

Deep Cover pt.1

(Futa on Male)

Thereshegoes123

## Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male/female domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

(Please remember to love and support the LGBTQ+ community, privately and publicly if possible!)

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## Deep Cover Pt.1

*Munich, 23/6/--*

*Operation Codename - First Flight*

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“Eyes on the target?”

A small voice chirped back in his ear.

*\*He’s on his way.\**

“Great.... everybody start your timers. We’ve got 10 minutes until he’s on the plane. That disk doesn’t leave with him.”

Mope adjusted his glasses, staring out over the large white departure lounge filled with a sea of people striding towards their gates or waiting nervously for their flights to appear on huge screens above them.

*\*Do people even use CDs anymore?\** the voice in his earpiece muttered.

“Apparently so.”

*\*Do we know what’s on it?\**

“Nope... But probably the usual... diagnostic to a weapon of mass destruction, world-ending machine intelligence... Take your pick.”

*\*At this point I’m almost bored of saving the world.\**

“Bored. Really Eunice? Millions of people’s lives are in our hands.”

*\*I said almost.\**

“Hang on... I’ve got eyes on target.”

He observed a man below striding through the crowd like a shark through water, effortlessly blending in. Grey suit. Grey hair. Briefcase in hand. Mope felt like the moment he blinked the man would disappear into the background and never be seen again.

“He’s carrying a briefcase. Do we know if the disk is in there?”

*\*Ignore it, he only carries the disk on his person.\**

“Got it.... Carter, you standing by?”

A muscled, dark-skinned man squeezed into an Armani suit with an inch-perfect fade strolled out of a perfume shop across the main square of the terminal below. He adjusted his tie and glanced over to where the grey man passed.

“I’m in position. Worst comes to worst, I hit him and run.”

“Shouldn’t be any need for that,” Mope said casually, “I’ve got it under control.”

*\*Yeah, wouldn’t want to ruin that suit,\** Eunice snickered in their ears.

“Hey, don’t be jealous because you ain’t got this much swagger,” Carter smiled, brushing a hair off the crisp hem, the suit hugging his powerful, Tyson-esque physique.

*\*Don’t be jealous because you don’t have any brain cells to go with it.\**

“So you admit I look good?”

“Guys, can we focus up?” Mope smiled. “Not that I don’t enjoy the confidence... but this guy isn’t afraid of collateral. Don’t be surprised if he’s carrying something.”

*\*Yeah.. two years ago he detonated a fuck-ton of C4 in Colombia..... blew a whole street sky-high in response to a botched hostage rescue.\**

“Well, we wouldn’t want that.”

Carter’s deep voice came through.

“Firearms?”

*\*Not his style, just bombs mostly.\**

Mope kept his eyes trained on the man whilst casually leaning over the first-floor railing.

“Well I still hate surprises... scanning him and the case.”

He touched his glasses and blue icons covered his vision. He pressed again in a different spot and his vision zoomed in, pressing a third time to make the world go a hazy white, a circular object clearly visible in the man’s left jacket pocket.

Bingo.

He looked down at the briefcase, and his eyebrows narrowed at the metallic contents briefly visible as the man walked away.

*“That’s....”*

Soon though too many people were between them.

“.....Hmm, saw something metal in the briefcase, but only caught a glimpse. Let’s assume bad news.”

*\*Hopefully it’s just a ball-point pen?\**

Mope began to stride smoothly to the escalator, checking his reflection in the mirror as if he had all the time in the world. A suited, easy-smiling young(ish) lightly tanned man with aviator glasses, sandy hair and smart brown shoes looked

back; confident, relaxed... perhaps to anyone watching he would look just like a young entrepreneur back from a business trip. He stepped onto the escalator.

“Let’s go. Eunice, keep eyes on me. Carter, stay sharp.”

*\*Roger.\**

“You got it.”

As he was going down the hairs pricked down the back of his neck, that sixth sense of something out of the ordinary, and his eyes slipped from the target to a mid-thirties woman rising up towards him on the other side of the escalator. She had a strong and handsome chin, wide thick lips and expressive brows with long brown hair that flowed un-hindered past her shoulders, only partially tamed by straighteners. A brown leather jacket and white shirt fit a broad-ish frame, but hugged healthy curves on her chest hidden from view.

*‘That’s not something to be getting distracted by right now...’*

However two large brown eyes put claws in his brain, anchoring him to her as they briefly crinkled around the edges with amusement, and he felt the air leave his lungs as everything else in the world dimmed apart from her face.

*‘Pretty...’*

A single upwards curve of her lips sent his stomach on an early flight above the clouds.

*\*EY! still got eyes?\**

The voice in his ear snapped him back to reality, and when he blinked, she was past him and moving away.

“Huuuhm....”

He blinked and re-scanned the crowd, confused and trying to calm himself down.

*‘Shit...’*

*\*Mope?\**

If the target escaped....

*‘He must be close to the exit of the main terminal plaza...’*

“I....”

A hundred people intermingled in a sea of urgent faces.

*\*Mope do you see him?\**

“I....”

He peeled his eyes. Between the sea of heads, a sliver of grey peeked out.

“..... Got him!”

The adrenaline surging around his body slowed somewhat, heart still thumping in his chest.

*\*Okay, better get close. Five minutes until he’s on the plane.\**

Mope blinked, and was once again himself, striding forwards through the crowd as the grey man had. If anything he was smoother, moving like a panther despite his shorter, slim stature which hid more than capable sinewy muscles. No-one expected a man of his diminutive frame to be capable of silkiness and speed... until it was usually too late.

*\*Did you see the disk?\**

“Yeah, left pocket.”

*\*Good. But the gate is close, you’ve got to move. Two minutes.\**

He sped up, and in his haste almost tripped over a child running across his path.

“Hn!”

Regaining his balance, he then sped up with a brisk sidestep of a rushing passenger, and found himself directly behind the grey suited man.

*\*One minute.\**

Mope matched his steps with the man, careful to eye up the advantage.

*\*Fifty seconds.... He probably isn’t going to take a piss-break either.\**

Mope gritted his teeth. The man was moving fast, it would be tricky....

*\*Forty seconds\**

He could see the gate. The man swerved slightly around a family in his path.

‘There!’

Mope took a snatched breath... and rushed past, losing his footing, cluttering into the man’s side.

The pair staggered in a brief dance together, narrowly avoiding the family just to the side.

“Offf-hey!”

“Sorry!” he called behind him, spinning slightly before regaining his footing and walking onwards quickly, slipping something into his own right breast pocket.

Mope measured his stride and didn’t look back, knowing that in all likelihood the man would be staring with anger at the back of his head, hopefully none the wiser.

‘Never look back.’

He glanced at his watch and hurried off, waiting until he was almost round the corner to check the reflection in his phone.

The man looked ruffled, but was already passing the incident from his mind, straightening his blazer before stepping into the gate.

*\*And... he's through the gate... did you get it Mope?\**

Mope slid the object briefly from his jacket. It felt cold, plastic, and incredibly satisfying.

*"Ja mein lieber....Job done... Got a plane outta here for me?"*

*\*Three gates down.... You'll have the boarding pass in your phone in thirty seconds, booked under your Spanish passport. Should be boarding now.\**

*"Thanks... Adios hermana. See you in thirty hours at the debriefing point."*

He began to stride forwards, checking his phone which had just received emails with boarding passes to Argentina.

Gate nineteen.

He smirked.

"Hey Eunice, why are you leaving me out to dry here.. this is four gates down, not three."

*\*Fuck off.\**

He smiled and began a leisurely stroll across the shiny white floors of the airport. Maybe saving the world WAS becoming too easy... Perhaps he should ask the CIA to get some interns in for a few weeks. A prolonged stay in Buenos Aires to clear the mind didn't sound awful...

*\*Hang on Mope...sharpen up.\**

Mope's arm-hairs began to stand up on end. Eunice sounded serious.

"What."

*\*You've got a tail.\**

His chest tightened, and he glanced backwards.

"Who am I looking-"

Large, soul-searching eyes. Brown hair, a pronounced bust and handsome chin. Thick red lips and apparently taller by a head than most of the people around her. That certainly hadn't been as obvious on the escalator.

*\*Female, brown leath-\**

"Yeah. I see her... she passed me earlier."

*\*Oh... where?\**

“The escalator.”

*\*Huh... good memory?\**

“Yeah.. uh... She’s hard to miss.”

*\*For fuck’s sake Mope, get your head in the game! We have no idea who she is.\**

Mope increased his pace.

