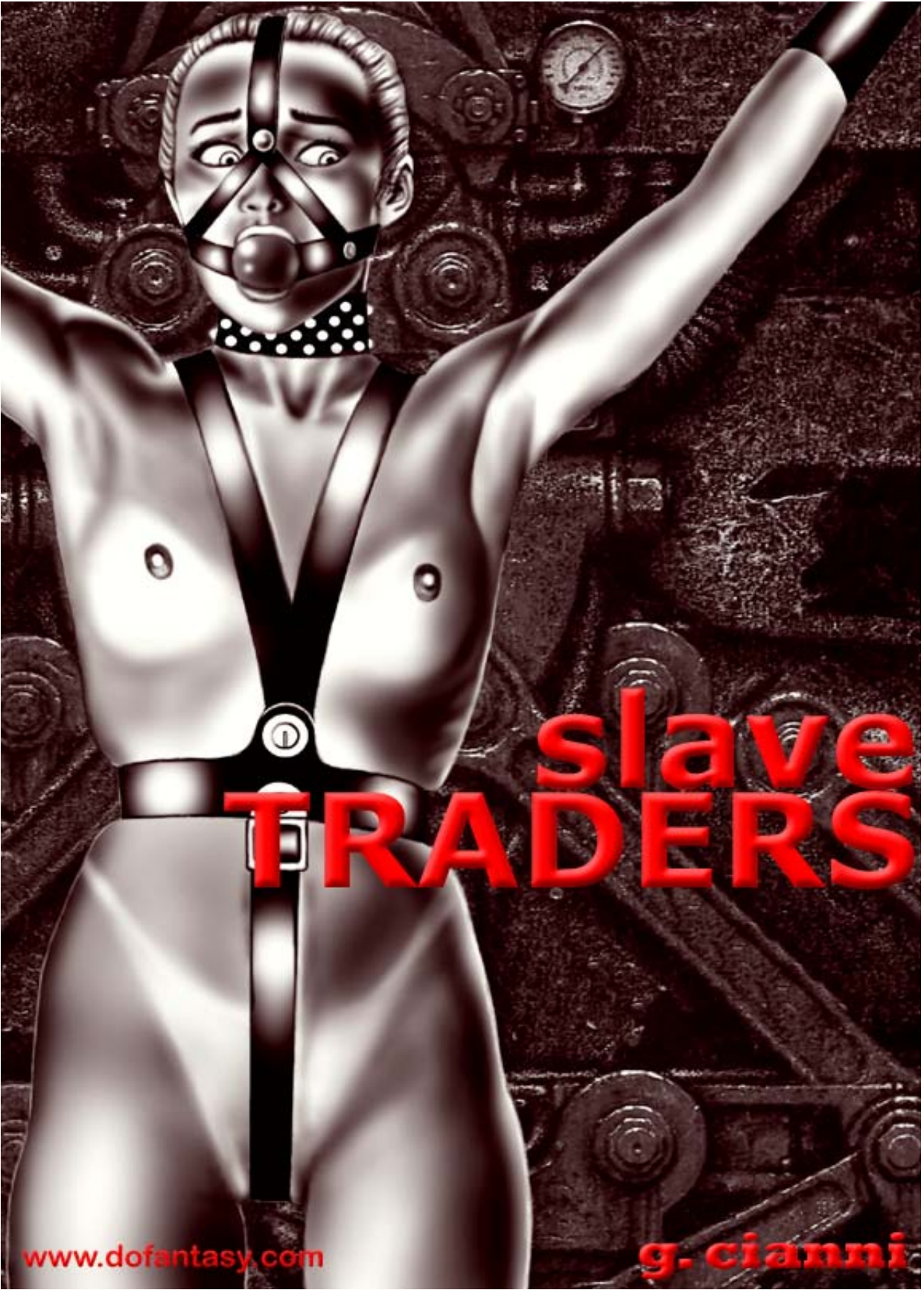


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TRADERS



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apartado de correos treinta y cuatro

SLAVE TRADERS

Gabriella Cianni

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d'O Fantasy - Apartado 107 -
08197 Valldoreix - Spain

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The beginning

It's five thousand years since humanity reached the stars and brought with it the evil that exists in the nature of the species.

Man has explored, colonised and exploited thousands of planets in the Galaxy and Barbaria was one of them even though it was by accident.

A millennium before the awful events that this chronicle relates, the space ship DISASTER exploded near the uninhabited planet. Good fortune allowed some of the crew to survive and reach the surface of the planet.

The survivors became authentic outer space Robinson Crusoes with only the clothes they stood up in. Without computers, ready made utensils or information cubes their descendants soon forgot the prodigies of technology. In reality they had never known about them.

With the passage of the centuries, the little human enclave grew until it covered most of a continent and had developed an oligarchic society with a feudal structure.

The wide diversity of the ecosystem, deserts to the north and jungle to the south, encouraged the formation of cities to the north and smaller communities to the south.

For whatever cause, nobody ever knew, they split apart soon after arriving. The blacks stayed in the desert, forming cities and seeking their fortunes in commerce. The whites went south and started to live like peasants...

Barbaria, twenty years

before the arrival of Andros V

The Galaxy is shining in the omnipresent sky full of stars and nebulae.

It's night and the world is submerged in darkness.

A hurricane wind lifts the sands of the desert and hurls them against the walls of Sodom.

Nothing has changed in the last millennium.

From the Castle, eternal on its seat at the top of the hill, the city seems to be asleep.

Inside the walls, the glimmer of the fires evokes shadows of the past and ghosts from distant universes.

Outside, beyond the wall, there is nothing, only darkness and legend... And the looted remains of WARRIOR II, the Federation ship that came to bring order to Barbaria.

The tortuous open streets between the miserable houses are deserted. The Castle, at the top of the mount, is deserted too.

The wind whistles past the poorly adjusted hinges on the wooden doors. It's summer, but tonight it's cold and the wind cuts through the skin.

Where are the inhabitants of the city?

Suddenly, mixed cries of rage and triumph echo in the night. The mob is at large.

Outside the walls, where there is a meteorite cratered that is believed to be the mouth of hell, Aguirre the Assassin is haranguing his subjects.

The ignorant and superstitious inhabitants of Sodom, cowed by the dictator's powerful temple guards, are clamouring against the «Invaders».

'DEATH...!! DEATH...!! DEATH...!!!'

There, between the people and the hierarchy, bound like cattle for slaughter, the four hundred crew of WARRIOR II are trembling with terror.

Aguirre raises his arms, his armour shines in the deathly light of the Galaxy.

The trumpets sound and the drums pound. They are playing for death.

The crowd is hushed.

Aguirre, tall, imposing with skin as black as coal, walks down from the podium followed by dozens of his henchmen armed with axes. One-step behind him, Aguirre the Monster, his teenage son, and Nora the beautiful, his slightly older daughter, step forward with the haughty grandeur of monarchs.

The committee stops in front of the Captain of WARRIOR II, first in the endless line of prisoners.

The drums beat on morbidly.

Aguirre the Assassin looks into the captive's eyes and smiles.

'Fucking son of a whore...' he says lifting his hand with the thumb pointed downwards.

One of the henchmen lifts his axe and cuts through the Captain's neck. His head rolls on the floor leaving a trail of blood as it passes.

Aguirre moves forward a couple of more steps, to the second of the captives...

After each decapitation, the exalted crowd cries out its triumph and thirst for revenge. These miserable wretches lost in the darkest hole of the Universe, work out their frustration by torturing and annihilating the powerful heirs of the old order.

Two worlds separated by thousands of years are in collision: the decrepit Federation, disorganised and ruined, yet in the power of a technology that it no longer understands. And one of the many outlaw planets, an errant and forgotten world that the passage of time has turned into an agrarian backwater ruled by tyranny and survival of the fittest.

The executioners move on to the sound of the drums... malicious smiles on their mouths. Behind them they leave a pile of bodies and a river of blood that stains the floor of the crater.

It's a horrific orgy of cruelty.

On foot, bound but still alive, the prisoners that Aguirre the Assassin has chosen to make slaves of tremble with horror. They are the youngest and strongest and they will work in the fields under the blasting sun or in the mines until their last breaths.

And naturally, all the young, beautiful women are left standing...

In a magnanimous gesture to his subjects, the tyrant orders twenty prisoners to be separated and gives them to the crowd.

The scene is overwhelmingly cruel.

Centuries of superstition have converted visitors from space into a satanic plague of invaders that is the cause of all that ails the planet: war, illness, anything and everything.... To the oppressed eyes of Sodom's ignorant inhabitants, WARRIOR'S crew are evil beings with unknown supernatural powers, capable of invoking the worst kind of disasters.

They are creatures from hell that must be exterminated.

The bodies are naked, slashed, beaten, and kicked... In a few minutes the crowd lifts its bloodstained hands. Nothing is left of their victims, just disfigured remains that are bloodily trodden into the ground.

A macabre spectacle.

Aguirre the Assassin stops in front of a new victim...

It's a very young woman, little more than a girl.

She's very beautiful with big blue eyes and blonde hair. She is trembling in the face of what she believes to be her last moments.

There is nothing left of her space suit, just a mud-stained and ripped shirt covers the unfortunate's body. Her skin is pale and shows signs of mistreatment; she is naked and defenceless against Aguirre's sadistic eyes. She is on her knees, her arms are held half way up her back by the same cords that are cruelly pinching her young breasts. An iron clamp is biting into and hanging from the pink aureole of her right nipple.

It hurts her terribly.

She can neither hide her tongue nor close her mouth; two sharpened canes trap and squeeze the base of her tongue. She was born on the ship during the trip and she understands nothing of cruelty and violence.

She can't understand anything of what's going around her.

One of the goons throws a bucket of icy water over her. The girl shivers and her teeth chatter. Another puts a hook that reaches into her nose; he makes her stand up and twists her head back opening her mouth even more.

She is the living image of misery and defeat...

She is one of the daughters of the enemy...

Aguirre the Assassin rubs the trapped tongue with his fingers.

The girl looks into his eyes.

Aguirre smiles and licks his lips. She's white and a perfect specimen of racial purity. She's from Earth itself.

'Do you like her?' he asks his son.

The dictator's scion, nicknamed the 'Monster' for obvious reasons, is over six feet tall and strangely disproportional. He nods stupidly. His eyes are shining with lust. At fifteen he already has one slave-girl but he's sick of her. She's a savage that was hunted down on the other side of the desert, in the southern jungles. She's a white female, she's desirable and very provocative, but older than the prisoner is, and much less classy. No contest...

Aguirre the Assassin strokes the girl's fleshy lips.

Tears flow down her silky cheeks and wet his black fingers.

She's lovely, extremely lovely, and she's scared, extremely scared.

Aguirre the Assassin lowers his hand and strokes her neck on one side, he continues to her shoulder, uncovering it. All the while smiling, he traps her left nipple, the one that isn't clamped, between his fingers and he pinches it evilly.

The girl wriggles and moans, but the cruel hooks prevent her pulling away from the torture...

The henchman she has behind her, forces her to her knees again. He holds the girl by the hair and by the nose, like a beast. He controls her as if she was a puppet.

Aguirre smiles. He always does when a white female suffers and is humiliated at his feet.

'She's yours, I give her to you, son...' he says.

'Thank you, father' replies the «Monster» quickly, overcome with desire.

Father and son contemplate the wretch... Two giants of the black race, well



She is the living image of misery and defeat...

She is one of the daughters of the enemy... muscled with brutal appearances in front of a fragile and defenceless white girl, a blonde with big blue eyes who is bound on her knees, trembling at their feet and trapped cruelly by her nose.

'What will you call her, son?'

The «Monster», son of the «Assassin» didn't hesitate...

'«Bitch», dad.'

Meanwhile, at the other end of the Galaxy...

...on civilised Earth, cradle and capital of the Federation, another cruel if apparently civilised event will have an effect on the facts of this story: Two young mothers are separated from their daughters at birth.

The computer network of the omnipotent «Federation of Galactic States» (FGS), has decided, after exhaustive genetic and statistical analysis, to make the new borns into candidates for «Female Trophy 10». A kind of futuristic Miss World, the most popular and also the cruellest «Real Life Show» of all times.

A «Real Life Show» that lasts for exactly one year and in which the contestants undergo all types of challenges before the eyes of millions of avid spectators all over the Galaxy.

A show that provokes passions, deadly fights and bets worth billions of credits. It's the latest big business of the FGS and its

oligarchs.

From this precise moment, the Federation will take care of bringing up the newly born babies and will prepare them for the big event. Their mothers' opinions are of no more importance than the girls' own will be when they are old enough to give it.

The competition will start for them in nineteen years time and the winner will be named one year later when they are twenty.

The «lucky ones» are Deborah Keller and Debbie Sullivan and along with Dana Hilbert, a highly intelligent girl who is eight years older than they are, they'll be the protagonists of the terrible events that follow...

SLAVE TRADERS

Barbaria 7232 AD

Dana Hilbert, Commandant of the ANDROS V expedition and her second in command, Captain Douglas Hate, along with five other officers were about to land on the scorching sands of Barbaria about twelve miles from Sodom, the capital of the only inhabited continent.

They were part of the first terrestrial expedition since twenty years ago, when the craft WARRIOR II had disappeared mysteriously near the planet.

Their objective, well the official one at least, was very different this time: ANDROS V was at the remote planet on a scientific mission. As well as a soldier, Commander Hilbert was a well-known anthropologist who had been commissioned by the FGS to study the human social development on the planets that had been left behind since the FGS' own decline.

And naturally to convince the inhabitants to apply for galactic citizenship, to pay their taxes and to establish commercial relationships.

The first contact between visitors and visited couldn't have been less auspicious: in spite of repeating their arrival on all frequencies, nobody, absolutely nobody came to greet them.

Commander Hilbert couldn't hide her indignation.

'This is an unforgivable breach of protocol. An FGS ship deserves a full official welcome! I am holding you responsible, Captain!'

Captain Hate stood to attention briskly, he was sick of all Commander Hilbert's rigid and unnecessary discipline.

'As you wish, Commandr Hilbert!' He replied impersonally

'Stop fooling around and explain yourself, Captain.' Ordered the woman, infuriated by her subaltern's attitude.

'Okay..' replied Hate unwillingly. 'According to our information, in this fucking planet there is only one radio and it's probably broken. The contact was broken after the umpteenth time we communicated our position and we didn't have time to send our landing co-ordinates. Then we tried..'

Commander Hilbert didn't let him finish.

'I'm not having any excuses, Captain. Contact was not established and that's that. You'll answer for your negligence at the right time!'

Captain Hate furiously bit his tongue. He hated and wanted this woman at the same time, this woman who was only interested in the rules. They had been together for a whole year travelling in hyperspace and every attempt he had made to seduce his superior had failed so far. Commander Hilbert not only rejected every overture he made but she also mistreated and humiliated him in front of the rest of the officers.

He was sick of her with her rigidity and discipline, her superior nature and, most of all, her frigidity.

It was as if she enjoyed humiliating anyone who courted her.

A resounding clap of thunder from a rainless storm interrupted the tense conversation.

The crew of ANDROS V looked around warily.

Conditions on the planet were extremely hostile to life. There was nothing but desolation as far as the horizon, only Sodom and its sinister Castle broke the monotony of the view.

The city's walled skyline stood above the cloud of sand that the storm had raised, standing proud on the only hill as far as the eye could see.

Everything else was desert. It was a sandy plain, huge and desolate and devastated by wind and lightning.

'There!' Pointed Captain Hate excitedly.

Through the storm appeared the shapes of three carts pulled by the strange oxen native to the planet and led by naked slaves.

Commander Hilbert's rage just grew and grew.

As well as a terrible insult to her military and scientific rank, she interpreted the cart drivers nudity as a premeditated insult to her femininity.

They got into the carts in silence.

The shininess of their space suits made a grotesque contrast with the broken wood, buckled wheels and filth of the carts as well as with the slaves' nudity.

A couple of hours later, after getting bogged down in the sand countless times, they arrived at the fields that surrounded the city. A narrow and tortuous path wound around the miserable allotments to the gates of the city.

Everywhere, under nourished men, all naked and chained, worked the land submerged in a gale of sand using tools that looked like they had come from the dark ages.

Here and there, huge well-fed overseers armed with whips and mounted on strange looking mules, watched over the prisoners.

One strange fact that didn't escape Commander Hilbert's notice, was that all the workers were white and all the overseers' black...

Nobody made any comment.

The group passed through the walls and entered into the city. Narrow alleys winding up steep hills passed between miserable hovels made of sand cemented with violet coloured substance.

It smelled awful. A terrible stench of excrement added to the planet's already heavy atmosphere.

The carts moved extremely slowly.

The filthy, ragged inhabitants watched the new arrivals with open hostility. They cast glances were shifty and mistrusting, glances worthy of superstitious and ignorant people. As they passed, mothers ran to hide their children in the houses, the men made strange signs with their hands and the old men muttered and spat on the ground.

They were all black.

At the top of an endless hill, they arrived at a square.

Commander Hilbert's look changed from disgust to terror. A moment after, she got control of herself and changed it to one of the profoundest indignation.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

In the centre of the square there was a huge wheel from which trickled a desultory rill. In front of it there was a queue of miserable people waiting patiently to fill their buckets and pitchers...

What infuriated Commander Hilbert was that human beings were turning the wheel; in fact they were young, naked white women.

The carts stopped waiting for the people to move aside to allow them to cross to the other side of the square.

The crew of ANDROS V looked on the crude scene in total silence.

The sight was producing quite different feelings in each one of them...

Six white women, naked and heavily chained, were struggling to turn the heavy wheel. They were yoked to its arms like beasts: Their eyes were covered by leather blinkers, their necks trapped in solid iron collars, their wrists twisted up their backs between their shoulder blades and their ankles manacled and chained together with heavy iron linked chains. Wooden rods passing between their teeth gagged and disfigured their anonymous features...

And they were actually pulling the wheel with their sexes!

A trace was obscenely passed between their legs and attached to the primitive device converting their efforts into movement.

A black overseer with a completely depilated body that shone with oils and that was adorned with straps, nails and strangely weird phallic tattoos, brandished a braided leather whip. To the surprise of the expedition, the overseer cracked the whip with all his force across one of the wretch's backs. The woman, who was a lovely feminine brunette who seemed irresistible to Captain Hate, the frustrated officer of ANDROS V, jumped like a scalded cat. A deep and intensely red mark was left on her lovely hindquarters.

The spine-chilling crack of the whip as it lacerated the slave's flesh and her muffled, pathetic scream spurred her companions on...

The wheel turned more quickly, the water dribbled faster and the impatient citizens of Sodom were able to fill their pitchers a little less slowly.

To his surprise, Captain Douglas Hate noticed that the shocking scene had given him an erection.

'This is disgusting', murmured Commander Hilbert.

Nobody else said anything.

*

The oxen stopped in front of a practically ruined, gloomy looking building: it was the Castle.

One of the naked slaves offered his hand to Commander Hilbert who naturally refused it. That wretch's nudity or any man's nudity come to that, seemed like an insult to her as well as making her nauseous.

Commander Hilbert was still a virgin at twenty-eight and had no intention of giving it up. Her sparse sexuality was restricted to masturbation and the occasional discrete contact with those of her own sex and social class.

To make matters worse, the wretch's testicles were bound at their base with a leash and the crudely circumcised head of his sex was pierced through its centre by a nail that stuck out an inch or so to either side.

It must a kind of primitive chastity 'belt', the disgusted Commander Dana Hilbert deduced.

Whatever it was, what really disgusted the elitist FGS officer was that the swine was erect in spite of the leash and nail, and that she was the only human female that could have caused it!

The Castle was more or less as miserable inside as it was outside. It was more like a maze of obscure passages and rough-hewn chambers excavated in the rock than a building.

The visitors in their shiny space suits followed the slave along dark passageways illuminated by torchlight to a large door that was guarded by two black sentinels. They were adorned in the same way as the guard who had flogged the slave-girl on the wheel.

'Welcome to fucking Sodom, gentlemen.'

The one that greeted them was another massive black man, maybe the biggest of them all. He was very tall and very fat, he looked primitive and ape-like and he was waiting for them naked on a kind of throne with his legs obscenely splayed.

But none of ANDROS V's crew could make out his genitals...

In their place a thick mane of blonde hair was bobbing avidly up and down.

'You may sit, gentlemen' invited the black man pointing at some cushions that were scattered on the floor.

The new arrivals sat down, all except Commander Hilbert who remained standing with her fists clenched.

'This outrage will go in my report. Word for word!' She threatened angrily.

Aguirre the Monster, usurper of his father Aguirre the Assassin's throne, ignored the comment. It was as if Commander Hilbert hadn't spoken or just didn't exist.

Instead of her, he addressed the highest-ranking male officer, Captain Douglas Hate.

'I've ordered a reception in your honour that I'm sure you will enjoy. When you are rested and have changed out of those fucking suits, the servants will take you to the dining room where everything will be ready.'

Aguirre grabbed the blonde hair of the white girl who was paying tribute to his genitals and drove furiously into her throat. Everyone could see the girl's fists clench where they were bound behind her back.

Stuck into the slave's throat, Aguirre looked at Commander Hilbert with lust.

'If you wish' he offered, 'I can have your slave-girl kept in a cage in the same dining room. That way if anyone wants to use her he won't have to go down to the kennels...'

Commander Hilbert was on the point of attacking him with her claws out. Captain Douglas Hate intervened...

'We are greatly honoured by your hospitality, Sir' he said diplomatically. 'But I have to inform you that Commander Hilbert here is not a slave but in fact the highest authority on this mission. Slavery was abolished thousands of years ago in the entire FGS...'

'Commander? Is that some kind of fucking slut?' Asked Aguirre without taking his obscene gaze off Commander Hilbert.

'Commander Hilbert is in charge of ANDROS V and all her crew. We are all under her command' reiterated the Captain.

'In that case...' the black man seemed to hesitate. 'We'll have to give her suitable accommodation, as if she was a man... And the right clothing of course...'

Commander Hilbert couldn't stand the conversation any longer and even less could she stand the sight of Aguirre with his penis

impaled in the naked slave-girl's throat...

With a gesture that surprised her own companions, Commander Dana Hilbert spat on the floor and turned around. She spoke to one of the guards at the door...

'Show me my room, soldier' she ordered.

The man, another gigantic black man, looked at Aguirre who nodded.

The others were about to follow their Commander but Aguirre stopped Captain Hate...

'Wait a moment, Captain. I have to speak to you' he said.

Commander Hilbert turned around and looked at the two men with obvious lack of confidence. What did that swine want with that idiot Hate?

Captain Douglas Hate hesitated, worried by his superior's annoyance. He already had enough trouble with her!

Aguirre interrupted.

'You may remain if you wish, Commander, but I warn you that it's men's talk... maybe your fucking sensitivity could be insulted... Ha! Ha! Ha!'

The tyrant's sinister chuckles infuriated Dana Hilbert even more and she left the room at once.

'This way' indicated Aguirre courteously as he pushed the blonde girl away with his foot.

*

After passing through narrow tunnels that were dimly lit by torches, Aguirre the Monster and Captain Douglas Hate arrived at luxurious chamber guarded by sentries armed with whips and axes.

From within came the melodious sound of a harp.

As soon as he crossed the threshold, Hate stopped perplexed...

At the end of the room, a woman of about thirty -a very beautiful and sensuous woman- was kneeling naked and playing an instrument that resembled a harp. She was lovely, very lovely. And she was adorned in a very strange way.

Golden bracelets joined by fine chains trapped her wrists and ankles. Five large golden rings went through her nipples, ears and the septum of her nose. A fine golden chain was hanging loose from the ring in her nose and the two rings in her breasts were hooked together so that the nipples were touching.

The Captain of the ANDROS V swallowed. He couldn't take his eyes off the woman's abused breasts.

What was all this about?

The music was smooth and melodious, although the composition seemed primitive and strange to him.

'Make yourself comfortable, friend...' offered Aguirre, seemingly amused by his guests surprise.

Imitating his host, Captain Douglas Hate lay back on some furs that were piled on the floor.

What did this black guy want? Was he homosexual?

'I'll get to the point, Captain' started Aguirre. 'The only ship from Earth that has visited before you, got here twenty years ago. As

soon as it landed, my father had it sacked and its crew, about four hundred of them, were executed or made into slaves.

Hate sat up nervously. What sort of place was this?

Aguirre soothed him...

'No... don't worry. Times change even on Barbaria. My progenitor was a moron and he left me no choice but to 'succeed' him. He is now living out his retirement in this 'Palace's' dungeons... Think about what an idiot he was! For a few slaves and four electronic gadgets, he wasted the chance to put an end to this planet's isolation. It's a thousand years since our forebears were trapped here and you can see what we have become... Little more than chimpanzees! The only thing we have that doesn't belong to the Stone Age is the fucking receiver that we confiscated from your predecessors and that lets us know what's happening in the FGS.'

At a sign from Aguirre, the screen of the receiver confiscated from WARRIOR II twenty years previously, came to life. Scenes of the «Female Trophy 10» contestants' departure ceremony appeared on the sophisticated intergalactic television. They were embarking on INTERSPACE II, the ship that was taking them to Earth. For the lovely models that moment was the final point of a whole year's competition and a whole life's preparation...

Billions of spectators had been passionately following the show from every corner of the Galaxy.

'That pig was my favourite. I always guess right...' grunted Aguirre touching his penis with satisfaction.

For the first time, Captain Hate looked away from the naked woman with the trapped nipples who was playing the harp.

The «Female Trophy 10» winner was being congratulated on the 3D screen, she was a young white brunette with exotic green eyes,

and her name was Debbie Sullivan. She was an outstanding young woman who had narrowly won an exciting final fighting hand to hand with the girl who had finished up second. That had been the last in an endless series of difficult tests, some of which had been mortally dangerous.

After a year of hard competition, the winner was proclaimed the most beautiful, the most desirable, the most intelligent, the handiest, the best prepared and the most ingenious. A heroine who fed the frustrated dreams of a flabby and bored urban population, who had nothing more in their castrated lives than «Female Trophy 10».

'She's Debbie Sullivan' agreed Captain Hate who had followed the competition carefully from the start. He also had bet on her, in spite of Deborah Keller, the blonde white girl with the very blue eyes, being the favourite.

Aguirre came back to business...

'The only ships that come here' he said, 'are pirate scum that navigate by miracle and never get any further that one or two solar systems from here. Their crews live like pigs on worlds burned with drought or rotten with swamps. They are filth with whom you can only trade a couple or three slaves for some stupid spells or fucking magic potions, or the hard won booty of their last attack on a ship.'

Captain Hate nodded, he perfectly knew the problem and the damage that pirates did to the intergalactic commerce.

'We need a serious partner. A serious partner to do business with' said Aguirre.

'What sort of business?' asked Captain Hate.

'Minerals.' Said Aguirre. 'Yes, this Castle and the whole desert is sitting on a huge vein of Baritite.'

Captain Hate sat up... Baritite was the most expensive and most sought after fuel in the Galaxy!

Aguirre went on.

'Thousands of slaves are working in the mines. It's slow because we have no machines, but we don't want them. Nobody around here with any power wants to change things. We have plenty of workers and they're cheap and fun to 'hire''

'Fun?' asked Hate knitting his brows.

He was more than confused. He understood nothing at all.

