



Reluctant Press presents:

Flight From Fantasy

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Flight from Fantasy

By Monica James

“Meg, look; there she is again,” Maddy exclaimed.

A tall, slender, woman dropped her carry-on satchel on a double lounge chair and picked up a magazine. Her sharply tailored suit hinted at a fine figure and, crossing her legs, Meg was struck with the apparent culture and poise.

Maddy sniffed in disdain. “Mystery woman. About thirty. Maybe a model.”

The two adventurous girls, at first disappointed by the uncertainty of their flight to Grand Cayman Island, gawked at the attractive woman admitting there was indeed an aura of mystery. It seemed to Meg that wherever they went, delayed or express, there was always some fascination. It was great to be on break from college and running off to Mexico with her best friend.

They watched her shift her weight to get more comfortable. She then looked up to see the two young girls, eyes wide, mouths parted, staring at her. A hint of a smile creased her lips and chin.

Meg and Maddy, caught ogling the sophisticated woman, hurriedly looked away and feigned an important conversation. When they next looked across the lobby, the lady had picked up her carry-on satchel and walked away toward the concourse.

“Wow; who do you suppose?” Meg asked.

“No matter. New Orleans society maybe. We’ll likely never see her again.”

Meg sank back into her chair and hugged her elbows. She looked down the concourse but the refined woman who had so charmed her was not to be seen. “Well, you’re probably right but, if you don’t object, I’ll dream about her for awhile. Like, whatever, a role model. That’s the kind of maturity I’d so like to have one day.”

Maddy looked at Meg with a critical eye. “Calm down. When you’re that age, you’ll probably be barefoot, pregnant and have diapers in the wash.”

Meg touched Maddy's arm and pressed with her fingers. "I hope you live next door; appears I'll need some help."

Maddy was thoughtful. "One of these days, I'll tuck you in bed, slide between the sheets and let you fantasize about your mystery woman."

Meg laughed. "And will you kiss me goodnight?"
"It's your fantasy. Enjoy. Oh, look, we're on the board. Let's get in line."

The jumbo airliner winged south from New Orleans over the sparkling Gulf of Mexico. Meg and Maddy were fascinated by the panorama spread beneath them. An occasional sailing schooner gave definition to the scene.

"I have to go to the unisex-room," Meg said and released her seat belt.

Maddy smiled. "If you don't come back right away, I'll know the mystery woman has captured you."

"I didn't see her board. I'll bet she's old New Orleans family; maybe Creole. Wish I could have seen her up close. Bet she has the flashing eyes we read about in books."

"Going to the bank with all the bucks from Bourbon Street is more like it. The islands are strong in the international banking clique."

Once through customs, they caught a transfer bus to their cruise ship. On board, having been assigned their stateroom, they found the dining room and the steward showed them their places. He did not miss their wholesome good looks.

After a great meal and taking the opportunity to meet the other passengers assigned to the same table, Meg tugged at Maddy and they explored the health club, fantail swimming pool and nightclub. Meg was beside herself with excitement. In a few days they would be in Cozumel, Mexico, and their vacation would begin.

"Still thinking of the mystery lady? You never know, you may see her again. She's in the Caribbean someplace," Maddy said softly.

"Don't tease. I just think of her as a role model. She's so neat."

Maddy stepped next to Meg's bed and let her hand rest of Meg's bare shoulder. She pressed her leg against Meg's thigh. "What will you do when the elegant lady takes an interest in you? You don't know anything about her."

"It's the fantasy, silly. I don't have to do anything; just enjoy the thoughts."

Maddy kept pressure on the younger girl's thigh. Meg looked up, somewhat startled, and smiled. "One of these days, Sweetums, you will feel some need in that sexy body for some release. After all, we are 18 and 19. Interesting sexual things have been happening. Should we be listening to the message of our bodies?"

Meg took Maddy's hand and held it close to her. "You are the dearest friend in the whole world. Maybe we should be more intimate. I'm terribly afraid of getting involved with some guy who will give me a disease. That make any sense?"

