. Cynthia and Mauricio had been seeing each other for more than a year, with a relationship of respect and sex with no apparent affection, which was gradually developing. Suzy and Alberto from the first moment felt emotional attraction over sex. None of the four had declared their love to the other.

That weekend, Suzy and the Spaniard stayed at the Hacienda walking, listening to music and fucking in every

corner. Suzy liked, most of all, to suck a good cock and to be penetrated while her hair is being pulled. She also loves it when at the moment of orgasm they bite her nipples; she likes to feel some pain mixed with pleasure.

In the following days Cynthia broke up with Ivan, but kept her friendship and fucked once in a while with him. It was as if Mauricio went to the first place and Ivan to the second or third.

Lilly was infatuated with Paulo, the guy from the roundtable game. They made plans with a certain frequency to go to the Oce Que Sabe motel. One day, remembering the old days, the two sisters were with Paulo and a good party; one gave Paulo to Suzy and another to Cynthia. They both got good fucks with him.

At last the trip to Salvador de Bahia was organized. Mauricio, Cynthia, and Suzy went out together to meet Alberto at the motel Pestana in Bahia. In between, Alberto had come once more to Redençao and Suzy came to Brasilia for a weekend.

The relationship with the Spaniard caused Suzy to resume a more standardized communication with Charlie. She often answered his messages; she no longer had to protect herself. She told him about her feelings for Alberto, and he, in turn, told her about his incipient relationship with a college roommate.

At the same time, she was happy with her new friend, he was as independent like her, he had just ended a relationship, and even though he lived alone, he had a half girlfriend, with whom he had frequent sexual intercourse. There were many things she liked about him, but his exquisite and continuous details and gifts disarmed her. This time, she had bought him

two Hugo Boss boxers and a Versace tie with lots of colors, in line with what he likes.

He surprised her again. On the bed he had a wrapped package, a silk Versace dress, he asked her to put it on that night without underwear. In another package was a handbag and shoes of the same brand, matching the first gift. She accepted despite the fact that the fabric was somewhat transparent and if someone was fixed, they could realize that she was not wearing underwear, either on top or down. So they went to dine with their friends to the Solar Do Unhao, a restaurant for tourists with a live performance of a group of Indians, who danced capoeira. They ate first class tutu Mineira, made from broth, black beans, cassava flour, garlic and salt, and Xin Xim Hen, made with a medium-sized hen, dried shrimp, peanuts, coconut milk, tomatoes, garlic, onion, dendê oil, chilli, limes, Grated ginger, parsley, olive oil, black pepper and salt.

Alberto frequently stroked her buceta while eating. When he left the restaurant, in a nearby street, in front of their friends, disregarding anyone who might see them, he sat Suzy on the hood of a car, lifted her dress, slowly kissing her vagina. Although the area was not well lit, several people with a curious attitude couldn't stop looking. Then he turned her halfway, opened his fly and penetrated her gently. While they fucked, Suzy looked side to side and appreciated how they were observed by a group of people who already formed a chorus around them. As they came and both finished, the more than twenty who were curious scattered, as if they had just seen a performance of the city.

The four went to a disco near the beach, Lagoa Mar, in Patamares, where they slow danced. When they exited the disco, Cynthia and Mauricio did not want feel left out, and

they mounted the same act as their friends, attracting equally and with the same attitude, the attention of those who passed. They ended up bathing in the sea and making love in the sand, under the light of the moon. In the morning, they had a last minute trip to the beach, and in the afternoon, Mauricio gave them a tour of the city in his car.

Bahia is the state with the most history of Brazil; the Portuguese settlers came through here with their ships and their African slaves. Everything one expects from Brazil, you find it here. Its charming and sensual people, paradisiacal beaches, colonial buildings, explosion of colors. As says the song of Veloso 'Na Baixa do Sapateiro,' Brazil is the land of happiness, a place to enjoy with all the senses at any time of the year.

The Bahian has a special sense for music; great singers are from this state. The rhythm of the music floods its streets, its houses and its beaches like a permanent party, the bossa nova fills all the corners and the Mulattos dance in the discotheques to the Pagode rhythm.

The historical center of Salvador is a Cultural patrimony of humanity; they call it Pelourinho and its charm makes you fall in love at the moment. For a long time, this was the nucleus of the Portuguese colony. The Bay of the city, with these beaches, the Baroque churches and palaces are the most spectacular in the world; Their mulatas women, touched with colorful turbans, offer you carajé dishes and are very gorgeous. A Bahian woman is sensual, energy-filled, spontaneous and very sexy; always willing to enjoy sex.

On the beaches, people have fun, bathe, bask in the sun and play football, while they drink refreshing coconut water and eat bahian delicacies. Some young people practiced

capoeira, a martial art brought by the African slaves that consist of giving smooth jumps to the rhythm of samba, and I was delighted watching their bodies glide smoothly through the sand of the beach.

That night, they dined at the Baby Beef Restaurant. It was elegant, large, of great quality, superb service, the exterior walls formed by plants. They ordered shrimp soup based on prawns, okra, cassava flour, tomatoes, vinegar, lemon, chili, olive oil, black pepper and salt, and a good steak with pepper. Then they were picked up by a car that transported them to a popular neighborhood to attend a session of Candomblé, an African religious ritual in which the officiating is possessed by a spirit.

They went to another nightclub, Quereres in Pelourinho. Before leaving the motel, Alberto gave her three other packages, a new dress with shoes and a matching Prada bag, and he placed the same condition. After drinking three bottles of French champagne Dom Perignon, they agreed for that night an exchange of partners. Mauricio savoring the pussy of Suzy and Alberto savoring Cynthia's. Once in the rooms, all four fucked well. Suzy again savored Mauricio's cock and got him to cum three times, one in her mouth, another in her ass and the last in her buceta.

The next morning, the couples rejoined accordingly, and when each was in their room, Alberto gave her several packages. It was clothes for the boat: two bikinis, three T-shirts, two tops, two shorts, a skirt and three pairs of flats. At noon, they departed. It was a motorboat, 40 feet in length, magnificent, recently released. It had two floors; on the top is the control area, half-covered, with three rows of seats. The one below, with an uncovered area, after descending two stairs.

The crew consists of a captain and two sailors. Mauricio, as a good host, ceded the larger bedroom to Suzy and Alberto, he stayed in the first one on the left, and the other was for the crew.

The relationship between the four was magnificent, with easy communication and confidence. As they started their course seated at the top, Alberto spoke again about his new business project in Madrid. An agency, to which he had ordered the search of the premises, had offered him the transfer of a recently closed discotheque in La Castellana, very close to the attic where he lives. He would have to invest approximately three million euros.

The others were surprised when he asked for their collaboration. He wanted to have Mauricio as a minority partner if he accepted and the girls, since he would still have to be representing the interests of John Deere, he wanted them to set up and manage the business. Mauricio said it sounded good and Suzy, representing both the opinion of the two girls, said that it sounded even better.

At the end of the afternoon, after trying to fish without success, they anchored near the coast to take a bath in the very warm water. They took off the little clothes they wore and threw themselves into the sea. It is a wonderful feeling to feel your free body in the vastness of the ocean.

As they went up the ladder back to the boat, they were naked drinking a bottle of very cold Italian white wine in the bows, accompanied by a wide variety of cheeses with salted crackers. On this occasion, they talked about aesthetics, of fashion and the combination of colors.

They moved on to whiskey and they both mixed it with their friends' cocks, alternating. Then it was their turn; the

men drank the alcohol by spraying their whole body with it. This is how they send off the sun. They were half asleep and half drunk. An assistant gave them some mats. In one Cynthia and Mauricio got comfortable and the other the other two. At midnight Suzy woke up, very gently manipulated with her hand and mouth her partner's cock until it hardened to penetrate her buceta. She took great care to fuck without waking him up.

At sunrise, they had prepared in a tray of juices, tropical fruits, coffee in a thermos, toasted bread, and various buns. A delicious breakfast, perfected by the situation. When Cynthia woke up, she said "el culmen de la felicidad debe ser algo parecido a esto" (the summit of happiness must be something like this). While savored with tranquility the breathtaking breakfast, they discussed about happiness and the ability to perceive it.

They threw themselves into the sea. When they returned after more than an hour, the boys smoked robust cigars, Cohiba. Alberto, who was not accustomed to it got a little dizzy and needed Suzy's pampering to recover. All this time, to avoid a lethal dip, I settled between the anchor ropes. Once Albert recovered, they fucked tenderly, with the sun beating hard. Before the meal, they withdrew to rest for a while in the cabin. There Alberto penetrated her, pulling her hair strongly as she likes.

For lunch, the assistant prepared a catarinense style stew, whose base is fish with potatoes, cassava flour, and typical Brazilian ingredients, and dessert fruit salad with quindin, based on coconut with sugar, egg yolks and butter, accompanied with orange, mango, strawberries, and banana.

Their four bodies were beautiful, but the sun, the sea, the nature, the feeling of freedom and the enviable harmony

of the arrangement enlarged their beauty. Suzy, delighted with her gifts, did not think at any time to break that harmony by using some of the gifted pieces. The girls conspired, and when the guys were tasting a coffee, they presented themselves with foam and razor blades with the aim of shaving them completely, except the hair on their head.

They tried to oppose, but at the first playful kiss accompanied by pleading, they ceded. They started with Alberto; in just half an hour, they left him soft as a baby. As a reward, the two filled him with kisses, between the two they sucked his cock until he came they both shared his semen. Meanwhile, Mauricio looked before they repeat the game with him.

They raised the anchor and set out to fish, this time with more luck. Suzy took this time to study for a couple of hours. They caught half a dozen pieces of about half a kilo. At dusk, they approached the coast, anchoring the boat 100 meters of a small deserted beach which they approached swimming. They lived another magical moment when they arrived on land naked, surrounded by a ravine full of trees and brushes. The crew used the Zodiac to move the elements needed to prepare a barbecue, accompanied by excellent Bordeaux wine. They spent the night talking, playing and loving each other.

They spent two more days at sea until their obligations made all of them return. During their farewell, Alberto gave Suzy a ring with a precious one karate diamond. Suzy asked him if it meant anything, to which he responded that it meant what she wanted it to mean. She liked that answer.

On Tuesday, they set up a surprise for Cynthia. Suzy and Poli had the idea, and Lilly collaborated by organizing it with the help of Paulo. Suzy invited her friends to Lilly's



house. When Cynthia arrived, she was asked to undress. She was blindfolded and moved to the garden and placed under a table. When she was under, they asked her to remove the blindfold. In this way she could see under the table the naked and seated bodies of eight very young boys, almost teenagers, with their cipotes completely hard; they passed her a bottle of whiskey, and she heard a voice saying 'Start the game, I think you know the rules.'

Cynthia set out to suck with delight each of the eight dicks. The boys were Paulo and seven friends, teammates of the municipality's youth football team. A delicacy of gods that Cynthia knew how to enjoy with delight. They enjoyed almost as much as she; they were barely able to follow the game neatly, they all came, and she didn't waste a drop of semen. In the end, Suzy and Lilly entered naked, and they fucked with everyone, two by two. While sucking the cock of one the other penetrated them. Then they all bathed in the pool. In the end, when everyone left, Lilly stayed fucking with Paulo.

In his last e-mail, Charlie told her that Elizabeth had called him and they had gone out one night together. In the end, she managed to taste his 18-centimeter cock. The next day they reunited in the Filet Brasil, in the Round Table game, with a new innovation. Instead of a guy, they would use a girl, a friend of Michel who had long ago volunteered. She sucked it softer and better than most guys. She actually got almost all of them to cum.

The debate on the table went on about bisexuality and homosexuality. The majority, although they considered themselves completely heterosexual, had had some satisfactory lesbian relationship.

Suzy took advantage of the weekend in Brazilia in a different way. She accompanied Alberto as his girlfriend, met professionals, entrepreneurs, and even some high-level politician. They were educated people, in an elegant and very polite manner. There was sex, but also a lot of tenderness, meals in luxury restaurants, such as La Vecchia Cucina, Bargaço Culinária Brasileira, La Torreta Culinária Espanhola, y Lagash Culinária Árabe; and time for sightseeing.

Brasilia is a unique case in the world; it is a city created from pencil and paper to be the capital of Brazil. Now it is 45 years old. It was built in a bold and modern style. Its main architects were the avant-garde Niemeyer and Costa. The center of the city is crossed by a large corridor of gardens bounded by two broad avenues that, in turn, are crossed by other routes with an arched shape. For this reason, they say that seen from the sky, Brasilia is shaped like a bird or plane.

The city has a clean air, immense green areas, good weather, majestic buildings, almost colossal, wide avenues. From the TV tower, located in the central corridor and approximately one kilometer from the Plaza de los Tres Poderes, you can Appreciate the beauty of the center and understand how the huge distance between buildings makes walking around the city sometimes a challenge impossible to achieve.

No one visiting the city should abandon it without at least having contemplated the impressive metropolitan Cathedral of Nossa Señora Aparecida, the originality of the Itamaratí Palace and the Palace of Justice, the memorial to President JFK, the Temple of Boa Vontade and the Legión de la Buena Voluntad, the Ministerios and the Museo de Gemas.

Brasilia breaks with all the stereotypes of tropical cities, it moves away powerfully from the clichés and offers the possibility

of enjoying a metropolis calculated by the millimeter, studied in detail, precise and futuristic that will forever be recorded in the memory of those who visit it as if were a dream.

It is a city born from nothing, prefabricated, in which nothing is casual and in which chance has no place. It combines perfectly places for leisure, with convention centers and congresses, where art and culture coexist with administrative and political matters. Brasilia is the future made present through one of the most beautiful and striking cities on the planet.

So, when Alberto called her and said he had a plane ticket for her to travel next week in Brasilia, she felt great joy. He had a magnificent apartment, spacious, decorated with exquisite taste, few types of furniture but chosen one by one with time. The Deco style predominated; It had a mini pool on the terrace, a German steel furniture kitchen, a more than acceptable library with well-chosen literature and history books, comfortable for reading.

On another occasion, Suzy would not agree to prolong the discussion on the extent of her stay, but on this occasion, she had consciously left the return ticket opened. On her arrival date, Alberto had planned a cocktail party with about twenty people. Good Brazilian music did not leave room for any other type, once again establishing once more the musical bubble that lives permanently Brazil.

Suzy already knew some people, so she quickly immersed herself in the environment. She was the youngest and, without a doubt, the most beautiful and sensual, elegantly dressed in the latest gift. Alberto mentioned to her, pointing out a couple who had just arrived and were newlyweds that she tried to seduce him when he was in a cafeteria near his office.

Suzy proposed a game that consisted of Alberto fucking the newlywed in the master bedroom while she watched from inside the closet, leaving the door slightly ajar.

The problem was that it had to be a very fast fuck, so as not to raise suspicions among the other guests. Then, Suzy continued, I will try to seduce her husband, with you in the closet. Alberto accepted the challenge and proposed, in addition, that both would set up a date with the improvised lover to fuck the next day in a hotel in the city.

Suzy went into the bedroom and got into the closet. Ten minutes later, Alberto appeared accompanied by her, he kissed her quickly in the mouth, asked her to suck him, something that she did. He turned her over, put her on the bed, lifted her dress, lowered her underwear without removing it completely and fucked her with strong, fast movements. In ten additional minutes, they both left the room.

Alberto returned to the room, said to her 'your turn,' and she got into the closet. In less than five minutes she took him by the hand, closed the door, kissed him, lowered his fly to suck it, he turned her over, lifted her dress, lowered slightly her underwear and penetrated her. In less than six minutes, they both departed the room.

When they found themselves in the livingroom, they could hardly contain their laughter. Very close to them was the happy couple, both with a smile from ear to ear.

Almost at sunrise, when all the guests had left, and they gave the service permission to retire, they introduced themselves into the mini pool on the terrace. They were stroking, hugging and kissing for over an hour before fucking on the orange leather couch. In the middle of the morning, he went to the office, and she stayed studying in the library.

In a conversation between two guests, I heard the name of a city called Humboldt that I didn't know, but not knowing why I felt attracted to it. I noticed that there were several of American geography books among the books which I took advantage of, and I discovered that by that name there were eight cities, three districts, a gulf, a sea current, a river, two summits, a mountain, and four natural parks. Before and after him, there have been many excellent explorers and scientific researchers of the new world, yet none of them have been considered worthy of this singular appreciation.

At night while dining at the restaurant La Chaumière Culinária Francesa, the two commented on similar situations in their latest erotic game. Suzy went to her appointment at the hotel Kubitschek Plaza Hotel Brasilia. After talking and drinking some champagne, she prepared to enjoy a fun and morbid afternoon of uncomplicated sex. Once he had cum, and she revived his cock by sucking it, he began to express a cluster of feelings that gave the sensation of a fast and immature infatuation. So she retracted, finished screwing him for the second time and she put all the psychological distance she could until she said goodbye, rejecting any further contact.

Something similar happened to Albert on his date at the Blue Tree Park Hotel Brasilia. She pounced on him from the first moment making her proposals for the future, which included leaving her husband if he was willing to live with her. After having to fuck her twice, he got rid of her as he could. They had played with fire and, no doubt, they had been burned; although they both knew how to get away with agility and speed, they both learned a new lesson.

Suzy enjoyed the luxury and life of the capital, she studied hard and agreed with him to take responsibility for the start-up

of the disco in Madrid. She asked him that besides Cynthia, to count with Poli and later with Lilly. Alberto offered her a good salary for her and Cynthia, and something more modest for the other two. As a complement, he added payment for the rent of an apartment for all four and a bonus on the benefits. After visiting the most fashionable discotheques of Brasilia, Feitiço Mineiro, Frei Caneca Draft, Bolero Dancin'Club with him, she went back to Redenção.

Before leaving Brazil, she used the last few weeks to convince Poli, to prepare for her exams with the essential help of Catherine, to contact friends who were in Madrid and prepare for her academic transfer. She was planning to pass the second course of audiovisual communication in June. Before living in London, she had passed two business administration courses in Brazil.

## CHAPTER 4 FLYING TO SPAIN: NEW LIFE, NEW SEXUAL EXPERIENCES

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After arduous efforts, she managed to gain admission to the Carlos III University in Madrid and to transfer most of her courses required to pursue a double major in Business Administration and Audiovisual Communication. If she passed a test in September, she could enroll as a third year, plus four lower division courses she was not able to transfer.

In mid-May, the three friends flew to Spain on an Iberia plane, with the powers of a society with sufficient funds to install in Madrid one of the best nightclubs.

It's funny how prejudices weigh on culture. I myself, when I put my observations in black and white, feel some shame and I find it hard to write certain words. We all know what a pussy and a cock are, we enjoy them enormously, we like to touch them, kiss them and savor them. For most, sexual relations are fundamental in our lives; they give us stability, their lack unbalances us; most of us also accept and gratify pornography, but we have a hard time talking about it with clarity and details.

Again, notice that even as a flea, I am completely imbued with the whole human mental structural. I don't dislike it at all.

More than 90% of men dream of eating good pussy, is for most of them an obsession, or as they say, referring to sex 'the only thing'; But how strong it sounds, and even more to write it down. The same could be said of women, similarly, most of them dream of eating a good polla, but how does it sound when read.

Three acquaintances were located in Madrid. Yaiza, a distant cousin of Cynthia, married to a Spaniard. Agatha, an old friend of all of them who left a few years ago because her father was sent to Madrid. She studied journalism at the Universidad Complutense. And Marisia, the one that Poli and Charlie met at the Makarios Hotel, and who had moved since April to practice prostitution.

Spain, for a few years, has lived a climate of freedom and tolerance of the most advanced in the world. In the last decade, it has undergone a dramatic economic change that has placed it in the global economic elite, with a liberalized, open and competitive model, with the highest rates of GDP growth and employment generation in the European Union.

Everyone knows about the way of living in the street of Spanish. They are cheerful and vivid people. This context, without the Spaniards being aware, has generated in their country the greatest and the best quality prostitution market in the world.

Young girls from countries of not very advanced economy and with developmental problems, who in their countries are students, professionals, housewives, travel to the Iberian Peninsula in search of gold and a way out for their lives. They



are girls 18 years and older (little more), especially attractive and with a very cared-for body.

Tens of thousands of them have arrived in Spain, surely more than one hundred thousand; some say about three hundred thousand. They basically come from three zones. Latin America, mainly the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Brazil and Venezuela, Eastern Europe and Sub-Saharan Africa.

It is difficult to find in Spain a prostitute of that country, the few that exist are older, physically deteriorated, and in areas where customers come from very low social class. There are always rare exceptions.

Due to this call and when two friends had gone in advance, Marisia appeared at the airport of Barajas.

On the plane, the three friends had an economy class ticket, but with the influence of Alberto, they managed to give them an upgrade, so they could travel comfortably on Business Plus. The company had recently reformed and improved this category by eliminating the first class one, with a really good result.

In the last forty years, the world has changed dramatically in technology. Regardless of visually perceptible elements, if you compare an airplane of the sixties with one currently, in external and internal appearance, they are practically the same, the same seats, the same trays, the same labels, etc. In this new category, in Business Plus, a clear adaptation to current times is noticeable. It's as if buying a BMW from forty years ago to one presently; you can tell.

In this particularly pleasant trip, they could not miss the opportunity to play. It occurred to Suzy. It consisted of writing in three pieces of paper the description of three attractive passengers travelling alone and in another three, their own

names. They would match with the passengers by draw; the selected would have to seduce the randomly chosen passenger and in the manner she considered would most timely bring his underwear.

They drew a boy of about 30 years, rather attractive, slender and very well dressed, which fortunately had the seat on the side empty, with Poli. Without wasting time, she started, and in a few minutes, she sat beside him in what seemed like a fluent conversation. After about two hours, he got up and entered the bathroom, and in a couple of minutes, Poli followed. In a very short time, she came out first and then him. They remained talking for a little while until Poli returned to her friends with the proof of her triumph... Calvin Klein boxer. She said that Javier was a senior executive of a phone company, married with two children.

After an acceptable fuck, he agreed to deliver his garment in exchange for her underwear, with the condition of re-exchanging them in a next date. Before landing, the executive, who had witnessed the game, sent, with the stewardess, each of them a jar of perfume. Jean Paul Gaultier with the figure of Madonna for Poli, and for the other two, one of Issey Miyake and another of Salvatore Ferr Agamo, with a note saying “gracias, avisadme cuando viajéis de nuevo, esta vez he volado de verdad.” (Thank you, let me know when you travel again. this time, I have really flown.)

From the airport, they went to the hotel Palace, in front of the Congress on the road San Jerónimo, and the Plaza de las Cortes. Marisia had done the homework and located a flat on Ayala Street at the intersection with General Pardiñas, in the neighborhood Marquis de Salamanca. Ample in size, about 200 square meters, in an old manor building in very good

condition. It had a nice living room, four spacious bedrooms, and three bathrooms, fully furnished with an acceptable taste. The price, €1,800, was in the budget. The next night, they slept there.

For the good end of the business, they agreed that their apartment would not be used, in any case, for amorous adventures of any kind.

For their first night in Madrid, Marisia had bought tickets for the musical Cabaret show, at the Teatro Alcalá. From there, after dinner at El Barril restaurant, a good-level seafood restaurant on Goya Street, they went to Joy Eslava, a nightclub on Arenal Street, near Puerta del Sol. This time, they were blatantly flirting to culminate an entry in the Spanish capital on a high note.

That morning, although they had slept decently on the plane, they rested in the hotel room. After entering elegantly dressed to Joy Eslava, Suzy lent some of Alberto's gifts to Poli and Marisia. In recent times, Mauricio was infected with his friend's gifting practices; they aroused his attention to give presents.

They began to dance with some sensuality; the four were without underwear and with medium-transparent fabrics. They were repeatedly treated to bottles of champagne of the establishment, after flirting with one and another, and in the morning, each departed with a companion. They wanted to take them back to their home, they refused and invited them to their hotel. They had to deploy a strategy to be able to introduce them into their room.

Once they were all there, Fernando invited two additional bottles of champagne calling for room service. Cynthia put Brazilian music he brought with her and told the boys they

had to do a striptease to the rhythm of the music. They, a little clumsy but funny, were up for it. They had an athletic body, they were posh boys of about 25 years of age, with average dicks.

They sat on the edge of the bed and asked them to masturbate. When the four were erected, they raised their dresses and asked them to get on all four and eat their partners coño, while they poured the champagne in their buquetas. They had them in that position for more than half an hour then they were allowed to fuck on all four. They all came at the end.

As a reward, they threw them on the bed and sprinkled champagne all over their bodies to drink; this time, they exchanged couples and ended up with the position 'sixty-nine' until they all came again. They ordered more bottles of champagne accompanied by some sandwiches and nuts that Paco paid for; they consumed them once dressed, and the guys left with the hope of seeing them again, although they didn't give them their location. In their own way, the four felt that they had conquered the capital of the motherland.

In the following days, they worked intensively on the project, they visited and studied the premises that the real estate agency had selected for Alberto, they saw other possibilities of the same agency and other agencies, they interviewed decorators, searched for reform companies specializing in hotel premises, and toured the success clubs of Madrid to gather ideas.

They liked Kapital, one of the best known, with seven floors, varied music, ideal to flirt and where people attending were of a high social level. Gabanna, located in Velázquez Street, in the neighborhood of Salamanca, of the highest social level,

luxury, and a friendly atmosphere. And the aforementioned Joy Eslava.

They were also visiting others that were less interesting to them, such as Deep, Fashion, Final Destiny, Groove, In, Liquid, Plastic, etc.

In many of these efforts, Suzy was not present, as she was studying. In a few days, she had to travel to London to take her final exams. They redecorated the apartment, changing some furniture and all the paintings, but left the walls empty. The house was recently refurbished, had the bathrooms with tiles designed by Agate Ruiz of Prada, comfortably fitted wardrobes, and painted with strong colors currently trending in Spain, Salmon mixed with orange for the lounge and hallways, and soft yellow for the bedrooms.

At night, they would walk to the terraces of La Castellana to have a drink before sleeping. Despite repeated demands, they did not flirt with anyone; they stayed at their table discussing and planning their work. Only Poli, every two or three days, was seen with Javier, the executive from the telephone company. In the city, there are no motels, but there are apartments that rent rooms for hours. In the Avenida de América, there are some with Jacuzzis; they are not bad. Those of Clara Street of the king or Barceló, or the apartments of princess in the square of the cubes.

In the Plaza de Santo Domingo, there is a bar with high seats and an access that is closed with curtains, here, all kinds of couples hide for their erotic games. It is in half-shadow, and you hear continual groans. Javier and Poli, before or after dinner, would go to the Princesa. Included in the price was the contents of a mini-fridge, bottles of Benjamin, beer cans, Coca-Cola and Fanta – they are comfortable, intimate. In

addition to the bed, it had a seating area, a TV, CD and DVD player and, of course, a bathroom.

Marisia worked as a prostitute at different places; they were hotels. Girls rotate every 20 or 30 days. In those days, she was in one of the best known on the road to La Coruña, just over 20 kilometres from the city. From the outside, it looks like a mid-size hotel, had a hundred rooms. Previously, there were fifty apartments with a living room and a bedroom; it was refurbished, transforming the living area into another bedroom. In the basement, there is a large drinking area with a huge bar in the center, several flat screen television, a mini stage with the classic pole bars where with a certain frequency there are integral stripteases. There is a smaller and more intimate bar apart. In the establishment, there could be up to two hundred girls internally.

Most of these alternate businesses work in a similar way. Each girl pays about 70 euros. The drinks consumed by the customers are charged at 12 euros, money that is entirely for the business. The drinks consumed by the girls are paid by the customers – they are charged 30 euros, half of that money is for the girls. As a control system, each time they are treated to a drink, they are given a slip with which they claim their share.

Lately at one of these establishments, by the pressure of the police, they charge the girls drinks the same price as the customers, leaving them without their commission. The price of half an hour in a room with a girl, including a fuck, is 70 euros. The more time, the more money, depending on the pact to which the whore arrives with the client. The entirety of this money is for the girl. They can stay carefree in their rooms from six in the morning to five in the afternoon when the business is not operating. From 5 or 6 in the afternoon, they leave the rooms.

Their personal things are locked in a closet, and with their work clothes, they go down to the drink area to search for customers. When they reach an agreement with one or several customers, they go up with him or them to the reception, they request a room, sometimes, they have to wait because all the rooms are all occupied simultaneously. The customer pays about three euros for a sheet, paper towels, and soap and if you need some, they sell you condoms and lubricants. Optionally, they have suites with round beds and a Jacuzzi with an additional price of 30 euros per hour.

The girls have at their disposal, in addition to the dining room for breakfast lunch and dinner, a swimming pool, hairdresser and access to gynecological visits. Normally before starting as residents, they are required to show the periodic results of gynecological analyses. To get a client, girls can be forward, talk, but they should not disturb, they don't have to accept a client against their will.

