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PREFACE

Choosing to write these memoirs was easy, writing them has been very therapeutic and enjoyable. The journey taken over the years has been exhilarating, exciting and amazing.

I became interested in sex when young, guns when a little older while serving in the Royal Marines and revolution on my travels. Finding excitement and following dreams, I had while growing up in a small country village in middle England.

My motivation to write about the experiences is to excite the reader and convince people that spontaneity is the spice of life. With me it started with a trip to the city of Nottingham then to another bigger city, London, until eventually the bigger cities around the globe like Barcelona, Mexico city, Rio and Buenos Aries.

The book didn't take that long to write but the memories have lived inside me for years .The journey Paula and I experienced covered intense periods of time together in bizarre situations and epochs in history. The challenges I overcame while writing are all from within my own daring to expose my feelings and share sometimes unsavoury acts. The fear of bringing back unwanted memories and hurting some people is always in the back of my mind.

The journey of writing 'Sex, Guns & Revolution, has changed my thought process and I believe made me a more complete person. The situations and experiences are true and told as I remember them, Paula may have a different perspective on some of the stories.

Enjoy the odyssey, and the pilgrimages

In the beginning

Every story has a beginning, a middle and an end, this one starts in a small village named 'Lower Bagthorpe' set in central England. The year 1979

Britain was in an extreme frame of mind, in those last months before Margaret Thatcher won the May 1979 election. The government struggled with inflation, strikes and, increasingly, unemployment. Well-qualified professionals had been fleeing to America, while migrants from the Commonwealth had been arriving, to widespread hostility. Vandalism, football hooliganism and squatting were commonplace. Britain was a nation on the edge.

In 1976, punk had erupted in rebellion against everything from unemployment to the monarchy. The Sex Pistols' battle-cries "No Future", "Destroy" had something in common with their parents' generation, which had also despaired of politics. When Nancy died of a stab wound, Sid was charged with her murder. On 2 February 1979, as Britons wondered whether the gravediggers' strike meant bodies would have to be buried at sea, Sid Vicious died of a heroin overdose. Punk was becoming less about puke, more about purpose. You only have to listen to the relentless basslines that course through 1978 and 1979 post-punk tracks by the Clash, Public Image Limited, Joy Division, Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Slits, X-Ray Spex, Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire and The Jam to tell that this was a generation that was trying not just to rip everything up, but to start again.

As a sixteen year old teenager the only place local to Lower bagthorpe was the Grey Topper club, situated in another small village called Jacksdale around two miles away if you walked over the fields. Bands like The Stranglers, The Vibrators, UK Subs, The Members, The Ruts, Angelic Upstarts, Ultravox, Adam and the Ants, The Pretenders, Toyah, The Specials, Simple Minds all played there during 1979. Inevitably with punk, violence flared, culminating in the Angelic Upstarts riot gig that has gone down in Jacksdale folklore, and occasionally sad, true story of the Grey Topper, centred on its last rise and fall and pogo in 1979 Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders played the Topper and changed the lyrics of Stop Your Sobbing to 'Stop Your Gobbing', wonder if she ever reminisced about that weekend, when she took turns to dodge phlegm from a handful of scowling spiky-tops in Jacksdale? Even in the backwater villages around Nottinghamshire, punk's frantic wail could be heard from the run down clubs and dingy concert halls. The reeking old converted cinema, with its carpet and ceiling nicotine stained ceiling, was the centre of my life in those days leading up to my departure. The space was cramped, and in the warmer months, it got quite humid; during a show, the air was alive with volatile energy. Front and centre on stage were the queer, abrasive, punk rock Gods, guitars blaring, screaming at the top of their lungs. It was a brutal sort of heaven for a lad like me.

I remember the U.K. Subs played a few shows in the summer of 1979. One of those was at the Grey Topper, scheduled the night before I left for my journey. That night, the scene was typical. There was a lot of spitting at the band. Fist-fights broke out everywhere, even between sets. I strutted through the mosh pit, weaving in and out of the pogo dancers as Chris Harper belted out his vocals. He was pissed. I could feel it. I was pissed off too. I was ready to leave this shit hole town forever.

In the midst of the U.K. Subs set, my head near the stack of speakers, I got a friendly tap on the shoulder. I turned around to find it was a girl from school, Paula. She was a year younger but luscious. I can still see her now, all these years later.

Paula knew I was leaving town, and in that ear splitting moment, decided to give me a gift to show me how much she would miss seeing me. Paula dropped to her knees, eyes lowering as she unzipped my Jeans, and went to town.

What was I supposed to do? Right there, in front of the band and the sea of pogo punks, I closed my eyes and let her go. It was the best blowjob I'd had. That Night back home we spent the last night together as two sixteen year olds, "will you miss me when I'm in the Marines?" Yes Paula started to speak but the rest of the sentence was cut off by me gripping her gently by the back of the neck and bringing her mouth to mine. I devoured her mouth, her neck and shoulders with my mouth. My hands under her skirt slipping into her knickers within minutes of the first kiss. She'd see the hazy silver outline of me against the sheets next to her in bed. She couldn't risk losing what could be her only chance to be with me. And everything I was doing to her.

She willed her heart to slow, willed her breathing to settle. Opening her mouth, she touched my lips with her tongue. My kisses were deliberate and thorough and heat pooled where our mouths met and sunk through her until it settled deep in her stomach. My hands massaged her hips and thighs as they kissed and Paula pushed herself as close to me as she could. The cotton of her underwear pressed against the rough fabric and zipper of my jeans. She heard me gasp a little when she pushed her hips into mine.

"Sorry," she said quickly and moved back. "I didn't mean" "Paula never apologize for pressing any part of your body into my erection." "You're really going to give me lessons?" she asked, smiling into my lips. "Yes, but I fully expect you to give me a few lessons in return." Paula shook her head as she made her first forays into touching me back. She put her hands on my biceps and ran them up my arms to my shoulders. "What could I possibly teach you?" "You can teach me Paula. I plan on remembering this night for the rest of my life."

Inhaling slowly, Paula bent forward and wrapped her arms around my shoulders in an embrace. She couldn't believe this boy she'd been dreaming of since her days at school, her first class with him, was kissing her, touching her, saying he wanted to know everything about her.

"I'm not a very interesting subject," she said as I slipped a hand under her dark blue dress and stroked her pelvic bone. I was tall and muscular and I filled out my jeans perfectly. "What do you want to know?" "Tell me how you like to be touched. And where?" The knot in Paula's stomach tightened. Did I really expect her to tell me what to do?

Gently I rolled her so she was on her back underneath me. I shifted a little to the side and kissed her again long and slow while my hand roamed over her chest and neck. She shivered as my fingertips tickled her collarbone.

“Do you like have your breasts touched?” I asked as I slowly slid the straps of her dress down her shoulders the lights of the room were low but she still felt exposed as I pulled her dress down below her breasts. She closed her eyes as I ran my fingers delicately over her breasts. I grazed her nipples and she felt them harden with desire and need.

Paula started to say something but then I took one of her nipples in my mouth and sucked lightly on it. She arched beneath me, blinking from the shock of pleasure. I moved slowly from one breast to the other, kissing her nipples until her breasts felt full and swollen. It wasn't until she heard me laughing softly that Paula came back to herself again. “What?” she demanded. She raised her head and saw me grinning down at her. “Even your nipples have freckles.” Paula covered her face with her hand. “I curse you, my Irish mother,” she said, shaking her head. “Don't you dare? I've never seen more beautiful breasts in my life. I had no idea until you, that freckles could be that intoxicating.”

My hand roamed from her breasts down her stomach and slid beneath her dress again. This time my hand spent only a few seconds on her thighs and hips before coming to rest between her legs. With my thumb, I teased her clitoris as I made slow circles over her underwear. I touched for a long time. She thought she should stop me, do something for me, but it felt so wonderful she let me continue my attentions. Paula's heart raced and something wound tight in her stomach...tight...tighter... I increased the pressure of my touch and pushed into her. Her hips lifted off the bed and she came hard with a shuddering gasp. “Paula, you just had an orgasm,” I said as I pulled my hand away from her and kissed her under her ear.

Paula nodded and I reached down and slipped her shoes off her feet. I ran my hand up her bare legs and let them come to rest on the center of her stomach. She felt her stomach tighten and twist underneath the light pressure. I reached up and ran my hand through her hair.

“And though it was brittle cold and the wind was singing and winter snapped at her heels, she didn't run and she didn't want to. She never even noticed it was raining’.”

“That's from my poem,” she said. The poem, called “With Him” was one of her little bits of nonsense she'd showed me at school. “You memorized my poem?”

“I thought it was lovely. ‘Brittle’ cold instead of ‘bitter cold’ and the image of late autumn feeling like winter chasing after you like a wolf...it's a wonderful poem. Of course I memorized it.”

A knot formed in her throat and Paula leaned into me and wrapped her arms around my shoulders. I pulled her close and held her. I pulled back just enough to meet her eyes. We looked at each other for one single perfect moment before I brought my mouth to hers. Paula clung to me as we kissed. The room seemed to rock like a stormy sea underneath her. I was her ship and she knew as long as she held onto me, we would sail through.

Paula stiffened as I gathered the fabric of her dress in my hands and started to pull it up. “Please,” I said in a near whisper. “Let me see you. All of you.” Nodding, she said nothing. Only lifted her arms and let me pull her dress off her. I pressed her down onto her back and slid her underwear down her legs and

tossed the bit of white cotton aside. I gazed at her for a long time and she forced herself to say nothing as I looked at her.

My mouth was on hers again. Paula wrapped herself around me wanting to absorb all of my heat into her naked skin. Although I was still completely dressed and she wore nothing but her freckles, she found herself feeling surprisingly unselfconscious for the first time that night. Being naked with me seemed so natural.

As we kissed, Paula explored my back with her hands. I moved from her mouth to her neck and kissed my way to her breasts again. I lingered over her nipples for a moment before moving lower once more. I slipped a hand between her legs and pushed her thighs open.

“Johnny” she gasped as I dipped my head between her legs. “I’ll stop if you tell me to, Paula, but I’d prefer if you didn’t tell me to.”

Paula took a quick breath and said nothing else. Using my fingers, I opened her and took her clitoris gently between my lips. The sheets knotted in Paula’s nervous fingers as I made love to her with my mouth. It felt strange and wonderful and terrifying all at the same time.

“Are you even remotely enjoying this?” I asked, raising my head to smile at her. “I’m trying,” she said, unable to ease her death-grip on the sheets. “I’m sorry. I’m just nervous.” “Too much too soon?” She shook her head. “I don’t want us to stop. Please.”

I turned my head and dropped a quick kiss on top of her thigh before crawling up her body again. Paula gripped the fabric of my t-shirt and I took the hint. I pulled away from her just long enough to yank my shirt off and let it join her clothes on the floor. Reaching underneath her, I pulled the covers down and draped them over her body. Paula stared up at the ceiling as I unbuttoned jeans and stripped completely naked. I slid under the covers with her and stretched out again on top of her. She gasped a little from the pleasure of my warm bare chest pressing against her breasts. My hand roamed down her body and I slipped a single finger inside her.

I made slow circle inside her and Paula felt herself growing wetter the more I touched her. A second finger joined the first one and Paula instinctively opened her legs wider. “Any pain?” She shook her head. It felt tight now, but not painful. She felt like her body was tensing and trying to draw me deeper inside. She wanted me inside her...inside her body.

Curiosity got the better of her and Paula reached down and wrapped her hand around my erection. I flinched at her touch and she started to pull her hand back she was eager to try having it inside her again. She ran her fingers up and down me loving how hard I was, how smooth my skin was.

“Open your legs as wide as you can,” I said, touching the side of her face.

She complied, shifting underneath me and spreading her legs wide. I opened her with my fingers once more and pushed an inch inside. She lifted her hips and I pressed completely into her. Paula winced and her whole body tensed from the pain. Quickly and carefully, I pulled out of her. Turn over,” I instructed and Paula nervously rolled over onto her stomach.

“You’re on your stomach and I’m going to get this lube out, but please don’t worry. I’m not planning on sodomizing you. Not yet anyway,” I said and kissed the back of her shoulder.

"That is a comfort," she said as she pulled one of the pillows to her chest. While I was reaching into the draw. I pressed into her again and took her knee in my hand, pulling it up to her chest. She heard me opening the cap of the lube and she winced as she felt the ice cold liquid on his fingertips.

"I know," I said and laughed gently. "I'll try to warm you up as quickly as I can."

"I'm fine," she said, feeling awkward just lying there while I applied copious amounts of the cold liquid to her. I set the tube aside and slid two fingers inside her again. "I'm going to try to open you a little. Tell me if I hurt you."

Paula was too embarrassed to answer. She merely nodded as she hugged the pillow tighter to her chest. My fingers spread apart inside her. I turned them and spread them wider.

"Any pain?" "No," she whispered. "None."

She felt my hand turn again and this time she knew I was pushing a third finger into her. Her body rebelled at first not wanting to let it in. But she breathed through the discomfort and soon I had three fingers buried deep inside her.

"Johnny..." she breathed. "Yes?"

I pushed slowly into her, filling her inch by inch. She felt her muscle contracting around me again but no pain this time. "Better?" I asked. "Much." Slowly I started to move inside her. I pulled almost completely out before sliding back in. "Do you like it this way?" I asked, brushing her hair off her neck and caressing her back. "Yes" "I'm glad. This is my favorite position.

As I moved in her, I explored her body with my hands. She wasn't completely on her stomach. With her leg bent at the knee, I could reach around her and cup her breasts. I caressed her arms and side before reaching low and finding her clitoris again. The speed of my thrusts increased. She felt me shift and move completely on top of her. Both hands were now on either side of her head. Talking had stopped. Now all she heard was my ragged breaths mingling with hers.

She turned her head to the side and looked at my left hand as it gripped the sheets. She reached out and touched my hand, wrapping her fingers around my thumb. I moved my hand over hers and twined my fingers over and between hers. Looking at our interlocked hands, she decided that she'd never seen a more beautiful image in her life. She would write a poem about this. "Paula..." I breathed and she heard a tightness in my voice.

I kept thrusting. Paula closed her eyes and arched her back to take me even deeper into her. Pressure built in her stomach, her muscles tightened around me, and she came with a quiet shudder.

I pushed into her. She could feel that my muscles were taut as steel bars. She knew I was trying to be as careful with her as I could. A low groan escaped the back of my throat. I thrust into her one more time, my entire body seemed to tense and then I relaxed on top of her with a sigh. We lay in silence for a long time catching our breaths. I was still inside her. Our hands were still intertwined. Waking up in the morning the ringing in my ears continued as we said our goodbyes, I got the train and the ringing lasted well into my journey down to Exmouth. It was my first day at the commando training centre, Lympstone.

That would be the last time I would see Paula for another eighteen years when Visiting lower Bagthorpe after my second marriage had failed I parked the Ducati motorbike on my mother's drive way and made

my way to the 'Red lion' public house in bagthorpe. As I walked in I saw my mother smiling glad to see her returning prodigal son, dressed in motorbike leathers and looking a little worse for wear. As I stood chatting to Mum, a lady came up to me and introduced herself as Paula's mum, "Oh Hi" was my reply, asking how little Paula was? She was at home, back from a trip to Norway where she was dancing her mother told me. "Give her a call tomorrow" so I did.

My Exotic dancer.

Now, this was my dream girl. She wore her scarlet hair short, in a kind of punk cut that reminded me of old photos of Pat Benatar. The back of her head was shaved close to her scalp, and his palms itched to touch her there. She wore a ratty white Sex pistols T-shirt with the sleeves cut off to display the tattoos on her biceps, Rosie the Riveter on one arm, Bettie Page in lingerie on the other. I loved her arms. They were strong arms long and lovely, like a dancer's. And she had a dancer's body, small and lithe but also powerful. It still amazed me sometimes that this pixie of a woman, only twenty-five years old, had ended up a stripper. But there was no denying it, she was the best, though her attitude wasn't great and she had a massive chip on her shoulder. Paula took no shit from any man, especially me.

Paula told me she was not an ordinary dancer, there was me thinking she was a dancer in a west end show. Just to explain to those who've never been to a strip club before, as strippers they do stage or podiums plus private shows. Stages are topless, whilst private dances are full nude shows. Some clubs are non-touching and the rules are very strict, she must not give actual lap dances and needs to remain on a stage at all times. Every club, in different countries has different rules and expectations from their dancers. Meaning that customers should always ask before assuming it's a touching club. Paula tells me with this knowledge under my belt, how horrific it is when a customer pushes the boundaries. The worst part about your boundaries being pushed as a stripper, is no one actually cares. Yes security kick the person out and management ask if you're okay. But strippers are victims of sexual assault extremely often and society says it's their fault. When she first began stripping this one particular night she was making a great deal of money. High off the night's success, she had one last 10 minute show to finish off the night. Before she had a chance to get on the stage completely and explain the rules, a young man had fully grasped her pussy which she told me upset her immensely. Every stripper has horror stories, thankfully I've heard only had a couple. However I've heard traumatising stories from other girls, when they've had customers finger them, slap them, touch them, speak abusively & expose them to the unthinkable.

How society still thinks these outcomes are self-inflicted. All this talk, I needed to have sex with a stripper and the only place we had to go for sex was my mother's house. Once inside the house I took a step toward Paula and she raised her hand. I stopped in my tracks. "What do you want me to do, Paula?" I asked, my nervous hands clenching into fists. Paula didn't answer. Instead, she reached behind her back and unzipped her dress. Slowly she brushed the straps off her shoulders and it fell to the floor like quicksilver. Before me stood Paula completely naked. Under her dress she'd worn nothing. No panties, no bra...nothing. And now she stood in her high heels with her hair still perfectly styled and diamond earrings hanging from her pert little ears. "You have to keep your clothes on," she said. I just need it like that."

“Right. Sure. Anything,” I said. Slowly on feet I barely felt, I walked to her. I put my hands on her hips and brought my mouth down to hers. The kiss was slow and sweet and I couldn’t get enough of her pale pink lips. As we kissed I ran my hands up and down her sides. I was painfully hard and when Paula pressed her naked body against my hips, I knew she could feel how much I wanted her.

“Do all Nottingham girls wear nothing under their dresses?” I asked. I couldn’t believe this entire time she’d been running around with no underwear on. “Even thongs give you panty lines. Not something you want in a place like this.”

Paula reached between our bodies and unzipped my jeans. I groaned as her fingers found me and wrapped around me. “Go ahead and come,” she said stroking me. “Let’s get the first one out of the way so we can go slowly for the real thing.”

“Are you sure?” I asked. I knew my body. Even if I came right now, I’d be hard again in a minute or less. Especially with her. “Yes,” she said and pulled away from him. She laid down on the chaise lounge chair and motioned for me to join her.

I held myself over her as Paula stroked him. When I couldn’t take it anymore, she raised her hips and guided him inside her. As soon as felt her warm wet walls surrounding me, I came with a fierce spasm.

“Do everything you want to me,” Paula whispered against my lips. “Anything and everything. Don’t be shy. Don’t hold back. Everything.”

My body felt like somebody replaced my blood with petrol and thrown a match into me. Almost frantically I kissed her, kissed her lips, her neck, and then dropped my head to her breasts. I took one of her nipples into my mouth and sucked on it.

“Johnny,” she breathed as my hand found her other breast. Her breasts were small like a young girl’s but perfectly formed. I couldn’t stop touching them and kissing them. I pinched at her nipples, licked them, and teased them with my fingers and tongue. I knew I was being too rough with her but she wasn’t complaining. For some reason, the rougher I was, the more she seemed to like it.

She spread her legs wide and rested them open over each arm of the chair. “Touch me,” she begged. I didn’t have to ask her where. I sat up and put both hands between her legs. She was completely smooth and hairless between her legs. It gave me a better look at possibly the sexiest thing I’d ever seen in my life.

Carefully, not wanting to hurt her, I lightly opened her folds with my fingertips. I ran a finger up and down her and nearly groaned out loud at how wet she was, wet from her and wet from him, I knew wet was a very good sign. And I didn’t need anyone to tell me that her extremely swollen clitoris was a very good sign too. I put my finger gently on the tip of it.

Slowly I pushed my fingers into her. I pushed and kept pushing needing to go deep inside her body. “More, Johnny,” Paula begged and I pushed even deeper. “Now move your hand in me. Sort of in and out. Sort of in circles.” I did as I was told and was rewarded with Paula flinching and gasping in pleasure. It felt so good touching her inside. Without even asking if it was okay, I dipped my head and kissed her clitoris. Paula arched underneath and gasped my name.

I sucked lightly on the swollen knot of flesh and decided nothing, not champagne or anything on the face of the earth, could taste better than Paula's body.

"I need you, Johnny," Paula said. "Now." I pulled my fingers out of her and covered her nakedness with my body. "Are you sure this is okay? "What do I do?" I asked as Paula wrapped her hands around me.

"Fuck me," Paula said calmly. "As hard as you absolutely can." I nodded. "I can do that." Paula guided me inside her. I moaned as her hot wet body wrapped itself around me again. Her inner muscles squeezed me like a hand.

I started slow at first but Paula's petite hips goaded me on harder and faster. I held myself up on my hands and pushed into her over and over again. Underneath me Paula's body writhed like a cat in heat. She'd said to do it as hard as I could. With all my strength, I began pumping my hips into her, snapping them roughly against hers. She hadn't been kidding. The harder I thrust into her, the more she writhed and moaned and gasped. Paula ran her hands all over me, down my back, over my hips and thighs.

I gripped her hips and my fingers dug in. For some reason the act seemed to be what Paula needed. She arched back and came hard. Her climax ripped through her and into me. Her inside muscle twitched and spasmed all around me. I came hard inside her and collapsed on top of her. For a minutes we did nothing but catch our breaths. Finally I pulled back and sat up.

"Put your hand on the back of my neck while I do it. It feels better like that. "I did as instructed and once again Paula took me between her lips. Her lips...petal pink and incredibly soft they fluttered up and down on me. I didn't know if I could come again but that was fine. She could do that forever if she wanted. My hand involuntarily tightened on the back of her slim neck and Paula moaned with obvious pleasure. I didn't understand how grabbing the back of her neck made her feel better but who was I to argue with a beautiful girl groaning in my lap?

"You can come in my mouth, Johnny," she whispered, looking up at me as she stroked me with her hand. "It's okay. I like it."

"Could you do something else for me?"

"Anything," I said, relieved when she stood up. She took a few steps and toward the back of the chair and bent over it. She spread her high-heeled feet wide apart and arched her back. She turned her face to me and smiled at him over her shoulder. "Get the hint?" she asked.

"Got it," I said as I walked to her. She was incredible. I could see her wet red lips between her thighs. Standing behind her I slipped my fingers into her again and was gratified to feel her shudder. I took myself in my hand and pushed into her from behind. I gripped her hips and started thrusting.

"What happened to you?" I asked, noticing something that looked like welts on her lower back. He touched them gently with his fingertips.

"You really aren't Angelica, are you?" I asked, pushing in harder and deeper. "Disappointed in me?" I shook my head. "No." Careful of her welts, I caressed Paula's back as I moved in her until I exploded thinking about the whipping she had, wondering how much that sort of thing costs?

We settled in for a chat while lying in bed we Paula explained .There's always one woman who hates strippers because they 'steal' husbands. A perfect example of how strippers are always in the wrong.

Speaking in general strippers are making money, time is money so she has to hustle. If a stripper is taking time out of her shift to steal a husband, I'd be very surprised. Chances are the husband is drunk, with his mates and spending way more money than both of them agreed too.

Extras girls, so you've found yourself at a dive and there's a menu. Oh yes, a menu of dirty extras that you can buy along with your dance. You sit innocently at the stage, put your \$10 into her garter, now her pussy is 3 cm away from your face. This is why society does not believe strippers have the right to be traumatised. Because a small percentage of strippers ruin it for the rest of the girls. Everyone thinks they are promiscuous and slutty, and deserve what they get right? Personally I can't even deal with the level of ignorance that some people have.