Maddy moved sideways. "Slide over, love. I'll lay next to you. If you wish, you can call up your fantasy vision of the mystery lady. I won't be offended."

"You are teasing me again," Meg whispered as she moved to let Maddy onto the bed. "Tell me what you have in mind for us to do."

Maddy lifted the linen sheet and their legs met. Meg's eyes shot open at the new sensation.

"I know what women do to please each other sexually," Meg said, measuring her words. "It's just that I never thought, well, you would care enough for me."

"That why you admire unattached older women?"

"Maybe I do. I don't know. But, how do you figure in all this?"

Maddy smiled and propped her head up on one elbow. "We've done things together ever since grade school. I've admired you, been attracted to you, all that time. You are vivacious, quick to pickup new ideas, honest and direct in your concern for me. Add that to your really lively body and it all makes sense."

Meg was silent. "I didn't know," she said finally. "Do you want to make love to me? I think I want you to. Maybe I'm just curious."

"All in good time, darling. Now, let's just lie here and be cozy. Maybe you need to think it over. Snuggle. I don't want you distressed in any way."

"OK, I'm interested. Why haven't you been up front with me about this? Why wait until now? This really is an adventure, isn't it?"

"There are a lot of pretty girls that we know. But, you have that extra sensual extension that's so alluring. Other girls think they have to be wide-eyed and cutesy.

You are bristling with unconditional love; seems to come easy for you."

"Then I confess I've admired you all these growing up years, as well. You've often taken charge and guided me when I didn't know what to do. Sort of gave me a thrill. You are one neat person and I love you."

Maddy enveloped her in her arms and they were quiet until Meg sighed and fell asleep.

The harbor at Cozumel was bustling with activity as the giant cruise ship disgorged its passengers. Gaily dressed tourists descended from the ship to be met by a tidal wave of hustlers – taxi drivers, tour bus touts, pimps and ambitious local girls trying to get the attention of wealthy unattached men.

"Oh," Meg said, nearly out of breath, "wait here for me; I forgot the package we're supposed to deliver.

"What package?"

"Coming aboard, a nice steward asked me to hand off this package to his sweetheart. He said he was not allowed off the ship for some reason."

"Why haven't I seen it?" Maddy asked.

"I stuck it in my linen tote bag so I wouldn't forget it. Then I did." She turned quickly and headed for the gangplank.

"I'll be right in this Orange Julius bar. Hurry up," Maddy called to her.

Meg rushed back to their stateroom, found the package and turned to leave when two uniformed harbor police stopped her.

"May we see that?" one of them said.

Meg was alarmed. "No. It's not mine. I'm delivering it for someone. Please let me pass."

The two men stood still, waiting for her to surrender the package.

"Umm, you better come with us, Miss," the officer said.

"No, I can't. My friend is waiting for me."

As the police escorted her off the ship into a waiting police van, Meg began to panic. They forced her inside and fastened her wrists to cuffs attached to the wall of the van. In the dim interior Meg's eyes became accustomed to the dark and she saw she had company. Two other girls, each with identically wrapped packages assumed to be some sort of illegal contraband, were also interned.

"Hi," she said weakly. "Any idea what this is all about?"

One girl, the older of the two, spoke up. "No. It is apparent we've been caught up in some sting operation. Anybody look inside these little gifts?"

Meg, in her innocence, blurted out, "Of course not. That nice steward told me it was a gift for his sweetheart. I don't go into other people's stuff."

"I have a feeling we are in for a long night," was the answer. "We are obviously not the only ones they are trying to snare."

Tears came to Meg's eyes. "My friend is waiting for me. When I don't show up, she'll start asking questions."

The van lurched and rumbled down the cobblestone street. A sequence of bells sounded to alert anyone in the way. The quiet girl spoke up. "You are very pretty," she said to Meg. "Your friend who is to ask questions -- is she your lover?"

Suddenly angry, Meg answered, "What's it to you? One way or the other, we have to get out of this idiocy."