There are hotels of this type in all the access roads to Madrid, several on the road to La Coruña, Burgos, Andalucía, Barcelona. This is the case in all the access roads of the Spanish cities. In these areas, cocaine flows very easily, either because the girls have it or because the customers bring it.

This system in its structure borders the illegality because the business avoids charging money for the sexual practices of the girls, while benefiting from their activities indirectly. In theory, the girls are very promiscuous guests who receive money, but without a record of it by the business administrative authority. A pseudo-legal, somewhat hypocritical way out, tolerating an activity, without actually being allowed, without legislation and therefore without regulation.

However, many crimes are occurring in these establishments. A lot of the girls are illegal immigrants. In some places, they pay the sexual services to the business – it keeps part and charges a higher price than the girls' commission. Drug trafficking occurs, the establishment managers can't avoid it, there are all kinds of drugs, especially cocaine. There is a lot of movement of black money. Alternate hotels are hygienically clean, virtually all the girls are neat and require condoms for any relationship. Even the majority bathe before and after each client. The first thing they do with a customer when they enter a room, after stripping him, is to sit on the bidet, and from behind and above they wash the genitals and anus with the intimate soap previously purchased at the reception. They then required them to wash their hands properly.

This panorama has changed dramatically in recent years in the prostitution market in Spain.

The city of Madrid is a maze of people, and although it's trivial, the capital of Spain is an open city, where different forms of life, culture and customs are mixed, is a city with a dynamism and spontaneity in its streets that few cities in the world have. Madrid lives on the street – its parks, shopping areas, bars and drinks, musical, cultural events, fashion, any event worthwhile to go out to celebrate is on the street. In recent years, it has become an international benchmark, for its culture, for the representation of the plays and musicals, for its exhibitions, fairs, restoration, art galleries, infrastructures and transport. It is the Spanish city of greater international projection at the moment.

Its history is full of traces of the Iberians peoples, Celts, Romans, Visigoths, Arabs and Christians, all of them have left their witness written in this cosmopolitan city. Its



archaeological remains, walls, palaces, churches and large buildings hide intriguing stories of bed and passions, priests and nuns, aristocrats and humble people, bullfighters and Hollywood actors, of ghosts and appearances, weddings and heartbreaks.

The locals are different and special because they have no regional feelings, their centralist character and the condition in the capital of Spain makes them more tolerant and open. Everyone has its niche in Madrid; here, no one feels strange or oblivious to the rhythm of the city, because it welcomes you in such a way that you will soon find yourself at home.

No doubt what attracted the girls the most was the nightlife and the food. Madrid lives the night in an intense way; the possibilities offered by this city have nothing to do with any other Spanish city, nor of course, any European city. Here you start the spree very early, and it ends very, very late. From eleven o'clock in the evening, the youngest leave free passage to those over sixteen years old. No matter what you look for, or the type of music, or the environment or the kind of people you want to be with, everything is found, dance music, Spanish pop, Latin rhythms, tranquility or madness, intimate environments or public, everything is here. We are in the European capital of fun, where weekends start on Thursdays.

The bars are small in size, with intermediate volume music that allows you to chat with the drink on your hand. As the night progresses and the level of alcohol in our bodies increases, we look for discotheques, where the only conversation that can be established is via dance – the language of body motion that is guided by rhythm, alcohol, and heat. And if the night is short, there are always after-hours establishments that open at six in the morning.

The streets are full of night owls that go from bar to bar, moving from one place to another, the Spanish call it “go for drinks.” A night in Madrid begins in a tapas bar having dinner with wine, a few beers or a famous sangria. With a full stomach, you go to the cocktail bars, where you usually start with shots, which are small glasses of strong liquor taken straight up and it finishes with the Cubatas.

You can differentiate nine large drinking areas in Madrid, different styles: Malasaña is the rock neighborhood par excellence, origin of the Movida madrileña; people that attend here are rather mature. Alonso Martínez is a young and posh area. Huertas is the central area of Madrid, quiet, with small bars and people of all ages. Avenida de Brasil, Juan Bravo, and Serrano, are the posh sites par excellence. La Latina has the charm of Madrid Chulapo and Castizo. Moncloa-Argüelles is the area for students, due to its proximity to the Complutense University, and finally, Chueca, the gay neighborhood.

After a long night, nothing better to appease the hangover than a good tapeo. According to legend, there was an ordinance in the 17th century that forced the soldiers stationed in the court to drink wine with some food that the tavern had to supply to them to avoid drunkenness. The soldiers used to put the dish with the ration on top of the glass as if it were a tapa (lid). Hence the expression. The ideal time for tapas is between 1 and 3 pm, with the wine, beer or vermouth aside is offered exquisite saucers of ear, anchovies in vinegar, potatoes, bacon, sausages or tortillas, to name just a few.

In the last e-mail, Charlie expressed his interest in seeing her when she went for her final exams. On Tuesday, she left for London. The day before she departed, the three dined at 54 Street, an avant-garde, progressive restaurant with live

performances, owned by film director Oscar Fernando Trueba, the producer, filmmaker Andrés Vicente Gómez and journalist Concha García Campoy, decorated by the Catalan designer Javier Mariscal. The food is very elaborate, type novel cuisine. The famous disc of black tears was recorded here by EL Cigala and Bebo Valdés.

Suzy was the boss, Cynthia the second, so before they left as they had to leave the work organized. They were finalizing actions; they had decided to rent the premises, and chosen a decorator. Amongst other things they still had left was to select the reform company.

Poli was recounting her love meetings with Javier; the most fun was when they snuck into the President's in the Gran via building. Poli sat naked on the presidential chair, and Javier sucked the Buceta until she came. When they were halfway, a woman, without knowing who, opened the door and saw a woman coming on her boss' chair, without seeing who was below, she imagined the obvious, apologized and closed the door. Excited, he got undressed and sat down, and she sucked it until she ingested semen.

Animated by the latest comments, Cynthia told Suzy that it was now her turn to do the same thing she did with Javier on the plane. At the neighboring table, there were six couples; they decided that she had to act on the first guy to get up to go to the bathroom. It was not very difficult, since most of them, about thirty years old, looked insistently with eyes of desire to the three friends. As soon as the first got up, he was lucky because he was fairly attractive. she went to the bathroom.

The companion of the Guinea pig, who was already annoyed by the looks, remained somewhat restless. It took more than ten minutes and neither of them returned, so the

woman got up to go to the women's bathroom. She discovered that it was empty, she went to the men's. Fortunately, she dared not enter because thankfully, there was another guy inside. Suzy and the guy sitting on the toilet bowl had the greatest fuck. As he came out, smiling from ear to ear, he received a sound slap accompanied by some insults that Suzy could hear. She didn't move, waiting for a better time. He, at all times, denied everything.

By mobile phone, Suzy spoke with her friends who armed a show saying that she had had to leave for an emergency. Suzy threw the latch off the water and had to be locked up for over an hour and a half. After a while, the offended woman let herself be persuaded of the innocence of who seemed to be the husband. When they left, they rescued Suzy who, despite the confinement, came out triumphant with Emporio Armani slip in her hands.

Suzy had managed to concentrate on her exams for a little over two weeks. She was prepared and did not feel disturbed. During the plane flight, she took advantage to study. Arriving at Heathrow, she went to the apartment in Richmond, which she shared with other students and continued to pay.

She had a very tight schedule. In addition to the exams, she wanted to manage to transfer her file to the University Carlos III of Madrid, say farewell to Catherine, whom she planned on inviting to Madrid, see Charlie, talk to her roommates to leave the apartment definitively, collect her scarce belongings, and say most definite goodbyes to her friends, classmates and some professors. She also wanted to see some fashionable nightclub, visit Elizabeth and, if possible, go to the New Caledonian Market, a typical English market that fascinated her.

Every day she talked on the phone with her friends to know and make decisions about the disco and almost every day with Alberto. They talked more and more about personal things than the project; He trusted her fully. When they were together, they seemed very much in love, acted as if they were a couple, they had never expressed their feelings, neither had told the other that they loved each other. That day from London, Suzy told him that on many occasions it would be better if he were closer. She had never said so much to a guy in her life. Alberto was already fully aware that he loved her.

A lot of luck, some searching and stubbornness, has given me the opportunity to have Suzy as a life partner. She far exceeds the expectations that I created for myself. She is obviously beautiful and sensual, ready to live her sexuality in all its splendor, with dynamism, with independence, taking the reins. She enjoys sex like no other, does not depend on anything or anyone. She is educated, intellectual and hardworking. Speak Portuguese, Spanish and English correctly. She's a wonderful student, dynamic, not at all lazy. Makes mature decisions and does not regret the discarded opportunities.

She is well-informed she reads abundantly. She cares and understands the structural issues of life, she is passionate about all politics, from the local to the international, especially her country's. Redenção is somewhat burned with the operation of the prefecture, which sees more oriented towards the holidays and little to the proper management. In Brazil, she is very concerned about the latest corruption scandals that surround President Lula, which overshadows and harms the hitherto more than acceptable management.

In international politics, she is very concerned about Islamic terrorism. Even as we arrived in Spain, we were

informed about nationalist claims and the reforms of the autonomous statutes. She lives permanently concerned about the ecology and sustainability of the system. On the internet every day, she reads over several newspapers. The Globo de Brasil (she glances over other in her country), the Washington Post, the Guardian. In Spain, she loves El Mundo; now this is the one she reads in-depth. Before coming to Madrid, she also did this, among other reasons to perfect the language. With difficulty, she glances at Le Monde.

Perhaps the best of her is her ethics and moral compass. She loves life and people. She's a good integral person. She is generous and gives herself to others. She loves animals, plants, and nature, being consistent with it. And all this without getting carried away by radicalism and demagoguery – she is eminently rational. In the only thing that passion overflows, but she allows it with a firm self-decision, is with sex. She is emotionally intelligent and self-aware, so she gets the most out of her potential.

She is a feminist woman, adores men, she enjoys with them and of them, but she does not renounce being a woman or her femininity. In sex, she likes to make decisions and take the initiative, but she also loves to feel possessed. She loves to fuck on top, she likes when they suck her coño on their knees; But above all, she loves to suck to the end a good polla and to be penetrate on all four through her coño or the ass while they pull strongly of her hair causing some damage. Even if she doesn't know, she is terribly romantic.

How is it possible that I don't fall in love with her? How could I not spend a lifetime with her? Sincerely, I love her. I live vicariously through her. I feel happy that I knew how to select.

Suzy was loved everywhere; the London roommates were waiting for her with great anticipation. They had prepared a surprise welcome party. The apartment was large, it took up the majority of a large multi-family house – eight companions resided: five Englishmen, one Pakistani, one Mexican and her. The reception was at night at 22 hours; they had invited Catherine and a dozen friends to the house. The student floors always have a group of people around who repeatedly visit, with whom you end up being friends; this group typically live with their family and are like outside residents of the apartment.

Suzy was already telling her plans, which were going to be a spree. She was very glad and let himself be carried away. After moderately drinking beer, she ended up in bed fucking with her blond, athletic roommate, with whom she had always wanted to do it but never did because they share the same house. They did it on all fours like she likes it. She was comfortable, she was happy. Suzy at a prudent hour retired to her room to be sharp the next day. She studied with Catherine as was accustomed. They made a good symbiosis, which given the situation was more beneficial for the Brazilian. Catherine had more documentation and information, and Suzy had a better comprehension and understood the issues better. They complemented.

That night, after preparing intensively for the academic tests, they quickly visited three discotheques known here as clubs. The Notting Hill Arts Club, west of London, regarded as the crown jewel, although it is not well known; The Blag club, also to the West, which represents the latest in the 'Micro clubs'; and The Key, with underground nights, an excellent atmosphere where famous DJs are pricked. Other days, at the same rate, they visited Bar Vinyl, Ministry of Sound, Fabric and Turnmills.

She spent the night at the Englishmen's house. Saturday night, Charlie came to the student apartment. During the time she was in Brazil, she meditated regarding her attitude in England, she realized that she had not given to her people nor to her country what she really was, she had dedicated her time to work and study, getting along with everyone but without letting go fully as she tended to do. To partially make up for this, she organized a gathering Saturday night, consulting with the participants, she put together a double roundtable following the style of Filet Brasil, without a doubt, she left her imprint. One table with the girls sitting properly prepared (without underwear), she would referee of the game and Charlie would be the collaborating boy; the other table had half-bodied naked guys and counted with Elizabeth as the collaborating girl.

The participants were members of the student chalet, including Catherine, who they had a hard time convincing, and six outside residents. Before the game began, she came up with an additional element, between her and Elizabeth they shaved all the boys' pubic leaving a small mat of hair, very short, in the form of a heart; Similarly, two of the boys did with the girls, with help in this case of them. With joy from both tables, Charlie and Elizabeth acted completely naked; both bodies unleashed enthusiasm and excitement amongst all.

During the game, Suzy told some of her experiences and of that of her acquaintances, which were more exciting. She recreated the experience in the Rio Carnival, Charlie and her walking the city naked; the VIP area; the three blacks with Charlie hidden in the closet, and Lilly's at the Hacienda. Before they started, they were all excited, the guys completely erect, most had a rather sparse sexual experience. There was



one who was a virgin, the case with Catherine. They all came several times, some before starting.

They used Scottish whisky that Charlie and Elizabeth drank with delight. They all lost and scored negative without caring too much. It was the experience of their lives. After the game, Suzy, as the organizer, described the next stage – all of them would strip naked in the center. To the envy of all the girls, Catherine would be penetrated on all fours by Charlie, and two other guys that she assumed were virgins, in the same matter they would fuck Elizabeth and herself.

The three inexperienced ones experienced one of the best moments of their lives and, without doubt, the most morbid and exciting. Charlie did it with exquisite care, very slowly, penetrating her for more than twenty minutes. The other two boys came in less than three minutes, leaving Catherine and Charlie alone. She came one time after another while multiplying her pleasure by the feeling of being watched by the rest. Then Suzy declared total freedom without rules, at which time the boys pounced on Elizabeth and Suzy and the girls on Charlie's magnificent polla.

At a prudent hour, the Englishmen and the Brazilian withdrew to their room, and the rest were arranged in their own way. Catherine went with her pair to finish off the day. Suzy and Charlie spent a nice night during which they fucked twice, once before sleeping and another after, surrounded by a lot of tenderness. The next morning, Charlie returned to Oxford to prepare for his exams, and Suzy and Catherine moved back to the latter's house to continue preparing. The exams were going quite well, with a few spelling problems as the months outside of England had made her lose the handling of written English.

In the last conversation with Alberto, he offered to pick her up when she finished her exams to spend a weekend in Venice and return to Madrid. Cynthia was managing the project very well in her absence, consulting everything relatively important.

The apartment of Madrid was located in a place that formed a mini commercial world; it offered a variety possibly unparalleled in the world. In its block, there are 90 commercial establishments open to the public, as is the case with the majority of the district of Marqués de Salamanca. It is a perfect square of one hundred per hundred meters, configured by the sections of the streets Ayala, General Pardiñas, Hermosilla and General Díez Porlier.

There are five bank branches, all with ATMs – BBVA, Gipuzkoa, Caja de Castilla-La Mancha, and Banco de Valencia. In one of the opposite corners, there is a market with more than one hundred establishments and fourteen more between bars and restaurants. One of high quality is called the Taberna de Daniela, an avant-garde bar-like is Cherry, others of good level such as the Olivar de Ayala and Café Teatro with live performances. A few meters (less than ten) from the perimeter of the block, another very good restaurant is located, Facolare, and a very nice simple one, Panama.

There are two schools, a pharmacy, tobacconist, video clubs, various cafes, opticians, veterinary, gift shops, handbags, furniture, clothes, and a plus size store. Two real estate agencies, Chic, a nightclub that opens at night and closes at 10:00 in the morning, Several food shops, perfumeries, two dry cleaners, three travel agencies, Falcon, Marsans and Iberia. Adagio, musical instruments; two ceramic stores; tuxedo rentals, fabrics stores, goldsmith, electricity, plumbing, two florists, sale of banknotes and old coins, hairdressers,

sanitation, photocopies, digital products, Movistar, Sargent, an art gallery and a fast food.

There are two buildings of style El Corte Ingles, the Great Spanish warehouse par excellence, with several thousand square meters of surface; One is about three hundred meters away and the second is about five hundred. Two or three blocks away there are two VIP, a mixed store with large space that opens every day, even Sundays and holidays, until 03:00 in the morning. Several gyms and countless restaurants, good and bad, and many more shops. Two blocks away is Goya Street with many fashionable clothing and shoe shops; another two away are the streets José Ortega y Gasset that intersect Velázquez street surrounded by luxury brand shops in Madrid. There live the Infanta Elena and Jaime de Marichalar, Dukes of Lugo, with their three children. An ideal place to live in the street.

Marisia informed us in detail of the Spanish prostitution market, in addition to the larger and smaller hotels. The city is full of nights clubs; there are two types, those which only do business with the drinks, they have a double collection system, customer drink and the girls' drink, and those who have camouflaged or reserved rooms, where the establishment charges and keeps much of the payment for sexual services. The latter blatantly transgress the law. Those of the first type are usually of high standing; those of the second varies from luxury to the worst quality.

In almost all these places, drugs are easily available, which is not a differential element. In Spain as in Brazil, in almost all discotheques, concerts and massive sites where alcohol is consumed, it is the same. It's strange the obsession of some sectors of society for the Botellon, a party organized by young

people in groups of ten to thirty; they gather in public spaces, with portable music, parked cars, they drink a ton of bottles with mixed drinks of 1 or 2 liters, including beer, Calimocho, which is cheap wine mixed with Coca-Cola or soda, alcohol of 43% with Coca-Cola or soda.

It is true that these groups usually drink immoderately, sometimes they dirty public places and others they disturb the neighbors. There is much less drug here than in the closed premises. They can be more annoying, but much less detrimental to the health and the life of the people. Sometimes they smoke joints. The Botellones in more remote areas, near the beaches, parks and countryside are a good alternative, as long as the waste removal is controlled.

Suzy had always lived happily, but now it was much more, she felt more and more secure, which broadened her emotional intelligence and her ability to manage everything around her; every day she was more brilliant without being corrupted by her success, becoming more and more in love with Alberto and he with her.

The Brazilian entrepreneur was determined to broaden the views of her study companion. Brazil is the country that has a cult for the body, with its stylists, dietitians and cosmetic surgeons at an affordable price. She asked his sister Lilly to send her what they call the thinning medicine, prescribed by a doctor but probably banned in Europe.

She set out to start her on the path of the enjoyment of sex. She asked Elizabeth to mount for her a ménage à trois with two pilots for after she was done with the exams, then she planned to invite her to Madrid. Catherine overcome the trial by fire, it made mouth water to think that simultaneously she was going to have two types of flags, one she would be sucking,

and the other would be fucking her while on all fours; she even fantasized that they would penetrate her in the ass. She lost concentration in her studies, which was not so important, as he was over prepared.

Her friend taught her to do her makeup and to style her hair, she advised her on the haircut that best suited her and gave her recommendations to care for her hair, skin and complexion. They even convinced her to get a piercing in her navel and a small tattoo on her pubic.

The following Friday, she went to dine at Elizabeth's house. She had already done most of her exams, and they were going well. The flight attendant was married to a wealthy businessman, she lived in a spacious multi-story house, in Regent Street, in the center of the city. Her house, full of rooms and bedrooms, was decorated with English furniture of the eighteenth century, good, aesthetic, very well maintained, but with a certain decadent air. There were at least three maids.

Her husband was somewhat older than her but retained his physical appeal; his form was elegant and intellectually interesting. Throughout the conversation, in which Catherine was very active, several things were clear. The stewardess worked because she wanted and not because of economic necessity; she loved life, people, cultural diversity and, although she did not mention it, sex. They both developed their sexuality in and out of their home and loved each other.

The food, based on hunting was exquisite. It seems that in Britain you have to go to the houses of the oligarchy and the aristocracy to eat well. As planned, after taking a whisky, the two friends withdrew early to be able to dive back into their studies.

Moments before leaving and immediately after presenting to them, asleep in his crib, her son, the hostess

offered them a fun-charged activity. On Thursday night, a group of Arab sheiks planned to hold a party in a palace of an English lord, in the center of the city. They wanted to hire a dozen girls who were conspicuously young and attractive to work as waitresses, completely naked. They were willing to pay 2,500 pounds per girl.

Suzy had decided to completely close the personal whore Chapter, but Elizabeth assured her that there would be no more sex, only the display of their bodies. To Catherine, her eyes brightened, which Suzy perceived she had never imagined being a candidate to freely exhibit her body, charging a significant amount of money. The date was convenient because on Thursday morning, she had the last exam. Alberto would arrive on Friday afternoon.

She had synthesized a decalogue of strategic decisions and a kind of book for the discotheque style:

1. It would be called El Carnaval de Río, its decoration and aesthetics would go in line with the name.
2. The music would be almost exclusively Brazilian.
3. It would have live music, making contracts on certain dates to first figures of the song.
4. The materials would be of the highest quality, with the maximum fire safety and with the exquisite fulfillment of the legal norms.
5. Any attempt to sell and use drugs on the premises would be controlled; to do so, there would be permanent security in the premises and camouflaged security in the VIP areas.
6. There was total liberty to act erotic-sexual manifestations, but prostitution would not be allowed.
7. Under no circumstances would the entry be permitted to persons under 18 years of age;

8. They would target clientele of medium-high and high social level, but nobody would be discriminated.
9. There would be a restoration area on one side, with different decoration and ambiance net to one of the performance platforms
10. For intimacy, reservations would be available .

During the last week in London, Suzy after one of her exams prepared the papers for her transfer to the Carlos III, all pending the final results of the last tests. Her professors regretted her leaving, but they offered to collaborate, and even some promised to talk with the managers of her new destination to facilitate the paperwork. It was also possible to go to the New Caledonian Market, the best antique market in London, where she bought a cutlery of alpaca, a crockery and some engravings from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, acquisitions that she had planned for the Apartment on Ayala Street in Madrid.

She always wanted to have these objects, but even though they are not too expensive, until now, they had been unattainable to her. In England, with the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century, a great middle class was formed, since then there is a great number of household products with certain quality, furniture, and different belongings.

Suzy knew London well, and although she always thought it was not her ideal place to live, she would have liked to have had more time to enjoy it. London for her is a city of diversity, cultural, gastronomic, of various lifestyles, leisure, a bustling city where more than seven million people live of different types and races. In London, you can buy anything, see good shows, great museums, eat any type of food, practice sports and walk around numerous parks and residential neighborhoods.

London is the sum of many villages because of the differences between Camden, Whitechapel, Clapcham, Battersea, Chelsea or Westminster.

Its traffic jams are a real problem, with large restrictions on the road to avoid the massive entry of vehicles as much as possible. Public transport is also saturated although it is relatively easy to get around, as there are buses, trains, metro and taxis that cross the city from one end to the other.

The city is organized around the Thames River which divides it from north to south; On the North Shore, the Circle Line, you will find the city center and the most interesting places, theatres and restaurants. The trendy and more touristy area is the West End, where Trafalgar Square, Picadilly and the Soho neighborhood, epicenter of the march with pubs, clubs, bars and restaurants.

It has great cultural and historical richness, has more than 300 museums and art galleries, architectural jewels, and a complex history behind hundreds of years that have forged its peculiar identity. It has four places declared a World Heritage site: The Westminster Palace with its abbey, the Tower of London, the town of Greenwich and the immense botanical expanse of the Kew Gardens.

The British Museum is the oldest in the world; for over two hundred years, it has forged a collection that currently consists of more than six million pieces; there are the marbles of the Parthenon, the Egyptian mummies, the Rosetta Stone and the Treasure of Mildenhall. It also has vast collections of Egyptian, Roman and Greek antiques.

The Museum of Natural History, Science, Victoria & Albert, the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, the Theatre Museum or the Museum of London are extraordinary.



Thirty percent of the surface of London is covered by parks and gardens perfectly cared for walking or practicing sports. The most emblematic is the Hyde Park, with unique corners and ponds with swans. In England, the grass is treading.

Britain's most emblematic ceremony is the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. A ceremony that lasts 45 minutes and is celebrated, with British punctuality, at 11:30 hours. It takes place inside the palace enclosure and can be seen from the iron gates surrounding the official residence of the English Royal family. The Royal Guard, accompanied by a band, leaves the Wellingtons Barracks at 11:27 hours and march to the palace through Birdcage Walk.

It is one of the best places in the world to go shopping for design, brands and quality or to find real bargains, with more than 30,000 shops and their famous street markets, such as Camden, Portobello Road, Coven Garden, Petticoat Lane, Brick Lane, Borough Market, London Silver Vaults or Bermondsey antiques market and New Caledonian market.

There are hundreds of bars, clubs, theatres, nightclubs, live music venues and cabarets where you enjoy the nightlife, and about 6,000 restaurants with food from over 70 different countries.

Tired, with the exams taken, Catherine and Suzy were picked up by the stewardess in a BMW series seven to take them to the palace of Lord Lawrence. Again, this name causes confused and varied sensations; I perceived authority, security, a powerful personality with a certain aged flavor, I associated it inexorably to Marisia.

Catherine has an iron will, in two weeks, she had managed to lose almost 4 kilos, coupled with the change of image provoked by her friend, she was beginning to be quite

attractive. Although for work it was not necessary, Suzy had lent her one of her Versace dresses. She was happy, excited and sexually aroused. Since she was not wearing underwear, she needed to use a kleenex occasionally to dry the vaginal secretions she was constantly producing, in order not to stain the dress.

The building was spectacular, a typical English façade in a perfect state of preservation; an entrance garden with a fountain, about 2,000 square meters, full of plants and flowers architecturally organized; five plants with balconies esthetics; an entrance to the large building with mahogany doors with gilded pieces. The hall was like everything, disproportionate in size, from which came a double wide staircase to the halls, where the party would be held. Below were the kitchens and the servants' quarters. In upper floors, a large number of dorms and more private rooms.

The building was technologically refurbished, elegant transparent elevators, large flat-screen televisions, with a luxurious aesthetic that combines antique furniture of value with avant-garde furniture. All three were moved into a small room where other girls were arriving separately. The Lord's wife explained to them in detail their task; they would act as waitresses carrying, like the rest of the male waiters, trays of glasses with drinks and canapés.

They should not permit any guest to touch them; they could and should talk to them for a short time. If anyone wanted to meet with them later, rewarding them economically after the party, it was up to them to accept or not. At the party there would only be men – the lady of the House would not attend. They were provided with extremely high-heeled black shoes, white cotton elbow gloves and a white hair cap as well.

For them, it was a pleasure to walk around naked, feeling permanently observed and desired by dozens of men. Following the instructions, they flirted skillfully. There were all types, fat and thin, tall and low, ugly and handsome, young and old, but all elegant, good-looking, exquisite education and good conversation.

All three received requests from more than one guest to spend the night, offering a lot of money. They were millionaire men, related to the oil wells. Suzy and Elizabeth did not accept manifesting themselves with exquisite diplomacy; they had clearly decided in no case to prostitute themselves. Some of the suitors were young and attractive. In another context, without economic compromise, they might have accepted.

Catherine, eager for new experiences, after consulting with Elizabeth, accepted a meeting for 5,000 pounds for that night at the Ritz Hotel, with a handsome young Arab sheik. The cocktail and the standing dinner ended at midnight. Catherine, with me in her hair, moved with the sheik in his Rolls-Royce to the hotel. Her two friends, as they had agreed, traveled in her car also to the hotel, where they had reserved another room to wait for her and if necessary, protect her against any problem.

The Sheikh's suite was the presidential, an exceptional in luxury. To our surprise, in it, in its various rooms and halls were at least two wives, a son of about seven or eight years and private service staff. They received ceremoniously the head of the family and his companion; the wives bathed them in the Jacuzzi, while he started his erotic games. He sat Catherine on the edge of the Jacuzzi and from the inside, he sucked her coño very gently, for quite a while. He managed to make her come several times, then he turned her over, and after thorough

washing of her ass, he sucked it for more than fifteen minutes, he introduced his tongue and then one and several fingers, then he penetrated her through her anus and came inside. This was all done in the presence of his wives.

When they finished, they took one last bath, he covered himself with a bathrobe and with a gentle kiss he said good night to leave the room definitively. One of his wives stayed behind and was accompanying Catherine to help her get dressed, she gave her an envelope with money, accompanied her to the door and offered the car with a driver to take her to where she desired. She, after thanking her and declining the car, went to her friends' room. She was amazed, satisfied and radiant with happiness.

Alberto arrived on Friday; he was eager to be with her to introduce his polla everywhere. They stayed at the Claridges Hotel in central London. He came before and waited for her in her room, recently showered. As soon as she arrived, with him naked but without taking off her clothes, she sucked his polla until he came. He started sucking her coño while she kept sucking his cipote softly. When he was erect again, there was a knock at the door, it was Elizabeth and Catherine with two bottles of champagne, following instructions from their friend.

