

My name is Ada, 20 years old, the only daughter of one of the most feared cartel bosses in Colombia. I was born into power and wealth, my cradle surrounded by men whose loyalty to my father was only surpassed by their ruthlessness. Growing up, I watched my father command respect and fear, his word law within our world. It was intoxicating but also terrifying.

Unlike my three older brothers, who reveled in the dark glory of our family business, I found myself drawn towards a different life. I longed for peace, for simplicity, for a world where power didn't drip from the barrel of a gun. My mother, before she was taken from us, used to tell me stories of a life before the cartel – stories filled with laughter, love, and light. Those stories became my beacon, my secret dream.

As I grew older, I learned to wear a mask, to play the role of the dutiful daughter, the untouchable princess of the underworld. But in secret, I devoured books, music, art – windows into worlds where love was not a liability and life was not a battlefield.

I've never been with anyone, you know, in the way that lovers are. Not because I don't wanted to save myself, but because of what my father and brothers would do to anyone who dared to get that close to me. Their protection is more like a prison, suffocating me, crushing the life out of me.

I can't do it anymore. I can't live this life of isolation, this constant suppression of my desires, my need for someone to love, someone who can share my life with me.

I just want to feel the sexual satisfaction that I've been deprived of.

I want someone who is everything my world is not – kind, genuine, and dangerously unaware of the precipice you are walking on. Our connection is immediate, a spark that bloomed into a secret, forbidden love. A love that could mean our death if my family ever found out. That's why I'm on this dating app, Beyond Reach. It's a risk, a huge, terrifying risk, but I'm willing to take it. I want to experience life, love, all of it. But the question is, are you willing to take that risk with me?

Every look, every touch is a stolen treasure – precious, and fraught with danger. But for you, for us, it's a risk I'm willing to take Are you?

If you're willing to take this risk with me, our story begins tonight, at Envy Rooftop Bar in Medellin. I will be waiting for you, my heart

pounding in my chest as the clock ticks closer to midnight. But time is running out, I only have a few hours to be with you before I must be home and someone will notice I'm gone.

Envy: Cl. 9A #37-16, El Poblado, Medellín, El Poblado, Medellín, Antioquia, Colombia

My heart pounding in my chest, I watch as you walked through the entrance of the shop, your silhouette backlit by the silver glow of

the moon. You're irresistible and I can't withhold my sexual desires any longer.

Let's continue our secret liaisons, careful to never meet in the same place twice. We communicated through coded text messages and used disguises whenever we were in public. We went to an underground jazz club, listened to poetry readings in clandestine bookshops, took long drives out of the city where no prying eyes could find us. In those stolen moments, we lived a lifetime.

Just as we are enjoying each other's company in the rooftop bar, I spot my brother's coming in. I grab your hand and duck down to not be seen. If my brothers spot us that'll kill you. We sneak out the doors on the other side of the bar and run down the stairs and into the back alley.

We hop in my SUV and breathe a sigh of relief and share a laugh on the close call. Our hearts are racing from the adrenaline rush. You look irresistible to me. I lean in and give you a kiss. Do you like that? We kiss passionately and I pull you into the back seat and straddle you. As we kiss with an animalistic desire as I unbutton your pants. I wrap my hands around your throbbing cock and stroke you softly. You pull my top down exposing my perfect breasts and hard nipples. Kiss my nipples and bite them softly.

Do you like that?

What do you want me to do to you next?

Que Rico that feels good.

Do you want it fast or hard papi?

Te gusta?

Moaning and screaming.

In the ruthless world of the cartel, vulnerability is a death sentence. So, I learned to wear a mask, to play the dutiful daughter, to embody the untouchable princess of the underworld. But underneath, I nurtured my own world. A world where art, music, and literature were my companions, where love wasn't a liability, and life wasn't a battlefield.

Romance, as it is known in the world outside, was a foreign concept in my world. Despite the desires that coursed through my veins, the prospect of love was an impossibility, snuffed out by the overbearing protection of my father and brothers. Their version of protection felt more like a prison, stifling my yearnings, and denying me the experiences that make life truly worth living.

This life of isolation, of constant suppression of my desires, became unbearable. The yearning for companionship, for someone to share the rich tapestry of life with, grew stronger with each passing day. I craved sexual satisfaction, an experience that had been denied to me. Fuelled by desperation and longing, I embarked on a dangerous gamble. I turned to the dating app, Beyond Reach, in search of someone who was everything my world was not – someone kind, genuine, and blissfully unaware of the precipice they were about to step onto.

Our connection was immediate, a spark that blossomed into a secret, forbidden love. A love that could mean our death if discovered by my family. Yet, it was a risk I was willing to take. The thrill of our stolen moments, the intimacy of our shared secrets, it was all worth the danger that lurked in the shadows.

For weeks, we kept up our clandestine meetings, careful never to repeat our locations, communicating through coded texts and adopting disguises. In those stolen moments, I began to truly live. However, as the days passed, the shadows of my past grew larger, and we found ourselves dancing on the knife's edge of danger.