The girl looked hurt for a moment. "I was trying to find out if your friend has an interest in your welfare or is just a casual acquaintance that will shrug her shoulders and say nothing."

"Well, she will start making inquiries, that's for sure."

"Then we have one thread to unravel in our favor. That helps."

The other girl, sitting next to Meg, spoke up. "You sure have a nice figure. That will rouse some attention."

Meg finally calmed down and introduced herself. The older girl, she learned, was Abby; her shy companion was Emma. "Do you two have someone waiting for you? Anyone at all, like, expecting a phone call saying you've arrived? Like that?"

Silence. Then the van stopped and they heard the brake set. "Looks like we've arrived," Meg said softly. "Any ideas? We need to all tell the same story. Did the guy on the cruise ship enlist you two?"

Emma spoke up. "Yes. He said someone would meet us who would recognize the way the gift was wrapped. Same for you?"

Meg nodded. "Yes. That's a start. Let's stick to our experience. They might try to get us to change it."

Abruptly, the van door opened and the same officer came in, unlocked the cuffs and motioned them out. He collected the gift-wrapped packages and handed them off to someone outside the van.

The three girls, all dressed with full-length skirts but with blouses baring their navels, tumbled out squinting at the bright sunlight. In a moment they were each escorted to a separate interrogation room.

Meg felt a wave of depression as hope left her. The reality dawned on her that she had no rights in a foreign country and her purse, packages and passport had all been seized. Having heard tales of how young girls were treated in foreign ports, Meg felt a twinge of fear twist her gut.

A uniformed man came in and gently closed the cell door. "I am Jose Rafael Almonestre de Molina," he said softly. "It appears you are accused of entering Mexico with illegal contraband. You perhaps know the nature of this material. We are, at this moment, checking it out. It would expedite matters if you would tell me what you know of this."

"The other girls may have a story to tell. I don't. An employee of the shipping line asked me to deliver a gift for his girlfriend. I agreed. That's all I know."

Officer Almonestre looked stern. "You must think we are stupid. There is no such employee on the ship as your friends describe. We've checked that out. You better come up with the truth, young lady, or suffer the consequences."

"Sir. What consequences? I demand to see the United States Consul. He is supposed to assist citizens abroad."

He chuckled and moved away from the desk he was writing his reports on. "Dear Meg Bailey, the U.S. Consulate has been notified of your situation. Similar attempts have been uncovered in the past. They will wait until we learn something." He stood next to her, offered her a cigarette and lit one for himself.

She declined the cigarette with a turn of her head indicating her disgust. She couldn't miss the gleam of interest in his eyes as he moved closer to her. She took a deep breath and attempted to stand.

He pushed her back onto the chair. "Just calm down, Miss Bailey. Our government deals harshly with smugglers, if that is indeed what you are. It may take several days before we can come up with an answer. Other factors are to be considered."

Her voice trembled but she tried to be brave. "Am I being held without charges? That's illegal. Either charge me or release me. I want to see a lawyer."

He chuckled again. "Nothing illegal here. We can't afford to break the law in order to enforce it. You will remain in custody. I can get you a lawyer, if you wish. It would be well to have representation at your hearing."

Her voice involuntarily went up an octave. "You've no evidence to present at any trumped up hearing."

He sighed and took a long drag on his cigarette. "Miss, please calm down. If you persist in making our job difficult you will find yourself passed around to many admirers like a party favor. You might find that somewhat disagreeable." He reached down and caught her blouse collar with both hands. In a quick twist, the material was torn down the front.

She screamed. "Stop, what are you doing? Have you no humanity?" He looked at the straining brassiere. "Perhaps, yes. But, I have the interest of a man in the company of an attractive woman. Your word for it is macho."

Meg swallowed and forged ahead. "What do you want from me?" she asked.

He immediately picked up her vulnerable tone. "You can stop demanding; stop persisting in this insane attitude. You must remain in custody until the matter is cleared up. If you insist on making our job more difficult –calls to the consulate, calls to the North, a lawyer – you will find we will break your spirit and you'll be more than happy to tell us the truth."