“Honestly, who picks the spies these days...”

*\*Why?\**

“.. Because they’re doing a great job, and I commend them for it... Eunice, should I continue with the plan and get on the plane?”

He dodged past an old couple and slowed upon seeing a security guard looking in the middle distance, a gun on his hip.

“Eunice?...”

*\*N...Negative. If she knows you’re on there we have no idea who could be waiting to meet you on the other side.... Gotta lose her first.\**

“Great... how much time do I have?”

*\*Fifteen minutes.\**

He glanced back.

She was walking faster too.

He upped his pace to a light jog.

“I’ll be back on track in ten.... Carter, keep eyes on but hang back. You’ll know when to make the move.”

Carter’s deep voice responded.

“Got it.”

Already Mope’s eyes were searching for somewhere.... A staff door, an exit...

Keeping his gait light but brisk, as if he were slightly late for his flight, he chanced another look back. She was closer now, smouldering as she kept her eyes trained on him, marching with long strides. He realised that she was also even taller than he had first thought, and must have been wearing some quite impressive heels to stick up above everyone else. She certainly didn’t seem to care about the looks coming her way, pushing aggressively through the crowd, more of a bludgeon than a scalpel. Her lengthy stride meant she was catching him despite not running.

*‘Damn.’*

A footrace wasn't going to do it.

*'And there I was looking forward to Buenos Aires...'*

He watched her barge a large, shocked man out of the way, and sighed. The slim chance she was an over-eager bachelorette was looking less than realistic.

*'Shame...'*

"Eunice, anywhere I can go? I'm running out of gates here..."

*\*Um... if you can find the staff door towards the back corner next to gate 21, there's a disused part of the terminal waiting to be renovated.\**

"Perfect."

He slid over to a grey door and walked inside without a backwards glance into a large, empty departures lounge with long pretty windows which looked out over a runway at dusk, spots of rain pattering the glass as a plane sped off into the distance, up into smoky, pink-hazed clouds.

Through the dim, lifeless terminal he jogged, finding somewhere appropriate. No possible witnesses...

Footsteps echoed behind him.

He needed somewhere secluded....

A half-renovated coffee shop.... Rows of empty seats.....

*'There.'*

A bathroom in a disused terminal.

*'Perfect.'*

He strode over and picked up a 'closed for maintenance' sign up that was hanging nearby, placing it on the door. He couldn't help a little wry humour.... he found it helped in a job like this.

The familiar tang of men's bathrooms crossed with lemon disinfectant fluttered in his nose as Mope stepped up to the furthest urinal. The door groaned as it opened behind him.

"You know, it's unladylike to enter the men's room."

He looked up to see her standing there. Tight black pants fit her legs even better than the jacket and shirt fit her pronounced chest. Some of the shirt buttons across her breasts struggled with the task assigned to them, pulled to their limits.

"Oh really? I'm so sorry..."

English accent. Upper class.

'MI6?'

"Yeah... if you don't mind, I'm trying to take a piss?"

Her eyes flicked down to his manhood hanging out of his trousers as he began producing a steady stream.

"With what?"

"Hm... a small penis joke huh? And there I thought you brits were so refined with your humour."

"Hmm... how about a big penis joke then?"

She unzipped her flies and pulled out a cock the size and girth of three cola cans stacked on top of each other.

Mope for the second time that day felt his stomach lurch, but this time it felt sharper.

".. or are you getting a little flustered?"

It was huge, almost drooping at around nine inches soft, but thick like a cudgel. Mope reckoned it wouldn't have made a bad weapon to knock someone out, around as thick as his wrist. The dick between his fingers felt like it was trying to shrink from its un-erect state of two inches and hide itself away.

"AH... um...."

"What, no comeback?"

The voice in his ear chirped.

*\*What's going on Mope?!\**

"Ah... that's quite something," Mope managed, preferring not to talk to Eunice whilst the woman was present. Better she think he was working alone...

The woman's smirk slid into a smile, her lips wide and inviting.

"Is it? Hmm..."

She stepped up to the cubicle at the opposite end.

"Ahhhhh..."

A giant stream of piss exploded from her monster, and the sound of a small river hitting porcelain made Mope feel incredibly small in more ways than one, the thing in his own hands feeling rather pathetic.

He grunted and tucked his flaccid penis back into his pants.

"Who are you... and how did you find me?"

She gave him a condescending look, still pissing.

*\*Psshhhh\**

“HHnn...come now..... you seem reasonable...we’ve both allowed each other to urinate here, why don’t we save ourselves the trouble of all that extra exertion where I have to knock you out, and you give me the disk?”

“Not going to happen... and I apologise...”

The door creaked open, and the woman turned her head to see Carter standing tall in the entrance behind her, looking surprised that she met him at eye level, before his eyes bugged out at her open flies and the mammoth hanging out of it.

Mope gave an apologetic shrug.

“... but now I really am going to need to know who you work for.”

She raised her eyebrows, wiggled her manhood and tucked it back inside her pants, tutting as she zipped her flies up. Mope had to blink twice to realise he had been staring at her cock the whole time.

*‘Jesus snap out of it...’*

She regarded Carter with a colder look, who was still staring incredulously at her crotch.

“Nice suit.”

“Th.... thanks...”

Mope stared at where the beast had been zipped up, forming a healthy bulge in her crotch which look alien on a woman’s body. He didn’t know whether he was going to be having dreams or nightmares about that for days to come.

The woman licked around the inside of her mouth, turning so Carter was to her left, Mope to her right, but still standing closer to the former.

“Two on one? My, you boys are hungry aren’t you.....”

She brushed some hair from her shoulder.

“And yes, if you were wondering, I am MI6.”

Mope and Carter exchanged glances.

“Huh. And what do you want with us?”

“Tut tut, no introductions? Well, I’ll introduce you then... *you* are special ops - Codename - Shadowfall, loosely affiliated with the CIA.”

Another shared glance.

“Well, you sure have done your research,” Mope said after a beat.

“It’s my job.... now hand the disk over.”

Mope gave an incredulous smile.

“Uh... you realise, we have you outnumbered?”

Carter stepped forwards.

“Yeah, you Brits can count right?”

“Last I recall,” she said airily, “but, you see, I only counted-“

*\*THUMP-SMACK\**

Mope didn't even understand what happened at first, and by the time his brain had processed it, Carter was on the floor.

“-one.”

Eventually his brain caught up to his eyes, piecing together what had happened; the woman had thrown a lightning-fast elbow hitting Carter square in the chest, and crumpling him like a paper bag. An additional kick to the head had rendered him unconscious before he even hit the floor.

*'Shit.'*

Adrenaline flooded through Mope as he realised the gravity of the situation, having to breathe deeply to stop his hands shaking.

“... I think all things considered you're slightly outmatched, wouldn't you say?” the woman drawled, gesturing to Carter sprawled on the ground before she began to walk forwards.

“... the disk please.”

Mope swallowed. This was probably going to hurt.

“You think I'm just going to hand it over?”

“Well, you seem like a smart chap.”

She came to within a few feet, and he lashed out with a hard kick at her thigh.

Powerful, lithe hands grabbed his leg in mid-air. Mope gasped as she pulled, swinging him like an adult might swing a child on a playground. The world sped by as he sailed into a cubicle, slamming into the toilet bowl and wincing as he felt a bursting pain in his back.

*\*THNK\**

“UUF....”

*'That's definitely gonna bruise.....'*

He blinked through the disorientation and pain, and when his senses returned she was stood in the doorway towering over him. The bulge looked huge between her powerful thighs, her body hugged by her outfit.

“Disk. Now.”

Mope was good, but he wasn't this good. He knew a lost cause when he saw one. He reached into his jacket and retrieved the disk, wheezing to get his breath back. She took it and looked down at him with another roguish smile.

“Thanks. See you never.... also....”

She regarded him, eyes flicking up and down his body.

“...nice ass.... I wish I could spend more time getting to know it but... maybe next time we can solve things more amicably.”

“Thanks,” he managed, grimacing as he rubbed his chest. By the time he had managed to stand up, she was gone.

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*Munich - Undisclosed Location, 23/6/--,*

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The van rumbled, shifting Mope and Eunice side to side in the back.

“Can you drive slower?!”

“It's slippy,” Carter responded over his shoulder through the small grate to the back of the empty vehicle, jostling the wheel and sending the van screeching around a corner, “and Mope said we needed to get to the safehouse quickly.”