They stripped and spread the drink all over his body, and ate him with kisses. Each was willing to have a good fuck with him. He penetrated Elizabeth on all fours by her coño, Catherine gave him a blowjob until he came, while Elizabeth introduced him to a little comforter in his ass and he kissed Suzy's Buceta. Then Alberto penetrated Suzy anally, in the end, after almost three hours and quite exhausted especially him; they went to dine at River Café, a minimalist-style restaurant

with authentic Italian food, located in one of the best places in the capital. It was owned by Rose Grey and Ruth Rodger, known for their television show and their books.

The next morning, the four planned to have breakfast at the hotel to say goodbye, they resumed the discussion of the previous day regarding terrorism. In short, they thought that Bush had acted somewhat clumsily, that Schröder and Chirac had used the situation, especially the French, which was giving wings to the Islamic terrorism to move and act more effectively and forcefully. No doubt for the benefit of the terrorists they had cracked the west and the weight of the strongest and most powerful democracy in the world. The most civilized, democratic, prosperous part of the world was becoming more and more vulnerable. Suzy harshly criticized the performance of Rodríguez Zapatero, president of the Spanish Government, for politicizing an attack with nearly two hundred deaths that recently occurred in Madrid.

They talked with concern about the latest scandals that continued to surround Lula's management and ended up with Tony Blair; they praised his balanced pragmatism. Before leaving, they had time to partially visit the British Museum.

They arrived in Venice in the middle of the afternoon. On the plane, Suzy took the occasion to talk about the disco and the outcome of her outstanding exams, and Alberto of Brazil and his latest trips. It is very possible that in less than a year he could leave the representation. He told her about a new real estate project in Panama.

They arrived in a motorboat to the Grand Hotel Boscolo Dei Dogi Venice, touring various channels. The place, the views from the room and the atmosphere of Venice was a propitious one for Suzy to release part of her iron barriers for

affectionate protection. At the hotel, when they were already naked, Alberto was kissing her and introduced in her mouth an object, the keys of an Audi TT car, an extraordinarily beautiful luxury sports vehicle, metallic anthracite grey, which was waiting for her in Madrid.

Suzy felt happy, not for the gifts; she felt generously loved. Alberto's love gave her strength, security and joy. She, after already thinking about it told him... "Do you know that I love you?" he replied that he was waiting for her to tell him but he had assumed that was the case from the first days they met. The Brazilian realized, once again, the ability of perception her the one that now was her boyfriend, her first boyfriend.

Suzy, kissing him tenderly all over his body asked him... "And how much do you love me?" He, using a very Brazilian phrase, answered "del tamaño del infinito" (to the size of infinity), then he added "te amo con el alma, el corazón y la polla," (I love you with the soul, the heart and the cock; this last part was his creation). Suzy continued kissing him and asked him to masturbate, while she continued kissing him. When he came and scattered his semen over his own body, she licked it with exquisite care. He returned the favor and asked her to masturbate while he filled her with kisses; when Suzy came for the second consecutive time, he drank the juice of her buceta and placing her on all fours, he penetrated her vaginally until they both came simultaneously.

They went to dine at Bistrot de Venise, one of the best restaurants in a gondola. Few things are more romantic than a gondola night ride, with the gondolier, dressed in a striped T-shirt and straw hat, sings love songs accompanied by a violinist. The gondolas are black; this tradition is a sign of mourning for the dead who had to be transported during the

times of the great epidemics.

Alberto informed her that he had broken the relationship with his Spanish semi-girlfriend. Suzy loved it, but she didn't stop worrying about the increased commitment that this meant. At the moment they were a couple, they loved each other, but they would continue to live their independence. They only recognized their attraction, trust, communication and love much more than most couples. The three days passed in a continual enchantment; they devastated the city, its corners, canals and the immensity of buildings and museums.

They were enthusiastic about Piazza San Marco and its basilica, the Palazzo Ducale and the famous Ponte Rialto and Ponte dei Sospiri (of the sighs), so called because from this place the condemned to death saw the city and sighed to know that they were approaching the end of their lives. Alberto already knew the city and served as a cicerone. They entered more than ten museums and galleries, from the Galería de la Academia to the Museo Arqueológico, and the Colección Franchetti, la Cini and the Museo Correr. They tasted the best restaurants, Café Quadri, Il Giardino di Luca and Antico Dolo.

To investigate, they visited Antico Martín, the best-known nightclub, with live music, where they took advantage of the darkness of a corner to get a good fuck.

Venice is a magical, mysterious and romantic city. When I arrived, I got the feeling of being in a city frozen in time, a sensual and seductive romanticism permeates the atmosphere of its canals and streets, surrounded by artistic buildings that are of a real beauty. The gondolas with the violinists, the harlequins in the corners playing melodies for lovers with their guitar, something ideal to share with your partner and be carried away by tenderness and love.

Venice is synonymous with art, the Venetian painters who have marked the history of art are a legion, Bellini, Tintoretto, Carpaccio, Veronese, Titian... there is also a good cast of musicians like Vivaldi, and poets and writers have lived in this city the artistic inspiration, to cite some, Goethe, Lord Byron, Dickens, Hemingway, Proust. Today the world of culture has two international exponents in this city, the "Mostra de Venezia," which is the oldest film festival in the World, founded by Mussolini in 1932 and celebrated in the cosmopolitan beach of Lido. The other is the "Bienal de Arte Contemporáneo de Venecia" with over 100 years of history.

The city is formed by 118 islands united by 160 channels and 400 bridges, the tourists that were there had a consensus and pointed out that for them, this was the most beautiful city many had seen so far. After living the carnival in Brazil, I could not leave Venice without knowing they were celebrated here. I knew that they were the most famous of Europe and, although they had little on the carnivals in Brazil, or with those of Tenerife (Spain), or even with those of Cadiz (Spain), they are surrounded by enigma and magic. Venice is transformed into a festival of color, sensuality and mystery with a high theatrical component because people enjoy hiding behind the anonymity given by masks, the symbol of this carnival. During the days of celebration, there are theatrical performances on the streets, gondola parades with torches, musical concerts, a meal is held in the countryside and there are markets of masks.

Of course, Venice also has a legend, Alberto told it to Suzy, who was captivated by it. In this city, Giovanni Casanova was born, a seducer who recounted in his memoirs that he had had relations with 2,000 women. In the eighteenth century, sex and prostitution were the order of the day in this city.



Casanova was imprisoned in the Palazzo Ducale, condemned for immoral behavior and managed to escape after a convoluted flee in a gondola.

Among the adventures attributed to Casanova, I was surprised by a tricky love story with a nun (Caterina Carpetta) who, in turn, became a lover of the abbot of Bernis (at the time Ambassador of France). According to another occasion, he retained a man posing as a guard and drove him to the island of San Giorgio (very close to St. Mark's Square), in order to delay his return and have enough time to spend the night with the wife of the absent husband.

Suzy's admiration for Italy's artistic works led us to make a quick visit to Florence and Rome. Florence is an essential city for the art lover. The Tuscan capital is the marvel of the Renaissance, with its statues, squares, religious and civil buildings, palaces, markets and museums. It is also the cradle of the opera. In 1597, the first work of this genre was represented here.

On Monday, they rented a BMW X5 car, ate in Florence at Ristorante Ricchi, in the center of Plaza Santo Spirito, one of the masterpieces of Brunelleschi, which is one of the few places in Florence with good fish. They visited the Duomo, the Puente Vecchio, the Galleria de los Uffizi, and went to the Galería de la Academia exclusively to see Michelangelo's David. I was quite displeased by the infernal noise of the streets of Florence – the circulation is chaotic – motorcycles, cars, ambulances and buses provoke a permanent noise that contrasts with the serenity and the artistic beauty. In the evening, they slept in Rome, at the Sheraton, on the outskirts of the city.

All this was done with great speed because Alberto had to be in Madrid on Wednesday, first thing in the morning. The

hotel put at their disposal a guide with a car that showed them the city at night. They ended up having dinner at Drappo.

Rome is a beautiful city to which almost everyone has wanted to go at some point; strolling through its streets is a delight to the eyes and to the soul, and you can walk anywhere. For something, they call it the “Eternal City” because it is a witness of the history of all time. I was struck by the number of squares and fountains that brighten those busy streets, in Piazza Navona, at nightfall all the artists set up their stalls showing their works and clowns and jugglers make their show.

I could see the truth of the “Dolce Vita,” symbolized by Fellini in the bathroom of Anita Ekberg in the Fontana di Trevi. The nights of Rome are an ode to love, to pleasurable fun, to youth, the good Roman life is full of pleasures, aesthetic, architectural, feminine and culinary, a continuous bacchanal for all the senses.

The next morning, they did the classic tour with the same guide. They were able to visit, as if they were Japanese tourist, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Spanish Steps, the Roman Forum, the Trastevere, the castle of San Angelo and the Vatican, an authentic artistic marathon.

They ate at the hotel, at almost five o'clock in the afternoon. From Fiumicino Airport, they flew to Madrid. An express trip they enjoyed second by second. At first, they planned to return directly from Venice, but when Alberto noted his girlfriend's enthusiasm for art, history and architectural beauty, he decided to show her a small sample of what they would later visit calmly.

They fucked with passion in hotels, in a secluded corner of one of the small canals, in a gondola protected by a mini-

cabin; even in the dome of the Vatican between its double roof that gives access to the upper terrace.

From Barajas, they traveled directly to Alberto's apartment, a magnificent penthouse in the middle of the Castellana, near Santiago Bernabeu Stadium for Real Madrid. A duplex of more than 600 square meters with double terrace – the one on top was bigger, it was located in an old building but with a newly refurbished interior with the best qualities, furniture that combined solid hardwoods, metal and leather, Deco and avant-garde furniture, with enviable views. The upper terrace has a landscape garden with teak furniture and a small heated swimming pool with an annexed Jacuzzi.

As soon as they arrived, they left the suitcases at the entrance and went directly to the terrace, they stripped naked and at the edge of the railing, while she saw at her feet was one of the most beautiful areas of the city, he gently penetrated her, first vaginally, then by the anus, again vaginally, to end up coming in her mouth. They bathed in the heated pool and moved to the jacuzzi, where a maid brought a bottle of Dom Perignon with a tray of smoked canapés and some dessert.

Alberto raised his cup and toasted for Suzy, whom he defined as the woman with happiness and joy that overflows. She answered... "For both of us, for our future." Amongst the vapors emanating from the hot water, they talked about their recent frantic and fantastic journey. Seeing and studying things with tranquility is very attractive, but moving quickly from one place to another, consuming images, concepts and situations also has its charm. Alberto would stay a couple of weeks. He obviously asked her to stay with him at home, even though he had to work during the day.

Afterwards, in pajamas, he showed her in detail the house. All the rooms were oversized, there was a dining room, a separate library separate from the living room and a master bedroom with double wardrobe, double bathroom and a sitting area, plus the service area, a gym and several more bedrooms, all with en-suite bathroom. From almost all the rooms, you access the terraces.

The next day in the morning, with some of her belongings, the items purchased at the New Caledonian Market and some gifts, Suzy went to the apartment at Ayala. Cynthia and Poli were there, anxious to know how the trip to Italy had gone and to tell her about their latest efforts. She had three beautiful dresses; to Cynthia, she gave one by Gianfranco Ferre, to Poli of Dolce & Gabbana, and to Marisia, one by Frankie Morello. Purchased and chosen by Alberto with Suzy's supervision. They loved them, just like the crockery, the cutlery and the engravings.

It was mid-morning, and they talked until lunchtime when Marisia joined. Suzy did not stop talking and to go into all kinds of details; she especially recreated the transformation of Catherine, the beauty of Venice, with the party with the sheiks, without entering into details of her feelings towards Alberto, which was what interested them most. Her friends gave a temporary truce on this issue and went to eat at Panama, a family restaurant, nice, within walking distance, which has a very appetizing menu. They ordered prawns with garlic and pork chop of Sanabria. At the table, the conversation focused fully on business. As Suzy already knew, everything was going according to the program; they had already paid the transfer of the premises, hired the decorator, a young and avant-garde architect, they had the majority of the type of furniture

selected and had come into contact with different Brazilian singer groups operating in Spain and Europe.

In the afternoon, they met with the architect and went to the disco Radical, located some distance from Madrid, in the municipality of Torrijos, Province of Toledo. Possibly the largest discotheque in Spain, has a capacity of 10,000 people, but within its vicinity between 20,000 and 30,000 young people have gathered. To access it, they have organized a single line of buses that arrive at 22:00 hours and picks up at 08:00 in the morning. Anyone who wants to leave the premises has to wait until the return time to Madrid.

They have a strong safety protocol, but it seems that in spite of it, drugs are smuggled easily. The music is techno, according to the connoisseurs, of the best quality. Those left outside organize several Botellones with music from custom cars, which are called tuning. They organize important festivals that are very famous, for example, Naranja and Las Palomas, from which later thousands of records are sold. They took note of the DJs to try to speak with them, Napo, Marta, Juandy and Oscar Akagy.

Once there, the four took advantage and let loose. They killed the night with some morbidity. Poli fucked one while sitting on him. Marisa gave a blowjob to a fellow with a good size polla, and Cynthia and Suzy simultaneously had sex with two youngsters, of about 18 years of age, they eat their pussy at the male restroom while other gazed with envy.

With the Audi TT, at a prudent hour, they returned to Madrid. Suzy to the Castellana, and the rest to the apartment.

She entered the magnificent attic, and taking off her shoes at the entrance, she went to the terrace to recreate herself in the views. She felt fulfilled and fully happy, she controlled her

life as it projected to towards the future in the best possible way. While Alberto was in the bedroom, she stayed dream-like, pondering. Everything was going more than fine, but too fast; her desires were fulfilled above her expectations she felt a little afraid of the intensity of the relationship with Alberto.

She was passionate and fell in love with ease, but controlled her emotions with rigor, even with Charlie knew to give just enough that she was able to control, but now it was completely different. Alberto had overflowed her. She knew that her independence was not in danger and that he, a man of life and experience and a maturity far superior to her own, did not seem to disturb the vital structure of her approach, nor could he harm her.

However, at the same time she was enjoying the best moments of her life, she felt anxious. She had difficulty mixing sex with love and tenderness. She went to the bedroom and fell asleep hugging Alberto's naked body. The next morning, she got up at the same time as he, they bathed together in the jacuzzi on the terrace, chatted briefly and she left for Ayala to resume her professional duties. At breakfast, the chores were divided. Poli continued with her search for contractors, Cynthia with the architect, and Suzy began to investigate technological systems of light and sound, she asked Marisia to accompany her, and at the end of the morning, she went to Getafe, Carlos III University, to continue managing her academic transfer.

## CHAPTER 5 PASSION IN MADRID: THE EFFORT TO GET MARISIA OUT OF PROSTITUTION

In conversations with Marisia, Suzy, with the undeniable intention of taking her out of the world of prostitution, offered her to join the project in a month or a month and a half. At 15:00 hours, invited by Alberto, they were all scheduled to eat at the Club XXI, a high-quality restaurant for executives, near the Puerta de Alcalá. As soon as they arrived, they toasted to the success of the business and Alberto, who was punctually up to date on all the matters and congratulated them on his and Mauritius behalf for his magnificent work.

Marisia day in and day out recounted her pseudo-labor experiences. The first two months, when her recent friends had not yet arrived, she lived an unbridled sex binge, exploited by the ambition of easy money, but now she envied them. She fucked without stopping. On a common day, she fucked about 15 guys; she does not even remember their faces much less their names. Almost all of them would suck her pussy; to many, she had to suck their cock with a condom, and they all penetrated her with protection. When they did it on four, she came easily.

Most were married men, more in need of affection than sex; They had rather medium and small cocks, some pretty ugly, twisted or crooked, or in the shape of a tip. They were hardly able to go a second round no matter how much time they paid for. They had too many early ejaculations. Their speech was very redundant, they complained about their wives and their scarce availability to fuck, much less was their ability to realize their fantasies. They were obsessed with doing it without a condom. When they repeated with a prostitute, on the second or third day, they declared their love and, on many occasions, they wanted to marry.

It was clear that these establishments didn't receive the best of the best. There were exceptions. Every now and then, there were good, well-endowed and interesting guys, but the environment and the way they met each other seriously hurt the possibility of a good relationship.

Groups of youngsters spent little money and caused fights. They generally came pretty drunk and dealing with them was complicated. There were many clients with relationship problems, psychological and of impotence.

The druggies also entered in a group; they would hire the services of several girls to make them have lesbian scenes while they tried to masturbate, something they seldom achieved because the drugs produced impotence.

The loneliness of the girls, the pressure of the clients and the physical and psychological hardness of the job, push, little by little, to consume more and more drugs, they end up needing cocaine to work and sleep.

A brothel is the kingdom of lies. Whores have fake names, they reinvent their lives, fabricate stories and needs to ask for more money. The client gives another name, changes his



profession and family and tries to seduce with feelings he does not have, and if they do have them, they forget them when they arrive at home.

It is undoubtedly true that if most clients had not paid, they would have never had the opportunity to fuck a girl so young and of such beauty as those found in these establishments. There are some customers, who really fall in love with the girls, but in most cases, the girl does not reciprocate outside the economic transaction, or the men do not have the courage to take the jump. Some girls madly fall in love with a client, but with few exceptions, this love seldom triumphs. Many are married, or with boyfriends. Some know it, others do not, and others look the other way. Most of them benefit from the work of their partners. Many, possibly, have children.

Most of the girls start in this job to leave their country, to flee from a love disappointment, for money, with the idea of leaving soon, something that never happens. Because prostitution becomes a potent drug that's hard to get out of. It engages compulsive and repetitive sex, easy money, impossible to compare with any girl's abilities for jobs for which they are competent. They don't know how to spend money and usually manage it very poorly. Their world closes amongst them; they lose contact with the outside. And in many cases, they are hooked to drugs.

It is a job that has its splendor, its mirage, but in almost all cases leads to unhappiness, marginality, frustration, and loneliness over time.

For a customer, entering a girls' hotel is a rewarding experience. The man has more primitive sexuality, more genital, oriented to the attainment of orgasms. Very easily, he is willing to fuck one woman or the other, sometimes without

too many demands. He tries recurrently in different scenarios where he usually fails, and when he does get, it is based on time and effort, always under the control and vigilance of their partner, if they have one.

He is accustomed to having to be the one to work for the achievement of success. When he enters a place of this type and dozens, sometimes more than one hundred girls sensual and scarcely dressed, usually without the thong, they offer themselves friendly and seductively, the men ego is transformed. Girls who are barely 18 years old, with sculptural bodies and more than beautiful, of which you can hardly find on the street.

Ibero-American women are the most sensual, affectionate and communicative; the ones from the east have the best features, blonde, beautiful eyes, but colder, less affectionate. And the sub-Saharan ones with more exotic, primitive beauty, and with more permissive sexual practices. In general, they are somewhat-educated girls, many of them with university degrees in their countries. For an affordable amount, starting at 70 euros, you can fuck with the one you choose.

Customers get hooked; there are those who repeat and those that fuck a different one every day. This increase in supply, in suitable conditions of accessibility, comfort, hygiene, prices, and social and administrative tolerance, have made Spain possibly the best prostitution market.

During the meal, they talked about Spain, and the Brazilians required information from Alberto about the complex Spanish conflict between its different autonomies and the radical demands of Basques and Catalans.

He had serious difficulties it explaining it with conciseness. According to him, Spain is the result, like many countries, of

the passage through its territory of many peoples, races and cultures, from Celts, Iberians, Romans, Goths and finally Arabs. From the Catholic monarchs, more than five hundred years ago coinciding with the discovery of America, it forms a single nation, with a complex orography, with times of world prominence and times of decay, recently traumatized by a bloody civil war seventy years ago, that gave way to a long dictatorship.

Spain has a great cultural richness and different languages which, in the opinion of Alberto, have in some cases been repressed and in others used to exacerbate the differences and seek the protagonism of leaders and parties that, if not for it, would have to play a different game. The stimulation of the primary feelings is relatively simple; it is easy to find an echo in defense of those close and to be able to divide the different sensitivities above logic, seeking and waiting and sometimes manipulating and inventing historical grievances. In the afternoon, Alberto and Suzy went to visit the best Pictorial Museum in the world. The Museo del Prado is unique, the worth of its construction, its antiquity, and the public recognition to prove it. Suzy's interest in art was fully satisfied when she visited it, it was inaugurated on November 19, 1819, and it is one of the oldest public art museums in the world.

It currently has two buildings, the Palacio de Villanueva and the Casón del Buen Retiro, and at the end of 2006 will be expanded with the Claustro de los Jerónimos, an ambitious work designed by the architect Rafael Moneo and which will entail a 2,000 square meter expansion of the space.

Suzy knew that in no other place in the world could she admire so many works of art, so she did not waste a moment of her visit. We saw the most valuable pictorial collection on

the planet, paintings by Velázquez, Goya, El Greco, Rubens, Zurbarán, Ribera, Murillo, El Bosco, Tiziano, and Rembrandt. There are about 9,000 works, as well as sculptures, drawings, engravings, coins, and medals...

Of all the works, the most striking are “Las Meninas” by Velázquez; “Los fusilamientos del 3 de mayo,” “La Maja desnuda” and “La Maja vestida” of Goya; “El Caballero de la mano en el pecho” of El Greco; “El Jardín de las Delicias” of El Bosco y “El emperador Carlos V en la batalla de Mühlberg” of Tiziano.

Near the Prado, two other museums make up the most important cultural triangle in the world, making Madrid the international capital of Art, the Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza and the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, both of incalculable value.

In the Thyssen Museum, the works of Monet, Van Gogh and Picasso are astonishing. In general Impressionism, German Expressionism and Fauvism. The Museo Reina Sofía includes avant-garde painting, the works of Miró, Dalí, Solana, Saura, Gargallo, Gris, and Chillida. They contemplated enraptured “El Guernica” by Pablo Picasso, as they spoke of the simbology of the work and the unfortunate validity of the wars in our world today.

That night Suzy would stay and sleep in the apartment with her friends. While eating salad with grilled chicken breasts with garlic, lemon and white pepper, accompanied by white rice, Marisia talked about some of her experiences. She talked about a client of hers that asked her to squeal when she made love to him. He also moaned and shouted. She later told them that he kept his mobile phone open for his wife to listen to while he was masturbating.

The worst moment of the day at her work was around six in the morning. Almost all the customers were gone; there were still some stragglers in some rooms; most of the girls were in pajamas, taking a sort of meal before going to bed. The atmosphere was of exhaustion, deep sadness, almost depressive; many counted their earnings, some had earned thousand euros or more, most had earned hundreds and others had hardly made enough to pay for their residence expenses.

The downside is that the ones that raised more were always the same. Several had drunk too much alcohol and were with the downturn, even more, were those who had taken cocaine or other drugs; some wept and others comforted them; some of them went back to consuming cocaine and alcohol to sleep. They found themselves tremendously alone.

During the weekend, Mauricio visited. He stayed at Alberto's house; he only came to visit Cynthia who went to pick him up at the airport in her friend's car. On the way to the city, Nas a welcome gift, while he was driving, she sucked his *polla* until he came, which she did in a few minutes. Cynthia loved it because she realized that he couldn't contain his anxiety.

They were cheerfully greeted by Suzy and Alberto who, as a treat, had prepared a dinner at home for them to have after a cocktail served on the terrace, with white wheeled wine and foie canapés. The almost cloying romanticism of the hosts was added to that of the guests. Mauricio arrived with fresh news from Brazil. The girls initially showed their curiosity about the world of Redenção to later focus on the country.

Brazil's economy continued to evolve very positively; China's rapid growth was primarily influencing the demand for raw materials and some elaborated products. The defense of the most depressed layers in the country gave moderate but

continuous support, and the country was entering a path of greater environmental care, but the corruption conflicts of the Workers' Party and Lula's environment were increasingly getting worse. Rumors were starting; he started hearing voices trying to stop his presidency from reaching its end.

Senior government and workers' party leaders had resigned in recent weeks accused of organizing a plot of bribes to parliamentarians to ensure support for Lula's government in Congress. For this, they used money from public companies carrying cash in suitcases; the entire ordeal was film-like. Lula's party has undergone a renewal of both the directive and members of the Government. On this occasion, Lula has given more weight in the cabinet to the center and right parties, departing from the Workers' Party that he founded in 1980.

Those implicated in these accusations were the PT treasurer, Delubio Soares; the Minister of the presidency, José Dirceu; the party president, José Genoïno; the general secretary of the PT, Silvio Pereira; and the parliamentary chief of the Workers' Party in the House of Deputies. They all resigned from office.

For the moment with these resignations and new appointments, little by little the calm is reestablished. Lula's image has not resented, because the press there had published surveys in which Brazilians do not believe that the president is linked or even knew anything.

Alberto had a Polish chef with great experience and acceptable quality. He first prepared eggplant salad, based on eggplant, garlic, yogurt, onion, oil, vinegar, rocksalt, and pepper; and he prepared *Albóndigas de Kò'nigsberg* based on beef, pork and veal, with salted herring, bread crumbs, butter, onion, egg, thyme and laurel, and for dessert apple pie, the

classic international apple tart, based on apple, lemon, raisins, puff pastry, sugar, cinnamon, ginger, butter and egg.

Mauricio gave his girlfriend a *triquini*, the fashionable swimsuit in Brazil, which is spreading all over the world, and a nice fuchsia fur coat; to his friends, he brought a magnificent selection of Brazilian music, which they immediately listened to. The house has a technological system that includes CD, tapes, discs, DVD players, TV antennas, and cable; whatever is playing can be seen or heard in all the rooms.

Accompanied by some bonbons, they drank a few glasses of champagne. Suzy informed them about the technological system she was studying to implement in the discotheque. It was essential for the security, the management of collections and the efficiency of the service. Among the details, there was the possibility of implanting aesthetic terminals on the tables to make requests for certain services.

They stripped naked and bathed in the pool. In this kind of garden in the sky of Madrid, free and naked, they felt like on the boat. They moved on to whisky, which they drank in the Jacuzzi. There, they began to play erotically, at first with the girls sitting on the edge with their legs open and inside, while they savored their *coños* mixing with whiskey and interchanging them.

Soon after they arrived at the house, Poli, and Marisia, followed the indications of their friend. Without the resistance of guys, they incorporated into the water; they sat in the same position as other girls while the guys drank playing with the four *coños*, while the girls spoke as if they were not there. Later they changed positions and the girls savored their pollas with whiskey. They did it two by two; the guys pretended to talk to each other, as if, under their waists, nothing happened, but

it was impossible. Man's sexuality is more elementary. When they were about to cum, they decided to change positions to ejaculate inside their coños. They penetrated them alternately, until Mauricio came in Marisia and Alberto in Poli, courtesy for the guests.

Then, naked, they continued to chat and listened to music. Alberto invited Marisia and Poli to stay in the house for a few days. Before dawn, they were retiring to their rooms. Alberto and Suzy made love and fell asleep and hugged. In a similar manner likely, Cynthia and Mauricio ended, predictably with a little more sexual activity.

The next day they planned an excursion to Toledo, which was joined by Poli and Javier. Marisia had to resume her work. They woke up late, around 12 o'clock in the morning. On the terrace, a succulent breakfast was prepared. Directly from bed, they moved to the heated pool, whose water was warm.

There are customs in some countries that, despite their clear advantages, are not transferred to others. In Ibero-America, they heat the water of the swimming pools, although their temperatures are rather warm, this allows one to be in the water without having to exercise too much, sitting in a bar or just standing. In Europe, the water of the pools is cool, so that the adults rarely submerge in the water, and when they do, it is to swim, to play and in any case to be permanently in movement.

As the water in the pools is practically hot, the adults spend most of the time in a very pleasant way. It is true that heating a pool in Europe is more difficult, and you need more energy consumption, but that can be arranged with smaller pools. In Madrid, a swimming pool of this type can be used from the month of May to September.



Javier to be able to participate in the excursion invented at home a work trip to Madrid, aided by the difficult location of the mobile.

At half past two, they arrived at Casa Aurelio, which happens to be the most typical and valued restaurant in the old capital of Spain. They ate varied starters, among which is the *Jamón de Jabugo*, the quality product par excellence of Spain, and second *Perdiz a la Cazadora*, specialty of the house; *mazapán* like pastries, an inheritance of Arab food culture and a few *chupitos de orujo*, courtesy of the house.

Javier acted of Cicerone; he taught them the cathedral, the Sinagoga del Tránsito, the small broken and narrow streets, the Iglesia de Santo Tomé, where the best painting of the Greco' the burial of Count Ordaz' is located, and some other buildings like the Alcázar. They walked and sat on different terraces during which the executive of Telefónica spoke about the history of Spain, with the greatest attention of the four Brazilians. His knowledge, luxury in details and his ease of speech was a true intellectual pleasure.