Paula learnt very quickly in the industry that she has no rights. There is no justice served if I am wronged she had to find her own way to cope. For her this was all about being honest with herself, creating a work persona and not over working. If something happens at work that put her outside her comfort zone, she instantly acknowledge it and dealt with it afterwards. Ignoring things and pretending just makes a bigger problem. Although this is why so many strippers experience post-traumatic stress later in their lives.

It's so disappointing that in today's society people still don't care about the mental health of Exotic dancers. Who work in a legal industry, pay taxes and contribute back into society. Yet traumatised dancers are on the rise and our human rights are irrelevant. It is extremely alarming that this is happening all over the world.

I would always ask a girl about her rules at the start of the dance or before, she may tell me that mild touching is an extra 100 pounds, or that she must remain on the stage. Remember every girl has different rules and boundaries! I didn't want to be the perpetrator of traumatising another stripper!

Paula's parents raised her with a strict no drug tolerance and she never had any interest in drugs. At first it was a fun thing to do together and we shared coke together occasionally. Addictions and strippers go hand-in-hand. Not every dancer has a drug or alcohol dependence. I know hundreds of dancers addicted to money, shopping and keeping up appearances. Being a stripper is extremely draining and this is why she drank a lot. The drug allows her to relax and deal with things more rationally. Customers forget that the girls have lives outside of the clubs. Her total existence is not to role play fantasies.

The killer for majority of dancers is alcohol. They encouraged to drink it, customers are drinking it, the club is promoting it let's face it the odds aren't in dancers favour. Most customers offer to buy a drink, out of habit and it's usually accept.

Instead of buying a stripper a drink: A much more effective way for a customer to make a dancer happy is to give her the 5 pounds or 10 pounds, you would have spent on her drink as a tip for her time Some dancers are actually incapable of working without having a drink, as it's the only way they can do their job, drunk.

Finding a strip club that generally cares about the wellbeing of their dancers is very rare. This is why she travelled to new clubs and cities to work. She found working in her own city of Nottingham way to close to her personal life. As we met in a pub called the White Lion the following night I asked how she was then asked her the most common Question every exotic dancer is asked. Why do you do it? Stripping I mean.

Paula replied with, Working as a stripper can be exhausting, empowering, fun, frustrating and extremely draining. She told me she chose this industry after a friend told her how exciting the experience of making 2000 pounds in one night of dancing was. At the time she was planning a trip overseas and intended on only stripping until she had enough for her trip. But taking the step of becoming an exotic dancer it then becomes very addictive. The thought of working for 10 pounds an hour is something she can never do again.

Every stripper is in this industry for the money, like everyone else they work for money. Stripping is a profession where you must be aware that time is money. They create the illusion that they want to spend time with you and show you attention. It's extremely important that people respect the seriousness of the industry. Just because the sex industry is advertised in society as taboo, this doesn't make the job any less important than yours she tells me, as we get steadily drunk .

Another reason why she chose the profession is the flexibility. Choosing when you work and how often is something that she loved. Giving her the opportunity to travel to new cities and countries and work she had experiences of being unappreciated and patronised. As a stripper she follows the clubs rules but ultimately work for herself. This left her feeling independent and empowered. However it also attaches harsh self-critiquing. There are certainly highs and lows attached to the outcome of each night.

She also told me that she loved her job, it provided her with so many opportunities she never imagined achieving. However to do this for the money and flexibility. She sacrificed her future professional reputation and disappointed her family by choosing the sex industry. It's not all sunshine and rainbows, dancing is fucking hard work. Although she was addicted to the cash and couldn't at the time imagine my life without strip clubs.

The following night stood at the bar with my hand down the back of her dress, we decided on an adventure together. The plan was to ride my motorbike the Ducati 600, a no-frills motorcycle that can be described as a jack-of-all-trades, with excellent brakes and a comfortable riding position. It is hard to go wrong with a 3-time World Superbike winning chassis and Brembo Goldline brakes front and rear. Suspension is not adjustable but well set-up for sporty riding. The relatively soft seat does not sacrifice comfort despite the stiff suspension. The bike is slim and low, with ample leg room to suit a variety of sizes

This bike had all you need to go fast in corners...and literally nothing more. Not even a rev counter. No luxuries like a fuel gauge or a clock either, Aerodynamics? Forget about it. Very uncomfortable for the pillion rider over long distances and through mountains as Paula will attest to as she carried our only kit bag on her back for the two thousand miles down to Spain and back.

The Bike was happy to cruise comfortably up to around 80 mph, above 85 mph the engine sounds a little harsher but it can still belt up to 90 if need be. Suspension feels much planted, steering is light and very precise and the bike can cut through traffic like a pro, and the exhaust noise lets drivers know you are there, it is like being with a feisty, sexy, exuberant sweet heart who know what to do to make you happy. A very sexy, fun bike, and I was.

I wanted to know absolutely everything about Paula, what she had been up to for the last 18 years. What her skin smelled like after sex. What her mouth tasted like when I kissed it. What her favorite song

was, her favorite food, her favorite position. What she looked like when she was sleeping. What made her laugh, made her cry, made her come.

The night before leaving

Standing above me as I lay on the wooden floor wearing only her motorbike helmet and a Barcelona tee-shirt, Paula danced with a leg either side of me, "Please, Paula. I need this," I whispered as she opened her legs wide for me. I teased her clitoris with my fingertips and gently sucked on her nipples until they hardened in my warm mouth, I would never take her until her body was wet and ready for me.

When I entered her, she'd wrapped her legs around my lower back and clung to me with all her strength. Missionary wasn't one of her favorite positions and I far preferred her on her stomach, my hand in her short red hair, and with my chest to her back and my mouth to her ear.

As I thrust into her, she caressed my back with her hands and my shoulder with her lips. Exhausted from her exotic dance, Paula couldn't relax enough to come. It didn't matter. "Just come when you need to, Use me." She rocked her hips in that way that made me cum. I nodded and dug my hands into the soft skin of her thighs and thrust harder. Paula relaxed beneath me. I came with a quiet shudder and lingered inside her for a few minutes before pulling out. The next morning we packed a small backpack and set off on our odyssey of Football, sex, and revolution.

The Ride

Through France over the Pyrenees to Spain and back. Hotels hastily booked along with the Channel ferry crossing, we agreed on avoiding motorways with the exception of the initial and last miles to and from Calais. We were off on an unplanned and unexpected adventure day one saw us ride from Calais to Rouen. Rouen boasts an impressive Cathedral and is where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in May 1431. From Rouen, we headed to Le Mans for our first night's stop. Le Mans is probably best known for its 24-hour races, but the town itself is very beautiful with old and new parts. The old section is built up of narrow streets and alleyways with hidden bars tucked away and another impressive cathedral, Paula did enjoy the Odd Cathedral, as she was interested in the Baroque style many of the European cathedrals have baroque features, high altars, façades, and chapels. Baroque is a dynamic style, which incorporates flowing and undulating forms. There are many large churches, abbeys, and basilicas built in this style and we had to visit everyone on our pilgrimage.

After leaving Le Mans we headed 190 miles to Cognac via lunch in Saumur. I can't tell you much about Saumur other than it was very wet! Fortunately, the roads were fairly quiet and we were still able to make reasonable progress to Cognac the next day we rode from Cognac to Lourdes on the edge of the Pyrenees, stopping for lunch in the town of Bergerac. Bergerac is known for its cobbled streets and half-timbered buildings of its old town, which also has a statue of the man himself, Cyrano de Bergerac. It's a pretty little town and well worth a lunch stop.

Lourdes is the location where the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared in an apparition to a local peasant girl in 1858 and as a result, has become one of the world's most important sites of pilgrimage

and religious tourism. We had one night in Lourdes was extremely busy, and a great place to visit. We found a quaint little hotel for a night to remember Lourdes by!

I could barely breathe from the shock. Paula...naked...kneeling on the bed and grinning at me like the last eighteen years had been the setup to a bad joke, and finally, here she was to deliver the punchline.

I slid across the bed and took her into my arms. "You...what are you doing here?" I held her tight to my chest, stroked her hair, her back. "You sent me a postcard from Tierra del Fuego. I took her face in my hands. Her eyes shone green and her body molded into mine.

Then I took ownership of her mouth with a kiss so ferocious I knew her lips would be swollen for a day from it. I didn't care. If this is how she returned the favor of a single postcard...I wished I'd sent her a thousand of them. My hands roamed her body, sliding down her back, grasping her bottom, digging deep into her soft skin. The kiss she returned with equal ferocity as she reached between our bodies to open my jeans.

Weaving my fingers through her hair, I kissed her again. And again. I couldn't get enough of her mouth, the taste of her lips, the tease of her tongue against mine. "I can't believe you're here," I breathed into her ear and while there, bit her earlobe.

I asked a few innocent questions about, what she had been doing for the last few years, "Are you going to keep giving me the third degree, sir? Or are you going to beat me and fuck me like your life depended on it?"

Breathing in, I inhaled her scent, lilies, orchids, the subtle essence of every hothouse flower I could name graced her skin. She'd always seemed like a hothouse flower, something beautiful and wild yet thrived best in captivity. "Well, then..." She slid her hands over my bare shoulders and met my eyes. "Maybe we should stop wasting time."

She pushed his running shorts down and took my hard cock in her hands. Burying my mouth in the crook of her neck, I groaned as the hands I'd dreamed of for years did everything I remembered they could. With her slim, nimble fingers, she traced the length and width of me, gently caressed the sensitive underside, and cupped my testicles. I groaned with the shameless abandon of a submissive.

"You have to stop, or I'll come in your hands," I warned her.

"Oh, no. Not that. Anything but that." Paula pushed me onto my back, and I went willingly. She wrenched my shorts off and threw them against the wall with the flourish of a matador. Then she pushed my legs apart and kissed the inside of my ankle. She kissed the soft indentation right under my quad muscles before dipping her head and biting my inner thigh, hard. I winced. Paula only laughed.

My head fell back as she wrapped her lips around my cock and caressed it with her tongue. With torturously light licks and kisses, she focused her attention solely on the head. As erotic as it was, I needed more than just pleasure. I craved connection. I reached down and found her hand, twined our fingers together.

Real...she was real and warm and here, and God, she was sucking my cock like she missed me as much as I missed her. I knew I'd be fooling myself to believe that. Why she was here now, I didn't know, and I didn't care. All I could do was let go and enjoy it.

I let go. With a soft cry and spurt after spurt of come, I filled her mouth. Her throat moved as she swallowed every drop I gave her. When it was done, Paula sat up on her knees and licked her lips. I took her in my arms and pulled her onto me, laying her against my chest.

"I still can't believe you're here." "I'm here." She smiled blissfully, a little drunkenly. "For now." "I laughed softly. "Here I thought you were the world's greatest submissive. Turns out, you're the world's greatest actress." "I really am a terrible submissive. I submit when I want to, not when someone wants me to. Which is fine, it's more fun to punish me when I deserve it."

"You always deserve it." She turned her face up to mine, grinned, and I kissed her, tasting myself on her lips. The mix of my salt and her sweetness set my blood to boiling again. Pushing her onto her back, I pinned her wrists to the bed. I dipped my head and lightly sucked on each nipple before kissing my way back to the hollow of her throat.

I dragged her from the bed by her wrists and left her standing at the footboard. "Kneel," I ordered, and she went down onto her knees. I drank in the sight of her, of this woman I'd longed for day and night for so long. She knelt at the foot of the bed, her back a blank canvas waiting to be painted with welts. From the backpack under the bed I pulled out the tools.

"Hands on the top rail." Paula reached up and grasped the top of the metal footboard. I stood behind her as I handcuffed her wrists to the railing. "I have very fond memories," I told her as I pushed her hair off her back. I knelt behind her and kissed the back of her neck and her shoulders. I ran my hand down her side and across her stomach.

I turned my head and bit her, hard, in the center of her back. She flinched and released a gasp of pain. "Just marking my target," I whispered in her ear before standing up and grabbing a stiff riding crop from the backpack.

I counted in my head a full sixty seconds before striking her the first time. She flinched, and the metal of the handcuffs rattled against the metal of the footboard. Music to my ears.

A welt six inches long and the color of fire burned across her pale skin. I struck her again, then again. A fourth time, then a fifth...At ten, she finally broke and cried out. At twelve, I stopped. I dropped to my knees behind her and pressed my chest to her burning back.

"Did you enjoy that?" I said into her hair. "Hurt like hell. I loved it." I reached up and unlocked the cuffs. I didn't want to waste a single second with her. I lifted her off the floor and carried her to the bed. Just to hear that laugh again, I tossed her unceremoniously across the covers. As she was laughing, I grasped her ankles and dragged her hips to the edge of the bed.

No more laughing now. I went down on my knees for her, spreading her thighs wide and opening her with my fingers. My lips sought her clitoris, and I sucked lightly on it. Her back arched. She pressed harder into my mouth. No woman I'd ever been with tasted quite like her...so sweet and tart at the same time, the scent of her more potent than any drug.

She moaned as I pushed my tongue into her. For the rest of my life, I'd remember the feel of her heels digging into my back and the warmth of her thighs against my face. Still, I couldn't wait any longer. I had to be inside her.

I stood up and lifted her legs over my shoulders as I pushed into her. I wanted to go slow, to savor every second of her. But I couldn't hold back. I thrust into her, hard and deep, savoring the sound of her cry of pleasure.

Paula stretched her arms out to each side, and her head fell back in a posture of utter surrender. I slid my hand up her body and took her gently by the throat. Her pulse beat hard under my fingers as I thrust into her again and again.

My fingertips found her clitoris and gently teased it. She responded just as I knew she would, as I remembered she would, grasping at the sheets with desperate fingers, hips lifting, her whole body going stiff for a brief eternity before her inner muscles began to spasm, clamping so hard around me they nearly pushed me out of her.

As Paula relaxed under me, I only thrust harder, deeper. I held off as long as I could, not wanting to let go of this moment. She was mine, if only for now. She was mine, if only while she was under me. I wanted to mark her, write "Mine" all over her body. Since I couldn't, I did the next best thing. I pulled out of her and straddled her hips with my knees. When our eyes locked, I finally came on her stomach.

As the tension slowly drained out of me, I collapsed on top of Paula and gathered her to me. I sighed and closed my eyes as she lightly scratched my back. I squeezed my eyes shut tighter and tried to imprint this perfect moment into my mind forever. During the ride the next day that sex was all I could think about. From Lourdes we headed south over the Pyrenees and onto Jaca for our first night on Spanish soil. The route between the two was fantastic! The following Cols, Tourmalet, Soular and D'Aubisque Jaca was a great little town with lots of bars and restaurants and a very impressive castle.

Leaving Jaca we picked up the N260 and headed for Andorra. I've heard many tales of what an amazing road the N260 is and I have to say, it didn't disappoint. Fast sweeping open bends led to narrower twisty sections and passed through small Spanish towns. It certainly was a road to remember Paula will as she couldn't feel her legs afterwards. Traveling by motorcycle, our body adopts postures that can be uncomfortable after hours and kilometers of road.

Andorra is a great town nestled in the Pyrenees and is its own 'principality'. It can get very busy and is very 'towny'. We stayed in a lovely city centre hotel with garaged parking for a night. We initially retraced our route after leaving Andorra to enjoy some more of the N260 and the C38 before passing over the French border onto the D115 and finally the D900 to Saint-Cyprian on the Mediterranean coast just south of Perpignan.

We rode down the coast into Barcelona as it was getting late in the afternoon, so we arrived in the city during rush hour, just my luck. Got lost but ended up purely by chance on the pedestrian road called La Rambla or Las Rambles either way I rode down the road on a yellow Ducati monster with a stripper sat on the back.

Parking the bike up next to a tree opposite a small hotel we found ourselves a room overlooking the boulevard and my bike, looking at the bike I saw the key was still in the ignition, so had to rush down

and recover before someone took our transport. The Ramblers has some shady characters hanging around. Although the Ramblas has excellent access to the heart of the city it is worth remembering that accommodation on the Ramblas you must be prepared for noise. Ramblas is be busy until 3 am and later as the stripper and I found out that night.

While she watched the girls out on the street, Paula ordered me to go and get her a girl from the street, which I did without any hesitation, bringing a beautiful Spanish girl back to the room. As I started to undress the girl Paula worked her clitoris harder and faster, desperate for release. She'd kill to get fucked right now she said , as quietly as she could, she pushed her panties down her thighs and raised a foot to the chair. With her left hand, she pushed three fingers deep inside herself, pressing the knuckles into her own g-spot, while her right hand continued to tease her clitoris. It took all her concentration to stay silent as she filled herself up with her own fingers. Paula winced. Low grunts, sounds almost like pain. She came. Her vagina contracted around her hand, her clitoris pulsed against her fingers, and her whole body shook and shuddered with the most intense orgasm. The girl was not wasted as afterwards I used her for my pleasure.

Las Ramblas can also be roughly divided into seedy and non-seedy areas. This distinction between seedy and non-seedy becomes a lot clearer during the night time when the southernmost end of the Ramblas becomes something of a red light district and is frequented by night women.

After a night on the tiles we had to visit the Sagrada Familia in Barcelona which is one of the most iconic and original buildings in city. And by all accounts it took some time to convince the pope to sponsor the building. But, once it was approved, the internationally acclaimed Catalan architect and visionary Antoni Gaudi began his enormous project in 1882; it's still unfinished and being constructed today. With its innovative architectural style, which combines gothic and Art-Nouveau elements, Sagrada Familia has taken a well-deserved place as one of the most extraordinary architectural marvels of all times. We travelled from Lower Bagthorpe to see the building, and is one of Barcelona's main sights. The Basilica is expected to be completed in 2026 the year of the centenary of Gaudi's death. Looked like a building sire to me but Paula loved it.

Camp Nou - the home of Barcelona FC.

The next day was our pilgrimage to the football stadium Camp Nou where after a world record \$19.5 million deal, Ronaldo the Brazilian maestro had arrived at a club that was very different to the all-conquering, much-heralded side of the present, Barcelona were a club grappling with their identity. It was to Porto manager Sir Bobby Robson, and little-known assistant Jose Mourinho, that Barca turned, and they backed their new coach with money. We had tickets for the game against Valencia that night in 1996, we sat in the magnificent stadium looking down on an amazing scene, and Ronaldo making his debut, the Spanish guy sitting next to me looked on in wonder. I asked why they paid so much for this guy. At the end of the game he turned to me and said "that's why my friend". Hat-trick scored by Ronaldo was a masterclass for Barcelona, at the Camp Nou. Barcelona's 3-2 victory was down to his hat-trick.

We watched from afar as our seats were high and far, far, away as he picked up the ball inside his own half, Ronaldo retained control despite a sneaky trip and a cynical shirt-pull from one opponent, before dragging the ball back and artfully darting away from another and accelerating towards goal. Exercising his expert ball control, the Brazilian then slips away from two more markers in the box, switching his weight and direction with all the dexterity of a hare in full flight, before spinning on his left standing leg and whipping the ball into the bottom of the corner. When I looked to Robson on the bench, he appears in shock, clasping his head in utter disbelief at what he has just witnessed, what a night to remember for myself and the Stripper. Now we look forward to our continued journey around South American and many famous football stadiums on the way.

The ride had taken 3 days to get to Barcelona and 22 hours to get back to Lower Bagthorpe, where I left Paula the 'dancer' who was going to Norway dancing 'naked' while I went to Abu Dhabi whoring for a few months. Our next journey was unplanned as we met up again for a trip to Mexico, this time by plane as the Ducati had been stolen two days after returning from Spain.

Head off to South America

I don't to this day remember why we picked Cancun to visit which by the way is one of the tourist capitals of Mexico but we did, it was supposed to have tremendous beach access to the Caribbean Sea where, American students visit during Spring Break to party hard. They just get wasted, skipping any cultural experiences to be had, pretty much the same as Paula and myself.

It was straightforward to get to our hotel from the airport. With the only transfer option from Cancun airport was a taxi. The taxi took us quickly to the hotel we had booked. Arriving late in the afternoon totally exhausted, Paula flopped on the bed and fell asleep instantly. As I walked past the end of the bed I noticed she was not wearing any underwear and gave me a perfect view of her perfectly proportioned pussy. The pussy of a stripper, perfectly trimmed peach. What an eyeful. I went outside to check out the area we had arrived at, when I returned. Paula lay on her back and propped her legs up on the wall. Her head draped off the edge of the bed so when I entered and saw her, crossing her legs at the ankles.

Time to re-ignite our passion

Paula straddled my hips and smiled down at me. She ran her hands down her stomach and started to lift the tee-shirt up. But before she bared her breasts, she pulled it back down again and gave me a wicked smile. Paula started unbuttoning my shirt. She went slowly, one button at a time and dropped a kiss on my chest and stomach as she revealed more and more of my lean, muscular body. She didn't stop with the shirt. She unbuttoned my jeans and freed my erection. Running her hand up and down my hard length, she grinned at me. "This I've missed." Paula teased the tip before wrapping her entire hand around me. "This has missed you too."

"Have you missed your stripper sucking your cock?" Paula asked as she flicked her tongue over me.

Paula grinned at me. Dirty talk in bed was my forte, not hers. I'd often whisper my lecherous intentions to her during foreplay while she panted and blushed. This might have been the first time she'd ever said "cock" in years, to me anyway! Paula put me in her mouth and sucked hard and deep. I gripped the

sheets as my hips lifted off the bed. She massaged my full length with her lips and plied me over and over again with her tongue. My breaths came hard and fast so she stopped and pulled up.

“Not so fast. No coming without me.” “A fair rule,” I said, my voice hoarse with need. Paula took a deep breath and rolled onto her back. I sat up next to her. “I await your orders,” I said. “Your order,” Paula said, as she slid her knickers down her legs, “is to do nothing but watch.”

Paula opened her legs wide and hooked her knee around my back. She slipped her hand between her legs, opened herself, and started playing with her clitoris. I loved watching her masturbate. And she loved pleasing me. My chest heaved and the sight of me so aroused goaded her on. Her clitoris swelled against her fingers and she felt herself growing wetter.

“Johnny” Paula said as she slid a finger into herself and smiled as my eyes went wide at the sight. After all these years, it did her heart good to know she could still shock me. “I think I need to fuck you. If you don’t mind.” “I won’t object to it.” I started to crawl onto her but she stopped me with a hand on my chest. “On your back. My turn to be on top,” she said

“I’ve heard of women like you,” I said, amused suspicion in my voice. “Are you a dominatrix?” I obediently lay on my back and Paula started to straddle my stomach. At the last moment she changed her mind and turned her back to me. The position called reverse cowgirl, positioned me at the wet entrance of her body and sunk down onto me. Sighing with bliss, Paula took all of me into her.

“Have I ever told you how much I love feeling your cock in me?” Paula asked. “Not in so many words,” I said, my voice breaking as she started rocking her hips. “It’s the best feeling in the world. I feel complete when you’re inside me, thrusting into Me.” she reached down and gently cupped my testicles while she moved her hips back and forth and into tight spirals. I panted underneath her. Now she understood why I preferred being on top during lovemaking. The power she felt made me gasp as she inflicted pleasure on me was well worth any embarrassment. Paula leaned forward and put her full weight onto her hands in front of her. She rocked her hips back and forth faster. I grabbed her hips and pulled her down hard onto me.

Paula came hard but quietly as I thrust up and into her. Still inside her, I rolled up and wrapped my arms around her and slipped my hands under her Tee-shirt. “What are you doing?” Paula demanded as she slowly caught her breath. “Touching your nipples,” I said. “Is that not allowed?”

“Your cock’s in me and I’m wet with your cum. anything’s allowed at this point.”

Last time you saw me you said you wanted to ‘Fuck me until I forgot my name, fuck me until I couldn’t walk, and fuck me until you’re cum dripped down my legs?’”