\*EEEEEEKKKKkkkkkk\*

Eunice skirted across the empty loading bay of the van, taking Mope with her, and the pair grunted as they landed in a heap on the other side.

“HNNN! I-I also said alive,” he gasped.

“OOOF.... *God damnit* maybe it would be less slippy if you SLOW. DOWN!”

“Relax guys, I'm in control.”

“*Not so sure about that,*” Mope grunted, the pain in his back blossoming as he was forced against the side again by another careening turn.

\*EEEEK\*

“Like you were in control earlier in the airport!?” Eunice shouted.

At this Carter bristled but said nothing, thumbing the busted lip which had barely dried. The whine of the engine noticeably reduced, and the next turn came far quieter and with significantly less g-force.

Eunice sighed in relief and crawled to Mope, who was slumped against the side of the van.

“So... we gonna talk about what happened back there?”

“Shit,” he responded tersely.

“Yeah, you’re right about that.... who was she?”

“No idea... said she was MI6, but she could have been anyone, and MI6 wouldn’t go so far as to openly attack US agents.”

Mope didn’t add that she was jaw-droppingly gorgeous and hung like a horse, because it would be a ridiculous thing to say after she’d just kicked their asses.

“You don’t know she’s MI6 for sure”

“Well we know she didn’t kill us whilst she had the chance... how did she know we were there?”

As the van rattled from side-to-side, Mope and Eunice braced themselves as the rain pattered off the roof.

“Maybe she was planning to reach the mark before you, and then saw you palm the disk.”

“She was cutting it fine if so.... maybe she breached our comms somehow.”

“Hmmm. Might explain how she knew who we were....”

“Yeah. I mean, it was almost like she was waiting for us to steal it first. Do her dirty work for her. The plan went off without a hitch until she arrived.” Carter said over his shoulder, wincing as his neck ached.

“Yeah... yeah, you both were great until you weren’t,” Eunice said sarcastically, “so what do we do now?”

“See what’s on the disc,” said Mope.

“Um, dummy, you LOST the disc.”

Mope reached into his pocket and pulled out a small circular object.

“I lost *a* disk... it’ll be less than an hour before she realises hers is fake, if we’re lucky.”

Eunice gave a grudging smile.

“Okay, kind of impressive... doesn’t mean you guys aren’t still idiots.”

“We get the job done.”

“Yeah,” Carter said with a little more pride, wincing as he turned his head back to centre, his neck still bruised from the whiplash of the mystery woman’s kick.

Eunice snorted and pulled out her laptop, propping it on her lap and inserting the disk. A quick boot-up, and she began punching the keys.

*\*Taptaptaptaptap-\**

“So your plan was to *let* her beat you up right?” she said, staring at the screen without blinking, her fingers finding the keys so fast it sounded akin to a belligerent wasp.

Carter said nothing, appropriately shamed as he kept the van trundling along through random dark streets.

Eunice licked her teeth.

“That’s what I thought...”

She paused, eyes flicking from the screen for a moment.

“... but... I’m glad you guys are okay.”

Unseen by the two of them, Carter let out a relieved smile, and Mope tapped Eunice’s shoulder.

“We know... you just have a terrible way of showing it.”

Eunice snorted and then her fingers were dancing once more, files coming up on the screen almost too fast for Mope to see.

“What is all this?”

“Oooh *juicy*... juicy, juicy.... *garbage*.”

“Huh?”

“Defence contracts, state of the art weapons... MOD stuff.... but..... “

She scrunched her nose.

“... it’s all old!”

“Old?”

“yeah.. not like OLD-old... but... it’s not exactly unseen stuff... not too old that it wouldn’t look juicy to anyone getting hold of this disk for, say, a gulf state, or maybe a terrorist organisation. But for any high-profile operatives, it’s pretty mundane stuff all told.”

“Hm.. think there’s something deeper?”

“I mean... lemme...”

She looked thoughtfully, and shifted a few screens.

“...Hang on... here.”

She picked a document concealed amongst the hundreds on show.

“A blank file?”

“Yeah but.... Look at the size of it... too big.”

Mope’s eyebrows rose as she opened it, and streams of code poured onto the screen.

“What is that?”

“No idea.... it could be jumbled garbage... but.... hmm, Arabic letters.”

“Arabic?”

“Yeah.... it’s part of it. Could be nothing but.... Seems pretty suspicious.”

“Well, it’s something for now.... I don’t think they’d leave something this unique here without a reason... the fact the other files are tempting on the surface means this could be important, and someone is trying to hide it.”

“Yup.”

“So.. what do we do?” Carter cut in, grumbling.

“We go to Dubai,” Mope said.

Eunice hmphed.

“Ugh.”

“Aw now we’re talking!”

Carter was all smiles as he crowed to the back.

“I’m gonna get my pool party awn.. find some honeys, then it’s suit and tie for dinner in a seven-star restaurant.”

“Hey, we’re funded by American taxpayer’s money,” Mope reminded him.

“Maybe seven-star restaurants aren’t strictly required for your pool party girls?”

“Well, we need to fit in Mope... I can’t take my dates to Burger-town.”

“Ughhh,” grumbled Eunice, “fucking sand....”

“Relax, this’ll be nothing like the Gobi Desert,” Mope smiled. “I promise.”

“*Burj Khalifa baabbyy!!!!*” Carter crowed in the background.

The van’s engine whirred as he accelerated.

“EY, watch your speed asshat! And a desert is a desert... doesn’t matter if it’s cold or hot, or they stick a damn giant metal penis in the centre of it... why are we going to Dubai anyways?”

“Well.. there’s a friend that might be able to help us crack this sort of thing.”

“Who?”

“We call him Shifty.”

“Wow, Shifty? Sounds like a swell, stand-up guy.”

“And... what about the woman?” said Carter. Mope would have laughed at the slight trill in Carter’s voice, but the same feeling had run through him.... A tremble in the stomach from the superior look on her face as she held her dick in both hands, seconds before she had beaten their asses.

*‘God damnit stop thinking about her dick... it’s just big. It’s not a reason to go crazy...’*

Unbidden, the image flashed up in his mind. He remembered the veiny side in perfect detail, the pink helmet which darkened down to purple under the ridge.

“Hey.... She didn’t kill us, so... so that’s almost an ally by our standards.”

*‘Big, fat, juicy...’*

He blinked, rubbing his nose as he tried to pull his mind out of the gutter.

“True... and next time we’ll be ready.”

Across the road in a small apartment, a tall woman with wavy brown hair turned off the small receiver device in her ear, and scribbled down two words in a booklet.

‘DUBAI. SHIFTY.’

She stood up and walked over to a board with three faces linked together, with their names underneath.

‘Carter.’

‘Eunice.’

She smiled as she traced her fingers across the third face, whilst rolling a blank disk across the fingers of her other hand.

“.... Mope.”

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*Dubai - DATE 25/6/--*

*Operation Codename - Quicksand.*

-

“God damn.”

Eunice and Mope sighed as Carter slammed the door which walled off the baking heat, collapsing into the back seat of the car, his suit utterly drenched in sweat.

“I feel like I’m in an oven.”

“Welcome to Dubai.”

“Ain’t no way I’m doing pool parties in this,” he panted, putting his face up against the air conditioning grill.

“Aw, the ladies will be kickin’ themselves that you chickened out.”

“What ladies?... all I’ve seen is roads, camels and sand.”

“Ey, you’re the one that was excited for this.”

“Consider me un-excited.”

“Guys... we’re two minutes away.”

They sighed in relief. It had been a brutal flight, and then they had to negotiate for cars that were all booked out, finding themselves a bottom-of-the-rung sedan that barely reached the minimum speed required for a motorway, sporting air con comparable to being politely coughed on.

It took them twenty minutes to finally get to the address, and by then they were feeling rather sorry for themselves as Mope pulled into a huge, beautiful building more in the style of a palace.

Carter and Eunice’s eyes lit up.

“*Thank God. Finally!*”

“This looks a little... nice for one of your friends?” Eunice muttered.

Mope gave an awkward smile.

“Well..... *friend* is a strong word. I don’t trust Shifty as far as I can throw him... but he’s good at what he does.”

It took them a few minutes for Mope to arrange for a two-night stay in one of the hotel apartments.

“Ca-ching. Finally, some luxury,” Carter muttered, and Eunice chuckled as Mope gave them a weary look, putting the card back in his pocket.

“Don’t get used to it. We’ll only be here for a few days. We’ll call tomorrow... maybe go directly to his door.”