Toledo was the capital of Spain until 1560, it has always been known as the city of the three cultures, its rich cultural and artistic heritage is a faithful reflection of the coexistence and tolerance between the Christian, Muslim and Jewish cultures. Walking through it was like making a trip in time to reach the Middle Ages. The girls bought some embroideries, forging handicrafts and bracelets and damascened rings; an ancient art consisting of embedding gold or silver in iron or steel making geometric drawings with a strong Arabic influence.

At dusk, they moved to the Parador Nacional, located on the outskirts, across the Río Tajo, above the Cigarrales, with magnificent views of the city that made the night lighting

even more charming. That night they made a double change of partners. In the suites, all three located a spot facing the city, they gathered, before dinner, Suzy with Javier, Cynthia with Alberto, and Poli with Mauricio.

They dined at the Parador, where they served their classic hors d'oeuvres consisting of more than twenty dishes with small quantities of albóndigas, chistorra, queso, boquerones en vinagre, tortilla de patata, huevo duro, gambas a la gabardina, etc. For seconds, without too much hunger, they ordered two portions of merluza de pincho for everyone.

This time they talked about sex and their relationship with love. Complicated issue because, except for Alberto, the rest of the group did not have a very clear position. The six gave sex a primary role in their lives, but simultaneously despite their love and dedication, they were not disturbed in their professional development by it. Javier was in a confusing and incoherent situation; Cynthia and Suzy had love placed on such a high pedestal that they were terrified of failure. Poli did not want to take it too seriously and Alberto, from a more mature position, knowledgeable of much of its possibilities but also of its possible imperfections.

They did not clarify too much, but they were all willing to enjoy sex with some freedom and remain in love. They paired again, this time Cynthia with Javier, Poli with Alberto and Suzy with Mauricio. At 3:00 in the morning, they agreed to have a drink in Suzy and Alberto's room and reestablish their partners.

The next day, they took a new tour of the city, ate in a cigarral, and went back to the attic of La Castellana, to stay on the terrace with good music, some cheese and again bathe naked in the pool. Romantic and dedicated to their partners, that night they went to bed early.

During the week, they resumed their work, except Mauricio who took advantage of these days to get to know the city, sometimes alone and others with Cynthia. On Wednesday, Javier returned home. On Monday, they dined in Viridiana and attended the musical of Mecano; Tuesday at Casa Lucio and attended a concert at the conservatory. On Wednesday, they stayed at home discussing terrorist danger, and on Thursday, they left for the port of Santa Maria, Cadiz, where they had rented a yacht to spend the weekend.

On Wednesday afternoon, Alberto and Suzy went to the boutique *Exception*, one of the best and most expensive in Madrid, on Serrano Street. Taking advantage of the summer sales, he bought her several dresses, skirts, t-shirts, and some shoes. Then they passed by Hugo Boss, in Ortega y Gasset Street, and there, Alberto was equipped, although there was not much left to choose.

After a relaxing night in which Suzy and Alberto fell asleep on the terrace, naked and hugging, on top of a towel on the artificial turf, they woke up with the first rays of sunshine, so they could follar (fuck) half-asleep, with her on top of him, with slow movements. In the end, she, who had already cum, preferred that he cumming in her mouth. She was passionate about ingesting his semen. To her, it was like drinking from his essence. She had always liked to suck a good polla, but in this case, it was that of her beloved. She certainly loved him more and more. At 7:30, along with their friends, they tucked in the pool, followed soon after with breakfast in the Jacuzzi.

Two hours later, they would ride the AVE at Atocha to Sevilla. It was the day of San Fermín, from the water, savoring a second or third coffee. On one of the screens strategically located throughout the house, they saw the first

live confinement. The day, like so many others, promised to be happy. On the way to the station, Suzy recalled the 11M and made a plea against violence, intransigence, and intolerance. She had elaborated a theory according to which the three evils of the present world are ideological and religious fundamentalism, ultra-nationalism and racism; the mixture of two or three elements was explosive. She thinks that the 11M is the tip of an iceberg, which will gradually be known. The car radio started announcing three bombs in the subway, in the heart of London and a fourth in a red two-story bus.

They were stunned, the English capital was also being the subject of the wrath of radical Islamic fundamentalism. In less than four years New York, Madrid, and London, a full-fledged attack on the west. On the radio began to talk about the footprint of Al Qaeda and the similarities with what happened a little over a year ago in Madrid, the terrorists deposited the bags with bombs in the wagons of trains. Tony Blair addressed the nation with words that rumbled in our ears: “it is especially barbaric that this happened on the day that people are gathering to try to end poverty in Africa and solve problems such as climate change.”

The British capital was in chaos, the rescue of the victims in the underground tunnels was certainly difficult. We immediately hear messages of comfort and solidarity from all over the world. Days later, we met the tragic scale of the attack, 56 dead and 700 wounded.

That day, London monopolized the covers of all the media for a double motive; they had just been chosen to celebrate the Olympic Games of 2012, after competing, by the way, with Madrid, and in Scotland, the leaders of the G8 were assembled, strict security measures were deployed from Scotland Yard.

The British Prime Minister uttered a resounding message to the terrorists: “it is reasonable to think that the attacks have been designed to coincide with the G8, but it is important that the terrorists know that our determination to defend our values and our way of life is greater than yours to cause death and destruction to innocent people just because they want to impose extremism in the world. “

At the Atocha station, Poli awaited them. They were dismayed when the world is aspiring to a permanent peace in which conflicts are treated on the basis of dialogue, negotiation and popular pressure, a kind of cruel, profoundly unfair, terrorist war, driven by ideological movements, is reactivated. Culturally surpassed several centuries ago, in which religious fundamentalism is the foundation and its objective the domination of the world. A real meaningless aberration.

Suzy had no doubt that the infernal machinery of a Third World War, based on terrorism, was potentially being set in motion. Only the unity and coherence of the democratically advanced world could avert it. Suzy thought there was too much inequality in the world, but this fact had nothing to do with the terrorist conflict; it was not a confrontation of cultures either. It was clearly a tax, of domination, to force the will of the democratic and sovereign peoples by violence in the worst of its forms and indiscriminate, to bend with the terror. A regression to the past.

They had booked a sort of cabin in Club which is the highest level category on the high-speed train. Perhaps if the London incident had not happened, taking advantage of certain privacy of the receptacle, they would have improvised an erotic game, but they opted to speak and inform themselves of the attack and admire the landscape.

When you go on a road or a train with historical route, you have the feeling that much of the territory is moderately urbanized. From a plane, you realize that it is precisely the edges of the roads that are urbanized, sometimes, as if it were a showcase, because on both sides of the road, there is a row of houses with nothing behind or very little. The AVE Madrid-Sevilla built on for the purpose of Expo-92, was made with an ex novo layout, which allows vision, a succession of mountains, forest, plains, crops, etc. A new vision in Spain that can be appreciated at great speed and with great comfort.

Anyway, Suzy and Alberto did not want to miss the opportunity to have their first polvo (fuck) on a high-speed train. They did it in the bathroom, standing up, she with her buttocks resting on the sink. It was almost as fast as the train, but both came simultaneously. Having traveled 500 kilometers, in less than two and a half hours, they arrived at the Santa Justa station in Sevilla at 12:20 hours.

Sevilla has an image of magic and mystery, an enormously creative and seductive power that is faithfully reflected in two major events of leisure, religious, cultural, as are Semana Santa and la Feria de Abril, both of international recognition. The *sevillanos* live each experience as unique, with great passion and fervor. The Semana Santa of Sevilla is the most renowned. For seven days, 57 brotherhoods come out in professions with the representations of their virgins and Christ.

The fair of April of Sevilla is the most emblematic festival not only of this city but I would also venture to say that of Andalusia. This holiday is a way of life because it completely alters the vital rhythms of its visitors; it is a week of parties and fun. During the day, there is the horseback riding and at night, flamenco and drinks. In the Real de la Feria (fairground where

its name is a celebration of the past where the drivers charged a Real for transporting the people to the fair,) they set up more than a thousand tents to drink, eat and dance. As most of these huts are private, they advise coming to the fair with sevillanos, so that they accompany you in the habitual hut by hut route of acquaintances. None of these celebrations took place these days, so they made up for it with a quick visit to the most emblematic monuments.

It gave them time to visit the park of Maria Luisa, the Barrio Santa Cruz, the Torre del Oro (Alberto's favorite), the Maestranza, the Giralda, and the Cathedral, all too superficially before eating at the Oaks. They drank a coffee next to the bridge of Triana on the banks of the Guadalquivir. In an all-terrain Mercedes SUV ML 350, they traveled to Cadiz, to the *Atlántico*, a nice hotel, of quality, in the old part of the city, top of the line, with excellent views to the ocean.

Cádiz is the oldest city in the west, founded by the Phoenicians 3,000 years ago. What is now the historic center of Cadiz is the end of a small island. This city cannot be conceived without the ocean, wrapped in it by the four cardinal points; to the north the Bahía de Cádiz; to the south the Estrecho de Gibraltar and Marruecos; to the west the immense ocean; and to the east, a narrow tongue of land unites this city with the Península.

Walking through the town of Cadiz was a pleasure. We traveled its beautiful narrow streets with very well preserved palaces; Medieval remains, numerous towers. I remember that of San Felipe Neri, where the first Spanish Constitution was written in 1812. The *gaditanos* are known in Spain for their sense of humor and their hospitality; they also enjoy their many festivals and beaches of fine sand.

The festival par excellence are The Carnivals; it is the festival of Cadiz. When the carnival arrives, all *Cádiz* bursts in songs, laughter, and music, organized in various groups Carnival: choruses, Chirigotas, troupes and quartets, the *gaditanos* show here their ingenuity, creativity and their sense of humor. The carnival is lived in two scenarios, the Gran Teatro Falla is the temple of the carnival, where they celebrate the contest of choruses, troupes and Chirigotas and the streets where the participants sing and dance. It is the carnival that has a more humorous and fun image, in front of the spectacle of other carnivals, that of *Cádiz* has in its favor a personality of its own.

The arrival of *Cádiz* filled me with memories I never had. The smell of the beach, the sailors, the narrow streets of the city, its atmosphere. I never thought of myself; I had become an appendix of Suzy, my life was hers, at most I had become her chronicler, these feelings connected me with a distant past that without being mine has to do with me. My obsession with literature not only has not decreased, but I feel more and more the need to write and simultaneously enjoy it more, I need it, and when I get a description that approaches what I have essentially lived, I enjoy it immensely. I have seriously thought of writing about something that has nothing to do with me, to really create.

Instead, my obsession with sex is shaping like Suzy's emotions for tenderness, understanding and possibly love, without giving up all the strength, virulence, and passion that encloses sex. The world moves by sex, power, and money, seasoned with the passion of love and hatred, all interrelated.

Marisia told the story of a client who visited her frequently, who always ended up crying. He was a builder, about forty



years old, who had made money with construction. He had a wife and three children, but a vascular accident caused him severe erectile dysfunction that was difficult to solve. He is quite attractive, but his wife left him for the tennis teacher of his children. They always did the same, already in the room and naked, he hugged her passionately, while kissing her rubbing his dick against the buceta of Marisia. Then he sucked her coño hard and anxiously, while she kissed and sucked his almost inert polla. Sometimes it increased its size without getting the slightest stiffness until she simulated it till he came. Then they spoke, he told her every detail of his life and inexorably always ended up whinnying and shedding some tears. He felt alone and deeply unhappy. He spent several hours and paid hundreds of euros to Marisia, it was his only consolation.

That night, they dined at El Faro, the best restaurant in Cádiz and one of Spain's; they got a table thanks to the good efforts of Paloma, Alberto's secretary. The dinner was based on multiple and varied dishes like poultry meatballs with pine nuts, cooked prawns, shrimp pancakes, jabugo ham, tuna belly, prawns, vegetable tempura and others, accompanied with Alión, a nine-year-old Ribera del Duero wine, extraordinary result. They enjoyed the visit of different Chirigotas, unusual occasion outside the carnival; the wit, the creativity and the atmosphere generated by these improvised musical groups made them forget in part the very serious attack on London.

At night they went to the beach Cortadura, to bathe naked, taking advantage of the darkness. There were some west winds, which provoked strong waves but not very large, with the warmth of water that the night gives. It is a more pleasurable way to penetrate naked in the sea with the waves breaking against your body. Before three, they were already in

their rooms. Poli slept with Suzy and Alberto, between the two they gave him a blow job while he savored both coños until the three fell asleep.

In the middle of the morning, the captain and four sailors waited for them in the port Sherry with a magnificent yacht of 60 feet in length, a large hall and five main cabins. They waited for two more couples friends of Alberto, and the surprise only known by him, in front of the little-disguised joy of Poli, for Javier, who had re-assembled another ghost voyage.

More people created atmosphere, but it also removed intimacy. They were childhood friends, open, liberal people, but within an order, they could allow topless, full nudes to bathe in the sea or on a deserted beach, but little else.

The boat had even a jacuzzi on deck. In a few minutes, they were all ready, and set sailed to Cádiz to border it with a brief stop at the Nautical Club. They toured the beaches of La Victoria and Cortadura, La Caleta, Sancti Petri, La Barrosa beach in Chiclana and Cabo Roche. During this time the couples, correctly paired, sunbathed, savoring the breeze, the land, and the sea, accompanied by chamomile, a white wine of higher graduation, originally from Sanlúcar de Barrameda, along with exquisitely cooked prawns. They anchored in front of El Palmar Beach, between Conil and Vejer, where they bathed.

This area of the Atlantic coast of Cádiz has possibly one of the best beaches in the world, with magnificent fine sand, almost one hundred kilometers in length, with small rocky breaks, like the Cape Roche, that give rise to paradisiacal coves, like that of the Aceite. The town of Conil ends on the beach, and at the sea, when there is low tide, it can have a width of more than half a kilometer. Spain had in the Sixties

a disorderly urban development, which fortunately did not arrive at Cádiz, it stopped in the Estrecho de Gibraltar.

The summer has during the day two magical moments that in the sea are magnified, the sunrise and dusk, they are especially beautiful, and have a very pleasant psychological effect, causing tranquility, serenity and even a certain maturity in reflection, unbeatable moments to maintain a good gathering. Some in the jacuzzi in the stern and others around, the five couples were playfully loving among them. They resumed the theme of the day, the traumatic bombing of London. Alberto, a man of the world, liberal, culturally leftist but aligned with Spain with the policy of former president Aznar, placed the genesis of the problem in the Arab-Israeli conflict in Palestine, the openly provocative conduct of the two bands. The intransigent and warmonger attitude of Ariel Sharon and the double game of Arafat, who had managed to deceive much of the world. This conflict and not another was the perfect excuse for Islamist fundamentalist radicalism. He stressed that it was an opportunistic excuse, very useful for them, that none of their violent actions, even less their tactics, were justified.

Javier believed, as evidenced by the death of Arafat that the Palestinian conflict had taken a turn, albeit slight, but significantly positive. Suzy pragmatically sought the measures for a current solution, which according to her was no other than the international consensus that should be especially starring the U.S. and the EU, as real and recognized leaders in the world undoubtedly represented the Power but also the endorsement of democracy and the most advanced culture. In her opinion, the only thing that justifies a revolution are the social inequalities without a democratic channel for its

overcoming; it was evident that in this process none of the conditions were present.

In any case, no revolution justifies any kind of terrorism. They converged to a greater or lesser extent with this criteria. Some openly criticized the blunders of Bush and the invasion of Iraq, without justifying anything in general. They also did not understand the dialogue of civilizations that Rodríguez Zapatero pursued; rather they considered it inopportune.

It was supper-time, and the sailors deployed a table on the stern verandah, where they served different portions of products of the area and in which there, the prawns were not missing; cooked prawns (unbeatable), Puntillitas (small squid battered and fried), cazón en adobo, mackerel, and tuna roe. Afterward, they served a magnificent roasted snapper, really delicious. For dessert, a variety of cakes, accompanied by wine Barbadillo Castillo de San Diego. After toasting with champagne, they threw themselves into the sea.

Alberto and Suzy swam to the beach where they took advantage of the darkness of the Night a made love on the shore with the soft waves breaking against their bodies. Alberto, in a moment of distraction, lost his bathing suit, Suzy was wearing nothing. After, but before they swam back to the boat, they had a nice walk by the hand along the shore.

That night I left my regular partner and moved into the short and beautifully dark pubic hair of Poli, who anticipated an interesting encounter. Both were more and more in love, just entering the cabin they kissed with passion, she stripped him from his shirt pulling all his buttons simultaneously, knocked him down in bed, he wanted to talk but she would not let him, she spilled champagne on his chest savoring with delight and tenderness. She took off his bathing suit and kept

pouring the drink on his polla, completely erect, which she savored still with more pleasure while placing her buceta on his mouth. Javier, while enjoying her vaginal juice, with his tongue introduced in her coño a diamond ring. She imagined what it was, left it inside her body until she got on all four to be penetrated, she put it on her finger and told him... fóllame (fuck me) with strength, pull everything you can from my hair and tell me how much you love me. Javier, between spasms, promised to separate in a short time and try a common future, Poli believed him and in the end she replied, ‘ I love you and I will wait. ‘

The sunrise was another delight, they took the anchor, went to fish trolling, there was luck and caught five bass (a small tuna that moves at high speed jumping over the sea), four recovered. Mid morning they anchored in front of the beaches of Tarifa, full of windsurfers, who with their movements and their colors gave a singular scenery. At the southernmost point of all Europe, between two continents, a short physical distance 15 kilometers, but the maxim from the economic, cultural and social point of view, give the best conditions to practice this sport thanks to the power of the winds.

The sea was too hectic for the satisfaction of the windsurfers. There was a strong west wind, unpleasant for the locals and more for the tourists, but much less uncomfortable than the fearsome lift. Until a few years ago, this wind was blamed for the absence of summer visitors and the lack of tourist development in the province. Alberto always maintained, as the facts begin to prove, that the explanation was much simpler. The tourists had been arriving at points with enough critical mass and they were spreading along the Mediterranean without going to the Atlantic, while the hotel deals had not developed in this

area sufficiently. As this happened this Atlantic area of Cádiz is having the largest tourist development in Spain with more and more demand.

They drank some beers and bathed in the sea. Alberto and Suzy, this time in broad daylight, went back to swim to the beach accompanied by Poli and Javier. Every time they penetrated this way on a beach they felt a special satisfaction, they were collecting them in their memory. The human being enjoys the accumulation of facts, repetitive in the background, with different applications and nuances. While eating, after one of Alberto's friends spoke of the rise of prostitution in Spain, Poli, without naming it, told that she knew a Brazilian who for a time had been devoted to prostitution, after recounting details that I have previously narrated, she said that there were all kinds.

In general they were cultured, but they were quite ignorant, the majority in their country had a good social position, there were innocent ones and some with the fang completely twisted. In general they drank a lot, some were practically alcoholic. The consumption of cocaine was growing, but they were uniform on many issues. They generated a great fondness for money and its easy and quick way to get it. They like sex very much and generally enjoy prostitution. They waste and manage their savings and economic resources very badly. They lied until they end up deceiving themselves, they live in a different world, and they just interacted with each other. They say they want to get out of the world of prostitution and usually it's not true.

They have countless tricks to deceive customers, all for the sole purpose of getting more for less. When they connect with a client that does not attract them and even gives them a feeling of rejection, they are very nice at the bar but dry and

sharp in the room. When a customer likes them and they are very fond of them, after taking all the money they can they enjoy it sexually as much as possible. They never threaten the security of the business and there are no cases of meddling in a family life against the will of the affected. They live bordering the legality or out of it. Around them, their structures and their world are given many types of fraudulent business. They got involved with bank directors, duly bribed them, for mortgage loans that do not meet internal standards, false employment contracts, false marriages, drug trade, illegal immigration, handling of quantities and credit cards.

With the coffee and whisky at hand they revolted the anchor, crossed the stretch with the intention of making a small incursion in the Moroccan Africa. Operation that failed in less than half an hour when separating from the coast they met with waves of three meters, making the trip of pleasure into a venture of high risk. Before the first vomiting Alberto changed the itinerary and went into the Mediterranean. That night they docked in Puerto Banús and dined at La Barca, an exquisite fish and seafood restaurant.

Already on the boat, Javier with his guitar was singing old boleros, very fashionable now in Spain, accompanied by a few bottles of champagne, with almost everyone in the jacuzzi.

In this afternoon, when they passed from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, the six friends moved forward, in the middle of a great swell, with waves passing over them with strong undulations and blows from the boat against the water, taking advantage that the other four were listening to music. They started a certain shared erotic game that ended up with each fucking with their partner, with some clumsiness but with emotion and a certain adventurous feeling.

They woke up somewhat late, when they sailed again this time heading to the beach of La Carihuela in Torremolinos. They had breakfast on the high seas, when they arrived they bathed around the boat. When most were being transported on a zodiac to the beach, Suzy and Alberto took to the new ground swimming, conquering in their own way a new beach. They ate at El Roqueo, one of the many beach bars, based on whitebait, clams and some exquisite lobsters, accompanied by white wine *Tierras Blancas blancos*, a white wine of Arcos de la Frontera.

The night of the different couples, as I could see was the case for Suzy and Alberto, had to be passionate and romantic because they were with good faces of satisfaction and especially pleasing. Although it is an excess of simplicity to say, when you fuck well and in harmony it is noticeable, but the opposite too. I do not remember if Daniel Coleman in the book *Emotional intelligence* speaks specifically of this issue, but if he does not should have done so.

During lunch they talked about the latest books read, they focused on Dan Brown, the author of the 'Da Vinci code', which had already sold more than 25 million copies in the world; after this success he is reediting his previous, unknown, quite successful novels, 'Angels and Demons' and now 'the conspiracy', and he still has two others left. In general, regular literature, rather bad, but entertaining and easy to read, dealing with issues that are currently quite morbid. One of the guests spoke of the novel 'The Eight' by Catherine Neville, something better, without being a marvel, as those of Brown, but in the end they were hooked in a powerful discussion, cordial, regarding the two current icons of Castilian literature, Mario Vargas Llosa and Gabriel García Márquez.



Between the two they give rise to a new narrative style called magic realism, a whole cultural boom, these authors have consolidated Latin American literature at the top of the international literary field. They have several common affinities, such as their passion for the word, an exquisite language treatment, an active political conscience and a strong personal friendship that breaks when Garcia Marquez wins the Nobel prize. The narrative of these authors creates a balance between the magical and the everyday, and the stories are rich in language and with truly overwhelming descriptions.

Mario Vargas Llosa employs innovative narrative techniques such as the multiplicity of narrative focuses, the superimposition of spatial and temporal planes, interior monologues, expressionistic effects... He is, basically, a realist who reflects in his works the social reality of Latin American, especially the Peruvian one, marked by sexual, moral and political conflicts. His literary prowess has been awarded on numerous occasions, but awards that stand out are the Cervantes Prize in 1994 and his admission to the Real Academia Española de la Lengua in 1995.

Gabriel García Márquez, known as Gabo, enjoys the joy of storytelling; he is a narrator who, in a personal way, mixes reality and fantasy in his works, which are always located in Macondo, a city of Colombia invented by him. International recognition came to him in 1982 with the Nobel Prize in literature.

Alberto took clear defense of the first one and Javier of the other. Occasionally, Camilo José Cela and Torrente Ballester were mentioned.



## CHAPTER 6 ALBERTO'S ATTIC: EROTIC GAMES IN THE POOL

That afternoon, they returned by plane to Madrid from Malaga, and the six resettled for that night in Alberto's house. Soon after arriving and after passing through their rooms, they all went to the heated mini-pool in the terrace, where, as customary, they all bathed naked. The TV screens reproduced a magnificent surround sound of the latest Brazilian DVDs brought by Mauricio from the latest in Brazilian music. Alberto had commissioned catering to Majorca, a small chain of high-level shops dedicated to these services, but using his domestic service to preserve the intimacy of his liberal erotic games.

As had been done on other occasions, they organized a game, which, although it was repetitive, they loved it. The three girls sat outside the pool, on the artificial turf, in chairs forming a triangle, the guys on their knees drank with delight the champagne they threw in their buquetas; they exchanged their positions moving from one coño to another while the six ate the magnificent canapés of Majorca. Dinner could not

be better, vaginal juices, French champagne, and delicious snacks mixed in the open air, nudity under the stars. The three couples very in love and a great friendship between all.

After a little over half an hour, the guys sat down and the girls got on their knees, savoring the three pollas alternately. In the end I concluded that as much as you like to get your polla or coño sucked, it is much more enjoyable, except for the orgasm itself, to be the one who sucks. At the end when the girls had all cum at least once, and the guys had their pollas stiff as a stake, repressing their ejaculation, Cynthia, Suzy and Poly leaned on the rail while they penetrated them, each one of their partners from behind, while they saw from above the movement of the summer terraces in La Castellana.

This great avenue that runs through Madrid from north to south, with a width of one hundred meters, has ample sidewalks and two boulevards sketched between the different lanes, where in summer terraces are mounted around bars and side restaurants very frequented. After twelve at night, the atmosphere is rather posh of high social level.

After ejaculating, the three returned to the round pool and sat in the hot water, on a sort of side staircase, as a seat, surrounding the entire vessel. They continued to talk about international terrorism. Poli informed them, to the joy of everyone, of the commitment that Javier had made to her; and Alberto spoke about his new Panamanian project. Suzy's boyfriend, for years, had business in Panama related to engineering consulting, so he occasionally traveled to this country. As a good entrepreneur, he followed closely its socio-economic evolution, which at the moment, he especially trusted in the new government of which he considered a personal friend, Martín Torrijos, and he thought that it was a

good place to invest, because of the freedom of Capitals, fiscal policy, and dollarization. In Panama, although its currency is called Balboa, in fact, does not exist, and Balboa is a euphemism they use to call the dollar that is the currency of legal tender.

In his first year of presidency Martín Torrijos, son of the legendary Omar Torrijos, had shown a lot of courage and had undertaken important reforms that could and should relaunch the Panamanian economy. He had reformed the Constitution, the tax system and was taking the difficult but necessary reform of social security with great responsibility, but also with great personal attrition. He was proving to be a man of the State till date. He had left the free trade agreement, ending, of course, with social security reform and the expansion of the Canal. This small Central American country, torn out of Colombia in 1903, has some very attractive points. It is a good financial center, an excellent intermediate point, between two semi continents and between two oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, with the great Canal business. Its location cannot be more strategic, and it has a scarce population, about three million inhabitants, which make major changes and structural reforms more feasible. It has a rich nature of easy and accessible tourist exploitation which is practically virgin. In this context, Alberto wants to revive real estate developments, for the time being in the city, with high towers with a view to the Pacific. His travels there were for him most pleasant, due to the magnificent group of friends he had there.

At around three in the morning, Marisia arrived with two friends from work to entertain the end of the trip, as a surprise prepared by the girls. The three new participants mounted a funny striptease, masturbated initially in exhibition plan. Seated in a chair in front of the pool, they

dived into the water, where each of them was dedicated to stimulating sexually to each couple. Marisia savored alternatively the coño and polla of Alberto and Suzy. Later, the trios continued their erotic games in different mats, on the lawn of the terrace. In this way, they all ended up falling asleep, until the sun woke them up.

Marisia and her friends went to a guest room prepared for them and each couple to their room, from where they did not rise until three in the afternoon.

The two friends of Marisia left, and the seven sat in the dining room, where they had prepared an exceptional Galician seafood, magnificent barnacles, shrimp and lobster cooked, and a great spider crab. According to Alberto, there was no country in the world that had the quality or variety of Spanish cuisine and, specifically, seafood. The Spaniards were incomparable to the rest, to which, after eating them, no one dared to say anything. Then they moved on to salted seabass. They all gave up desserts.

That evening, they were listening to music inside, with the air conditioning in continuous operation, talking about a little bit of everything until eight in the evening when they were able to go out to the terrace. Javier went home; Poli to Ayala and Marisia to her work. That night, at 01:30 hours, Mauricio and Alberto were taking a plane to Sao Paulo. Alberto had to return on the 8th of August to Barcelona for a meeting for his company. Coincidentally on 7th, there was a U2 concert in this Catalan city, so they were to meet there, and together on the 12th travel to Panama. In the afternoon, Alberto continued to talk about his real estate project; they were reading a book by Matthew Wells on skyscrapers, the towers of the 21st century.

At dinner time, based on Japanese food, the four had their last erotic games in the pool. At 23:00 hours, they went to the airport together, the chauffeur took Suzy and Cynthia back to their house in Ayala.