Meg sniffed. "But, Señor Almonestre, I've told you all I know."

His glance was shrewd for a brief moment. "What I suspect, pretty Miss Bailey, is that the truth will put you in more jeopardy than your innocent act."

She tugged at the shreds of her blouse to cover her naked torso. For once she was thankful she wore a bra instead of the usual halter support. "As you wish, Señor," she whispered. "I will not give you any more trouble. Now, I have ample credit to pay my keep, for a lawyer and so on. You have my credit cards."

He shook his head. "Not always acceptable here except at the tourist shops and clubs. You haven't much cash in your belongings."

"The bank will advance me currency, I should think."

"Again, yet. Now you want the bank teller to open up shop in our jail. Please, you must not persist in this insanity."

"Then my lawyer will get a power of attorney so whatever obligations can be satisfied."

He looked at her closely. "You talk like a business lawyer, Miss Bailey. But, it will do you no good."

She started to panic again. "Then leave me alone. I'll cope with whatever."

He stood behind her looking down at the rise of her breasts. "Very well, I will see you to your secure room. The other two friends await you."

"Thank you. I'm grateful."

He next became the gentleman Latin official instead of the predator alone with the vivacious girl. "One thing more and I'll be on my way. Your compatriots, Emma and Abby, have told a similar story."

She turned and looked up at him. "Including the torn clothing?" she asked.

"Yes, and more. I observe that wearing a full-length skirt was in very good taste. We respect you for that. Half naked women with bulging thighs in short-shorts are an insult to the genteel ladies of our town."

She was suspicious. "So?"

"Please raise the hem of your gown to your waist so I might see the rest of your famous figure."

Meg gulped. 'To resist is in bad taste around here', she thought. "Not famous, Señor, but here it is." She pulled her skirt up to her hips and looked up at him again.

"Very pretty, Miss Bailey," he said. "In the future be prepared to show off even more of your well-kept body." He left the room.

Getting control of the slight shock of the moment, she realized words like decency and propriety did not apply in the new reality. Self-control, she thought, was the only answer.

They could hear the jailer in the hallway jangling his ring of keys. In a moment the door swung open and the keeper of the keys peered in. The three girls waited to see what was next in their ordeal. "Miss Bailey, please," the man said. His toothless grin was wide. His uniform looked like he hadn't changed in a week.

Meg stepped forward. "You want me? What about the others?"

"Miss Bailey, please," he repeated in a heavy accent.

Meg looked at Emma and Abby. She shrugged her shoulders and followed the man out into the corridor.

"Wait in here, please," he said and opened the door to an interrogation room.

Meg sat on the long bench next to the wall. The sun streaming in through the skylight was a comfort. She pushed at her matted hair, composed herself as best she could and waited. Finally the outer door opened and Meg gasped in surprise. She was there in the flesh, the mystery lady.

"Ah, yes. You no doubt remember me from New Orleans. You and your friend surely stared at me long enough to recognize me anywhere. Is this not so?"

"Yes, Ma'am; I mean, no offense intended," she stammered.

The elegant lady frowned. "Don't call me madam; I'm only perhaps ten years your senior. Now, to business. I am your lawyer. Señor Almonestre called me in your behalf. He knows I am expensive so mentioned that you have extended credit to pay the costs."

"That means you've inquired. At least something is being done to tell the world I am being held here without charge or provocation."

"Umm. I do admire an intelligent and educated woman. You speak well. I hope we can enjoy each other's company during the due process of Mexican law. Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Señora Miro de Tontino Galvez, at your service. Just call me Miro,

everyone does." She smiled with a gushing friendliness difficult for Meg to interpret and, with a sweeping gesture, sat down next to Meg and took her hand. "Now, I'm told the officials handled you rather roughly during your interrogation. I can see by the torn blouse that our able prosecutor has had some fun intimidating you. It's his way. Do not be difficult with him."

Meg whined as if in pain. "Difficult? The man is a monster."