'You must have noticed that it's us niggers that rule here. Well Captain, even though it must seem amazing to you, we are a minority. Outside of Sodom, to the south and beyond the desert, there is a jungle. And there are more than two million whites living there, real scum. They are pigs who breed like rats and who outnumber us... But our army doesn't let them organise. We send continuous punishment raids against them and we burn their crops and their houses. We kill those who are no good and take as many slaves as we want. It's our national sport: White hunting. I promise you that it's great fun, especially when we hunt their daughters...'

Captain Douglas Hate listened in astonishment. None of this seemed possible to him.

'And were do we fit into all this?' he asked after a long silence.

'You and your crew know how to pilot space ships, you're white, you have FGS uniforms and most of all you're clean. You'll take care of the transportation and distribution of the mineral and we'll take care of the supply and extraction.'

'And what's in it for us?' asked Hate a little more interestedly.

'You'll get a substantial commission, as well as all you need here. Both you and your men will enjoy the use of a beautiful house and everything, absolutely everything, that you could want from life.'

Aguirre rang a bell. Immediately something came through the door that amazed Hate even more.

A very young and extremely beautiful girl came into the room. She was naked, like the harp woman, and she was adorned in a similar way, with golden manacles on her wrists and ankles and with rings in her nipples, nose and ears.

She was barefoot.

The girl approached the gigantic black man on tiptoes until she fell to her knees at his feet and then, in front of Hate's amazed eyes, she bent at the waist until her breasts and her face were pressed to the floor and outstretched her arms above her head.

Aguirre smiled at his guest who was looking with astonishment at the naked and uplifted buttocks of the girl.

'She's a very special slave' he said. 'I call her Bitchling and she's a thoroughbred. Her genes are one hundred percent terrestrial... Get up Bitchling and show yourself to my guest' he ordered the prostrated girl.

Bitchling knelt up and turning around on her knees, she crossed her wrists behind her head, leant forward, raised her face, lowered her eyes and leaned back from her waist separating her legs slightly.

Hate was breathless.

'What do you think? She's the real thing, conceived, born, brought up and trained on my own farm.'

'I'll explain my dear Captain, fate or luck or whatever you prefer, placed into my hands a dozen young males and females that had been travelling on the ship I told you about. Instead of just using them for my own amusement, I abstained from harming them and used them to start what has, over time, become a most profitable business: a thoroughbred terrestrial stud farm. A young female like Bitchling is worth one hundred times more than a savage beauty hunted in the south. A good business, don't you think?'

Hate looked at the girl with renewed interest...

The girl still had her chin up exposing her incredible beauty.

Aguirre continued...

As you can see, the product is first class and she's trained to perfection.

Captain Hate looked confusedly at his host.

'Slave, pay the Captain your respects!' Ordered Aguirre.

The astonished Hate saw how the girl crawled to him and without a word, kissed his genitals through his trousers. She did it conscientiously, with her parted lips and the base of her tongue.

Then she straightened up, always on her knees, and crossed her wrists at the back of the neck again to offer her breasts for him to inspect and enjoy. The girl's sex was shaven and two little bells were hanging from rings through her pierced nipples that had been painted carefully with lipstick.

She was really lovely, truly the most provocative creature that Captain Hate had seen until then.

'If you like her, I'll have her sent to your room tonight,' offered Aguirre jovially.

Hate swallowed. The notes from the harp seemed to get louder.

The girl kept still, displaying herself with chin raised and her eyes downcast to the floor...

What was going on here?

'What do you say, friend?' Insisted Aguirre. 'Take her, you won't be sorry. She might be young but you'll see how she entertains you... She inherited her mother's whorish nymphomania, and I personally took care of training her with this. Do you remember, Bitchling?' Asked Aguirre to the young slave shaking his incredible huge penis from left to right and laughing like a bastard.

The girl nodded without raising her eyes from the floor.

Hate turned in the sofa with eyes fixed on the slave kneeling at his feet. Was he dreaming?

He had been burning with frustration behind Commander Hilbert for a year now, and suddenly, he was being offered this delightful creature just like that.

'You mean that I?'

Aguirre the Monster didn't let him finish.

'Of course Captain... I'll lend her to you until you get fed up with her, you can do whatever you like with her. You're a very special guest...'

'Whatever I want?' insisted the amazed Hate.

'Whatever you want... If you decide to cut her throat, she's yours.'

Two wrong notes came from the harp. Aguirre's rage flared up.

'Damned idiot!' he shouted turning to the slave who was playing naked on her knees.

To Hate's surprise, Bitchling threw herself to his host's feet begging and sobbing...

'Please Master, I beg you, forgive her... Don't punish her!'

Smiling at his disconcerted guest, Aguirre let the young girl humiliate herself at his feet for a good while. Then he moved her away with a violent kick in the breasts.

'It's amazing that these bitches can recognise their own mothers' he said.

Incredulous at the start, and to the girl's embarrassment, Hate listened to the most demented story that he had been told on Barbaria until that moment.

The woman who was playing the harp was one of the original crewmembers of WARRIOR II. The girl was her daughter... She had been a girl when Aguirre had got her off his father as a gift, just when she was about to be beheaded. When he got sick of her after three months of continuous rapes and torture, he decided to make her a mother... To this end, he crossed her with one of the male slaves from the terrestrial ship, an especially well endowed one that his sister Nora was using for her own pleasure. It was an anonymous operation in which the parents to be, conceived the girl with hoods covering their heads and bound; their only point of contact being their sex organs.

'You'll understand my grave dilemma' joked Aguirre with amusement. 'When I want to drain my balls, I don't know whether to do it in the mother's cunt or her daughter's. HA! HA! HA! What would you do in my place, Captain?'

Hate looked at the mother with her splendid breasts stuck together by the nipples, and then at the provocative girl that was pleading for her, grovelling on the floor at the feet of the man who owned them both.

It surely was a difficult choice.

'Well Captain, what do you say? Do you want to borrow this slave while I find you one for yourself?'

Aguirre stood up without waiting for his guest's reaction.

'My dear Captain, I want to show you something you'll be interested in...'

Hate stood up too, without taking his eyes off the girl who was doubled over with pain on the floor. That gorgeous slave!

He couldn't believe his luck...

*

'As well as Baritite there's another kind of merchandise that Barbaria can trade. I suppose you'll be interested because, incredible as it seems, there's money to be made.'

It was Aguirre speaking. He was preceding his guest through another long dark tunnel that slowly spiralled down into the bowels of the earth. Torches fixed to the wall gave tenuous light to the way.

It was very cold.

Hate followed his guest with amazement past the bare walls. Barely hours ago, he had left the space ship and with her, civilisation's seventh millennium. Nothing he saw, heard or witnessed was familiar to him. The doors didn't open themselves, there were no antigravity fields to alleviate body weight and everything was

dark, damp and cold. Also, that penetrating odour that permeated everywhere, was dulling his senses...

Used to the antiseptic environments of the Earth and space ships, the citizens of the FGS had practically lost the use of their olfactory nerves. In that place everything smelled, and not exactly of roses either...

But in no way did Captain Hate feel badly or uncomfortable. That primitive world intrigued him and everything he was discovering was fascinating...

Two sentinels armed with spears and protected by broad leather belts opened the door for them. The powerful odour of filth and humanity reached Hate accompanied by the sound of chains and human moans.

The place was even darker than the endless spiral staircase had been.

They were tens of metres under the desert that surrounded Sodom, in the very bowels of the hill. From there a complex network of corridors made an impenetrable labyrinth that went in every direction.

Aguirre confidently set off down one of them.

Left and right, dozens of narrow cages were piled up on top of one another and full of naked young women all chained with heavy manacles. They were filthy, lying in their own excrement or that of the captive above, and all in a state of profound indolence. They seemed to be drugged.

'As you can see, Captain, we have considerable excesses of certain products...'

The went by hundreds of cages, all of them occupied, until they came to a wider and better lit place... Hate was left speechless.

In the centre, naked and hanging from a complex mesh of cords, a very young woman was hanging by her waist. She was swinging from side to side. A host of deep blood-red welts covered her buttocks, the backs of her thighs and her defenceless calves. On the floor, under the wretch's feet and head, Captain Hate noticed the pools of mixed blood, sweat, sperm and tears...

The girl was crying bitterly and babbling unintelligible words. Behind her, a black torturer, obscenely naked and obese, hooded and armed with a terrifying whip, was sweating like a pig. He was erect and his somehow reddish genitals seemed monstrous to the astonished Hate.

But what most impressed ANDROS V's captain was what followed...

Indifferent to their arrival, the torturer took one step back, steadied his thick legs on the floor, lifted his arm, breathed in and with a grunt he gave the girl's buttocks a tremendous blow... The impact of it was brutal. It made Hate's hairs stand on end. He covered his ears with his hands, as the girl's wretched screams were about to burst his eardrums.

The young flesh shook, the naked legs kicked at the air moved by hysterical convulsions. Uncontrollable spasms shook the young and exquisite body from one end to the other...

After a whole life as a stranger to violence, Captain Hate's educated mind reacted indignantly to that savagery. He was going to protest but a second blow of the whip stopped him.

Aguirre seized the moment...

'I'm offering you and your men a base of operations on Barbaria, and by the way' he continued in a conspiratorial tone, 'you'll be able to enjoy certain of Sodom's 'commodities''

The perplexed Hate looked at him, trying to understand what the savage was insinuating.

'You'll transport the Baritite and obtain the slaves we need for the increased production in the mines. FGS ships are above suspicion and you'll be able to board and sack whatever ships you like.'

'But what you're proposing is convert ANDROS V into a pirate ship...' affirmed Hate. The idea was too dreadful... To profane an FGS ship, impossible!

'Exactly Captain. I promise you won't be sorry. Believe me. The Federation is dead, you and your men live a life of tedious regulation and discipline, you'll make two or three more trips and then you'll rot in a home for navigators.'

'But the crew... The crew could oppose it' argued Hate pensively.

'I'll help you to persuade them. Don't worry... Life here has many charms for a single man...'

'But I'm not in charge of the ship...'

'You mean that slut, the Commander?'

Hate nodded, his eyes fixed on the naked girl that was hanging from the ceiling, at the whip marks on her long and shapely thighs to be precise.

'Honestly captain, if I was you I wouldn't worry about that detail... Would you like to have her for your personal slave? I easily could arrange it and it could be part of the deal. Take your time to think about it friend, no man likes to take orders least of all from a

woman. Imagine her naked and chained at your feet, with your name branded on her flesh, where you want it. Imagine her sucking your cock for hours on end or licking your arse, or simply eating your shit. Or hearing her scream as a warden flays her with the whip, like this girl...

A new scream from the hanging girl made Hate jump as if electrocuted...

Commander Hilbert made into his slave!

'I didn't mention it, Captain' continued Aguirre, 'but all the young females on your ship are part of the deal. I'm forewarning you in case you want to reserve any



The young flesh shook, the naked legs kicked at the air

moved by hysterical convulsions

other that you like.'

'And what will you do with them?' he asked innocently.

'They'll be trained as sex-slaves. Here on Barbaria earth females are greatly appreciated among the nobility and also by the pirates that come here to trade.

Once more Hate was surprised by his own thoughts... He couldn't help thinking about Lieutenant Wallace, the officer cadet that had just left the academy and who was under his orders. She was a very appetising young brunette who had reported him to Commander Hilbert several times for supposed ineptitude and sexual harassment. He was convinced that there was something going on between those two sluts...

The facts...

On INTERSPACE II destination Earth, all was calm. There wasn't a single sound or vibration out of place... Everything was in order.

Nothing foreshadowed the terrible events that were about to happen.

Security Officer Lieutenant Carolyn Martin was on the bridge checking the computer network that controlled the ship. She didn't want to disturb the tranquillity so instead of speaking to INTERSPACE's sophisticated artificial intelligence called MOTHER, she made contact through a screen and a tactile interface.

Carolyn was the only conscious being on the entire ship. It was completely unnecessary but the practice of one of the crew being on guard was tradition that was lost in the origins of galactic flight.

Carolyn ordered her favourite music. The opening bars from an ancient XVII century symphony filled the control melodiously...

She was still nervous.

The episode with the two stowaways had bothered her. They were primitives from the outer planets where barbarity had replaced civilisation. They were violent beings who had reacted in a way that was completely unforeseeable to a good person. And although unheard of... after discovering them she had had to order the use of force to overpower them!

That was unthinkable to people of the FGS.

She consulted the detainee's files. MOTHER replied with an exhaustive supply of facts and three-dimensional images.

RAPER: Known only by his alias. Born on Barbaria, a planet that lies outside known co-ordinates. Accused of piracy, wilful murder, kidnap and rape. Highly dangerous. IQ medium to low.

Carolyn couldn't repress a shiver of repulsion looking at the archived image that showed Raper in the nude. Like her he was black, but old, about fifty something, a good six feet tall and fat. He would weigh about three hundred pounds.

What had the most effect on her were his sex organs. They were large and heavy. His testicles hung to about mid thigh in two huge and distended bags, and his penis was thick and a deep reddish colour and it hung even further down.

Curiosity proved stronger than her disgust and after quickly looking from left to right to make sure no one was there, she zoomed in onto Raper's crotch... His penis was laced with thick veins and the tip was big as her closed fist and covered with scars and some wounds. At the end opened a very wide hole that she could have easily fitted two fingers into.

Carolyn zoomed up to Raper's face. His eyes were sunken heavily below his simian forehead, his nose was broken, twisted to one side and flattened, his lips were thick as if he had some strange illness and his jaw was as prominent as an ape's. His hair was short and curly and a strange violet colour.

Carolyn went on with the file: CRIMINAL RECORD.

As the facts flowed onto the screen they were accompanied by a multitude of 3D images...

Images of ships in flames, devastated planets, dismembered bodies and a multitude of unknown victim's faces appeared before Carolyn's frightened eyes.

Then the next file appeared: CONFIDENTIAL.

Carolyn used the code known only to security officers.

MOTHER warned that the following information must never be made public as it could cause panic and end forever the slight contact that the FGS had with the outer planets.

According to information received, in outer space human beings were being used as slaves. The Federation's decadence had caused a lack of machines and spares leading to favourable circumstances for such a practise. The heaviest labours such as mining and construction had become the burden of people that had been dispossessed of all rights.

According to MOTHER, Raper was in this trade, although his speciality was somewhat subtler. Raper was a 'white slaver'.

Carolyn didn't know what that meant so she looked it up...

'Buying and selling women for sexual exploitation'.

Carolyn looked from left to right again, scared this time. She had goose bumps.

MOTHER went on opening the file and was now showing 3D images taken from Raper's brain: naked and chained women, all of them very attractive and very scared. Some were raped, others tortured, others jammed into sordid iron cages and trying to cover their nudity.

'Stop!' Shouted Carolyn with disgust.

MOTHER obeyed at once.

Terrified, Carolyn requested the other detainee's file.

Beast was a carbon copy of Raper. A well built black murderer and rapist, a professional white slaver but with an idiot level IQ. He was

a mental retard.

Carolyn stood up suddenly, as if forced up by a spring. A terrible feeling of foreboding had come over her spirits.

'Sector 30 on screen, quickly!' she ordered MOTHER.

That's where the two stowaways should have been in suspended animation....

There was no one!

She went back to the bridge...

'Find the intruders...'

'State sector?' asked MOTHER.

'Any!'

'Unauthorised personnel in sector 27' replied MOTHER.

Carolyn ran down the corridor, she had to catch them... She had no weapons, but her security officer's uniform would be enough. No Federation citizen would dare to question her authority.

Just as she crossed sector 26, the lights went out suddenly. Carolyn stopped. Her heart was pounding against her ribs.

She crept forward, feeling her way along the cold titanium bulkhead. She turned right into the start of sector 27. The door was closed. She hesitated for a few moments. She opened the door by pressing her fingertip against the fingerprint sensor. It was dark in there too.

She had to get to a terminal and order MOTHER to illuminate the area...

Scared, Carolyn shouted the order several times unsuccessfully, until what she saw on the screen made her stop.

From the dry and fossilised trunk of a tree, a very young white woman -just a girl really- was hanging by one ankle like Carolyn was. She was wearing a humble tunic knotted at her waist and because of the inverted position, her body was uncovered from her feet to her hips...

The girl wriggled on the end of the rope in a blind panic and she was crying for help in an ancient kind of English.

After a while Raper and Beast appeared on the screen, both wearing kilts and heavy jackets and armed to the teeth.

The scene that followed left Lieutenant Carolyn Martin completely livid...

*

Meanwhile in Sodom, the capital of Barbaria, they were holding a welcome ceremony...

Captain Douglas Hate arrived last. Everyone was in his place at the long table laid out like an amphitheatre.

More than three hundred nobles were sitting on skins and cushions that were scattered on the floor. They were all laughing or arguing loudly. The few women, no more than two dozen, were silent with serious faces and their eyes cast down to the floor.

It didn't escape Hate's attention that they were all naked and wearing heavy iron or leather collars with leashes hanging from them.

Wine flowed like water and they were all very excited. Frequent fights broke out.

It was an extremely festive atmosphere.

The crew of ANDROS V, who were completely unused to alcohol, were in a terrible state and had become the laughing stock of everyone, even though they were no longer wearing their space suits but changed into the local style, kilt and heavy jacket.

Naked slave-girls, their bodies shining with scented oils and adorned with golden bracelets, collars, fine chains and little bells, moved here and there with exquisite grace serving the table from shiny silver trays.

Another group of naked slave-girls, amongst whom was Bitchling's mother, were in a corner playing musical instruments that Hate couldn't recognise.

Commander Hilbert wasn't there.

Aguirre signalled Captain Hate over to him, there was room for two people at his side.

Hate accepted graciously. He was beginning to admire this guy who had disgusted him so much at first.

Just as he sat down, Commander Hilbert appeared dressed in full dress uniform. Everyone looked at her; she seemed so out of place.

For the first time since they had embarked on ANDROS V together, Captain Hate looked at her superior differently. Now he could imagine her at his command, turned into his slave, humiliated and naked at his feet...

Dana Hilbert looked disconcertedly from left to right with indecision. She could barely recognise her men disguised as they were and the nudity of the slaves-girls made her extremely uncomfortable. For the first time in a long year's voyage she was glad to see Captain Douglas Hate.

Hesitantly, rubbing her hands together nervously and trying futilely to go unnoticed, Dana aimed for the only empty space around the table, next to Aguirre the Monster.

'Welcome Commander, or should I call you General?' mocked the Tyrant of Barbaria.

Dana bit her lips with fury. As well as repulsing her, she hated the swine for the way he treated her and the way he treated all those wretched girls.

She was disgusted by his continual nudity, the colour of his skin, his disagreeably dirty smell and, more than anything else, Dana Hilbert was disgusted by his cynical look and the corrosive acidity of his comments.

But in spite of all that, she sat down at his side, on the floor, on some cushions.

'Don't you think the clothing of our country worthy of your rank, Commander?' He asked pretending to be offended.

Commander Hilbert looked defiantly into his eyes. That swine was the filthy rat that ruled one miserable planet. She was the supreme commander of an advanced ship of the FGS... There was no comparison.

'They were an insult' she replied with haughty fury. 'No man will ever see me dressed like that, like a slave. And definitely not a degenerate like you.'

'Slave-girls don't wear clothes, they are naked' replied Aguirre calmly. 'What loony covers up his slave-girl's body?'

Everyone near them congratulated the tyrant's wit with exaggerated guffaws.

Commander Dana Hilbert chewed her lips furiously. No matter how he tried she would never lower herself to argue about slavery and sexism with that disgusting gorilla. It would be a waste of time.

Before Captain Hate's amazed eyes, Aguirre took his guest by her shoulders and kissed her on the neck.

'You're fit, commander. You would make an excellent slave-girl' he said slavering her neck and cheek up to the ear...

Commander Hilbert was so astonished that she didn't react for a few seconds...

'How dare you!' she screamed pushing his arm away and giving her host a resounding slap. 'Captain!' she added talking to Hate. 'Do me the kindness of arresting this man for attacking an officer of the FGS.'

Aguirre's laughter echoed around the hall, breaking an impenetrable silence.

Captain Hate didn't know where to look.

'Come on, slut' said Aguirre pulling her to him by her wrist. 'Do you think you're something special? Look at all these white bitches, they all have arses, cunts and tits, just like you... And you can see how obedient and quiet they are. Do you think any one of them would dare to slap me?'

Dana was so furious that she couldn't reply. The swine, he was hurting her wrist.

'Do you mind letting me go' she said finally.

'A little white whore like you doesn't give orders' adding with raised voice so everyone could hear... 'A little white whore like you uses her tongue to lick nigger cocks and arses, not to give orders!'

The general chuckling became a roar of laughter. No one of the men there had the slightest interest in what happened to the strangely dressed white slut. And as far as the crew of ANDROS V went, they were too drunk to even recognise her.

Dana decided to try another tactic. If this scum wouldn't understand her arguments, she would make him understand force... She turned around and hit Aguirre using her martial arts training.

It was a really stupid thing to do.

Aguirre, who was many times larger than she, stopped her. He turned her around and twisting her arms up her back, he pressed her down onto the table.

'Captain, I ordered you to assist me!' The defeated woman demanded of her Second Officer.

Captain Hate looked away. He was committing a serious infraction of the rules and he didn't care. On the contrary: he bit his lips with rage against that slut who had scorned him so.

'What do you say, friend?' Asked Aguirre. 'Do you want this slut for your personal use?'

'Of course I do.' Answered Captain Douglas Hate.

*

Lieutenant Carolyn Martin was still hanging by the ankle on board INTERSPACE II. And she was still watching the terrible images that MOTHER, the ship's AI was offering her.

Raper and Beast had just savagely stripped the girl using the cane to rip off her clothes. After letting her down, Brute brutally attacked her...

Suddenly the door to the sector opened.

'I told you she'd swallow the bait...'

Carolyn wriggled wildly; Raper and Beast were there, getting nearer.

'I order you to let me down and to surrender' said Carolyn in an authoritative voice. Raper got alongside her.

'How long since you had a fuck, my old mate?' he asked his pal resting his hand on Carolyn's sex.

The young officer twisted wildly on the end of the strap, her leg was in agony.

'Long time, boss... Long time. Beast want fuck cunt' answered the subnormal stowaway, struggling with the words.

'What do you think of this one?' Asked Raper patting Carolyn between her legs.

'Good... Ha... Ha... Ha...' his laughter was hoarse and imbecilic, stupid guffaws that made Carolyn shiver.

'You, you fucking whore, what's your name?' Asked Raper, speaking to the lieutenant.

Carolyn swallowed... In her training at headquarters they had briefly explained how to behave in the unlikely event of an attack against her person: just give your full name, number and rank.

So she did.

Lieutenant Carolyn Martin. Serial number GC 2.345/TT Galactic Security Corps.

'Well, well... A VIP. I wonder if you have a cunt like all the other chicks or if it's been sewn up' joked Raper as he requested the young officer's file from MOTHER.

An image of Carolyn naked appeared on the 3D screen, there always is one in the police files.

Lieutenant «Carolyn Martin»

Member of the GSC #GC2.345/TT

Graduated first in her class.

Current assignment: INTERSPACE II

IQ: 325

Emotional intelligence: 326

Race: black.

Birth place: Earth

Age: twenty-six terrestrial years.

'No more information?' Raper asked the computer.

MOTHER replied in the negative.

Raper would have liked to see other details that weren't in the standard file, but Carolyn wasn't a delinquent like him or like Beast.

Raper thought about the situation... He was there to take over the ship and deliver it with its precious cargo to Barbaria. And a nigger wasn't worth shit there since according to the law, people of his race were free on the planet...

He looked at the young officer hanging by the ankle. She was very attractive and he liked her, but the ship was full of much more appetising morsels.

'How long since you had a fuck, Beast?' he asked for the second time.

The moron didn't even hear him. He was still looking at the woman with his mouth wide open and his tongue hanging out.

'Take her, she's yours, but make sure she doesn't escape. A bitch like that could make trouble if she was loose in this ship.'

Beast didn't react...

'Come on, take her... She's yours. Do what you want to her' repeated Raper pushing his companion forward.

Beast woke up suddenly. Dribbling and with his hands trembling, he gave a fierce grunt. He grabbed the young hanging officer and twisted her arms up her back. He did it towards the wrong way and so hard, that he broke one of her wrists, both of her elbows and dislocated her shoulders. With a lace from the young woman's boots, he tied her hands between the shoulder blades drawing the lace around her neck. Then he cut the strap that she was hanging from the ceiling with a knife.

Lieutenant Carolyn Martin fell to the floor head first. She was choking.

Beast leapt on her with the knife in his hand. In a few seconds, the brilliant lieutenant Carolyn Martin was lying naked on her broken arms, squashed beneath her stupid violator's weight.

Raper looked at the scene for a few moments...

Even for a sadist of his calibre and experience, he found the sight extremely disagreeable.

Just when Beast sank his considerable manhood into the young woman he was crushing under him, Raper decided to go and explore the ship.

The sounds of lieutenant's screams and his raper's lustful grunts echoed off the titanium walls.

*

Raper moved around the narrow labyrinth between the passenger's hibernation chambers. Seventeen of them were occupied; all by extremely beautiful young women. They were the terrestrial participants of Female Trophy 10.

Raper stopped in front of chamber one. The one lying hibernated in front of him was Debbie Sullivan the winner, a young brunette of just twenty, a living sculpture with an exceptional mind.

Female 10 was sought according to the criteria of the day: beauty and provocation, abstract and emotional intelligence, fighting spirit and ability, physical fitness, extrasensory powers and, most importantly, ability to communicate with the billions of spectators who, at the end of the day, were the ones who were financing the madness.

The candidates were often chosen at birth and underwent a rigorous training during the whole of their young lives until the contest. But only the best reached the final to have their carefully selected genetic information added to the universal cloning data bank. The same data bank that controlled human reproduction in the FGS.

Raper licked his lips.

Aguirre would be proud of him and he would be richly rewarded. These specimens were worth a fortune on Barbaria. Terrestrials were hated there and maybe that was why their women were so appreciated as slaves. It was twenty years since any ship had visited the planet, but her arrival was still remembered and celebrated. The moment it landed it was raided and its occupants taken prisoner. There were four hundred and two of them and half of them were women. Since that time Raper and Aguirre the Monster had been raising and training a stock of thoroughbred terrestrials on their special ranch... A young female grown on the farm was worth up to one hundred times more than a native beauty from among the dozens that were caught every day in the Southern Hemisphere.

Raper moved to chamber number two and stepped closer to Deborah Keller's glass. She was his favourite. She hadn't won but she was his idol. The one he liked best, the one who had been in his wet dreams all those hot nights on Barbaria, when he fell asleep after raping one of the women he had caught in the south. Yes, the finalists were famous all over the Galaxy. The Trophy, with its yearlong trials, was followed everywhere. The long judging procedure was followed by arguments, millionaire bets, fights and even assassinations.

Every citizen had his favourite and defended her with same passion that people had once spent on the circus, war or sport.

'Fucking whore daughter...' cursed Raper through clenched teeth. 'I'll teach you to lose... Because of you I lost a million and I promise you'll give it back to me credit by credit!'

Raper looked at her with lustful eyes for a long while...