I don't know when I was born, but I remember with clarity my existence for the last three years. Given this, I am probably about four years old. Considering that the fleas of my species live approximately seven, I think I still have some time to live, and I hope it is the maximum possible because I am tremendously experienced. I lead a complicated life because I live more the life of others than my own, but I enjoy, and I can consider that I feel moderately happy. Perhaps it is time to make some very elementary consideration since the latest experiences after I took the plane to Rio are sufficiently revealing.

Sexuality is tremendously potent, but there are multiplier elements that magnify and optimize it; and from here, I do not want to pass, because it would despise the intelligence of readers who, like me, are following the life of this group of Brazilian. During this time, sporadically, I have had some sexual relationship with males of my kind, but they have only been for pleasure, without any other interest.

That afternoon, still at Alberto's house, Cynthia debated the maternity, inevitable and practically vital for young Brazilian girls. This is another point of controversy in the Brazilian culture, even Latin American and the European. They live sex with passion, with some promiscuity and simultaneously want to be very young mothers, knowing that the mixture of these concepts in many cases leads to having children of different parents or even having them without a fixed and continuous partner.

Mauricio, as a Brazilian, fully understood the situation. Alberto, mature and rational, in love with Suzy's appealing attraction, was thrilled to impregnate his girlfriend, but he preferred to wait even if it was only a few months. Javier still had to fix other more pressing problems.

Already in the apartment at Ayala, Suzy told her companions her travel plans. On August 6, she departed to Barcelona to meet Alberto and from there, travel to Panama from where she would return around September 10th to report for the validation tests that were programmed for Thursday 14th and Friday 15th. The repairs and all the works for the *Carnaval de Río* advanced quite well, but with the absence of Suzy, they were going to need some help, so they decided that Marisia is incorporated into the project early August and call Lilly so she could come around the same time as had been discussed previously.

On Tuesday night, Charlie arrived from London. Suzy drove to pick him at the airport, from where she moved him to a room at the Urban Hotel, in the Carrera de San Jerónimo, in front of the building of Sigma Dos and next to the Congress of Deputies. Recently inaugurated, its facade is horrifying, but it has an excellent interior aesthetic, avant-garde, ethnic and a wonderful kitsch point. The Brazilian wanted to enjoy at least one night of the wonderful polla of her friend. On the way to the airport and in the short wait, she moistened her skirt, as she was not wearing underwear. As they kissed, Charlie passed his fingers through her buceta completely accessible and softened.

The scene was not completely unnoticed for some of the present who were somewhat shocked, excited, and with a little envy. On their way back while she was driving, they both masturbated softly, each to the other.



Already in the hotel room, as they entered they swarmed on the bed. The same desire that Suzy had to savor the polla of the Englishman, he had to eat her coño. They took each other's clothes off; the Brazilian sucked and kissed until she could swallow all his semen; he drank the abundant juice of her various orgasms. After ejaculating, Charlie mixed the flavors of her coño with whiskey and continued reveling while she, also with whiskey, tried to recover with her mouth gradually the stiffness of his enormous cipote. She got it hardened after about twenty minutes. He shoved it up her ass while she asked him to introduce a vibrator to her vagina, even bigger than the polla of the Englishman and she had bought it for the occasion.

In the long polvo (fuck), they had Suzy screamed like never; it was definitely one of the best in her life. Suzy had always enjoyed it, but this time was exceptional, because before she was afraid to get complicated since their relationship was not clear; now she was sure that they both knew that their relationship was friendship and sex, nothing more. They both knew that Suzy and Albert loved each other and the Englishman had it perfectly assumed.

They rested awhile, asked room service for sandwiches, showered, went back to bed. Suzy sucked (chupeteó) his ass, gently introduced her tongue, then two fingers. She had prepared a cream to facilitate dilation; she introduced it with her fingers and began to gradually penetrate with the big vibrator. It hurt Charlie, but he liked it. As she tried to penetrate him, she tasted his polla again to harden it. It took time, but in the end, she managed to fully introduce the artificial polla; as she put it in and took it out, she got him to cum again in her mouth. They both fell asleep.

At seven in the morning, the alarm clock from her phone rang. She got up once again she sucked the sleeper's polla, she then showered, and got dressed, and after a while, soft sounds came from a few blows at the door. It was Poli, she gave her access and left. It was her friend's turn; as they had foreseen, she had left washed and prepared the vibrator. I stayed in the room. Poli brought another vibrator; she undressed. While he slept, she sucked his polla as she went back to penetrate his ass with the vibrator. With him awake, erect and penetrated, he introduced his cock into her coño while she asked him to shove the other vibrator up her ass.

While they were still, with the vibrators, romancing and kissing time, they began to move until Charlie ejaculated, playing at all times with the vibrators. They followed with the vibrators introduced while she savored his polla with whiskey and he sprayed her coño, each one pulling and poking the others vibrator; so it was for more than half an hour until after Poli came several times. Charlie ejaculated again, and she ingested his sweet semen. They asked for breakfast to be brought up to the room, they rested almost until lunchtime, in which they had at an Italian restaurant, next to the hotel.

In the afternoon, they went to see the works at the disco where Poli had to supervise that some slight reforms that were made to one of the bars under construction. At night, they all dined together in Ayala. That night, it was Cynthia's turn. She also didn't want to miss Charlie's cherished polla, which was once again going beyond her expectations. He still did not know the surprise that they had reserved for him. On Thursday, he was left alone at home, when his friends went to work. He used the time to visit the Prado and the Thyssen museums and took a tour of the Madrid of the Austrias.

That night with Suzy, they fucked more quietly and took the opportunity to talk.

The next day at 12:00, they waited for Catherine's arrival. Charlie was in charge of receiving her and pampering as she deserved. The Englishwoman arrived transformed, elegant, beautiful and much thinner. As soon as they got in the car, he asked her to take off her panties and, lowering his fly; he asked her to suck it while driving the Audi TT. She did it delightedly until he came in her mouth as they arrived at the parking lot near the house under the Ursulines nuns' school.

When they got home, they went into the bedroom and spent all day sleeping and fucking. The first time, while eating her pussy and she revived his polla with her mouth; he introduced the vibrator into her ass with the same care with which Suzy introduced it to him. When he recovered the erection, he penetrated her ass while he kept the vibrator until he came inside; they fell asleep from almost exhaustion, he woke up earlier and woke her up kissing her coño intensely. He asked her to gently penetrate the vibrator while she was sucking it until he came again in her throat.

I left their room, which they did not leave until the morning of the following day. On Saturday, they all had breakfast together. They had prepared an excursion to Segovia, they visited the inevitable aqueduct, the Templar Church of Vera Cruz, toured the main street to the cathedral, which they visited just like they visited churches of San Millán, San Martín, San Estéban and the Alcázar, as well as the monasteries of San Antonio el Real and El Parral. They ate in José María, a magnificent cochinitillo accompanied of *Pago de Carraovejas*, an acceptable wine of Ribera del Duero. The richness of the monumental culture and scenery of this city is the reason that

since 1985, it is a World Heritage site. Each historical epoch has its reflection; Romans, Arabs, Jews, and Christians have left their mark.

On the way back, they dined at Lopez de Hoyos' VIPS. They asked the English if they were willing to be the participants of an erotic game that they had prepared, they gave their consent.

When they arrived at the house, they handcuffed them both, naked in the same king-size bed, next to each other, with some freedom of movement. Her face down and his face up, logically separated hands, tied to the headboard and equally separated feet attached to the feet. The light was in semi-gloom; for the first two hours, nothing happened. At twelve o'clock, a man with a mask came in and fucked Catherine. Immediately another one, also with a mask came in her mouth, a third in her ass. When Charlie was desperate, Suzy fucked him while sitting on him. The same previous three returned and again consecutively fucked Catherine differently. At the same time, Cynthia took care of Charlie and the three previous boys Marisa got them.

Later Javier and a friend took care of Catherine, while Marisia and Poli did the same with Charlie. As an ending to the party, a guy and a girl entered, but the girl began to caress the Englishwoman, and the guy caressed Charlie. Earlier in the previous game, man they had changed the Englishman's handcuffs, putting him faced down to be able to introduce the vibrator, and without him knowing it was to prepare his culo (ass) so that the black guy, with a good polla, could penetrate him. When Charlie was getting it in the ass, his friends asked permission to turn the light on and be able to enter the room, he accepted, and while the black guy was cuming inside, he

also ejaculated powerfully wetting the bed sheets. In that position, they let them sleep, they completely turned off the lights and liberated the Englishwoman from her ties.

The next morning Catherine, following the instructions of the others, released him. They showered together, had some breakfast while the others slept and they both went back to bed to make love free and soft. At noon, they ate Brazilian food at home, where the fried cassava was a must. In the afternoon, they stayed quietly at home listening to music and chatting with Suzy and Charlie about the consequences of the recent terrorist attack and they explained to the English folk everything related to their business project.

At night, Suzy and Catherine took a walk on the terraces of La Castellana without taking any notice of the various attempts to hookup.

The Englishwoman told her friend the spectacular change her life had made, thanks especially to her. Before she had almost everything, but didn't know how to live and did not enjoy all its possibilities, now she felt happy with the ability to eat the world. She even was falling in love with Charlie and felt that he was also. Suzy loved to hear what she already knew. On their drink, they cheered for their friendship, of which they were certain would last a lifetime. The Brazilian thanked her for all the help she gave her, as it was essential in realizing her studies.

In that week, the English folk lived a little on their own, they fucked everything they could, they visited Toledo; in the evenings before going out for drinks in Madrid, they used to have dinner with their friends, a couple of days they passed by the *Carnaval de Río*. They were excited about the nightlife in Madrid. For the following week, they were preparing a

trip to Marruecos, for which their friends had left them the Audi TT.

Another Thursday, about fifteen days after the attacks, the terrorists attacked London again; four bombs, in the subway and bus, panic and again the sirens of the police and ambulances. Fortunately, on this second occasion, the artifacts failed, and the bombs did not explode, only the detonators.

The public opinion focused on the alleged unpredictability of the British intelligence, which directed its efforts towards anger handicapping the Islamist threat.

The next day, Friday, police shot a suspect in the subway, they had the order to “shoot to kill,” which led to a serious mistake. A young man was killed because he was mistaken for a terrorist. The first official version spoke of a man who jumped the barriers of the subway fleeing the police; the truth was that an innocent Brazilian was destroyed, a compatriot of them, who had been living in London for three years. Blair regretted the mistake of the police; he justified it by pointing out the tension and difficulties they are going through to protect the citizens of the terrorists, thus reaffirming the continuity of the strategy, causing some public controversy.

On Thursday night, the English folk and Suzy attended the musical *Mamma Mia*, in the Gran Vía, entertaining, captivating, and opportunely conducting the script, all the songs from the group ABBA. They liked it. On the way out, they went to have a drink under the dome to the Hotel Palace, with the background sound of a live piano. The three, who were dismayed by the new attacks, preferred to talk about other things. They took their lives with passion, they felt obliged to accept almost all the challenges that were presented to them, which certainly made them feel good; but it also

created concerns, continual worries, even suffering; they did not opt for the comfortable, their lives were full of renounces.

In this sense, they oriented their debate. Charlie argued with a simple example: in a football game the ones that enjoy the most are those who leave their skin on the field behind the ball; they can lose and bite the dust, but they can also win and live the glory. The Spectator also vibrates and is disappointed, and those who do not like football neither feel nor suffer. That's life, and we run behind the ball, he said. Catherine let it out the terrible effort that her diet was costing. At that moment, while her friends were taking a good Lagavulin malt with ice in a ball cup, she was drinking a glass of water with gas, in wide cup with ice and a few slices of lemon.

In recent months, the only exception was the scanty whiskey she absorbed while tasting Charlie's polla and, of course, when she swallowed his sweet semen that feeds her. Suzy commented that we should feel privileged, because being true that we strive and fight to the end. The truth is that we are doing very well because we usually win the game, and sometimes that is not only because of ourselves, luck, in general, has accompanied us. You, for example, told the English, you were born in one of the best situations of the first world, and to add one more detail, nature in many of its aspects has been very generous with us. In any case, it is key, according to their criterion, the involvement, and the continuous struggle.

She told them that Alberto, of the same disposition as they, identified with a conclusion of the protagonist of *Gattaca*, a futuristic film in which children were manufactured looking for perfection through genetic manipulation, co-existing with other fertilized the natural way. Society reserved the doors and opportunities of a certain professional level to the genetically

perfect, marginalizing and despising the others. The character, not manipulated, obsessed with being a spaceships pilot, supplanted another theoretically perfect. He had a perfect brother who was a policeman, from whom he had distanced to fulfill his goals; With him, he competed when they were children swimming in the sea, moving away from the shore, the winner was the one that went farther from the coast. Against all the odds always, our protagonist won always.

Without telling the film, when the police one discovers it, they challenge each other to swim in the ocean. On this last occasion, not only does he win, but the perfect one almost drowns and has to be rescued by the imperfect. When later, the brother, already recovered, again astonished, asked 'how is it possible that you always beat me?' he simply replies: 'You always thought about returning, I did not.' In the end, they toasted to passion and life.

That night, arriving home, Suzy as done many times, called Alberto, every day she needed more. Fortunately, communications are now more economical. They used to establish contact over the Internet, but for some time she needed to hear his voice before going to bed. To manage their calls, she bought some cards sold in phone shops and Chinese stores, which for six euros you could call Brazil up to 92 minutes if it was a called to a landline and around half if it was a mobile. They talked about everything they had done during the day.

Her boyfriend told her that he had prepared a digital photo album and had sent it to her e-mail. The businessman loved photography but did not like to show his work until it was purified, retouched and classified, and until that day, he did not have it according to his criteria. In all this time, hundreds of pictures had been taken.



Despite the hour, three in the morning, and that the next day he had to get up early, he turned on his computer and set out to see with some anxiety the whole story. The work was really good, with lots of close-ups and magnificent settings. There were dozens of e-mails and in each one, dozens of photographs. Possibly in total more than a thousand. It took a while to release the product, but it was worth it. She came out in different scenarios, in hundreds of them. In all, she looked good; there was no doubt that he did a good edit and retouched most of them. He favored her face, her body, dressed and in countless of them naked. Her buceta was captured in magnificent close-ups, with a variety of figures and situations; also his ass. The bucetas of her friends were not missing, in many cases recognizable by the footnotes. Nor his own dick and that of his friends.

There was an epigraph of her sucking Alberto's polla and all kinds of erotic games, but also giving others a blowjob. Including some from when he met her in Guarai acting as a whore for three days and hit off at the restaurant more than half of the convention was about agricultural machinery, in the presence of all. Some photos were taken by others because Alberto also came out with her and others. She herself had taken some.

Suzy was excited little by little, it was already four, and after seeing an important part of the shipment at high speed, she moved to her bed and began to masturbate with the vibrator, introducing it in her ass. Once she had cum, she was still excited, and after hearing noises in the English folk's room, she went to their bed, in which she was very well received. There, between her and Catherine, they savored Charlie's polla, in those moments flaccid, combining it with kisses

amongst them, while Charlie enjoyed savoring both coños. When they managed to harden the polla, Charlie penetrated Suzy in the culo while Catherine tasted alternatively the pussies of the Brazilian one polla, the testicles and the culo of the Englishmen. Simultaneously, the Brazilian tasted her buceta while she penetrated her with the vibrator in the culo.

At the end of the feast, at five and a bit, with only three hours to rest, Suzy turned to her bed. She slept with one of the photos in her brain-

her galloping naked in Mauricio's Hacienda in Redenção.

The next day, Friday, she was contacting different managers of Brazilian groups to study their style, quality, prices and possible agreements for packages. She ate with one of them at Thai Gardens, a Thai restaurant at the beginning of Jorge Juan Street. They asked for the tasting menu, an acceptable and varied selection of typical food, of easy flavors, often mixing the sweet and the salty. Mid-afternoon, very tired and somewhat heavy by the excess food, she went back to Ayala to take a look at the photographic report, tried to study but her eyes would close, so she opted to get into bed and sleep.

The next morning, after breakfast, on the dining table, all the girls gathered to plan the next week's work and make some decisions under Suzy's baton. At the meeting, the English couple was also invited. Before formally starting the meeting, Cynthia reported that Marisia would definitively leave her present work of prostitute on Sunday and from Monday, she would join the team. They left the high-level celebration for the following week with the absence of the English folk who were leaving on Monday to Marruecos.

Suzy reported the arrival of Lilly on Thursday, July 4 and Poli informed of the marriage separation of her boyfriend,

who for now had gone to live at the Hotel Miguel Ángel in La Castellana, until finding an apartment. During the two hours of discussion, Catherine provided some interesting ideas like making mixed services, semi-transparent, blurring the image in the different cubicles, with common toilets, and with the male urinals at the end, so that you could be seen their backs. The construction of the restroom services had begun, but doing them together would cause a reform without too much extra cost. Cynthia proposed to enlarge the restaurant area to make it profitable as a separate business unit, at least four more tables. They had some problem with the total soundproofing, which they had to fix according to the new municipal rules, and that was going to need important budgetary enlargement. However, it was within the initial possibilities. Their tenacity and the good management allowed for the refinement of the costs in other important items.

Before eating they walked to El Retiro, a public park of just over 100 hectares, relatively close to their house, in the center of Madrid, to have a few beers Mahou 5 stars and French fries on one of the terraces next to the Crystal Palace.

Already in Ayala, Poli made a salad and Cynthia prepared a fruit Macedonia which everyone accompanied except the English woman, with a bottle of Matarromera Crianza, one of the best wines of Ribera del Duero. Then they began to listen to Brazilian music. Suzy made the photo album available to her friends, they all loved it. The English were envious of not being reflected in the great story, not to see their bodies naked, not to see their polla and coño respectively and to not have fucked. Like Suzy did, everyone got excited. Cynthia asked Catherine for the pleasure of fucking that night with Charlie; the English folk was in agreement with this proposition. Poli went to the

hotel with Javier, and Catherine and Suzy, without underwear, elegantly dressed in semi-transparent and short fabrics, went to the Disco *69 Rosas* on the street Alberto Alcocer, looking for a good hookup for that night.

As soon as they entered, they caused a stir among the crowded public. Suzy ordered a whiskey and her friend a diet coke, which was paid for by a guy nearby. They went out to the floor to dance, where they were in one way or another in demand by different guys of all kinds. Two tall, handsome, blond Canadians wanted to invite them to a bottle of champagne, Catherine winked an eye of approval, and Suzy accepted. They were sightseeing in Madrid, staying at the Ritz Hotel. In the end, at three in the morning, they were in their room, they played erotically with both, and they fucked both. The next morning, after a good mutual blowing, they had breakfast on the terrace of the Ritz, a very nice garden with exit to Paseo del Prado. They asked for a pair of underpants so they could go out on the street with less shame.

They took advantage of the Prado museum's proximity to make a new visit. Before they ate, they were back in Ayala. The day before, after seeing the album, the group of friends had decided to practice photography and, in particular, make a special section with four subdivisions of pollas, and coños, faces of guys eating their coños and pictures of them sucking different pollas. That night, they had gotten good pictures of the Canadians' dicks, the photos of the two savoring the coños of the two, and the pictures of them sucking their pollas. Cynthia, in turn, had taken pictures of Charlie's magnificent polla, it was inexcusable that he was not in his collection.

That night, they all went out, invited by Javier, to celebrate the beginning of his new life. They went to the restaurant Sacha,

in the street Juan Hurtado de Mendoza. They ate different dishes of elaborate cuisine, and they toasted repeatedly for the future of the couple. In the end, although not planned, Suzy suggested to Catherine they go around the Ritz to visit their friends again. The Englishwoman asked Charlie's opinion, and he accepted. Poli and Javier before going to the hotel went for a drink with Englishman and Cynthia to a terrace at the Castellana. In the end, the four finished at Javier's room in the hotel; they mounted a good round bed; same as the other two who enjoyed a new night with the Canadians who never imagined having so much luck on their trip, and another magnificent breakfast on the terrace of the Ritz.

The following day, Monday, July 25th, the day of Santiago patron saint of Spain, Madrid was a party, the English folk left for Marruecos, and the rest went to eat and spent the afternoon at Alberto's apartment in La Castellana. Suzy was allowed to use it, including the service, when she deemed it timely. They had prepared a rodizio of meat, after listening to music. They moved on to the heated pool as always. All five of them went in naked all, including Marisia who arrived in the afternoon. They slept there. Javier and Poli retired to a room, but Suzy, Cynthia, and Marisia stayed under the stars.

The arrival of Marisia was celebrated, they drank several bottles of champagne. Shaking the first one, the cork blew up into the air that flew over the Castilian and Javier sprayed the champagne over the bodies of her friends as if they were the winners on the podium of Formula 1. Marisia that day had triumphed in something more important than a career. She won her own life and the possibility of being happy. On the matterrace, she told them that she liked a guy, thirty-two years, dentist, but was very afraid of engaging in an

affective relationship with someone who had been her client at the club.

The last week he had invited her every day, he had given her a nice ring and some CDs of different Ibero-American music, salsa, bachata, merengue, even bossa nova, and a pair of shirts. They had breakfast at seven-thirty from inside of the mini-pool and went directly to the *Carnaval de Río* to explain their mission to the new member. The week passed with relative tranquillity. Suzy, when she didn't have management duties to perform was at home studying, except for Wednesday when she set a plan again with the Canadians. She and one more friend she mounted the same game as with the blacks in Redençao, but this was long-lasting. They repeated at night and in the morning. She then had her breakfast at the Ritz the following morning.

Before their departure, she proposed to her new friends a plan that they certainly accepted. On Thursday night, Cynthia would get the opportunity to enjoy the blacks, Marisia would go on Friday and Saturday night, before their Sunday return to their country, all three would go. While telling her friends, they were delighted, except for Poli protested for being left out of the game. Marisia offered on her evening to do a relief at five in the morning so that she would enjoy the night. Simultaneously, they changed the day from Friday to Thursday so that Javier did not get excessively annoyed.

The Canadians, about thirty-five years old, enjoyed a good economic position, so Cynthia reorganized with them Saturday night. They would meet at nine at night in a private Combarro, of Calle Reina Mercedes, the best seafood in Madrid, then they would go dancing and drink French champagne to Gabanna, in Calle Velázquez. At dawn, they

would return to the Ritz, but on this occasion, they would change to a suite to organize the farewell. On Sunday, they would prepare a good excursion outside of Madrid.

On several occasions, they spoke on the telephone with the English folk who had arrived in Marrakech, the most modern, luxurious and liberal City of Marruecos; they stayed at the *Palace La Mamounia*. The Zoco is the center of the city, numerous alleys where they sell all kinds of handicrafts, leather, spices, and where haggling is a real ritual. At night, the crowd huddles around the flutes and drums of snake charmers, acrobats, and charlatans. They knew how to live and they were having a great life.

On weekend, they were planning to fly to Casablanca. They fucked intensely and occasionally formed trios with hookups that they obtained without much difficulty, sometimes a guy and in others a girl. It was clear that the two were bisexual, more clearly for Charlie, who during the trip, had sodomized several Arabs and had sucked several pollas.

On Thursday night, they were joined by two males, and they all fucked throughout the night. They were still very much in love. All the expenses of the trip were paid by Catherine with some of the money she had received from the Arabs at the London Party.

With the agreement of the Canadians, Poli and Javier attended the events of the weekend, on the condition that they acted as if they were not a couple. The dinner was a delight, not only for the menu of unbeatable quality, but for the conversation and the special atmosphere that was generated. Although for a good seafood white wine is the best, in Combarro, they have a fairly good albariño. They decided to drink champagne all night and not mix. They chose Dom Perignon. They started

dinner with scallops pie, exquisite; shrimp, crabs, and crayfish, followed with a huge tray of barnacles and finished the seafood dinner with lobsters. Following Javier's advice, they completed the final with a magnificent Jabugo ham. For dessert they tried some filloas.

The north had never lived from up close to a week of sex like the recent one, and that's what they talked about at first. They expressed themselves in English since they knew neither Spanish nor Portuguese. The rest managed it properly except for Marisia, who with the help of her companions, followed the sense of the conversation roughly. They were also impressed with the Brazilians' way of being; they were happy and dazzled. They valued their culture, sensuality, femininity, independence, and their indomitable character. At a certain point, they wanted to stay longer in Madrid despite their professional and family commitments. All three were married and with children. Cynthia, with a lot of sweetness, told them to enjoy like them of these moments, but this adventure was like a wonderful dream for all the parties, which started at the Disco 69 Rosas and will end the next night. They, sufficiently intelligent, understood the message perfectly and did not refer again to the subject.

They commented with each other regarding the different ways of life of Canada, Brazil and Spain, of environments, climates, sensitivities and of course, the way of understanding sexuality and relationships. Suzy said, *'Anyway, do not believe that we are the most suitable representatives of our country, as I'm sure you are not of Canada nor Javier of Spain.'* She returned to her reiterated thesis that all of them were privileged, possibly some more than others, and some more in some respects than others. With the heat of alcohol, they began to sing



songs original to each country. From there, they moved on to Gabanna, where they took advantage and had their first polvo (fuck).

Among the rules of the evening was that the girls would not wear underwear and neither would the guys. In fact, they gently groped their genitals during dinner. Suzy folló (fucked) with Javier in the bathroom, after having slightly tasted the pollas of the rest, duly accompanied by tears of champagne. On the way to the hotel, it was four in the morning, Cynthia proposed to fuck in the car, in a busy walking area, as they did in Bahia. They chose the Barceló Street area, and so they did. Marisia with Javier and the rest with the Canadians, at dusk, relatively close to each other.

They guys started sucking their coños and then fuck them from behind with the girls resting on the hood of the cars, before the attentive and curious look of some of the passersby who, like in Bahia, formed a circle around. The exhibition was exciting, and all eight came with a lot of morbidities. From there, they moved to the hotel suite where they were follando each other, in different ways, until at dawn when they ended up exhausted and all mixed in the bed. When they woke up, around two in the afternoon, they restarted the erotic games in the jacuzzi. At four, they went down to eat at the hotel garden. They had to suspend the excursion to Avila, as at midnight to take a plane back to their country since they had no time. They preferred to stay talking under the pergola until almost nine o'clock in the evening.

On Sunday night Suzy, while having a telephone conversation with Alberto; he described the discotheque of Don Quentin's Gendarmerie, to which he had been the night before, it was not very large, about 600 square meters, it was

located in the district of Polanco inside a shopping center with the name of Plaza Zentro, where there are several very crowded restaurants like the Valentina a Mexican restaurant and *Ciboulette*, French restaurant, run by a well-known cook, Olivier Lombard.

It was luxurious, modern furniture, all red and black with great service, many waiters, a lot of security, with a high-quality performance, with an equally high-quality sound system. They only paid 200 pesos for entering, the equivalent of \$20, on top of the drinks. It had some space for groups sitting comfortably on the lower level and many cocktail tables to sit on high chairs as if they were standing. The services were luxurious. The key is that it was filled with customers who made enough consumptions; in short, a great business.

They exchanged information regarding their latest activities. The Spaniard told her about a sexual roll he had that day with a Mexican who he met at this place and spent the night with at the Hotel Camino Real. The Brazilian, without saying anything, began to feel some concern and jealousy. He told her that he dined at the French restaurant decorated in line with what was thought for *El Carnaval de Río*. Although it was quite greater in size, it coincided in the functional furniture, of geometric line and minimalist and even with the visibility of the kitchen.

On Monday morning, they returned to a management meeting in Ayala. On Wednesday, the English folk arrived from their trip to Marruecos. The next day, Lilly would arrive, and on Saturday, Suzy would leave for Barcelona. They talked about accounts and reiterated the sexual liberality of the local, compatible with the persecution of all kinds of drug use. Couples would be allowed to fuck freely in semitransparent

cubicles of mixed services, as well as in semi-lit areas, provided that it was with a certain discretion.

On Day 8, it was Suzy's birthday. They had pending to duly celebrate the Marisia's abandonment of the prostitution, as well as the arrival of Lilly, so they agreed to it on Wednesday night. The same day of her arrival, Catherine had to leave for London as her family had arranged a trip with her to China, but Charlie would stay a few more days, so they decided to organize for Lilly, a welcome similar to the English folks. Charlie would get her, fuck her intensely and the next day; they would be tied up to the king size bed. Charlie wanted to repeat with all its details the game including his relationship with the Negro; he would especially like it if all his friends would attend if he got it from behind, including Javier. Lilly thoroughly enjoyed the English polla, which she savored with anxiety and which was introduced repeatedly in her buceta and her ass on the day of her arrival. At night, tied to the bed, she did not stop cuming all night, and she loved to see how they finally penetrated Charlie while he came again tied on the sheets while the black guy ejaculated inside his ass. They made a good photographic report that included Charlie savoring, delightedly, the black polla. They organized the party in Alberto's apartment, where all the girls attended, the Englishman, Javier, and Óscar who they aimed as a potential boyfriend to Marisia.

