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She took a deep breath. Roxana Jaquez straightened her jacket for what seemed like the hundredth time now, waiting for the doors to the president's office to open. She felt like she was awaiting her own execution, and they were making her wait just to prolong the agony.

Jaquez didn't know why president Caldera de Trevino wanted to see her, but she had a pretty good idea. It probably was all about that damn fool Vargas, who got himself in too deep and ended up dead in his apartment. And as head of the Ministry of Security, it was Roxana's job to handle the situation.

Truth be told, she had not a clue how to handle it, what the president expected of her, or why she was even here. But all of her thoughts were sent into overdrive when the doors were finally opened from the inside and two guards saluted her on each side, waiting for her to go in.

It felt like a huge lump of something was stuck in her throat as Roxana walked across the thick carpet of the spacious office, where Anabela Caldera de Trevino, president of their beautiful and tragic home Argentina, sat behind a desk, which seemed much too large for her small frame.

The president followed her movements with her eyes, but said not a word. When Jaquez stood, straight like a soldier, in front of the desk, she didn't even notice the two guards stepping behind her.

"So," Trevino said finally, breaking the silence. "There has been a very tragic event lately." Jaquez nodded.

"I trust that you will take matters into your hands personally, and handle this with the utmost care," the president continued. "And I hope I can count on your full support."

The minister nodded eagerly, her brunette hair falling into her face. "Yes, madame President," she replied. "My full and complete support."

"Good then," Trevino said, smiling. "I have no reason to doubt you, of course, but you know what they say."

Roxana didn't really know what they say, but she nodded anyway. "Yes, I understand," she answered demurely.

"I'm so glad you do," Anabela said, smiling again. "Get undressed then."

The minister looked at her with a few strands of hair in front of her eyes. Maybe she didn't hear right. "I'm sorry," she said. "Did you..."

Caldera de Trevino snapped her fingers and before the minister could say another word, her jacket got torn off her shoulders roughly. She stared at her violators, two men of the president's mounted grenadier's regiment, who looked straight ahead with expressionless faces.

Turning back to the president, Roxana began to realize that was pointless to protest. What was happening, was happening in earnest, and she could either comply, or be made to comply. She closed her eyes, unbuttoning her yellow blouse slowly, displaying more and more of her shapely bust, held in check by her naughty bra which she had put on for no particular reason at all today.

Anabela smirked when she saw her minister's breasts held up by black open cups, her nipples like

small buttons framed by large, dark areolas. Trevino nodded as Roxana folded the blouse over a chair, then unzipped her skirt. Slowly, almost mechanically, she pushed it down her thighs and let it drop to the floor, a sheer, black see-through thong barely covering her slit and the small dark pubic patch above.

Jaquez stood motionless as the president got up and rounded the desk until she stood right next to her. Looking straight at her face, Trevino suddenly slapped Roxana's naked butt violently. The minister bit her lips, trying not to show any emotion. "Get down on your knees now," Anabela said harshly.

Slowly, carefully, Roxana knelt. Her heels were making it hard for her to keep her balance and so she kicked them off, looking down in shame on her exposed, and weirdly hardening, nipples. She had dreamt of this. In her hot, horny, darkest nights, she had dreamt of being used by this, being used by her. Still, now that it was actually happening, she felt ashamed of herself.

"Stick." The president held open her hand, waiting for her request to be fulfilled. One of the guards hastily pulled out his baton and handed it to her. She weighed it and slid it between her fingers, then aimed the end at Roxana's mouth until the cold metal touched her lips. Instinctively, the woman turned her head and took the metal rod into her mouth, sucking on it.

Caldera de Trevino nodded, watching her, whispering something to the closest guard. Roxana was so focussed on the thick object in her mouth that she didn't notice the man was suddenly holding a camera and filming her. Only when her boss pulled the baton back out again did she realize that her every action was recorded, and she instantly bowed her head down, trying not to look.

Trevino strode slowly around her and all Roxana could see were the president's unusually high, red heels. She felt the baton run down her back. The hard metal, wet from her saliva, tickled the minister's spine, and when it had travelled all the way down to her butt, sliding along her thong, she moved involuntarily forward until she was finally on all fours, pushing her hips up to meet the stick.

Without a warning, Anabela began to drill the slick rounded tip inside Roxana's twat, rough, not bothering to spread her or go gentle on her first, forcing it hard inside her. If Jaquez had been any less wet, it probably would've hurt getting treated like this, but to her own surprise her pussy was soaking wet and she had to admit to herself that the whole situation turned her on a lot more than she had thought.

The baton got pushed all the way up into her pussy and then stayed there, as she heard the president step back a little, probably just enjoying the view for a moment. The grenadier with the camera moved around her slowly, making sure to catch her from every incriminating angle.

Suddenly, Roxana felt someone approaching her from behind and pulling her head back harshly by her hair, they then fastened a leather collar around her neck, quickly and tightly, hooking it onto a leash and holding her head up by that. Then, she felt a push against the baton, thrusting it painfully against the back of her vagina. "Move," she heard the president say.