The girl was suspended inside a kind of crystal casket. She was dressed like the others, in the shiny ceremonial uniforms they had worn at their farewell ceremony: Leather ankle boots with pointed toes and five-inch heels, patterned stockings held at mid-thigh by

phosphorescent elastic and a very tight, translucent lycra dress. Naturally the dress was revealing, off the shoulder and so low cut and short that her nipples were almost exposed at the top of it and her thighs bare to her stocking tops. With the models moving, it wasn't hard to see their panties or the pointy nipples that topped their wonderfully textured breasts.

They were the most beautiful women in the Galaxy.

Deborah, being a blonde with clear blue eyes, was wearing red shoes and a red dress. She was tall and slim. She was a splendid girl, sensitive and caring, exceptionally intelligent and trained to win of course. She was in fact a superior woman. She was exactly the kind of woman that outer planet criminals like Raper or Beast would never be able get for themselves.

'I'll start with you, you bloody slut' said Raper through clenched teeth as he stroked the front of trousers with pleasure. 'But you'll have to wait a while, until I've diverted this ship to your new home, Barbaria.'

*

Meanwhile in Barbaria, actually in its capital Sodom, in the castle hewn from rock, Captain Hate, who had suffered endless months of enforced sexual abstinence was excitedly heading for his quarters.

He had a good reason to be excited...

First was the aroma of filthy females on heat that came from the dozens of cages filled with delicious young women, cages stacked up where the naked women waited for the men who were going to buy them. Then there was the sadistic punishment he had seen inflicted on the young woman who had been hung from the ceiling, all at the whim of her jailer... Then there had been the dinner, the slaves and the dancers...

And there was Commander Hilbert!

It was all new to him, new and disconcerting, unthinkable only a few days ago, even in his wildest nightmares.

He opened the door of his room.

His senses were overcome by the perfume of smooth incense and other subtle fragrances.

The dim light of the torches outlined delicate shadows on the silken wall hangings. To one side the gentle crackling of a lit fire filled the room with agreeable warmth. Just in front of it a big wooden four-poster bed covered with a mosquito net invited rest.

There she was.

'Bitchling' was waiting at the foot of the bed. She was kneeling on a stool with her legs wide apart and the hands lying on her thighs palms upwards. Around her neck she wore a thick leather collar from which hung a chain that was fixed to the headboard of the bed.

The young, very young slave raised her chin showing all her fresh beauty... but her eyes remained downcast to the floor as she had been trained.

If he could have seen them, Captain Hate would have noticed the dread he produced in the girl...

She was right to dread him.

The reek of wine preceded him while he swayed drunkenly in the doorway staring at her with lustful eyes that held the promise of nothing good for the girl.

'Sir' said the girl as she had been taught during years of cruel instruction, 'this humble slave will live only to serve you in any way

you desire and order. She's yours to use, to take and to punish if you see fit.'

Hate looked at her deliriously. She was a true apparition, a dream, a fantasy made flesh.

He approached her.

He undressed in front of the girl, inches from her face, touching her skin as he did so.

'Bitchling' stayed as she was, her chin lifted, her face to one side and her eyes downcast.

Hate sat on the bed, leaning back on the headboard. He was erect...

'Turn around...' he ordered.

The girl turned gracefully around until she was offering him the suggestive sight of her breasts,

'You're beautiful, slave...' Said Hate as he stroked his member.

'Thank you Sir...' replied the girl softly.

'Have you ever been fucked by a white man at all?'

'No... No... Sir. Never...'

'Well, you're in luck here because one is going to fuck you tonight. Me actually... Do you like that idea?'

'Bitchling' swallowed.

'Yes... Sir...'

'But tell me... How many blacks have fucked you in your life as a whore?'

There followed a long silence punctuated by sobs...

'A lot... Sir...'

'How many?'

'I... don't... know... Sir... My Master gave me to the guards... I don't know, I swear.' 'Bitchling' replied without lowering her chin, without raising her eyes, with the palms of her hands turned upwards and resting on her thighs and showing her delicate sex to the one who was interrogating her so cruelly...

'And your Master? How often does your Master use you?'

The sobs became louder.

'Every... day... Sir...'

'I asked how often, not when.'

'Three... or... four... times.... a day.'

'Your Master is a strong man. You must be contented.'

Another silence...

'Yes... Sir...'

'Open your legs more, slave...'

Although it seemed impossible 'Bitchling' managed to part her legs a few inches more.

Captain Hate licked his lips, his eyes were fixed on the slave-girl's open sex that he was about to use. All this was very new to him, but

he liked it and he wasn't having any difficulty getting used to it.

'And when does your Master fuck you?'

'In the morning... Sir... and in the afternoon... after... After lunch...'

'At nap time?' interrupted Hate still masturbating.

'Yes... Sir...'

'And when else does your Master fuck you, slave? At night?'

'No... Sir...'

'No?'

'Bitchling' was openly crying.

'Don't cry, slave and tell me why your Master doesn't fuck you at night.'

The girl lowered her chin and breathed in deeply in a heroic effort to swallow her tears.

'At... night... my... Master... is with my... mother...'

Hate remembered the lovely woman who had been playing the harp naked and he crudely chuckled.

'How do you know that, slave-girl?'

'Because... I'm... there...'

'So you're a little peeping-tom whore, you like watching your mother getting fucked...'

'Yes... Sir...'

'Does it make you horny seeing your mother fucked, slave-girl?'

'No... Sir...'

'Then why do you watch, slave-girl?'

'Because... my Master... makes me... He keeps chained... Chained to his bed. Day and night.'

'Ah... now I understand. You're a kind of fucking toy. Always ready...'

'Yes... Sir...'

Hate served himself some wine in a solid gold goblet that he placed on the floor by the bed. There was no hurry. He enjoyed humiliating the girl with that interrogation possibly even more than fucking her.

'You must have learned a lot of tricks, watching a slut like your mother fuck every night.'

This time 'Bitchling' swallowed...

'Answer me, slave!' Shouted Hate with annoyance.

'Yes... Sir...'

Hate smiled. The night held promise.

For a moment he imagined that it was Commander Hilbert that was suffering the obscene interrogation naked and on her knees.

All in good time.

'Come' he ordered opening his legs.

'Bitchling' got off the stool and got onto the bed, on her knees with her elbows resting on the furs that covered it.

She did it as she had been trained to, provocatively...

When she arrived between Hate's legs she pressed her face to the bed, doubled her waist and lifted her shapely and tight buttocks up. She was magnificent.

Captain Hate pulled on the chain.

'Look me in the eyes, slave-girl.'

They were incredible... Immense, expressive green eyes, red with rage and tears...

'Pay me your respects. Like you did this afternoon.'

'Bitchling' obeyed at once, only this time directly on the Captains' scrotum that shivered at the intimate contact.

Her lips, wet with sweet saliva and bitter tears, kissed and kissed him with her tongue poking between the open lips respectfully.

Hate rolled his eyes; he sank back in the cushions and sighed deeply...

His ears enjoyed damp sounds, the fruits of the girl's enforced passion.

That was living.

He had gone a whole year without a fuck and by god he was going to enjoy that creature.

*

On INTERSPACE II, Deborah Keller's brain recovered full consciousness a moment after she woke up. After the lethargy induced by travelling in hyperspace, her privileged mind started to work like a clock, as if nothing had happened.

The reawakening of the senses and recovery of control of the body were much slower.

The first thing she thought was the journey had ended and that she was safe and sound back on Earth...

That made her happy. Soon she would meet her mother who she had been separated from at birth...

Little by little the nerve endings in her extremities began to awaken...

The first alarm signal took the form of an intense pain in her arms.

She tried to move them.

It was useless.

Something felt strange, but she didn't know what exactly.

She began to worry.

She realised that she couldn't move her arms. She wasn't sure what but she felt they were trapped behind her head and that something was going around her chest and squeezing it.

Soon she felt her legs and then she noticed that she was standing but not standing. In fact she was hanging by her arms and by the strange thing that went around her breasts.

She was now conscious enough to feel the sharp pain in her arms...

What new reanimation system was this?

Soon her unease became fear... When she noticed that her ankles were fixed together one crossed over the other.

When she had regained control of her legs she managed to support her weight on the floor. She was still wearing the uncomfortable and extreme ankle boots that she had been wearing during the farewell ceremony in the ship's access hangar.

Tensing each and every one of her bodily articulations and resting her weight on the long sharp right heel, Deborah Keller managed to ease the terrible pressure on her arms.

But no matter how she tried she couldn't lower her arms...

What was happening?

She tried to speak but she couldn't. Her senses were still fuzzy. She couldn't see, she couldn't hear, she couldn't speak and neither could she smell... Only the sense of touch was transmitting information to her brain.

Then she realised... she was naked!

Her skin was uncovered.

Terror overwhelmed her.

In spite of her youth, Deborah Keller was no innocent and silly girl. In her twenty years of exhaustive preparation for the Trophy she had lived through many strange and worrying situations. And sexual assault had most certainly been among them.

She began to tremble... that much she could do.

Fuzzy black and white shapes started to dance in front of her eyes... She was recovering her sight.

A weird buzzing penetrated her brain... Could she hear something? Or was mind imagining that noise?

Soon, in a few moments, Deborah Keller would awake to a new life that would be completely different to what she had known until that moment.

The life that Raper and Aguirre the Monster had chosen for her...

*

When dawn's first light woke him up, Captain Hate was tired. He had barely slept all night.

'Bitchling', the young blonde slave-girl with the green eyes was sleeping by his side chained to the headboard by her neck.

She was deeply asleep, on her back, her young breasts rising and falling softly with the rhythm of her deep, calm breathing. Her arms were at her sides, her legs together one of them slightly bent and her hair, all messed up, was partially hiding her lovely features.

Hate looked at her for a few moments... He ran his eyes over her long slender neck trapped by the leather, he looked at her smooth shoulders, her young breasts crowned with pink nipples, they were smoothly erect in spite of her being asleep... He looked at her narrow waist...

He admired the exquisite tone of her skin, the smoothness of her hips and how the bones of her pelvis stood out slightly... He looked at her deliciously shaped thighs, her rounded knees, one slightly behind the other... Her fine ankles, her gorgeous feet, her perfect, tiny and lovely toes...

Why not fuck her again?

He caressed of those exquisite curves from the shoulder to the knee, as far as his arm would reach.

'Bitchling' stayed deeply asleep.

Hate asked himself what she would be dreaming, if a slave-girl could dream...

He placed his fingers on her right nipple, the one that was closest to him. He moved them... It was warm and smooth... And it was pierced. He remembered the previous afternoon when he had met her... She had been wearing little bells on her nipples. Little bells that tinkled every single time she moved.

He also remembered the moment a few hours before, when the girl had mounted him after kissing his testicles, slowly sucking his penis and licking his anus for an exquisite eternity. It had been a delicious moment, unique...

He remembered how her young body had insinuated itself over his, crouching with her hands at the back of her neck and her long thighs folded on either side of his hips.

Her impeccable nipples were trembling above him, crowned with their rosy pink nipples. They trembled furiously, swollen with blood...

With her waist sucked in...

With her torso leaning over...

With her smooth shoulders pulled back...

Holding her breath...

The sublime moment came near...

The young hips lowered...

A moan, a pair of green eyes closed for just a moment, a generous and sensuous lips bitten by pearly white teeth.

Two sexes pressed together. One of them deliciously tight, soft, warm, velvety and welcoming first opening and then delicately moving up and down the entire length of the other sex, the ardent, hard and imperious sex.

She stayed like that for a few moments, squeezing, surrounding, and enfolding... A slave completely impaled on her violator.

Hate kept still, his teeth and his fists clenched. Feeling, savouring that succulence...

Her young hips began a smooth movement...

Her breasts trembled.

It was something very special. Something that Hate would remember for the rest of his life: His first slave-girl...

Meditatively, he went on caressing the girl's nipple between his fingers. Yes, he would definitely ask his host for the little bells, he would hang them and make her dance wildly on him again, impaled on his virility...

He thought about using her again... He had used her eight time during the night...

But no... he wanted to conserve himself... There was a big meeting waiting for him.

Soon the tiredness left him and impatience took over his soul.

Captain Hate got up without waking the slave at the sun's first ray. He was still erect and his desire stopped him feeling the tiredness caused by that agitated night of sex and violence.

He rushed down to the dining room looking for Aguirre.

He wasn't there.

In his place a guard was waiting for him.

He followed him.

They went down the same twisting corridors as before, when Aguirre had shown him the cages where the slaves dwelt.

He smelled that penetrating smell of filthy female and used sex again. His erection was hurting.

They went stooping along a much smaller passageway, lost in impenetrable darkness.

The torchlight illuminated tiny iron doors that could only be passed by crawling. They looked like the entrances to miserable lairs.

The corridor went deeper into the bowels of the earth.

For one moment Hate thought that Aguirre was going to ambush him and that he would never get of there alive.

Minutes later, when the unease was starting to take him over, they reached the end...

The tunnel stopped in that place, right under the mountain.

On the right stood the only door...

A chilling squealing accompanied the guard's movements as he ran back the bolts that locked it...

Hate crouched down and crawled past the doorstep while his companion hung the torch on hook that was fixed to the wall in the

passageway.

It took a while to get used to the gloom, but in the end, when he could make out the interior by the weak light that filtered past the door, Hate was left breathless, he would never forget that moment.

There she was...

In front of him...

Naked...

On her knees...

Bound with thick rough cords...

Defenceless...

Humiliated...

They were in a cavern, in an obscure windowless dungeon wrought from the deepest rock under the castle. There was no light, no glimmer penetrated that lost place when the wooden door closed with it's chilling squeal.

There was Commander Dana Hilbert. Light-years from home on Earth, light-years from the nearest civilised planet. She was under the ground of the most abominable inhabited world; she was naked, bound, disposed, a 'gift' to a man, to one of these depreciable beings with penises, who by using her privileged position in the military hierarchy, she had mistreated and abused.

But Commander Hilbert wasn't alone. Standing behind her kneeling shape, in the shadows, Hate made out the abominable jailer, the one with huge sex organs, who was guarding her.

Commander Hilbert was bound like a steer. Two hooks that hung from the ceiling were stuck into her nose and they forced her to

maintain an upright posture with her head back...

She couldn't even hide her face and her embarrassment.

Commander Hilbert could do nothing, just be humiliated in front of a man, a man who she especially hated. It was her second officer, the pervert Captain Douglas Hate. A lustful individual who was unable to look at her without having to hide the desire she provoked in him, a real sicko...

Hate was speechless. He had imagined her naked a million times but what he saw in the flickering torchlight was much better than he had expected. Commander Hilbert was very beautiful, tremendously beautiful. More than that, she was an irresistible and provocative female. A sexual animal that oozed eroticism from every pore.

The way she was bound just accentuated her attributes...

Commander Hilbert was kneeling because she had no choice. Rough ropes that bit into her flesh kept her legs bent with her calves severely pressed against her thighs. Hate looked at them open-mouthed. They were splendid legs. They were long, strong and shapely. Her forced position made her thighs stand out in detail, every muscle, and every tendon... All covered with the smoothest silkiest skin that was moistened by little drops of sweat.

Hate swallowed. He had to say something at that moment, but nothing came out of his lips. That woman who had scorned him with her sarcasm and who he had wanted so much, was now his slave and he wanted to make a gesture, say some words, something that would put those things right forever.

He looked at her again; he was in ecstasy with the provocation... He looked at the web of cords wound around her body trapping her arms in the middle of her back and compressing her breasts so much that they looked like two balloons about to pop. He looked at her nipples sticking out between the cords stiff and promising... They

were big, smooth and fine... First class goods. One cruel cord, the cruellest, was digging miserably into her groin...

Hate smiled and licked his lips maliciously.

He raised his foot and brutally trod on Commander Hilbert's thighs. Right in the middle. Deliberately trying to hurt her.

The Commander whimpered but she said nothing. She parted her legs that had been modestly joined until then and she looked into the Captain's eyes for the first time. She did it with hatred, with rancour and also with fear...

The woman's sex split in two by the cord that lost itself between her lips, appeared under the gaze of Captain Hate...

Dana Hilbert moaned and closed her eyes at such humiliation, but with her head held high. The hooks that were cruelly stuck into her nose made sure of that.

She was defeated.

What had happened last night? What had occurred between her and the jailer?

Captain Hate was jealous. Desire was eating away his reason, all he wanted was to possess that woman and to possess her in the most sadistic and violent manner.

But no, he wasn't going let those impulses get the better of him. 'Bitchling' would help him to keep calm... Last night the girl had calmed the overweening sexual pressure caused by a whole year of forced abstinence when it had overtaken him.

Almost trembling, he raised a hand and stroked Commander Hilbert's chin. Her skin was very fine.

The woman opened her eyes again. They were moist and crossing behind the cord that came from her nose.

Hate sighed.

She was lovely, extremely lovely. A beautiful brunette with rich thick hair, a shiny mane. She was a woman with mysterious dark eyes and very pale complexion. Her face was the sort of face that always provokes



Dana Hilbert moaned and closed her eyes at such humiliation

Turned on, he touched her nose, feeling were the hooks disappeared into the depths with the tips of his fingers. The idea seemed brutally primitive to him... But effective and humiliating, as well as being especially exciting.

His eyes had finally got used to the darkness. To one side he made out a bench made from heavy tree trunks. He sat down and made a sign to the jailer.

That immense lump of muscle took Commander Hilbert by the cord that held her arms half-way up her back and by the hooks in her nose, he lifted her off the floor as if she was a feather and deposited her kneeling at the Captain's feet.

Dana whimpered with the pain, but said nothing on this occasion either.

In reply to her silence the jailer pulled even more on the nose cord until her head was completely twisted back. He then tied it off to one of the many ropes that went around the wretched woman's torso.

Before leaving, the jailer placed an oil lamp in the tiny cell and then he went to wait for instructions in the corridor after closing the door.

Hate and the Commander were silent for a few minutes, face to face. The former was sitting and the latter kneeling, with her head totally pulled back. They were very close together... The naked woman's torso was between the man's thighs.

There was no hurry. They had all the time in the world. In that World. The passage of time in the dark underground cell had no meaning... Especially not for Captain Hate.

The sepulchral silence just accentuated each of their roles. Hate was getting stronger, more in control of the situation. Dana was becoming more of a helpless female, more of a slave.

A drip of water filtered through the ceiling and landed in a small puddle breaking the silence and the magic of the moment.

Hate stood up. Their proximity made his genitals hit the woman's uplifted chin as he did. The Commander leaned her body as far back as her cruel bonds allowed.

Hate undressed slowly. He was athletic and strong and before he began that long and sorry voyage he had been an undoubted success with women.

He sat down and his penis was as hard as a rock.

Before him he had Commander Hilbert's tensed throat. Her deformed nose pulled upwards by the hooks, her open mouth that she couldn't close. Her thick sensuous lips that he wanted to kiss so many times.

He had her within inches... He felt her breath, her unease and her humiliation. He also felt her hatred and her resolute determination to resist.

He grabbed her by her nipples. Just like that. Bound as she was he could dominate her like that: with his fingers. He pulled her to him... The twisted head and open mouth of Commander Dana Hilbert were under his face.

He moved his lips closer to her while squeezing harder with his fingers.

The woman was trying desperately to close her mouth but she couldn't... She could just moan in pain and mumble something unintelligible. By its tone it sounded like she was pleading...

Commander Hilbert pleading with a man!

Hate hesitated and while he did so, he pinched her harder, digging his nails viciously into her flesh.

The lovely body that was his captive wriggled uselessly. She was an exposed prisoner, offered up in the most humiliating way. Hate eased the pressure on her nipples and began to stroke them savouring their texture. They were smooth, warm and delicious... He would bite them later and perhaps after that he would adorn them by putting little bells on them like he had seen on 'Bitchling's' nipples. She was his wasn't she?

Commander Hilbert's whimpers became more urgent. The pain was mixing with a strange sensation that the brutal caress was getting from her nipples. Confusion added to the terror and hatred that she felt.

Hate moved to kiss her, her open mouth and her voluptuous lips attracted with an irresistible force. He lowered his head and squeezed his fingers... But he changed his mind at the last minute and spat into the throat of she who had until then been his superior officer.

'Swallow, slave' he said, his voice hoarse with desire.

It was quite a scene. Her bound body was splendidly convulsive as it fought with the fingers that were tormenting it. Her deformed nose and her closed eyes that couldn't hold back the tears of rage, pain and humiliation... Her throat stiffly trying to fight the obvious, the most humiliating thing a human being can be submitted to...

'Swallow, slave' repeated Hate twisting her tender nipples.

In ecstasy, drunk with the feeling of power that having absolute and merciless power over a fellow being brings, Hate watched as her distended throat struggled to swallow his thick and copious saliva.

'Do you feel more like a slave, you damned bitch?' he asked angrily, his penis lividly erect as he shook the captive by her nipples.

Commander Hilbert whimpered again... A whirlwind of feelings blew through her mind. Her knees hurt, as did her arms twisted up her back and the back of her neck; she couldn't feel her nose; her thighs and calves were twisted with cramps and her nipples shrieked with the agony. Also she was desperate, terrified... Her mind that had been educated in the comfort of FGS' privileged classes couldn't take so much cruelty. She simply didn't believe it possible.

Hate stroked his penis. He hugged her. He lowered his eyes to the woman's sex, held obscenely open by the cord, her thighs were slightly parted...

'Open your legs for your Master, slave-girl. I want to see your bitch-cunt' he said with unrestrained crudity.

Dana Hilbert fell into the trap and pressed her knees together.

Hate licked his lips and released her left nipple, and using all his strength he slapped the face of the woman who he now considered to be his slave.

Dana fell on her side, her right hip and shoulder hit the floor. She finished with her head twisted up and her chin pressed against the floor, sobbing with pain and anger. Hate looked at her with delight. In front of him were her magnificent buttocks, tensed and completely open by the posture... Her severely folded and bound legs stopped them from closing. All of a woman's most intimate appetising parts were on view, split apart by the cruel cord.

'Get up, slave and kneel before your Master!' he shouted.

Commander Hilbert tried to sobbingly, first she leaned on one shoulder and then on her breasts. It was quite a show for pervert Hate, but she couldn't do it.

Hate crouched down...

'I'll teach you to obey, you damned bitch...' he spat between his teeth.

With rage, with hatred, with all the resentment he had pent-up inside, Hate grabbed her by the cord that pulled her head back, the cord that drove the hooks into the depths of her nostrils, and he lifted her to her knees by pulling on it.

The Commander's nose and mouth were bleeding, her eyes were full of tears and her body was drenched in sweat. Bubbles of saliva were escaping from her open mouth.

Hate looked her lustfully up and down.

'It's over Commander... Your imperious orders are over. Your fucking petulance, your calculated coldness, your lack of consideration for your subordinates and your execrable despotism are all over... On this planet you'll occupy the right place for you because I have decided so. You're going to be a sex-slave with only one reason to live: to serve the one you belong to in the most abject and lowly way... The way that I, Captain Douglas Hate, now Commander of ANDROS V thanks to Dana Hilbert's desertion, decides and orders. Is that clear?'

Dana Hilbert muttered something completely unintelligible, but Hate didn't like the tone of her voice. Holding onto her right nipple he slapped her a couple of more times, back and forth. He struck her with less force than the first time, but enough for the slave-girl to feel it and for it to humiliate her.

'You have a lot to learn in your new role in life and it's going to be me who teaches you. To begin with you'll live here buried alive, in the dark. You'll eat what I decide and you'll see to your needs bound like a beast, straight onto the floor. A jailer will look after you and will keep you fit for when I decide to use you. You'll be my dolly kept in a nice cupboard.' Hate stopped, his heart was racing. In an attempt to calm himself he closed his eyes and took a deep breath of the dungeon's infected and corrosive air...

Calmer he went on...

'I'll teach you how to use that body that you don't deserve' he continued shaking the captive by her nipples again. 'It's a crime to waste a female like you in piloting a ship. You'll learn to kiss my balls, to suck my cock. To ride me and to suffer how I like to see a woman suffer... Because if you don't know already, I'm a sadist, you fucking slut. Nothing turns me on more than to fuck a woman while she's suffering, while she's undergoing my tortures, my hate and my infinite evil...'

Dana Hilbert freed herself from Hate's fingers with a sudden pull backwards. All that was more than she could bear. It was undignified and dirty. Nobody, absolutely nobody could force her to submit to such an affront.

Hate smiled. This first session was going to be memorable, that was for sure...

He stood up and grabbed the cat o' nine tails that the jailer had left hanging on the wall. Basically it was a wooden handle from which hung nine heavy straps made of tightly braided leather...

He practised with it on one of the walls and it made a spine tingling noise. That would hurt. He looked at his kneeling slave, at Commander Dana Hilbert, at the damned bitch who had fucked him up and humiliated him for a whole year. He looked at her silky white skin speckled with gold from the candlelight...

He stroked her parted lips with the handle, then he put it slightly into her mouth. He imagined his penis in place of the leather... He put it further in, to the back of her throat. The Commander swallowed; she twisted her head forward making the hooks dig even more into her nostrils...

It was hopeless; she still had the whip handle stuck in her mouth.

'You'll learn to swallow it without blinking, slave...' Grunted Hate, overcome by the most ferocious lust.

But no, not yet. It still wasn't time to train his slave. First he had to break her, to dominate her; to explain properly to her, tell her which of the two of them was in charge on Barbaria.

He took the whip away and with a kick on her back he knocked her face down onto the floor. Commander Hilbert fell forward onto her breasts. She finished with her chin pushed to the filthy floor of the dungeon and her knees wide apart. Every attempt she made to close them was useless.

Before Hate's eyes, before the arm that held the cat o' nine tails, his slave's buttocks were spread for him, split by the tight and cruel cord that ran between them.

Hate raised his arm furiously...

Commander Hilbert's scream escaped along the intricate passageways dug out of the rock until it vibrated the castle's foundations.

There, in a cleft that had been hewn from the bowels of the earth, a woman, a woman who used to be the superior Commander Dana Hilbert, was taking her first steps in a new life as a sex-slave to a man that hated her... Captain Douglas Hate.

The Andros V mutiny was a success.

*

Far away in outer space, onboard INTERSPACE II, Deborah Keller had completely recovered her vital signs and she was only too aware of what surrounded her.

She was terrified.

She had screamed, pleaded and demanded...

No reply...

What was she doing in that situation?

Who was responsible for her desperate situation?

Her first impressions on awakening had been correct...

She was standing in the boots with long sharp heels that she had been wearing at the farewell ceremony, but there was no trace of the provocative red dress. She was naked as the day she was born, or when, wearing a hood, she had done the «Female Trophy 10» beauty tests.

Deborah Keller was completely exposed to whoever might pass through the door that closed off sector 27.

She was still standing because she had no choice. A noose attached her to one of the ship's transport rails. The same noose held her wrists together where they were held between her shoulders by the same ropes that wound around her torso.

Yes, she was standing, and was she standing! She had to stiffen each and every one of her twisted muscles and all of her aching joints. If she didn't the pressure on her twisted arms and shoulders would become unbearable.

She tried to calm down as she had been trained to do... She paralysed her mind to stop the unease. She concentrated on the Omega point, just in the centre of her brain. From there she transferred her attention to the Lambda point, above her eyes, between her eyebrows...

The trembling stopped.