Carter’s excited expression fell into a sour scowl again.

As they rolled their suitcases across marble floors and through columns of white pillars to a lift trimmed with gold, Carter murmured to Mope, the suit he'd spent a few days in looking decidedly less sharp than in it had in Munich.

"He LIVES here? Like, all the time?"

He observed the marble floor of the elevator, and the spotless mirrors on all sides.

"Yep... usually. Looks like he's out, so we'll just have to wait."

"Dayum!... the guy has taste. Hopefully he'll be gone for at least another week."

The elevator whooshed upwards softly, barely registering any feeling of movement until they stepped out into a corridor lined with doors, the carpet soft under their feet.

"Oh yesssssss," Eunice moaned as Mope opened the apartment door, beholding the luxurious King-bed apartment complete with mini-bar, balcony and giant flat-screen tv, as well as a spare single-bed nearby.

"... Maybe I am feeling Dubai."

"Now this is more like it," Carter nodded.

"Soooo, I've got the king-size, you guys can fight over the rest," Eunice grinned, rushing to the huge white duvet that looked wonderfully comfortable to three pairs of tired eyes.

"I'm not getting the sofa," Carter said sharply, although his anger softened as he eyed the mini bar.

"I'll take the couch," Mope said, seating himself, "relax guys... it's been a long day."

The trio each took a soft area and slumped, Eunice wondering to the bathroom to ogle over the walk-in shower as Mope allowed himself to relax some of the tension in his aching muscles and close his eyes.

The vision of the woman towering over him, shrouded in darkness by the silhouette of the bathroom light, came back to him, and Mope examined the memory, remembering the bulge between her legs as she stood proudly, wide-legged.

*'What a woman..... one of a kind.'*

Warmth flowed south between his legs, and he murmured as sleep took him.

-

“Anything?”

“No... the concierge said he’d inform us when he is available, but nothing so far.”

“You checked his room?” Carter said, lounging behind the bar with a glass of whisky in his hand.

“Yup.... But I don’t think he’d leave his nest for longer than a few days, and breaking in won’t exactly help relations.”

“Hnn, whatever you say.”

He sipped at the glass, nodding appreciatively at the flavour.

“That’s good.”

“That’s expensive.”

“Hey, I need this for my injuries,” Carter said, pressing the glass against his neck.

Mope stood up, unbuttoning his cuffs.

“I need to stretch my legs... Try not to kill the minibar whilst I scout out the hallway.”

“Saving us from room service?”

“From the slap I’m about to give both of you,” Eunice chided as she paced past them, flexing fingers which itched for something to do.

“Noted.”

Mope and Carter exchanged smirks, and then Mope walked out into the hallway, feeling plush carpet beneath his feet.

*‘Sometimes, this job isn’t all bad....’*

In truth as well as scouting the surroundings, he had also come outside of the room to arrange his thoughts on the airport incident again. The constant movement hadn’t given him a second to think.

*‘Who was that woman?’*

Mope had certainly experienced his fair share of women, friends and enemies, as people in dangerous walks of life often did... but this girl was different. She wasn’t just capable or dangerous. She was better. Mope had never met someone he felt he couldn’t either outwit, outfight or out-charm... until her.

Taller. Stronger. Sharper. Faster. Beautiful....

*‘Better... in a lot of ways...’*

A trill ran through his body as he remembered the long flowing hair, plump lips, and huge organ jutting out from her body.

*'They sure don't make 'em like that back home...'*

At the end of the hallway, he looked out through the large floor-to-ceiling window over the shining buildings rising out of the sands, the twilight sun bathing them blood-red, an impossible city made real.

"Hm... Almost paradise," he muttered at the reflection of his face, pensive and thoughtful.

The expression changed to shock as a second pretty face framed by brown hair suddenly appeared in the reflection.

"I agree."

He didn't even have time to turn as he felt the arm wrap around his neck, followed by an overwhelming stench of chemicals in a hand towel as it was shoved against his mouth, and then blackness.

\*\*\*

*"...Wake up....."*

"Hnn..."

The air felt dense. Wait no... not the air...

He grunted. His head was foggy... it felt like he'd slept for days even though the light coming in through the window was still red.

"Come on..... We've got thirty minutes before your idiots realise you've gone, then another hour at least before they think to start searching the hotel. I plan to make the most of it."

"Well... maybe you should have asked nicely," he groaned.

He blinked several times, the hotel room resolving in front of him. It was the same hotel decoration and layout as their room.... and leaning against the floor-to-ceiling window, was her. Brown hair. Thick lips. Intelligent, curious stare.

*'Same hotel. She's staying in the same hotel...'*

He tried to move his hands and found them firmly roped to the chair he was sitting in. Not too tight to be painful, yet constricting enough that there was zero chance of getting to any knots with his fingers.

*'She's good. Really good.'*

He glanced out the window. They were in the other side of the same building... a higher angle.... possibly twenty floors or so above. The blood-red sunset was still there, bathing a pretty harbour with sleek white super-yachts in its murderous rays.

*'Which means I've been out for barely ten minutes.'*

She followed his gaze.

"Yes, not quite the penthouse I wanted, but... it'll have to do."

She casually shifted her weight into a stroll across the room to the minibar, and Mope couldn't help feeling like she was letting him watch her stride past on purpose. The silvery-grey waistcoat and white shirt that she wore looked stunning on her figure, and he couldn't help enjoying the way her shirt curved around her breasts wonderfully, as well as the pants accentuating her hips and tight ass. The muscular definition across her body added a masculinity to the powerful cocktail, aided by chunky golden cufflinks that glinted on her wrists. His eyes flicked down to her crotch, and bristled at the bulge there. It looked like she had it curled in a horseshoe shape. His fingers itched to get at the ropes around his wrists, but couldn't quite reach them from this angle.

"I suppose this explains why Shifty isn't taking our calls," Mope managed.

"Well I can be very persuasive," she smirked grabbing two waiting glasses of whiskey. "Sorry he couldn't meet you... I hope I haven't disappointed."

Her royal English accent contained a natural haughtiness that somehow only made her more desirable, a voice in his head having to remind him that he was actually in a bad situation as she leant forwards, the grey trousers tight on her legs, white shirt buttons pulling to be free as her breasts try to pry themselves out of their prison. A gold chain necklace tinkled as it dangled from her neck. He could see a hint of her bra holding in the healthy cleavage with stretched white straps as she walked towards him with the glasses.

Mope tried to keep his tone light.

"On the contrary.... I think I could enjoy this unexpected date... just a little easy on the introductions next time."

She smiled.

“Oh I’m sorry, did I come across a little strong? You’ll forgive me for not bringing a colleague and threatening to beat you up two-on-one in an airport bathroom. I forgot that’s how you Americans treat a lady....”

Mope blushed as a whiskey glass was proffered to his mouth.

“Ah... well... that wasn’t necessarily-”

“Shut up and drink.”

He froze, looking up at a woman with dark, thick eyebrows fiercely scrunched together.

“When a pretty lady tells you to drink... drink.”

“.. May I know the lady’s name?”

She pretended to think about it for a moment.

“*Um...* No. Now drink, before I force something stronger down you instead.”

He let the glass be led to his lips.

“Here’s to a more... *romantic* second date..... *Mope.*”

It felt cold to the touch, and she tilted the glass so the harsh liquid trickled into his mouth, burning his throat.

*‘I don’t even know her name... and she knows who we are, and where we are at all times.....’*

He coughed. She gave a derisive shake of the head whilst drinking at the same time, towering above him and shaking her head at the waste of good whiskey. When they had finished their glasses, she nodded, observing the glass appreciatively.

“I do love a good whiskey.....”

Mope was still spluttering.

“HHmm... thanks for the drink, ah.. I’m not much of a whiskey man...”

“Not much of a man at all, are you?”

Something in his temple pulsed at this, and he sent back a prickly response.

“Well, maybe you should untie me and we’ll see how much of a man I really am.”

She smiled, creases forming around her eyes which were threatening to become wrinkles in the not-too-distant future, and leaned in, Mope able to see a mole hiding under her right ear.

*‘Not perfect then...’*

As she came close, those intelligent brown eyes searched into his, clawing at his soul.

“I’m certainly tempted...” she said in a sultry voice.

One of her fingers undid the top button of her shirt, slowly. A pocket of flesh was revealed, more of her white hills threatening to burst free, and it was this combined with the sultry look on her face that sent heat flowing to all areas in Mope’s body, his knees turning in slightly to hide the beginnings of an erection.