“You can kiss my clit until I come again. Just a suggestion.” “Would I be allowed to suck your nipples first and put two fingers inside you?”

“No.” “No?” “I want three fingers. At least.”

Paula let out a shocked laugh as I sunk onto my knees on the floor by the bed, grabbed her and yanked her hips to the edge of the mattress. It sat low enough to the ground that I could spread her legs, lean over her body, lift her Tee-shirt, and take a nipple into my mouth. “You have the most perfect breasts,”

I continued to sensually torture her breasts with my lips and tongue. I kissed my way down her stomach as I pinched and rolled her nipples between my dexterous fingers. I had slept with at least fifty women. They'd taught me well and now she reaped the benefits. My head pressed between her open thighs and took her clitoris between my lips. "Do you like tasting yourself in me?" Paula asked as my tongue pushed inside her.

"Very much," I said as I pulled my mouth from her and slipped two fingers into her. "I suppose it's a caveman male possessive instinct. It's my semen inside you and no one else's." "Your semen, your cock, your tongue, your fingers." "You're welcome to tattoo that on your inner thigh".

I spread my fingers apart inside her and Paula whimpered with the flash of pleasure mixed with pain. "You know what would really help here?" I asked. "Lube. Wish we'd packed it." Paula slipped her hand under the pillow. "Here"

As Paula laughed, applied the lubricant to her vagina. My whole hand fit inside her perfectly. "You are insatiable tonight, aren't you?"

I opened her up more as my fingers probed inside her. She flinched as my knuckles grazed her g-spot, gasped as I went deep enough she felt my fingertip against her cervix. I pushed a fourth finger into her, as my thumb made tight circles on her clitoris. Paula's heart raced. Her inner muscles tightened. She came hard around my hand buried deep inside her.

"Paula, I have to fuck you," "Please." "Fuck me till I forget my name," she said. "And yours. Whoever you are. "Laughing I stood up and put my knee on the bed beside her hip. I started to push inside her.

"Wait. Not like that," she said, stopping me. "How then? I will stand on my head and fuck you if you want me to." Paula reached down and found the lube again. She held it up and stared into my eyes without saying a word. "Are you sure?"

We'd never done anal before. I had done it, of course, but Paula had never worked up the nerve to try it with me. She knew I wanted to. There wasn't much in the bedroom that I didn't want to do. But tonight she wanted to show me with her body how much she wanted me. This seemed the perfect time to try. "Yes." I nodded and pulled shirt off as she rolled over onto her stomach.

"Don't tense," I warned, as I slipped two wet fingers into her. "Relax and tell me if it hurts." Paula nodded and closed her eyes. She felt me at the tight entrance of her body. As I pressed in slowly, thrusting gently. My fingers gripped the sheets by her face. She reached out and wrapped her hand around my thumb. Groaning softly, I twined my hand into hers and pushed in a little harder.

Carefully I pulled out of her. She tossed me her knickers and I used them to clean the lubricant off. Now completely naked, stretched out on top of her and kissed her mouth, teased her lips with my tongue, and held her so tightly to him she could scarcely breathe.

It wasn't too late for me to organize a flight out of Cancun, a direct flight to Mexico City for the next day. I couldn't get out of Cancun quick enough, and the two hour thirty minute flight to Mexico City was interesting. I ordered the hot meal option which consisted of an omelet with spinach and black beans, fresh fruit and a croissant. The omelet was a little bland, but the rest of the meal was good enough especially the black beans. The approach into the city is awesome as the plane drops into the bowl where the city lives. I get so close to the airplane window that my face is almost touching it. We're flying

over the city. I play at identifying the buildings: the World Trade Center, formerly known as the Hotel de México; the Torre Latino Americana in the distance, marking the border of the Centro Histórico.

It's very easy to idealize Mexico City. To paint it as a tourist destination for fans of Roberto Bolaño. To present its hippest neighborhoods as epitomes of a cosmopolitanism that hasn't turned its back on tradition. All that is complete bullshit. Aside from the three or four neighborhoods where the emerging middle class lives, Mexico City is essentially ugly. You have to embrace that ugliness, to find its charm without betraying it. You have to listen to Witold Gombrowicz, who praised the grimy immaturity of Buenos Aires, the vileness of the slums, over the brightly lit, pseudo-European boulevards.

Typical Mexico City is not the combination of blue and sienna of the Frida Kahlo house in Coyoacán but the unpainted gray and exposed rebar of the ocean of houses that spreads around Calzada Ignacio Zaragoza as you leave town headed for Puebla. Women can't dress the way they like or take public transportation without having their asses grabbed. There are zones of extreme poverty next to office buildings where the CEOs arrive in helicopters. There are daily protests because the government can't fathom why people are so intent on having decent jobs. There are whole neighborhoods that go without water for days. There are windy afternoons when a pungent stench of garbage blows in from the east. Every time it rains, the whole city floods and the storm drains spew shit. Every now and then a dismembered corpse appears in some sector of the city, or a body dangling from a bridge. There are human trafficking rings that hold captive dozens of teenagers and prostitute them with the connivance of the police. There are hundreds of cars filled with armed bodyguards who control the population by violence and with total impunity. There are millionaires, in some neighborhoods, who pay considerable bribes to the right public official in order to have the air traffic over the city rerouted so that the noise won't disturb them when they're watching American TV series in their homes.

The taxi took us to the Hotel Zócalo Central the location of this place can't be beat: Step outside and you're in the heart of Zócalo, the city's main square. Technically, you don't even have to go anywhere to be part of the action, the rooftop restaurant, Balcón Del Zócalo, has one of the best views of the square. After a day of crowded sightseeing, The Hotel Zócalo Central is ideal for a night of clubbing and drinking.

Bustling with life, this part of town boasts some of the nicest bars, many of which have gorgeous views of the city. Although these streets are well-trodden, many bars found here still manage to retain their authenticity.

We were looking for a swanky setting with a city vistas, so we headed to Miralto, which is found in the Torre Latino Americana, which looks out on the Zócalo. We ended up in the Cultubar Hostería La Bota bar absolutely drunk and ended up in a fight with some locals before the police arrived and we made an exit, stage door left.

The Revolution

Perhaps because it remained distinctively national and self-contained, claiming no universal validity and making no attempt to export its doctrines, the Mexican Revolution has remained globally anonymous compared with, Cuban revolutions. Yet, on any Richter scale of social seismology, the Cuban Revolution was a small affair compared with its Mexican counterpart. Both absolutely and relatively, more fought in Mexico, more died, more were affected by the fighting, and more was destroyed. Yet (in contrast to

Cuba) the outcome was highly ambivalent whether the Mexican Revolution was directed against a 'feudal' or 'bourgeois' regime, how the character of the revolutionary regime should be qualified, and thus whether the 'revolution' was a 'real' revolution at all.

Plaza Del Zócalo is the common name of the main square in central Mexico City as we walked into the vast space I spotted a group of people. Waving flags for the Sandinista National Liberation Front at a rally in one corner of the square, this corner shadowed by the enormous Mexican flag which flies high in the square daily. Seeing the 'Sandinista flag' brought back memories of a Clash album cover from our punk days. The Clash called it Sandinista!, but my friends and I simply referred to it as the Bible. It contained all music and all politics, at least that's how it appeared when I was 16 years old.

Taking its name from Nicaragua's left-wing rebel force, the album tackles subjects including US foreign policy, Vietnam, and Cold War tensions. Lyrics below from the track 'Washington bullets'

Oh! Mama, Mama look there!

Your children are playing in that street again

Don't you know what happened down there?

A youth of fourteen got shot down there

The Kokane guns of Jamdown Town

The killing clowns, the blood money men

Are shooting those Washington bullets again

As every cell in Chile will tell

The cries of the tortured men

Remember Allende, and the days before

Before the army came

Please remember Victor Jara

In the Santiago Stadium

Es verdad - those Washington Bullets again

And in the Bay of Pigs in 1961,

Havana fought the playboy in the Cuban sun,

For Castro is a colour,

Is a redder than red,

Those Washington bullets want Castro dead

For Castro is the colour...

...That will earn you a spray of lead

For the very first time ever
When they had a revolution in Nicaragua
There was no interference from America
Human rights in America
Well the people fought the leader
And up he flew...
With no Washington bullets what else could he do?
'N' if you can find a Afghan rebel
That the Moscow bullets missed
Ask him what he thinks of voting Communist...
...Ask the Dalai Lama in the hills of Tibet
How many monks did the Chinese get?
In a war-torn swamp stop any mercenary
'N' check the British bullets in his armoury
Que?
Sandinista!

In this one song alone, Washington Bullets, The Clash covered left-right imperialism with a brevity worthy of a Haiku. "As every cell in Chile will tell/ the cries of the tortured men, please remember Victor Jara/ In the Santiago Stadium." It took time back then but, in the months that followed, I found out who Victor Jara was and why the reference to the Santiago stadium. The notion that music can change our world is discussed and dismissed, but this album packed my bags and delivered me to a revolution in real time. Decades later, Nicaragua's Sandinista revolution is over, its leader Daniel Ortega clinging to power to avoid prosecution for alleged sexual abuse of his stepdaughter, alongside more recent charges of cold-blooded murder of peaceful protesters

In July 1961 a group of young, radicalized Nicaraguans inspired by the experience of Cuba founded a guerrilla organization, the Front de Libération Nationale, in order to take up arms against the Somoza regime. Later, one of its founding leaders added the epithet "Sandinista" to the organization's name making it the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional (Sandinista National Liberation Front, as of 1962. Initially, the FSLN focused on carrying out guerrilla actions in the mountains. But it was in the second half of the 1970s that the FSLN began to gain real political influence after activating urban groups, gaining the support of the middle-class, and even co-opting members of high society. In 1978, the intense repression unleashed by Somoza's National Guard, and the FSLN's capacity to create alliances. Thanks to this combination of factors, together with the social support they enjoyed among the poor urban youth, on 19 July 1979 the leaders of FSLN went out onto the streets of Managua to proclaim the Sandinista Revolution. The revolutionary process led by the FSLN had many objectives. At the

institutional level the revolution created a centralized state led by the FSLN, which, at the international level, became associated with Cuba and the Soviet Union, although it also maintained relations with other regimes in Latin America and Western Europe. However, the revolution soon also found a powerful enemy: the US administration led by Ronald Reagan, which designed and financed a campaign of political aggression (the counterrevolutionary war) to end the revolutionary experience that, as was claimed, could extend throughout the region. The counterrevolutionary war limited and changed many of the projects that the FSLN had initially planned. In 1990, after almost a decade of war and economic crisis, elections were held in the framework of liberal-democratic institutions created as a result of a constitution drawn up in 1987

Mexico contributed money to buy weapons for the FSLN and permitted its territory to be used for facilitating the flow of guerillas, weapons, and propaganda for the FSLN. In May 1979 Mexico broke diplomatic relations with Somoza. Lopez Portillo personally called for the overthrow of "that horrendous dictatorship," terminated all sale of petroleum products, recognized the "provisional revolutionary government of Nicaragua" then based in Costa Rica, and worked with Cuba and others to coordinate expanded practical help from many sources during the final military offensive in June and July 1979. . The stripper and I stand in that square, a lot of road has been travelled, but the existence of a real revolution in which people seized an opportunity to remake society offered a lifetime lesson in hope and perseverance. Now the popular revolutionary movement had passed into history. It survives only in the myths, murals and revolutionary rhetoric of modern Mexico.

Famous Mexican Bandits

The two most famous and powerful Revolutionaries in Mexico history were Emiliano Zapata and Francisco ('Pancho') Villa, who typified, in many respects, the main characteristics of the popular movement. Zapata led the villagers of Morelos in a crusade to recover the lands lost to the sugar estates, and from this objective he never swerved. Though city intellectuals later tagged along, writing his official communications and mouthing a bastard socialism, Zapata himself remained a man of the people, indifferent to formal ideologies, content with a traditional Catholicism, fiercely loyal to his Morelos followers, as they were to him. City politicians who attempted a dialogue with Zapata found him intractable, he was too cerrado, too closed, uncommunicative, dour, suspicious and alien to compromise. At home, in rural Morelos, Zapata cut the figure of a charro , a horse-loving, dashing, somewhat dandified countryman, who affected huge sombreros, tight silver-buttoned trousers, and shirts and scarves of pastel shades; a man who preferred to spend his time at cockfights, breaking horses, sipping beer in the plaza or fathering children. Underpinned by the mutual trust of leader and led, Zapata's forces, despite their inadequate arms he dominated the state of Morelos for years, repeatedly confounding superior conventional armies. But, though Zapata forged alliances with neighboring rebels, his horizons remained limited. When his troops occupied Mexico City late in 1914, Zapata slunk off to a seedy hotel near the station. Unlike Marlon Brando's Zapata in the Kazan classic, Viva Zapata! He never occupied the presidential chair; indeed, he never much wanted to. Its deep local roots provided both the strength and weakness of the Zapatista movement. It was just outside Mexico City, late in 1914, that Zapata and Pancho Villa, the great rebel chiefs of south and north, met for the first time: Zapata, slim, dark and dandified , Villa, 'tall, robust, with a complexion almost as florid as a German, wearing an English pith helmet, a heavy brown sweater, khaki leggings and heavy riding shoes'. Neither was very communicative: they eyed each other coyly 'like two country sweethearts'; and, when

Zapata, who liked his drink, ordered cognac, Villa, who did not take hard liquor, drank only to oblige, choked, and called for water. But they soon found out that they shared a common viewpoint, as they began running down the nominal leader of their revolution, the staid, elderly, ponderous and somewhat pedantic Venustiano Carranza.

Though their appearances were in marked contrast, and though their respective armies differed in important respects Villa's, recruited from the villages and cattle spreads of the north, was a more professional, mobile force, which had destroyed Huerta's Federal army in its dramatic descent on the capital, nevertheless, the two caudillos shared a common popular origin and popular appeal. Villa, a peasant's son driven to banditry, had become a devoted follower of Madero, and now robbed the rich and righted wrongs on a grand scale. He had no clear-cut agrarian cause, like Zapata; and his political grasp was no keener. But he had a knack for guerrilla fighting, and carried over his verve and charisma into the conventional campaigns of 1914, when the massed charges of the Villista cavalry shattered the Federals. With north and central Mexico in his palm, Villa ran unpopular landlords and bosses out of the country and distributed their property in careless fashion to friends and followers. He handed out free food to the poor and established free education. During its brief existence, Villa's regime bore the hallmark of a social bandit. Though his army grew and acquired many of the accoutrements of modern war—artillery, a hospital train, an efficient commissary, Villa, like Zapata, never lost touch with the common people who, in good times and bad, lent him their support. He still preferred popular pastimes, impromptu bullfights and all-night dances, after which Villa would arrive at the front 'with bloodshot eyes and an air of extreme lassitude'. Though he avoided hard liquor he womanised freely. And, though a general, he mixed readily with the rank and file, swapping jokes on the long, disorganised railway journeys which took his army and their camp-followers, like some huge folk migration, from the northern border down to Mexico City, Villa himself travelling in 'a red caboose with chintz curtains and... Photographs of showy ladies in theatrical poses tacked on the walls'. In battle Villa was always in the thick, urging on his men, rather than directing strategy from the rear.

If Villa and Zapata were the most powerful and famous revolutionary caudillos, there were many of similar type but lesser rank: indeed, the large rebel armies, like Villa's Division of the North, were conglomerates, formed of many units, each with an individual chief, and usually deriving from a common place of origin. Some were men of the mountains, backwoodsmen resentful of the growing power of officials, tax-collectors and recruiting sergeants; some were villagers from the valleys and lowlands, victims of agrarian dispossession. The Laguna district, a cotton- and rubber-producing region near Torreon in north-central Mexico, provided several such bands, most of whom affiliated to Villa's army for the major campaigns, while retaining a distinct, local identity.

Modern Day Bandits

Like anyone who had been to Mexico City in the 90s, I was fascinated by the seemingly endless sea of green and white Beetle taxis that seemed to keep the city running 24/7. While the rest of the world had moved on, Mexico City in particular seemed to be stuck in a Cuban-esque time warp of technology. No other city, or even country on the planet relied as much on the decade's old design of the "vocho," as it's affectionately known. With mounting pollution problems in the early 1990's the government would give the Beetle cabs their first official facelift. All cabs were now required to be green for the perception

of being much more environmentally friendly. They even went so far as to call the cabs "Ecological Taxis" despite the fact that Mexican built Beetles were still carbureted at that point and didn't even come with catalytic converters until 1991, and fuel injection two years later. Despite the "eco" paint jobs, the VW's were basically the same cars that had always been contributing to Mexico City's ever growing pollution problems. And unfortunately for the Beetle, there would be another problem that would threaten it's like anyone who had been to Mexico City in the 90s, I was fascinated by the seemingly endless sea of green and white Beetle taxis that seemed to keep the city running 24/7. While the rest of the world had moved on, Mexico City in particular seemed to be stuck in a Cuban-esque time warp of technology. No other city, or even country on the planet relied as much on the decade's old design of the "vocho," as it's affectionately known south of the border. For countless impoverished inhabitants of Mexico City, the Beetle was not just a convenience, but a necessity to move about a city riddled with congestion and a whopping 573 square miles in size. Walking great distances was out of the question, so the Beetle taxi quickly filled a niche of cheap, reliable public transportation on demand starting in the early 1970s. The vocho taxi would undergo many facelifts in its decade's long service.

Of course we went to visit The Pyramids of Teotihuacán the most famous Meso-American site near Mexico City. While no one knows who really built Teotihuacán, archaeologists are certain that the Aztecs began inhabiting the city in the 13th century. We Climbed the Temple of the Sun at Teotihuacan the enormous Pyramid of the Sun. It's the third largest pyramid in the world we were both fascinated by the Aztec culture and to take in the same views that the Aztecs had over 700 years ago was awesome.

D.H. Lawrence who was born in the next town to where the stripper and I were born, detested it. We loved it. It's probably safe to say that no one who has seen bullfighting comes away ambivalent about it.

I can stomach the blood and the inevitable death of the bull and the injury of the matador on the occasion we visited , on a Sunday afternoon at Plaza México, the largest bullring in the world, the one place to experience a centuries-old tradition. The Spanish brought bullfighting to Mexico when they arrived in the New World, and though the sport has become increasingly controversial in recent years Mexico city back in 1997 was one of the few places where such formality, pageantry, skill, and—yes, some would say— savagery can be witnessed for the price of a few pesos.

El Juli, byname of Julián López Escobar, (born October 3, 1982, Madrid, Spain), Spanish matador, who created a sensation in the bullfighting world at the end of the 20th century.

López. Because of his youth, was not allowed to compete in the main arenas of Spain, so at age 15 he went to Mexico to perform in the corridas there and gain experience. His work the day we saw him was booed as he was rubbish, He is known for his trademark caracol, or "snail," pass, in which he twirls his cape in a spiral fashion as the bull approaches.

In 1997 López became the only Spanish novillero (apprentice) in the long history of corridas at La Plaza in Mexico City, the largest bullring in the world, to register an indulto, in which the bull's life is spared because of the courageous nature of his performance, to me it looked like he had fucked up and missed as the sword vibrated as it stuck in the spine of the bull. Apparently the bull is then put out to stud. López received a booing from the 40,000 packed crowd as he walked out of the rink that day.

Mexican artist Frida Kahlo

In the former home of the celebrated Mexican artist Frida Kahlo, which is located in the Coyoacán borough of the City. Also known as "La Casa Azul" (The Blue House), this was a must for Paula where a visit to her home offered a glimpse into her life.

An inscription on the wall of the Casa Azul says that Frida and her husband Diego lived here from 1929 to 1954, Frida was born in this house in 1907 and lived here with her family until she married Diego Rivera in 1929. During the early years of their marriage they traveled extensively and lived in a few different places. Frida moved back to her family home in 1939 when she and Diego were divorced. Upon their remarriage a year later Diego joined her.

Another of Frida's paintings that is on display in her house museum is the portrait that she made of her father, Guillermo Kahlo. Guillermo who emigrated from Germany in 1891 and later became a much respected photographer specializing in Mexico's architectural treasures. He died in 1941 and Frida later painted this portrait of him, some ten years after his death.

During Frida and Diego's turbulent marriage, both of them had numerous affairs. They mostly tolerated these affairs, though reportedly Diego was much more accepting of Frida's involvements with other women than with men. Frida was very hurt when she discovered that Diego was having an affair with her younger sister Cristina. The clocks in the house represent the time Frida and Diego were apart. On the first clock Frida inscribed: "Se rompieron las horas. Septiembre 1939" ("the hours are broken") and on the second she wrote the place, date and time of their remarriage, "San Francisco California, 8 diciembre 40, a las once."

Frida spent so much time in bed due to her various physical ailments that she has two beds in the house, a day bed, which has a mirror on the canopy, and the bed in her bedroom where she would sleep at night that has a framed collection of butterflies that was given to her by Isamu Noguchi, a Japanese-American artist with whom she had an affair.

Frida requested that when she died her body be cremated. Her ashes rest here in her bedroom in a pre-Hispanic ceramic urn that is shaped like a frog. The frog is to symbolize her love for Diego Rivera who called himself "el sapo-rana" (the toad-frog).

Frida's studio is located in an addition to the house that was designed by Juan O'Gorman in 1944. The large windows let in plenty of natural light and allowed her to enjoy views of her garden. Her easel is said to have been a gift from Nelson Rockefeller. Afterwards we decided to start drinking and boy did we drink, so much in fact that I cannot even remember why I had this gun in my face.

You Are in Mexico now my Friend!

Fear made my chest seize. No sooner had the policeman spoken the words than the demons fell away. Coldness snapped over me, and my surroundings blurred. Blinking, uncertain what happened until I found myself standing in a dimly lit car park and instead of demons, there was only Death.

In general if someone points a gun at you, you know the reason. This Mexican policeman was taking his job a little too far in my opinion. I had been handcuffed and escorted from a downtown bar from a small

fracas with an American guy an hour previous to me now standing in front of this deranged officer of the law.

I've had guns pointed at me on numerous occasions from both cops and military people and did not attempt to wind up the person holding the weapon to my face, regardless of whether he was justified in drawing the weapon on me. He will fire if given a chance, he has backup with him in the car holding the stripper in the back seat, and I just do what he says as calmly as I can while staring down the barrel of the gun. Assess the situation. He was close enough to touch but doesn't seem to want to shoot, so comply and live to see another day, avoiding sudden movements. In that moment a part of your brain takes over that deprives you of the choice. People who are typically brave can easily run, and people who are normally timid may fight, but they don't choose one or the other any more than we choose our gender at birth or whether we are right or left handed.

He was close and clearly intended to shoot, my only option may be to fight. Grab the weapon and direct it away from myself. Get the weapon out of the hand of the cop. This, mind you, is the worst-case scenario. I will probably be shot. The gun means nothing in comparison to the person pointing it at you.

I needed to quickly read the situation, the emotions involved, state of mind, surroundings and things that may trigger a reaction. One cannot predict exactly what or how one should react unless he is there though I always wondered what I would do when first shot at, would I cower and beg for mercy or even shit myself with fear., the reaction of most is not aggressive, most react with confusion, It is difficult to take a handgun from someone who is pointing it at you without causing them to shoot you, It is possible but it takes training.

There are three reasons that will cause a person to reflexively pull the trigger a movement or shout, anything that startles the gun holder can cause a person to pull the trigger, grabbing can cause that person to pull the trigger. I have disarmed armed people with handguns, done so but people will instinctively jerk the weapon back so disarming has to be done by moving toward the person with the gun when you are already close. There is a generic technique with handguns that works with right or left handed, one or two-handed but the weapon will generally fire.

Point blank, is not what you think, point blank is almost always used to describe a gunshot fired from an extremely close range that's not quite close enough to be a contact shot, where the muzzle is actually touching my face.