She allowed a few minutes to pass...

She opened her eyes and slowly concentrated on everything around her... Trying to assimilate and control every detail, to recover her mental poise.

She was in a service chamber the purpose of which was unknown to her. It was a small room and she was alone. In front of her, a few inches from her feet that were bound together with sticky tape one in front of the other buzzed a replica of a human member. It was a black penis sculpted in perfect detail and resting on two testicles sculpted to the same degree of realism. The only thing unreal about it was the size; in spite of their human appearance those organs seemed to be more likely to belong to a horse than a man.

This obscenity was the final proof of the kind of situation that she was in.

Deborah Keller's stomach knotted. During the year of the competition she had felt the ardent gaze of the whole Galaxy on her skin. All of the trials contained a high degree of eroticism, even the most apparently innocent ones. For example, the contestants took part in a music contest dressed in provocative skirts and deep cleavages, 'details' that the camera's dwelt on between the notes. Or when they took part in a drawing contest in which they had to draw an erect penis or a pair of breasts tattooed with obscene allegories.

But all this was very different. There were no cameras, no journalists. It was something hidden, dirty and charged with morbid

unease...

Who was behind this?

Deborah analysed her situation with her gaze fixed on the replica. The tip was vibrating so fast that it was impossible to see it clearly. The buzzing was so sharp that it made her anxious.

Once more the uncertainty of her situation made her into a victim of her fears.

She stretched her legs. Without realising it, she had relaxed her posture and her arms and shoulders were in agony. She breathed deeply, she needed all the oxygen she could get to keep calm and not cloud her judgement.

What would she do when someone came through that door?

What would they be like?

What would they say, what would they do to her?

Two women learn what slavery is...

Underneath Castle Sodom in the bowels of the earth where the sun will never penetrate, a woman, the commander of an advanced FGS space ship, is waiting with her face bathed in tears. She waits for her owner, the man who was once her second in command to visit her.

The woman hasn't seen daylight nor breathed fresh air since her horrific captivity began.

She lives buried alive in a filthy and gloomy hole wrought from the rock, so small that if she could walk she would barely be able to take two paces between the walls.

Since she was locked up in that horrible dungeon she has been tied with the same ropes in the same way. Her legs are cruelly folded and tied thigh to calf. Her arms are twisted and held halfway up her back by a host of cords that bite into her skin. Her head is pulled back and held by the nose with two evil hooks that deform her face.

She has spent the last two days and nights so cruelly and abjectly trapped. Two days in which her keeper, a gigantic black man has taken care of her, a keeper that she still hasn't heard say a word and who treats her like an animal. Twice he has fed her bound as she is; two horrendous experiences during which her mouth, held open by the hooks, was crammed with a paste that stank of rot.

The black man also takes care of her hygiene... He throws buckets of freezing water over her and then he rubs her delicate skin with a coarse cloth, paying special attention to her intimate parts.

The cell smells bad, very bad... There is no latrine and the well brought up Commander Hilbert has to see to her needs in a corner, exactly where the same keeper indicated, crawling in an undignified manner through the cell's putrid mud.

She hasn't seen the one she belongs to since that shocking first day. It was terrible. It was humiliating. It was awful.

The negro keeper undressed her by cutting her clothes off with a knife. He did it after hanging her from the ceiling by her left ankle like a steer, like an animal. Then he tied her in this undignified position and presented her, naked, to that swine, to that maniac that had harassed her all the way from Earth. Captain Hate, the damned son of a bitch, masturbated making her open her eyes while he did it. Then he ejaculated in her face, squirting some drops into her mouth, the mouth that is always open because of the hooks that are torturing her nose...

It's undignified to be always naked, always open, always on offer. She can't even swallow saliva normally, or press her knees together, or get up without help. She can only do it if Hate or the keeper pull her up and place her on her knees by her hair, by the hooks in her nose or by the cord that is splitting her sex. Always laughing, always making lewd comments or obscene grunts.

Commander Hilbert is desperate; she could not stand the darkness, the ropes and that horrible solitude one second more. She desires with all her soul for that swine who has condemned her to this hell to return...

*

And while Dana Hilbert waits buried alive, Captain Douglas Hate decided to visit Sodom. At first glance the little city reminded of many others he had known through animated fantasies, whether 3D or flat, whether their protagonists were real people or simply evocations from racial memories that we all have within us.

It was midday and the women were cooking at fires lit in the middle of the street, the children were running to the few fountains to get water and the men were driving carts, mending houses or working in the barren fields that surrounded the hill.

Hate walked past the few shops that kept the city's sparse commerce alive. They were in the lower part, nearest to the western gate, the only zone where outsiders could move about freely.

Dry meat, seeds, ropes, crude tools, agricultural tools, liquors and elixirs that promised to cure any ill... Nothing to attract the attention of an FGS citizen.

By this time, Hate and the crew of ANDROS V have become famous personages in Sodom and the shopkeepers, eager to do business, call them and offer them the strange local tea.

That day was no exception. In one of the shops while Hate patiently attended the tea ritual, the shopkeeper asked him if he had already procured a slave-girl.

The Captain's indifference became lively interest.

'I have two, but not for much longer' he replied. 'One is on loan and I'm going to sell the other one of these days.'

The shopkeeper rubbed his hands together. There was business to be done.

'I have something that you might be interested in, my friend. Something that just arrived...'

Hate raised his eyebrows in reply.

The shopkeeper got up and closed the door to the street, he drew the curtain and indicated that Hate should follow him into the back room.

The place was filthy and extremely untidy. It smelled of spice and damp.

'You see it's quite irregular' he said. 'You're an outsider and maybe you'll be surprised by these things, but you'll get used to it.'

The shopkeeper moved aside some empty boxes followed by a blanket.

A gasp of surprise escaped from Hate.

A square box no more three feet high appeared into view, it had thick wide spaced wooden bars in its front and top. A pair of the most expressive, beautiful and frightened eyes Hate had ever seen peered from inside the box, they were pleading desperately for his help.

It was a very beautiful and young woman, although not as beautiful and young as the ones stacked up in the cages in the castle cellars.

The shopkeeper moved a torch nearer...

The eyes blinked before returning to their huge size. They were as black as coal and the woman had a strange beauty, quite different to the sort of blonde haired blue-eyed slave that was caught in the south. She had black, curly hair, hair that was sticky with filth at that moment, and her skin was very white. But more than her undoubted loveliness, what impressed Hate most was the state she was in.

Obviously the trader didn't want anyone to know of her existence.

The young woman could only move her eyes. She couldn't make the smallest sound. Nor could she do anything to draw attention to herself.

An arrangement of tight wires opened her mouth and twisted it so much that its corners were tearing. Inside and held in by wire, there were rags, bits of rope, sacking and any rubbish that might drown her most desperate cries.

A crude rope around her neck forced her face up to the bars and more ropes did the same with her torso. The woman was an unquestionable beauty, she was kneeling on her ankles, with her knees and part of her thighs sticking out between the bars. A pole passed behind her knees, outside the cage prevented her from moving her legs.

The captive was not naked but wore a ripped and filthy fine cotton dress,

'What do you think?' asked the trader. 'You won't find another like her in all of Sodom. She wasn't born a slave... She is educated, upper class.'

'Where did you get her?' asked Hate.

Something told him that this man was working at the edge of the law and that he could make the most of that.

'What difference does it make? What's important is that you like her... I promise you that if she's treated firmly she is very loving... Aren't you sweetie?' asked the trader pinching the caged woman's nose.

'I could report you. You don't have a licence to sell slaves and especially not one like her. This is kidnapping', risked Hate uncertain of hitting the nail on the head.

He hit it.

'You wouldn't do that' replied the trader very seriously. 'Especially after I tell you how much you can have her for.'

Hate kept quiet, he didn't want to look too keen...

'Wouldn't you like to inspect the goods?' the trader offered. He knew from experience that an excited client was an easy client.

Hate squatted in front of the cage. The woman was filthy...

He cleaned some of the filth from her face and eyes with two fingers. She had obviously been crying a lot.

He looked at her.

She was lovely and she had very smooth skin. He liked her look of dread more than anything.

He lowered his gaze and his hands, to her breast that were popping out between the bars.

The pointy nipples peeked out through a pair of cuts in her clothes that the trader must surely have made.

He caressed them after first wetting his fingers in the saliva that was dribbling down the frightened prisoner's chin.

The flesh stiffened at once and the caged woman began to tremble.

'She's very sensitive, I told you... I can guarantee it, ha... ha... ha...!' Said the trader chuckling lasciviously.

Hate lowered his hand and slid it between her parted thighs... She wasn't wearing panties or anything like that. The captive was naked under the dress.

'Is she a virgin?'

'She was a woman of rank, you know... They fuck like bitches.'

The tears were dampening the woman's cheeks again.

Hate touched her intimately and she was dry.

He manipulated her for a couple of moments...

No effect...

'Does she interest you? I can let you have her pretty cheap... A real snip.'

Hate stood up. He liked her, but he didn't want any problems... at that time.

'I'll think about it' he said simply.

With a grimace of disappointment the jailer recovered the cage and put the empty boxes back on top of it cursing as he did. He had put his foot in it and he knew.

'Maybe you're interested in some gift for your slaves...' said the shopkeeper, reluctant to finish up empty handed.

Hate nodded and they went back to the shop, where the trader showed him the most suggestive and demented items... Toothed traps for catching slaves, the kind that snap shut on ankles biting into the flesh and even breaking the bones on occasion; leather and iron collars with spikes on the inside of all sizes and widths; serrated clamps for nipples, tongues, noses and clitorises; clamps with blunt jaws and with sharp jaws to cut the flesh. There were rigid manacles and others that were ingeniously articulated that twisted and bent the slave into incredible postures or exposed her for easier penetration.

There were gags for silencing, for immobilising the teeth while keeping the throat accessible, or gags with long tubes to allow direct feeding to the slave's stomach.

There were whips and crops of all kinds, all lengths and of varying thickness, rigidity and texture.

There were also pincers of every kind and for every purpose.

Hoods, probes, laxatives, enemas...

Adjustable harnesses, bits, showy tails for sticking in the anus, feathers...

There were more subtle garments too... Silk, punishment bras, obscene panties with and without plugs, sexy shoes and boots made of leather... There were rustic tights, razors, scented oils, dyes and also «Enervina»... A devilishly powerful aphrodisiac for slave-girls that was designed only to give pleasure to men.

But what amazed Hate most of all were the dildoes. They had them in all sizes and materials. The ones he liked best were made of leather and filled with fine sand. They were very real and very big... The one he bought was in fact twelve inches long and three inches in diameter. It was a real exaggeration.

He bought it for his slave Dana Hilbert.

On his way back along the steep streets to the castle, Hate couldn't stop thinking about what had happened.

Who was that intriguing woman?

Where could have that twerp got her?

Why so many precautions?

She was white, so therefore she was a slave, but her clothes and her looks spoke of noble origins...

Yes... he liked her. In fact he preferred women like that, like Dana Hilbert. Real women, well formed with their beauty in the point of perfection... It was more enjoyable to humiliate them, they had more passion in their bodies and dominating them was real challenge.

He would tell Aguirre all about this and maybe he would end up getting the woman for nothing.

*

Bitchling had done nothing to deserve it and Hate knew it. But so what?

Was there some kind of «Code of Conduct» for the Masters of slave-girls?

He just felt like torturing her and he was doing it.

Bitchling was the first throat and the first cunt he had raped on Barbaria. Now she was the first slave he had tortured and Douglas Hate was proud of his genius.

Bitchling was tied motionless, as normal for a slave-girl on Barbaria.

He had placed her over a stool, a «work bench» as it was known in those parts, and he was most certainly was working her.

The girl was bent over uncomfortably with one leg attached to the ceiling by the ankle and the thigh, her other leg was bent to one side and bound to the floor by the knee. Her arms were bound behind her back by the same cords that compressed and deformed her bosom.

He had also put hemp panties on her, as they were called on Barbaria. A garment commonly used by the masters in that so subtle land to adorn their slaves. Really just a pair of cords, one of them tightly knotted around the waist and the other pulled savagely between the legs to sink itself cruelly and obscenely between the sex lips. It was a method of keeping the slave's sexuality awake and keeping her conscious at all times of her condition by crushing and chaffing her most intimate parts at her Master's whim. Also

sometimes, like now, the hemp panties could be used to keep diabolical objects inside the anus and the vagina, objects guaranteed to turn any woman's life into a hell.

The stake lubricated with irritant oil that was bugging her and that she had to rest her body weight on came as no surprise to the girl. What was a surprise, a big surprise too, was the vibrator.

She had never seen or imagined anything like it.

Hate was a fan of anal stimulation and he had his own personal vibrator. It was an oblong device, like a bar of soap that he would introduce into his anus completely and let it vibrate. Now that vibe was sunk in the girl's sex...

Bitchling was a born slave and she had grown up a slave, she reckoned she knew everything about sex and she did... But Barbaria was a backward and brutal planet where both electricity and batteries were unknown and where subtleties like the little vibrator were unimaginable. The stimulating power of it was really too much for the girl.

With her legs spread so wide and the constant buzzing high in her vagina and with her bottom pierced, Bitchling's mind and libido were drowning in a sea of confusion.

Hate watched her, amused and turned on at the same time. The girl was a real beauty and laid out like that she was truly provocative.

He stood at her back and began to caress her with care. She was irresistible, tremendously sensual. He sought both of her breasts with his hands. They were full, smooth and docile...

He stroked them like a real lover would, rather than as a sadist.

The girl responded with a moan. She was very excited, the vibrator was working miracles inside her.

Hate continued to stimulate her... He enjoyed nothing more than seeing her come. Watching while her body was wracked with unwanted orgasms, orgasms that he, her Lord and Master had decided to impose on her. She was like a delicious flesh and blood instrument that he could play whenever he wanted and give the sensations he felt like giving.

Yes... A strong sense of power had come over Captain Douglas Hate. It was an irrational feeling, bestial even, beyond logic and reason. Commanding a ship or ruling a planet where nothing like that intimate feeling. It was the power of life and death and power over the girl's sensations... He could humiliate her, he could scare her, he could make her come, he could bring her to the edge of death with pain and he could also make her happy if only for a moment... Yes, he could make her happy if he untied her bonds and left her alone.

Bitchling reached orgasm at that moment. Hate didn't stop stimulating her nipples...

'Like this' he whispered in her ear. 'That's how I like it... I like you to be obedient.'

Bitchling, was delirious and she didn't care about submitting herself like that. On the contrary... she was young and she needed to feel alive, and with Aguirre she couldn't. Not just because the gigantic black man disgusted her, but because the same Tyrant of Barbaria had strictly forbidden her to under threat of having her clitoris ripped out with pincers.

But it was different with Hate. He was white like she was, he was relatively young and although she hated him for what he had done to her, she wasn't about to torture herself by fighting against her own body.

'And now a little punishment... What do you think?' Asked Hate.

Bitchling began to tremble... As soon as she saw the bottle and paintbrush she knew what was going to happen.

Hate sat down between her legs, he moistened the brush in the jar and showed it to her...

'Please... no... no...' pleaded the girl.

Hate smiled. That feeling of power again...

'AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!'

Hate, indifferent to her screams, started to 'paint' the insides of her thighs near her sex. He did it very slowly and with a well-charged brush.

He was using Barbaria's marvellous irritant oil. A poison whose mere contact with the skin stung a hundred times worse than stinging nettles.

It was the work of an artist.

The sole of her pretty left foot followed, then her vaginal lips, several times, then her nipples, infinite times, then her ribs, her right sole, her right calf...

Bitchling was actually consumed by the pain. She felt her skin like she had never felt it before. On fire, scorched... She could feel her pulse throbbing in her sex lips, in her swollen nipples, in her breasts, everywhere...

And the vibrator and the stake were fanning another fire... her inner fire.

The sadistic Hate was amusing himself with her eyelids now...

Bitchling was lost in an abyss of contradictory sensations. Outside the most awful pain and inside an explosive force that demanded immediate liberation.

Hate went on painting and touching up the places that had dried...

The girl exploded with pain and volcanic sex again.

Hate went on unperturbed. He felt like an artist...

When dawn came, Hate was still painting and Bitchling was more dead than alive after countless orgasms and with her skin red raw. She was pleading with her pagan gods to put an end to her miserable existence for once and for all.

*



That's how I like it... I like you to be obedient Far from any star, in the remotest and darkest regions of space, INTERSPACE II silently glided through the Galaxy. Inside, at the ship's security console, Raper was spying on his victim. From this console the duty officer could keep an eye on every inch of that sophisticated network of modules and compartments by using the infinite series of sensors and cameras.

In a way it was like looking her as he had always done: through a 3D screen.

The girl was totally awake and she had been screaming, pleading for and demanding her liberty...

Raper was as naked as the day he was born and he was masturbating while he watched and listened to her with satisfaction.

Out there, lost in remotest space, nobody would bother them. Not even that idiot Beast who was still performing on another monitor with Lieutenant Carolyn Martin.

Using the remote control, Raper zoomed in on his next victim's body.

She was perfect...

Sexy...

Provocative...

And all his!

He fiddled with the joystick until her left nipple filled the screen and turned on the auto-guide. Until he changed it, no matter how

much the girl moved, her nipple would still fill the screen.

He clenched his teeth... Just like he would if it was in his mouth.

It was perfectly round, with a sharp tip and taut skin. Soon he would sample it and, who knows? Maybe one day he would bite it off and eat it.

Aguirre had promised him one of the captives and there was no doubt which one he was going to choose.

He manoeuvred the camera upwards. A clear blue eye replaced the pink nipple...

That was another thing about her that drove him crazy... that distant yet intelligent look that she had. A look that was suggestive and forbidding at the same time... A look that was famous all over the Galaxy.

He would teach her where and when to look...

He zoomed out and Deborah's entire face appeared. The girl had just closed her eyes and seemed to be immersed in a relaxation exercise.

Raper had to chuckle. Stupid girl! He thought. What good would all those educated girly tricks do her when he started with the program he had planned for her?

He moved the lens around covering every inch of her skin. He went over her long and smooth neck, just ripe for collaring...

Then he went down between her breasts over her ribs to her navel... He stopped at her pubis with its suave, perfectly trimmed blonde bush.

He couldn't see any more as he had tied her with her legs crossed, one foot in front of the other. It had seemed the sexiest pose at the time...

He squeezed his penis harder. Soon he would stick it in her... What delights awaited him?

These whores were also the best lovers. That's what the propaganda for «Female Trophy 10» said. They even did trials, very clean cut ones of course, to measure the degree of pleasure that each contestant could provide.

Deborah Keller and Debbie Sullivan, the brunette who won, had drawn that important round. Everyone except the contestants wanted them to do those kinds of trials. A female would always be a female in spite of how advanced, chaste and cultured the civilisation was, and as such she had to be good in bed.

It would be him, Raper, the last Galactic pirate, scum in the eyes of the Universe, who would have the pleasure of finding out experimentally if what the chaste and sophisticated sensors had said was accurate.

The lens continued downwards...

Deborah Keller's long legs had driven him crazy from the start. She hadn't lost any of the trials in which they had figured... Ballet, running, climbing, poise, horse riding, naked of course, wrestling...

He was looking at them now and soon he would be stroking them. Or flogging them. Or slapping them. Or filleting them with a knife and eating them. It all depended on how he was feeling.

Who was going to stop him? Beast?

His retarded companion had enough on his plate with Lieutenant Carolyn Martin to be worrying about Raper's actions.

The camera moved slowly down... Along her thighs, passing her knees, one slightly in front of the other. He remembered a very old Japanese film... In it a torturer had mashed a woman's knee with a hammer until the lower leg came away from the thigh...

No, no matter how much he liked it, he wouldn't do that for the moment. They were too lovely... Some nobles on Barbaria did amputate their slave's legs from the knee down. That way they didn't have to bother chaining them to the bed.

It was a shame that the camera's position didn't allow him to see the backs of her calves, a real pity.

He had to make do with her ankles, hidden by the sexy red booties and the sticky tape that kept the left stuck in front of the right.

She was delicious.

He grabbed the mike; it was time to introduce himself.

'Whore...' he said in the most guttural and filthy voice he could.

The girl opened her eyes wide, she looked at the camera. The sound was coming from there.

She was being spied on!

A wave of panic overcame Deborah. That voice belonged to a maniac. This was more than a sexual assault...

'Who are you? Where am I?' asked the girl trying to hide her dread.

Raper licked his lips. The chick was game, just like he had imagined. That was how he liked his whores.

He replied with the same guttural and filthy voice...

'I'm Raper and I'm a white slaver. Does that ring a bell, sweetie?'

Deborah began to tremble. It would have been futile to try and relax again.

Raper went on.

'You are still on INTERSPACE, but we're going to a very different place from Earth. A place where sluts like you are kept in their place...'

Deborah lowered her eyes to the gigantic, black dildo. Now, as well as vibrating madly it was pulsating with the rhythm of a heartbeat... It seemed that the voice could control it from a distance.

'It's an exact copy of my cock... Do you like it?' Said the voice.

It couldn't be... It was too big. Also it was black! Blacks made Deborah Keller retch!

The voice oozed out of the camera again, hoarser and more aggressive this time.

'I'll use you... I'll use you as a fucking mattress. As a fucking well for my spunk... I'll use your mouth, your tits, your slutty cunt and your stinking arsehole. You won't be bored with me, whore. I promise.'

*

Captain Hate was in paradise and Commander Hilbert was in hell.

Now she was known as Cunty, the filthy and degrading slave name that her owner had christened her. Cunty was learning. And suffering! It was the only way according to her trainer.

Cunty was still tied up like the first day except for the hooks in her nose and the cord that split her sex, these had been removed. Hate,

her owner, the man whose sick desire had condemned her to this hell, was torturing her in the way that only the worst kind of sadist could torture a woman.

Cunty had only the back of her neck and her shoulders resting in the stinking mud of the floor, the rest of her body was lifted up in the middle of the dungeon by a cord that attached her right knee to the ceiling. Her position, added to the fact that her legs were still bound, forced her to separate her thighs and leave her sex wide open, defenceless against Hate's attentions...

She had been like that for hours. Firstly Hate had pulled out her pubic hairs one by one. That had been a terribly humiliating experience, it had seemed eternal and much more painful than it seemed at first. But Hate wasn't happy with that delicious and personal inspection of the woman and he had gone on to anoint the whole zone with the strong liquor that was made in Sodom. The stinging of her irritated skin and of the delicate membranes inside her was another torture to add to the wretched woman's suffering.

The degenerate drank, licked and kissed wherever he wanted, causing the strangest sensations in his captive.

Then and only then, once she was depilated and bound in such a defenceless way, the lessons began. Lessons that were still going on two hours later.

'You're coming along, slave... Nearly seven inches fits now. Hmmmmmmmmm!' exclaimed Hate as he licked and sniffed at the huge stake he had just introduced into the captive's vagina. The same one he had bought in Sodom and that he had used hours before to brutally break the woman's virginity.

'You smell great. If you go on like this you'll become an excellent slut.'

Hate re-inserted the replica. He did it with measured brutality, enough to torture but not mutilate.

Cunty whimpered. She was still resisting. Hate had promised to torture her like that until he made her come, until he broke her.

The truth is that Dana, now the slave that was christened Cunty, was finding it more and more difficult to resist. She had been suffering the outrageous rape in that position for hours, with her sex constantly violated and deeply penetrated. Putting up with the filthiest comments, the most obscene threats and the lewdest caresses.

'When I get tired of you, I'll sell you to the Bongo. There are hundreds of them in every settlement; they are ignorant and brutal beasts that know how to use a slave-girl... I'll make sure you're the only one so you don't get bored. It'll be a nice end for you. Don't you think? You can survive a few weeks... and with a bit of bad luck months even.'

While he was speaking, Hate continued violating her with the horrible dildo, stroking her and touching his member. He still hadn't penetrated her, not yet. He would take her when she was ready. Meanwhile he would carry on quenching his lust with young Bitchling, she was much more docile since he had tortured her until dawn the previous night.

'Maybe I'll come and visit you... I promise you that you'll beg me to take you away, to bring you back here again, to this damned hole. To fuck you day and night. It'll be a pleasure to see you beg to be my slave...

With every word and every threat, Hate twisted the dildo from left to right, as if he was making a sauce in a mortar and the woman was the pestle.

In an ecstasy produced by the most ferocious sadism, he watched the liquids oozing out of her succulent opening. Her aroma seemed delicious to him amid the overpowering stench of the place,

'But before that happens, you and I have a lot of things left to do and to talk about. And then there are my men... I think they would love to lock themselves away with you for a party, an intimate kind of party, you understand.'

Hate drove the dildo in as far as it would go and took up the pair of clamps that Aguirre had left him. With meticulous care he fixed each one with its sharpened teeth in Cunty's vaginal lips and then he tied the cords that hung from tightly around her thighs. Her sex was left wide open and her clitoris completely bared and red from where the rope had rubbed on it earlier.

Hate licked his lips with pleasure. Wasn't it fantastic to have a woman so



You're coming along, slave... Nearly seven inches fits now totally in your power?

He rubbed the little hard nub of flesh with his finger.

The salve Cunty, the one time Commander Hilbert, shivered from head to foot.

'You're very sensitive, slave... I recommend that you learn to control your lascivious nature or you won't be able to take more than two or three dozen men... or Bongos!' he added with a chuckle.

Hate carried on touching, rubbing and stroking it... He did it to the base, to the sides to the tip, he pinched it softly all along it. Then he leaned down and trapped it between his lips. He chewed it, he sucked hard on it and he licked it with the tip of his tongue. He kissed it deliriously.

Cunty shivered. Her time for heroic resistance was drawing to an end. She wasn't able to resist those caresses much longer. Her nature was overcoming her repulsion, her hatred, her humiliation and even the pain.

Her body was betraying her... She could feel it.

The explosion of her libido that had been repressed for years was spectacular.

Tied as she was, literally twisted by ropes, upside down and with her sex impaled on a crude dildo... The slave's body was overcome by a tremendous agitation. She was shaken by powerful convulsions that lifted her up and down and bounced her repeatedly on the floor.

It was quite a show.

'You're a fucking whore... A filthy cow... A dirty slut who doesn't deserve the air that she breathes... Look how you come! Cow!'

Cunty the slave, one time Commander Hilbert, was submerged in a condition very close to unconsciousness. She was exhausted, in pain and humiliated.

Hate lifted his gaze for a moment and imagined himself in the woman's place, locked away for ever in that damp stinking hole, in the dark, at the mercy of the jailer and of a sadist like him. Hate shivered. Life was cruel like that. Some win and some lose.

He got up and fanned the candle flame.

He sighed. The air was suffocating. The burning of the flame, the stench of filth and excrement, of female sweat and sex all consumed the little air that reached this forgotten hole. He looked at the twisted slave that was hanging just above the floor. He looked at her bottom on offer... What more could he do to her?

He went to get the whip that hung on the wall, the cat o' nine tails.

He showed it to her.

'It's time for us talk, slave-girl...'

It was true, Commander Hilbert had made no sounds other than some stifled and pitiful whimpers. Firstly because the hooks that were torturing her nose had prevented it and also because of her own determination. Her strong personality and leader's determination prevented her begging, complaining or demeaning herself in front of that swine who was committing outrages on her. Yes it was time to talk. It was time for her to be humiliated in another way than surrendering her body in the way that she just had.