It was a very pleasant evening. First, they drank a cocktail on the terrace with white wheel wine accompanied by Jabugo ham, with good Brazilian background music. They introduced themselves naked in the heated swimming pool; then, as the five girls sat on the edge, the three boys sucked their pussies alternatively by mixing their juices with the champagne. They

exchanged roles until Javier ejaculated in the mouths of Lilly and Marisia, Charlie in that of Poli and Cynthia and Oscar in that of Suzy.

After drying themselves, they sat without dressing to dine in the dining room a seafood cream, garlic-carrier cod and tiramisu cake with the twenty-three candles for Suzy. They felt happy, they were doing well, and they formed a group of friends who cared for each other; they were and felt like a family. They noticed the lack of Alberto and Mauricio. The conversations were the least, many mixed and jerky themes, the Disco project, Charlie's trip to Marruecos, recent stories of Redençao told by Lilly, questions to Óscar, all surrounded by overflowing joy. From there, they went naked to the living room to continue talking and listening to music. They toasted for Marisia, for her new life and the arrival of Lilly. Already early in the morning, the couples went to their rooms. Cynthia with Charlie, staying behind the two sisters talked about their lives.

Lilly did not know what to do with her husband and Suzy looked bound to a closer relationship with Alberto. She contemplated more and more strongly the idea of having a child of his. Together, they went back to the pool and fell asleep on the mats, outdoors, until the first rays of sunshine forced them to move to the bedroom. There, reminiscing puberty times, they masturbated, one next to the other, rhythmically stroking their buetas to feel their respective orgasms before reconciling their sleep. It was a real delight to see the open coños of the two sisters fidgeting at the skillful touches of their fingers, squeezing their clitoris, which in both cases protruded gracefully. On this occasion, they did not feel the need for any polla. At twelve o'clock in the morning, Lilly and Cynthia,

in the Audi TT, took Suzy to the airport. At three in the afternoon, she arrived at the Casa Fuster hotel, a renovated modernist palace of super luxury. Her boyfriend, who arrived a couple of hours later, had booked a splendid suite that looked out at the end of the Paseo de Gracia, with a double balcony, large plasma screens, office, lounge, Jacuzzi, and even a sauna inside the bathroom, tastefully decorated. It created a feeling of not wanting to leave it.



## CHAPTER 7 ENJOYING BARCELONA: SEX, MUSIC... AND COMMITMENT

As usual, she was filled with gifts; this time, a red Versace bag to match with high-heeled sandals, several Brazilian narrative books including the latest book by Paulo Coelho, the Zahir, some CDs, DVDs and a nice swimsuit with the colors of the flag of Brazil, green and yellow. She matched it with jeans, a very colorful Hugo Boss T-shirt and a necktie of Dolce & Gabbana. She was waiting naked, and with paint, she had written a phrase from Cuban singer Silvio Rodríguez, “*Te Amo eternamente.*” The letters were about twelve centimeters, the ‘Te’ between the breasts, ‘Amo’ on the navel and the last word under, above her pussy. On the forehead, she wrote “Alberto” and on the buttocks “*follame* (fuck me).”

Just entering the room, she got on her knees, and with the door completely open, she dropped his fly, pulled out his polla and sucked it anxiously until she extracted his semen. A bellboy stared; when the boy quietly prepared to leave, Alberto said to him ‘come and fuck her.’ The bellboy got on his knees; she had already gotten up, he sucked her buceta eagerly for

a long time after which he ended up penetrating her coño, completely moistened with several orgasms. Meanwhile, Suza went back to sucking Alberto's polla until she regained his stiffness. Once the hotel clerk left the room, he ran, happy and with a good tip, fucked her again. This time up the ass, while she introduced the vibrator through her vagina. They rested hugging on the bed.

They went for a stroll, toured the Rambla; the most popular street in Barcelona. It runs from Plaza Catalunya to the sea, along the promenade. They stopped to contemplate the Gran Teatro del Liceo (recently rebuilt after being destroyed by a fire), the Palau Güell and the Museo de Arte Contemporáneo. They passed through the Gothic quarter, with important Roman remains of the 13th century Catalan architecture, with the Palau Reial and the Salo del Tinell. They climbed inside the Torre de Colón and reached the bridge. The Brazilian loved the atmosphere of Las Ramblas, the continuous hustle and bustle of people who went up and down and the numerous stalls of books, animals, plants and other types, located in the middle of the street.

During the almost four hours that they invested in the slow, paused and with continuous stops stroll, her boyfriend spoke to her intermittently of the writer Eduardo Mendoza who, in his opinion, was the one who best portrayed in his literary work Barcelona and the city. The Barcelona writer almost always uses as the stage of his works the city, the current, but also the nineteenth century. Most of their arguments have something to do with power, conspiracy or marginality.

Months before Franco's death, his first novel, 'La verdad sobre el caso Savolta' came out, which reflects the panorama of the union struggles at the beginning of the twentieth century



that turned the Gothic quarter into a refuge for conspirators. The work became a benchmark for the Spanish transition, as a symbol of renewal, originality, and modernism that brought with it the post-Francoism. It is a detective novel, well built, with a plot linked to a realistic scenario using resources of sincerely good intrigue.

But its most famous novel is '*La ciudad de los prodigios*,' of 1986. In this work, Mendoza portrays the political and social turmoil of Barcelona of the universal exhibitions.

They bought small objects and a painting of apples oil based. They both liked it; it could look good in the apartment of La Castellana. For a long time, they used to go by the hand or hugged. They liked to touch and feel permanently together. They dined at one of the new restaurants in the marina, built on the occasion of the 92 Olympics. That night, there were not too many people, but they had a good atmosphere. They asked for cooked seafood that did not turn out of good quality, for dessert the classic Catalan cream.

At a nearby table a group of about ten people celebrated a birthday, cheerful, witty and somewhat drunk. The honoree looked discreetly with a certain frequency to Suzy. His girlfriend noticed and without a word slapped him and rose from the table. He went after her and managed to convince her to forgive him and return, even if they spoiled the party. She was very attractive, and he was not bad, they were between 25 and 30 years. At the same time, the rest of the group started leaving until the two were let alone making up. Alberto, through the waiter, sent them an inviting note to have a drink at his table. They, already soothed, accepted. Then they had more drinks at an Arab bar with a cristal terrace, where they danced, exchanging the couples. After

touring a couple of more locals, they ended up celebrating the birthday in the hotel suite.

They took the last glass of the night, of French champagne, mixed with flavor to polla and coño. She savored Alberto's polla and Suzy savored the other guy, while they tasted their buquetas. The last polvo (fuck) was at dawn each with respective partners missionary style. They all slept together intermingled. Shortly before lunchtime, Suzy woke up her new friend, both were ready to revive, with their mouth, the dick of the opposite couple. They got up it easily, and both penetrated it into their pussies sitting on them. It was a slow, long-lasting fuck. They all stayed together in the Jacuzzi and then in the sauna. When the guest left, Alberto and Suzy went down to the restaurant, took a few beers, Caesar salads with chicken and a grilled *lenguado*. During the meal, he kept talking about Barcelona.

At the end of the nineteenth century, it became a modernist architectural museum, and there is no other city with so many buildings of this style. The architects Gaudí, Doménech i Montaner and Puig i Cadafalch, left their mark. Gaudí's La Pedrera, La Casa Batllo, and the unfinished Sagrada Familia, the architect's top work. Alberto explained that the works began in November 1883, since then have been continually paralyzed because the site is an expiatory temple financed by contributions of public charity, to this day its construction continues fed by donations and inheritances, it is expected that the work can be completed in 2007, coinciding with the 125 anniversary of the placement of the first stone of the temple. Park Güell, Municipal public park of Barcelona declared National Historical-artistic monument. Built of stone and pieces of tile from various sites in Spain, inside it houses

three constructions, the Gran Escalinata, el Templo Dórico, and la Portería.

Two universal events have prompted radical changes in the city at different times. In 1929, the Universal Exhibition caused the urbanization of the mountain of Montjuic, with palaces, pavilions, and sports facilities that are still preserved, the most outstanding construction and today is still a tourist attraction in the Spanish town, an enclosure that gathers 117 emblematic monuments of Spain reproduced to real size. It is also an ideal place to go for dinner or to have a drink.

In the Olympic Games of 1992, Barcelona opened to the sea, recovering much of its coastline, next to the Olympic Village and two skyscrapers, the marina was created where they were yesterday. Nearby, there is the modern shopping and leisure center of the modernist design, the Maremagnum, with all kinds of shops, entertainment venues, restaurants, and nearby an Imax cinema and an aquarium.

In the afternoon, they went to the concert of the Irish band U2. It was vibrant, a show where they enjoyed the music and the atmosphere. The Camp Nou Stadium was a perfect setting for the exhibition of an apotheosis and charismatic Bono with its unmistakable sunglasses and black dress.

There was no shortage of the already known messianic messages of Bono. Flaunting its commitment to peace, over the course of more than two hours of concert, he launched messages in favor of the coexistence of religions and cultures, against torture, in defense of human rights and against AIDS and hunger in Africa.

They mingled among the people; it was a long time since Albert had gone to a concert. It was not his environment, but he felt very comfortable next to his girlfriend anywhere.

He liked the music of the group more than Suzy. They drank beer and played some of their songs. In the end, they dined in a pizzeria surrounded by the remains of the concert, young boys eager to march. Whenever they were together, they talked a lot with a tendency to philosophize. This time, they wondered about the meaning of life, both were dynamic and restless intellectually, possibly too safe in their actions. They had discovered many elements that made them feel good. For Suzy, the key to her life was to do what her soul, her senses and that her heart asked her, but with strength and well done, within her possibilities.

Neither of them was practitioners of Catholicism, religion in which they had been educated. There was nothing clear about all that exceeded the scientific knowledge of man. He liked Suzy's explanation, and he was fairly defined in it, though he added that perhaps we applied it with a great deal of hedonism, which he thought was fine as long as they could. They ended in laughter toasting to happiness at a time when they both felt it in their soul, their heart and their senses. That night, they withdrew soon to the hotel to enjoy their relationship in an environment full of comforts.

Between smooching and kissing in the sexual game with all its intensity full of pleasure, Suzy asked Alberto for a son. They had spoken many times; he always asked the same thing and made the same objections. She told him that she was sure, was willing to commit, believed in a stable relationship, and in the case of rupture, she felt strong and did not care too much to be a single mother. The Spaniard was convinced and accepted the challenge. In fact, he wanted a son of hers, and he was very excited. Both were deeply in love and were not accustomed to putting limits on their desires.

The following morning, the Spaniard went to his meetings, and the Brazilian went to a debate on globalization at the Autonomous University of Barcelona. The majority of the interveners defended positions of anti-globalization, with a somewhat overused and simple argument. This movement reduces the definition of globalization to the world being a single market that has caused great global inequalities and has worsened the situation of the poorest countries. They ask for the distribution of wealth, denounce the social exclusion, defend nature, the majority declares themselves anti-system, anti-capitalist and anti-state. Their enemies are large multinational companies, especially McDonald's and economic financial institutions, such as banks, the International Monetary Fund, and the World Bank, against whom project an irrational hatred.

Suzy believes that it is not possible to analyze all countries with the same standards. She thinks that the rupture of trade frontiers favors less advanced countries; that the unfair competition of the poor countries of the third world benefits them strongly. The clearest example is China's textile-sector dispute with Europe; they can produce much cheaper, causing harm to the European textile industry, but it energizing the Chinese economy. As Clinton said during his time, the Internet democratizes the world, which is true. Precisely the communication revolution, in which computer science and the Internet are a relevant factor, is the key to globalization. Indeed, globalization extends the most open and avant-garde democratic concepts and messages throughout the world.

NGOs and intellectual groups with strong left-wing influence are the first to organize universally. Globalization is, in fact, in itself and unstoppable, but as every process needs adjustment and the adjustment of its rhythms.

Suzy's appeal is an erotic magnet for most males. So right away, just finishing the debate, an attractive boy, with intellectual demeanor, about thirty years old, invited her to eat at *Los Caracoles*, near Las Ramblas, and she accepted. They had a pleasant conversation in which he took advantage to deepen the fundamentals of nationalism; he had an eclectic but emotionally catalanist stance. She was attracted to him, but when he offered to have a drink in his apartment in the Plaza Real, she did not accept. They drank a glass of orujo in pleasant conversation when practically the waiters threw them out of the premises because they were already the last customers. They got to bid farewell with a kiss on the cheeks and Suzy went strolling to the hotel.

On the way, she was proud of her decision. She liked the university professor, but her love for Alberto provoked her own necessity to renounce to him. It was the first time she ever felt anything like it. The rest of the afternoon, until eleven o'clock in the night when her boyfriend arrived, she took a bath in the Jacuzzi, went to the sauna and prepare for the September exams at Carlos III. She phoned Cynthia to catch up on the work and the life of the group. It seems that everything was going pretty well, the entire internal technological structure of lights, sound, screens, and communication, was very advanced. Charlie was going back to London next Wednesday, she was thinking of giving him a surprise farewell party. Marisia and Óscar were somewhat in a fight, Javier had an apartment almost ready, Mauricio was planning to come to Madrid the last week of August, and Lilly was fucking everything that moved through the clubs in Madrid.

She received him naked; he came elegant, wearing a blue suit, a pink fuchsia shirt, and the tie she had given him. Upon

entering the room, he took her in his arms, sat her on the couch, and on his knees, he kissed her thighs until he entered his tongue in her buceta, savoring and sucking her clitoris until she came. He undressed and fucked her on the same couch; he did it slowly while manipulating her coño with his hands. He ejaculated at the same time as she, who in screams, orgasm again. They got dressed and went to dinner at *La Dama*, where they raveled in a warm crayfish salad with orange vinegar and talked about what they did during the day. The Brazilian, although she had no plans on doing it, she told her experience with the professor. She blushed but enjoyed telling him; he loved it. Alberto announced during his meeting and had an agreement with his partners to retire from his work in America next spring; she loved the news.

He, at Suzy's request, told her about Panama, a mestizo land where you can find whites, indigenous, and blacks which have given place to this beautiful country where it is said that everything is excessive; the heat, the flavors, the smells, the language, the color. It is a sensual and magnetic society; its culture is a mixture of Spanish, African, indigenous and North American traditions. In many cities, the Spanish heritage is appreciated, with houses with Andalusian-style patios and in the capital you can admire the best colonial art in buildings such as the Metropolitan Cathedral and the Church of Santo Domingo. The representatives of the Panamanian literature are Ricardo Miró, Rogelio Sinan, Joaquín Henbane and Tristan Solae. The cumbia is the most popular dance in Panama, of African origin, and its most international singer is Rubén Blades. Also famous is the Tamborito, a traditional 17th-century dance, a danced with palms and drums.

The main source of income is the Panama Canal, its inauguration in 1920 historically marked this country, initiating its prosperity and definitive modernization. Managed jointly with the United States until December 31, 1999, when Panama gained full control of the channel in compliance with an agreement of 1977 between the presidents of the two countries, then, Omar Torrijos and Jimmy Carter. The Panama Canal is 80 kilometers long from the Atlantic to the Pacific and 16 kilometers wide. Its operation is relatively simple; there are three sets of locks that act as stairs and fill or empty water to raise and lower the ships. A medium boat takes between 8 and 10 hours to cross it and their captains must give the command to the practical, channel personnel prepared and qualified exclusively to carry out the so-called transit phase.

The capital of Panama is a modern city, with deafening traffic, built looking at a Pacific bay. This newer area with impactful skyscrapers and business activity is crossed by the Puente de las Américas, an imposing work of Engineering 1,670 meters long.

There, Alberto had an apartment on Balboa Avenue, on the fortieth floor, with a spectacular view across the bay in the front and the rest of the city from behind. A few years ago, he was working on the establishment of palm oil factories. He made many friends of great human and intellectual worth, including the current President of the Republic, the mayor of the city, some ministers, the electoral prosecutor, a sociologist director of a major demoscropy firm, an advertising architect, a songwriter, and others, all very interesting. Since then, he traveled frequently there to meet his friends, which made him thoroughly acquainted with the country and its possibilities.



The capital also has a beautiful area, known as Panama Vieja, from the 16th century, where its colonial houses and churches like San Jose, impregnate the atmosphere with a decadent charm. In Panama, you can buy handicrafts of wood, ceramics or leather, typical dresses which are multicolor tapestries embroidered with geometric and mythological shapes. But there is also a unique shopping spot; the colon free zone which is an extension of 35 hectares where you can buy first world brands of clothing, jewelry, electronics, photography, even cars, and all these are tax-free. It is the largest free zone of the Western Hemisphere.

The Spanish was interested, and he felt morbid to hear stories about the prostitution that Marisia told Suzy. Now he was asking about cocaine in sex hotels. Most of the girls are only able to endure the work with this drug that allows them to move to a fantasy world in which strengthen their ego, and they believe they own their destiny. The cokehead client is very attractive because they pay and do not fuck. Their addiction has made them powerless, unable to get erect. And even when their dicks become erect after a lot of effort, their dicks are rather soft, and they cum through masturbation, not even when they get a blowjob. To this type of customers, the whores call them “locos” and it was common to hear amongst them say “today, I went up with a loco and I have gotten 500 or 1,000 bucks from him.” The downside is that while they are not able to have sex, the drug generates a desire and need to follar. Some, in order to be able to do something, they take viagra so they can masturbate or get a hint of a fuck. This is terribly frustrating for them, thereby resigning themselves to look and laugh. Therefore, on many occasions, the cocaine addicts go up in groups and request

the service of several girls and demand lesbian games, while they masturbate.

These types of clients are often related to the submerged economy, corruption, and even mafia and delinquent gangs. To consume so much cocaine and so often requires a lot of money, so it is easy to squeeze them. On the other hand, their dependence on narcotic drugs has left them no other way to live their sexuality. Before any other woman, they would make the most resounding of ridicule. Usually they carry their cocaine, so the girls in addition to the money get free drugs. If not, the girls sell it to increase their profits. Occasionally, the cocaine that the whores carry is adulterated with ketamine or ecstasy, which produces sedation and euphoria for the client simultaneously, which makes them more vulnerable to their commercial interests. Ketamine alone generates dissociative anesthesia: It selectively interrupts the cerebral pathways of association and produces sensory blockade.

In this situation, some victims have suffered economic abuse, directly or through their credit cards. When a customer pays by card, there are one or more companies at the service of the business that with the surcharge of 10% gives the girl the money in cash. The economic transaction is to be done according to the illegal rules of the House, the establishment with the client, but sometimes the “Mami,” representative in this case of the hotel, gives it directly to the girls without the consent of the cardholder. With the plastic money, the abuse, even the scam, is much easier. It is unlikely that a client, usually married and with a reputation to protect dares to make a complaint to a judge in this delicate situation. With great sarcasm and irony, when a consumer pretends the next day or a few days later, with regained consciousness, ask

the establishment for explanation and return of the money, they are recommended that for any new visits not take a lot of money and leave the credit cards in the car, at work or at home. No matter how clear and obvious the scam is, they never return the money.

Many of the men who go to these places have affective deficiencies, with or without a partner, which leaves them vulnerable to manipulation, either to take out the money easily or to make them temporary lovers or even to marry them without feeling the slightest love, just as a business, and once robbed economically, they abandon them for another. During the time of false pairing, they usually remain in contact, having sex with other clients, their true lovers or their real husband. In general, the dream of whores is to get a guy with a lot of money, to fall in love with them, take them out of their jobs and allow them to live in full. Some, the minority, fall in love with truth and even sometimes, but rarely, they form appropriate couples with reciprocal love. Also, it is the case of the whore in love that is not reciprocated, that can become charmed by the client.

There are cases in which a whore who deceives a client is charmed by her boyfriend or her husband. In the case of immigrants, sometimes the role of a pimp is exerted by the relatives of the whore, who, knowing the type of work she does, look the other way, but live happily off it. It is very difficult to believe that a father accepts that his young and beautiful daughter, who has entered illegally in Spain can send significant amounts of money and that this does not come from prostitution.

That night, they returned to the hotel and turned on the plasma screen to an erotic film. They both liked it; sometimes

when they were alone, they masturbated with pornography. They had undressed and were together in front of the TV; they looked askance at each other while manipulating their genitals. He rubbed himself with one hand from top to bottom his polla, while she did it with her buceta, bordering it initially and taking between her two fingers to then move, rhythmically, her clitoris. When the two were about to cum, she introduced his polla into her mouth so that he would cum in her throat as he licked, savoring the juice of her coño.

The next day, they got up late, fucking in the jacuzzi and after a sauna, they had breakfast in a plentiful and varied way while chatting. Alberto told her a story that she heard of two homosexual twins and narcissists who formed a couple the previous day. It was like loving oneself without being oneself. It must have been morbid to see the two twins in full action. Making the '69' would be a plastic figure, symmetrical. It would serve as a symbol for some strange exoteric sect. In the middle of the morning, the Spaniard had to go back to his meetings, and she went out for a walk in the streets of Barcelona and to see "*Sagrada Familia*" in detail. At eight o'clock in the evening, she attended a debate on the reform of the Statute of Catalonia. There, she met the professor who she had met the day before; in fact, he had informed her of this debate.

Nationalist forces, including the Catalan Socialists wanted a new statute of autonomy in which Catalonia is defined as a nation, that the whole of the broad powers of the Government, in which the Catalan laws prevail among which includes agriculture, water, immigration, justice, education, sport and others, both exclusive and exclusionary competitions. Blinding itself to the state and outside the Congress of Deputies, where Spanish sovereignty so far resides. They want to establish

Catalan as its own language to the detriment of Spanish, making it a preferential and obligatory language for officials, especially those of justice. The new draft statute unilaterally assumes the competencies in infrastructure such as ports, airports, roads, trains, the competences of immigration in a different way from the rest of Spain. To give to the Court of Justice of Catalonia, the maximum instance in all the fields without taking into account the Spanish High Court of Justice and the management of all its taxes with its own tax agency. In this case, the Catalans would pay a fee to compensate for the services that the Spanish state lends to Catalonia. I mean, their money basically for them. All these questions that clearly infringe the Spanish constitution make prevail the interests of a richer region than the rest. If this were also the case with others of greater economic power, like Madrid, the Valencian Community, the Balearic Islands, and Navarre, it would be seriously damaging to the Spaniards who live in the rest of communities, Suzy commented to the Professor while having a drink before returning to the hotel.

She felt as a Brazilian patriot, she knew the differences between some areas and others in her country, sixteen times larger than Spain and with almost five times more population. She considered any absurd disintegration and any lack of solidarity unfair. What happens in Spain with nationalism seemed to her very dangerous, for its stability, for its economic development and for its continuity as a nation. She could not understand the participation in a secessionist project and the lack of solidarity of a party of national status and theoretical left-wing ideology such as the PSC-PSOE.

When she got back, she was stopped by an employee of the hotel who told her that Don Alberto was waiting in

a lounge, at the end to the left with some friends. She came into it, though the light was off, as she passed the threshold, the light went on and a group of about twenty people, among whom were her roommates and their boyfriends, began to sing Happy Birthday, supported by a Brazilian musical ensemble. In about an hour, she would turn twenty-three years old. On the walls were two posters with a picture of her house, in the middle of the room a table full of gifts from all her friends, on top of the posters was a great label that said “*amigas para siempre*,” a phrase that became famous in the Olympics in Barcelona 92. Then the musicians and the Brazilians sang to her “Parbens Pra Voce,” the song of her country to celebrate birthdays. Suzy got tears which Alberto cleaned with his kisses, before her friends surrounded, hugged and kissed her.

They uncorked the first bottle of *Cava Brut Nature Juve y Camps* to toast, in the words of her boyfriend, “for the love of his heart, the object of his desire and the comfort of his soul, Suzy.” Before they all lifted their cup, she added “for my life that is you guys and for my love that is you,” looking at the host. With the first canapés, she began to talk to her friends. After a while, the group started with bossa nova, and most of them began to dance. Lilly took a liking to one of the guests who had come without a partner. Cynthia was conversing with some and with others. The bottles, the songs, and the fun continued until four. At 12 o’clock, the lights were turned off again, and the waiters introduced a large chocolate cake with twenty-three lit candles. Suzy turned them off, and the music group sang “Parbens Pra Voce.” After everyone applauded, her boyfriend said to her ear “come up with me to the room, I want to fuck you in the first few minutes of your new year, and so I want to do it for the rest of our lives.”

They went up, and he penetrated her, pulling her hair, as she likes. On the couch, he had a beautiful long dress of natural silk in pastel colors with high heel shoes and a magnificent emerald necklace matching a bracelet and earrings; she put it on to continue the party. They went back to the celebration. At three in the morning when part of the guests began to leave, a sextet of classical music arrived and replaced the Brazilian group. They continued uncorking bottles of cava, and almost all of them sat on the sofas of the room to listen to the concert as if it were the first of the year. After New Year's Eve, they handed out the cake and bonbons. After an hour, the occupants of the Ayala floor along with their boyfriends, plus Lilly's prey, went up to the suite to finish with a bottle of French champagne Dom Perignon.

Lilly took her new friend to the Jacuzzi while the rest stayed in the suite living room having a lively conversation.

Cynthia told them that on Monday of the previous week, she went to grab a drink with Marisia to Archy, a disco of drinks that was very famous twenty years ago in Madrid. It was now renovated after it had been closed by the governing authority; it was said to be due to drug problems within the premises. When they arrived, the room was completely empty, the doors were accessible, and the only person on the premises was in the background. They asked him if they could have a drink, he told them 'yes' on the part of the entrance, in an independent cockpit with a bar, sofas, some booths, and chairs. So, they spent an hour with the disco all to themselves until 10, when a group arrived loaded with musical instruments, guitars above all, a kind of bandurria and some drums. The first to arrive greeted them and asked: "who referred you here?" They, surprised, answered that they had only come to have drinks,

and did not know anyone, then they asked if they had to leave. The group was very kind; they said “no,” they would like them to stay and participate in their gathering.

So, they learned that on Monday, the disco of the street Marqués de Riscal was closed to the public and was made available to a Spanish-Argentinian group singing songs from Argentina. Half the attendants, about twenty, knew how to sing or play with quality some instrument, some really well. Among the attendees and participants was the group of Nancy Avalos that in the next few days would play in *Clamores*. The evening was very pleasant, something that is surprisingly seldom experienced in life. In the end, very late in the morning, everyone sang, as they used to always do in the final, “*Samba de mi esperanza*.”

Lilly, in the jacuzzi, set up her private party. As she liked, she went straight for the polla; she sucked it while he did the same with her bequeta; they both used the champagne to savor each other. Lilly would have liked to have a party with two, so one could fuck her while sucking on the other, but this friend of Alberto was good and had a good instrument. They ended up fucking in the water; she sat on him with slow movements. The two would have continued, but they decided to return to the group and continue later. The host informed them that the next day, at 11:00 hours, they had to be having breakfast if they wanted to follow the festivities of Suzy’s twenty-third anniversary. Knowing this unexpected plan, the group decided to dissolve to their rooms. Lilly’s new friend accompanied her to share with Cynthia to continue the erotic games in a trio.

The next morning, everyone arrived punctually and elegantly dressed. They assumed, with good judgment, that the event and the place of destination deserved it. Alberto liked



surprises, so he never told his plans at any time. From the hotel, they went to the bridge in two cars where a helicopter expected them; the day was promising. Suzy had never gone up in one. At the beginning of the flight, they took a tour of the city, entertained in Tibidabo and the La Sagrada Familia. They passed by the Olympic port and from there, they overflowed the Barcelona. They continued heading north along the Mediterranean coast until reaching Rosas, in the province of Girona. At that moment, Javier knew what the destiny was; he told Poli in the ear not to reveal the secret. The choice had merit, as the restaurant could not be better. El Bulli, the most famous in Spain and possibly one of the best in the world is located at the top of a cliff in Cala Montjoi, in an enviable natural space in Cape Creus. No one could explain how Alberto had gotten a table at this restaurant that has a waiting list for a minimum of six months.

The Michelin Guide gave it three stars. The interior decoration is Mediterranean and rustic. Its owner and chef are Ferrán Adrià, characterized by its great quality and culinary innovation. The menu was previously chosen; they ate varied dishes typical of the house, salted nougat soup, liquid croquettes, sardines at casis, prawns in sashimi, barnacles with seawater, cockle with fruit, *tallarines al vacío* with iberian bacon, and a foam of Potatoes, which was a kind of Spanish tortilla with three floors, consisting of candied onion, liquid egg and potato foam from bottom to top, and which is taken in a cup with a spoon. They finished the tasting with red fruits, *falso membrillo*, and a “Plum Cake” with foam.