Miro laughed. "Believe me, Miss Bailey, he is capable of much more than a torn blouse. It would please him greatly to get you in a more compromising position. I shall make an effort to foil that. It's what you'll pay me for." Miro leaned closer and slid one arm around Meg's waist. "Relax, pretty girl. You have the advantage of a youngster in a candy store with a credit card." She tugged and was pleased that Meg allowed her to pull the youthful pristine body closer.

"And how much is that?"

Miro smiled again. "I know the credit line on your cards and what you've charged so far. I promise not to exceed that."

Meg gulped. "That's a heavy charge, Miro," she said simply.

The lawyer rested against the wall. "My dear, tell me. Would you rather have the sexual advances of Señor Almonestre to cope with?" Miro reached over, still holding Meg firmly at the waist, lifted the torn blouse and caressed Meg's firm breast. She murmured in appreciation and moved her face close to Meg's. "I think, sweet virgin girl, we were destined to be lovers. Much better than Señor Almonestre, I can assure you."

She felt goose bumps crease her scalp. "I just hired you to prevent such exploitation." She calmed herself; an effort of will. "But, Miro, the way I see it, if that sexual predator gets his way with the girls, they would surely end up much worse off. Is it not so?" "Good. It is settled then. Now, understand, there is little we can do in this room though there is no fear of tarnishing my already doubtful reputation." She touched Meg's bare shoulder, raised to let her fingers draw a tickling line up her neck and onto her cheek. A firm fingertip touched Meg's lips.

Meg felt a firm hand was needed. "You are hitting on me, Miro. There's not a damn thing I can do about it, is there? OK, if I must trust you to keep the macho Mexicans away from me, then I must do your bidding." She watched the stately woman and found herself wondering why she was herself suddenly out of breath.

Miro dropped her hand onto Meg's knee and raised the hem of the torn skirt. "Well, fine legs, too. Soft to the touch yet well shaped, muscular. You exercise regularly?"

"Just bicycle and tennis. Some routines during the season on the cheerleader squad." She couldn't mistake Miro's physical interest in her. The older woman was forcing her to comply, molding an attitude of body language completely new to her.

"I will enjoy two things. The anticipation of your attentions to my needs. And secondly, consummation of them. It is a fair agreement it seems to me."

Meg wondered if the interview was over and moved to stand. When she did, she felt Miro move her firm body against her so the pointed breasts brushed her arm. She realized Miro was not wearing a bra, didn't apparently need one. When the full breasts were out of

contact, Meg raised one hand to Miro's shoulder. They faced each other, both women with quickened breathing.

Miro brought her lips onto Meg's and they shared a gentle kiss. In a moment Miro played at Meg's mouth with an errant tongue and Meg yielded.

"Miro, please," Meg pleaded. "I'm used to being pursued but on my terms, not in a jail next to such an experienced woman. Girl-girl sex is new to me."

Miro smiled. "But you know about it? And, darling, you've certainly been curious about it. I shall enjoy going down on you." Miro touched her on the cheek. "Relax here awhile, pretty girl, and gather your thoughts. I will keep you informed. Later, Puta, later." In one quick movement Miro was out of the room and the door snapped shut behind her. Meg felt terribly alone. But, she considered Miro had spoken the truth. She did have a lot of thinking to do.

Meg saw then that the charming Miro had the same designs she and Maddy had discussed. Being close to the lawyer-lady, Meg felt more strongly the phantom allure. There was a different feeling about Miro unlike just meeting another woman. She was, Meg thought, well-toned by physical activity, and the defined breast line was a new intrigue. It was no leap of the imagination when Meg dreamed of accepting one of those firm breasts in her own mouth. Just the idea of it sent a thrill through her sex. It was then that Meg realized she was helplessly attracted to the svelte woman who handled her so skillfully.

Miro has 'everything', Meg thought. Tall, broad, somewhat masculine shoulders, a voluptuous figure, slim hips and severe features that seem stern. Her husky voice, lower in pitch than most women, was sensual. The playful eyes, lustrous with interest in her, were not the flashing French she had expected. They were unrelenting, watching, appraising, interesting in their dark shadows.