*

Deborah Keller the girl who had been torn from her mother's arms as soon as she was born to be given to the Federation; the girl who had gone through twenty years of rigorous training to become one of the most envied and talked about women in the Universe. The girl who was keen to put an end to the farce that her life until then had been, and become anonymous, was still standing, tied to the ceiling with her arms pulled up and her wrists fixed between her shoulders and her ankles stuck together with sticky tape.

But now she wasn't alone...

Seeing him come in naked had given her a shock that had almost left her unconscious... He was a horrible monster, a compendium of everything that repulsed her most...

He was a gigantic black man, very black. He was old, greasy, scruffy and with a brutal, simian look about him. He had the facial expression of an idiot and the eyes of a murderer. His lips were thick and his teeth yellow and widely spaced. Old woman's tits hung from his chest, the fat accumulated at his belly into at least a dozen folds and his legs were obese and totally warped.

But what repulsed her most was his belly and, of course the sex organs that dangled under his horrid abdomen. They were huge and they reached down to mid thigh. His testicles were the size of peaches and his penis was as thick as a fist, bright red and patterned with purple veins and scars.

He approached her without a word, with his gorilla's eyes drinking in her body, rubbing his hands together with his face slack and his tongue hanging out.

He stood in front of her, he grabbed her hips with both hands and pulling her to him he began to kiss her all over her face.

Asphyxiated by the stink that came off him, Deborah struggled as much as the ropes and her limbs would allow. Her efforts seemed to please him to judge by the sudden erection he got. The huge penis swelled up like a long and phenomenal sausage but it didn't stand up... the enormous lump of flesh was left hanging with its tip between his knees.

Raper smiled. He liked his whores to be rebellious, like the ones he used to catch in the south of Barabaria.

He crouched down and ran his hands down her hips, along the endlessly long legs he had seen running, jumping, dancing and fighting on the screen. In the flesh they were even more perfect and the touch of them sent him crazy.

He squeezed them, he licked them and he kissed them... He rubbed them until he hurt them, most of all the calves. He also stroked the red booties. They were completely enclosed with pointed toes and phosphorescent laces.

He ripped one of the long heels off and put it to his mouth. He sniffed it, he sucked it in front of Deborah's revolted eyes. Neither of them had said a word.

He grabbed his member and lifting it, he squashed it between his body and the girl's. With one hand on her waist and the other in her hair he held her still and carried on kissing her with enjoyment... Licking her face, especially her lips, her cheeks and her nose...

Deborah closed her eyes tightly, she was barely breathing and her teeth were clenched. The ape's smell and his stinking saliva were all making her retch.

While the girl was struggling with all her might to avoid vomiting, he sneakily stuck the heel up her bottom. It was an unexpected and brutally violent act...

Deborah struggled futilely, she screamed and screamed. Raper silenced her with his sticky tongue, with his lips and with his stinking saliva. The four inches of heel stayed inside her. They were a sign for the girl to lose any doubts she might have had left as to the sadistic nature of the aggression she was suffering.

Raper stood behind her, close to her back, grabbing her breasts with both hands, licking her wherever he could reach and kissing her where he felt like, always pressing his penis against her young tight buttocks. The same buttocks that had given erections to half of the Galaxy.

'I'm going to bum you, whore. It's what you deserve...' he whispered in her ear with a hoarse and threatening sadist's voice.

Deborah squeezed her buttocks, he wouldn't catch her by surprise again... Anyway that monstrosity that was hanging around his knees wouldn't fit, it couldn't go in... It was totally impossible. He would never be able to penetrate her.

How wrong she was!

He lifted her up by her breasts, digging his fingers into her flesh and causing her dreadful pain. When she was a couple of inches off the floor he wiggled his hips until the tip of his penis was in just the right position and he pushed.

He was as hard as a rock.

Deborah was so affected by the pain that the barbarian was causing her breasts that by the time she realised what was happening it was too late.

'AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!'

He penetrated her in one shove. With one thrust of his hips, driving the heel into where nothing should have ever penetrated...

He penetrated until more than half of his member was in her entrails. It was awful for Deborah.

In an attack of furious lust, he grabbed the cord that his victim was hanging from and broke it in two. Then, without withdrawing from her, he threw her to the floor. She went down first and fell on her knees and her breasts.

There on the floor, half-stunned by the blow, with her wrists still fixed between her shoulders and her ankles trapped by sticky tape, Deborah suffered the rest of the abominable violation.

Raper grabbed her hips and pulled her towards him. Her knees and her breasts stuck the girl on the floor.

With a guttural scream, her violator finally finished sinking himself into her entrails. It was awfully painful and very brutal. There were no words. Deborah Keller felt her anus dilated to breaking point, she felt filled to bursting point, invaded and violated in her deepest insides...

Raper dug his nails into her upraised hips, his glassy eyes fixed on her perfect white buttocks and on the fraction of an inch of his thick black cock that was left



'm going to bum you, whore. It's what you deserve... out of her tiny but now horribly dilated arsehole.

He had been imagining that moment for a year now. Since the FGS had first shown the «Female Trophy 10» contestants. It was love at first sight. He fell in love with her as soon as he saw her.

Then he had planned everything with Aguirre... The deal of the millennium: Start a brothel on Barbaria with these whores and get the most profit from them, and when they were no use for anything else, breed them!

And meanwhile... Meanwhile he was finally bumming her. Romantic wasn't it?

With another savage shout he began to slowly sodomise her.

The girl screamed with every penetration... It was hurting her and he liked it to hurt her. Her screams were heavenly music to his ears.

He took her with long powerful thrusts of his hips. Pulling his prodigious manhood all the way out and pushing it all the way in with each stroke. This was how he liked to take his females, in their bottoms.

It was a fancy of his from way back and it had developed throughout his many years as a hunter and a slave trader. Many of the trophies he had taken were virgins, especially the nicest ones, and their price would go down considerably when they stopped being virgins. Well, bumming them was as much fun if not more and the merchandise didn't lose its value. Also they screamed like hens.

Little by little, urgency began to take control of Raper...

He dug his nails in more; he moved his strong arms and shook his hips more...

His immense, iron hard black penis was penetrating the girl's anus like a piston at full speed.

He would finish soon and leave the whore full of his essence.

Deborah has stopped screaming and was suffering the assault absently, without fighting, resignedly, as if she had accepted her fate. Her face and her breasts hurt from being dragged along the floor with every violent penetration. Her knees were hurting, as were her hips where that maniac was grabbing her. Her anus felt broken, torn wide open. And her intestine felt drilled by that club that was pounding her and by the heel that seemed to be reaching her stomach.

Why didn't he finish and leave her alone?

But no, Raper went on and on fucking her, getting more and more violent, smashing into the girl's buttocks, mounting her while holding onto her hair...

He was doing it in a crouch, with his feet to either side of his victim's trapped legs. In that position he could thrust into her with more force than he could kneeling... Hurt her more... Rape her more cruelly...

Deborah felt the thing inside her explode. A real torrent of sperm filled her completely, a torrent of hot sperm that had the same effect on her as an enema.

Raper fell on her with all his weight. Over three hundred pounds of black flesh, of obese old flesh crushed her to the point of asphyxiation.

Before losing consciousness and in her last lucid moment of the trauma she was living through, Deborah began to cry. She had just been kidnapped, tied up naked, assaulted and finally raped in the most atrocious manner by an obese old black man in who knows what forgotten corner of the Universe.

She was still naked and squashed under the weight of that exaggerated mountain of flesh.

She still had his gigantic, filthy, repugnant and black penis up her bottom.

She was still full of his disgusting semen that didn't stop pouring out of stinking testicles until it had caused her extreme incontinence.

She was most definitely at his mercy.

This final assertion and the terrible depression that it provoked, were the last in a series of bitter feelings that Deborah Keller, the envied and desirable finalist of «Female Trophy 10», felt on that awful day when she was captured and raped for the first time.

Then came darkness...

*

In the darkest cavern excavated from the rock, in the most secret and hidden place in the Galaxy, a beautiful woman, a lovely woman, was still suffering the most abject torture, surrendering her will to the lusts of the sadist who had made her his own.

Cunty, Captain Douglas Hate's slave, was still naked and still tied as she had been when she was raped with the thick dildo. She still had only the back of her head and her shoulders resting on the foetid ground in her dungeon. She still had her legs stuck, hanging indecently from the ceiling. She was still open and exposed...

Before leaving, Hate had put the hemp panties on her. He made them as tight and deeply sunk into her sex as he could. That way she would remember everything that had happened. A slave-girl should always be thinking about whom she belongs to. At all times. She shouldn't be thinking about anything else. Nothing should distract her from the man she submits to, nothing...

The jailer came to feed her hours later, but he didn't let her down. Cunty begged him with her eyes but she just found a cruel and cynical smile.

Later still, in the dark, her body gave up the fight... and her hot urine bubbled out of her sex that was opened by the hemp rope and slid down over her skin, over her breasts, over her neck and over her face.

Cunty cried with fury, with self-pity, with desperation, with hatred for Hate and that damned planet with its society that allowed such horrendous things to happen.

The time passed unbearably slowly in that impenetrable darkness.

She couldn't feel her legs, the back of her head was hurting more than could be humanly resisted, her sex felt like it was on fire after the long tortures she had suffered at Hate's hands and her breasts felt like they were red-raw. The sadist had beaten her cruelly as a way of saying goodbye when he left, after he had put the hemp panties on her... He had beaten her nipples!

The hours continued to pass slowly by... In the end, the silence, the darkness and her exhaustion overcame her unease and pain and she fell half-asleep, bent double and tormented by ropes as she was.

A pair of buckets of ice-cold water woke her up.

It was the jailer.

The bite of the salty water in the wounds on her breasts brought tears of pain to her eyes.

The jailer knelt at her side and began to scrub her with a scourer. The pain in her breasts and nipples became unbearable... but she didn't beg nor cry out. That kind of sadistic monkey didn't deserve to bear witness to her misery.

Why was she being tortured so brutally?

After many more interminable hours alone with her pain and desperation, Hate turned up. That damned Douglas Hate.

Dana twisted toward the half-open door; the dim light that came from the corridor blinded her.

He was naked, as he usually was when he visited her... And he was erect! He was brandishing a whip, the cat o' nine tails with the thick leather handle.

'Do you feel like a chat tonight, my slave-girl?' he asked cynically.

His slave! Fucking bastard! Shouted Dana silently.

Hate knelt where she could see him, his erect penis rubbed against her right foot and she couldn't hold back a shudder of disgust. The man's flesh was burning hot, it was hard and it repulsed her.

She felt one hand grabbing the cord that was lacerating her sex, the other went to her right breast and squeezed the warm flesh where it was squeezed out between the cords.

'Say: I'm Cunty Sir, I'm your slave-girl that obeys you blindly... And do it with the proper respect!'

Dana Hilbert bit her lips. She would never say anything like that.

She felt the hand moving down the cord, slowly, until it stopped just over her anus... He moved it away.

One finger caressed her. She closed her eyes... She couldn't bear it.

Hate stood up and showed her the syringe. It was made of rusty iron and it was as thick as the clenched fist of a child.

'Have you ever been bummed, slave?'

For the first time since she had been taken prisoner, Cunty answered a question, although only by shaking her head. She was scared, very scared.

'Do you know what it has in it?' Asked Hate all the while showing her the syringe. 'I'll tell you, slave: It's oil extracted from a very exotic olive that's grown on this fucking planet. It's highly irritant and very viscous... Once inside your mucous linings could take days to get rid of it. Can you imagine? Alone in the dark tied up like an animal. And with your bottom and innards in agony!'

'Please... no...!' Whispered Cunty almost inaudibly.

Hate smiled. Those words were his first victory...

Cunty bit her lips again. She still felt lost... She had been in that hole for three days, naked and twisted like a rag doll, but she still hadn't realised the magnitude of what was happening, of the dark desires she awakened in Hate and in those like him, and of how far human evil was prepared to go.

Hate moved the tip of the outsized syringe until it touched 'his' slave's anus.

Cunty jumped like a woman possessed. And that was just from its contact with her skin and the feel of the condensation on the

syringe!

'Is it cold? I'll warm it up a little...' Said Hate cynically.

Cunty, scared out of her wits, watched as the man placed the syringe in flames of the torch that illuminated the dungeon.

'There, it's nice and warm now... You'll remember how nice it was for each and every moment of your life... Especially when you go for a shit... Or when I decide to bum you...'

Cunty rolled her eyes. She wanted to vomit.

Hate went on heating the syringe... Yes... that whore's daughter was going to learn a lesson.

Cunty felt she was really going to die, that her heart couldn't take so much horror.

'AAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

'AAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

'AAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

The slave's screams accompanied every drop of hot irritant oil that went into her intestines.

It was awful.

Hate pushed the plunger slowly, prolonging the torture, trying to hurt her, to cause the maximum amount of pain to the naked, bound and defeated woman. He loved her flesh, her shape and he loved to torture her... Douglas Hate was almost delirious with sex violence and revenge.

A whole litre of oil heated to more than sixty degrees centigrade, viscous and brutally irritant filled the slave's innards. It was the first

anal penetration in her life and she surely was going to remember it. If she survived!

Hate withdrew the syringe with satisfaction. He stopped to watch the distended anus snap shut and return to its normal smaller size.

A little dribble of oil was escaping from the tight arse hole and sliding forward, towards the slave's sex and her abdomen...

Hate stroked her belly.

'How long since you did a shit, slave?'

Cunty burst into tears.

Wasn't it enough to torture her?

This was the final humiliation that she couldn't bear. This swine would break her in the end and Dana knew it.

No she couldn't take the terrible pressure in her belly. Anyway that swine would wait all of his life if necessary.

Hate went on stroking her swollen belly and her sex, taking care to avoid the drops of escaped oil, naturally...

Dana couldn't stand the pain and irritation a moment longer, neither could she stand the terrible pressure...

With a pathetic scream, Cunty, ex Commander Hilbert, the young intelligent woman who had reached so far in life at such a young age, gave up trying to resist that torture any longer. Anything was better than to go on resisting.

Hate moved his hands away.

What a spectacle it was...

The most beautiful woman he had seen until then, the woman he desired most and for the longest time, humiliated herself like a bitch before his eyes.

A spout of corrosive oil dyed brown by the contents of her intestines bathed her completely. Her sex, her abdomen, her breasts, her armpits, her bottom and everything...

Her body burned like it was on fire inside and out...

By the time her tears cleared enough for her to see again, by the time her extreme pain allowed her to realise what was going on around her, Cunty gave out a heart wrenching scream...

'NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!'

In front of her popping out eyes, Hate showed her the syringe again, full!

'Are you going to confess to being my slave, you bloody bitch?'

*

Raper had decided to amuse himself with his newly captured prize and that's what he was doing.

Deborah Keller still had her wrists fixed between her shoulders and she was still naked. But those were the only similarities with her first meeting with the one who had kidnapped her.

Deborah Keller was kneeling on a board on the floor. Her legs were wide open and her thighs tied to the ends of a pole. A very tense rope fixed to the rails in the ceiling held her exactly like that, on her knees...

But most of all, Deborah Keller was living a hell that was infinitely worse than the one before.

Unsatisfied with the terrible pain in her arms and shoulders, with her outraged and torn anus, with her new and forced position and with the terrible despair that had taken his victim over, Raper had placed a rectangular ruler under her knees.

Yes, Raper was torturing her cruelly and absolutely without cause.

'To make you the most beautiful' he said. 'Like a real Barbaria slave'.

First he had shown her one of the «adornments». Deborah, whose eyes were running with tears, could barely make it out much less work out what it was for.

Raper explained in detail.

The adornment was a little stiffened wire cage, that by using two piercings, one at the base of the nipple and the other at the tip, gave the flesh shape by pulling it and keeping the sensitive little tip of the breast constantly erect.

'An adorned slave' he added. 'Is a slave that is always conscious of her tits and their importance for exciting and pleasing the male.'

Deborah couldn't conceive of such stupidity, but the situation she was in didn't encourage her to argue about it.

Raper wound elastic tape around the base of her breasts. Her flesh was squeezed tightly tensing her skin and making her breasts into two balloons that looked they were about to burst. Raper tied the ends of the elastic off to the pipe-work on the wall in front. Deborah was left with her torso on offer, bent forward. To accentuate her immobility, Raper tied a pair of tapes to the tops of her thighs and then to the floor.

The girl's body was bent into a delicious «S» shape, held in that uncomfortable position mainly by the base of her breasts...

Raper showed her the riveting pliers. They were used for fixing rivets into the hard titanium shell of the ship...

He slowly demonstrated how they worked on a belt...

Deborah's eyes were popping out with dread...

The snapping sound at the end was horrendous. The main part of the punch disappeared into the hollow side and a perfect slice of leather came out of the hole.

'Half a millimetre across... No one will notice' said Raper with a malicious smile.

Deborah Keller begged for the first time...

'Please don't do it... I'll do whatever you say but please don't mutilate me.'

Raper looked into her eyes. She was lovely with her face filled with dread.

'It's just two little holes. You'll soon get used to them, you'll see, you'll even be proud of them. All the slaves wear them to parties or when they dance naked in their owner's quarters.'

Deborah paled.

'I'm not a slave. I'm a citizen of the Federation and I have rights.'

Raper smiled again, with the riveter in his hand.

'If it makes you happy' he said simply.

He grabbed her nipple between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand and pulled it out firmly... He opened the pliers and closed them carefully on its base.

Deborah was trembling, but not her bound breasts nor her trapped nipple.

'I'm going to pierce your nipples, Federation citizen. And I'm piercing them because I feel like it...'

'YOOOWWWWWWWWWAAAAARGGGGHHHH...!!!'

The scream was terrible and the pain was brutal. So much so that the girl passed out.

Still smiling, Raper opened the pliers; he took out the little piece of flesh and popped it into his mouth. Then he put a toothpick in the hole and went to get a



I'm going to pierce your nipples, Federation citizen
bucket of cold water.

*

In a remote hole that had been excavated dozens of meters under the ground, the filthy, humiliated, destroyed, defeated Cunty, ex Commander Hilbert, now just a sex-slave, was undergoing a humiliating interrogation at the hands of Captain Douglas Hate, her owner.

'Answer! What does a bitch like you desire most?'

The Captain was sitting down to interrogate her. Cunty, the slave-girl, was kneeling with her back to the wall in front of him; she was naked and her arms and legs were bound as they had been the first day but without the rope to the ceiling. Hate looked at her complacently, she was beautiful, tremendously provocative in the torchlight, irresistibly stuck to the wall, struggling to press her knees together and trying to do the impossible: escape from his ardent gaze.

'Your... your... cock... Sir...!' Slave Cunty replied choking with tears, embarrassed, ashamed and humiliated to hear her own words. Cunty was crying while her bottom and her intestines, impregnated with the diabolical irritant oil, were burning up.

'And what does a bitch like you do to get her Lord and Master's cock?'

'She... wags... her... tail... Sir...'

'What else?'

'And kisses... her... Master's... feet... Sir...'

'And where else?'

'And... his...' this time the sobs interrupted her more. 'And... his... bottom...' she finished with a moving wail.

'Good, slave. Come to your Master...'

Cunty looked at him not knowing what to do...

'On your knees, stupid! Like a fucking bitch!'

Cunty had some trouble obeying, shuffling first one knee a fraction then the other one. As well as having her limbs bound, her body was destroyed by spending three days hanging upside down and twisted into an oval.

'Crawl! Drag those slutty tits along the floor! Slaves are rubbish, trash in front of their Lords and Masters and they crawl!'

Cunty bent her waist and moved forward in the difficult posture, scraping the floor with her tender flesh that was trapped between the cords, dragging the fine skin of one side of her face in the dust. She moved forward in the only way she could, with her legs spread wide open, slowly, and openly crying.

'Get started!' Ordered Hate when she arrived between his legs. Hate was still naked, still erect, still despotic, and still sadistic.

With her body pressed to the floor and her head twisted to one side, Cunty shook her hips.

'That's very bad... said Hate. Awful! Turn around, slave!'

Cunty obeyed with some difficulty. Until she was left offering her most intimate treasures to Hate's sadistic gaze.

Hate knew what to say and do... He had planned it the night before while he was raping young Bitchling.

'Does your little bitch's bottom hurt you, slave?'

'A... lot... Sir...' whispered Cunty. He had only had to tell her once and since that moment she had called the sadist who was once her subordinate and who had made her into his slave... «Sir».

'But what's this I see? Where is your tail, bitch? Did it get cut off?'

Cunty bit her lips furiously, being careful to hide her feelings at all times.

Hate put his arm around her hips and without a word he sank the handle of the cat o' nine tails into her, pushing it all the way in until it would go no further.

'YEEEEEOOOOOOAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGHHHHH!!!'

Hate let her go and Cunty fell to the floor on her side, she lay there with her trapped legs shaking as if she had got an electric shock...

'On your knees, slave!' Shout Hate authoritatively.

Cunty couldn't obey, or even hear. She was conscious only of her pain wracked body. Her body that had just gone through the worst hours of her life twisted and bound in absolute darkness. Her body that was impregnated inside and out with a thick, irritant oil. And now...

'On your knees, slave!' Shouted Hate at the top of his voice.

She heard him this time and, as best as she could, finding the strength from where no strength was left, she obeyed under her owner's burning gaze.

'Very good, slave...' said Hate speaking to her as he would to a pet. 'Now you do look like a bitch, A little bitch with a tail. But no...'

he added as he stroked her hair, 'you're still not all bitch. But don't worry I'll help you. I'll make you into a lovely and obedient doggy... You'll see.'

It was pathetic, Cunty was shaking her hips like an automaton, stunned by the pain and the wildness of his words. She had her breasts pressed against the floor, her magnificent rump up high and crowned with the cat o' nine tails that poked out between her buttocks...

The slave-girl made a totally exciting image to the sadist who was dominating her.

Hate pressed his hand to his sex. He felt like the happiest man on Barbaria and probably in the whole Galaxy. That woman prostrated like a dog with her bottom so obscenely penetrated was the culmination of a fantasy that had been latent in his deepest subconscious until then.

Yes, Hate felt like a new man. A new cruel despotic man who had emerged from the other eunuch, the eunuch who had been under the strict moral codes of the Federation and at the beck and call of the female officers that dominated public life on the decrepit planet Earth.

That was all over. Now he was an outlaw, a space pirate and the woman who had fucked him up for a year with no cause was now his slave-girl... And by all the stars in the Galaxy she was going to pay very dearly for her haughtiness and resentment of him and all of the male crew of ANDROS V!

There underground, exhausted, humiliated and impaled in her anus by the handle of a whip, a naked slave-girl with her arms and legs trapped and twisted by tight cords, was humiliating herself in front of the man who had promised to make her into his doggy...

It was just the beginning of the terrible fate that was waiting for her.

*

Millions of miles from Barbaria, a stolen space ship was fleeing towards the planet. Passengers and crew slept in hibernation inside her. Just four travellers were awake: two black men and two women, one white one black.

One of the men was called Beast and he was a brainless giant, very violent and very dangerous but who blindly obeyed Raper, the other black man who was also gigantic and dangerous but definitely not an idiot.

Beast was playing with what was left of the splendid woman of his own race Carolyn Martin. Carolyn was still alive but she was a shadow of her former self. She was naked and her skin was stained with blood, her own blood. Her arms were broken and twisted up her back, both of her nipples had been ripped off as well as her clitoris, her anus was torn and burnt and both of her legs were broken as well as her ankles.

'So you don't escape' Beast had said to her with his idiotic voice while he was breaking her bones with a hammer.

Now he was still raping her mouth. He had punched all of her teeth out, using a screwdriver to pry her molars out.

Carolyn Martin was about to die of asphyxiation, but Beast kept driving his member down her throat as far as he could.

Why was he going to stop when he was having fun?

Not too far away, the other black man, known as Raper, was delighting in subtler pleasures. He had a young woman in front of

him, she was a lovely twenty-year-old whose beauty was known and desired all over the Galaxy.

Raper was torturing her viciously but without putting her life in danger.

He had her kneeling naked on a square ruler. She was tied up to suit his convenience; held by her breasts and immobilised. She was now on the point of collapsing from nervous exhaustion.

The puddles on the floor bore silent witness to the dozen buckets of cold water he had used to bring her around so often.

Deborah Keller had her left nipple squashed inside a strange wire cage, held by two bolsters, one at the tip and one at the base, that went through and tortured her flesh.

Deborah Keller's breasts were covered with needles sticking into them.

Deborah Keller was pleading, crying, whimpering, and praying... In her desperation she had even called her mother, who they had taken her away from at birth and who she was making this journey to meet.

Raper smiled, he kissed her, and he bit her lips and her ear. He even knelt down and licked her anus at one point. That female drove him crazy, especially when he was torturing her.

He showed her the second cage and the pliers...

'You already know how much it hurts. You're lucky you only have two... A pussycat like you should really have three pairs. Can you imagine that?' he joked.

'Please... enough... I can't take any more...'

Deborah's exhausted voice could barely be heard. It made no difference. Raper wasn't about to listen to her, he was immersed in his delirium of pure sadism and violence and he wasn't going to stop for anything...

*

Under the sands of Barbaria, in a dark dungeon hewn from the rock, Cunty was learning to be the kind of slave that he who had imprisoned her in that dank gloomy place wanted her to be.

'Like that, very wet... more saliva, slave... They must be moist at all times... Like that... yes...'

Slave Cunty was trying to stop the saliva from drying on the skin of her Lord and Master, the sadist, the swine, the fucking bastard Douglas Hate.

Cunty was trying to make enough saliva, to lick with enough enthusiasm, to drag her tongue as firmly as demanded... On the feet of that individual that she hated so much!

She had been doing it for what seemed like an eternity. Her neck and her tongue were aching... She was crying ceaselessly... she cursed silently.

Her knees were in agony, her stomach muscles begged her to stop, they couldn't go on any longer bent forwards in that kneeling posture, with her head a few inches above the floor, with her lips stuck to those filthy infectious black feet.

Hate, sited naked, was crossing first one leg and then the other, offering his raised foot to his slave's submissive care. He was overcome with lust as he watched her perform.

But it wasn't enough just to see such a provocative female body submitted so cruelly to the tremendous lust that surged through his

body.

Yes... today he would fuck her properly. Today he would empty his balls in the bloody slut's cunt. It would be total possession...

But first...

'Kneel up, slave, before your owner...'

Cunty obeyed with relief... She couldn't take any more.

Hate looked at her kneeling between his legs. The most perfect and provocative breasts he had ever seen peeked out from between the ropes.

He took a thin cord, like a bootlace and tied it around Cunty's head, he tied it at the back of her head after first placing it between her teeth. Cunty was left with her cheeks deformed and the corners of her mouth splitting...

'Stick out your tongue, slave...'

It was difficult but she managed to push it under the lace.

Hate was conceited by the pathetic sight of his slave...

'Look me in the eyes, slave and if you value your life at all, don't lower your gaze or put your tongue in.

Then after several long minutes of Cunty silently crying, Hate grabbed his penis in his hand and showed it to the captive.

'Lick it, just the foreskin.'

Cunty whose tongue was trapped between the lace and her teeth, obeyed in the only way she could, by moving her head...