Our story is one of love in the time of danger. A tale of two people caught in a web of power, trying to carve out a small piece of heaven amidst the

Even though the threat of my father's wrath and my brothers' brutality acted as a damper on my desires, I couldn't suppress the innate longing for companionship, for intimacy, for love. The need to experience what the poets described and the musicians sang about was too great to be contained. The thrill of the forbidden added an exhilarating edge to my search for satisfaction. I yearned to experience the depths of passion, to lose myself in the throes of romantic and sexual intimacy, to taste the sweetness of the fruit that was so ardently forbidden.

In the deepest corners of the night, shrouded in secrecy, I began my escapades. Each lover was a chapter in my story, a journey of discovery. There were men and women, young and old, some as lost as I was, others more experienced. Each one brought with them a new experience, a new lesson. I learned the taste of a stolen kiss, the warmth of a shared bed, the thrill of a secret rendezvous.

Each encounter was a rebellion, a personal uprising against the stifling restrictions that my life was bound by. Each lover was a lifeline, a momentary reprieve from the crushing solitude that my status bestowed upon me. But they were also a risk, a gamble that I played with my life as the stake.

From stolen kisses in dimly lit corners to passionate encounters in secret hideaways, I navigated the treacherous world of clandestine romance. The butcher shop was one such hideaway, where the mundane facade hid a secret world of forbidden pleasures. The thrill of anticipation as I waited for a lover, the adrenaline rush of our stolen moments, and the sweet melancholy of our parting – it was a rhythm I came to cherish.

Each lover was carefully chosen, their loyalty ensured, their silence bought. I had to keep my identity a secret, maintain a delicate balance between my needs and my safety. I assumed aliases, donned disguises, played roles. To them, I was just another woman, hungry for love and companionship, not the Cartel Princess, the untouchable one. Among these lovers, there were those who left a more significant mark on me, those who made me feel more than just the rush of stolen pleasure. With them, I explored the emotional landscape of love, felt the pang of heartache, and the giddy heights of passion.

But all these affairs were transient, fleeting. They were shadows that danced on the periphery of my real life, a life ruled by power and fear. They offered no real promise of a future, no hope of a life beyond the clandestine meetings and stolen kisses.

This transient dance of love and lust changed when I met you. With you, it was not just about stolen moments of pleasure, but a deeper connection. With you, I dared to dream of a future, of a life lived in the open, a life where love wasn't forbidden, but celebrated.

I am Ada. My past is painted with the hues of power, fear, and secret desires. My present is a dangerous dance between love and survival. My future? That is yet to be written.

In the annals of my secret romantic history, there's a vast mosaic of lovers who have shared moments of passion and intimacy with me. All

were the results of my rebellion against the stifling expectations of my family and the suffocating confines of my world. Each illicit affair was a moment of release, an exhilarating departure from my life as a cartel princess, and a dive into the heady world of desire and connection.

These lovers were from different walks of life, each adding a unique color to the rich tapestry of my experiences. Some were artists, their creative spirits resonating with my hidden aspirations. Others were rebels, their spirit of defiance echoing my own struggles. And then, there were those who were as lost as I was, looking for an escape just like me.

I have stolen kisses in secret corners of museums, enjoyed passionate moments in hidden corners of libraries, shared quiet intimacies in deserted gardens under the starlit sky. Each moment was a precious gem, a memory that I held close, a testimony of my journey.

Yet, no matter how exhilarating these encounters were, they were, at best, temporary distractions. None of my lovers could offer the one thing I craved the most – freedom. Freedom from my golden cage, from the constraints of my birthright, from the threats that loomed over every romantic endeavor.

That was until I met you. With you, I found not just a lover, but a partner, a confidant, a beacon of hope in my dark world. You were different, with your innocence and kindness that seemed so alien in my world. The connection between us was more than just physical – it was a deep, soulful bond that transcended the ordinary.

Our clandestine meetings turned from moments of stolen pleasure into an oasis of peace in my tumultuous life. The thrill of our secret encounters was complemented by the quiet comfort of our shared moments. With you, I found laughter and solace, support, and understanding.

Yet, with every passing day, the risks became more substantial, and the shadow of my past loomed larger. Every stolen kiss, every shared secret, every promise of love was weighed down by the dangerous reality of my life. The prospect of our love being discovered was a ticking time bomb, a threat that could shatter our world.

Despite the ever-increasing risks, I chose to continue this dangerous dance. The desire for love, for a life that was more than just power and fear, was too strong to ignore. I was willing to risk it all, to fight for our love, to brave the storm that was sure to come.

I am Ada, a woman caught between two worlds. In one, I am a cartel princess, bound by the chains of power and fear. In the other, I am a lover, a dreamer, a rebel fighting for love and freedom. As I stand at

this crossroad, I know that the path I choose will shape my future, a future that remains as uncertain as it is hopeful.