Point blank is the range at which a given weapon, ammunition combination can be fired at the center or vital area of a given target and hit it without the shooter having to adjust the elevation of the weapon to account for the effect of gravity on the projectile's trajectory.

As soon as a projectile weapon, a gun is fired, gravity causes the bullet to start dropping immediately. Within point blank range, this drop is insignificant and imperceptible. Any more distance between the shooter and the target, though, and the drop has to be adjusted for, usually by aiming above the target. Point blank range will differ depending on the weapon type, the ammunition being used and the target being shot.

The origin of the phrase is a little murky. it was coined in France during the Late Middle Ages and is derived from the verb point and blanc, the French word for "white," and referred to the distance at

which a French archer could point the arrow directly at the center of a practice target which was usually white and hit it without adjusting for the arrow's drop.

Standing there in that deserted carpark all I could think about was, remember to remain calm. If clarity of thought was ever important, it will be now in the proceeding moments. First, every point following this one will be dependent upon me remaining calm. Incapable of higher thought if my brain is seized up with an 'oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck' cycle. Calmness begets calmness. If I panic, that in turn is going to panic the policeman with the gun to my head, who obviously felt in charge prior to me beginning to scream and convulse two feet away from him.

Remember, he has leveraged control of my physical movement by virtue of having a firearm, a psychological advantage in this situation if I stay calm. I will have the benefit of rationality, logic, rhetoric and persuasion, all of which I'm about to need in spades.

I establish eye contact with the policeman. It sounds simplistic, but looking into their eyes forces them to acknowledge, if only to themselves, your humanity in this situation. I didn't want this person uncontrollable, I did want him uncomfortable. Wanted him to start reconsidering the necessity of what he was doing and begin looking for an out.

There are usually very specific contexts in which you'd find yourself with a gun to your head, in a hostage situation, or at the inception of an arrest. The later as in my situation will require a different response, but they have a common denominator, the point of the encounter, in the vast majority of cases, is not to kill me, every second that passes is usually one passing in my favor when it comes to surviving the encounter.

So I'm not alone, I can see Paula looking through the back window of the police car. I'm going to have to live off of the shirt sleeve of common sense. The only thing is to talk to him as much as possible. Try to get him talking about something, especially what they believe in if they have some cause compelling them in the situation like money. Speaking in measured, even tones, and defer to their intelligence and passion. Identifying with them creates a social connection they will have to overcome if they are deciding whether or not to kill me. How much money do you want was my question to which he replied

"You are in Mexico now my friend" His words ringing through my head. No two gunpoint situations are alike, it was a very dynamic situations and my arse was collapsing, as I mumbled back "Tell it to the Marines"! Which was my reply to an unbelievable statement, it was an expression of contemptuous disbelief. Mexico's police forces are infamous for their corruption,

Nearly all arrested are beaten or hit during arrest, more choked. In nearly half of the cases, the person carrying out the arrest did not identify as a law enforcement official. The abusive behavior of Mexico's police forces is the result of multiple factors, including systematic impunity, lack of clarity and enforcement around regulations limiting police use of force, widespread corruption there is no official statistic for people killed by police every year in Mexico.

It's a good reminder that when you're going to Mexico, you might never know when the federales are going to pin a crime on you, and take you to jail. Since it took me more thirty hours to get out of jail for looking at a guy the wrong way, I thought it'd be a good idea to throw some tips together for the next time you wake up in a Mexican jail.

Are you guilty of the charges you were jailed on? Is there a body? If you can say "no" to either of these questions, you might have a good defense, that you didn't do it. There's also the high likelihood that you are in jail because you did break a law, which makes a lot of these tips more helpful, like People love a good bribing. It's also some age-old advice for the traveler in Mexico. Sure, a nice \$100 bill to the policía might get you out of jail for taking a piss on the road in a tequila-induced stupor. However, the worst part about the bribery game is that if it doesn't work, there's always the issue of bribery itself being a crime, thus increasing the chances of you being held in that Mexican jail.

This might be the worst part, because you're waking up in a Mexican jail, since you'll be needing an attorney who's up to the laws of Mexico. Call the consulate, they'll help you figure it out. Don't piss off anyone in the jail who's a member of a drug cartel. Those guys seem to have a thing for chopping off heads. Just keep that in mind. If you're visiting Mexico, you ought to know at least some Español to begin with, and if you're stuck in jail, now might be the time to learn it. When you're being asked to sign paperwork that's in Spanish, knowing what it says ought to be helpful. Don't get stabbed, this kind of goes without saying. I'm just trying to drive the point home that being stabbed is bad. Try to avoid getting stabbed.

As I walked into the police cells the first thing I saw was the big fat mustachioed policeman looking through his dark glasses at me from behind his corner desk, His feet on the desk looking pretty laid back. Cells with bars are becoming obsolete, although there are still a few old ones around. The bars are hardened, you're not getting through one with a hacksaw unless you have several blades and a lot of patience. A file in a cake? Yeah, you'll be filing away whenever a guard isn't looking for months to get through that. Classic cell formation

I have been handcuffed before. I have been to jail, and I did know that Mexico is notorious for its jail system. When I arrived at the jail, escorted to a jail cell where no amount of words would be adequate to describe the scene. It was worse than I ever could have imagined. One concrete bed for two men, one concrete toilet in the center, ants and spiders crawling over the walls, feces and urine staining the floor and bed, no lights and only a small window that let an outside street lamp light shine through. I was not offered a pillow or a blanket, nor was I given any water. I would not eat or drink for the next 24 hours. In short, I moved from hotel luxury to prison hell in six hours. My stripper would later tell me that the image of me being handcuffed to this imposing Mexican man and led away to an unknown place was indelibly burned into her mind. I know the last thing I heard entering the car were Paula's loud protests to the police.

After a few minutes orienting myself, I felt like a murderer, had no clue where Paula.. Except for weekenders in the drunk tank, most of the inmates were alleged narcotics violators. Under terms of the Mexican Napoleonic Code, any felony suspect caught red-handed, in flagrante delicto, can be held, interro-gated, and denied access to an attorney for three days. If, after six days, a magistrate concludes that evidence warrants a trial, and the maximum sentence of the alleged offense is more than two years, a suspect can be held up to a year before he is tried. Even if a suspect proves in an amparo court of grievance that his Mexican constitutional rights have been violated, the charges against him still stand. In January 1975 the Mexican government enacted a law that denied narcotics suspects any kind of release on bond. From the standpoint of us in the jail, Mexican law was a stacked deck.

The municipal jail was a bristling fortress. With heavy steel bars. It was no place for gringos. A khaki-uniformed officer gripped his carbine sling and squinted malevolently looking at me interested in the

barred door and corridor out of the cells. Too late, the Mexicans had learned to be careful. In the coffin-like cells of the jail, I waited for someone to come rescue me.

I then turned my attention to my cell mate. I struck up a conversation with him and learned a few facts I will not disclose the details of his alleged crime for his own safety. He is from Mexico and works as a personal trainer. The day he and I sat in the cell was his 26th birthday. He could speak English fairly well and he asked me what I did. I told him I was a Diver. He asked, "Deep Sea?" and I said yes. He said that his mother was a Christian, but he was not. When I asked him details of his alleged crime, he was very honest and transparent. It would be difficult even in this long narrative for me to articulate all that was said, but it is sufficient for you to know that before. The unbelievable sensation of kneeling in that filthy, insect infested jail cell in Mexico City beside this huge man that I had been handcuffed to only hours before

His crime story is all over the newspapers, radio and television in the city. Reporters came to interview him in the jail cell and snapped a few pictures with me sitting behind him on the one concrete bed. I don't understand Spanish but he later told me that he told the reporters that he now knows why he is in jail. The allegations against him are devastating to him and his family, but God intended for him to be in jail in order to be saved, he left before me!

. I've never tried to keep time without a watch, but I can assure it drags. It also gave me a new appreciation for people in jails and what it is like to feel like you are all alone in the world. They are very small and cramped. And you will be expected to live with another man in that cramped space. They were supposedly made for one person per cell, but they have never had anything less than 2 people in them. When I was in old Ibiza town, those cells were super small (about 5 x 7 ft.). This one was roughly the same size.

The older cells like this one, only had enough room for a sink and a small toilet at the back right behind the bottom bunk bed. I can't explain how small and cramped that space was for two big grown men. Just imagine living in half your bathroom with a grown, man that ain't never had a woman home train him. That's about it. There are two heavy metal bunks on one side. One on top of the other and pretty high up. Top bunk you would need to be able to jump like a fuckin' gazelle to get yourself up there. No step ladders available. The metal sink and toilet are all one piece. At the back of the cell on the back wall there is another "window." It, too, is about 4 inches wide. Maybe 3 ft. long sprayed black so I couldn't see out of it. After 30, sleepless hours, I was finally released after the stripper paid the cash and we got a taxi back to the hotel.

My Rewards

I peeled Paula's kit off her body until she stood naked in front of me.

Taking her by the wrist, I pulled her to the bed and she lay on her back. The stripper crossed her arms over her chest and stared up at the ceiling. I loved when she played martyr like this, played the innocent scared virgin to his wicked ravishing rake.

I grasped her ankle and yanked her to the side of the mattress. From underneath the bed I pulled out a suitcase and quickly unzipped it.

“Wicked girl...” I pulled a two-foot spreader bar and rope from the suitcase. You might have to be punished for that. I threw the rope and spreader bar down on the bed. Paula watched me with wary eyes as I unbuckled my belt and pulled it free of my jeans. “But-” she began and that’s all I let her get out.

“Butt exactly. Time for something blue.” With a snap of my fingers, I ordered her onto her stomach. With my belt I landed one...two...three...quick hard strikes on her bottom and a fourth across the back of her thighs. “Now if that doesn’t make you stop stressing about this city, I don’t know what will.”

“What city?” Paula asked as I threw the belt to the floor and rolled her onto her back. “What?” Paula giggled as I wrapped leather cuffs around her ankles.

Quickly I threaded the rope through Paula’s ankle cuffs and tied a knot to hold the rope taut. I cuffed her feet to each end of the spreader bar before hoisting her legs into the air. I loved her like this, tied up, immobile, her body belonging to me and me alone.

Dropping to my knees I gently licked her open folds. I tasted the sweetness of her desire for me and the sweat of her nervousness. My poor little girl. But Paula had a bad habit of trying to please everyone. Someday she’d understand she had no one to please but herself and me. And she pleased me every single day...

I pushed my tongue into her vagina to get her as wet as possible. I moved my mouth to her clitoris and sucked gently on it as I inserted my fingers into her and kneaded her g-spot. She bucked and moaned as I pushed in a third finger, then a fourth. She loved being penetrated, would even beg for it when I withheld it to punish her. But I couldn’t withhold myself from her today. In two hours we would be leaving. But what mattered now was to be joined physically, sexually...and the sooner, the better.

Paula’s breathing quickened as I pushed my fingers even deeper into her wet heat. Her muscles tightened around my hand. I kneaded her clitoris even harder with my tongue until her whole body went taut and she cried out, her fluid pouring from deep within her and over my face. By the time I got back to my feet, she already opened my jeans and freed my erection. I didn’t even let Paula catch her breath. I shoved myself into her hard and deep, thrusting without mercy or apology. I wanted her raw from sex when she walked down stairs to reception, every step reminding her of my desire for her. I kissed her calves, her ankles as I pumped my hips furiously against her. I’d been in Jail for three days. Now I had three-days of pent-up need within me. I thrust three times as hard, three times as long, and finally, when I came with my eyes shut tight, I poured three times the semen into her.

After catching my breath, I pulled out of Paula and cleaned myself off as she lay panting on the bed, her legs still up in the air tied to the spreader bar. I found Paula’s abandoned white panties and brought them back to the bed. I unhooked her ankles from the bar and rested them on his shoulders. Slowly I slid the satin panties down her legs and over her hips. “Don’t you dare take a shower between now and the sightseeing trip tomorrow,” I ordered as she removed her ankle cuffs and put all their supplies away in the suitcase and packed ready to leave. Paula rolled up and wrapped her arms around my shoulders. I held her close and tight and hated that I had to let her go now. “Yes, Johnny,” she whispered. I dipped my head and dropped slow kisses onto each nipple before kissing her lips.

Sight seeing

A Trip on the bus to see the sights with Paula still wearing the white cotton pants from yesterday we travelled to Tenochtitlán, ancient capital of the Aztec empire. Located at the site of modern Mexico City, it was founded c. 1325 in the marshes of Lake Texcoco the Aztec capital by the late 15th century. The Aztec people, also known as the Mexica, are said to have arrived in the spot that became Tenochtitlán in 1325. Over the next two centuries, they built up the city, constructing pyramids, temples, palaces and aqueducts. The empire conquered most of what's now central and southern Mexico, building up a long-distance trading network.

On May 22, 1521, Spanish forces and their Indigenous allies laid siege to the powerful Aztec capital of Tenochtitlán, where Mexico City now stands. The battle lasted nearly three months, ending with the fall of the Aztec Empire and Spain's consolidation of power in a large swath of North America.

The Spanish able to conquer Tenochtitlán thanks partly to alliances with Indigenous people whom the Aztecs had oppressed. These groups provided thousands of troops for the fight, joining 900 Spaniards. A key factor in the battle was the spread of smallpox in the city. At least half of the city's 300,000 residents probably died before the Spanish entered the city, leaving Aztec Emperor Cuauhtémoc with few troops with the strength left to fight. We had to visit the Museum of Anthropology which is the largest and most visited museum in the entire country, and so it should be. The exhibits and explanations are in English and the amount of historical hardware on display is almost mind-blowing. The Museum of Anthropology was the perfect place to end our tour of Mexico City's Aztec history. After visiting some of the different sites around the city and surrounding state, a trip to the Museum of Anthropology made a little bit more sense.

The next day we decided to travel down to, Acapulco, the beach resort town on Mexico's Pacific coast, which is set on a large bay backed by high-rises and the Sierra Madre del Sur Mountains. Made famous by the jet set in the 1950s and '60s, it's known for its high-energy nightlife, which is what we wanted after the jail incident. Maybe even from its iconic La Quebrada cliff, a dive from 40 m into a small ocean cove! But as we both woke I turned on the TV to see a hurricane had swept the resort belt along the Coast overnight with unexpected fury, unleashing flash floods and landslides and drenching Acapulco. A hundred people were reported dead, 40 of them in Acapulco.

The TV showed film of the poor suffering most, with homes, cars and streets washed away. In Acapulco, where the poor live in flimsy houses that cling to hillsides above the glittering beachfront hotels, torrents of muddy water plunged down the hills, dragging people under. The Tourists at the solidly built beach hotels were apparently unhurt, with minor damage reported but it didn't look like we should travel there today so it was plan 'B'. Without the internet in those days it was a case of me walking the streets to find a travel agency to book a flight out of the city. Two tickets in hand I made my way back to the hotel, passing by the Plaza Del Zócalo looking down on men and women sitting on the pavements holding hand written cardboard plaques denoting their willingness to work and in what capacity.

The words written in Spanish but it was not difficult to work out what trade the man was in by the few tools they had on display. I have seen this in many countries but not in these numbers, literally thousands of people asking for work. I thought poverty in Mexico was bad but it had nothing on our next

destination. From one revolution to another we departed Mexico and headed for Cuba just in time to see part of history unfold before our very eyes.

Flight to Cuba

Landing at the one towered airport Jose Martin international airport which opened in 1930 was like stepping back in time. The original name was Rancho Boyeros meaning “ Bull Drover Ranch” in Spanish This in reference to the land on which the airport was built owned by a family which served the town of Havana, this airport name changed after the revolution to the Jose Martin airport in reverence to the noted revolutionary philosopher and political theorist who died in 1895.

The one terminal building showed no frills and no shops, it was a bare bones baggage collection area followed by immigration procedures and away we went. The short taxi ride taking us to the hotel Riviera in Havana. Built in 1957, it is one of the biggest hotels to go up in Cuba during the 1950s. It has jealously guarded the style of the era when Havana’s nightlife was super exciting. The hotel is located directly beside the Caribbean Sea at the heart of Havana in the Vedado district of the city. This is one of the most important hotels in Cuba. It has incredible views of Havana bay.

The Revolution

On January 1, 1959, facing a popular revolution spearheaded by Fidel Castro’s 26th of July Movement, Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista flees the island nation. Amid celebration and chaos in the Cuban capitol of Havana. After Castro and a group of followers, including the South American revolutionary Che Guevara landed in Cuba to unseat the dictator Batista in December 1956, the U.S. continued to back Batista. Suspicious of what they believed to be Castro’s leftist ideology and worried that his ultimate goals might include attacks on the U.S.’s significant investments and property in Cuba, American officials were nearly unanimous in opposing his revolutionary movement.

Cuban support for Castro’s revolution, however, grew in the late 1950s, partially due to his charisma and nationalistic rhetoric, but also because of increasingly rampant corruption, greed, brutality and inefficiency within the Batista government. This reality forced the U.S. to slowly withdraw its support from Batista and begin a search in Cuba for an alternative to both the dictator and Castro; these efforts failed.

On January 1, 1959, Batista and a number of his supporters fled Cuba for the Dominican Republic. Tens of thousands of Cubans celebrated the end of the dictator’s regime. Castro’s supporters moved quickly to establish their power. Judge Manuel Urrutia was named as provisional president. Castro and his band of guerrilla fighters triumphantly entered Havana on January 7.

The U.S. attitude toward the new revolutionary government soon changed from cautiously suspicious to downright hostile. After Castro nationalized American-owned property, allied himself with the Communist Party and grew friendlier with the Soviet Union, America’s Cold War enemy, the US severed diplomatic and economic ties with Cuba and enacted a trade and travel embargo In April 1961, the U.S. launched the Bay of Pigs invasion, an unsuccessful attempt to remove Castro from power. Subsequent covert operations to overthrow Castro, failed and he went on to become one of the world’s longest-

ruling heads of state. As we arrived on the island very few Americans were there the people we met were from Europe and in particular Italy for some strange reason.

A Night out in Old Havana

Paula was not feeling well on that Friday night so I left her in the hotel and walked outside for a stroll along the seafront. It was early evening on the Malecon, Havana's beautiful seaside boulevard. The young miniskirted girls are out in the moist pink-blue air, tugging at the male tourists, flirting, offering to spend the night with men old enough to be their grandfathers in exchange for a six-pack of Coke, entry to a discotheque and a few US Dollars, a pretty but young 13-year-old bleached blond, personifies this city's return to the decadence that Fidel Castro's revolution was supposed to eliminate more than three decades ago.

She is barely 5 feet tall, weighs less than 100 pounds and is dressed in lemon hot pants and a black halter top. "What country are you from?" she asks me, tugging at my sleeve. Flirting in her childlike way, she tells me I'm handsome and intelligent. She wants to be with me!

She is not an aberration in the current phase of Mr. Castro's troubled revolution. She is an important handmaiden in the service of attracting desperately needed currency to her bankrupt country. She is one of the hundreds of pretty young Cuban girls and women who have turned Havana into an attractive fleshpot for foreign tourists like myself and the stripper.

During a two-hour stroll down the Malecon on that Friday night, I was propositioned around about 40 times by pimps and prostitutes Cuba has advantages over other fleshpots, such as Thailand's Bangkok and Manila in the Philippines. It is cheap, and the women themselves have an innocent quality. This girl has a carefree attitude about what she is doing. She is driven partly by the desire to obtain cash in a place where \$6 is a lot, but also by a desire just to have fun in a country that offers little entertainment outside places that are closed to her unless she is on the arm of a foreigner.

The financially hard-pressed Cuban government, has turned a blind eye to the prostitution in hopes the dollars the prostitutes earn will help overcome the island's worst economic crisis in this century. It encourages prostitution by requiring foreigners to have "a date" before entering state-owned discos.

At the Tasca disco in the Marina Hemingway resort, Im are told to pick a date from the young Cuban women outside. The women are prostitutes allowed into the guarded resort only for this purpose. A nearby store sells perfumes, lingerie and other wares that im are expected to buy for dates. The store is open until 4 a.m. ironically, the moral decay symbolized by burgeoning prostitution in Cuba has reincarnated another former enemy of the socialist state.

The girls confront a choice between the glittery worlds of hard currency against the drab world of the average Cuban. The hard-currency world of cars, tourist shops, restaurants, swanky discos and resorts is off-limits to 99 percent of the Cuban population. Pretty Cuban girls can break the barrier with a foreign tourist and briefly escape the harsh living conditions of her mother, who earns practically nothing and endures a monotonous diet of beans and rice. The government gets its reward as practically anything worth buying ,from jeans to shampoo can be found only in state-owned stores reserved for foreigners.

The following night Paula was back to her usual bubbly state, drinking in the atmosphere during the day before the night time adventure to the Club Tropicana.

The Tropicana

Our taxi heads down a broad, tree lined avenue into Miramar, Havana's most elegant district. We zip past stately villas, housing embassies and institutions, on our way to Cuba's, maybe even the world's, most famous nightclub- the Tropicana Havana.

Turning off the main road, our taxi slowly pulls into a lush tropical forest. The fluorescent light sign arching over the road lets us know we have arrived at the Tropicana. Our excitement builds as we circle around the sculpted Fountain of Muses, the club's symbol, festively lit by a rainbow of light.

Our driver comes to a stop in front of a line of people waiting outside the club. As we step out of the cab, we wish we were arriving in a nicer car. After all, this is the club that hosted legendary performers such as Nat King Cole and Josephine Baker.

After checking in at the desk, they provided us each with a cigar, some wine, and a quarter bottle of rum to get you into the mood we are led inside the open-air theatre to our seats, which are almost front and centre of the stage. The moon shines down on us as we glance about the stunningly beautiful venue. We are surrounded by palm trees, gently illuminated and partially hidden by a thin covering of artificial fog. It's a mystical forest that will soon awaken into a spectacle of music, dance and acrobatics.

The orchestra begins to play and the stage is filled with scores of showgirls, scantily clad in colourful, spectacular costumes. For the next two hours we are entertained by a tapestry of cultural music and dance- from salsa, to bolero, even a bit of Afro-Cuban. I could not take my eyes off the girls, they were absolutely beautiful, and Paula had her eyes full of the girls as well. I thought my luck was in that night, a threesome would have gone down well, but the club shut on time and everyone left within minutes.

"Yes, Ma'am,"

We got a taxi home and on the way Paula threw her legs over my thighs and stared at me through the dark. I put my hands on her booted ankles and slid them up her legs. I hesitated at the hem of her skirt but she pushed closer and spread her legs a little. That was more than enough encouragement for me. I brought my hand up to the apex of her thighs and caressed her gently through her silk and lace panties. I felt the silk dampen against my fingers and for the first time I realized this was really going to happen with this woman who was both crazy and beautiful and crazy beautiful.

We arrived at the hotel much too soon. Paula winked at me as I pulled my hands away from her. I got out first so I could open the door for Paula. She stepped out and headed straight for the front doors.

She reached up and wrapped her arm around my neck and pulled my mouth down to hers. Our lips met and I felt a thrill of electricity coursing from my lips to my hips. She opened her mouth and her tongue pressed gently against mine. God, she knew how to kiss, the pressure, the heat...it was so perfect. Her fingers dug into the back of my neck. I was getting hard right in the elevator and from just a kiss alone.

Paula stood in front of me and slipped her hands under my t-shirt. My stomach muscles tightened as she pressed her hands into my stomach. "Now tell me what you want."

I found myself blushing, something I didn't do very often. I knew what she was talking about...kinky stuff, whips and chains and what not. None of that really appealed to me. Tying Paula up might be fun but I had a feeling if anybody was going to get tied up tonight, it would be me. "Anything's on the table?" I asked. "Anything?" "Anything. Shock me."

"How about you...on the table?" He inclined his head toward an elegant writing desk in the corner of the master bedroom. "Me? Oh, I'm definitely on the table."