Hate stretched and rested his hands at the back of his head, he was filled with an inconceivable feeling of power.

That forced contact was the culmination of all of his sadistic sex fantasies. A beautiful naked woman, defeated and humiliated, broken and bound in front of his genitals giving against her will the caresses that turned her stomach with disgust.

Hate grabbed Cunty by her hair and guided her face further down, ensuring that the trapped tongue covered every fraction of his burning member. The large amount of saliva that was running out of her mouth, mixed with the large amount of tears she had shed made the touch into something extremely pleasant and enjoyable.

Hate lowered his slave's head even more. He loved to dominate her like this, by her hair. Now his loaded testicles were receiving homage from the woman he hated most and desired most in the world.

He amused himself like that for a long time. His erection ached terribly... His whole body was pleading a liberation that was taking too long to arrive. But Hate was too wrapped up in manipulating his slave's face, in twisting her hair, in passing her captive tongue over every pore in his skin...

He lifted his hips forward. Cunty could smell the penetrating odour of filthy unclean buttocks...

No... it couldn't be.

But Hate grabbed her with even more fury by the hair; he pushed her head down a little further, dragging her tongue to the base of his testicles and on to the most ignoble of places...

The touch of her tongue made the man grunt with pleasure. He had never believed that a woman would give him such caresses, but

then he had never even imagined in his wildest fantasies that he would, one day, have his own sex-slave.

He tried to turn the caress into a penetration, squeezing the slave's face firmly between his buttocks. He even ordered Cunty to open his bottom with the tip of her tongue. But how could she with her tongue trapped?

Hate moved his hips while keeping the woman's face pressed against him. He moaned, he grunted with pleasure, he twisted his slave's hair and he squeezed and squeezed... He found infinite pleasure in the touch, in the terrible humiliation for the slave and in the suffocation that it gave her. He was in heaven; he watched, heard and felt the woman's desperate efforts to get a snuff of fresh air.

Efforts that were urged on by the terrible penetrating odour that was invading her conscience.

Cunty wanted to die there and then. She couldn't stand the disgust, the shame and the humiliation of being forced and used in such a vilely cruel way.

In an attack of extreme lust, Hate threw himself at her without releasing her hair, he fell on her crushing her under his body. With feverish desire he pulled away the cord that was opening her mouth and with a ferocious cry, he penetrated her and kissed her deeply on her mouth at the same time.

Cunty closed her eyes and wished herself dead once more. She had never allowed a man to penetrate her. She got sick just thinking about it, not even if it had been a loving act. This wasn't just physical aggression against her body. It was an attack on her personality, an insult to her femininity, and affront to her pride, the worst possible humiliation and the most abject and intimate degradation.

'Now you'll see, bitch' grunted Hate as he turned her over, eaten with the desire to finish with her second virginity...

But luckily for him he remembered about the irritant oil at the last moment.

'Fucking whore!' he shouted as he turned her back over.

This time the brutal violation wasn't accompanied with a kiss, but rather a rain of slaps, insults, abuses, and bites. He licked her face, her neck and her breasts. Slave Cunty was penetrated with unrestrained brutality again. Possessed with total abandon as he sought to hurt her and to degrade her.

On top of her, a man with a repressed sadistic nature and cruel instincts was giving free rein to the frustrations he built up over decades. Under him, a frigid, authoritative, aloof lesbian, who was also terribly attractive and sensual, was suffering an atrocious punishment. She was being punished for being just that: beautiful, attractive, sensual and most of all for having fallen into the hands of a criminal who was drunk with power and sex.

*

Raper came down to see her after dinner.

Deborah was still where he had left her, in the brig, naked but for what he had made her wear: a corset fit for a prostitute, black fish-net stockings and black suede high heeled slippers.

Deborah was the image of defeat, of human misery.

Raper watched her through the bars for a few moments...

She seemed to be asleep or unconscious. So what? She was sitting on a stool, a very special stool to the seat of which Raper had nailed a replica of his sex...

Deborah was sleeping impaled by her rectum, with another dildo in her vagina



Cunty wanted to die there and then. and her nipples pierced and adorned.

A cord that came from the ceiling was holding her upright by her shoulders and stopping her from falling back, and two others held her knees well apart and stopped her from falling forward or to the sides.

It was inhumanly cruel.

It was a sadist's idea.

The raised position of her legs forced her to rest the entire weight of her body on the monstrous gadget that was penetrating her intestine.

It was horrible at first, but later tiredness and exhaustion got the better of her.

Now the naked Raper was stroking his member and about to have some more fun with her...

But first he had to wake her up.

Raper opened the door, a bucket of icy water in his hand...

*

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK...!!
'OWWWWWWEEEEAAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!'

The crack of the cane marking flesh could be heard all over the gloomy passageways under the hill that Sodom and its castle stood upon. They are the song of hell...

Captive women hunted in the South, young naked women who wait naked and chained at the hour of their sale as slaves, shiver at the sound of the dreadful screams and the implacable torture.

The jailer, the fat, naked and greasy turnkey who is in charge of making sure that all these wretches stay alive, is masturbating with pleasure at the victim's hopeless screams and the chuckles of the one who is torturing her.

*The screams come from the depths
of the caverns, miles of intricate
passageways away. From where
the water that filters through the rocks mixes with excrement and
lumps of putrefied meat to form stinking puddles. From where the
light of day has never penetrated and where time has stood still for
Millennia.*

In this forgotten place, in this hell, Douglas Hate, Captain of ANDROS V, has decided to lock away, train and torture a twenty-eight-year-old earth-woman. A woman who was very powerful in spite of her youth, an intelligent young woman, educated, beautiful. But frigid and with lesbian inclinations. A woman that Hate hated and desired madly at the same time.

This is the moment of savage revenge, of unimaginable sadism.

There underground, on a remote planet ruled by savagery, the two of them are alone, the victim and her torturer...

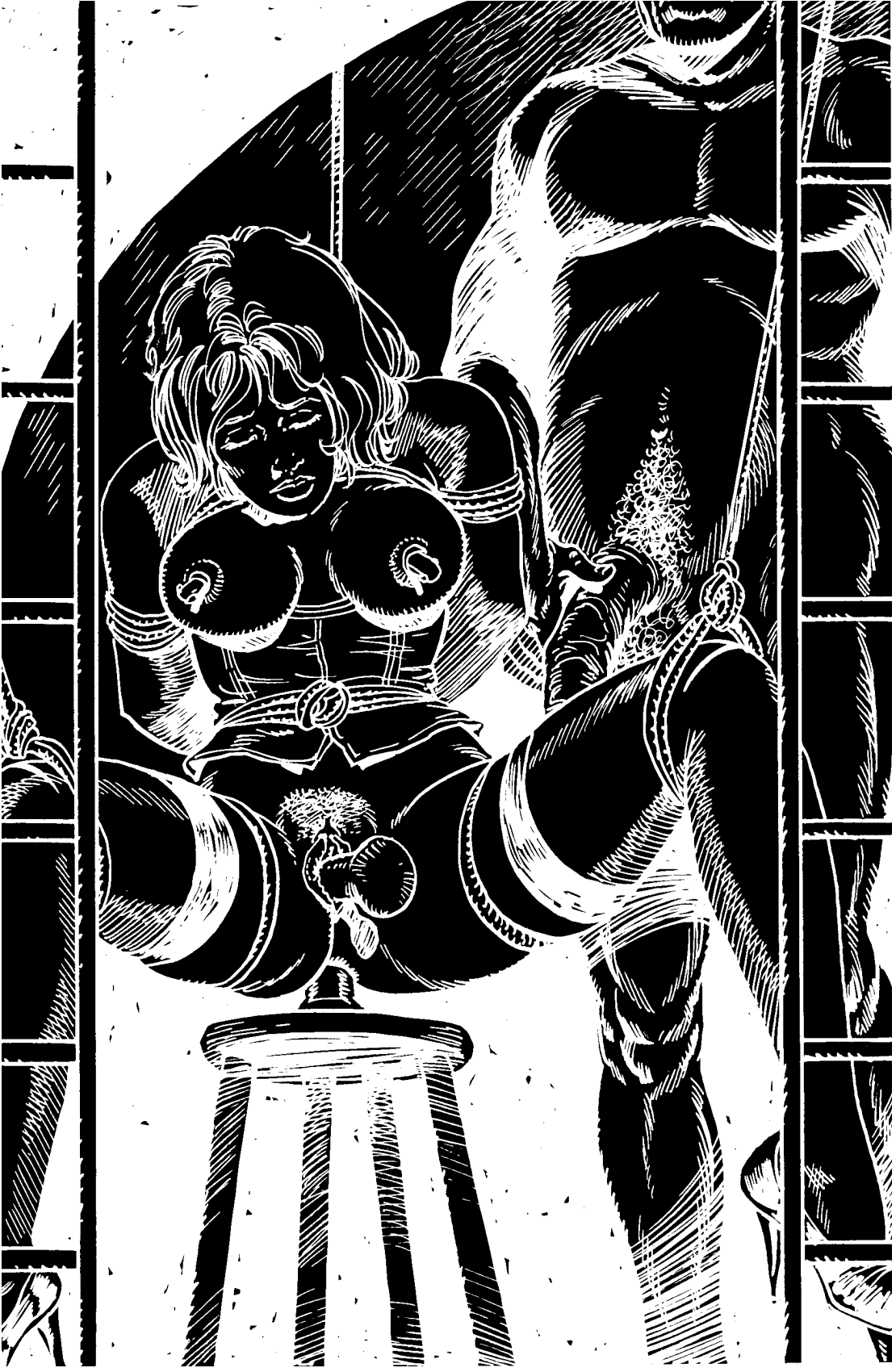
Who's going to care?

Who'll learn of these facts?

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK...!!

'OWWWWWEEEEEEAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!'

'You whore, you fucking whore!'



Now the naked Raper was stroking his member

and about to have some more fun with her...

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK...!!

'OWWWWWEEEEEEAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!'

Never was a woman more defenceless or more provocatively exposed to the bite of the whip...

Cunty is bent over at the waist, she has a stake passed through her elbows behind her back and her wrists tied to her waist. She's hanging by her waist from a hook that is fixed in the ceiling and her breasts are squashed against a wooden board. But most of all, Cunty has her legs stretched with the tips of her toes barely touching the floor and with her buttocks as tense as drums... And she has a vibrator stuck in her bottom!

A vibrator that loosens her entrails and adds to her agony.

Hate looks at her from behind with his eyes wide. He's naked, erect and beside himself. And most importantly, he has a large cane in his right hand.

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK...!!

'OWWWWWEEEEEEAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!'

Once more the implacable crack of the cane digging into her flesh, once again her spin-chilling scream echoing her suffering along the dark galleries...

A few seconds...

The pain spreads relentlessly in her flesh, torturing her pitilessly with its bite, awakening each and every one of her nerve endings...

Cunty clenches her teeth. It's time for another lash, for another horror, another step closer to an agonising death.

Hate stops this time. His arm is tired and his hand covered with blisters. It hurts, but naturally nowhere near as much as his victim hurts.

He looks at the curved buttocks, opened, offered; the tiny feet on tiptoes, the welt marked thighs, and the tensed calves, also welted, with cramps running up and down them.

That's where he aims this time...

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK...!!

The legs kick wildly at the bonds.

'OWWWWWAAAAAAAAAARRRR'

But the scream is cut short because the wretched woman loses consciousness and escapes from the hell. Hate is annoyed and he throws a bucket of cold water over the captive. Then another and another...

Cunty comes around to the horror; her body is shivering and shaking...

Why this pitiless torture? Why is he beating her? Isn't he satisfied with submitting her to his whims, with raping her?

Hate explained it to her with his voice tainted with rage and hatred and with lust...

'There's a party tomorrow. A goodbye party... With the rest of the boys! Until then we're going to have fun alone us two... Us two

together. I'm going to beat you until I have lifted every inch of skin off your back and off that arse of yours that keeps me awake at night... And off your legs, you bitch, the legs that hold you up. Piece by piece, inch by inch... I want to see you jump, move your calves, the same calves, you whore that peeped out from under your commander's skirt on the bridge... You're going to scream until it makes me deaf... I'll come just from the pleasure of hearing you beg... And do you know



You're going to scream until it makes me deaf... why?
*Because I hate you, because you're a fucking slut who turns me on,
because your aroma excites me, because the feel of your flesh
drives me crazy... And because humiliating you and watching you
suffer gives me more pleasure than anything does...'*

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK...!!

'OWWWWWEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!'

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK...!!

'OWWWWWEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!'

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK...!!

'OWWWWWEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!'

*

Now in orbit around the planet, Raper and Beast were preparing for the descent to the planet.

A little while earlier they had contacted Aguirre on the radio and received their instructions. They would leave the crew and the valuable passengers in hibernation on the ship. Beast would remain on guard while Raper landed in the only landing module and he would bring Debbie Sullivan with him.

Aguirre didn't want to take any unnecessary risks but he was impatient to 'meet' the winner of «Female Trophy 10», his favourite...

Raper would give her to him safe and sound.

Later he would send Hate and his men for the rest of the booty. They were soldiers, they understood how the ship worked and he could rely on them not to mess it up.

At twelve o' clock galactic time, everything was ready. Raper awoke the disconcerted Debbie Sullivan himself, he explained the situation to her, and he scared her to death and then chained her up. He was in a hurry and he didn't have time to «entertain» himself any more.

Then, and in contradiction to Aguirre's orders, he went for Deborah in her cell.

The girl was napping, half-kneeling, and half-sitting on the floor. Her chains allowed her no more.

Her wrists were bound up high and chained to the bars of the cell and her nipples were still pierced through.

Raper put on her the collar he had brought specially from Barbaria for that special occasion.

'We're going out. You, your little friend Debbie and me' he said while he tightened the buckle enough to almost strangle her.

Deborah lifted her gaze, waking up to terror again. The swine's monstrous penis was right in front of her eyes.

She knew what to do.

Raper had taught her with every detail the day before, when he had taken her off the chair.

Deborah opened her mouth, moistened her lips and pressed herself to the enormous black flaccidity.

'Very good... You learn quick, bitch. Yes like that... up and down... harder... yes... your tongue too...'

Raper controlled her from above, on foot, with his eyes wide open and lust filled.

A show... The beautiful face with its smooth, white skin, the delicate, Nordic features, the blonde hair, the clear blue eyes and in the middle of all that, his immense, old coal black cock topped with its red, mammoth vein encrusted tip covered in sores.

'Suck...'

Deborah swallowed saliva and with it a quantity of the filth that clung to every part of that sick member. She opened her mouth as wide as she could, until her jaws were cracking, but it wasn't enough.

It wasn't easy for her and Raper almost ripped her teeth out with his member...

But the worst was yet to come. She knew that because the previous night she had almost choked to death.

Raper grabbed her hair...

Deborah grabbed the chains...

The hip-thrust was brutal.

Deborah wanted to close her jaws but she couldn't. Now they were dislocated.

Raper violated the face he wanted so much with unrestrained fury and he never pulled out of her throat for even one moment.

Every now and then he pulled back a tiny bit to let the air reach Deborah's lungs.

And immediately drove back in with a tremendous impetus.

In...

Out...

In...

Out...

The rubbing, the whimpers, the chains, the girl's choking... All magnificent...

The sound of the chains became more persistent and so did the girl's quiet sobbing that sounded like a spoilt child's crying.

Raper hesitated for a few moments... Where this time?

In the end he pulled at the last moment. An inexhaustible flood of sperm drenched Deborah Keller's hair and face. Deborah Keller, the envied and desirable finalist of «Female Trophy 10» who was now in the power of the most sadistic slave traders in the outer planets.

*

Hate called a meeting with his men in large hall in the castle. They were uneasy. They had heard nothing from their commanders, Captain Douglas Hate and Commander Dana Hilbert for days. Another reason for their unease was the fact



You learn quick, bitch. Yes like that... up and down...

harder... yes... your tongue too...

that since arriving on Barbaria, they hadn't carried out even one of the mission's objectives. Something that was doubtless very unusual under the command of strict Commander Hilbert.

Another cause of alarm were Aguirre's armed guards, who were guarding the door of the hall...

'We are a long way from home. We are at least a year from the nearest FGS planet and with luck, the most fortunate of us wouldn't return to Earth in less than five years...' Started Captain Douglas Hate.

The crew listened impatiently, with interest, nodding their head. They all knew the situation but the fact the Captain was reminding them, upset them more than expected.

'...And what's waiting for us when we get back? What'll be left of our families, what of our jobs? Will we have to embark again on another mission?'

Hate waited for his reflections to sink in. then he went on...

'Instead of that, can you imagine an easy life, respected by every one, with more money than you can spend and with a pile of women at your feet?'

Hate made a sign to the guard. Immediately two blonde-haired, blue-eyed slaves with tanned skins and lovely faces came in. Two naked girls adorned with little bells and carrying trays full of bottles of wine and goblets. They were typical specimens of the kind of females caught in the south.

The presence of the slaves had the desired affect on the men of ANDROS V.

'You can buy women like these... or better. Isn't it fantastic?'
Preached Hate.

'What's this all about, Captain? Spit it out for once and for all, what do we have to do?' Asked one of the crew grabbing a girl by her ankle.

'It's very simple. Aguirre is offering us all this and more... All we ask for, in exchange for putting a ship at his disposition and crewing it.'

'And what the fuck does he want with a ship?' asked another crewman.

'What difference does it make? According to him and I'm not sure he's telling the whole truth, he wants us to transport Baritite and slave-girls to other planets... slave-girls like these. And also to sack ships and take the booty and make the occupants into slaves... Or slave-girls!'

The men went quiet again. All eyes were fixed on the two naked bodies of the serving wenches.

'But... and the rest of the crew? They have no idea' Asked one producing a general muttering.

Then the comments and objections started at once...

'And Commander Hilbert? What does the Commander think?' asked another.

Hate smiled. Things were going exactly as he had planned. He clapped his hands twice.

Everyone went quiet again. They were excited...

At one end of the place appeared a real apparition, a real erotic dream for any man and more so to the repressed eyes of the crew of ANDROS V.

Nobody recognised her. Only Captain Hate knew who it was.

Commander Hilbert was wearing an ultra-short leather dress that was open to the waist in front and behind, dark stockings that reached to mid-thigh, and, on her feet, she wore shiny leather shoes with infinitely high heels. A blindfold made from the same material as her dress covered her eyes. And to the amazement of her fellow expedition members, a rubber ball that dislocated her jaws obscenely gagged her.

Fine leather straps tied Commander Hilbert's wrists and elbows tightly together behind her back, her ankles had leather rings around them and a shiny chain was hanging from a collar that was choking her; a high and thick collar that barely allowed her to move her head.

Commander Dana Hilbert, now the slave Cunt, moved on wobbling on the uncomfortable slippers, she was blind and she was leaning forward to ease the terrible pain in her arms. It was almost impossible for her to keep her balance.

Hate smiled. He was master of the situation. He had been for days.

Captain Douglas Hate grabbed her by the chain and her hair and showed her to his men, her back to them. He lowered his hand until the prisoner's head was at the height of his waist and her welt-marked buttocks were left tensed and exposed to view through the cutaway dress.

'Do you know whose this arse is?' He asked shaking the woman's head.

'I'll tell you' he went on. 'It's a slave's arse. On this planet no white woman is free. That's the way it is and nobody is going to change it, so I think it makes sense to make the most of it... What do you think?'

The men nodded enthusiastically.

'In the deal with Aguirre, there's a clause that says we have to give him all the white whores of ANDROS V so he can make them into slaves. And for every one of them, we will receive five beauties like these' he said pointing at the two blonde slave-girls. 'They are not so well educated but I don't think you'll mind... They have cunts, tits, arses, tongues and they know everything a woman needs to know and that's enough. They know how to fuck and suck cock, they know they have to be always ready to give themselves and they know how to treat a man with the humility and respect that he deserves, that we deserve.'

The men nodded again, this time with more enthusiasm...

'Yes' dared one of them, 'but there's still the matter of Commander Hilbert. I don't think she'll support a deal like that with Aguirre.'

'What do you think of this bitch?' asked Hate instead of replying.

Unintelligible muttering gave way to the most obscene comments.

'What would you do with a bitch like this?' Insisted Hate.

All sorts of suggestions were made...

'I would fuck her until she bursts.'

Chuckles...

'I would burst her asshole.'

'I would bust her teeth with my cock.'

'I would sink my fist in her cunt.'



What do you think of this bitch?

'I would rip her nipples off with my teeth.'

One man stood up, then another...

Cunty was in the middle, surrounded by men who were crazy from prolonged abstinence and overcome with lust.

One undid his trousers...

Then another...

And another...

Dana Hilbert, now the slave Cunty, was left surrounded by naked males full of driving lust.

Hate gave the end of the chain to one of his men, the one who was on his right.

'She's yours' he said simply.

Hate ordered the blonde slave-girls to serve him a glass of wine and he sat on a comfy sofa, ready to watch the show from a front row seat.

The men jumped on slave Cunty like wild animals. They began by pushing her from one end of the group to the other, groping her, abusing her, even hitting her... Without letting her escape from their circle of abuse.

Cunty bounced from side to side, blind, gagged and bound. She clenched her teeth with rage on the rubber that was cracking her jaws, she screamed uselessly ordering them to stop, telling them

that she was their superior. That they faced a court martial and execution for mutiny. That they were mad...

But all that escaped between her stretched lips were pitiful mumbling and drops of saliva.

Some one's hands grabbed the back of her dress by the collar with the idea of ripping it off. Other luckier hands tried it from below taking advantage of the line of the cut that reached to her hip. Within seconds a naked and bound woman suffered a sequence of horrific rapes at the hands of a group of very violent men who were crazily hungry for sex and violence.

They raped her by turns, crushing her to the floor, in every way imaginable. One, two, three crewmen at a time...

They did it hitting her, biting her, kicking her all with cruelty.

Hate enjoyed the spectacle tranquilly sitting on the sofa. One of the young blonde slaves was at his feet sucking his member with great enthusiasm. Just as a slave should.

Every now and then, the Captain of ANDROS V had himself served with that strange Barbarian wine that he liked so much. He was exultant, euphoric. What a sweet taste revenge had!

He looked down. The slave that was kneeling between his legs looked him in the eyes, just as he had ordered when she had closed her lips around his thick penis. He liked to see the expression on a woman's face when she was sucking his cock.

He suddenly thought of young Bitchling, the slave Aguirre had lent when he had first arrived, and of her mother Bitch. Yes he would ask Aguirre to lend him the mother for a night too. It would be fun to make them both play and watch them compete between his legs...

*

Raper was piloting the landing module. He was having trouble in spite of how easy and automatic it was. It was the first time he had «piloted» anything other than an oxcart.

Debbie and Deborah were at his praying to all the saints that the on-board computer wouldn't allow that animal to crash into the sands of the desert.

They had left the ship a couple of hours previously. With Beast's help Raper had tied both girls together by their necks with a short chain. Their collars were so high that they had to hold their chins up.

Beast took care of cuffing their hands behind their backs and then pulling their elbows cruelly together.

It was two women against one lone man. The difference in size and strength made no difference and Raper had to be careful. Careful by attaching Debbie's right ankle to Deborah's left with another chain that was even shorter than the one at their necks.

This way, Debbie and Deborah, who had been until then hated rivals, were face to face for the first time since the final of «Female Trophy 10».

And now, unluckily for them, they were no longer two contestants but two women suffering the same atrocious fate... the fate of sexual slavery.

'Fucking gadget!' Swore Raper as he lost the Sodom radio-landing signal for the third time.

«Beep... Beep... Beep... Beep... Beep...» Warned the on board computer with a red flashing light on the control panel.

'What the fuck do you want now?' Asked Raper furiously.

Deborah couldn't stand it any more. Both she and Debbie knew perfectly well how to fly a machine like that.

'It's in the automatic landing sequence' said the girl.

Raper looked at her. Both of the girls were half-kneeling and half-sitting at his feet. Deborah was still naked and her body was marked by the abuses that she had suffered. Debbie was dressed, squeezed into the provocative dress from the farewell party.

'And what the fuck do you want? You fucking slut?' Asked Raper kicking her in the ribs.

Deborah was left breathless, but Debbie replied for her.

'We're going to land and it can't be stopped. It would be better if you stopped being stupid and listened to my instructions... Or we'll all die!'

Raper looked out of the window. It was true. The ground was getting closer but they were a long way from Sodom, at least three days in a cart and more than six on foot...

'Shit!' he shouted with rage.

'Switch off the flight autopilot and switch on the landing one... Hurry up or it'll be too late!' Urged Debbie fearfully.

They really were in danger.

As Deborah was still doubled over and breathless because the kick had winded her, Debbie guided the useless Raper from the floor. After a few moments and to everyone's relief, the craft's computer placed the lander smoothly down on the ground.

It was dark.

Raper checked the navigator, he did know how to do that, and swore again.

'Damn it! We are more than fifty leagues from Sodom.

Without knowing why, the two girls were cheered by this. And one thing they did know for sure... That whatever may be, what waited for them in the city was in no way pleasant.

Raper stood up, he grabbed the prisoners by the chain that united their necks and dragged them to the exit hatch.

Before opening it he examined them carefully...

They had landed very close to the southern frontier and lots of caravans of slaves captured in the jungle came this way. If the hunters discovered them, they would kill him first and then keep these two lovely slaves.

He checked the cuffs, the sticky tape that held their elbows together, the rings on their ankles, the collars and also the places where the chains were fixed on, both at their feet and their necks.

Everything seemed to be okay, Except that they were still wearing the high-heeled boots. Deborah had a heel missing too, A heel that was still inside her intestine...

'Take your shoes off' he ordered.

The girls looked at him disconcertedly.

'Take your shoes off, you whores!' He shouted.

Together and as best as they could, the two Caucasian beauties crouched in front of the monstrous black man who had kidnapped them. One of them blonde and naked, the other brunette and dressed.

Raper watched them with a huge hard on. He had always found the sight of a woman squatting exciting. And the thighs on these two were amazing!

The tiny white feet were now bare... They could certainly walk more easily in the sand without the high-heeled boots, but they weren't used to walking barefoot. And there were more than fifty leagues of burning desert sands between them and their destination...

But this was of no importance to Raper.

From Debbie's suitcase that he had brought at Aguirre's express desire, he took out a pile of dirty panties and tights.

'Open your mouth, slave' he ordered Deborah.

Before the girl had chance to realise what was happening, Raper filled her mouth with Debbie's dirty underwear. Then he sealed her mouth, first with a very tightly tied shoelace and then with sticky tape.

He went to Debbie with more dirty knickers, she clenched her teeth and shook her head.

Raper was in no mood for jokes; in fact he was very scared...

A pair of slaps and a few punches in her stomach overcame the girl's resistance and in a few seconds the two old rivals left the craft together. One of them was naked and barefoot and the other was also barefoot but she was wearing the provocative white dress she had been wearing when she went to the farewell ceremony for «Female Trophy 10».

Once they were on the surface of the planet, Raper loaded the girl's backs with two rucksacks full water and provisions. The rest of the stuff, suitcases and other humiliation and punishment devices

that he always took hunting, was left in the lander. If he got to Sodom alive he would send someone to get them one day.

The slave trader was only carrying a well-used whip in his right hand and in the left the end of the chain that went around Deborah Keller's narrow and suggestively naked waist.