Maddy was right, Meg thought. Life is one fascinating adventure after another.

Emma and Abby were waiting for her. "What happened? Did they rape you? What is to become of us?" Their chatter enervated her.

She waved them away and sat on her bunk. "No, girls. So far all I have to offer is a lawyer. A very expensive lawyer. You have the right, as well. Just ask for one."

"Wow; all the money we had went into this trip," Abby said. "We can't afford a fancy lawyer to represent us.

"Then it appears you will pay your way on your backs or whatever. It is strange, is it not? We girls do what we can to appear attractive, do exercises, worry about cosmetics and clothing, and all we get is some greasy jailer pawing the clothes off us. Weird."

Emma sat next to Meg on the bunk. "I've so not much experience. I'm not sure I can cope with a Mexican sexual revolution. What can you tell me? You've been around, haven't you?"

“Whew! Not much. But I have a gut feeling that, when this is all over, you won’t have to ask that question any more.”

Emma sighed. “I’m terrified of being abused. I’ll do anything if they just won’t hurt me.”

Meg shrugged. “Tell them that, Emma. But, be wary. Play your virgin body the best you can. The Inquisition is called Spanish for a proper reason.”

“Yipes. You mean torture, don’t you?”

“Just do as you’re told, love. It will work out. You’re really neat; they won’t want to ruin that. I can guess how much they will enjoy you and Abby. But then, I can only speculate.”

Emma was quiet, then, “I’ve thought a lot about it these past few days. My body is an asset, like a new car. Used cars don’t get quite as far. It’s a dilemma. She looked up when Abby walked over to stand next to them. She continued, “It’s just that the other day, when we first got here, that police officer, whatever he is, took my hand and rubbed his crotch with it. I could feel his erection, he was so excited. I know he was measuring my mouth, or at least that’s what I thought. Then when they started feeling and tearing our clothes, I nearly fainted from fear. They were making fun of us. Next, the bell rang and they had to return us to this room. Just as we were turning to leave, two of them jumped us. They ordered me to kiss Abby. When I did they told me on the cheek was not good enough. They wanted me to french her mouth. I did that. I know they have other adventures in mind.”

Meg was thoughtful. “If that’s all that’s asked of you two, be grateful. It would be much better to put on a good show making love to each other than swallowing a gallon of cum from every male on the staff. They are playing cat-and-mouse with us. I’m afraid my story is not much better.”

Abby spoke up. “At least you have a lawyer and all that. They won’t do anything to you, it seems to me.”

Meg smiled at the irony. “Time will tell but all that’s apparently happened is that the lawyer is measuring my mouth, as you gals say it, not the monsters on staff here. What we need to do is get out of this with our wits and our bodies intact. If we can do that, well, we’ve defeated them. Let them have their fun.”

Abby looked astonished. “Your lawyer is going to take advantage of you? That’s outrageous that he would do that. The respect of the profession and all that.”

Meg smiled again. “The lawyer is not a man, Abby. She is a very attractive slightly older woman. Get the picture?”

“Wow, yes; and you’re paying for the privilege it looks like,” Abby said thoughtfully.

“Get some rest, we’re going to need it tomorrow.” Meg whispered her frustration.

During the early morning hours, Meg was awakened by a commotion in the room. The single dim light bulb did little more than throw a shadow. She rose up on one arm and

looked across to the other girls. They had pulled the mattresses off their cots and arranged them on the floor. Abby lay on her back and was instructing Emma. They were both undressed enough so their breasts and hips were naked.

“Take my nipple in your mouth, Emma, yes; that’s it. Now, feel my legs and thighs. Umm, good. Go down, run your tongue tip in and around my belly button. Crawl back up here, press your body against mine and let your thigh ride on my pussy. Stay on top, bring your mouth to mine and let your tongue caress my lips. Then, inside my mouth. See, it’s good. Oh, you’re perfect, Em.”