Paula strode to the table and sat on the edge. I came over and stood in front of her. Putting my hands on her knees, I pushed her legs apart just far enough for me to stand between her thighs. I bent my head and kissed her long and deep, sliding my hands under her skirt. When she moaned softly in the back of her throat, I nearly came inside his boxers.

Finally I had to stop or I was going to embarrass myself in front of this vastly more experienced stripper. "Nervous?" she asked. "Yeah, a little," I admitted.

She shook her head at him. "I'm Paula. When you're with me, you say 'Yes, Ma'am,' remember?"

I started to laugh but saw she was serious. I definitely wasn't in Lower bagthorpe anymore. Or was I? Tonight I was so damn glad to be in the world, part of the world that did have women like Paula.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said against her lips. I reached deeper under her skirt and found her panties. I started to pull them down.

"Rip them off," she ordered. Ordered, from her tone I had no doubt that was definitely an order.

I hesitated only a second before tearing the flimsy lace with my hands and yanking it off her. Testosterone surged through my whole body at the barbaric gesture. I had a feeling that's what she wanted.

I pushed Paula's skirt up high around her hips and knelt on the floor. She opened her legs wide for me and I spread her open with my fingertips. Glancing up at her to make sure it was okay, Paula leaned back on her hands and grinned down at me. Definitely okay. I ran my tongue up and down her. She tasted so ridiculously good. "The clit ring doesn't freak you out, does it?" she asked.

I'd barely noticed the small hoop of metal in her clitoris. Instead of answering I pulled off my t-shirt exposing the big Celtic tattoo that adorned my shoulder blade. "I don't mind alternative body decor," I said. "Ma'am. She laid her booted leg over my back. The act was so seductive, so dominant that I had to taste her again, immediately.

He pushed my tongue into her, sucked lightly on her clit ring, and dragged her forward an inch on the desk so I could kiss her even harder. I was usually gentler, especially doing this, but Paula seemed to breathe louder the rougher it was with her.

Pushing her legs even wider, I reached between her thighs and slid two fingers into her and crooked them upwards. As I hoped, it sent her over the edge. She arched into my mouth and came with the sexiest panting I ever heard in my life.

She reached out and ran her hands over my chest and stomach. Pulling me close to her she bit and kissed my neck and shoulders. And when I thought I couldn't stand it anymore, she reached between them and unbuttoned my jeans.

She positioned me at the entrance of her body and I pushed in slowly and deep as I could into her hot, wet body. Burying my head in the crook of her neck I exhaled in bliss. "I want you to enjoy this," she said. "I am. Trust me," I said after the first thrust into her.

"Really enjoy it. Breathe deep and slow. Don't thrust too hard or too fast just yet. You feel so good inside me that I want it to last for a long time. Can you handle that?" I took a slow deep breath as she instructed.

"Yes, Ma'am." She lightly ran her fingers up and down my back. I pressed into her again. Resting my forehead on her shoulder, I glanced down at them. "Sexy, isn't it?" she asked. "What is?" Paula snapped her fingers by my face and I started. I met her eyes. Smiling, she reached down and yanked her skirt even higher. She leaned back on her hands again and lifted her hips to take me even deeper into her.

"Look," she ordered. "I want you to." I looked down and saw myself sliding in and out of her. It was sexy. When I slowed down like this and just enjoyed the act of being buried inside a woman's body. Never had I just watched myself moving inside a woman before.

"I'm going to come from just watching," I warned her. "No coming yet," she said, leaning forward again. "Put your hands on my hips. Squeeze," she ordered. He did as she instructed, not quite sure why he was doing it. "I want you to take the pressure out of your hips and put it into mine. You get too close to coming, then you squeeze my hips as hard as you can." I shook his head. "I'll hurt you."

"Johnny, pain is the opposite of a deterrent where I'm concerned. Now just keeping breathing, keep fucking, and don't come until I tell you to." "What about you?" I panted the words. "When are you going to come?" "Wasn't planning on it for this round. This time's for you." "I want you to come too. Please."

She raised an eyebrow at me. "I can't resist a man who begs. Usually. But you better beg a little more just in case." "Please," I whispered in her ear. "Please, Ma'am. I want to hear you come again."

"Oh, fine," she said with a playfully put-upon sigh. "If you insist." She slipped a hand in-between them, and he watched her press her fingers to her clitoris. "I can do that for you," I said. "Nope. Your hands stay on my hips. Don't you dare take them off." "No, Ma'am," I said.

I closed his eyes and concentrated on my movements. I did exactly what she ordered, thrust slow and long and deep and every time I felt the pressure building too high, I'd squeeze her hips to release some of the tension. "You have fantastic rhythm, Johnny," Paula said, her free hand running through my hair.

I squeezed her hips again, so hard I knew she'd have bruises on them tomorrow. She barely flinched from the pressure. "About to die?" she asked.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, swallowing hard. I wasn't sure how long I'd been inside her but it was at least three or four times as long as he'd ever lasted before. I couldn't remember having whole conversations with any girl while I'd been inside her.

"Okay. I'm going to let you come. We're going to do it at the same time. When I dig my nails into your shoulder, that's when you know you can let go. Understand?"

“Definitely. I mean, Yes, Ma’am.” I couldn’t wait to feel her fingernails in my skin. I started to thrust harder and faster as Paula began moving her fingers on her clitoris harder and faster. I was getting to have sex and watch a beautiful woman pleasure herself at the same time. Paula started panting again, the pressure built until I could hardly stand it. And then I felt Paula’s fingernails bite into my tattoo. I pushed in with almost brutal force and came so hard my eyes watered.

It took a few seconds, or maybe even a few minutes, for the haze of pleasure to clear enough that I could hear Paula breathing hard against my chest. “Best orgasm you ever had?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said, still panting. “I think I’m blind though.” “Side effect. It’ll pass.”

“Please tell me that was at least half as good for you as it was for me.” “At least. I still have my eyesight but one ear is definitely ringing. You’re still inside me. You know that right?”

“I do. I think I like it here.” I pushed in again just to feel her inner muscles twitch around me. “Then you’re welcome to stay as long as you like. We should probably make use of the bed sometime tonight. Just so you get our money’s worth.”

I wrapped my arms around Paula and without asking permission, lifted her up and carried her quickly to the bed. I was still inside her when I laid her on her back against the opulent pale gold cover.

Paula laughed and snapped her fingers and pointed her thumb. “Out of me. Do I look like a missionary position girl to you?” I slid out of her. Kissing her hair, I whispered, “No missionary position? Ever?”

“Yes, Ma’am.” As if there was anywhere in the world I’d rather be than on this bed with her right now.

She walked across the room and picked up her black purse off the floor where she’d dropped it. While digging through it she glanced at him and gave him a wicked grin.

“Here we are,” she said and dropped her bag again. She came back to the bed holding what looked like black rope in her hands. “Do you object to rope cuffs?”

“Give me your hand.”

I stretched out my arm. She took me by the hand and all of a sudden jerked me toward her. Her mouth was on mine and I laughed into her lips at the attack of kissing. But I stopped laughing as the kiss went on and on. It wasn’t funny anymore. It was deep and wet and warm and intense and my heart pounded wildly in my chest. Paula kept kissing me even as she pushed me onto my back and was still kissing me as she pressed my arms over my head.

“Lay still,” she ordered. “Yes, Ma’am.”

She shook her head. “It really never gets old.” “You ever going to say ‘Yes, Sir,’ to me?”

“No, Sir,” she said and kissed him once more.

I lay still and breathed as she wrapped the black cord around my right wrist, looped the rope cuffs around the bedpost, and wrapped my left wrist. She pulled the rope taut and it hugged my skin tight but not painfully so.

Paula straddled me again and kissed me. And then she wasn't kissing my mouth anymore but the sensitive skin of my chest and collarbone. She moved down my stomach and grazed my sides with her gentle lips. Closing my eyes, I leaned my head back into the luxurious linens and groaned softly as she opened my jeans and wrapped her mouth around me.

I'd only let a couple of girls ever do this to me. It wasn't that I didn't enjoy it, what guy didn't? But I felt really vulnerable doing this. I never knew if she felt like she had to. Usually I just skipped this activity for things that were more mutually pleasurable. But it was different with Paula. She gave the orders, I took them. Who was he to countermand one of her directives?

Paula took her time on me. I opened my eyes long enough to watch her lick me from base to tip before closing my eyes again. Sexy as hell to see but if wanted to not come in five seconds, I needed to stay a little calmer. Her mouth felt so warm and wet on me. The pressure was perfect. Instinctively I started to reach down to touch her hair or her face but was stopped by the cuffs. She laughed a little at my struggle and the vibration from her laugh sent me to the edge.

Digging my heels into the bed, I arched up and came in her mouth. I opened my eyes as she moved to my stomach and placed a long kiss on the center of it.

Paula grabbed the belt loops of my jeans and pulled me down on top of her. I pressed his hips into hers and she pressed back. I couldn't believe I was already so turned on again. This woman was like a drug and I was quickly getting addicted.

"Hook in eyes," she said as she made quick work of the intricate little hooks. The corset hit the floor and she unbuttoned the sheer black blouse underneath. I reached out and pulled it off her and then slowly and with great pleasure, I unhooked her bra and slid it off her arms, letting it join her corset and my t-shirt on the floor.

"Wow," I breathed. Her breasts were beautiful...full and soft "Good wow?" she asked, unbuttoning his jeans. "Very good wow." I'd already taken off my boots when Paula had earlier and I slipped my boxers off along with my jeans. I unzipped Nora's skirt and she shimmied out of it and threw it on the floor. Shoulder to shoulder, chest to chest, hip to hip, and thigh to thigh they laid together on the bed. Her bare skin felt so unbelievably good against mine.

I kissed her neck and worked my way down to her ample breasts. She sighed as I took a nipple in my mouth and sucked lightly on it. And when I sucked a little harder, she flinched from obvious pleasure, so much obvious pleasure that he couldn't stop doing it for the next ten minutes.

"Johnny, if you don't stop doing that, I'm going to have an orgasm without you," she said, her breath catching in her throat. I had my mouth on her breasts and three fingers buried inside her.

"Sorry? I guess?" "Come here, Cowboy. On your back."

"Ever done reverse cowgirl?"

"Can't say that I have."

She snapped her fingers and pointed at the bed.

"On my back. Yes, Ma'am."

I rolled onto my back and reached for her. She pretended like she was going to straddle my stomach facing but instead she turned her back to me and sat on my hips.

I panted as she stroked me with her nimble fingers. When I was so hard it hurt, Paula took me into her. She rocked her hips and I pressed deep into her.

Crawling up to the headboard Nora braced herself against it. She spread her knees wide and I pressed in behind her. I slipped inside her wet and waiting body and began slowly thrusting. With both of us kneeling and my chest pressed into her back, my hands were free to roam all over her. I caressed her hips and stomach, ran my hands up and down her arms and chest, and finally let myself cup her breasts and touch her nipples again.

Thrusting even harder, I reached between her legs and found her swollen clitoris. I was gratified to hear her moan and feel her shudder as I brought her to a loud and lusty orgasm. I gripped the headboard, pushed high and hard into her, and came with a fierce orgasm of my own.

“Do not shoot! I am Che Guevara and worth more to you alive than dead,”

On the afternoon of Oct. 8, 1967, Guevara was taken prisoner and carried by soldiers to a one-room schoolhouse in the town of La Higuera in Bolivia, about four miles away from where he was captured,

Félix Rodríguez, a Cuban American CIA operative posing as a Bolivian military officer, would find him covered in dirt inside that schoolhouse the next day. His hair was matted, his clothes were torn and filthy, and his arms and feet were bound. The U.S. government wanted him alive to be interrogated, but Bolivian leaders decided that Guevara must be executed, fearing a public trial would only garner him sympathy. The official story would be that he was killed in battle. Rodríguez looked at him straight in the face, Guevara said: ‘It’s better this way. I should have never been captured alive,’

The two men shook hands. Then Rodríguez left, ordering a soldier to shoot below the neck because that would fit the official story that Guevara had died in combat. Guevara’s last words were to Sgt. Jaime Terán, the soldier ordered to shoot him, “Che Guevara: A Revolutionary Life.” “I know you’ve come to kill me,” he said. “Shoot, you are only going to kill a man.”

Before Guevara was secretly buried in a mass grave, Bolivian soldiers laid out his scrawny body and put it on display for the media in the Bolivian village of Vallegrande. His corpse was placed on a hospital laundry sink as photographers took pictures that were later published internationally. The Bolivian commander also ordered both of Guevara’s hands cut off so authorities could run his fingerprints and give Castro undeniable proof that his ally was dead.

A Week later Castro delivered a eulogy to a massive crowd at Havana’s Plaza de la Revolución It was not until nearly 30 years later that Jon Lee Anderson, who was writing a biography of Guevara, learned of the location, and the revolutionary was given a second burial with full honors in Cuba.

After our night out at the club Tropicana we woke the next day around ten o’clock in the morning, Paula opened the curtains on the window overlooking the ocean road where people had started to line the street. On that occasion, in October 1997, Fidel Castro described him as “the paradigm of the

revolutionary” who is “everywhere there is a just cause to defend,” The remains of Guevara and the six who died with him, encased in small coffins passed our hotel just as we reached the entrance to our hotel the Riviera, the stripper started clicking her camera to catch the moment on film. Guevara, an Argentinean doctor who took up with Castro and his small band of revolutionaries in the 1950’s, earned his status as a Cuban national hero in 1958 when his troops took the city of Santa Clara.

The victory sent then-dictator Fulgencio Batista fleeing into exile, and Castro took control of the island nation. As far as settings go, it doesn’t get much more Havana than the Deauville’s seafront spot right on the Malecon, with a stellar panorama across Havana Bay. Its curvaceous, bright blue exterior is hard to miss for its color and style -- an authentic relic of art deco architecture with a colorful past as a mob gambling haunt.

Inside, the entrance foyer where decrepit ceilings soar overhead and guests linger at the bar sipping on Cube Libres and espresso. Means the Deauville lobby was frequently under a cloud of cigarette smoke. Ceiling-high windows wrap the street side with front-row Malecon views and old cars whizzing along the seafront with views across the city the casino was sacked by mobs in early January 1959 as Fidel Castro’s rebel army overtook Havana. Luck for us the hotel the Riviera was still open, especially tonight.

Ah, the famous bici taxis of Havana.

Actually, bicycle taxis are all over Cuba, but you can’t walk a block in Central or Old Havana without seeing one of these guys. The prices are really cheap. You can get from one side of the neighborhood to the other for maybe a dollar or less. This is a great opportunity to practice negotiating. These guys want and need money.

One of the best and cheapest forms of transportation in Cuba is the Bici-Taxi. 3 wheeled pedal powered taxis, which can hold 2 people and a driver. It’s not a touristy thing to do at all... In the past, bici taxis were reserved for locals, and even now, it’s mostly locals who use them. , Paula and I decided hop on and told the driver where to go. It’s a safe, cheap mode of transportation.

The driver was relaxed at first and willing to show us around. It was past midnight and Havana The city wasn’t really buzzing with activity, but there were people out. We just did not want to waste a night sleeping. I stopped a bici taxi guy and offered him one dollar just to bike us around for an hour. It was a fantastic experience until he got a puncture in one of the tires. He then started shouting and crying like someone had just killed one of his family, I tried to calm him down but he just kept ranting on in Spanish how he would now lose the capacity to earn a living and buy food for his family. In the end, we took the driver out for some drinks. It was a calm night, but it felt like the right thing to do, he also got a great tip.

Paula and I were celebrating in Havana. We had the opportunity to eat at La Bodeguita Del Medio, Ernest Hemingway's favorite restaurant. We ate lunch there and the food was basic. Black beans, rice, shrimp, fish potatoes, beer along with Hemingway's favorite drink Mojito, and the worst I’ve tasted in while. The restaurant staff were very fast and accommodating, we both signed the signing walls with a marker pen joining hundreds of past names who had sat and drank in the place.

The Paseo de Marti is better known as the Prado.

Once the glamorous heart of Cuba's capital, the Prado stretches for a mile from the former seat of parliament in the domed Capitolio building down to the sea. Some of the shattered mansions that line the avenue are little more than shells now with trees growing inside, though the washing strung up in their windows shows they're still inhabited. Decorated with wrought-iron lions and lamp posts, and with laurel trees packed with noisy birds, the Prado's raised central walkway is inlaid with marble from the days when famously stylish Habaneros would promenade along it. The stone benches are a popular spot to gather and gossip as the heat drops out of the day. Teenage schoolgirls spill onto the street after class and I watch a policeman in dark glasses ogle one as she passes, then swing his head back to follow another in the opposite direction. They grow up quickly in the tropics,

On the west side of the avenue there's a tall, slim building with intricate Moorish-style engraving but the name on the paving outside tells me it was formerly the Splendid Store, not a bar. Looking up I see that two stone balconies have slid from its elaborate facade. The building opposite has a similar paving stone that marks it out as a pharmacy in a former life. The space has been divided to create a small police station and a one-roomed home for a wiry old man who's plastered his side of the flimsy partition with magazine cut-outs. His paper gallery includes everyone from Barbie to Pope Benedict. The man has lived in the area all his life. Leaning at his open window he explains that the government moved him here when his old house opposite collapsed. By the look of it the new one is not far behind.

Back in the day the bars on this side of the Prado were pick-up joints with garish electric signs and police on the doors. The brothels were deeper into the warren of streets of the Barrio Colon. Down Virtudes now, I see two students walking home and an old American car with a cardboard For Sale sign strung to the back bumper. A man trying to herd half a dozen chicks back to safety from the road tells me the rusty bright-red wreck is from 1952 and belongs to his brother. Now that Fidel's long ban on buying and selling cars has been lifted the man's asking \$9,000 for it.

As I cross the Prado to the opposite side a woman passes in loose navy trousers, picturesque poverty had become chic but the French fashion house took that to another level. Chanel models were swept into the Prado in a fleet of gleaming, restored limousines to strut against a canvas of crumbling homes draped in clothes that would cost years of a Cuban worker's salary. Surrounding streets were closed off and the police were reportedly paid extra to keep locals away from the VIP crowd. For the after-party Chanel took over an entire central square for almost a week. The government needed the money but one friend thought it a "monumental" symbolic mistake for a country whose leader had railed against consumerism.

An old man Dressed in battered boots and loose, home-stitched trousers that look uncomfortably hot, is selling copies of the Communist Party newspaper Granma. With, one wonky tooth protruding, I bring him an ice-cold Bucanero beer and as we sit sipping from our cans in the shade and watch the crowds.

Ignoring the shouts from bici-taxi drivers, we make for the entrance. The Floridita is a shrine to Ernest Hemingway who would head there for double daiquiris, T-shirt still stained with fish blood, after a day chasing marlin at sea. The American's bushy-bearded face now stares up at me from the sign on the door, and his life-sized statue props up the bar at the spot where he once regaled fellow drinkers with his tales. Even when Hemingway was a regular here there was a bust of him on a ledge.

The Floridita is heaving and I have to squeeze through a queue waiting to snap a photo with “Papa” Hemingway cast in bronze. A band is crammed into a small gap beside the entrance and a singer in a leopard-print suit is performing music. We eventually find a free stool between a couple of North American girls and some Colombians. Other tourists behind me sit nursing glasses of six CUC alcoholic slush and nibbling slices of fried plantain coated in oil and garlic. The sweet, moreish cocktails are produced on an industrial scale by barmen in smart red ties and matching aprons who barely pause in their crushing and blending. A man brings plastic bucket-loads of ice from a basement and the bar staff scoop lemon syrup from a huge vat. In a far corner, chin in hand, a woman stares out at the crowd from a stall stacked with souvenirs that no one seems interested in a 1940s travel book which described it as a “focal point for Cuban men-about-town” and a clearing-house for all the news and gossip.

We ordered stuffed crayfish followed by coconut ice cream served in the shell. But it’s a struggle today to imagine the Floridita as a culinary mecca. A barman tells me the restaurant was always located on the raised dais at the back so I duck up there past some heavy maroon curtains to flick through the plastic-covered menu. The diners are all tourists, most of them bussed in on organised tours. The prices suggest the restaurant is at the top end of state-run fare with a platter of shrimp, lobster and fish in white sauce for 25 CUC. It is named, of course, after Hemingway.

Leaving the place we ended up in a small shop with very little on show to customers, when it started raining outside, heavy rain so we decided to ask the owner if he had any beer. She returned from the back room with a few cans of Cristal beer which we handed out to the others stuck inside the shop. Before we know it a party had started and the beers ran freely until the rain stopped about an hour later.

Seeing the coffins

As I lay in bed Paula opened the curtains to the room window looking down onto the boulevard and the seafront, seeing people lining the street she asked me what was happening?, I got out of bed and took a look.” I don’t know ring reception” which she did. As we rushed around the room getting dressed Paula told me that the body of Che Guevara and his men were coming past the hotel soon. As we reached the front door of the hotel which faced the sea and the road, the first car or Hurst as we will call it, approached the building, Paula with her ever ready camera at hand managed to start clicking away, then the second car passed along with the third car then the police escort followed closely behind and then nothing. That was it 20 seconds and the most memorable event in years on the island of Cuba had just unfolded before our eyes purely by luck and coincidence, a series of events leading up to myself and the stripper being there at that very moment in time.

We went back up to the room where I looked out onto the back of the hotel where the swimming pool lay filled with enticing cool blue water held within the shape of a coffin. The pool had been designed to look like a coffin from above. The Hotel Riviera, we didn’t chose this hotel because of its wonderful location but because of its history. Built by the US mobster Meyer Lansky and financed by the then Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista. The Mafia traces visible still with the coffin shaped pool. We had to swim and that night was perfect.

“Armloads of trouble.” Paula swam toward me. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders as I slipped an arm under her knees. It was ridiculous how good it felt holding her like I was about to carry her across an underwater threshold. In the water she felt weightless as a ghost, and I was half tempted to toss her across the pool just to see how far I could throw her.

“You are really muscular.” She ran her hand down my upper arm

Would I like to have sex with the stripper? I turned my head and studied the overhead lights as they bounced off the rippling surface of the water. Paula’s arms were still around my shoulders. I had a sudden vision of pushing her against her side of the pool and slowly sliding her swimsuit down and off her and tossing it against the wall. I wanted to kiss every inch of her. What would it feel like to slip my fingers inside her? To push myself inside her? Would she wrap her legs around my back? There was no one in the world I wanted to have sex with more than her. Of course, shoved up against the side of the concrete pool might seem sexy to him but it probably wouldn’t be very comfortable for her.

Paula wanted sex and it didn’t sound bad. Actually it sounded amazing. But the tying down part seemed sort of counter-productive. How could I touch her and hold her if I was tied down?

I loved the stripper’s eyes “They change with my mood. They’re mood eyes. Green when I’m happy. Black when I’m horny. What color are they now?” I stared into Paula’s eyes. They shone black as night in the low light of the pool.

I find it ironic that the Cuban revolution in 1959 ended the Mafia business and in the very hotel the stripper and me were staying, Fidel Castro and Che would have held a press conference talking about nationalization of all US owned properties and businesses. I do remember the bullet holes still in the wall behind the reception desk, where shots fired all those years ago had left there marks. As we checked out I could hear the gun shots being fired into the ceilings and walls in celebration of the revolution. The Cuban revolution inspired revolutionaries throughout Latin America as idealistic young men and women took up arms to try and change hated governments for new ones.

In Nicaragua, rebel Sandinistas eventually did overthrow the government and come to power. In the southern part of South America, the upswing in Marxist revolutionary groups such as Chile's MIR and Uruguay's Tupamaros led to right-wing military governments seizing power. Working together through Operation Condor, these repressive governments waged a war of terror on their own citizens. The Marxist rebellions were stamped out, however, many innocent civilians died as well.