Under the Galaxy's dim light, laden with heavy rucksacks and with bare feet sinking into the sand. The two girls gagged with dirty knickers and tights, with their faces inches apart, with their arms stuck up their backs and tied to each other by their ankles, took the first steps under the threat of the whip that cracked around their ankles.

They were in for a long march. A long march that would bring them to their awful destiny: Sexual slavery at the hands of the repulsive old black sadists who could afford to pay the fortune that would be asked for their bodies.

*

When one of the crewmen ripped out Commander Hilbert's gag so he could rape her mouth, they were all perplexed by what they heard.

'The lion isn't as fierce as they say' said Hate regaining command of the situation.

Commander Dana Hilbert fell to the floor exhausted, naked, tied up, with her eyes covered and her thighs filthy with blood, her own blood, and semen.

'She hasn't seen us. She won't be able to recognise us' said one of the terrified crewmen.

'Don't be stupid. She knows perfectly well who we are and if they catch us they'll disintegrate us... There's no way out.'

An anxious silence followed.

'But don't worry, this bitch won't talk. She's mine, she belongs to me... And tonight she's yours.'

The crewmen of ANDROS V looked at Commander Hilbert, now the slave Cunty, with renewed interest...

'In two days time we go back to the ship and we take control. We take the white women prisoner and we give them to Aguirre, and anyone who resists will be disintegrated. Are we agreed?'

He didn't need to ask twice... Everyone was in agreement.

As one man they jumped on Cunty and stood her up.

The orgy went on until dawn of the following day...

If the rays of the sun could delve into the earth and reach that remote cave dug out of the rock under the castle, they would have found the exhausted crew of ANDROS V and a naked and violated woman. A slave who had served her purpose... That of being a sex toy for those to whom, her Lord and Master, Captain Douglas Hate, had decided to give her to.

Armed guards went to get her before anyone else woke up and following Hate's orders, returned her to the dungeon in the depths of the earth. There they hung her up by her ankles and cleaned her carefully outside and in with cold water, soap and a hemp brush. Then they left her hanging in the dark to dry.

They would come for her in a few hours.

Douglas Hate's revenge still wasn't done...

Slaves in Barbaria

After midnight, they saw a light in the distance.

Raper went closer dragging the girls by the chain that united their necks. It was absurd but he ordered them to remain silent.

'If either of you makes the slightest noise, I'll cut her throat right here' he said showing them a long sharp knife.

Both Debbie and Deborah knew he was serious.

Crawling, crouched on the floor they went closer, to the top of a dune that overlooked the campsite.

In spite of the late hour, the campers were awake and partying.

Raper signalled the girls to approach from the side of the dune.

Both Debbie and Deborah were stupefied by what they saw.

Three fires illuminated the campsite.

Next to the furthest fire a sentinel was guarding a dozen mules that were tied to up to one cord. The animals were asleep and the sentinel was nodding off.

A little nearer and next to the second fire, the first of the things that worried the girls could be seen.

Three blonde girls, who appeared to be very young at that distance, were sitting on the floor with their backs to a cart. They weren't there willingly; the girls had their hands raised over their heads and their arms trapped in wooden yokes that were fixed to the sides of the wagon.

The yokes were part of the structure of the cart and they covered the girl's forearms totally preventing them from moving them.

The three prisoners were barefoot and wearing simple peasant clothes. Clothes that were ripped and showed signs of violence.

Like the mules, a sentinel was in charge of guarding them, but this one was totally asleep...

He was a skinny black man, very old and bent. From that distance Deborah reckoned him to be about seventy or more. The old man was sitting in the sand just in front of one of the girls.

In fact he was sitting just under the girl... In fact he was raping her!

He had slid his scrawny legs under the girl's smooth life-filled thighs and he was penetrating her. He was also kissing her breasts that he had uncovered moments earlier by cutting her dress away with a knife. He was kissing them like his life depended on it. Passionately, crazily, with the hunger of a man who hadn't fucked a lovely woman for years... he was digging his nails into her waist, her thighs, her breasts and her armpits... He did it with force, with lust, as if he was scared of running out of time.

The girl was suffering the assault with her head twisted back, towards the cart, as if she was trying to distance herself from her attacker. She had her eyes wide open with shock and disgust. She was probably begging or screaming but Debbie and Deborah could only hear the screams that came from the nearest fire...

Around that fire there were about twenty men, all of them black and most of them drunk.

They were sitting in a circle around the fire, they all had their genitals uncovered and they were all erect. In the centre of the fire there stood an iron post, from which came three very tense chains

that went to the necks of three naked slave-girls who were on all fours on the floor. They were three blonde-haired blue-eyed slaves, like the majority of the slaves caught in the south.

There was a major palaver going on as the girls went around attending to the needs of those swines one by one.

Behind them three overseers with whips animated them in their chore...

At first Debbie and Deborah didn't understand.

The three wretches had to catch those black men's sexes with their lips, but the chains on their collars impeded them. The black men offered their erect members and then later pulled them away. Every now and then, one of them had had enough and he moved enough forward for one of the girls to not only rub him with her tongue but also to suck him to his satisfaction and have him come on her face or in her hair.

The men were joking, arguing and even fighting over the wretched girls. Two, three and even four or five of them at once would pull the same girl by her hair. One of them, one as gigantic as Raper himself, jumped on one of the girls and threw her onto her back.

The gorilla forced the girl's thighs apart with his knee and grabbing her by her hair, penetrated her with a savage howl.

Deborah and Debbie lowered their eyes as one. Raper placed his hand on his sex.

This was getting interesting.

The gigantic gorilla rode the girl for a good ten minutes, smashing his hips dementedly against hers. It was a most depressing spectacle... A slim girl, young and with very white skin, was being

fucked by an enormous mass of black fat. Gigantic hips, obscene and disagreeable buttocks crushing fine shapely legs, legs that were forced wide open and were doubling in pain. A young, welcoming, velvety smooth sex penetrated by an old, worn, fat and soft male muscle.

As soon as he got what he wanted the man fell onto his side.

The overseer didn't allow the girl even a moment's respite.

A rain of whiplashes fell on her breasts, her belly and her thighs. The girl who was more dead than alive, knelt up and crawled to the next man in the line. He was a youth called Young, barely more than a boy and the grandson of one those swines who were smiling, making obscene gestures and ordering him to get closer...

The girl sighed through her tears. The line was endless... An infinite circle.

*

To Debbie and Deborah's surprise, Raper stood up, and taking them by the chain that united their collars he dragged them down the dune towards the campsite.

The black men stopped their sadistic party to give the new arrival a hearty welcome.

It turned out that Raper was the boss of that horde of savages.

After Raper had told them about his deeds, his men told him about their latest hunt in the south. Just what they were celebrating then.

Debbie and Deborah, kneeling at Raper's feet and bound by their ankles and their throats, listened with astonishment to the tale of

events that would have been impossible anywhere but on that nightmare world.

The hunters were returning after going more than four hundred miles into the jungle. On the way in, they only found dozens of ruined and razed villages. The parties had to go more and more to the south every time to find fresh meat for the markets.

The first two trophies, the most valuable ones, they found in an isolated farm, hard to find from the tracks that led to the lakes were they usually hunted.

They surrounded the farm quietly and waited at the edge of the jungle, a hundred yards from the house.

After an hour they had spotted two old men, two young men, two women of uncertain age and two little children; a male and a female.

All of them white of course.

If they hadn't been short of supplies, they would have raised the circle and carried on. There was nothing of interest there...

Blackshit ordered the attack. He was in charge in Raper's absence.

The terrified occupants of the farm offered no resistance. They never had a chance to.

The arrows took the young men at the first attack. It was the way; the hunts only took males on the way back to Sodom. It was tricky and dangerous to do it on the way. And they didn't fetch enough in the market to make it worthwhile risking more interesting catches.

The old men were knifed and thrown in the well. The women were raped and thrown into the same well alive. They were females but

not of a high enough quality.

The children were too young to be taken. Some hunters wouldn't hesitate to take girls who were near to puberty. They were cheap to feed, mainly virgins and in a couple of years they would become magnificent slaves. A similar thing happened to the boys. The wealthy women of Sodom were buying more and more slave-boys for their own use as well as some men with unmentionable tastes...

Blackshit decided to free them. He didn't want to use up the resources! If their generation was to finish everything, what would their sons hunt?

The attackers went into the house to look for anything of use...

That's when they found them. Hiding under a bed, two pieces of maximum value. Two blonde twins with blue eyes.

The girls were hugging one another with fear, their eyes were wide open and full of tears. Although they hadn't seen the butchery they had heard everything... The murder of all their people, the rape of their mother and their aunt, the old men's screams, the laughter, the jokes...

Blackshit pulled the bed away and, grabbing them by their hair, he dragged them outside. There he had them stripped...

Yes, they were first class merchandise and they were virgins.

The hunt couldn't have started better... The twins were two of the three girls that Debbie and Deborah had seen tied to the cart next to the wretch that the old sentinel had been violating.

The expedition continued. They found nothing for days. The morale of the men fell by the day. They were going through thick jungle and there were hordes of mosquitoes. It was the wet season.

The rainy nights were endless and boring and Blackshit began to worry about the twins remaining intact. For a while he was sorry he hadn't taken the women that they had thrown into the well... For a little food she could have calmed things down.

Just when the situation was getting serious, the guide who went in front of the caravan came running back.

A mile and half away there were four carts heading north. They were coming straight for them!

They quickly prepared an ambush.

A half an hour later, the confident caravan came through two lines of hidden men who were armed to the teeth.

The fight lasted barely a few seconds. When the confusion had cleared, a line of captives with their hands bound and with a long rope joining their necks stood in front of Blackshit and his lieutenants.

Blackshit walked up and down the line a few times with studied calm, he looked each prisoner up and down.

He stopped in front of a woman of about thirty. She was beautiful, but she wasn't the type of goods he was looking for.

'Where are you from?' He asked with his face inches from hers.

The woman was very scared...

Blackshit showed her the knife, he ran it across her throat...

'The South' she replied doubtfully. 'We have been moving for three days' she added seeing the knife was still there.

'What's the name of your village?'

'Broken Hill...'

'How many people live there?'

'We are nine families...'

'Is there another village before?'

'Yes... Faith. It's one day from here to the east, in the lakes.'

'Is it very big?'

'It's smaller... Two or three families.'

This was perfect.

Blackshit ordered the woman to be brought along and let the others go on their way. When they managed to get out of the ropes!

That night they camped near Faith, but far enough for their fires not to be noticed.

It was a terrible night for the prisoners. They made the twins dance naked in the firelight while they raped the woman. It was awful. Two dozen bloodthirsty men, Excited beyond all reason after weeks of abstinence.

The orgy ended as can be expected...

At dawn.

When Blackshit struck camp, the woman's exhausted and finished body was left behind, she had a broken elbow and her sex and anus destroyed. Her teeth pulled out and one eye closed up. Alone, defenceless and wounded she wouldn't survive until midday. The animals were already surrounding her.

With his troops calmer, Blackshit organised the encircling of Faith. There were six houses on piers in the middle of the lake.

As with the farm they waited all day. Just as the woman had said there were three families living there... And there were several interesting specimens!

The attack was extremely savage and violent. The surprise factor and the dread that their painted faces, the carts, the screams and the sound of the extreme violence that they used, usually assured them of a rapid victory with no losses.

But this time ill luck claimed a victim. It was Young, one of the youngest members of the gang and the grandson of Oldsucker, Blackshit's right hand man, a toothless old man, who was half-rotten and feeble but who knew the zone better than anyone did.

A few minutes later the lake was full of floating bodies and a dozen frightened women were hugging one another for protection on the bank.

Blackshit made the choices quickly. The result: four first class examples, one very young and three older, about twenty-three or twenty-four.

The rest were raped until the men got sick of it then released... More and more mulatto children were being seen along the border, product of these incursions. What was now considered to be common, a blonde slave with blue eyes and white skin, would soon become a rarity

Blackshit gave his men free hand with the older girls and kept the younger for Oldsucker, the feeble and toothless old man who had lost his grandson.

And that was the story until their meeting.

Raper, who had sat down with the others around the fire, burped. One of the slaves that were chained by their throats had been sucking his penis since the story had begun.

Deborah and Debbie, still united by their necks and ankles, watched the fellatio with disgust from their vantage point. They were both lying face down on the floor with their faces just inches from the penis and the girl's mouth, they were held there by Raper's fist holding the chain that united their collars.

'I think I'm going to rest' he said yawning widely.

All around them, men were already snoring. Two were raping one of the prisoners at the same time and another was using the third on his own.

Raper retired pulling Debbie and Deborah. Blackshit, sitting at his side, grabbed the prisoner who had been sucking Raper's monstrous penis all evening and got on top of her.

The last thing Deborah saw before turning around was the girl's face turned to one side and full of tears while Blackshit, supporting himself with his fingers digging into her breasts, sank himself brutally into her...

*

Raper led Deborah and Debbie to where Oldsucker was still enjoying his young gift. The old man didn't seem too affected by the death of his grandson, on the contrary.

He was still how they had seen him from the top of the hill hours before. Sitting facing the girl he had been given, leaning over her young breasts with his worn member, as flaccid as a banana skin, sunk into her young vagina.

The look of horror on the girl's face couldn't hide her extreme beauty. She was still crying...

Horrified, Deborah looked at the girl's breasts at the moment when the old degenerate looked at her lustfully.

They were literally punctuated with bite marks. The nipples were abnormally swollen and red and blood was running down her chest.

The old man went on with his activities and the girl's face twisted again. As did her young and shapely legs over the wrinkly black skin of her aggressor.

Deborah looked for a moment at the twins tied just beside... They really were two lovely girls. They couldn't have been older than sixteen or seventeen and they were two real beauties.

How could two so different ethnic groups exist so close together?

'On the floor. Both of you on your backs...'

Raper's order brought her back reality...

Slave of the Bongo

Day dawned to clear skies and a hurricane wind buffeting the walls of the city.

It was market day and the streets were unusually crowded. People from the miserable hovels outside the city had come to trade and to stock up with the few things they needed and that couldn't get for themselves.

Minstrels, players and jesters were singing, acting or recounting old deeds of daring that had never happened. The air was impregnated with a strong smell of food in the streets and squares. Stalls with spits turning over wood fires offered the outsiders food spiced with strong flavours from the remote and unknown south. They were prosaic and miserable recipes that served to disguise the poor taste and quality of the victuals.

The covered market place was at the top of the hill, not far from the castle where Aguirre the Monster lived. It was the centre of all this commotion. Charlatans were selling their miracle cures, peasants selling their weedy produce and poachers offered ugly looking creatures, some of them fierce, in little wire cages.

Also here and there, locked in cages that were not much bigger or tied by their necks to posts driven into the ground were human beings. Beautiful, naked girls that had been caught in traps or roped in the south waited scared to death and in silence for whoever would pay for them.

Cunty unaware of the difference between day and night in her underground hole, jumped that morning when the jailer came for her and took her out of the dungeon. Half-dragging her by the heavy

iron chain that he fixed to her collar, he took her along the endless corridors of agony and suffering to the castle's parade ground.

The brilliance of Barbaria's twin suns, Isis and Osiris, blinded Dana. She had seen no other light than the candlelight while she was being raped for over a month.

Without uttering a word as usual when he was punishing her or tending to her needs, the jailer fixed her on tiptoes by the collar to a tree trunk that was supported on two pillars in the centre of the parade ground. By her side there were a dozen animals that looked like mules, tied up like she was and being cleaned by stable boys.

With a crude brush and using the same dirty soapy water that they were using on the mules, the jailer scrubbed her skin harshly causing her considerable pain. Cunty already had her skin rubbed raw and covered with welts from the daily abuse that Captain Douglas Hate dished out to her. Much more painful and humiliating was when a group of onlookers had formed; all of them black of course. Then the jailer grabbed her ankle and lifting her leg he sank the brush into her vagina.

She nearly strangled herself with her collar.

The jailer went on with his chore... He soaked a rag in the dirty water and wound it around the end of a pole. To the amusement of all he sank it deeply into her anus.

Cunty's screams attracted more onlookers who shouted for the jailer to repeat the show...

This chorus of savage demands was satisfied three times, then the jailer began to «dress» his victim.

After securing her arms behind her back, the jailer used a wet rope to tie a complex but very tight web on Cunty's torso, this was all the rage with the slave traders at that time.

Tearful and choked by the collar, ashamed at being treated worse than an animal and in terrible pain, Cunty looked at the savages who were surrounding her and watching with their eyes full of rage and lust. They were horrible faces with savage features, open mouths drooling and spitting with lust, they were twisted into horrid grimaces of delight at the horrific ordeal that another human being was going through. Another human being who happened to be her.

His work done, the jailer untied her and dragged her out of the castle.

Cunty went naked under the tremendous radiation coming from Barbaria's twin suns, Isis and Osiris. Her skin burnt, especially where it was chafed. The damp ropes that enlaced her body began to insidiously bite into her flesh as they dried, they also pulled her arms further up her back. Her breasts swelled out of the ropes.

The jailer dragged her furiously by her chain, continuously tugging on it with brutality. Walking was an ordeal... She was barefoot on streets that were plagued with sharp stones and her legs were swollen after being twisted and bound for so long. She could barely feel them.

Soon the crowds became aware of her presence. First a group of children began to insult her and throw stones at her. Then came the adults, men and women who sought alleviation from their own wretched existence by laughing at the misfortune of another.

The stones of the children gave way to pushes from the women and the men's lustful hands. Her hair was pulled, she was pinched, she was struck, she was scratched, and she was groped obscenely...

It was awful.

What made these people hate her so much?

How could such base cruelty exist?

Cunty was forgetting the fact that she was white, a woman and a citizen of the FGS. The first two of those attributes made her into the lowest form of life on Barbaria, and the third made her into the most hated.

The jailer heartlessly forced a way through the crowd to the market with his whip. Dying of the shame, Cunty followed him through the mob, past the stalls, past the charlatans, the players and the jesters. She was naked, bound, adorned and chained like a beast. Being dragged by her neck...

Where was he taking her?

With dread she saw the piled up cages full of naked white women, all of them very young and beautiful. She saw the faces distorted with fear, the abused bodies, naked like hers...

What were they going to do with her?

They stopped in front of a dozen naked women who were hanging by their wrists with their ankle tied to long wooden poles. The tips of their toes were barely touching the ground. Men of all ages and one or two women were examining them as if they were beasts. Those wretches could hide nothing from the lewd gazes and obscene hands of those who were examining them. There were also white men - white youths really- who were chained up in the same way. Women who were three times their age were carefully examining their teeth, their tongues or their erections. Also one or two men were interested in them...

Then her heart stopped: there was Hate, Captain Douglas Hate, the author of her disgrace.

Dressed as a native in a kilt and a jacket, he was the only white person not in chains.

He smiled as he came over to her. One step behind him and on all fours, followed pretty, naked white girl, her buttocks where striped and a whip was obscenely stuck into her anus. Hate was leading her on chain, like a dog.

'Put her on the block on her knees while I have my breakfast' he ordered the jailer as if Cuntly didn't exist.

The jailer pulled fiercely on the chain; he seemed irritated by Hate's orders. Cuntly tripped and fell. The jailer muttered an incomprehensible curse and dragged her up furiously by her hair. Then he made her get up onto a hard cold stone pedestal that was about two feet high.

A group of curious onlookers immediately formed in front of Cuntly.

Kneeling, naked, with the cords that had dried in the sun sinking into her flesh, Cuntly lowered her gaze to the floor and once more cursed the day that she gave the order to land on this miserable planet.

Time passed slowly and Hate didn't appear...

To her right a large well-dressed black woman made one of the captives that were hanging by their wrists, lick her fingers. She was a slim girl, very young to judge by her body and she had a delightful face. She was a little blonde with big blue eyes, high cheekbones and smooth brow; she had thick sensual lips that were irresistible. She was superb.

'Four thousand is too much, you thief' argued the woman with the seller. 'She's got no tits.'

'They'll grow, Ma'am... And she's still a virgin and that's worth something' argued the man.

The woman giggled as she sank her fingers into the girl's mouth.

'That's good. I don't like my girls to be experienced with men... Intact they learn better and more quickly.'

The seller drove home his point...

I can also sell you a beautiful and practical chastity belt' he offered showing her an iron, one that made both, the girl and Cunty, tremble.

'I don't need that kind of rubbish, you thief...' she said taking the girl by the chin. And looking for her frightened blue eyes, she added with a hoarse lustful voice...

'If I buy her, the first thing I'll do when I get home is rip her clitoris off with pliers and sew up her cunt with wire. I don't need that rubbish...'

Cunty swallowed, nearer her things were going no better...

One of the slaves on sale, very pretty but a little plump, was being offered at a lowered price. One of the sellers was expounding her qualities to an old bent black man who was leaning unsteadily on a walking stick.

'It's a give away, Sir. A real steal. It's the best bargain in the entire market. Look at this...'

The man sank his fingers into the wretch's sex and offered them for the old man to smell.

'It smells fantastic, divine. Have you ever smelt anything like it? You're an experienced man and you'll know quality when you see it...'

The old man was quietly pinching the woman in her softest places.

'Also' continued the loquacious trader, 'a young women with that sublime figure keeps a bed nice and warm. It's like having a fire lit, a brazier were you can rest your feet on those cold winter nights.'

The old man was still silent, he was now tapping the girl's breasts with his walking stick.

'A female to revive your better times, Sir. She'll make you into a life filled youth again...

'Enough of that, you charlatan!' interrupted the old man sick of so much silliness. 'Save your chat, she's not for me, she's for my dogs. Once a year I feed them live prey to make sure they don't lose their killer instincts...'

Cunty swallowed horrified, the seller went quiet, some of the onlookers laughed and the poor woman who was on sale fainted.

Cunty twisted her head away, looking anywhere but into the libidinous gazes of the onlookers in front of the pedestal. She saw the blonde girl with the thick lips who was now crying bitterly. She had just been sold to the big black woman who was kissing her lewdly on her mouth without even untying her. The trader was counting the money.

'What do you think?' She heard a voice that was unfortunately familiar to her ask.

Stunned by what was happening around her, Cunty hadn't notice Douglas Hate's return with the blonde girl that was crawling along behind him at the end of a chain.

Cunty looked at the stranger who was with him and she was dumbstruck with horror. It was a repugnant being that seemed not to belong to the human race. His skin wasn't black but violet and very wrinkly; his features were completely ape-like. He was wearing

filthy torn clothes. He was so filthy that even from a distance he gave off an unbearable stench.

The repugnant individual moved to the pedestal and looked at her with sunken, cowardly eyes that were charged with desire. Those eyes made her tremble from head to foot.

Cunty held her breath to avoid vomiting.

'Female. Fertile?' he asked with a guttural monotonous voice, that seemed to come from a sick throat.

'I guarantee it' replied Hate grabbing Cunty's hair and showing her face to the buyer. 'This bitch is exactly what you're looking for. As well as fertile and beautiful, she's a real joy to fuck. You're people will be grateful.'

Cunty felt the hair on the back of her neck stand on end. The bastard was offering her to that «thing»!

The stranger raised his hand to touch her breasts. His hand was cold, damp and sticky.

With a long twisted nail he scratched the tip of her nipple, like he wanted to pick the skin off it...

'Female. Pregnant. Before?' He asked with the same horrible voice.

'Yes, seven times' lied Hate. 'I promise you'll be able to get a healthy offspring out of her every seven or eight months at least. If you feed her and get rid of her parasites, she could last anything up to ten years and give fifteen or twenty young.'

The stranger, who was palpating the slave's belly with both hands, seemed not to trust Hate.

'Price. Female?' He asked.

Cunty looked at Hate with shock and alarm. He was selling her! To breed? To breed what?'

'One mule and she's yours...'

Cunty couldn't take any more. That swine Douglas Hate was going to give her to that mutant for a mule!

'You can't do this...!' she exclaimed in a tone that was mixture of demand and pleading.

Hate looked at her in the same way he would have looked at a goat that started to speak.

'Do you forget so quickly, slave?' he replied with severity.

«Cunty bit her lips. She was speaking directly to Hate, but something told her that begging and grovelling wasn't going to help, so she went on...

'Captain Hate, I beg you, please don't do this to me...'



Female. Fertile?

'Do what, slave?'

'Sell me...'

Hate gave a false laugh.

'Isn't that funny? Commander Dana Hilbert pleading with one of her subordinates not to sell her as a fuck toy and breeding slave. You live and learn...'

'Please... no...'

'And why shouldn't I do it?' Asked Hate playing his favourite game with Dana: cat and mouse.

'I... I... I promise to behave myself...'

Cunty was on the edge of tears. Hate disgusted her but that weird creature that wanted to buy her inspired dread in her.

'Behave yourself? What do you mean? Is it possible for a slave not to behave?'

Cunty lowered her gaze at first, then she lifted her head and looked the man openly in the eyes...

'I'll make sure you don't regret it, Captain...' she said a voice that was so sensual it even surprised her.

'Are you trying to say that you'll be my whore? My horny little whore who's mad about my cock? Mad to suck it and to lick my arse?' Asked Hate with the most cynical smile he could manage.

'Yes, I'll be your whore. Your horny whore...' replied Cunty without lowering her eyes.

'I like to hear it from your own lips, bitch, but it's too late. This cow that follows me everywhere' he said kicking young Bitchling in her ribs, 'knows how to use her cunt much better than you do. Anyway I am a man of my word, and I have made a deal with this gentleman' he added pointing at the violet creature who was watching impassively, as if he didn't understand.

'No, Captain... Please...!' Begged Cunty again.

'Also', continued Hate, 'this is my gesture of generosity to the historic people of Bongo. A gesture that has ecological overtones: I am personally devoted to avoiding them becoming extinct. Due to unfortunate reasons that I am not going to relate now, the Bongo were exposed to strong doses of radiation for centuries. This has affected their evolution and made them into very unusual people, as you will soon be able to discover for yourself. Especially in the area of reproduction: All of their women are sterile and they need to use slaves to continue their bloodlines. Even then the babies are born prematurely and most of them die at birth. The problem is that they aren't hunters and if they want wet nurses they have to buy them... And they aren't that rich so they have very few breeders... I think that right now they have only one and she's not going to last longer from what I hear. This is why this gentleman here is anxious to assure himself that you are suitable for breeding Bongos...

'You mean that...?' Asked Cunty her nerves about give out.

'I mean that I wouldn't like to be in your skin, slave' interrupted Hate, pointing at the Bongo.

The strange being moved in. Cunty felt the cold sticky hands on her skin again, opening her legs. Before she could realise the Bongo sank his whole hand into her sex.

Cunty opened her mouth to scream, but nothing came out of her throat. The hand delved and inspected, evaluating everything in its reach... It was the expert hand of a herdsman in the market, and Cunty was the tethered beast that had to submit her body and her offspring, for his investment to profit.

'Udders. Small' Said the violet man pinching the woman's breasts.

'They'll swell, don't worry. It always happens with those of her species. You just have to clamp her nipples by day and hang her by her tits at night. Then you'll see that by the second or third birth, they'll be hanging around her waist.'

The bongo whistled and a female Bongo appeared from among the crowd of curious onlookers. Behind her, at the end of rope, followed one Barabaria's native mules. The female gave a stench as bad, if not worse than the male.