The chef, once declared to the Brazilian weekly *Época*, *Época* that he likes that his restaurant is a feast for the senses, comparing it to sex that should be enjoyed without worry and

haste if not, it's not enjoyed. The food lasted a little over four hours. They talked a bit about everything. Suzy brought up the new Catalan statute that was underway, and Alberto discussed Lula's problems in Brazil. It was striking how the public opinion was turning against the Brazilian president because of corruption. Before the first scandals of buying political will, his image was exceptionally good. Suzy, on the Catalan theme, ruled that the same could happen to Rodríguez Zapatero with the statute if it were approved as they had thought in Parliament, and it would seriously damage the image of the Spanish president in the rest of the country.

They toasted reiteratively with wines and Catalan cava for Suzy's future, the *Carnaval de Río* and for everyone. In the end, Alberto toasted for Brazil, and Spain united in a special way with this group of friends. Timidly, Javier, in honor of the location of the celebration, added: "and for Catalonia." Before leaving the table, the subject of the diet food came up, the good life was jeopardizing their well taken care of bodies, so they decided, with the will that characterized them, to extend the time of exercise and gym and to retake a diet once the present festivities are surpassed.

They went in the helicopter to enter the Mediterranean Sea; in a few minutes, they landed on a yacht. From above, drinking Catalan cava, they were able to enjoy the most serene and pleasant hour of the day, the sunset. They descended still with sunlight; onboard the boat were the friends of the previous day, including the Brazilian orchestra that at the time when Suzy landed on the deck began to sing "Parbens Pra Voce." The party continued with all its strength, on the initiative of Cynthia. They took off some of their clothes and threw themselves into the water; for almost an hour they were

swimming and playing. When the sun said its goodbye, they lit some torches that made mood in the boat more attractive. Being part of the group in the water, Suzy climbed onto the deck, and a small group of fireworks was shot.

Before getting dressed, she and her boyfriend stayed a few minutes in one of the cabins and fucked tenderly. For a long time, they felt more love than sex. They returned to the group, to the cava and to canapés; some of the participants had done the same as them, a part had not yet been reinstated like Lilly, who convinced her French friend Jean to get another one to join them. She sucked both alternating their pollas, then, while she was still licking Jean's cipote, the other fucked her from behind. It was not Lilly birthday, but it was probably the best day of her life. They were the last to regroup, which they did discreetly to not attract attention, although most had noticed the play.

All night, the participants alternated cocktail with the baths and with sex, in the water or the cabins, and as the hours advanced, the guests introduced themselves in the sea naked. Around four, practically the majority coincided in the water, and when they got back on the boat, they did not bother to dress, enjoying the nudity while they continued to drink cava, dancing, and singing. At six in the morning, they dressed, and the boat recommenced the return to the port of Barcelona. On the way, the waiters offered chocolate with churros that some accompanied with the remains of a cake. At eight o'clock, they docked, and the group of friends returned to the hotel. Before retiring to sleep, they stayed a while in the suite of the couple uncorking the last bottles of Cava to terminate Suzy's birthday.

That afternoon, Cynthia, Poli, Javier, Marisia, Óscar, and Lilly were returning to Madrid, before they had decided to

meet up in the hotel restaurant to eat together. At lunch, Suzy resumed the Catalan statute in search of some explanation by the Spaniards. Alberto, who liked to hear the arguments of his girlfriend had an opinion similar to hers and preferred not to speak and follow the opinion of a person neutral and foreign, so far, to Spanish politics. Javier, more in line with the PSOE than the PP, was indignant but gambled that this statute would not be approved in the Catalan parliament. Oscar, still somewhat unsure when expressing himself in the group, saw in the Statute a dangerous road to the dismemberment of Spain, product of the local interests of certain politicians who without this scenario would hardly be relevant. In the background, the situation is comparable to that of a few years ago when the radio cassette thieves, to obtain scarce money, at that time 2,000 pesetas, the equivalent of 12 euros, produced damage in the car valued between 25 and 50 times superior, between 300 and 600 euros. As in the case of these criminals, the scarce loot will be taken by only a few, and the unjustified damage will land on most of the Catalans and the rest of the Spaniards.

Before saying goodbye, Alberto told Cynthia that he had spoken with Mauricio so that after passing through Spain to go to Panama. Suzy loved it, too. The rest of the afternoon was spent taking a walk by the Ramblas to finish, at an early hour, dining in a bar in the Olympic port a few simple salads accompanied by some coca colas lights. At ten o'clock, they were fucking in the suite, Suzy resting on the banister of one of the balconies, being penetrated from behind. She was happy, more than ever, possibly more than she would have dreamed but she felt insecure and dependent. She had never been afraid of anyone or anything, and now she feared that the moments

she was living would escape her and, above all, she feared to lose Alberto or that Alberto would cease to be Alberto.

That afternoon, before her friends left, Suzy made time with her sister who thanked her for opening the world and thanked her for giving her life a new chance. Lilly conveyed to her how well she felt with her friends, and the business. She couldn't find words to describe her feelings during the birthday celebration, in his adventure with the Frenchman and at the last spree that was mounted with her new friend, Cynthia and the new incorporation. Jean's polla met all the aesthetic, size and power conditions a woman could desire. Too bad he was happily married and also lived in Bordeaux; an important city in the south of France. But she never gave up seeing him again. She abruptly changed her conversation and said, 'You know, since I've come to Spain every day, I yearn for Marçio.' In her opinion, her husband was a good guy, intelligent, educated, ambitious. He was even very good looking; the problem resided, so far, in the way of life in Brazil and in the way in which families are formed. Lilly and Marçio began to fuck at the age of 14; they were schoolmates, neighbors, and children of parents' friends. At 16, they were married and very soon after they had their first daughter, he had to emigrate and leave his studies in order to support his family. She also had to work, although she could continue studying. He later resumed his training in New York.

All this set of circumstances nipping a large part of their opportunities, left them without adolescence and without youth, hindering their educational and professional development; in short, they demolished their lives. They loved each other. Lilly was thinking of asking him to come to Spain, although to work elsewhere and possibly for a while lived apart

for the purpose of starting again and rescue their relationship. Suzy liked the story; she took the time to tell her sister that she and Alberto had thought of having a child and that he was delighted with the idea because soon he would definitely live in Madrid. However, she planned to continue living in Ayala although she spent much of her time at his home.

At the end of their chat, she said to her sister, 'good luck, but don't go too fast with Marçio, don't make the same mistake twice, neither for you nor him.' Lilly replied 'Thank you, you also don't be too hasty. Although you have not been mistaken so far, you always have time to do it.' The two laughed and raised their coffees as a toast, collided the cups and Lilly said 'for success without precipitation.' The next day in the morning, they had breakfast in the room before moving to El Prat Airport. From there, they flew to Panama passing through Madrid. They traveled in Business Plus of Iberia, a luxury that transforms a discomfort into a pleasure, almost sad to land. The only problem was following the diet with the magnificent catering on board; they decided to follow it partially, they did not eat bread, nor dessert, nor alcoholic beverages, except for two glasses of wine during super. It was really the only exception to their diet, but it put a good brooch to the lobster and filet mignon.

During the journey, Alberto continued to talk about Panama. He considered that it is a country with much future, on the verge of taking the leap economically, had previously spoken about its strategic geographical location, its currency and its not yet explored ecological wealth. This time, he extended talking about the Canal that, at the beginning of the twentieth century, changed the commercial scene and influenced the military domination of the world. Now, the Panamanians,

owners for five years of the same, were proposing to introduce important improvements with radical technological transformations and with the enlargement by means of the construction of a third set of locks to adapt this short travel way to the demands of larger size and allow the passage of more ships in less time. The current Canal, without enlargement, with all the improvements they can make, including the widening of the Culebra cut, the mooring station of Cerro Cartagena, the deepening of the north and south entrances and the night lighting, would be obsolete in the 2012, which would lead to the development of other alternatives that would end up competing with it.

The Canal is, for many reasons, a golden opportunity for Panama. It is in itself a big business for the country, but it can still be more. It must be recognized that the current management, in Panamanian hands after almost a century of American command, is more efficient, has developed the greater capacity of navigation organization, beating all the records of tolls and security.

Right now, the intention is to undertake a qualitative reform and transform the current concept of transport corridor to trade corridor, with a conglomerate of service activities that will impact on the development, the business activity, employment and benefits across the country. The great challenge that Panama has at the moment is to get the best out of the Canal and use its benefits to raise the country. Some pressure groups want to use these benefits in social expenditures that cover important needs; there is no doubt of their need, but they would not take the country out of poverty, being bread for today and hunger for tomorrow. At the moment, the Social Security law is in full reform. According to the previous

system, the contributions are of 20% between employers and workers, and the retirement age is 57 years for the women and 62 for the men, which makes Social Security unsustainable. In Spain, for example, the contribution is almost 40%, and the retirement age is equal for the man and the woman, at 65 years. It is clear that the way to sustain the system is nothing other than to increase contributions gradually and at the same time the retirement age. It is true that the citizens of Latin America are tired of political corruption and do not trust a hair of their leaders, but they should not sacrifice the economic exits of their country for the benefit of a part of the population, to retire sooner than their health allows.

The Canal is intrinsically united to the country, and its functioning is reflected in the Constitution, so that any structural reform, such as enlargement, must be submitted to a referendum. Its economic potential is extraordinary; today's tariffs can suffer significant rises without demand diminishing because the world economic development is increasing the transport of goods and, therefore, the passage through the channel, as it is occurring with China's overflowing growth and increasing weight in international trade, which has boosted the use of the Canal. To top it off, the increase in the price of oil makes this transit more profitable for Panama. In the short term, the investments needed for enlargement, estimated to be over seven billion dollars, will have an immediate economic impact.

Alberto told Suzy that now is the time to invest in Panama. As a modest businessman, he was convinced that one of the first sectors to demonstrate its boom will be real estate and construction. The expansion of the Canal, the arrival of new international professionals, the return of the country by the Americans who left, the increase in tourism



and the development of globalization, will generate this real demand in the short term. In the year 2000, as a result of the reversion of the canal, the majority of the former American employees of the canal and their families decided to look for other opportunities or retire in their country. They thought that with the changes of administration, there was potential for other changes of a political nature of a revolutionary type. The reality has been quite different, and today, this country enjoys great political stability, and no perversion of the system is looming.

These Americans, earning a few thousand dollars of salary per month, went from living like kings, in comfortable homes, with domestic service, good cars, good weather and an enviable ecological environment, in which they were also the upper class, to live modestly in their homeland, possibly not make ends meet and transform into middle class by pulling down. Many of these returnees regret it, and others think of returning. Some are doing it and others will in the next few years.

The majority of the Panamanian population still lives in substandard, a major minority in low-quality housing, others in housing, the least of which is middle-class, and finally, an important group that lives in apartments and houses of great size and quality. The logical thing, and so it will be in a few years, to the extent that the middle class develops, the housing of average type will be the majority, fortunately, that the substandard housing will disappear and possibly diminish the large houses. This process of change in real estate is the same that has risen in countries that have gone from underdevelopment to development; from scarcity to abundance.

For all these reasons, Alberto saw good conditions for the real estate business. The legal tender, the dollar, enabled

investment and facilitated international financing at an acceptable interest rate. In Latin America, local currency financing makes any business project unfeasible. Even the instability of the currency and its high-interest rates do not allow the development of the mortgage credit. Panama, in this sense, is a monetary island where it is easy to obtain mortgage loans with acceptable interest, around 6.0%, for fifteen years.

Suzy changed the subject; she began to talk about a film she saw seven or eight years ago that shocked Brazil, "City of God," directed by Fernando Meirelles. Her boyfriend had heard about it but had not seen it. It includes, with extreme realism, a part of Brazil, juvenile criminality in the favelas of the big cities, in this case of Rio de Janeiro. Currently, in Brazil, 40,000 people die a year, more than a hundred a day, from firearms, which has provoked the drafting of a new law prohibiting the free and indiscriminate sale of weapons. A referendum was convened for final approval on 23 October.

"City of God," inspired by real events, focuses on the life of the youth bands that are formed in a new city with families that, due to floods or other problems, were left homeless in the sixties. The engine of its economy is basically drug trafficking, mainly marijuana and cocaine. The excessive aggression of young people of little age is frightening. In these neighborhoods, the police do not enter, and the law is imposed by young assassins; crime is usually unpunished. The protagonists of the film are *Cabeleira*, *Alicate*, and *Marreco*, which compose the *Trío Ternura*, y *Dadinho* y *Bené*; with the exception of *Alicate* that is redirected to the church, the end of all of them is premature death. The Brazilian synthesized this film because she wanted him to see it to understand another part of Brazil closer to reality than what she represented. She,

before meeting Alberto, represented a Brazilian middle class, with a lower economic level than the Spanish lower class, but knew the misery, poverty, marginalization, and hunger of the lower classes of her country. That is why she valued and enjoyed more strongly the standard of living of her current status.

The film projected the life of two totally different characters, *Buscapé y Dadinho*. The figure of *Buscapé*, a child who despised the violence even to avenge *Dadinho*, who was only 12 years old when he murdered Marreco, *Buscapé* older brother. *Buscapé* achieves his purpose in life and becomes a photographer and narrator of history. While *Dadinho* also fulfills his dream, he becomes the owner and Lord of the City of God, a feared drug trafficker, at the age of 18.

The film is superficially about sex, but enough to leave evidence of its accessibility and liberality. In a conversation between a girl, who was murdered by her husband because of her infidelity, and a friend somewhat older, that recommends that she try to be penetrated through the ass while she introduced a hot banana in her coño; the conversation carried out with all naturalness. She clarifies that when you put a polla up your ass for the first time, it hurts a little, but the following times is very pleasurable.

After a short while, Suzy took her purse and moved to the service, not without winking at him. He, within two minutes, did the same thing and was introduced in the same bathroom as his girlfriend. She was waiting for him completely naked and introduced a large vibrator up her culo. He, while she continued her game, began to suck her pussy, rolling his tongue around the clitoris. She came with some half-repressed moans and with the artificial cock in her anus; he took it out and put it in. She undressed him and sucked his dick, balls, and

culo, gently introducing her tongue. Shortly after that, with a certain astonishment on the part of Alberto, Suzy introduced in his culo another vibrator of inferior size. He did not object, pulled the one that he manipulated in her ass and introduced it into her buceta while putting his polla in Suzy's culo. Thus, they were slowly doing it for a long time, with her slightly inclined forward, in front of the sink, looking in the mirror without stopping introducing and removing the vibrator from Alberto's ass. She came two more times before he did. After washing his dick, she rewarded him with a soft, long-lasting blow-job until she ingested all his semen.

On their way back to their seats, before taking a little nap, they heard two Cubans, residents in Miami, talk about their country. According to them, Havana, before Fidel Castro, was the only city in the world open 24 hours, it worked the same day and night, there was great economic dynamism, although the most striking was the hustle and social activity and amusement. By the way, that's all that is left of that Havana. According to them, victims of economic destruction, and poverty in Cuba is total; they talked about friends who from one day to another, as a result of the revolution, lost everything. Some of them ruined and desperate threw themselves from the balconies of their homes. Suzy wanted to go to Cuba, and Alberto promised to take her soon, according to him. Despite the repression, the magic of the night and the fun in the street revived an environment that is difficult to find in the world, even in Brazil and Spain. It is very possible, in the opinion of the Spaniard, that this island, when the dictatorial Communist regime disappears, regains part of what it was and becomes the economic engine of the Caribbean.

CHAPTER 8 PLEASURES IN PANAMA:  
GOOD FRIENDS AND A  
HARMONIOUS RELATIONSHIP  
WITH ALBERTO

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They arrived at mid-afternoon at Tocumen Airport in Panama. Like other times, his friend Pedro was waiting to bring them up to date with the latest events, move them to the apartment and dine with them. The house in Panama is the least luxurious of the homes Alberto has, but it has the best panoramic; from the fortieth floor, in front of the sea, the whole bay was visible, from Punta Paitilla to the old Panama where is the presidential palace of “Las Garzas” where Martín Torrijos currently resides. The terrace, of acceptable size, had a round jacuzzi about two and a half meters in diameter. They say that fire and the sea can be observed for hours without getting bored, thinking of countless things in a certain state of placidity and tranquility; a luxury for the senses and a permanent entertainment.

After leaving the suitcases, they walked to Café Café, a fast food cafeteria of acceptable quality, where the three took a salad and chicken wings accompanied by Coca-Cola, while Pedro talked about the situation in the country. Things seemed

to be going well for Martín until the month of June when, with the last vote in Parliament at dawn, the Social Security Reform Act passed with high speed. This law was necessary to make the social security system viable in the medium and long-term. Without changes, the Social Security Fund was bound to bankruptcy.

The reform was raised with adequate arguments but at present, any legislative change that diminishes the perceptions of citizens as justified as it is and even if this implies a social benefit in the medium and long-term, it is badly received by the citizens who are willing to mobilize against the government.

The reforms failed the PRD government, and the opposition movements were able to take advantage of this failure. They went on strike; the health, the teaching, and the construction sectors. Martín was able to react and acknowledged in a television interview that he had made a mistake in the reforms, so he set out to reopen the dialogue and paralyze the reform of the law for three months. At this stage we are now, the image of the president is recovering, but the swords are drawn in a complex situation in which reform is necessary, social cuts are needed to make the social security system viable and social reaction will always be negative for any trimming as smooth as it may be. The government of Omar, Torrijos' son, needs to get well out of this conflict to adequately address the expansion of the Canal and overcome the referendum.

Suzy and Alberto returned to the apartment; she asked him to repeat the erotic game of the plane but this time with two hot bananas. He accepted again, once the two were naked after bathing in the Jacuzzi, she began to put the hot banana in his culo and so he inclined on the balcony railing, looking at

the sea, pulling in and out the banana gently at the same time she manipulated his polla with her other hand for more than fifteen minutes. Then Suzy placed herself in front of him, he introduced the other hot banana in her buceta and penetrated his polla up her culo until he orgasm.

The next day, on Saturday morning, they stayed quietly at home, woke up late and before bathing in the Jacuzzi, Linet, the housekeeper, had breakfast ready. They took it in the lounge while watching the news; TVE, CNN, and local networks. At noon, they went to eat with Adolfo, Pedro, and César to Virginia, a restaurant of very elaborate modern cuisine, of French influence, owned by the last one and his first wife. Suzy was beginning to feel the comfort of Panama. As her boyfriend had told her his friends were especially interesting, they turned out to be a mixture of culture, intelligence, creativity, and good people; the conversations with them were especially entertaining. Pedro is a mature, calm psychologist who knows and likes to enhance the qualities of others, an ideal person for teamwork. Adolfo, the country's high magistrate, is efficiency and activity personified, intellectually brilliant; and César is a mixture of humanism and creativity, he is currently involved in the development of the image of the Canal and its management to prepare the referendum on its enlargement.

After the introductions, Adolfo asked the Brazilian about the upcoming Brazilian referendum on the ongoing limitation of firearms. She began by informing him that, according to her opinion, the majority would vote against the law. She reasoned for a twofold motive, Lula had lost, because of the problems of corruption of his party and his entourage, the capacity of leadership and to a greater extent, his compatriots did not have any trust in the police. The argument by which the Brazilian

society supports the indiscriminate possession of firearms is because in any case, criminals would always have weapons and the police, instead of defending the population, are often in cahoots with criminals, Even sometimes they are the ones that make the weapons available. Unfortunately, Suzy still said they have a great deal of reason; even if she had been able to vote, she would have done it in favor of limiting and controlling the weapons.

The magistrate planned to leave that afternoon to his beach house, an hour from the city, in the Pacific with his children to spend the weekend, but he offered the newcomers his yacht with his crew to give them a tour of the bay, they accepted delighted. Caesar offered to, along with another good friend, Popo, teach them in a special way the Miraflores locks in a VIP visit. Pedro told them about the evenings that were organized in the restaurant on Friday, with music and debate until late in the evening, which was called the *Veladas del Panamá Desconectado*, they were a real luxury. They started a discussion regarding social security reform. For Alberto, the visceral refusal of some sectors to increase the retirement age was incomprehensible. Currently, the Panamanian woman retires at 57 years and men at 62. Today, the majority of the population at that age is in full condition, besides exceptions, of being able to continue working, taking into account that most of the work does not require a significant physical effort. More absurd and paternalistic is the fact that women, with greater life expectancy and who arrive in better physical and mental conditions at certain ages than man, retire five years earlier. Many social demands do not consider the fact that the money benefit comes from the citizens and it is limited so that if it is used capriciously for a target, there are many



other objectives, more necessary, that remain uncovered. It seems that the social dialogue proposed by the President is progressing somewhat, very slowly, and in the end, there will be at least some sectoral agreements, although the reform will be somewhat decaffeinated.

Over time, the other tables left the premises, then Caesar took advantage and closed the establishment they were left alone, after the dessert specialty of the House “*Secreto de Caballero*,” they moved on to the whiskeys. Adolfo took out some Cohiba cigars of a sturdy type that all the males smoked. In Panama, as in many countries, smoking is prohibited in public premises, but when closed the premises became private. They smoked a cigar in special moments after a good meal, as was the case. With dissimulation, Alberto passed the tobacco to his girlfriend and she, who was not wearing underwear, introduced the cigar in his buceta to moisten it gently before he sucked it again. His friends, who knew him, realized the move, with laughter and general amusement, Suzy ended up moistening the rest of the cigars. At the time, Beatriz, Caesar’s first ex, now chef of the establishment sat down with them; she is a nice woman, in elegant ways, who transmits tranquility. Among the virtues of Caesar is his ability to surround himself by charming people and to make the people of their surroundings more and more charming; his children are extraordinary.

In the afternoon, almost at night, the travelers turned to the apartment and set out to bathe in the jacuzzi of the terrace, seeing from high altitude the Bay of Panama. Alberto, before he fucked Suzy in the water, he licked gently for a long time her buceta, he then penetrated her and ended up cumming in her mouth. He did it three times, one while sucking, the second fucking and the third masturbating, while she licked the last

remaining semen left in his limp cock. They finished bathing and left for dinner, this time to the '*Los años locos*' restaurant; a pleasant restaurant, with international food, next to the Caesar Park hotel and the Atlapa convection Center. There, Alberto attended the inauguration of Martín Torrijos as President of the Republic almost a year ago. They ate a rich lobster and foie, accompanied by a good Spanish wine from Ribera del Duero, Alión. During desserts, they were joined by Juan, a key person in the government of Martín, who told them about the latest advances in the negotiations of the Social Security Fund and the possibilities that were being shuffled to make the most contentious parts more flexible. According to Juan, one could maintain the retirement age, rewarding with increases in the pensions for those who delay it and for those who listed more months than those demanded as minimums; one could also think of a mixed system with a share of redistributive solidarity and another of capitalization. Alberto liked both flexibilities. They stopped talking about local politics, and Juan asked them about Lula's problems in Brazil.

The Spaniard commented that according to his opinion, Lula is immersed in a permanent corruption scandal; his reputation, which was magnificent when he reached the government was now on the floor, losing much of the international credibility he enjoyed and the confidence of the Brazilians who had made Lula an emblem of the New Left and a hope for the future of Brazil. Following a succession of revelations involving the government and the Workers' Party in a network of bribes to legislators and irregular financing of the party, the situation of the Brazilian leader is, at least, delicate, putting his permanence in office at serious risk, and of course, his re-election in the next presidential election, within a year.

In recent weeks, historical leaders of Lula's party, founders along with him, left the Workers' Party fed up with the serious corruption crisis to join the Socialism and Freedom Party, founded two years ago by four legislators who were then expelled for their criticism of Lula and who today have gone on to the Left-wing opposition. In recent months, some 400 leaders of social movements have followed the same path as these leaders, an exodus that can become the beginning of the end of Lula and his party if he is not able to root out corruption within his government.

Corruption is undoubtedly the worst problem in Latin America. It pollutes politics, society and always ends up being a brake on economic development.

While they drank French champagne, they changed the subject. Suzy, at her boyfriend's request, recounted another of the stories her friend Marisia had told her about the world of prostitution; at that time, they joined the evening and the consumption of champagne César, accompanied by Ernesto, a doctor, author of lyrics of songs that had won several Grammys. The Brazilian told the story of a prostitute who had fallen in love with a client; she is Venezuelan, young and very attractive, and he is a handsome, single executive, also young but slightly older than her.

The story of the couple was complicated, full of passion because he was also in love, but also with a lot of tension. She continued to work as a sex professional, as he dared not take the step of formalizing in a more or less conventional way. The relationship lasted a year after which the love was gradually lost by the frustration of lack of resolution; in the end, he abruptly broke the relationship by being unable to take the step they needed. As a result, she returned to her country, but

first, she gave her hypothetical boyfriend a hard letter of spite, of which Suzy had a copy and read it to her friends.

*Hi, I'm writing to you with an open heart. I feel very sad because I never thought that man who taught me to love, to feel like a woman, was so empty. I gave you all my love, I gave myself to you as I am, without hiding anything, totally honest, as I was. You changed my life, I became hard, cold, full of hatred; with you, I learned that it is not good to love unconditionally, surrender without asking for anything in return, only to love you, understand you, fill my loneliness as I filled yours, with love, affection, understanding, compassion. I have to support your mismatches, your jealousy, I understood everything with love, and you know, your distrust was hurtful, your mania to do harm to me, you did not give me a little bit of affection, always judged me for no reason, but nothing else matters now. It hurts me to have loved you so much, to have given everything to you while you were playing with my love. You know, I suffered so much to see you so close to me and at the same time, so far. I knew it, but I loved you so much that I was making up for nothing because the love I felt was enough to fill the emptiness that yours did not fill. I always gave you the best of me, you always saw my flaws, but I never saw yours. I always gave you my best smile, even though I was bleeding inside. I never told you because you never cared to know about my problems, because if in that occasion there was much love, it was from my part; there was love for both of us, you know. I lost many things because of you, but I do not regret it because I know what it is to love and that is the most beautiful thing in the world for me, because*

*you do not know what love is, but I loved you much more than the possible. I don't know how a woman like me, full, cheerful, could fall in love with you, a poor man who only lives to work, to go out on a spree, for sex, which is so empty, so bad, calculating, cold, scheming, perverse. I can't go on next to a monster like you. Thank you for nothing, I hope with all my heart that someday you change. May God have a little love, sensibility, feeling. When I arrive in my country, I will tell the pastor to pray for you, because if I ever loved you with all my strength, with those same forces, I hate you. I do not wish you bad, but I tell you something, you will never find anywhere in the world a woman who loves you as much as I loved you.'*

After her reading, they commented on the letter. They saw the logic of the girl's actions, but they argued about his actions. Everyone understood that a relationship between a man and a prostitute is complicated, but also that it does not have to be so much at the time when the prostitute leaves her job and is reinstated too socially. More, taking into account that most of the girls who come from America to exercise prostitution do so in a cyclical way. They enter that world when they arrive, but then end up institutionalized. In fact, it was a coincidence, but although in that conversation, it didn't come up that Alberto and his girlfriend met during the only three days of her life when Suzy decided to sell her body for sex as one more experience within her powerful sexual dynamics.

The world of sexuality fascinated everyone, and she kept telling more stories than entertained the table, until late in the morning and even though the waiters were delighted by the great tip that Alberto gave them, they decided to retire, not

without Caesar telling them that he already had the reservation of the trip for the next weekend to the archipelago of San Blas and to comment on some features. Possibly, this area is one of the most beautiful in the world, where its simple stay generates a high degree of tranquility and placidity. Located in the Caribbean, in the north of Panama, this paradise formed by 366 dream islands where the time has not passed, there are no buildings, nor any material comfort.

You arrive in a small plane from Panama City to white sand beaches, and coconut trees, where its inhabitants, the Kuna Indians, do not allow to build on the islands and tourists are lodged in huts with cane walls and wooden floors. Native food is tasted based on fresh lobsters, fish from the islands, cassava, rice, and beans.

The Kuna people are very kind and grateful; the women are covered with red and orange tissues and carry rings in the nose; They take care of their children and elaborate the molas, which they then sell to the tourists. The Molas are handicrafts of fabrics with colorful drawings that are made by superimposing several layers of fabric, reproducing geometric drawings and striking figures representing their religious thought and their theories about the origin and the formation of the universe; reflecting the myths, songs, poems and customs of the Kuna.

César explained that the Kuna people are governed by a “Congress” or assembly, consisting only of men, who direct the fate of the community. It has consultative, legislative and executive power; and they live in communities where they barely have relations with the outside. In fact, not long ago they accepted a school and a medical post. At the beginning of the last century, the Kuna fought for independence against the

Panamanian Government and achieved an acceptable level of autonomy that they still maintain.

They took the last glass of champagne and withdrew all to their homes. The next day in the morning, the same folks from the night, Juan, César and Ernesto accompanied by their girlfriends, had a splendid breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning on the yacht that Adolfo had placed at their disposal to take a tour of the Bay of Panama. They toured the coastline, the old town, the Causeway, saw the boats queue to enter the Canal, approached the floodgates of Miraflores and set course for the island of Taboga. On the way, they threw the rods trying to fish with little result, since they only caught two pieces of small size. At five hundred meters from the island, they anchored and bathed; after and following their custom, Alberto and Suzy swam to the beach to, in their own way, conquer it. There, they stayed for a while basking in the sun, along with the rest who had arrived in a zodiac. Later, they strolled inside the island until they reached a small hotel where they stayed to eat.