Time to move on...Brazil

Any understanding of contemporary Brazil pivots on the 1930 revolution, which resulted in a new political and social course of development. The final form of this development is yet to be seen, for it is still in a state of redefinition when we arrived in the country, but the role of the army in Brazilian political affairs has always been subtle but crucial. The military brought about the collapse of the Empire of Dom Pedro II in 1889, and it remained behind the scenes when civilians took over the chief executive’s office in 1894. Civilian presidents usually could depend on the support and assistance of the professional army corps throughout the period 1894-1930.

A key to understanding why the 1930 revolution succeeded is found in the basically conservative nature of the military leaders of the revolt. Those in command of the 1930 revolution were not the lieutenants of 1922 and 1924. The commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the 1930 revolution was Lieutenant Colonel Góes Monteiro. The famous “tenentes” took their orders from him and coordinated their plans under his direction. Góes Monteiro was an extremely shrewd political opportunist rather than a revolutionary. He had served the government of President Washington Luis (1926-1930) loyally and faithfully and was partially responsible for the defeat and final retreat of the Prestes Column.

The lieutenants were used in coordinating certain phases of the 1930 military operations, but they did not make policy. The most prominent of the revolutionary lieutenants of the 1920's, Luis Carlos Prestes, did not participate in the 1930 revolution, and he condemned it as a bourgeois revolt. The lieutenants were more important in preparing the psychological climate of opinion in the country than in the military planning and the little fighting which actually occurred.

Before, during, and after the revolution Góes Monteiro made sure that there were no massive purges of the Brazilian general staff as the young rebels desired. The professional army structure remained intact. There were no executions and no dismissals of top ranking generals. There was a simple accommodation within the professional army of a small group of younger men who moved up several ranks within the military hierarchy and who also obtained political power.

The implications for the future of the professional army were clear. The success of Lieutenant Colonel Góes Monteiro could encourage other of the high-ranking officers to take similar action during later periods in Brazilian affairs. The door was now open for wider participation of the military in the political life of the country. One of the fascinating points of Brazilian political development since the 1930 revolution has been the fact that the events of 1930 have not been repeated. Every military move in the political arena has been carried out by the highest ranking army officers, and there has been no repetition of younger officers challenging, winning control of, and then being incorporated into the military establishment. This is amply illustrated by the coup d' état of 1937, the 1945 move of the army against Vargas, and the November, 1955, operations of General Teixeira Lott. In August, 1962, when Jânio Quadros resigned, the highest ranking army officers again boldly entered the political arena. It remains to be seen whether the military leaders have been able to keep abreast the new generation of army officers who were trained and developed during the Vargas and post-Vargas periods. Getúlio Vargas, president of Brazil (1930-45, 1951-54), who brought social and economic changes that helped modernize the country

RIO DE JANEIRO

Here we are again staying in the Vila Mimosa, Rio's largest and oldest red-light district, is a far cry from the glamorous sex scene of Copacabana. Away from the hubbub of downtown Rio on the west side of the city, it is easy to miss, unless you know what you're looking for. The reason we stay in the red light districts is not because we like whoring, it's because 'Thieves don't steal from thieves' that's my theory anyway.

A mixture of ramshackle houses, laundry services, pool halls and bars clutter the main drag, posing as "respectable" businesses. Although prostitution is legal in Brazil, running a brothel is not; each of these establishments therefore holds a legal registration of trade.

Despite its unassuming façade, business at Vila Mimosa is thriving. An estimated 2,000 women work here, providing cheap thrills to a primarily straight, working-class male clientele.

In dimly-lit rooms, some throbbing with neon-tube lighting, some adorned with the odd Halloween decoration, scantily-clad women drape themselves across door frames and chat in half-empty bars with friends. It is a world away from the image of the "happy" prostitute learning English or the boutique "love motel" commonly associated with sex-for-sale in Brazil. Prices bottom out at \$20 per "program" and many of those found working here do so out of desperation, necessity and a lack of real alternatives.

As I looked down on the street from our little hotel window and spotted a bar that looked interesting with two or three working girls standing at the doorway having a smoke. It is mid-afternoon as we enter the crumbling edifices and business is just getting started. Themselves across doorframes and chat in half-empty bars with friends. Stopping to linger between rooms, we catch glimpses of female silhouettes gyrating to Brazilian funk and fawning over the few clients that have arrived early to avoid the Saturday-night rush. Others simply sit around, waiting.

The lack of restrictions on sex work in Brazil mean that while the trade flourishes, it's a bit more integrated into the day-to-day fabric of the city at large. As such, there aren't parts of Rio de Janeiro that are jam-packed with sex shops and porn theaters. Instead, massive brothels can be found in many of the major beachside neighborhoods, including Copacabana and Ipanema. Copacabana, with its faded glamour, has a seedier vibe, and just to its south sits one of Latin America's most infamous brothels, Centaurus. This mega-brothel is built for high rollers and has drawn plenty of celebrities. Vila Mimosa is the true red light district in town. It's unsafe for anyone but seasoned locals and has a violent reputation, perfect. The stripper decided she wanted to visit Ronnie Biggs

Ronnie Briggs in Rio

Biggs was part of a gang of at least 12 men that robbed the Glasgow-to-London Royal Mail Train in the early hours of Aug. 8, 1963, switching its signals and tricking the driver into stopping in the darkness. The robbery netted 125 sacks of banknotes worth 2.6 million pounds at the time, and became known as 'the heist of the century. Biggs was caught and jailed, but his escape from a London prison and decades on the run turned him into a media sensation and something of a notorious British folk hero.

He lived for many years beyond the reach of British justice in Rio de Janeiro, where he would sometimes regale tourists and the media alike with stories about the robbery. He appeared to enjoy thumbing his nose at the British authorities and even sold T-shirts and other memorabilia about his role in the robbery.

It would be interesting to meeting Ronnie Biggs, the Great Train Robber who was in hiding in Rio said Paula, and so off we went. I thought it was a long shot, but on the day as I was walking in the street

beside our hotel one of the girls slipped me a piece of paper bearing a phone number. When I called it, Ronnie himself answered. "Sure, come on over," he said.

The nervous taxi driver insisted on dropping us a few streets away from the actual address, a twisting, cobbled street in a village-style neighborhood of Rio called Santa Teresa, and I found the house with the help of a passing local who asked if I was looking for "Mr. Biggie." Mr. Biggie was taking a nap when I knocked, and answered the door in a green singlet and khaki shorts, his long, silver hair pulled back in a ponytail. Ronnie Biggs, one of the best known criminals of the 20th century, has the scoundrel's glitter to his eyes, seductive and cheerful and ready.

He takes a sip from his Antarctica beer beside the pool at his hilltop hideaway here. "I'd like to think that this is my final point, that my travelling days are over," he says, in the South London accent that has never left him. "But who knows?" But it was Britain's biggest heist, and when Biggs escaped from Wandsworth prison two years after sentencing he became the world's most wanted man.

He led Scotland Yard, Interpol and bounty-hunters on a chase across three continents before he finally took refuge Scotland Yard caught up with him in 1974 but Brazilian law forbade the deportation of the father of a dependent Brazilian child. He has lived here ever since.

Over the years Biggs has become a folk hero not only in Britain but around the world, though the death of one of the guards on the train has tended to take the romantic, larky edge off the story of the biggest heist in British history and he has never become an accepted member of the expatriate Brit community in Rio. "There was a time when the people from the British consulate were all told that if ever I appeared anywhere they were, they were to up and leave," he says. "It was a great way of getting a good place in a restaurant."

The only place I've been to in Devon is Dartmoor." It was in the maximum security prison on Dartmoor that he befriended "the mad axe man," Frank Mitchell, "a gentle giant, and a damn good bloke, especially when it came to having a bit of a problem with anybody."

He always regretted, he says, the violence involved and the damage it did. The robbery was meant to be all about the money: no one was supposed to get hurt. So is he living the life of luxury on the proceeds? Not a bit of it, he says. The money was all gone in three years.

After 30 years in Brazil, during which time he survived a kidnapping attempt by the British mercenary soldiers, and released a single with the remnants of the punk group The Sex Pistols. Biggs is the lead singer and lyricist of 'No-One Is Innocent, A Punk Prayer by Ronnie Biggs.

"The Punk prayer," says Ronnie, "Is at least half serious. It isn't just a joke. I put a lot of my sentiments into it. Whether it's in bad taste or not depends how you look at it. Lots of things are in bad taste there are people who just don't appreciate the lyrics. The message of the song is simply this: If God is going to save The Queen, then he should save Myra Hindley. And Martin Bormann and Ian Brady. He has to save everybody or nobody. Because, no one, absolutely no-one, is innocent. Which is a convenient enough theory when you're a criminal on the run for one of the biggest robberies in history. I'd written some poetry anyway, so I asked if they would like me to write some lyrics. They said yes, and 'A Punk Prayer' was the result."

Biggs sees himself as something of a willing pawn in a cut-throat industry, the record has a certain shock value. But I am not one of the big wheels that put these things together. I am happy to go along with the mechanics of the industry. Ronnie's declared sensitivity seems rather pale when it turns out that he has re-written the lyrics of 'Belsen Was A Gas', which is to be released as the follow-up to 'No-One Is Innocent'.

Belsen was a gas / I heard the other day / in the open graves / where the Jews all lay / Life Is fun / Wish you were here / they wrote on postcards / to those held dear / oh dear, Ronnie insists that he isn't just cashing in on a very sick episode in history. 'Belsen Was A Gas' was already recorded by the Sex Pistols before I got involved with them. Anyway, Belsen was a gas. People got gassed. We drank a few beers and got to know the guy a little he said he would go back to the UK and did when His health deteriorated in 2001 and he returned voluntarily mainly to get the better care available in prison and on the NHS. He was freed in 2009 on "compassionate grounds" and died in 2013.

Stroll along Copacabana Beach

Copacabana Beach is perhaps one of the world's most famous beaches. And although the clear water and extensive sand stretch are lovely. Other beaches like, Ipanema, was good to sunbathe and drink some caipirinha, But Copacabana unmistakable promenade is a must, so we did it. The number one place to find luxury brothels is Copacabana. Along the sea front, Copacabana offers sunsets and shelter to anyone from every corner of the world that meets there in exchange of money. A girl we meet works in Copacabana, charging 200 Reais for two hours. Every weekend she comes to this club called Balcony near Prado Junior Street. "I only make love to a man for money, at least then it's worth it and if I get hit as well, at least I have earned something". She almost looks German with her blue eyes and pale skin, and has a scar on her shoulder from an accident, she smiles at me. "So wouldn't you make an exception for me, wouldn't you have sex with me for free?" Only expensive prostitutes work here she tells us, only the most beautiful. Often coming from the South of Rio.

Paula spots a dwarf dancing with his head resting on the small of a beautiful black girls' back, she dances samba and the dwarf rhythmically moves to the beat of the music and her body. Many of the women aren't wearing bras, they stand half naked drinking their beers as they watch the streets full of Brazilians, a few Germans, and the stripper, and myself look on in amazement at the simplicity of it all. We ask one of the guys "How much?" as Paula wants a threesome.

Threesome

As soon as we got into the hotel room Paula headed to the bedroom. She opened the trunk under the window and found the heaviest of the blindfolds. From the nightstand, she grabbed a box of condoms and the bottle of lubricant. In front of the mirror she paused long enough to tuck a stray tendril of red hair back into place and to adjust the straps of her pale yellow sundress she'd been running around in all day. Paula shimmed out of her panties and left them on the bedroom floor. A wide grin spread across Paula's face.

She returned to the Hotel room where me and the German prostitute called Russ had already moved the coffee table out of the way. I laid a blanket on the floor over the Oriental rug. "Put on some music," I said to her. "It'll mask any stray sounds." "I don't know if our speakers can get loud enough to mask your breathing," Paula said as she queued up some instrumental blues on the stereo.

"Here. Take this." Paula gave the blindfold to Russ. "Can you tie it on me?" "Yeah, of course. Are you sure about this?" he asked as she turned her back to him. He placed the blindfold, a thick black sash, over her eyes and tied it with a firm knot. The world went dark. She saw nothing at all, not even a sliver of light from above or below the blindfold. "Go for it, babe."

Paula reached behind her and found Russ's hands. She pulled them around her body and placed them on her breasts. She heard Russ's breath catch in his throat. With the blindfold covering her eyes, her other senses heightened, grew more acute. She felt Russ's heart pounding as she pressed her back into his chest. "Touch me anywhere," she whispered. "Johnny likes to watch."

She shivered as she felt Russ's lips on her shoulder. He squeezed her breasts gently. The heat of his hands through the cotton caused her nipples to harden against his palms. "Don't be nervous," she said as she took his right wrist in her hand and guided him lower. "I've wanted this for a long time."

"You did?" Russ whispered back as he slid his hand under her dress. She spread her legs and leaned back further into him. Russ slid his hand between her thighs and carefully caressed her clitoris. "I did," she said as she pushed her hips against his hand. "He's fucked a few girls. Only fair I get a bloke."

"Only fair," Russ agreed, pushing a finger into her. Paula turned her head up and back and Russ kissed her. Their mouths met, their tongues mingled, and all the while he fucked her with his finger. "You wouldn't believe how many times this has been in my fantasies." Russ pushed a second finger into her wetness "Oh, I can believe it," she teased.

"Shall we?" My voice cut through the darkness and the haze of her desire. "Definitely," she whispered against Russ's lips.

She felt my hands on her waist as I guided her a few steps forward to the end of the blanket. Carefully he brought her down to the floor. She stretched out on her back. I gave her the tube of lubricant. She raised her dress to her waist and spread a thin layer of lube over her vulva.

"You both are just standing there watching me do this, aren't you?" she asked.

"Thought so." Paula closed the bottle and set it aside. Her heart raced in anticipation. "We should make this game a little more interesting," I said as Leigh opened her legs even wider. "How so?" she asked.

"If Paula can tell who's fucking her, she picks the next movie. If she guesses wrong, we do. For the next few days. "The room went silent but for the sound of the music playing in the background. Paula strained her ears to hear any hints about what was happening in the room.

She sensed someone kneeling between her thighs and heard the metal jingling of a belt-buckle opening. Then she heard the foil of a condom package ripping. With each little sound she grew more and more aroused, more and more nervous. She really wanted to win this game.

The tip of a cock started to nudge against her vaginal lips. She reached down, spread her folds, and sighed as someone entered her in one smooth, slow stroke. The thrust was sure and steady. Must be Johnny then. Russ would be more tentative as they'd never even kissed before tonight much less fucked.

Yes, she knew these thrusts...long, heavy, steady thrusts. My thrusts, loving, possessive...rough and tender at the same time. Usually by now I'd have one of her breasts in his mouth and her clitoris between his fingers as I brought her to orgasm again and again. But the rules were already set, just penis in vagina and thrusting. She had to know the man by the feel and movement of his cock in her alone.

After a few minutes with the first man inside her, Paula started to ache for an orgasm. But instead, the man pulled out of her. She sensed him moving away from her.

"Want to take a guess?" came my voice. "Was that me or Russ?" "I think I need a comparison," she said. "Just to be sure I can tell the difference."

Once more she sensed a presence between her thighs, once more she heard jeans opening, foil ripping. The floor creaked. Paula sensed hands on either side of her shoulders. Again someone entered her—more carefully this time. She moaned at the pleasure of the penetration as either Russ or me, she didn't care who as long as he didn't stop, started slamming his hips into hers. She grabbed her legs behind the knees and held herself open wider. Johnny had fucked her like this many times, hard, fast, ramming into her like he'd die if he didn't fuck her into the ground in the next five minutes. But it could have been Russ. Perhaps this was him, his pent-up longing for a woman manifesting in this brutal pounding.

She gasped in surprise as she felt another presence right next to her. "Can you tell yet?" came Johnny's breathless voice.

Paula shivered as fingers slipped up her arm and pulled the strap of her sundress down her left arm and then her right. A few loosened buttons later and her bare breasts spilled out of her dress. A mouth, hot and hungry, latched onto her left nipple. But if that mouth belonged to the man inside her, she couldn't tell. Another mouth found her right nipple and sucked it hard. She arched up off the floor as pleasure coursed from her breasts to a spot deep inside her hips. Still the cock inside worked her to a wet frenzy. She could feel her own fluid leaking out and onto the blanket beneath her. A hand slid between her stomach and the male stomach above her. Two fingers found her swollen clitoris and teased it. The teasing turned to torture as those same fingers pinched and tugged it gently as the thrusts into turned from fast and frenzied to long, deep stroke's that she felt all the way against her cervix.

"Who is it?" Johnny's taunted, his voice seeming to come from over her and next to her at the same time. "Who's fucking you right now?"

"You both are," she said knowing the cock inside her didn't belong to the fingers on her clitoris.

"Not quite..." I whispered. "But it's the best idea I've heard all night."

"You know what to do, Paula," I said. She loved him most in his dominant moods when he took control of her body and used it like his own personal sex-toy. She did know what to do. She had anal sex at least once a week. While lying on her side, she pulled her knee up and into her chest as I worked my lube-covered fingers into her, opening her up enough to take me inside her.

As she lay in position, she heard movement, footsteps, and men changing position. Did this mean it was Russ who now spooned up against her and started to push into her ass? Or was it a trick and once more was it Johnny behind her? Inch by inch, whoever it was pushed into her as her body strained to accommodate him. Once inside her, the man wrapped an arm over her chest and rolled them both onto their backs. Hands grasped her breasts and pulled her nipples. Someone took her knees in his hands and shoved them wide. Again the kneeling and the penetration. Paula shuddered as the second cock entered her, this time shoving itself deep into her vagina.

Mute with ecstasy, Paula could only breathe as the two men worked in tandem, fucking her with hard but careful thrusts. She'd experienced double penetration before. I often put a vibrator in her vagina while I fucked her ass, but never before had she had two men in her at the same time. She'd never felt so filled before, filled almost to bursting. She felt everything, every nerve fired, every muscle tightened and contracted and stretched to take them both.

Fingers found her clitoris again and teased it. She came hard, jerking in the arms that held her. But the men, neither of them, were done with her. They continued to thrust into her. Each thrust in left her gasping. Each time they pulled out, she moaned. Her hands grasped at the shoulders above her as the chest beneath her back rose and fell and rose again.

It was too much. Sensation overwhelmed her. She came a second time and the cry that escaped her lips sounded pained even to her. The man in her vagina pulled out. The man beneath her rolled her back onto her side and slid out of her as well.

She thought we'd finished with her but two hands grabbed her hips and brought her up onto her hands and knees. She heard more foil ripping and in seconds the cock entered her vagina again from behind. Limp from her two orgasms, Paula could do nothing but take it as the cock slammed into her. Hands gathered her breasts and held them as the man inside her rode out his own orgasm with a few final brutal thrusts.

Once more she was moved. This time she was made to straddle someone's hips. She placed her hands on his chest to steady herself while his penis slid between her wet slit and pressed into her. The two hands on her hips ground her against the hips beneath her. When she felt a presence standing before her, she raised her hands. She felt the smooth skin of a flat male stomach under her palms as the cock pushed between her lips.

It nudged her throat and she opened her mouth even wider to receive it. One hand cradled the back of her neck. Fingers brushed against her cheek. If her mouth hadn't been otherwise occupied, she would have smiled.

She rocked her hips harder against the man beneath her. His hands dug into her skin as he worked her on his cock until he pushed up and into her once before going still under her. The cock in her mouth pumped a few more times before she tasted semen, warm and salty, inside her mouth. He pulled out and she swallowed.

Four hands put her onto her back. She tugged her dress up and buttoned the front. She smoothed her skirt down and rolled into a sitting position.

"It was you first Johnny," she said. "Then Russ. Then Russ again. You were in my ass, Johnny, while Russ fucked my pussy. Johnny finished off while I was on my hands and knees. Russ was under me while I was on top. It was your cock, Johnny was just in my mouth."

She raised her hand and wiped off her wet lips. Me and Russ, both sitting side by side on the couch, looked at each other and then at her. "If you knew, why didn't you guess," I said.

"I didn't want to win too soon." She grinned at them both. "Then you might have stopped."

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I knew it was you the first time," Paula said, "because I could smell your soap. When you were in my mouth, I could feel your ring when you touched my face. The rest were educated guesses. Was I right?" Russ nodded. "You got it. The next morning and time to see the city

The city is absolutely gorgeous from the street level. Still, one can't deny that nature mixing with the urban landscape makes Rio ridiculously pretty. A flight around Christ the Redeemer: The huge statue is one of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World. It receives visitors from various parts of Brazil and the world. We needed to enjoy a bird's eye perspective of the most iconic landmarks in the city. So, flying over Rio in a helicopter is a once in a lifetime experience. Flights over spectacular sights in the city—from Barra da Tijuca to the Corcovado Mountain and everything in between. Honestly, this Rio de Janeiro tour is insane!

Maracanã as "the biggest stage of world football".

Our pilgrimage continues and the next iconic football stadium we visit is the awesome Maracanã Stadium used for club games involving four major football clubs in Rio, Vasco, Botafogo, Flamengo and Fluminense. Which is the game we went to see in 1997. The stadium has also hosted numerous domestic football cup finals, most notably the Copa do Brasil and the Campeonato Carioca. On 21 March 1954, a new official attendance record was set in the game between Brazil and Paraguay, 180,000. In 1963, stadium authorities replaced the square goal posts with round ones, but it was still two years before the stadium would be fully completed. In 1965, 17 years after construction began, the stadium was finally finished. In September 1966 the nickname of Maracanã has continued to be used as the common referent. In 1969, Pelé scored the 1,000th goal of his career at Maracanã, against CR Vasco da Gama in front of 65,157 spectators.

The ground held 100,253 spectators as we watched Flamengo beat Fluminense, 5-3. Wild atmosphere with running battles between the opposing fans, fireworks fired at each other, smoke bombs covering flanking attacks by rival groups in the oppositions stand.

The best way of creating a consciousness and a memory about a place is through the different ways in which the fans experience a certain reality. And this experience, for me, is afforded by the five senses (sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste) that are specific to each place; in our case, each stadium. With this, my vision of the full stands when entering Maracanã, of the flags, the team colour's and the deafening noise of the songs and yells of the fans help to construct the feelings and memories of the place, Maracanã. Back in the day the territory of the stadium was divided and organized with a team's own provinces for each match. Inside, the division of the spaces to watch the games followed the financial ability of the fans. In the general sector, the people watched the game while standing, having a

greater ease to move freely, though with an impaired vision of the field. This was the “folk” section, where fans watched the games in costume.

The spectacle began with the entrance of players onto the field, a moment in which the fans began the ritual of receiving the team. This included, among other things, the waving of huge flags, balloons filling the air. Many fans stood, singing the club anthem and other songs. While the players warmed up on the field, the cheering sections shouted their names, and the players reciprocated by waving to the fans. During the games, they cheered, yelled and celebrated but also complained and harassed the actions of their rivals and sometimes of their own teams. After scoring a goal, they all hugged each other to celebrate. There was a lot of happiness in the spectacle, especially for the victorious team. The deafening noise conveyed the size and strength of the fans, taking them near the action.

At the end of the game, the fans left the place quickly. If happy, they sang; if frustrated, they left silently. The organized cheering groups, however, followed the same pattern of a demonstration of force, singing songs whose lyrics emphasized their power. Besides their music, the ways in which they left pushing, jumping, united in groups also indicated the symbolic clash that existed inside the stadium.

Despite the mass movement, the experiences that are established with the place are individual but to become aware of them shows evidence of strong emotion. The experiences bring comfort and lifelong affection. Through daily happenings, the fans establish their relationships with Maracanã, whether through accompanying their team at every game or through experiencing classic games and deciding matches. These experiences produce intense emotions.