She smiled, eyes roving up and down his body as she toyed with his emotions, in full control.

“... I’ve got to admit, the disk was a smart play... didn’t see it coming. But you’ll learn not to risk playing games with me soon. I never lose twice.”

“Well, I got you once. Maybe now I’ve lulled you into a false sense of security.”

She glanced at the restraints, and smirked.

“Consider me lulled. But then again... it was disappointing how easily I caught you. How can I enjoy the chase when it’s so *easy*.....?”

She ran her hands through her hair as if she were in a shampoo commercial.

“... it’s just a little disheartening.”

As she traced the collar of her shirt, she flashed a full-toothed white smile that needled Mope’s pride, and his awkward demeanour tightened.

“Well I had to make sure we could have a second date... our first wasn’t as romantic as I’d hoped.”

She strutted to his side, then behind him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“Why? Was whipping our cocks out in the urinals not tender enough for you?”

His cheeks flushed red.

“Well I-“

Her voice was soft but close enough to his ear he could almost feel her lips moving.

“Did showing my size make you feel small?..... Would you like me to buy you flowers and write you a poem to say sorry? Call you darling?”

“... *ah*...”

The proximity and her needling words flustered him. It irked him that this woman could do that so easily.

“.. no....”

*'No-one flusters me.... no-one....'*

Her voice, barely a whisper, came to the other side of his head, the flutter of her breath tickling his earlobe.

*"Have you been thinking about my cock?"*

Her hands slid down around his neck from behind, under his shirt which he realised she had unbuttoned down to his midriff, rubbing across his chest, squeezing the firm pecs there.

This sent his body into overdrive; freeze, fight, flight and fuck responses all coursed through his body, and he managed not to gasp, instead breathing heavily through his nose.

"Hard to forget," he murmured.

"Oh *really?*"

She slunk around him, her hand sliding back up and across his torso as she walked away. The need for her touch itched in his brain, and her legs and ass looked sensational in the trousers, toned like an athlete. He'd felt those muscles in anger, and had no desire to feel them again (in anger, at least).

"That's not what most men say..... so you like what you saw in the bathroom?"

Those brown eyes speared through his, pinning him in place.

".... it certainly was..."

He struggled with how to word it.

"... interesting."

It felt like a lame response, but his stilted phrasing and unsure demeanour seemed to animate her, as she removed her waistcoat so that he could clearly see her bra through the translucent white shirt.

"Oh, how interesting?"

She threw it onto the side of the chair nearby.

"Well I've not met a woman this ah... ballsy....."

A tiny chuckle came to her, and to Mope it made something flip in his stomach seeing a flame spark in her eyes.

"Go on."

"... and I feel like we didn't get to know each other properly back in the airport...."

“Which parts of me did you want to get to know?” she asked, removing her cufflinks and placing them on the side, before her hand slid down between her legs... to where a bulge was beginning to show.

He eyed it, stunned.

“Well.. your... personality?....”

He tried to speak with nonchalance, but the waver in his voice seemed to activate her, the muscles in her arms and legs tightening, leaning forward a touch as if she were a cougar about to strike.

“Hhh... seems like you’re afraid of what you *really* want to say...”

She leaned forwards so he could enjoy the top of her cleavage proudly shown, two white hills concealed hatefully by the shirt trying its best to keep the boys in.

“... because I’m fairly sure you wouldn’t mind getting a little closer to certain.. *other* areas.”

She drew back, this time pushing her hips forward luridly like she was about to make a crude masculine gesture, the shape now fully bulging through her trousers in a way that Mope’s never had and never would.

*‘Holy shit.’*

A hot flush hit his cheek as he observed the near eleven erect inches vacuum packed down her right thigh. It looked like she was poorly hiding a huge stick of dynamite in her pants. It would almost have been funny if it wasn’t so spine-tingling.

“Well, I-I would say buy me a beer first.”

She smiled, and the rosiness of her cheeks made his heart beat all kinds of funny. A small voice in his head growled to be professional.

*‘Concentrate. You’re tied to a chair.’*

“Is..... Shifty alive?”

Her face creased, and she drew her hips back, walking away from him to the mini bar.

“Oh, now you want to talk business? Of course he’s alive... slippery little shit.”

The glasses clinked as she began to pour more whiskey into two glasses.

“Huh.”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Oh, is this the same brand Mr Muscles was drinking last night?”

He didn't confirm, but she didn't need confirmation, the surprise written clear in his body language, eyes wide, back straight. She marched forwards, whiskey glass in hand, and kept walking right over his legs so he was suddenly right up against her crotch.

His eyes widened further until they were almost bugging out as he stared up at her fiery gaze, trying not to look directly into the cock-shape pressing through the fine material, able to feel the heat emanating off it. The tiniest hint of a smell hinted at serious dick odours that might take his head off. She placed a hand on her hip as she took a sip of whiskey.

“Mm..... Carter has good taste..... and remember Mope...”

Her tone grew icy as she took another sip.

“..... I know everything, I am everywhere, I am unstoppable...”

She shoved her hips forward, and he bleated as she butted his face with her cock-bulge, akin to being thumped by a salami.

“... and you're going to learn that.”

She walked away, and Mope, heart pounding, watched as she sat back at the mini bar.

“Shifty is useful, which keeps him breathing, and he knows it. At least he had the good sense not to try and hit on me... he's not THAT important I won't put a bullet in him.”

*‘She kills people... not exactly surprising, but now I know for sure she's trained for it.’*

“That would be a shame.... I'll remember not to get too close.”

She smirked, opening her legs wide, so Mope was drawn once more to the huge bulge running down her right thigh, tenting the grey material.

“Actually I'd say it's the opposite in your case.... your life very much relies on getting as close to me as possible.”

Saliva started to enter his mouth, and Mope felt a swirl of emotions - fear, excitement... curiosity?

“You can start with the compliments now.”

“Uh..... what nice eyes you have,” Mope managed.

“Thank you,” she said, fluttering them, whilst running a hand across the terrifying package. Having just felt it, he dreaded to think what it would feel like without any softening material between them.

“Anything else?”

Her fingers teased the bulge, which he was sure was throbbing.

“Ah... well sorry, I got a little distracted...”

She rubbed up and down.

“By what?”

A bead of sweat came to his brow, cheeks flushing with heat.

“I... get the sense you’re not planning to kill me.”

She cocked her head.

“Why change the subject... is someone scared?”

He gulped, trying not to look at the sausage straining the material of her pants.

“I don’t know... waking up strapped to a chair in front of a beautiful woman could be the best or worst day of your life.”

“Indeed,” she breathed, “so, you think I’m beautiful?”

“Did I say that? I must be concussed.”

The pair eyed each other, chests rising and falling, the sky from outside bathing them in deep red with hues of orange and pink.

She stood up and walked over so she was standing above him, looking down into his eyes, the light from behind silhouetting her thick, vibrant hair, her eyes glimmering in the darkness... and her bulge a mere inch from his chin. He could feel the heat radiating off it like someone had stuck a boiler down her pants.

“Tell me... which do you think it is? The best, or worst day of your life?”

“Uh... give me a few decades to think about it.”

He could see that she was clearly breathing heavier now, and he was finding himself equally in need of oxygen. Her lips parted, wet with saliva.

“Well.... If you don’t cooperate...”

She placed a leg between his, and pushed the bulge up against his face again.

“.... I’ll have to take more serious measures.”

“I’m.. MMPh... mphvery resistant to physical intimmphidation,” he murmured into the bulge, heart hammering in his chest as he felt the warmth radiating through the fine cotton of the pants, plus such a solid object behind it that it

seemed like she'd placed a torpedo in there, although to call her solid was the understatement of the century... She was raging hard.

She pushed the concealed iron bar against his face.

"So you shouldn't enjoy this then?"

It dug into his cheek, the material of the pants so velvety and masterfully crafted that they seemed almost to have been created for this exact reason, to rub a throbbing bulge against another's face. He wished that her being in a suit wasn't such a turn on. She held total power over him.

"You'll.. have to.. *mph!*... try harder than that... to *mphbbreak* me....."

Sweat was beginning to dapple his brow, saliva leaking into his mouth as he pressed his face against her crotch.

*'I don't know what is happening... do I want her... or that.. thing... or both... or am I just playing for time....?'*

She clicked her tongue, her tone still eager and playful.

"... in that case... I suppose I'll have to use these other methods.... to get what I want."