Meg shook her head in wonder and dozed off. The girls enjoying sex with each other seemed little more than an omen of what was to come. ‘Miro,’ Meg thought idly. ‘I wonder if I will have to make you come with my mouth.’ She then fell into a deep sleep.

In the morning the jailer with the noisy keys once again threw open the door. He looked inside and motioned to Emma with one finger. He smiled when she walked forward. “You come with me,” he said. “Administration chief want you in his office.”

Emma turned to look at the other girls. They stood, stone faced, holding hands, and distressed that Emma was to be used without their being able to do anything about it.

When the door closed, Meg turned to Abby. “I guess our little Emma is going to get a lesson in sex she wasn’t prepared for.”

“Oh, she was prepared, mentally. She is frightened she will offend the man and have to endure his anger. We can only hope she will be successful. As you said, we have to survive this place. If we do, we’ve defeated them.”

Meg turned to sit down on the bunk. “I saw Emma go down on you last night. Did you really have to do that to her?”

“Call it what you will. She needed to thaw out some. I had nothing to use as a dildo so we did what we could. You don’t like it?”

“Not for me to say. When I next meet my lawyer lady, her name is Señora Miro Galvez, Señora by the way means she is married; I’ll have some action as well. The kids have a saying. Just do it.”

Abby sat on the bunk next to Meg. “You are very pretty, Meg,” she said. “I really envy that lawyer lady having your good looks to enjoy.”

“I accept that as a back-handed compliment. You two are both so attractive. How long have you been seducing girls like you did Emma last night? How can you do that with a clear conscience?”

“I see it as an addiction. But, more than that, there is an art to it. You don’t just run in to the bedroom, slam the gal down on the bed and attack her. You have to be cunning, wily and seductive until the lady of your desire thinks it is all her idea or, at least, justified.”

Meg shook her head in wonder. “When did all this start? You can tell me about coming out of the closet.”

“How can I tell you what you’ll never understand? Think of the frustration when you fall in love with the girl next to you in the sixth grade?”

“So, try me. We have to do something while Emma is away. She is keeping us out of the mainstream of Mexican sex.”

“I love Emma.”

“I saw that last night. She’s very much bonded with you. Must be nice.”

“We saw you with a cool girl at the bar on the ship. Who is that? Your lover?”

“Maybe some day. We fooled around a bit. Discussed girl-girl sex as a fun experience.”

Abby was thoughtful. “Do you think they might have picked her up as an accomplice? Could be she is in custody too, just so she can’t call in the stateside authorities, like that.”

Meg frowned. “Never thought of that. If they knew us, they knew her. Rats!”

Emma stopped at the large oaken door marked ‘Administrator’. The policeman turned and knob and pushed her inside. She felt a twist of terror in her gut.

As the door behind her closed and locked, the man behind the desk stood up and approached her.

“Ah, Emma. Just what I need.”

Emma shook her head ‘no’ and stepped backward.

He took her hand. “Come along, now. You are so very attractive. But, that’s not why I asked you to visit me. I have something to show you so an urgent message gets back to your friends. We desperately need some information to finalize this sting. Seems you three are the only ones who can provide it.”

Emma shook her head. “I don’t know anything.”

He smiled; gold inlays sparkled. “You may well be right, dear. But somebody knows something and we need to get to it. Now, come along with me, please.”

He took her hand and they exited his office through another door. She was with him in a long corridor, stark and with peeling paint. She marveled at herself; she fully expected to be screaming hysterically but had drawn on some inner strength to remain calm. She observed that the authorities could look in on all the cells through a slot in the wall, to monitor the inmates. They walked further until he stopped her with his arm. They looked through the slot into the security cell occupied by Meg and Abby. Next she noticed a camera installed that buzzed into action when anyone in the room moved.

“Why are you showing me this?” she asked.

He moved behind her and held her face to the thin opening. “Just look in there, Emma. You know those girls?” He asked it as he pulled her shoulders square so she could see clearly. One hand held her waist, the other hand moved onto her breast.