Soccer, with its plays, goals, and celebrations, marks the fans and gives them a pause in the day-to-day movement, in which the stadium becomes a center of recognized value for them. It turns into a place where they can take care of necessities such as leisure, socialization, and catharsis. In addition to the architecture and experiences, time is also punctuated as a way to acquire experience with a place and the big games, such as Flamengo v Fluminense, as we watched the game end, I saw the three officials group together and start running to the sideline opposite where the players headed. Missiles rained down on the referee and linesmen, as they reached the tunnel entrance which took them to safety, only just in time. Emotions run high at these games and the atmosphere electric, as we left the stadium charged with euphoria we headed to the nearest bar to celebrate with the local fans. Before getting the metro to Lapa.

Lapa known as the party hub of Rio de Janeiro, is a thriving nightlife spot known for its Carnival-style street parties, boisterous bars, and crowded clubs that pump out Brazilian music from dusk until dawn. The whole neighborhood was once a rundown, edgy part of town yet has transformed into Rio’s after-hours hangout spot where hordes of people let go and get down to party.

First we visit a place that looks deceiving the Lapa 40 graus with its narrow, unassuming facade which magically opens into three large dance floors, each with their own type of music and atmosphere, although the predominant soundtrack is sertanejo, a Brazilian genre typical from the southern and western countryside. The live music brings an electric energy to the place which attracts tourists alongside locals before moving onto a club.

The king of the clubs in Lapa, Rio Scenarium is the cream of the crop when it comes to Rio nightlife. The multi-floor venue is centered on the main stage so party-goers on every floor can peek over the edge of

the balconies to check out the main band below. However, each floor has its own live performance that switches between all the Brazilian genres from samba and forró to sertanejo, Brazilian rock. Paula and I started partying until dawn. Back in the hotel room it was time for some fun.

Sex

Paula naked she waited on the bed...knees to her chest, arms around her shins, head bowed and eyes closed. As instructed. As always. And as instructed she'd pulled her long red hair into low pigtails that hung over her shoulders and tickled her collarbone. I love the combination of sweet and spice in her—her hair so girlishly dressed, her body naked, her eyes rimmed with black eyeliner in full Cleopatra mode. Anything I wanted she would do. She'd style her hair as wanted, dress as I liked...anything for me. All it took was an order.

Paula stiffened slightly when she heard the hotel room door open. Closing her eyes tightly, she fought the need to look. She inhaled sharply when my hands came to her shoulders and rested there for a moment. From her shoulders I slid them higher until I held her by her neck, my fingers lightly pressed into the hollow of her throat. Her entire body came alive at my touch both gentle and threatening. My hands fell away from her and then it was lips on her neck instead. And then a collar, her leather collar that I always buckled around her neck before taking her, a sign of possession. I owned her. This was proof. I trailed kisses from her ear to shoulder and back up again. She flinched as my teeth met her earlobe. "Hands and knees," I ordered in a whisper. Without hesitation she rolled forward and into position.

My hands traced a path down her back, over her hips, down and up her thighs. My fingers found her labia and I opened the delicate folds wide...wider...She knew I was looking at her and studying the most private parts of her. Her skin flushed, but not with embarrassment. Only with desire.

Two fingers pushed into her. I went deep until I found the core of her. A small sigh escaped her lips as I pulled my fingers out. Then all the gentleness disappeared.

With one hand I forced her onto her chest as I yanked her arms behind her back. Cold metal ringed her wrists, handcuffs. I pulled her roughly up to her knees and dragged her to the floor.

"Knees," I ordered and she went down without hesitation. I opened my jeans, took her by the chin, and forced myself into her mouth.

She loved the size of me, the feel of me in her mouth, the slight salt taste against her tongue. Slowly thrust in and out while she sucked and caressed and kissed. Ostensibly she was my property. At moments like this, however, she knew she owned him, too.

My breathing quickened and she readied herself to swallow. Instead I pulled out of her mouth, grabbed her by the shoulder, and dragged her once more to her feet. "You enjoyed that, didn't you?" I rasped the words in her ear. "Yes, Sir." "Because you like sucking cock? Or because you like sucking my cock?"

She smiled. "Yes, Sir." I laughed and nipped at her neck. "Good answer." She stood still and waited as I undressed. She wanted to watch, wanted to see him but kept her eyes respectfully lowered to the floor. Only her respect for him, for his dominance, his mastery of her eclipsed her desire for him. Everything primal and female in her wanted to lay itself at the feet of everything male and primitive in him.

With a hand on the back of her neck, I steered her to the door. As a gift to her, I'd ordered an over-the-door restraint system. Now I had somewhere to tie her up. Made for much easier flogging.

I took off the handcuffs and tossed them aside before forcing her arms over her head. One by one I buckled each of her wrists to the straps on the door. She turned her head and rested her cheek against the cool painted wood. In and out she breathed, slowly...deeply...She let herself fall into a meditative trance that even the first fall of the flogger on her back didn't interrupt. But the second, much harder lash did. She grunted with every new strike. Her back burned with pain. Her body burned with need. She wanted it to go on forever. She needed it to stop immediately.

I dropped the flogger and pushed my chest into her back. At first she flinched from the pain but the feel of his warm body on her ravaged back sent renewed desire singing through her skin.

When I unstrapped her from the door and pushed her onto the bed, she felt only relief. Finally...at last...

"Stomach," I ordered and she rolled over and spread her legs. She loved to spread for him, to offer her body to him and let him take her any way he wanted. Straddling her hips, I pushed inside her and started to thrust. Underneath me she lay almost motionless as I used her body for my own pleasure. I clamped my hands over her wrists and pinned her hard against the bed as I moved harder and faster inside her. She tried to ignore how her body responded to my every movement, my every touch...the tip of my cock grazed her g-spot and she gasped into the sheets...my mouth caressed the sensitive center of her back...She wanted to raise her hips and take him even deeper inside her, let him make her come. But this time was for him and him alone. And she loved to give herself over to him to be used solely to satisfy his own needs.

"Bite," I ordered and she brought her mouth to my neck and dug her teeth into my skin. With a long shudder I came inside her as her mouth continued to mark the occasion on my neck.

As I exhaled she relaxed back into the sheets. She hadn't broken the skin but I would have a beautiful bright red bite mark on his neck for the next week. I flipped her onto her back and kissed her breasts, sucked lightly and then harder on her nipples. Gripping her knees, I forced her legs wide-open and pushed two fingers into her again. My fingers moved easily inside her as wet as she was with her arousal and my semen. A third finger joined the other two. The shock of pleasure sent her hips rising off the bed. I turned my hand inside her and pinned her back down against the mattress as I brought my lips to her clitoris. With my hand I rubbed her g-spot, massaged her labia, moved in and out of her with spiraling circles that sent Paula reeling while my lips and tongue tasted her, explored her, brought her to the edge and left her hovering there...finally I let her fall off the edge but caught her before she landed.

I kissed my way up her stomach, over her ribcage, across her chest, and up to her lips. Our mouths met finally and she tasted herself on my tongue. Pulling up I gazed down at her and brushed a tendril of hair off her forehead. "My stripper," I whispered. "Mine." "Yours, Johnny..." she sighed and closed her eyes.

The trip down south

From now on all transport was done on local buses as the price of flights internal was astronomical, our first ride was from Rio down the coast to Florianópolis the bus journey time between Rio de Janeiro and Florianópolis was around 23 hours and covers a distance of around 1123 km. The island is home to over 42 beaches, which boast everything from great surf to serene waters and secluded sands. The most beautiful beaches on the island are in protected nature reserves and are the epitome of paradise in Brazil. The buses were not that bad, especially sitting next to Paula, with the added excitement of what she might do during the ride. We arrived on the island via a road bridge, the bus dropped us off and we walked towards the sea. It didn't take long for me to find a small pension to stay in for the night. The owner a beautiful dark haired Brazilian goddess promised to take us to the perfect beach in the morning, along with her young daughter. So when we woke early it was off we set on a grueling jungle trek towards the blue lagoon.

Lagoinha do Leste

Accessible only via trail or by boat, this beach is a gorgeous crescent of sand on the southern end of the island. Its waves often draw surfers from around the area, but there's plenty of space for swimming or just soaking up the sun. Adventurous types won't mind the hour long hike to get to the beach, but those looking for more of a relaxing time can take a boat. Because accessing the beach is a little more difficult, Lagoinha tends not to get too crowded. Be sure to bring snacks and drinks, as there are very few facilities on the beach. To get there is a two hour jungle trek over the top of the island, nearly killed me, and the stripper didn't look too healthy either. Im sure if our guide had offered some sex things would have picked up, but that was not going to happen, we did meet a Rasta who lived on the beach selling weed, so we had some and made our way back home. Back over that mountain...

Florianópolis to Argentina by bus

The journey time between Florianópolis and Argentina was around 42 Hours and cover the distance of around 1893 km. Buenos Aires is the capital and largest city of Argentina. The city is located on the western shore of the estuary of the Río de la Plata, on the South American continent's southeastern coast. "Buenos Aires" can be translated as "fair winds" or "good airs",

The bus follows a route along the Uruguay boarder into Argentina through some pretty hairy high roads covered in jungle. Driving through the night I managed to nod off while the stripper cringed while holding tightly onto my arm frightened to death as we hurtled along the roads at 80 miles an hour. I think she honestly thought she was going to die that night on the bus.

The roads in much of Brazil are notoriously terrible. The majority are unpaved, dirt roads that curve around mountains with sheer drops. Although we've had many scary, winding bus rides, the ride from Brazil to Argentina was the most memorable to date. People told us the ride was an extremely rough one, so we were sure to take our usual motion sickness pills and plenty of beer.

At 2am, a few hours into the roller coaster-like ride on a bumpy road, the bus came to a complete halt. Now we knew there couldn't be traffic at that time of night, so we thought something was up. None of the bus drivers said a word, except a warning to be careful of the sheer cliff drop just a meter from the

door, should you want to exit the bus. When I got out to use the natural facilities, I saw what he meant, I could see the sheer drop into the abyss. I walked towards the mountainside and did my business, not having to worry if anyone could see me since all around us was complete darkness. We sat there for at least an hour and a half, engine and lights turned off. Most people slept through it. I tried to, but I was worried about what was going on as people got on and off the bus with flashlights seeming to plan some kind of manoeuvre. When I went out a second time to use the facilities, I knocked on the window and woke up one of the drivers to ask him what was going on. He told me the road was unpassable because the rain

Finally, an hour later, the engine started up and we started passing the huge line of vehicles and other buses that were waiting in line. Apparently, during that time, guys from the buses were shoveling and moving the dirt from the landslide to make it passable. This is one thing I have absolutely loved about this trip. People in South America are very self-sufficient. But these guys literally moved a mountain.

Somehow, our driver had either been chosen or volunteered to be the cowboy to try to pass first. With all passengers still on board, we were about to make the first attempt. I kept telling Paula, "We should get off this bus." It is not uncommon here for buses to go off of cliffs, so my concerns were valid. We all held our breath as the bus tried to scale this hill. We got stuck a bit and then the driver slammed on the accelerator while turning the wheel quickly to get us around this huge mound of dirt. All the while, the bus is tipping at a very steep angle towards the Cliffside. Somehow he did it! We all breathed a sigh of relief as the drivers gave each other high fives in celebration.

Later on, the driver asked us passengers to get out and help move rocks that were blocking the way. In the end, we made it safely, to the dry scrub forests of north eastern Argentina, where termites have been hard at work for years, and the mounds they've created in swath of terrain are grand testaments to those efforts.

The species responsible for the mounds, which measure 2 meters high and up to 5 meters across, is *Syntermes dirus*. These heaps aren't homes for the insects, as mounds built by other termite species can be. Nor are they part of a ventilation system, because the mounds are sealed off and aren't open to the air. Instead, researchers suggest, the structures are merely waste material brought to the surface by the termites as they carve out the extensive networks of underground tunnels they live in. Amazing sights from the window of our bus, but we needed to get off.

We found a nice affordable room at Hotel Savoy. This gorgeous, stately building resides in the city's financial and political centre, just minutes away from Congress and presidential offices. What sets the Savoy apart from other hotels is its classic appearance combined with modern flair. The shiny marble lobby features high ceilings, accentuated by a bright red chandelier and plush red chairs. The stunning lobby bar showcases tall pillars with ornate gold details and crystal chandeliers. The hotel's rooms are contemporary, with wood floors, dramatic headboards, and bold pops of colour contemporary bathrooms with walk-in showers and rainfall fixtures and a fireplace with a roaring fire. The Savoy welcomed the stripper and me. After the exhausting bus ride we had a nap and afterwards Paula said "I'm going to beat you," "I'm just going to gag you too. But first..."

I reached into the suitcase and pulled out Paula's black leather collar. I brushed Paula's hair off my shoulders and buckled the collar around my neck. Once in the collar, I relaxed. The collar comforted me in ways I couldn't really explain and would never try to. Why did wearing a symbol of sexual slavery

make me feel so free? I'd asked Paula who said such things were "divine mysteries" like Holy Communion, the Virgin Birth, Best to accept them, enjoy them, and not question them.

Shirtless and shivering, I stood waiting while Paula organised the room. For the first time since arriving in Argentina, I felt comfortable enough to really take in the surroundings. Dark hardwood floors covered in plush rugs, huge stone fireplaces, ruggedly beautiful walls.

Paula turned off the lights so that only the fireplace illuminated the room. She dug through the suitcase and pulled out my favorites, the spreader bar, the leather cuffs, the flogger with the seven sharp tails that left me covered in bright red welts...

"Good thing I packed this," Paula said, pulling a tie out of the suitcase. "Should make a decent gag." I bit down on the silk tie as it slipped into my mouth. Paula tied it tight at the base of my neck.

"Drop it if you need to stop," Paula said, taking off my Rolex watch and placing it in my hand. Now gagged, I wouldn't be able to utter the safe word if he needed to. However, I doubted that no matter how much pain I felt, I'd be able to let myself drop the watch on the ground.

Quickly Paula strapped the leather cuffs on my wrists and locked them over the top bar of the bedpost. A surge of adrenaline shot through me as Paula stripped me naked. My heart raced, the blood surged, and my body tensed in erotic apprehension of the coming beating.

As usual, before Paula let the first blow fall, she stood close to me and ran her hands over my naked back. "I'm in love with you," Paula said, her fingertips gently scoring my skin. "You belong to me and you always will. Your body is mine, your pain is mine, and your pleasure is mine. No one touches you without my permission. No one hurts you unless I allow it. Nod if you understand."

I nodded. "Good boy."

The first blow landed flat in the center of my back. I flinched and shivered but made no sound. At the second blow I whimpered in the back of my throat. The pain spiked through my skin and into my lungs. After that came a series of short sharp strikes that left me moaning behind the gag. The beating went on for ten minutes at least.

Paula dropped the flogger at my feet and pressed her chest into my burning back. "Did you enjoy that?" she asked as she ran her hand over my furious erection.

Still gagged, I couldn't answer. I didn't need to. My body and the fluid trickling from the tip of my penis answered for me. Paula caught the wetness on her fingers and rubbed it into the head.

"I'll take that as a yes," Paula said, cupping my testicles with her other hand. As Paula stroked and fondled me, I groaned softly against the gag.

"Shh..." Paula whispered in my ear. Despite my extreme arousal, I still laughed. Paula reached behind my head and untied the gag. She took the watch from my hand and unbound me from the bedpost.

"Knees," Paula ordered and I dropped to the ground. "Eat it all." I relaxed as Paula held my head into the perfect pussy after just a minute or two, Paula pulled out and brought me back to my feet. "I need to be in you," Paula said in a hungry tone as she pushed me back against the bedpost.

"Yes," I said, more than willing. "I always want you inside me," I said as she brought her mouth down on mine. The kiss sent shock waves of desire searing through my body. Tonight I needed Paula as much as Paula needed me. "Bed," Paula ordered. "Now." I lay in the center of the bed. Paula grasped my ankle and buckled cuffs around both ankles.

"On your back," Paula said and I obediently rolled onto the luxurious covers. I turned my head to the side and watched Paula pull the tube of lube from the suitcase. I'd told Paula once how much it turned me on being completely naked while Paula still wore clothes. It made me feel even more like Paula's slave, her property. Since that conversation, Paula would keep her clothes on during sex once in a while. I loved Paula's naked body, loved feeling Paula's form pressed into me while we talked in bed or kissed or slept. But during sex, nothing turned me on more than feeling like a body to be used solely for Paula's pleasure.

Paula crawled onto the bed and hooked my ankles to each end of a two-foot spreader bar. Then with gentle fingers she prepped herself with the lube. I loved this part, the passivity of it. Again and again Paula pushed inside herself, opening herself slowly, massaging. Quietly she groaned as she found that tight knot of tissue inside her, her g-spot, and pushed into it. "You like this, don't you?" Paula asked, turning her hand and spreading her fingers apart.

I breathed deeply as Paula ran her hands up and down my burning back and over my arms and shoulders. I relished the touch of Paula's hands on my body, so gentle and possessive. "Okay?" Paula asked, kissing me behind the ear. "Very okay."

Paula slid her hands down my arms, captured my wrists, and pushed them hard into the mattress next to my head. Carefully Paula thrust long and slow in and out on my cock.

I kept breathing and tried to think about anything but Paula on top of me and inside her. Early on Paula had established the rule, Paula comes first. Literally. Unless she gave me explicit permission, Paula always came first while I had to control myself and come only when allowed. I loved the rule, loved how it made me feel even more like a sexual possession.

Paula's thrusts grew faster, sharper, and the grip on my wrist grew stronger, harder. "Where?" Paula asked, her voice husky with need.

"Inside you, please." I loved it when Paula came. When she came, she came hard, and sometimes I could actually feel her pouring over me.

Paula gripped the back of my neck and the leather of the collar bit into my skin. With a few more pumps of his hips, Paula pushed deep and came with a ragged grunt. It took everything I had to hold back and not come at the same time. His hips felt heavy and tight. He rested on the edge of orgasm and nearly anything would send him over.

"Beg," Paula said, pulling slowly out.

"Please," I began and I didn't have to fake the need in my voice. "Please..."

Paula unlashed my ankles from the spreader bar, and dragged me to the edge of the bed. Paula poured lube into both hands. Standing on the floor, Paula pushed my legs to my chest and entered me with her

fingers. As Paula's hand pushed into me, her free hand wrapped around me and stroked. "Please," was all I could utter?

"Come," Paula ordered, and I gasped and released into Paula's wet hand. She pushed into me with short shallow thrusts of her fingers while I orgasmed.

Slowly I caught my breath as Paula crawled over me and looked down. "You're wet," Paula teased as she dipped her head and kissed me.

"I know," I admitted. "I feel like I just took a bath in lube and cum."

All this before setting out on our city adventure, starting with a night out at the Rojo Tango is a well-known, award-winning venue to watch tango in Buenos Aires. We found it an intimate, lavish theatre where professional dancers demonstrate tango through the ages. At Rojo Tango, we booked the pre-show dinner and indulged in gourmet Argentinian food and drink before the show. I sat next to a guy who told me he owned a restaurant in Hong Kong called 'Pinkies' where if you booked a table he would send his Rolls Royce out to collect the guests and bring them to the restaurant. I listened with interest and told the stripper who acknowledged the guy with her alluring look. He then asked where we came from and what we did for a living. I turned and pointed to Paula and told the guy that we both came from Lower bagthorpe and that she was a stripper and I was a diver, to which he nodded politely and turned away and ignored us for the whole of the meal.

The Tango

Originally founded along the Rio de la Plata, the river that separates Argentina from Uruguay, in the 1880s, it should come as no surprise that tango eventually took the world by storm, since so many corners of the globe influenced its creation.

Drawing inspiration from both African and European cultures, tango was influenced by Cuba's habanera dance, Argentina's milonga and the traditional candombe dances of Argentina's African population.

While tango began as just one of many dances performed during gatherings on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, it wasn't long before its style became popular throughout many corners of society.

The dance began to spread from the suburbs and gain traction in working-class slums, which at the time were home to recently arrived immigrants from Europe. It wasn't long before the craze spread beyond the borders of Buenos Aires; tango dancers first made their way to Europe early in the 20th century. You might think that tango's entry to the continent was Spain, but in fact it was Paris that first found itself enamored by tango, followed swiftly thereafter by London and Berlin.

In 1913 tango made its way stateside, finding its first American fans in New York. However the phrase "tango" had been used in the U.S. as early as 1911. While Americans initially sped up the dance and went at a much faster tempo, it was soon slowed back down and came more in line with the Argentinian style. When the great Depression began in the 1930s, tango was not immune. The Depression coincided with the overthrow of the Argentinian government at that time, meaning that the focus of the Argentinian people was elsewhere (and few were in the mood for dancing).

Tango's fortunes took a turn for the better when the newly minted government of Juan Perón took power. Perón viewed tango as a matter of national pride, reviving its fortunes and helping the dance to

become more widespread throughout the country. Unfortunately, its new found favour wouldn't last long.

Tango was dealt another blow when the Argentinian military dictatorship of the 1950s banned public gatherings. Male dancers would traditionally train for up to three years by attending milongas, or public dances where tango music was played. But with public gatherings forbidden, would-be milongueros found themselves with nowhere to go – and no way to practice. Tango once again fell into decline. The night ended well, I didn't hit the fat guy who owned 'Pinkies' so that was a bonus.

Boca Juniors Stadium visit

La Bombonera is located south of Buenos Aires' city centre (Microcentro), at less than 4 kilometers from the Plaza de Mayo and 2 kilometers from popular nightlife area San Telmo. The stadium had no metro station in the vicinity, though the walk from the San Telmo area took no more than half an hour.

La Bombonera was built between 1938 and 1940, and, as the legend goes, received its name because the architect suddenly realised the similarities between the stadium and a chocolate (bonbon) he was eating.

Boca Juniors had already played at the site since 1924, which was until then a rather simple wooden stadium. After Boca bought the land in 1931, it therefore started making plans to build a new concrete stadium that could hold 100,000 fans. LA Bombonera officially opened on the 25th of May 1940 with a friendly between Boca Juniors and San Lorenzo (2-0)

La Bombonera at that time had stands on three sides. The fourth side was left open with just a few VIP boxes and an obelisk, which was because of a lack of space due to the residential buildings just across the street. In 1986, the stadium got named Estadio Alberto J. Armando in honour of the former iconic club president, but most fans have kept referring to the stadium as La Bombonera.

The stadium has no metro station in the vicinity, though the walk from the San Telmo area took no more than half an hour. It's always wise to be cautious when wandering urban areas. Though Buenos Aires is generally safe, it's important to stay alert, as robbery is all too common. As we normally plan to explore neighborhoods beyond the well-travelled areas, we do research beforehand, and talk to the local working girls. In general, the wealthiest neighborhoods are those north of Corrientes Avenue, whereas some of the most impoverished areas are located south of Rivadavia Avenue. Argentina is considered one of the safest countries in South America. Nonetheless, we keep our eyes open in the city. Making our way back to the Savoy I had a feeling Paula had something planned for the night.

The Misery stick

"Misery stick." Paula smiled wickedly at me, and my blood raced in anticipation. "Looks innocent enough, right? Just a long thin metal rod and a heavy ball on the end. But if you do this..." Paula pulled back the tip of the stick and let it hit my upper thigh. First I felt pain, the usual sort of impact "ouch." But then the pain increased, deepened, and radiated through his thigh down to the bone.

"Jesus." "They don't call it a Misery Stick for nothing. Want more?" "Oh, God yes."

Paula flicked me with the tip again. I winced and gasped again. Paula moved down my thigh with the stick, leaving red marks the size of pennies. The pain rang like a bell resonating through my entire body.

Flogging hurt and caning was excruciating, but I experienced a new pain from the Misery Stick. I held onto the headboard as my lower body writhed from the agony. With each strike of the stick, I grew harder and harder.

"Paula..." I gasped. "I'm-" "I know. Hold it off. No coming until I say so."