She redoubled her efforts, grinding the rock-hard hard bulge against into his face again, wiping the hard cloth-covered appendage over his forehead, harshly against his nose, across his lips.

Mope moaned into it, the pressure on his face unlike any interaction with a woman he'd ever had.... scared... excited... the thrill of being at this woman's mercy was, despite his better judgement, one of the most intense adrenaline rushes he'd ever experienced.

The woman paused, putting a hand on his head.

"Hoo I wasn't expecting you to be... so.... so resistant to the interrogation," she moaned, her head lounging back as she enjoyed the warmth of a man's mouth on her trousers. "If you keep \*uhn\* doing that... I'm going to have to get serious."

Mope had been through military training. He had been in death-defying situations, survived numerous dangerous foes, and even fallen from a six-story building and survived.... but this was different. A split-second decision beckoned... To lean in and discover how deep his sexuality went... or shy away from it.

*'If I don't... am I going to regret it for the rest of my life?'*

He couldn't believe he was choosing whether to suck this secret agent's cock, for that was surely what beckoned.

If he didn't... how would she react?

*'I must... I have no choice. She is a secret agent.. there's a chance I won't make it out alive if I don't cooperate.'*

In his heart he knew that was a lie; that she had no incentive to kill him, and it was entirely his decision how far down this road he chose to go... but it was an adequate enough surface-level excuse to pretend he wasn't hungering for the thing throbbing against his face, the heat of it like being pressed up against a covered sausage fresh from the pan.

Mope took a deep breath... and pressed his face hard against it, heart pounding in his chest.

The woman grunted, a knowing smile growing on her face.

*"OHHnn- welllll in that case, if you won't talk... let's get the equipment out, shall we?"* she breathed, standing back and unbuckling her belt.

Watching someone pull the leather buckle of their belt aside in front of one's face is an experience unlike any other, especially tied down with no hope of escape, and it had Mope's knees trembling, words no longer in his mouth as the belt was unclipped.

*\*ZZZZT\**

The sound of her zipper slicing through the air caused a ball to lodge in his throat as he saw not panties, but a pair of men's briefs which looked incredibly aesthetic packing such masculine hardware, the black cloth filled out like a male model... with a wet stain at the tip.

*'She has a dot of pre-cum on her boxers...'*

For some reason this brought home the reality of the situation as the briefs were pulled down, the lip holding desperately onto the end of the monster.

*'Oh fuck....'*

The adrenaline coursed through his body as he saw the beginnings of a horse-cock shaft. Seeing it this close was entirely different to the bathroom where he had only seen it from a fair, much safer distance. Now he was up close and personal, and could see the bushel of pubic hair at the base more clearly, as well as the slight crinkles in the skin across the shaft that showed this belonged to a wiser buck. She

was so obviously aroused that the waistband of the boxers was struggling to pull down the pillar-like ligaments of her erection, before finally, over the lip, spilled a humungous cock, two saggy, peach-sized balls following quickly after.

“Hoh..!”

The utterance came unbidden from his lips, Mope staring as it hung in front of his face like big ben, an ugly, veiny monster that might wrap around his neck like a python and throttle him if he looked away.

“.. Hnn...”

His eyes went slightly cross-eyed staring at the monster aimed at his face.

It looked like the cock of an older, wiser alpha male that had enjoyed many prime years of stretching tight pussies; still virulent... still dangerous.

Mope began to pant, the smell of it alone almost enough to make him pass out. It was a stench of manhood, of salty, tangy, sweaty cock and balls that hit his nostrils like a forest fire, burning straight into his brain as he choked a little in the haze.

‘*What even..*.’

It must have been near eleven inches at a guess. The shaft was rock-hard, but so big it had to droop a little at the end, the ugly mushroomed head already leaking a long stream of white cum down onto Mope’s shirt.

“Ready to talk?” she said lightly, “Or do I need to... *persuade you...*”

She waved her package over him.

Saliva was filling his mouth despite the terror in the back of his mind, staring as she dangled her testicles over his sweat dappled his brow. He couldn’t think, because the smell of her balls filled his sinuses. The white and pink beast waved from side-to-side, as if trying to lure him in. Just a sweet, innocent, stallion’s shaft aimed at his forehead.

Mope’s senses constricted from the world outside, the hotel, the room... even the chair he was in. All he could taste, smell, see, and touch were sweaty, smelly testicles and a throbbing rocket hanging over his forehead.

‘*I shouldn’t... this is... crazy...*’

“I-I think you’re bluffing..... do your worst,” he said, his voice catching. It was clear what he was asking for.

‘*I’m letting her put it in me. I’m letting her put it in my mouth....*’

A huge, wide, sunny grin came to her face, at odds with the lust, fear and uncertainty warring on Mope's face.

"Absolutely.... open wide....."

"Why don't you make me," he whispered, knees trembling, his manhood tenting his pants.

"With pleasure."

A hand slithered into his hair and took a firm, nasty hold. The other pressed his jaw, forcing him to widen.

"You look at me as it goes in, got it? I want to see your face as you taste it," she breathed, her pretty face twisted into an ugly leer of anticipation.

Then it was moving towards him.

Her eyes were dripping with lust, a furious, tigerish black hole of hunger that scared Mope almost more than her penis did.

Mope quickly opened his lips as wide as they would go... and it almost wasn't enough, as the cock immediately pressed in and stretched them, Mope whimpering as it painfully widened his mouth. As the pungent helmet pressed against his tongue, the cock-smell became a brutal cock-taste, a tang that sent shivers of disgust and pleasure up his body at the same time. The thick ridge between the two halves weighed heavily on his tongue, the piss slit oozing a thick glob of pre which filled his mouth with pure unadulterated semen tang.

"MMMmmllh-"

Mope heaved, as if he were ingesting seawater, and had to fight the urge to press the cock back out of his mouth.

"Ooh, I might have forgotten to wash it today," she murmured, "and it sure was hot sitting by the pool.... you might be getting the full sweat-fest down there...!"

She slid two inches deeper, to the point the helmet was flirting with the edges of his throat.

"MMMmmph"

*'A cock is in my mouth. A cock is in my mouth. A cock-'*

The woman moaned, the shaft throbbing between his lips as Mope felt her heartbeat strong in the underside of the vessel.

"You know it's such a turn on seeing you get my taste... Now, open your throat..."

Mope tried his best not to gag.

“Come on now dear.... Open up. We’re not stopping for a chat.”

She shoved her hips forwards.

“GLPHHH!”

It was too huge to comprehend, plugging his throat but not entering, and he had the brief thought that he might well choke to death on the biggest penis he’d ever seen.

Well, there were certainly less interesting ways to die.

All the sensations returned redoubled as the woman shivered and pushed her hips towards his face, and Mope whimpered as she lightly slapped his cheek, leaving a chastening sting.

“Look at me. Next time you disobey me, you will receive a real slap to the face.”

“Glh-?”

“Well... this is an interrogation after all,” she smirked, before pushing in deeper. He stared with bulging eyes at the dick plugged into his face.

“Eyes on me, slut.”

He choked, but kept his eyes up as she sighed, an evil, beautiful grin on her face, revelling in her dominion over him, her complete control.

“YYyeeessss, that’s it... there’s my dirty little bitch-boy...”

Then she shoved her hips again, and Mope spluttered as she pushed down his throat, feeling it crawl into his neck, oozing a little more flavoursome lubricant to keep things nice and frictionless, yet it didn’t help whenever it throbbed in his mouth, temporarily cutting off his air and choking him, as well as humiliating him quite magnificently.

“HMLGPH-“

Saliva spilled out of the sides of his mouth, coughing and choking as she handled him like a farm animal, gripping his head and butting her hips into his mouth.

“MMMh! That’s.. it.... Take that.... DICK... Uhn...”

\*MMGL-..... GLHHHp... GLH-\*

As the giant gland fucked further down his throat, he began to wonder if it would ever end, or simply come out the other end of his body, the lower buttons on her white shirt taking an age to come closer.

Then the lowest button pressed against his forehead, and a thick bushel of brown pubes engulfed his nose, giving him stored scents of sweat and body-odour that brought out a whimper so base and broken that he wondered if he was truly a man anymore.

“MMMPghPHhhlh....-“

“Oohhhh yes.... I think we’re getting somewhere now,” she croaked, forcing his chin up so he was looking her dead in the eyes, craning his neck whilst trying to keep her penis from suffocating him to death, nostrils flaring, soft, terrified \*GLHs\* issuing from his widened, over-stretched lips.