She crawled on all fours, led by the leash, out of the back of the office and into the palm courtyard of the Casa Bella. Roxana was glad there weren't more people around, all the staff seemed to have disappeared while only the two guards were accompanying them outside. Her relief quickly gave in to bewilderment when her eyes fell on a curious sight: Across the yard, bound to a palm tree, stood a tall, muscular, shiny black horse.

The president directed her straight towards it, and when she had rounded the vegetation, her eyes were at level with the stallions impressive, if still unflared cock. Jaquez was confused. What was the point of all this? Somewhere, in the back of her mind, a dark suspicion began to grow, but she tried not to listen to it.

A kick in the groin brought her thoughts sharply back to the position she found herself in. The pointy tip of the president's shoe was running between her legs across her pelvis, pressing tightly on her clit, squeezing it between the smooth surface of the shoe and the steely rod inside her cunt.

"What're you waiting for?" the president said, pushing her steadily forward by the baton, closer and closer to the horse's cock. "Suck him!"

Roxana gagged, the reality of the situation starting to sink in. If any of this ever got out, she'd be done. Not only would her career in politics be over, she could never even show her face in public again. This must be how the president kept all her subordinates in line, she thought. How many others had to go through this? What other perverted things did she make them do?

The minister shook her head. Why was all of this turning her on so much? Why did she not only dream of this, but now crave it with every fiber of her body? Why did this make her want to serve her president even more, to be hers with all her body, mind and soul. Mostly her body, though. All of it.

She reached forward and touched the thick, mushroom-shaped head of the cock, surprised at how soft and warm it felt at her fingertips. Without giving it any further thought, her lips kissed the hole at the end and began to widen around it, trying to take it into her mouth.

It tasted clean, but still strong. Someone must've prepared the horse for this. Roxana didn't really like sucking cock all that much, but this was different. This felt like something worth sucking. This filled up her mouth quickly all the way, making her gag and crave for more at the same time. This, she decided, was what she was meant to do.

As the minister closed her eyes, immersed in the act, she forgot all about the guard who was still filming her from the side, all about the wide open courtyard where anyone could see her, and all about the baton in her pussy, until Anabela began pulling it out, covered thick in cunt slime, and began pushing it into her ass.

She groaned into the horse's ever growing trunk of a penis, her mouth watering around the sides as she felt her asshole get violated that roughly. Not used to anything bigger than her own finger, her anus felt like bursting when Anabela forced the baton inside, fucking her deep and good, stretching her wider than she had thought possible.

God, that steel rod was hitting places inside her she didn't even know existed! One spot in particular, deep in the bowel, felt so good every time the baton touched it that she thought she climaxed just a little just from that. Above her, the stallion began to move restless, his dick now getting expertly sucked by the minister's eager cunt mouth.

Just as she had gotten used to her asshole getting pounded deep and hard, the president stopped, leaving the baton once more stuck deep inside her. Obediently, Roxana continued working the stallion's dick in her mouth, stroking the long shaft with her hand, a sour, salty liquid starting to collect in her mouth.

Then it struck her. Hard and painful, her pussy was hit by pointy tip once more, this time digging into her gaping cunt hole, spreading her painfully as Caldera de Trevino abused her with her foot.

Jaquez saw stars dance in front of her eyes as she got fucked raw and hard, the shoe tip thrusting into her harder and stronger than anything she had ever experienced.

She groaned, losing hold of the long shaft, letting it fall from her mouth, wet and dripping as she gasped for breath, bending further down, letting her cunt get violated painfully. She held onto the thick, black and pink cock, pulling and stroking it as good as she could until she suddenly felt a gush of sticky, hot horse semen run down her head. Looking up, more and more cum came spurting out of the horse's dick, hitting her in the face.

She opened her mouth again, greedily, sucking and slurping what she could from the mushroom-shaped head, drinking it down like she was dying of thirst and it was the only drink she could get. Somewhere in between there, swallowing horse cum and getting her cunt violated mercilessly, Roxana Jaquez came. Her limbs gave in underneath her and her body collapsed, leaving her shaking and spasming on the floor.

When she had half-regained control over herself, she felt someone caressing her hair, pushing it out of her face. As she looked up, she saw the president, crouching next to her, smiling and kissing her softly, licking some of the sticky goo off her face. "Very good," Trevino said, "it seems we both have an understanding now."

Jaquez nodded, slowly licking her own pussy juice off the top of her shoe as Anabela got back up again. "B-but..." the minister stuttered, her motion skills still in disarray.

"Yes?" Trevino asked, looking down at the naked, cum-soaked, shaking bundle in the dirt that was her minister.

"Can I ... have more?" Jaquez asked meekly.

Without an answer, the president turned to go back inside, nodding sideways to the guards. From that day on, the mounted grenadiers always had a horse designated for the minister of security.

The End