I nodded, too aroused and in pain to speak anymore. It had come as a shock to Paula when she discovered I could orgasm from pain alone. Paula usually shied away from hurting me to that extent. Once Paula had left twenty welts on my left thigh, she turned to the right. "Count with me," she said. "At ten you can come. One." "One." I forced the word out through gritted teeth. Paula flicked him at the soft spot above his knee. "Two," I said as she hit me once inch higher. My cock felt like it would explode if I didn't get to come soon. "Three." The pressure built up in my hips. "Four." my head spun from need.

I barely registered hits five through nine. I was lost in the pain, utterly adrift. I wasn't in the bed anymore. I wasn't in the bedroom. He wasn't in the Hotel. I was in pain. Pain was where I lived now.

"Ten," Paula whispered. The stick hit me on my inner thigh near my hipbone. I rolled onto my side from the sheer agony of it. Paula wrapped her hand around my penis and stroked once. I came with a shuddering rush, burying my face into the pillow to silence my cry. The spasms ripped through my back, and my entire body seized up in one of the strongest orgasms I'd ever had.

Slowly I emerged from the haze of orgasm. Paula rubbed my back with long gentle strokes. "You enjoy that?" she whispered.

Paula kissed me on the mouth, slowly, sensuously before working her way down my trembling body.

I slipped a hand between Paula's legs and pushed the tip of my finger into her. Once more I found Paula's g-spot and slowly kneaded it. "I need you," Paula said. "Fuck me," she said as she felt my brutally hard cock pressing into her stomach. "Please." I grabbed the lube off the side table and poured it onto my fingertips. Quickly, roughly, and with almost shaking hands I prepped Paula.

Slowly I pushed inside Paula ass. I rarely fucked her more than once a day. I didn't want a repeat of the night I'd gotten too rough with her and caused some bleeding. "Pain?"

I began thrusting into Paula, long, hard thrusts. The bed groaned underneath us. Paula tilted her hips to take me in deeper. She wrapped her legs around my upper back. Reaching back, she grasped the headboard again to steady herself.

"Come," Paula ordered. I let go and came again in Paula's mouth. I shivered from the orgasm, a gentler one this time, but no less enjoyable. Paula rolled onto her back. Although it took every ounce of energy I had left, I crawled over to Paula and stretched out across her chest. Idly he traced the lines of Paula's tattoos with my fingertips.

"Oh my God," I breathed. "I think that's the best sex we've ever had." How ironic I thought, we are in Argentina the home of my former enemy.

The military government

The Plaza de Mayo is a city square and main foundational site of Buenos Aires, Argentina. It was formed in 1884 after the demolition of the Recova building, unifying the city's Plaza Mayor and Plaza de Armas,

by that time known as Plaza de la Victoria and Plaza 25 de Mayo, respectively. The city centre of Buenos Aires, Plaza de Mayo has been the scene of the most momentous events in Argentine history, as well as the largest popular demonstrations in the country. On the occasion of the first anniversary of the May Revolution in 1811, the Pirámide de Mayo was inaugurated in the square's hub, becoming Buenos Aires' first national monument. It is located in the financial district known as microcentro, within the barrio of Monserrat. It is bounded by Bolívar, Hipólito Yrigoyen, Balcarce and Avenida Rivadavia streets; and from its west side three important avenues are born: Avenida Presidente Julio Argentino Roca, Avenida Roque Sáenz Peña and Avenida de Mayo. In the square's surroundings are several significant monuments and points of interest: the Cabildo, the Casa Rosada, the Metropolitan Cathedral, the Buenos Aires City Hall, and the Bank of the Argentine Nation's headquarters.

The military government came to power March 24, 1976 and placed General Jorge Videla in control of a politically unstable Argentina. Considering Argentina's long history of political and economic instability, a military coup was not surprising, but the long-term consequences of this coup were unprecedented. The military government prided itself in rooting out left-wing subversives, using the word "war" to legitimize their actions. By claiming that the elimination of left-wing subversives was a solution to the "national security" concern they created, the military government functioned beyond the limits of Argentinian and international law.

During the Process of National Reorganization the military junta's grandiose name for the period of its rule, from 1976 to 1983 as many as thirty thousand people, mostly young Argentines, were disappeared. The government justified its tactics as part of a war against a revolutionary insurrection waged by "subversive terrorists," though the junta's first leader, General Jorge Rafael Videla, defined a "terrorist" as "not only someone who plants bombs but a person whose ideas are contrary to Western, Christian civilization." The junta's security forces exceeded even that sweeping mandate when targeting dissidents for elimination. Sixty students from Manuel Belgrano High School, in Buenos Aires, were disappeared simply for having joined their student council. Victims were abducted as they stepped off buses, as they walked home from work or school, or in midnight raids of private residences and of the safe houses where members of guerrilla groups or of banned trade and student organizations lived in hiding. The abductees were taken to clandestine detention centers, where the majority of them were tortured and killed.

Mothers of Plaza de Mayo

14 women gathered in a Buenos Aires square known as Plaza de Mayo. They were looking for their children, who had disappeared at the hands of the military dictatorship. They were scared, but their desire to find their loved ones was stronger than their fear. They spontaneously decided to join forces in order to force the military junta to give them some answers. None of them could have imagined at the time that they were planting the seeds of a movement that would never be eradicated from the square, and which would grow to be known the world over.

These days, the capital of Argentina is organizing music festivals, photography exhibitions, symposiums and documentary screenings as a tribute to the Mothers of Plaza de Mayo, those brave souls who became a symbol of resistance against the horrors of the regime.

At first, they would sit on the benches and talk, using their knitting as a cover to throw off the uniformed guards who stared at them suspiciously. Any gathering of three or more people was forbidden under the state of siege, and at one point a police officer told them to keep moving. The women got up and began circling the monument to Belgrano and then the Pirámide de Mayo, across from the government palace known as Casa Rosada.

At the time men and women who were members of guerrilla groups, political organizations and unions were being dragged out of their homes and plucked from the streets and taken to clandestine detention centers. Because no charges were ever brought against them, nor their location disclosed, the people who were “sucked up” in this way became los desaparecidos, or the disappeared.

The list of crimes perpetrated by the state included kidnappings, torture, baby theft from women who gave birth while in prison, and forced disappearances that took many forms, including the “death flights” in which detainees were drugged and weighed down before being thrown off aircraft and into the River. Plate. They began wearing white headscarves ‘originally these were their children’s cloth nappies, and the head covering quickly became the symbol of their struggle

Evita

María Eva Duarte de Perón was the wife of Argentine President Juan Perón and first lady of Argentina from 1946 until her death in 1952. She is usually referred to as Eva or Evita.

Perón was born May 7, 1919, in the village of Los Toldos, Argentina, the youngest of five children. Her parents were not married, and her father abandoned the family when Perón was one year old, leaving them in poverty. Perón's legal and societal status as an illegitimate child followed her throughout her life. At age 15, she moved to Buenos Aires to pursue a career as an actress, eventually becoming co-owner of a radio company and one of the highest-paid radio actresses in the country. In 1943, she was one of the founders of the Argentine Radio Syndicate. She married Juan Perón, a colonel and government official, in 1945, and he was elected president of Argentina in 1946. Perón campaigned for her husband, delivering radio speeches and traveling throughout the country with him.

In 1947, Perón met with numerous European dignitaries and heads of state in what was termed the Rainbow Tour. At home, she used her position as first lady to speak on behalf of labor rights and advocate for women's suffrage in Argentina. She unofficially ran the Ministries of Labor and Health, founded the Eva Perón Foundation and founded the nation's first large-scale female political party, the Female Peronist Party. In 1951, she announced her intention to run for vice president, receiving strong support from the Peronist political base and low-income and working-class Argentines. However, health problems and political opposition from the military and upper-class Argentines caused her to withdraw her candidacy.

Perón died of cancer on July 26, 1952. Shortly before her death, she was given the title of "Spiritual Leader of the Nation" by the Argentine Congress. Upon her death, she was given a state funeral,

typically reserved for heads of state. Her story was the subject of many articles, books, stage plays and television shows, and eventually a Broadway musical and a Hollywood film.

The Cenotaph in Plaza San Martín

Today, the notion of a country like Argentina challenging a major world power like Great Britain seems almost ridiculous and when it actually happened, it was treated as such by English-language media. Virtually forgotten by most Brits, this short war lasted from April to June 1982, and it remains an extremely touchy and serious subject among Argentines, with the first Monday after April 2, the date of Argentina's taking of the Islands, recognized as a national holiday. Regardless of your personal opinion on the logic of Argentina declaring war on Great Britain, the topic must be treated very delicately in any conversation with locals. The war came during a period of rapid inflation and other troubles when the Argentine military government, under the leadership of General Leopoldo Galtieri, wanted to distract attention from its failed economic policies. Argentina lost the war and suffered more than 700 casualties, sparking the government collapse that Galtieri was trying to avoid. Democracy returned to Argentina, and the 6-year Dirty War, under which 30,000 political opponents were tortured and murdered, finally ended.

The legal basis of Argentina's claim to the Falkland Islands, known here as Las Islas Malvinas and you'd better use that term, is due to their inclusion in the territory of Argentina when it was still ruled by Spain. There is, however, a conflicting historical argument that they remained in Spanish hands via rule from Montevideo, before Uruguay's independence and therefore never passed to Argentina. However, as a fledgling nation after independence, Argentina could do little to prevent Great Britain from setting up a fishing colony and base there. This colonization by Britain of the islands, however, spurred Argentina to explore and populate Patagonia to prevent losing more land to the European power. To most Argentines, having lost the war does not mean that they have no rights to the islands, and diplomatic maneuvers continue with the ongoing dispute. The argument is over more than mere sovereignty: Oil reserves have been discovered in the area.

This monument contains Memorial plaques with lists of names of the Argentines who died. An eternal flame burns over a metallic image of the islands, and the three main branches of the military, the army, the navy, and the air force, each guard the monument in 2-week rotations. The location of the monument, at the bottom of a gentle hill under Plaza San Martín, is itself a message. It faces the Torre Monumental, previously known as the British Clock Tower, a gift from British citizens who made a fortune developing the nearby Retiro railroad station complex. Like stalemate in a game of chess, the two sides, Argentina and Great Britain, stand facing each other, representing the dispute that has no end. Monument to the fallen in Malvinas is a cenotaph located in the Plaza General San Martín, erected in honor of those killed in the Falklands War

The Monumento a los caídos en Malvinas is a cenotaph in Plaza San Martín, in Buenos Aires, dedicated to the 649 Argentine soldiers who were killed in the Falklands War. The inscription reads La nación también rinde homenaje a los que guardan en su cuerpo o memoria las huellas Del combate.

A solemn monument which when I passed, I couldn't help but turn around and read some names, my little tribute to those anonymous Heroes, on our side and theirs.

The Falklands war 1982

Stanley and the signing of the Argentinian surrender, I leaned against the wall. We were like a collection of toy soldiers, barely able to stand upright from fatigue. I was exhausted and surely rank. Every piece of clothing that was draped across my body was in tatters and covered in a layer of muck and bog filth from forty awful days out in the field. We must have been quite the sight. After waiting what felt like hours, we heard the front doors open and shut. Someone shouted out, "Attention."

Before we could snap though, Major General, Jeremy Moore strutted into the lobby. He was followed by his attaché. Their heads were held high. And they expected the same.

Immediately, Moore shot a glare in my direction. I remember through the severity of his look that his handsome appearance stood out like a sore thumb. For the life of me, I could not recall the last time I saw someone clean-shaven and presentable. I saluted the General and his men. For that half-assed effort, I got a seething glare. They looked at me like I was nothing more than a piece of shit.

Then, as quick as the party entered the lobby, they disappeared in an officious line up the main staircase. They ended up spending quite a long time up on the second floor; there were no clocks nearby, but it felt like forever. We heard nary a peep, but we were fully aware that we were responsible for their wellbeing. For the duration of their conference, I stood ramrod straight. My suddenly hawkish eyes were forward.

About an hour later, we heard doors open and close. Moore and his attaché walked down the hall and descended the stairs. By then, we got a look at their faces.

Then, finally, we got word of what everyone was gathered there to do. The Argentinean forces had signed surrender documents. Bloody hell, I thought. Really?

The history books record their signatures at one minute short of 2100 hours. Whatever, I was not aware of the time as reality sunk in. The Falkland Island War was over.

I never saw General Mario Menendez in Government House that night. He must have been there, though, as his signature appears on those surrender documents.

The last lines of Argentinean defense around Stanley had been broken down. During the previous day's fighting, one of their company commanders got lost, an inexplicable occurrence. As a result, all of his junior commanders became despondent, uncertain what to do next. The chain of command was broken.

Long after the war was over, Santiago Carrizo, a private serving in their 3rd Regiment, would describe how Argentinean troops had been positioned in houses around Stanley. Their orders were to shoot any enemies on sight; none of them did though. They threw up their hands instead. They were done with fighting.

Sounds like a bloody lot of chaos. No wonder they threw up their hands.

The Argentinean military works with a strictly defined code for surrender. That code states that unless more than half the men were casualties, or seventy-five percent of the ammo had been spent, a

surrender would be deemed illegal; none of those conditions had been met during the Falkland conflict. That hardly seemed to matter at all to Menendez.

His troops had simply given up, no longer willing or able to resist. Better for them, And a hell of a lot better for us.

A lot of official mumbo jumbo got thrown into those documents, terminology in place in order to make the surrender legal. None of the lads I spoke to give one shite about what went into those negotiations, outside of the end result. Whatever gets you through the night? It was over.

With surrender papers signed, reality began to sink in. Moore and the rest of the military hierarchy departed Government House, meaning we were released from our duty. There was nothing to watch over anymore.

It must have been early afternoon when I wandered into one of the upstairs bedrooms. As far as I could tell, there was no one around, so I felt comfortable nosing around in a few of the personal affects scattered about.

In a bedside table, I found a photo album. Bored stiff, I started leafing through the pages when I discovered a set of pictures of General Mario Menendez of the Argentine Army, posed with President Armando Galltieri, all of the photos taken on the Falkland Islands. No one knew that Galltieri had been here; here was the proof of that.

Holy shit, I thought. This is one of a kind. I have got to take this back. The room suddenly took on a new meaning. This was the bedroom where General Menendez had slept only a few nights before. Quickly, I tucked the photo album under my arm and began to search for whatever keepsakes I could find.

On the floor beneath the bed, I dragged out a pair of military boots. The leather felt new, smelled of polish. They were fine, not the battered black dogs that we wore. They were high quality leather that shined so brightly you could see your reflection.

I tried them on; they fit my feet perfectly. What the hell, I thought. May as well take these too. Quite happy with my spoils, I scurried off to secure these treasures in with the rest of my kit.

Two and a half months can go by in the blink of an eye; for me, it went quicker.

On the morning of April 2nd, 1982, I had been forced face down onto the cold courtyard stone outside the front steps of Government House. My weapon had been seized. My hands were up. A bunch of Argentinean commandos, mugging for the camera, surrounded my prone form. That was a dubious moment, not just in my life, but in the proud course of British history as well.

All of the lads in that picture had been seething ever since, and it was on June 17th that we finally got the chance to restore order.

We attached the union jack flag to its lanyard and raised it high into the sky. Then we stood back and watched it rippling in the wind.

For the life of me, I cannot recall seeing that photographer snapping pictures in our midst; not that I was looking for him though. I was, as I had been up until then, living the moment without a shred of pretense.

All the books about the Falkland Island War show that moment: a scrum of salty, bog-splattered Royal Marines clamoring to get their filthy hands on the dangling lanyard.

I do clearly recall, though, that the moment felt pretty damn good. We had all come full circle. Look it up. Take a look at the picture. You can see my mug right up there next to the flag pole.

The Falkland Island War ended thirty-nine years ago. That's a lifetime for some men, those unlucky enough to have been buried down there.

Thinking back on those frozen images, I simply cannot recall all of the names. A few stand out, but just as many have escaped me already. Even those I do remember, I hardly know the fate of half of those lads.

Jerry killed himself some years after. I don't know doubt whether it had anything to do with taking fire on the hot side of Mount Harriet., But when I heard, that is the first thing that crossed my mind, the scattered, shell-shocked look in his eye as he told us the news.

Combat stress wasn't something you really talked about back then. There was no PTSD to speak of. There was still a stigma, an idea that only the weak expressed vulnerability. This is another way in which war has changed. We fortunately have the notion of opening that line of communication, one that perhaps, in Jerry's case, came along a generation too late.

Had Jerry gotten help, would he still be here today? Who knows, certainly not an ordinary Marine like me.

My thoughts rarely drifted back to the Falkland Islands. What happened to me there came out as stories, tossed around the bar with the other old soldiers. That was all they were to me, stories just tossed around for laughs.

There was only once I can recall when I had "a moment." I was traveling through Argentina with my stripper at the time. We were in Buenos Aires when we staggered across the Argentinean memorial to the fallen soldiers of, Guerra de las Malvinas.

I needed to catch my breath. Although I made the obvious connection being in Argentina, the memorial unexpectedly stirred all those memories back up again. Then it was gone. I choked it back and moved on. It has been that way for thirty-nine years now. Memories of war resurface in glimmers, only to be forced back down. That night I promised Paula one more night of fun before we made our way Back up to Brazil the 'Long way'

The Last night in BA.

"What kind of club?" "The best kind," I said and gave her a wolfish smile. The club turned out to be exactly what we had imagined. Black walls, ornate staircases, many rooms with closed doors. "Sex club?" Paula squeaked with joy as I escorted her inside. "Kink club they cater to all the fetishes here."

I led her up the central staircase to a room at the end of a second floor hallway. I opened the door to a bedroom that appeared to have been lifted from a nineteenth-century house of ill repute. Seemed an appropriate setting for some behavior of ill repute. "Let's get you over that, shall we?"

I opened an ebony cabinet inlaid with ivory and pulled out a flogger.

I strode towards Paula and looked down at her. Paula. I know...what...I...am doing..." I said each word slowly and punctuated the sentence with a kiss. A long kiss, a slow kiss, a deep kiss that said even more than my words that I knew what I was doing. "Good. Take your clothes off." Off came her high heels, her skirt, blouse and bra. "No panties?" I asked as she stood before him naked.

I ran his hands up and down her arms. I touched her back, belly, and hips before cupping her breasts. I teased her nipples with my fingertips as I assaulted her mouth with the softest of kisses. The first stirrings of desire danced in her stomach.

"Come here. Right here." I pulled her to the side of the bed and gave her one more kiss before pushing her onto her stomach. She tried to relax into the soft silk sheets as I adjusted the width of her feet still on the floor. She heard something like the clinking of metal and then felt something wrap around her ankles. Her legs were locked in, immobile. "Johnny" "Spreader bar." "I can't move my legs."

"You're naked. Where were you planning on going?" "Good point."

"Stay here." "Very funny," she said as she tried again to move her legs. She heard me rummaging through the cabinet and in seconds I'd returned to her. "I need to open you up a little so I don't hurt going in."

"Good enough." I dropped to my knees behind her, spread her cheeks open, and started to lick her.

"Wait..." I pulled back. "That 'wait' sounded like a 'wait, what the fuck are you doing' kind of 'wait.' I thought we already established-

"Sorry. I just wasn't prepared for...you know." "My tongue in your ass? Now you're prepared."

I started to lick her again and after a minute she started to relax. she'd shaved and groomed thoroughly. And if she could admit it to herself, it did feel weirdly good. I massaged her thighs while I kissed her and slipped a hand between her legs. I slid one finger into her vagina as I pushed my tongue inside her. A moan escaped her throat.

"Please try not to sound depressed when I'm massaging your g-spot." She laughed into the sheets.

"Sorry about that." I bit down hard on her right cheek and she gasped with the sudden pain.

"You have an amazing ass. That's not the only time I'm going to bite it today." "Thanks for the warning," she said, still gasping. "Another warning, I'm going to thoroughly lube you right now and insert a plug. It'll open you up." "You don't ask permission to do things, I'm starting to notice. You just do them."

I started to ply her with the cold liquid, moving slowly inside her, one finger and eventually two. Before long she was started to feel pleasure. Intense pleasure. My wet fingers deep in her...my free hand massaging her back, bottom, and thighs...my words of encouragement as she opened up to me...they set every nerve in the lower half of her body alight.

“Good girl...” I whispered as she moaned and dug her fingers into the sheets. “Thought I was being bad here.” “Oh no. I don’t play by those rules.”

I pulled my fingers out and Paula winced as I pushed the plug into her. It fit snugly but if she forced herself to relax, it didn’t hurt at all. She felt a fullness from it, a pleasant penetration. She made a mental note to never try anal with a guy who didn’t know what he was doing ever again. I was kneeling down again and unbuckling her from the spreader bar.

“I’m going to flog you. I have two very good reasons for doing that. My erection is just one of those two reasons.” I pushed my hips into her bottom and she felt the truth of my words against her skin. And the other? “Endorphins. Intercourse causes you pain. Endorphins fight pain. I flog you and the endorphins start flooding your system. It’s all very scientific.” “That’s why we’re doing it?” “That and reason one.” I pressed reason one into her hip again. I turned her to face me and wrapped a silk scarf around her wrists. As I tied her wrists, she watched my face. I seemed utterly absorbed in the task and my dark eyes shone with intelligence mixed with desire. Without warning, she kissed me. I didn’t object.

“I’m still going to flog you,” I said when I pulled back from the kiss. “I wasn’t trying to stop you.” “I like you, Paula. I might have to fuck you all day.” “Let me? Not sure I asked permission.” I gave her a wink and spun her to the bedpost where I quickly tied her arms above her head.

Paula closed her eyes and took a deep breath, a breath that she released in a yelp as the flogger hit the center of her back. I took aim and hit her again. Up and down her entire back from her neck to her knees I flogged her. It hurt but not badly enough she needed me to stop. Every blow set her skin burning and her body flinching even as the plug inside her sent shivers of pleasure through her hips. The flogging ended after a few minutes and I pushed my body into her back.

“I’d flog your beautiful body all day but my cock won’t let me.” I untied her wrists from the bedpost and swept her up in my arms. The sudden removal of her feet from the floor set her laughing even as he laid her in the center of the bed. “Don’t laugh. I’m trying to be sexy.” “You are sexy, Johnny.” She gripped me by the back of my neck as I sucked her nipples one by one. “You don’t have to try.”

I sat up on my knees and unbuttoned my shirt. She watched me undress adoring every square inch of my muscled body. “Knees to chest,” I ordered and she complied. I worked the plug out of her and sat it on the bedside table. It shocked her how big it was. If that fit into her comfortably, so should he. Picking up the tube of lube again, I worked even more of it into her before slathering a generous amount over my cock. I dried my hands, grabbed her thighs and yanked her close. Paula stared up at the ceiling as I positioned myself and started to push inside her. Inch by inch I worked his way in with slow, short thrusts. When her body gave him no resistance, I sunk deep and laid on top of her. As my hips settled between her thighs, her legs spread even further apart.

“Good?” I bit her neck. “Very good,” she breathed. Very good. I was inside her, all of me, and moving, thrusting, fucking her. I put a hand to the side her head to hold myself up as I reached between our bodies and found her clitoris. With each slow deep thrust I rubbed the swollen knot. Her hips rocked into his. She couldn’t get enough of my cock, my fingers, and my mouth on her face, her neck.

Paula’s body started to tighten. Her shoulders came off the bed and she buried her head against my chest as her vagina clenched and her whole body shook with the climax. Collapsing against the bed, she merely breathed as I pumped into her until my eyes shut tight and I came with a hoarse grunt.

Carefully I pulled out of her and laid on my back. Laughing, Paula crawled on top of me and stretched out across his chest. "How about now? My ass can take it." "Now..." I said as I pulled her into lotus position and grabbed the lube again. "Would be perfect."

And as they say in the movies, that's all folks...

We left South America and flew directly to New York in the North, but that's another story.