She was grinning like a child at the circus, the pleasurable sensations from Mope’s mouth making her look ten years younger, the slight wrinkles around her eyes disappearing, her skin glowing as she moaned.

“Oooohhh that’s it.... Mph relax.... Ohhh..... don’t be dramatic, you can breathe... Besides, I heard you- *\*hnn\**, *h-held your breath* for five minutes whilst... infiltrating the St Petersburg vessel. Is that true?”

As he tried his best to pull air in through his nostrils, she pushed her cock in.

“Glh!”

“Hmm? I’m sorry, I didn’t *\*oohhh fuck..\**... catch that...”

She pushed in again.

“Gglhh-!”

Saliva spattered down his chin.

“Oh, a shame.. .... it’s far more impressive than what I’m looking at right now.”

She stared down at him, and Mope felt a weight of ego and power that seemed to pin him to the floor, emasculated in his very soul.

He mewled, lips slobbering around her weapon.

“Oh, I think he’s beginning to understand what a pretty little slut he is,” she crooned, stroking his face. “But, too late to back out now... You should have given me the real disk,” she bragged. “Maybe that could have spared you from my dick in your mouth.”

As it sat in his mouth, odd thoughts ran through his head. How her zipper was poking his chin. How she smelt of sweat and cock, but also of sharp aftershave and some sort of cherry, perhaps perfume or shampoo. How the vein running across the

side of her shaft was pulsing against the wall of his throat, racing with her heartbeat.

“Hmm... let’s check how our little subject is resisting...”

She reached down and grabbed his crotch un-lovingly, and Mope mewled as she played with his hard cock and balls through his trousers.

“Well, it seems like he’s refusing to give in... you’re a real hard customer, aren’t you?” she breathed, whilst gripping his cock so tight that he could barely think straight.

She let go after a few glorious seconds of rubbing his dick.

“Hn... but enough playing with children’s toys... let’s see if you can finish off the real thing.”

The torpedo shifted backwards slightly, like one of his internal organs had suddenly decided to move of its own volition, and then pressed back to the hilt.

Mope gagged, more saliva coating the hard rod in his mouth as he struggled to find space to breathe, to think.

“Mglhhhl-lh...glh.....”

“You know... Sometimes when I saw a cute spy like you, I’d think about doing things but... they never really seemed to have the same..... urges that you do.”

Mope’s eyes watered.

“Gh-!”

“Oh yes.... real ‘men’ as I suppose they call themselves... apparently for some reason they don’t like THIS-“

She pulled her hips and then pressed them forwards.

Mope’s stomach shrivelled as her cock began to press slowly in and out of his mouth, his chest pounding as her balls began to tap his chin, little playful nudges that reminded him he was a cocksucker now, the huge orbs of wrinkled skin and patches of pubic hair almost odious in their un-feminine ugliness as they patted against his smooth skin.

She had more hair on her balls than he did on his face.

“Suck,” she commanded.

He began to vacuum his lips around her weapon.

“MMLghhg-glhhh-glhh.”

“OHhhuhn....”

She threw her head back and moaned before looking down, sweat dappling her brow, gripping his hair tight, moving her hips in time with his lips to churn the cum-saliva mixture in his mouth.

“See? You should know, real men don’t get turned on like you do... They would never pleasure someone like a dirty whore.”

The words delved deep into mope’s brain and touched a masochistic part that quivered with pleasure.

“MMmphhh...”

“Oh, you like that?” she grinned evilly.

“MMMphh-“

“You know, I could shave if I really wanted,” she sneered, throbbing in his mouth, “but \*Hnnn!\*... I thought that might be too girly for a faggot like you...”

She shoved her hips and the balls slapped against his chin, his drool falling onto them and coating them as he spluttered and coughed.

“... Especially when you are obviously such a hungry little gaylord,” she hissed eagerly, her eyes so evil and lustful they could have glowed red and not looked out of place as she began to pound blows into his face.

Mope scrunched his eyes and whimpered as eleven inches of penis was rammed down his throat, shaking in the restraints as his head was rebounded off her crotch.

The balls began to slap so hard against his chin it was almost painful, and he could feel himself getting dizzy from the lack of air and utter disregard for human life that her penis seemed to possess.

\*SMACK\*

“GLH-“

\*SMACK-SMACK\*

“GHLHG-GHLH-“

“OHHHh that’s it... give me everrrything!” she moaned, and Mope moaned as he felt her spew a gloriously large dose of cum down his throat.

“GLLPHHHP!!”

He swallowed madly, gulping down three spoonfuls of tangy seed.

*‘... Holy shit... she came that early?... holy... fuck I just swallowed cum....’*

She continued to fuck him as if she hadn't even noticed, her balls slamming into his chin.

\*SLAP\*

“GLHH.”

\*SMACK-SMACK-SMACK\*

“LLGH-GLHGH-GLHH,”

The chair began to rock, wood creaking as Mope was rocked by how hard she was fucking his face.

\*Creak-creak-\*

“GLLHph-GLLHph-“

Her balls pounded his chin like they were trying to give him whiplash.

\*GLLHpm-MGMPH-“

Then it hit him as his face nestled in her bush once more.

*‘Oh... that was her pre...?!?! OH GOD-’*

He moaned, tears coming to his eyes as he realised the depths of his plight whilst she spurred on the odious love story of her penis and his face.

“Use your tongue, cunt,” she hissed, the accent making it sharp and cutting.

The oddest thought entered his head that it made sense English people were always the villain in movies... Then he pressed his tongue obediently under and around her shaft before another slap could happen.

“Mllhhph-“

The flavours were overwhelming... and then she slowed, moaning to the ceiling. The sound alone sent a shiver through Mope's body, the cock vibrating in his throat only exacerbating the situation.

*‘Holy shit.’*

The desire to hear and feel that sound again became ironclad in his mind, and he began to suck harder, pushing his head up and down through the gag reflex, choking, streaming tears.

“UUUHHNNNN.”

Her pornstar moan was so loud it was a shock she hadn't alerted the whole of Dubai as to her feelings. Mope felt a desperate need to experience her orgasm.

*‘You're here. It's happening. It's for survival, so.....’*

The excuses placated the tiny masculine part of his head that wasn't drooling over the cock in his mouth as he began to apply suction.

The woman rippled, freezing in place as she felt the baby-suckle.

*"Uhn.....Continue."*

Her voice was harsh. Unflinching. Even as he took control, she made sure he felt no victory. No glimmer of light. Only pure superiority. Mope moaned in delight, the submissive part of his brain bending over and begging for more.

*\*GLlh.. Mmmlgghh... MMLgghhh-\**

Slobbery suction noises filled the room. Patches of sweat dampened both their shirts, the air con in the background whining as it tried to keep the sudden rise in temperature stable. The sun set in the background, leaving only the dim lamplight to silhouette a beautiful woman cradling a man's head in her hands, sliding her fifth limb in time with his bobbing motions.

*"Hnnnn..... Oohhh who knew you'd... finally be good at something...."* She sighed, a deeper chuckle escaping her.

Mope responded by increasing the suction to such a high degree that the woman was taken by surprise, letting out a whimpered "Oooh-" and bending over, suddenly sounding higher pitched like a woman again as Mope fully sucked her cock like what he hoped a pro would do, her chain tinkling as it left her neck.

*"OOhh -you.. UH-!"*

Suddenly he could feel her knees going weak as she automatically leaned into him, and as her belly began to lean into his forehead, he collected himself, before shoving his nose into the depths of her pubes, then sliding all the way back out, octopus-ing his tongue all around the head of her penis.

*"OOHH-"*

*'She's loving this.... I'm.. loving this....'*

Mope let the flavours of semen and cock sweep the thoughts aside, moaning into the cock as it spat a few small oodles of stringy cum over the inside of his teeth, which he wiped with his tongue.

*'Yes.....'*

*"OHHH God, who taught you that..... OH th-that's... OHHH..... cllloose,"* she hissed, a pained expression on her face, her dick pulsing in Mope's mouth. It was the most beautiful thing Mope had ever experienced.

Mope found himself slamming his face onto her cock, choking on it and slobbering as the thick shaft became more engorged than he could have thought possible... She matched him and began slamming her hips against his face, fucking his throat with her dick.

“GLGH-GLH-GLH-GLHH-“

The sounds of pornstar deepthroating sent shivers down his spine knowing it came directly from his own mouth, his cock dripping semen between his legs without even being touched, rock-hard and aching for stimulation.