Before the shrimp cocktail and the sea bass, they had a dry Martini, watching the city with a piece of the Pacific in between. One of the great opportunities of Panama is the development of tourism, which is absolutely incipient and untapped. This island was one of its exponents, barely had tourist infrastructure, a couple of hotels with about a dozen rooms each. Meanwhile, they commented on the need to promote adequate tourism policy; at that time, the Minister of Tourism was an intimate friend of them. They waited and wanted the singer, Rubén Blades, to play properly that role for which he did not lack qualities.

Later, Alberto, speaking to Suzy, told everyone that in his new trip to Salvador de Bahía, some friends took him to a place

for drinks 'Casquinha de Siri,' with live music. Some of his friends were accompanied by their wives or their girlfriends; upon entering the receptionist offered them to sit on the left side. The place was big and nice, with a big stage; there is an outdoor area with a moonroof to use in case of rain. The music was very good, with a well-chosen repertoire. You could eat, although most of the customers just drank.

At midnight, the group stopped playing, the curtain closed and after fifteen minutes, it was re-opened. Another group also appeared of quality, which began with sexier songs. In a few moments, a legion of young girls, around 20 years old, with uncommon clothes, began to dance looking at the musical group, with their backs to the rest, moving their culos in a sensual way and, they were pseudo prostitutes. It was curious and significant the mix of activities of the local, restaurant, drinks, live music, group of friends, couples, and a certain activity of prostitution in a rather blatant way. After half an hour, the group of friends turned to the hotel where the men, with the excuse that they had to prepare a meeting for the next day, had a few drinks in the Lobby bar while their companions withdrew to their rooms.

As soon as the ladies went up, they took the opportunity to return to the 'Casquinha de Siri' where they exhausted the night flirting with the young dancers. In the end, they fucked on the beach in exchange for 100 reais, the equivalent of 40 dollars. Suzy, who began to feel some jealousy, recounted her adventure with Charlie in the carnivals of Rio when they toured the city completely naked with the name, each of the other, written in a kind of necklace.

The story thrilled them and excited them, so the group decided to move to one of the rooms. There, they removed the



uncommon clothes, and the girls began to suck the different pollas alternatively so that, a little later, they ended up pairing themselves by exchanging couples to practice the “69” duly accompanied by Chivas whiskey that had been brought up for the occasion. Before starting to fuck, the hotel attendant knocked on the door and, accompanied by five young muscular men, who had previously been hired by Pedro as a special gift. The five had big and attractive dicks. The five women, including the hotel attendant, were set to eat the newly arrived pollas while their boyfriends fucked them mercilessly. The young men changed the mouths so that all of them could enjoy the pollas and the anxious sucks and kisses.

In this occasion, by the imposition of Suzy and Ernesto in the penetrations, they used condoms. So far, in spite of the strong promiscuity, none of the friends had contracted any relevant disease; But they didn't want to take any chances anymore.

The last transgression consisted of ingesting the semen of new friends and young people. The last drops of semen tasted to Suzy like glory; she tasted intensely. The party lasted several hours. To the Brazilian, it gave her time to swallow all of the semen of the three of them.

They embarked at dusk, on the way back, they dined a selection of cheeses and tropical fruits in the stern. With the ship anchored, near Panama City, Ernesto accompanied by the guitar sang them some songs. In between, they talked about the plans for the next few days. Alberto told them about the last gift he had made to Suzy. The Brazilian and her friends had taken a liking for photography, collected portraits of pollas and coños; to expand their digital album, they incorporated all the portraits of this type that they could get. This time, she

had given Alberto a new collection of pussies obtained from a Brazilian friend, consisting of fifty photos of naked women, centered on the buceta, with the legs open, the story was called “Brazilian Wax.” According to the preamble of the album, in the Oxford dictionary, this Brazilian expression appears Brazilian Wax, “depilation style in which all the pubic hairs of a woman are removed, remaining just a small central strip. This reference is already an idiom used in the United States and Europe, for maximum epilation and not to let the hairs show when wearing small bikinis.”

The coños can be appreciated with all their beauty, different sizes, different lips, and clitoris, generally pronounced. Everyone asked for a copy of the CD and the girls asked Suzy for a good selection of the best-collected pollas.

Then they bathed in the sea. When they went up, each couple made love on the deck before returning to solid ground. That night before sleeping, already in the apartment, Alberto and his girlfriend saw a new chapter of the series produced by the BBC in the seventies called “Yo, Claudio,” magnificent work based on the novel, with the same name, Robert Graves. In this episode, Messalina, Claudio’s unfaithful second wife, in the presence of the Roman ruling class, challenges a prostitute to fuck as many men as possible. The whore was chosen as the best and most competitive representative for the prostitutes guild of Rome. Stila was selected, nicknamed the Sicilian that in addition to her lovemaking skills, she rivaled sexual attractiveness with the emperor’s wife. The sex professional, justified because she did for money what her opponent did for pleasure, demanded to be duly paid, as it was. Needless to say, the winner was Messalina.

This story encouraged Suzy to put into practice a similar contest. It could be at the Virginia restaurant, on Sunday

night when it is closed to the public. She told Alberto who thought it was very well, but this time they would require all participants to use condoms. The next day, Monday, Alberto joined his business dynamic throughout the week, and Suzy devoted herself to studying, reading and going out with her new friends. On Wednesday, they went to the VIP visit of the Canal, where the Brazilian had the opportunity to manage, at the command of the Chief of Operations, the floodgates of the Miraflores locks. In the end, they gave her the title of Honorary Operator of the Canal. On Thursday, she set up a Filet Brazil-style roundtable with her new friends. For this occasion, Caesar got them a handsome lad, about twenty years old. They performed it in the apartment; they undressed from waist to bottom, and the boy sucked their bucetas for more than two hours without any clothes. In the end, they moved the guest to the master bedroom all of them eat him. For him, it was a better party than for them, they had a great day. In fact, they left it as a recurring event to be repeated every Thursday while Suzy was with them, changing, as is mandatory, the lad and repeating if possible the final. The weekend Alberto and Suzy went to the islands of San Blas. It was one more honeymoon with the same passion of the first day and with more feeling than ever. They chose a cabin located on a small island of fewer than five hundred meters, full of coconut trees and a beautiful beach in all its surroundings. At a prudent distance from their room was another more humble hut in which a Kuna Indian couple lived. When they arrived, they both remained naked and did not dress until their return. From there they spotted other islands of varying sizes, though all small. Most of them completely uninhabited; one, a little bigger, was made up of a dozen independent cabins, that formed part of the same hotel

as its island. The temperature was tropical, with a powerful but endurable sun with the help of blocking creams and the hot Caribbean Sea water with little cooler streams. In the surroundings of the islands, you could get around by foot to some distance from the coast.

In some cases, you could get from one island to another without the water covering you. There was no electric light or any kind of communication with the outside world. The cabin had a nice suite-style design with well-made sugar cane furniture, a king-size bed, a boudoir and a terrace with two hammocks. Inside was a light bulb powered by a solar panel, just like in the bathroom. It was a luxury almost unattainable to be in that natural paradise, naked, without worrying about anything. They always fucked, swam, ran and played on different beaches... they looked like Adam and Eve.

For the meals, the service prepared different fish and shellfish on the fire, especially lobster and natural fruits in the mornings. Suzy frequently sucked his dick, licking it when he came into her mouth. Her decision not to try more semen than that of Alberto made it even more attractive. He also licked her buceta and repeatedly penetrated her, both in the buceta and her culo, on countless beaches, shores and the shade of coconut trees. After cumming, they were exhausted and slept in different places, which made them live both nights and days intermittently, without knowing the time or the day they were.

It is difficult to get lost in time in three days, but the passion, the wonderful environment and the force of nature made it possible, coming to touch closely what can be understood as happiness. During their stay, they did not converse about anything other than themselves. Suzy had infected Alberto

with the desire to be a parent. They did not talk about business or politics and philosophically only commented repeatedly the need for the current man to live nature. Water, sunshine and free naked bodies make life more positive; it is like a natural drug without contraindications. According to the Spaniard, the estrangement of man from nature and his overcrowding in the asphalt, without trees, nor animals, is the origin of many problems. In his opinion, you have to reconnect with the Earth without having to do away with progress and technology.

In one of the occasions during which the Brazilian was sucking Alberto's polla some Germans appeared with bathing suits; Alberto and Suzy didn't stop. The Germans took off their clothes and, copying them; the girl began to kiss the erected polla of the young German. Any other time Alberto and Suzy would have invited, surely successfully, the young invaders to join their party, but on this occasion, they only wanted each other. They wanted to enjoy every inch of their bodies, every breath, every second, loving each other physically and spiritually to the maximum of possibilities.

Monday arrived, and an angel in the form of an Indian Kuna came and transported them in a canoe out of paradise. At 13:00 hours, they were back in the apartment. Linet had cooked food; spaghetti carbonara and chicken battered and fried. Pedro and Adolfo who had to talk business with Alberto came to eat with them. After they left, Suzy was left alone in the apartment. She undressed and got into the jacuzzi on the terrace, with hot water, facing the bay. She gently stroke her clitoris while remembering the best moments lived in the archipelago of San Blas. She thought of the moment she was living, and in the hopeful future that awaited her, she dreamt of her possible pregnancy. She continued to masturbate with

the skill of an expert, getting in a few minutes a magnificent orgasm, she gently threw herself on the back of the tub and fell asleep. That night, before her boyfriend came to pick her up, she talked on the phone with her parents, she missed them and wanted to share her feelings and joys with them. She invited them to go to Madrid in the month of October; she liked their fast acceptance. Then she called Cynthia, and they left, along with Mauricio, arriving in Panama on Friday, August 26th on the Iberia plane. Another good news she told them about the Messalina-style contest she planned to develop on Sunday and the celebration of Alberto's birthday the following week, on Friday, September 2.

They went to dinner at El Cortijo, with a reservation together with Adolfo, Pedro and their girlfriends. They ate a kind of lobster salad and shrimp with Thermidor sauce, *arañitas*, which are the heads of small squid, battered and fried, and steaks of meat cut into strips; and for seconds or Plato Fuerte as it is said in the Caribbean zone, croaker with sauce accompanied by shellfish. To drink a Torremilanos reserve of Ribera del Duero. Adolfo, led by the marketing campaign of the French, wanted to order a Beaujolais, a young wine from the Paris area of low quality, but Alberto managed to convince him of the change. With Suzy's arrival, the girls were revolutionized, overexcited, loved her stories and even more, practicing her games. Both had already participated in the first roundtable and had enjoyed the selection of pictures of dicks they already had in their possession.

Maribel, Adolfo's girlfriend, had masturbated several times with her observation, especially with that of Charlie, of which the report included a dozen photos, almost all fully erect, in some of the whole body and only the genitals in others. In one

of the pictures, it was clearly seen the moment of ejaculation with the powerful expulsion of a squirt of sperm. Maribel had in her house, shared with her boyfriend, a projection screen of 1.8 meters high by 2.40 wide; in these proportions, the cock of the Englishman increased its already irresistible appeal. To make the game more morbid, she bought two vibrators shaped like a dick, one of large size. On one occasion, she was penetrating herself with both vibrators, Adolfo accompanied by a friend entered the apartment, and found her in full excitement. Despite the surprise, Maribel decided to continue as if there were no one and they were staring. In the end, she savored their dicks and ended up being fucked by Adolfo, while eating the friend's polla. She had no thought of saying this at dinner, but after Suzy explained the next game of Messalina, her boyfriend was encouraged, and without her permission, he related it with all the details.

Pedro proposed that after dinner the girls would undress and sit at the end of the small room to masturbate, while they drank their drinks. After the girls came, at Suzy's request, they extracted their dicks from their flies without taking off any clothes, and the girls masturbated them, so they ended with semen spread through their naked bodies. Then the men sat down to continue with their whiskeys, and the girls masturbated again, in their presence, with their bodies sprinkled with the mixed semen of the three. They finished the night at the *Next Disco*, on Balboa Avenue, very close to the apartment where the Spanish and the Brazilian returned by foot.

The next day they all went to the internal airport of Albrook to take a helicopter that would fly them to the Atlantic coast, with the purpose of seeing a land with beach front near Cocolé to study its purchase.

The grounds were inaccessible by road, the easiest way to get there was by boat, but this could take several hours. This investment had nothing to do with the real estate business. It responded rather to the whim of Alberto, shared with Adolfo and Pedro to put a large farm in the Caribbean, which once roads arrived they could mount a resort.

The specific purchase option that went to study was not adequate, it was smaller than what was offered, had no possibility of extension to the mountain, the beach was clearly inferior, and the water of a stagnant river clouded the water of the sea. However, other areas of interest were spotted from above. At dusk, they landed on one of the beaches, got off the helicopter and nude bathed in the Atlantic waters. On the shore and paired as couples, they fucked alternating different postures and licking and kissing all parts of their salty tasting body. That day, they had only eaten snacks and beer; hence, the dinner that the crew prepared was well received. The dinner consisted of cold seafood, salads and a wonderful wine Vega Sicilia of Ribera del Duero, possibly one of the best wines in the world. To finish, they had Johnnie Walker Blue Label Whisky.

They remained naked conversing. Suzy talked about Charlie, his magnificent polla and his bisexuality. Now he was involved simultaneously with a fellow Hindu from the university, who had a polla of similar dimensions to his, with which he spent his life sucking pollas and fucking him in the ass; and Catherine, with whom he had an almost dating relationship and with which he used to fuck almost daily. Sometimes the three of them joined together and made a trio. At other times they would walk, go to the theater or the cinema.



Maribel talked about how Adolfo had asked her to marry him on February 14th, Valentine's Day. In December, her boyfriend accompanied her to one of the best and most expensive jewelry stores in Panama and asked what ring she liked the most. She, excited, chose one with a large stone waiting for him to give it to her and ask for her marriage. He simply observed it, said it was very beautiful and, leaving her confused and saddened, they left the premises. Days later, Maribel told Pedro her disappointment and sadness for this fact, but against Adolfo's continued acts of affection, it was forgotten. The week before Valentine's Day the couple made a pleasant journey through the Caribbean so that they reached the 14th of February fully convinced of their love. The night of Valentine Adolfo went to pick Maribel up on a motorbike. When he arrived, she gave him two gifts and a love card. He, with enough cold blood, told her 'forgive me my love, but with all the accumulated work of these days, I have not even had time to buy a card, so on the way to the restaurant, we will stop, and I will buy you a card and there, I will write it. 'She refrained and just asked him if he had booked a reservation somewhere, since that day it was hard to find a table in any restaurant, to which he replied no, but that they would find something.

Maribel, happy with her recent trip, took a deep calming breath and just told him that she would have liked to celebrate that night at the new Intercontinental that had recently opened in the Canal area. Adolfo took his girlfriend for a ride to the Marina, and at one point he said 'let's go to that yacht.' She remained reluctant while he entered a boat much larger and more luxurious than his, where the crew and waiters with a magnificent table perfectly set for the occasion was awaiting.

Maribel almost collapsed from the excitement, and the first tears escaped.

They dined extraordinarily prawns and lobster with garlic. They left the harbor following the moon's wake. During dessert, Adolfo told her to be attentive, at that moment on the coast began a spectacular fireworks session. Maribel could not believe it, and in the end, in a set of fixed fires you could read "Maribel, I love you, Marry me." The end could not be better. Then Adolfo handed her a wrapped box, within which there was a tortoise inside which contained the ring that two months ago she had desired with all her soul in the jewelry store. After arriving at the port, they went to the new Intercontinental Hotel in the Canal, Adolfo had in his possession the key to the room where, with the conspiracy of the domestic service, Maribel already had her luggage.

After some more stories, and of the magnificently well-told jokes of Pedro, they bathed again in the sea, with the water somewhat more temperate and when they got out, they fucked again, exchanging couples and using condoms. After having a little more whiskey, they returned to the city. That night the three couples went to Alberto's apartment; upon arrival, they entered the jacuzzi on the terrace and began to listen to Brazilian music. So, serenely, they waited for the sunrise, around six o'clock in the morning, when the different couples each went to their room to rest and sleep. About twelve in the morning, they woke up, and Linet prepared for them an appetizing breakfast with juices, fruits, toasts, varied pastries, ham and cheese tortillas and sausages with bacon, with abundant coffee. In the end, they all left except Suzy and Maribel, who stayed listening to music, this time salsa, and bachata.

The Panamanian loved the erotic stories of the Brazilian and as they say in Panama, "contándose las cuentas", they spent hours before they both got into the jacuzzi on the terrace. As expected, after the excitement of the stories, both masturbated in hot water as they observed the Bay of the city and the tail of boats waiting their turn to enter the Canal. In the end, both were helped by large, cock-shaped vibrators. Later, the two friends went to one of the cinemas that are practically located under the apartment, they chose to see the film Munich that was projected in one of the VIP rooms where the seats are ample and recline, until being almost in horizontal position and where there is waiter services to consume drinks and even food. They ordered Diet Coke and "Buffalo wings" chicken breasts with hot sauce.

Taking advantage that Adolfo had to take a 48-hour trip to Costa Rica, Maribel stayed in the apartment that night. Upon arriving, Alberto was waiting with champagne with several bottles of Dom Perignon and a few cans of authentic Russian caviar and French foie. They consumed it slowly while they saw a debate on TVE, called "59 seconds," on the Statute of Cataluña.

When it ended, they changed the channel to pornography. Suzy and Maribel began to suck Alberto's polla until he came. All naked, they moved to the bedroom, where at first the Spaniard alternatively sucked and kiss the bucetas of both, wetting them with a soft drizzle of champagne. Then he fucked Maribel on the bed while still sucking the Suzy's buceta. In the end, he came in the buceta of the Brazilian while licking Maribel's pussy. At a prudent hour, they were all asleep in the same bed.

Early in the morning, life in Panama City begins between six and seven; the Spaniard went to work in offices that, for a

real estate business, had installed on 50 street in the building of the City Club.

The two new friends got up late, had breakfasted tropical fruits, juices and coffee. Browsing on cable TV, they found that on HBO, "Kinsey" had just started; the film referring to the life of the Sexological researcher with the same name, author of two famous reports on male and female sexual conduct, which Suzy had read. The Brazilian recognized the pioneering value of the American researcher, but did not have a good opinion of the report or its conclusions; she considered that it was not a representative study of the sexuality of the Americans, because it focused rather on exceptional cases, although it did reveal certain and interesting realities. This time and without her remembering another similar example, she liked the film much more than his books, and it is not because the book was a rehearsal and the film was novel about the life of the scientist, but because the film allowed the understanding of conclusions closer to the reality than those expressed his work. They seem to have reappropriated their speeches. In a contrary sense and as a sample of what is addressed in the report and plays the film, the story was of a mature old man who went from having his dick flaccid to ejaculation in 10 seconds, who had had sex with his grandmother and the first homosexual experience was with his own father. In total, he had had sex with more than ten thousand people among men, women, and animals, having them perfectly counted as he mentions the exact number, and to climax he was an active pedophile.

For Suzy to take time with these cases and especially to focus the study on these unusual practices, it was more appropriate of a reality show of television junk than of scientific research. She knew that her sexual behavior and that of her environment,

which did not come close to the case narrated in the film, was exceptional. But knowing the behavior of the different groups and even an approximation to the quantification of the different practices, she liked the multiple studies that on sexual behavior made by Sigma Two, the first company that, according to her criteria, carried out research on sexuality with the rigor necessary to be able to represent with a maximum approximation the true reality.

After drinking some Coca-cola, they went down to the pool located in the social area of the building, which included a sauna and gym, as well as other communal services. They basked in the sun while Suzy read “Maktub” by Paulo Coelho, and Maribel “Estaciones de Paso” by Almudena Grandes. There were two pools, one for children and another of adults. This last divided into two parts, one was a jacuzzi of large size, about three meters of diameters, with very hot water, which connected with a small waterfall to the broader part, heating in this way the small one to the large continuously.

Maribel, when they went into the water, told her friend about the dinner so pleasant that, a few weeks ago, she had with a group of friends in a house on the beach, in the area of Coronado, based on grilled seafood and abundant white wine Albariño. That night, they ended up bathing at 2:00 in the morning at sea. In that area of the Pacific and at that time, the water is warm. That Thursday afternoon, they scheduled to play roundtable, the participants would arrive at 7 p.m.; half an hour before the new collaborator. During that time, they both went up to the apartment; they got naked in the jacuzzi on the terrace, where Linet brought them tuna and turkey sandwiches and plenty of water and ice, soon after they settled without dressing on the sofas of the room while

listening Classical music. At 8 p.m., a group of seven friends was sitting completely naked around the table with a young, tall, blond, muscular and *barbilampiño*, with a good erect dick, sucking their bucetas under the table. On this occasion, they decided not to follow the rules, and all the girls participated in the game without any referee. In short, they happily enjoyed the blow-job while gossiping, more or less morbid comics or arguing about any banal topics.

After two hours, cheerful and drunk, with their buceta in continuous discharge, they received the visit of eight boys similar to the one that sucked in between their legs with enthusiasm. Willing to fully enjoy themselves with a good orgy, they couldn't believe it. From the start, after ripping off their clothes, they sucked their hard stone-like dicks, initially wet with whiskey and then mixed with the continuous vaginal juice that they never stopped producing. Ivan, who was the one from under the table, could not get erected since while savoring those wonderful pussies, with no need to touch himself the slightest, he came at least four or five times. The girls sucked his flabby dick while the rest of the companions, after the putting on their respective condoms, sucked the consciously-drunk friends. Ivan continued to pass his genitals from mouth to mouth until he got the last erection which he used to cum properly in Maribel's ass.

At 11:30, they were fed up with alcohol and sex, so they ended the party, and they affectionately dismissed their erotic toys, and they all went in the Jacuzzi with hot water, where they stayed quietly talking, with classical music on the background and drinking plenty of water. In the morning, Alberto arrived, he got into the water, and they ate all of him, as compensation, because the visit of the boys was a gift from him for them.

He did not have a single centimeter of his body that was not sucked; they stuck their tongue in all his body parts. They passed it by his polla completely erect and testicles, his ass, ears, navel, armpit, back, and feet. In the end, he ejaculated in front of all of them, in the center of the jacuzzi in the water, spreading a large amount of semen. They kept talking and listening to music until they slowly all left except for the couple and Maribel, and at 5 a.m. they went to sleep.

At 10 a.m. Alberto had to get up for a meeting in his office, so his bed companions woke him by sucking his dick, whose semen was ingested in its entirety by Suzy. Then, they kept on sleeping. In the afternoon, Cynthia and Mauricio arrived on the Iberia plane, a visit that filled with enthusiasm the Brazilian and created great expectation in all the new Panamanian friends. The newcomers were greeted at the airport by the Spaniard and the Brazilian and moved quickly to the apartment to wash up and change clothes, as they had traveled in business, they were able to sleep a bit during the trip. The four friends took a bottle of champagne in the Jacuzzi while toasting for the reunion and for spending a few wonderful days together. In the water, calmly, they talked about many topics, especially the “*Carnaval de Río*,” which was almost ready and about to open, just in month or month and a half.

Later, they went to celebrate the arrival at the restaurant “El Cortijo,” where they had planned to meet up with Maribel, Adolfo, Pedro, and his girlfriend. There, in the same reservations as the previous occasion, the four girls repeated the play, and with the chairs against the wall after stripping, they masturbated in front of them, while they continued with their whiskeys and their Cohiba cigars. So that nothing was missing, they ended by retrieving their cocks without taking

off the guys clothes, the sucked alternatively until the men ejaculated on their breasts. During dinner, the newcomers told a fun episode they had the chance to see and even ended up participating. At the Plaza de Colón in Madrid, at the beginning of Genoa Street, there is a Botero sculpture surrounded by a small garden. The work of the Colombian artist represents a female worker, naked, large, several times the real size, made of metal. Three boys, about twenty years old, stripped and with their stiff pollas took turns simulating that they were fucking the statute, while other friends were filming the scene. Quickly a crowd formed around them, among them came three daring girls who had nothing to do with the show, who went up to the statue and, after taking off the clothes before the applause of the attendees, started to fuck with the protagonists of the story. Mauricio and Cynthia were encouraged, and without taking off their clothes, they threw a furtive fuck between the cars, in broad daylight. It was six in the afternoon in the middle of the summer. It all ended with the arrival of the police who invited the young exhibitionists to finish dressing and leave.

The next day in the morning, they all left to Adolfo's vacation home, where they joined a group of friends among whom was Caesar, Juan, and Ernesto, along with their girlfriends. In principle, they planned to perform the Messalina contest that Sunday in Caesar's restaurant, but since they had not had time to prepare it, they decided to postpone it until the following Sunday, so they stayed all weekend on the beach, practicing couples sex, resting, sunbathing naked and reading.

Suzy took some scattered hours to study assisted by her Laptop. They were there until Monday at noon. As they were getting up, they went to the pool where they had prepared a succulent and varied breakfast. They used to come in pairs,



some naked, some half-naked or with pajama parts, and they would get in the water first. When a certain group was gathered, around ten people, they moved to the beach where the lazier ones would incorporate later, and they spent the day until seven o'clock in the afternoon, after which they returned to the house. The beach was as if it were private, as it only had access from Adolfo's house and had no visibility from any point on the coast. It was more than 48 hours of couples orgy, everyone lived and communicated with ease, nothing was planned, but it came out as if they had planned it.

At times, the Brazilians used to talk among themselves, intermingling the business, friends and scarce information that came from Redenção. They felt exceptionally happy. Suzy with her savings was buying a farm a few miles from the city, with several lakes, pastures and enough infrastructure to keep at least 2,000 cows. This extension of land, of several million square meters, which in another country and for other use, can cost a lot of money. In the state of Pará, Brazil, it can be purchased for something around 100,000 dollars.

On Monday, at lunchtime, the Brazilians and their girlfriends arrived at the apartment where Linet was waiting for them with the food ready. It gave them little time to talk to each other because Alberto, who was going to accompany Mauricio, had an interview with the owner of a land near the North corridor, where you could build a large neighborhood for middle-class Panamanians, the land was 220 hectares. Alberto had thought of designing a mini-city there, in style and honor of Brasilia, and even thought of naming it that way. The Spaniard was completely against the prudishness of Spanish urbanists. He wanted to design neighborhoods with large avenues and spacious parks, and even would like to

donate one of the parcels to the church, to build a Cathedral in the center of the neighborhood in remembrance of the *Catedral Metropolitana de Nossa Senhora Aparecida* de Brasilia, an impressive almost futuristic design by the architect Oscar Niemeyer. The girls, once they were left alone in the apartment, went into the jacuzzi where they masturbated looking to the Bay of Panama with plentiful sun, with the long line of boats waiting to enter the Canal, and some beautiful birds with a high and majestic flight of the family of vultures that they call gallinazos, that despite their beauty they are infamous with the locals. Suzy tried to fantasize with countless erotic experiences lived, but ended up comforting and anchoring her mind in Alberto with whom she orgasms as if he had been inside her body. After they moved to the salon to prepare Alberto's birthday, for whom among other surprises, was the arrival of friends from Spain. Suzy to the unbelief of Cynthia told her that she might be pregnant...

THE END



This second edition of *Suzy*, consists of 500 copies and finished printing in the month of August 2020 in graphic workshops of Editora Manatí, Santo Domingo Dominican Republic.

A flea obsessed with human sex travels around the world in the genitals of the main characters of this novel, from where she narrates their intense sexual life. Soon she notices Suzy, a young Brazilian girl eager for sexual experiences ... until she meets Alberto

"Assuming my party wasn't over, I left the boys sexually exhausted, falling asleep with a nice smile on their faces, with the feeling of having done the homework, and headed to the control area"

"These days (Rio de Janeiro carnival) people do not have the will to commit, ambiguous behaviors occur, sexuality is a celebration, there is a popular Brazilian saying that 'During carnival no one belongs to anyone', an orgasm is more important than money, it is the best way to forget everything and it is priceless as immediate gratification"

"It is usual that under the table the hands of some rest on their lover's erogenous zones, in many cases without any manipulation, in other with soft touches, and in other they go ahead and masturbate"

"After the usual whiskeys, Elizabeth made the distribution of rooms in a discretionary way, mixing people according to her whim. Although she wanted to try Charlie, she paired him up with Polaina"

"Suzy and Poli opened opposite doors of the living room, without clothes, with a red mask and very high heels of the same color. They entered the room advancing towards the table to go under it, before the astonished gaze of the participants"

"The girls conspired and when the men were savoring coffee, they appeared with shaving cream and razor blades in order to shave them entirely, except for the head hair"