The woman then made the ugliest, most masculine gorilla grunt Mope had ever heard exit a woman’s mouth.

“GGRRUHHHh-!”

The stomach-filling load that followed would have put a horse to shame.

\*SPLLLURRRRGGGEEEE\*

“GL-! Mph-glh-glh-glh!!!!!!“

The world flipped, no more squeals exiting Mope’s lungs because a geyser of piping hot sperm was suddenly hosing down his gullet, the woman spasming and gripping tight to his hair so hard it almost felt like she might pull out clumps of it, the pain in his scalp only adding to the slutty submission of it as Mope tried to swallow steadily before realising he might well die if he didn’t open his throat, and instead changed technique to chugging the spray of seed like a keg-stand at college.

“GLH-GLH-GLHH-“

A river of cum flowed down his throat.

“GHHUH!”

The woman was crying out as if in aggressive pain, shaking Mope’s head as she smacked her hips unnecessarily against his face, her zipper digging into his chin as if reinforcing just how defenceless he was, Mope screaming into the stomach-filling, face-fucking nightmare angel that was trying to impregnate his face.

“MMMPGHLH-GLH-glh-glh!-GLLHHMM!...”

He swallowed like his life depended on it, a ferocious tidal wave of semen passing down his throat.

The moment passed when it seemed humanly possible to continue expunging sperm, but the woman seemed to defy normal human standards, continued to

shake and cry out as her huge balls contracted again and again, keeping him glued to her crotch, his nose buried in the brown wedge of wiry hair offering an uncomfortable pillow. It seemed like she had lost all control, cawing and growling like a wild animal as her cock and balls took control, spurting thick, creamy stinking sludge down Mope's throat, a non-stop glue cannon coating his inner walls.

Mope whimpered, slobbering on the shaft pulsing over and over between his lips. Part of him was beginning to worry he would have no space left in his stomach as another thick stream was desperately gulped down his neck... and then she juddered, leaning into him, and Mope mewled as her balls kissed his chin, and a few loving, desperate spurts fell on his tongue, the vigour fading.

The woman rocked back and forth, as if the energy were leaving her on the verge of unconsciousness, before she steadied herself, and offered a brief, "Oof," of satisfaction, her fingers still tight on Mope's scalp.

"Mlgh....."

The cock was still rock hard and throbbing in Mope's mouth, and he mewled around it.

"Mmlgh-"

"Oh, you're veery resistant to interrogation.... how does my cock feel in your mouth... nice and snug? Cosy?"

"Mlgh!"

"Oh, don't be coy now," she panted, shoving it to the back of his throat.

"GLH!"

"Remember, you've got my attention now.... if you don't please me, I'll give you more than just a little slap and tickle next time."

With that she feathered a finger under his neck, brushing his collarbone.

"Hmm... such a pretty sleeve for my cock.... so nice and warm," she said, oozing sex as she bit her lip and gently slid her hardness in and out of his lips, droplets of dew rolling down her forehead as she wiped the sweat from her eyes.

"My goodness you know how to treat a girl..... It's a shame we must talk business now but...."

She pulled a few inches from his distended lips, the cock pulling up to the edge of his throat... and then squeezed herself back to block his neck again.

"GLLHp"

“I think it’s best I do the talking,” she said nonchalantly, “now... I would ask what’s on that disk.... but it seems that seeing as you came to Shifty, you don’t know....”

She pumped her hips gently, sloshing the stew in his mouth.

\*shlick-shlick\*

“GLh-lglmp-“

“Hush... suck my cock whilst Daddy thinks darling, there’s a good whore.”

She brushed his blushing face and then fucked a few saliva-swilling strokes like she was churning butter, heaving and sweating now as she did so.

“OOoh SSooo... dammn.... GOOOD.... Mm-mm.. you’d better pray I don’t see you again,” she gurned, licking her lips like a starving hyena, “or I’m going to serve you more than just the starters.”

She slowly, theatrically, pulled the cock inch-by-inch from his mouth, Mope moaning as he went cross-eyed watching this beast pull his lips with them, coated in white, before finally the flavoursome head came free. Mope coughed and wretched, blurting out saliva and jizz from his mouth after it as he tried to heave in lungfuls of oxygen, the warm liquid spilling down his shirt, between his legs and onto the floor.

“BLuhg!..... uhg.....”

“Well... that’s certainly a sight that....hm.”

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a phone.

“I think this will make a nice retirement photo for you...”

She lined it up, and he could only stare, his chin, chest and legs covered in cum, his belly swollen and heaving with semen.

\*CLICK\*

She checked the photo.

“Oooh that’s pretty... I’d say it might be your best angle.”

“Thanks,” he rasped, his throat raw from being fucked.

She frowned, looking down at her cock.

“Hm.....”

Three strides brought her right back to invading his personal space, her cock slapping against his cheek as she waved her hips to the side.

“Clean it.”

Mope let out a huge belch, the waves of cock-smell nauseating and somehow sending a thrill to that dirty part of his brain.

“Hn... f... feels like-“

A hand grabbed his hair, and she shoved the cock back in his mouth.

“MMMPHHH-”

“Did I ASK FOR YOUR OPINION?!” she thundered.

“MMmmphhhh,” he mewled pathetically into her hardness, which was once again at the entrance to his throat, threatening to block his airway.

“Look at me,” she spat.

His eyes flicked up burning, cruel eyes.

“What did I tell you to do?”

His tongue began to feather up and down her shaft, suction applying gently.

“Mmm....”

“I didn’t tell you to start! Answer me *bitch!*”

He moaned the words into her shaft, which she swept to bulge his cheek.

“mMMghghlllleamm yhhuhh cckkhhukck....”

“That’s right.... So are you ready?”

He nodded, a dog waiting for its bone.

“....”

She grinned, and he shivered in humiliation as she prolonged his torture, his cock desperate for stimulation, standing to attention pathetically in his pants.

“.... go!”

Mope began the most demeaning task of his life, one that he immediately gave as much gusto to as fighting for his country. He began to clean every fold and hard ligament of her cock, tongue roving across her foreskin and piss slit, sucking with such vigour that a ripple seemed to carry over from her cock to the rest of her body. The flavours at this point were so rife and yet familiar that he pressed into them, even squeezing a little more cum from her piss-slit with some eye-crossing suction.

“Mmmh..... Alright, alright.... Steady boy,” she gasped, sliding her cock free, polished to a saliva-based shine. The helmet came free of his mouth with a custardy \*Shlpplurggh\*

“GLlphhuhh.. hhhoooh.....oh.....”

“My goodness... someone’s a quick learner,” she panted, getting her breath back. “If we had more time, I might let you go for round two.”

Mope swallowed, clearing his mouth of the swill, feeling like he’d finished a three-course meal.

*‘My stomach is full of her cum.’*

She took a moment, breathing heavily, to kneel at eye level.

“I’ve enjoyed this interrogation immensely.... Now I suppose I need to offer you something for your sterling efforts....”

Her hands tickled up his knees to his painfully hard erection, and Mope felt a desperation like never before to be sated as she trailed a lone finger up to the tip of his bulge. The finger oscillated.

“Mm... so cute....”

Mope let out a bitch whine, desperate for any stimulation.

“... but I’m afraid I’m busy today...”

The finger slid back down and away, the woman standing tall as she gave him a smirk.

“After your little disk mix-up, I’d say we’re even.”

He groaned, painfully hard and utterly humiliated as she walked back to the mini-bar, cock swinging out of her open pants.

“I’ll be sedating you now, but don’t worry..... when you wake up, you’ll feel right as rain....”

She picked up a small medicinal gun from the mini bar that mope recognised as an injection device similar to ones they themselves used.

“Hnm... huhh.... n-no nightcap?” he managed, before another cum-burp came hard out of his mouth. “*BLLLerrugh-*“

“Later.... Mommy’s busy,” she smiled, marching forwards and pressing the device to his neck. “Work to do... But let’s play again some time.”

“Wait, what’s your n-“

\*SHNICK\*

Mope grimaced as a brief pain hit his neck from the device, then he slumped as the grinning woman in front of his face went hazy.

“I hope you don’t mind... I’ll be trading you for the disk.....”

“W...whaaaass yeeeuuur nnehhmm,” Mope drooled.

Darkness beckoned. The woman was swimming, her thoughtful expression fading in front of him.

“..... Scarlett.....”

She placed a kiss on his forehead.

“... Sleep now darling.”

Blackness.

###

## About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with bulges in their pants, as well as various other genres.

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