The female bongo gave the animal to Hate and placed another similar noose around the neck of Cunty. Then she pulled it hard.

Cunty lost her balance and fell off the stone pedestal to the floor hurting her right shoulder and arm.

Another brutal tug forced her to her feet and made her follow the female bongo out of the market. From there they went down Sodom's narrow alleys under a hail of stones and other missiles hurled by the citizens who hated the Bongo almost as much as they hated earthlings.

Outside the walls another female Bongo and three mules waited.

The male Bongo turned the rope that was strangling Cunty around until its knot was at the back of her neck. From there he led it between her legs and tied it to the mule's tail.

The Bongo's got on their mounts and set off...

Cunty followed behind strangled by the noose, naked and humiliated. Her arms were tied behind her back and she was walking quickly with her bare feet sinking painfully into the sand and the rough rope rubbing her neck, her sex and the delicate insides of her thighs.

Cunty was being more dragged than led by the mule. Like a beast behind these subhuman beings...

Once they were far from the walls the male Bongo turned around without stopping and looked at her...

Yes he liked white females. They were exotic, but more than that they were nice. They had nice tits, nice arses, fleshy legs and pretty faces that were lovely under torture.

Yes, before giving her to the tribe, he would have some fun with that female. There was plenty of time, they were at least three days away from the encampment.

*

It was that very night when Dana Hilbert met her new hell, the worst one so far.

The mules with Cunty behind them moved slowly from sun to sun over the endless dunes, until Sodom and the hill it stood on disappeared over the horizon.

Cunty was destroyed. Her little feet were not used to walking barefoot and they were sinking three inches into the burning sand with every step.

It was exhausting and painful. With every step she had to raise her thighs to almost horizontal to get her ankles out of the sand and move on.

The mules were more used to it and they moved slowly but steadily, tensing ominously the cord that forced her to go on, the cord that was dragging her by her sex to a fate that she knew to be dreadful.

Isis and Osiris, Barbaria's sons, punished her with their implacable rays during the entire day.

When Osiris set, the last of them to do so, Cunty's skin was burning, the insides of her thighs were red raw from the rope, her legs felt heavy and her sex was burning up.

A little later in the gloom, they saw the cabin. When the little caravan stopped, Cunty fell crying to the floor. She was exhausted, desperate and almost dead from dehydration.

The Bongo got off their mounts and went into the shack leaving her lying on the sands.

The temperature fell quickly and the female Bongos began to make up fires with firewood they had brought in the panniers.

The intense cold and the sound of nearby howling gave Cunty the impulse she needed to drag herself into the cabin.

There she found the Bongo reclining indolently on a pile of straw and his females emptying the panniers.

'Bongo. Fuck.' Said the male on seeing her and he began to part his rags.

Cunty looked away. What she had just seen through filthy rags was horrifying. That being was definitely not a member of the human race. His thing was dark green with a flattened, short but much thicker than normal tip. Three strange crests ran along the whole thing from base to tip and the entire «apparatus» vibrated strangely. And to make things worse, a yellowish liquid oozed out of

the orifice at the tip, a liquid that seemed to be the source of the horrible stench on clothes that those smelly creatures wore.

'Bongo. Eat. After. Fuck' joked one of the females with a laugh that made Cunty think of hens clucking.

The two females sat down in the hay next to the male and began eat some kind of dry meat, it looked more like leather than anything else.

The male, after chewing a very large piece with his mouth open and burping repeatedly, spat everything he had in his mouth to the floor near to where Cunty was trying to get her breath back.

'Slave-girl. Eat.' He ordered with a gesture that left no doubts.

Cunty was hungry and most of all thirsty... But she vomited just looking at the piece of chewed meat.

The Bongos laughed.

'Slaves. Same. Stupid.' Said one of the females through her giggles.

Cunty crawled to the fire. She was shivering from head to foot, especially her legs that were exhausted from the efforts she had made. Her calves were tortured by innumerable cramps and she hadn't been able to feel her arms, twisted up her back since that long ago day when the jailer had prepared her for Hate in the dungeon...

She could hear the Bongos chewing with their mouths open, spitting, burping and farting ceaselessly.

'Slave. Come.' Ordered the male.

Cunty leaned on one shoulder and looked at them. One of the females was defecating while she ate.

She vomited again... She didn't know what but she vomited again.

'Slave. Come.' Shouted the male.

The females kept on laughing, gesticulating and sniggering. They were obviously laughing at the male.

One of them crawled over to him, crouched on top of him and mounted him with a spine-chilling scream.

Cunty looked away overwhelmed by irrepressible retching.

The other female came over to her still defecating.

Cunty scabbled backwards until the wall of the shack stopped her.

All of the Bongos laughed at her. The couple went on with their functional copulation.

The female that was defecating grabbed Cunty by her hair and with strength that seemed exceptional to her, she dragged her across the floor to her companions.

The stench of sweat and faeces mixed with the Bongo's other secretions almost mad her pass out. She watched those repulsive creatures in their coitus from close up, with her face just inches from her captors' excited sexes.

Suddenly the female uncoupled, she turned around sitting on the floor with her legs wide open and, grabbing Cunty by her hair, she pressed her to her violet sex.

Something strongly hot grabbed Cunty's face, she felt her face bring completely swallowed by the woman's sex, she was being suffocated and she was frightened for her life.

A pair of cold sticky hands that she recognised grabbed her hips and pulled. The Bongos started a half-serious fight over the slave until they finally held her by her hair and pressed her face against the male's repellent penis.

'Slave. Eat. Cock.' He demanded pressing the tip against the woman's closed lips.

Cunty opened her mouth, but just to vomit again.

The furious male roared like a lion. The two females carried on chuckling.

'Slave. Learn. Slave. Hang. I punish. I fuck.'

The females jumped on Cunty like hyenas.

Cunty shouted.

Her hell had really started...

*

It was the women who put her into that exposed and undignified position.

Cunty didn't know where to look.

Her right leg was raised, bound with its calf to its thigh and its thigh to her neck by a cord that was barely five inches long. Her both arms were in their usual place, halfway up her back and from there attached to a hook in the ceiling of the cabin. Her buttocks were sticking out behind her; a cord that was passed cruelly over her sex and on to the ceiling made sure of that. Cunty could just touch the floor with the toes of her left foot...

Cunty was in the cruellest living hell at the hands of heartless beings that were barely human.

As soon as they had hung her up, one of the females jammed the piece of meat that the male had half-chewed into her mouth. Cunty resisted but it was hopeless in the face of the blows and threats. By slapping her, pinching her nose and punching her in the stomach, the female made the slave open her throat and the lump of half-digested infected meat hit her stomach like a lump of lead.

Then the naked male came to her; he was erect and aggressive and he placed his penis against her lips.

Cunty clenched her jaws.

The male started to masturbate in front of her eyes, just an inch away. The yellow, foetid liquid continued to flow ceaselessly.

In a few seconds the male grabbed her hair and ejaculated. That was when Cunty noticed the size of his testicles. They were two huge sacs, each one of more than a litre's capacity. They were enormous.

An endless jet of semen squirted onto her face.

It was very hot and sticky and in a few seconds it had dried into an irritating scab.

Cunty burst into tears. It was too much. She had known human cruelty at the hands of Aguirre, Hate and the crew... But at least they were from the same species as she was.

The male growled and took a knotty branch from the pile of firewood, he showed it to Cunty. It was long as thick as a finger and very rigid.

With dread, Cunty remembered her terrible experience at the hands of Hate locked up in the dungeon and she remembered that she hadn't only suffered the whip... A male, human or subhuman, will rarely be satisfied just torturing a woman...

'Male. Punish. Bitch.' Said the monster striking her backhanded.

The first blow left her unconscious. The tip of the branch struck her an inch



Male. Punish. Bitch.

below her crotch, on the inside of her left thigh, just where the rope that had attached her to the mules had rubbed away the skin.

Cunty didn't even scream.

When she woke up the male was penetrating her. The smell was awful. His weird member seemed to ripping her open. It reached where nothing had ever reached before and it filled her like nothing had ever filled her before.

As Cunty was to learn later, the excited male Bongo as well as having prodigious erections, they also have a persistent trembling in their members, a bit like a powerful vibrator. Luckily for their human victims they were unable to maintain an erection for more than a few minutes. They also found women's vaginas to be much tighter and enjoyable than those of their own females, that's why slave-girls were so well received, as well as for their reproductive qualities.

The hoarse grunt of the Bongo accompanied his orgasm and the subsequent flooding of the slave's vagina. Her inner skin's reaction to the irritant semen was much stronger than had been her facial skin. Her own flux added to and multiplied the irritating effects...

Cunty shouted. She begged god to leave her unconscious. She begged him to help her to get her out of there even if it meant killing her.

But nothing happened other than the Bongo's withdrawal and her vaginal walls returning to their normal places pressing together... This made the irritant effects even sharper and increased the terrible pain that Cunty was undergoing.

The male Bongo, tired and spent, flopped down onto the straw again.

One of the females grabbed the forgotten branch off the floor and with her hen-clucking laugh, she stood in front of Cunty.

'Female. Jealous. Punish. Slave-girl.' she said.

Scared to death at what was coming, Cunty saw the other female grab a branch too...

It was atrocious.

The canes whistled through the air, the tremendous blows ripped her skin and her flesh. The awful screams of the human victim who had become little more than a pet for those mutant beings, rent the deathly silence of the desert night.

Above, shone the Galaxy in all its magnificence, powerful and immutable.

Deep in the splendour, thousands of inhabited planets loyal to the FGS lived their decadence in peace and order.

But on many other dark and forgotten worlds, worlds left to their fates outside of the commercial routes, barbarity reigned.

Like on Barbaria.

Everyone knew about it but nobody who was powerful enough to make any difference cared, on the contrary. Soon oligarchs from the Federation would be visiting Barbaria, but privately... The astuteness of Aguirre the Monster and Douglas Hate would bring them to such a remote place in order to satisfy their unspeakable desires...

Slave Caravan

Debbie Sullivan's awakening on the ship had been a real trauma. Seeing the naked Raper smiling at her while he was loading her with chains had traumatised her to the depths of her being.

Then she discovered that her hated rival Deborah Keller was also chained up but naked. And she saw what was left of Lieutenant Carolyn Martin, who Beast continued to rape pitilessly. She learned of Raper's activities and 'tastes' and she had watched as he mistreated Deborah...

They arrived on Barbaria, in the desert, and the horror just went on and on. She learned that there were slaves there and she had seen how they were treated. She had even listened to the terrible story of how they hunted them...

Debbie Sullivan had little doubt as to her fate...

Debbie Sullivan cried and trembled more than ever.

Her arms were hurting terribly, they had been stuck up her back for hours, and so did her left leg... But neither of these was what was making her feel so bad.

What was wrong with Debbie Sullivan, the envied winner of «Female Trophy 10», was that she was horrified.

Because the most awful horror was taking place just inches from her left shoulder.

Raper had made them lie on their backs in the sand next to the cart where the repulsive old man Oldsucker, was raping a young girl.

Once they were on the floor, Raper drove a spike into the ground between their heads. For one horrid moment Debbie thought she was going to die with her head smashed by the mallet.

His eyes filled with lust, the slave hunter lifted their chained ankles, Debbie's left and Deborah's right, up to the spike. He tied them there.

The two girls were left side by side, with their arms behind their backs and each with one leg bent up from the waist with the ankles fixed at the height of their faces.

It was an impossible posture for many people, but not for the perfectly trained bodies of Debbie Sullivan and Deborah Keller.

Standing between their free legs, Hate looked them up and down while he got undressed...

Debbie had to turn her face away with disgust when, as his trousers came down, the black sadist's genitals dropped like footballs to halfway down his thighs.

Raper stroked his member. There he had them. His one on the right, naked and showing him her cunt, and the other one, the brunette, on the left and still wearing scraps of clothing on her body. She was the slave his boss had chosen for himself and he would probably respect her. That night anyway...

The black man cast his gaze of his Deborah's naked breasts, they were lovely young and full breasts, breasts that perked up to him invitingly... They couldn't do anything else with the way her arms were twisted up her back and her waist sucked in...

'Now it's time for me to fuck you properly, like the female you are' said Raper.

And it was true that until then he had only used her bottom and her throat.

Deborah, still gagged with her mouth full of panties, shook her head horrified.

Raper knelt between the girls' free legs. The both of them bend and suggestively uplifted.

Raper seized the blonde girl's ankle and he pulled it down.

'Stretch your leg, whore' he hissed between his teeth.

The frightened girl obeyed. She was more scared of that psychopath than anything on Barbaria.

'Open up... come on. Do me one of those ballet moves that you know...'

Deborah let a pitiful whimper escape but she obeyed.

The girl's agile thigh opened to the left, until it was perpendicular to the rest of her body.

Then it all started.

Debbie, just beside, felt horrified the sadistic rape as if she was the one being raped.

She felt that swine's lips as if she was the one being kissed.

She felt the hands as if she was naked and crushed under his body.

She suffered his sick and endless penis as if it was penetrating her.

The sweat and saliva that Raper splashed around reached her face.

He was a swine; his appearance was a turn off and his behaviour even more of one. A swine that exhaled with saliva escaping from his mouth, sweating, screaming, swearing, and agitating his hips like a drilling machine...

Three hundred pounds of black flesh and fat...

Under him, next to the horrified Debbie Sullivan and chained to her by her throat and her ankle, a lovely white prisoner of no more than one hundred pounds...

How could she take it without dying, without even passing out?

Making an effort to control her nausea, Debbie Sullivan turned her face to her companion.

She could see her beyond their ankles that were tied to the spike...

Deborah's head was turned towards her and her eyes were wide open, but she couldn't see. Those eyes were blinded by the horror she was suffering... Her dainty little nostrils dilated to the maximum to allow the air she needed to survive the torture. She was still gagged by panties like Debbie herself was, with a cord that dug pitilessly into the corners of her mouth and with sticky tape on top of that.

Right on top of her, Raper's thick ape-like lips were trapping her ear and his teeth were most likely doing their worst.

Nothing more could be seen of Deborah Keller, apart from her ankle and her calf. The disgusting black flesh of her gigantic violator covered the rest.

Debbie began to shiver... She imagined herself under him... she imagined herself kissed and penetrated by that swine...

What awaited her in Sodom?

Why wasn't he raping her too?

Raper's hand on her calf made her jump. The slave hunter was looking at her with eyes that were sick with lust while he carried on raping Deborah.

The hand squeezed until it hurt...

'Mmmmmmmmmmm...!' The dirty panties stifled her scream.

The hand slid down her calf to the back of her thigh... And it went on down to her sex...

Debbie protected herself with her free leg.

'Keep still, whore... Let daddy touch you...'

Debbie obeyed. There was no sense in provoking that murderer's rage.

She felt thick fingers slide inside the hem of the panties and them rip them off with one pull. The pain it caused in her sex was considerable, most of all in her clitoris that was very exposed due to her extreme position.

The fingers explored on.

It was extremely indecent. First they played with her clitoris, then with the entrance that had only been penetrated by one man until then, her beloved Ralph, one of the Federation instructors. That had been furtive and illegal of course...

'Your as nice and succulent as your friend' said Raper with that hoarse croak that scared the girls so much.

'Before we get to Sodom' he went on as he still violently covered Deborah, 'I'll find a moment for you...'

Raper's words gave him his orgasm. It was the first time that he came into his new slave's vagina and she vomited the little she had

eaten into the panties that filled her mouth.

Raper let go a savage howl and ripped the sticky tape from her mouth. He cut the lace that was biting into her lips with a knife and ripped Debbie's dirty panties out of her mouth, panties that were now dirty with saliva and vomit.

Deborah coughed and choked. Some of the vomit was escaping down her nose...

Raper leaned his three hundred pounds on the slave's breasts and stood up to leave...

But he came back after only taking a few steps; he stood astride Deborah and pissed in her face while the girl was still gasping for air and retching...

Debbie closed her eyes. Her closeness to her companion caused her face to be splashed all over.

Their wretchedness had made them into friends... The old hostility caused by a lifetime of competition had disappeared without trace.

That cruel and hostile world had united them... But soon they would be disunited.

*

The road was harsh. The captured slaves, Debbie and Deborah included, went tiredly on foot in front of the carts. They were tied by their necks or their waists to the carts or to one another.

The twin suns of Barbaria, Isis and Osiris, burnt their skins pitilessly, most of them were naked. The sand burned all of their naked feet.

Walking under those conditions was a torture all of its own.

Debbie and Deborah especially had to find the energy to go on. They were still bound cheek to cheek ankle to ankle and with their elbows stuck up their backs. Debbie was also still gagged with the panties. It was an unnecessary cruelty, but nobody cared.

Deborah, who had suffered most of the two of them, tripped and fell twice. A rain of kicks and punches soon had her back on her feet and with Debbie's help, she renewed as best she could the terrible march.

Several days passed like this.

By day, the slaves wanted to arrive and end the terrible torture of going on in those conditions.

By night, raped and abused pitilessly, they wished with all their hearts for dawn to come and the exhausting march to continue.

Every night, Debbie was forced to watch from front row seat, the brutal rape of the girl who was now her friend.

Always next to Oldsucker who kept on taking care of the young girl he had been given when he lost his grandson.

Every night the same ritual... Their two ankles chained up to the height of their heads and fixed to a spike in the ground. Raper always crushing Deborah, fucking her furiously, viciously, and looking at Debbie in a way that made her tremble.

The violations were getting filthier and more ferocious...Taking advantage of Deborah's lack of a gag -Debbie was still gagged- Raper made her clean his member thoroughly both before and after each session... Using her lips and tongue, of course.

Deborah always started to retch and so did Debbie many times as well.

Raper's member was especially disgusting, it was sick and covered with pustules and infected wounds as well...

On the last night, when the fires of Sodom were visible in the distance, they arrived at Aguirre and Raper's desert ranch. The Slave Ranch.

Raper decided to spend the night there and he ordered the servants to clean the slaves up. Debbie Sullivan first...

*

It was Cruella, the Ranch's matron who first cleaned Debbie Sullivan up and then took her to Raper's quarters.

The woman stripped her as soon as she arrived and then ordered her in a bathtub. The girl obeyed under the direst threats. Cruella submerged her in aromatic oils that as well as cleaning off the dust and filth, also magically removed the scratches and bruises caused by the many blows, ropes and falls.

When she was finished, the old madame started to literally bind her with fine, flexible leather straps. Not in arbitrary way but in a disquieting design that had its roots in Barbarian culture and in its horrible skin trade. They had centuries of history of buying and selling beautiful naked bodies, centuries of bringing out the beauty and showing the essence of femininity.

It was an art of provoking without covering...

A culture forged in the genes of men.

When she had finished, Debbie Sullivan, officially the most beautiful woman in the Universe, really was her beyond any doubt.

A collection of patterns on her skin, a series of calculated pressures on her curves, a series of contrasting light and dark that

accentuated each and every one of her unique charms.

Her marvellous breasts had become works of art.

Her majestic hips were made irresistible.

Her long, shapely and perfect legs had become explosive.

The thin straps sculpted a new profile on her breasts and a new delicacy on her waist.

She was trapped in a net of beauty that had been cunningly woven onto her body.

There was only one problem. Debbie Sullivan, the most beautiful woman in the world, couldn't walk... The straps also held her legs together.

But what did that matter? It wasn't going to be a parade...

Cruella took the girl in her arms and deposited her on Raper's bed.

Now Debbie Sullivan was waiting for something and she didn't know what.

They had scrubbed her and garnished her like a sublime pleasure object. They had deposited her defenceless on a luxurious bed in a no less luxurious bedroom...

She didn't wait long for her answer.

By the dim light of the candles that illuminated the quarters, she made out a black silhouette, unmistakably Raper's.

She closed her eyes...

What else could she have hoped for?

Raper approached the bed, he was naked as he always was when he was going to rape a slave-girl... And this one was a really a special one.

He knew he was dicing with death but he thought it was worth it.

He looked at her...

As well as wrapping her in the «web of desire», Cruella had rubbed out all her scars, washed her hair until it shone like satin, combed it how he liked it and adorned her with earrings fit for a sex-slave.

He picked her up by her hair and sat her on the edge of the bed.

'You are gorgeous... A nibble fit for the gods...'

And it was true. Everything about Debbie was perfect, subtle and provocative... From her tiny toes to the last curl of her wild mane.

And she was his, for that night at least...

He got on the bed and pressed himself against her back. The girl leaned forward to avoid touching him.

Raper trapped her by her breasts... He treated her with unusual delicacy.

He gently pinched her long nipples in a half-caressing half-threatening way. He spoke into her ear.

'Rest your head on my shoulder, I want to kiss your mouth, slave...'

Debbie shivered... It was all making her shiver: the hands on her breasts, the disgusting order and Raper's filthy nasal voice that she couldn't get used to.

The increasing pressure on her nipples urged her to obey...

She felt Raper's thick, simian lips on her ear. His tongue played with her earring. Then came the long, damp, disgusting and violent kiss...

Raper abandoned her breasts and rubbed her torso with both hands. He was very excited...

The girl was still trembling and moving nervously.

Raper held her brutally by her hair. His good manners had finished...

'Be still, gorgeous...'

The lips got more demanding, the tongue more insidious... He began to nip her with his teeth, to drool on her, to stroke her neck's provocative tendon.

He didn't want to rush things... Although basically it didn't matter as his desire was inexhaustible. He could fuck half a dozen slaves in one night and leave them all well fucked...

'You're a slave and... Do you know what we do to slave-girls around here?'

Debbie closed her eyes...

Raper increased the pressure on her hair...

'Tell me... do you know what we do to slave-girls in Sodom?'

'No...' answered the girl in a whisper.

Raper sucked her ear for the umpteenth time before explaining it...

'We keep them chained to the foot of the bed and we fuck them whenever we take the fancy... And do you know what we do if we aren't satisfied?'

Another silence, another tug on her hair...

'No...' whispered the frightened Debbie.



Rest your head on my shoulder, I want to kiss your mouth...

'We flog the skin off their backs, or we skin their breasts, and if they let us down again we impale their arses until they die... A young slave-girl like you takes a week to die like that. What do you think of that?'

A tremor shook the horrified Debbie. What sort of life could she expect as a sexual pet for those psychopaths?

'Tonight you and I are going to play, just the two of us, did you know? First you're going to suck my cock and swallow all, I mean all of the spunk that comes out... Then we'll carry on. If you're good, I'll fuck you like a woman and if not, I'll fuck you like a fucking bitch... What about it?'

This time Raper didn't wait for the girl to answer.

He viciously threw her to the floor. Once there, he grabbed her hair and placed her in front of his genitals.

Without letting go, he twisted her head from side to side, drinking in her incredible beauty.

'Wet your lips' he ordered.

Debbie obeyed, her eyes fixed on what was waiting for her... A flaccid fleshy club that was hanging obscenely between testicles that could have belonged to an ox.

'Get started.' He ordered as he let her go.

Debbie hesitated, partly through disgust and partly through the violent treatment.

An unjust slap knocked her to the floor on her side.

'When I say get started, you get started! At once!' Shouted Raper enraged.

Debbie struggled back to her knees and placed her lips on the 'thing' that repulsed her so much.

Through her tears and holding her breath, humiliated to her very core and choked by the awful stench, Debbie Sullivan started to lick, to run her tongue along the incredible length of it. From the red uncovered tip that was covered with ulcers, to the coal black base hidden in a thick forest of wiry and curly hairs...

Little by little and to her horror, the 'thing' began to grow. As if it was being inflated like a balloon...

Raper moved her hair to one side... he didn't take his eyes off her. Nothing excited him more than to see a white beauty twisted with repugnance and stuck to his gigantic, sick cock.

And Debbie's was sublime. She had the same look of repugnance and disgust as the blonde Deborah had had.

Raper's erection grew until it reached its full size...

Debbie's lips hurt and so did the base of her tongue. But she went on, with all her strength.

She found the tip, with all its pustules, most revolting. Hard as it was, and with the flesh stretched to bursting point, it was suppurating all over...

But she went on. She went on in spite of her tiredness, in spite of her repugnance...

'Just the foreskin. Kiss and lick the foreskin, slave-girl. But hard and with enthusiasm...'

The horrid nasal voice again... yet, another repellent order.

She tried with her eyes closed, but the penis kept moving...

Raper helped, holding his member firmly at its base.

'Open your eyes wide, slave' the voice ordered.

She did, and the first thing she saw was the abysmal hole in the tip, it was palpitating to the infernal rhythm of that swine's lust.

A stinking gooey liquid was oozing from it; it was an unhealthy yellow colour.

'Make sure not a single drop escapes, slave...'

Holding back her nausea, Debbie carried out the awful chore. She kissed, licked and stroked with her lips, always making sure that not a drop slid further down than the marked border between the tip and the shaft. The liquid tasted bitter and strong, like bleach, and its odour was penetrating and unpleasant.

'Put it in your mouth, slave... Just the tip...'

She was expecting it. Debbie knew she would receive that order.. It was certain.

She closed her eyes and tried. She really tried.

Without success...

'Are you disobeying me, slave?' Asked Raper with severity.

'I can't.' She replied moving her head away from the purulent tip momentarily, she was lovely with her eyes full of tears, with her lips and cheeks moistened by who knows what...

'Open your mouth wide and push your head forward until it goes in... or I'll pull your teeth out one by one...'

Raper held his penis firmly with the tip pushing against the delicious cavity that was going to take it in...

He felt her teeth... He smiled. He would never rip out a slave's teeth like some dimwits did. He liked to feel them scratch him, even biting him... A lovely mouth so wide open couldn't hurt him really.

Debbie pushed her head forward with all her strength.

With a loud «plop» and in one go, the massive mushroom passed by the barrier of her teeth and was left inside, filling her entire mouth.

Debbie opened her eyes wide with fear, she felt gagged and trapped on the end of a stake, with no way to escape.

In her agitated condition her nostrils weren't able to give her all the air she needed. She was suffocating.

Raper stroked the girl's hair like if she was a pet...

'Easy... gorgeous... Easy...'

Shafted, penetrated, wedged on the huge member, Debbie tied to relax.

Little by little her agitated breathing eased and so did the suffocation...

'Very good... yes... now suck, with all your strength, and press your tongue against it, as if you were trying to push it out...

Raper was in paradise. These were the things that excited him most... A new, lovely and young face wedged miserably onto his dick...

The girl tried but couldn't do it. Her mouth was open too wide for her to do anything...

Like all new slaves, she had to be put through a long process of training during which she would learn and practise that kind of caress along with many other more difficult and subtle ones...

But it made no difference: she had other attributes... Her incomparable beauty, her closed eyes, her face that was stained with tears, saliva, semen and other unmentionable secretions, her jaws almost dislocating...

Raper couldn't hold back much longer...

'Open your eyes wide and look at me...'

That was the trigger. Those big, green, humiliated, scared and submissive eyes gave him what the girl's ability lacked.

The tip began to pulsate so hard inside Debbie's mouth that her cheeks pulsated too.

Raper grabbed the kneeling girl by her shoulders and pressed himself against her body... Her breasts were crushed against his gigantic testicles and they squeezed the huge quantity of sperm out of him and into her own throat with even more force.

Some of the formidable flood forced its way inside the girl's body, but most of it was left in her mouth and squirted under pressure between her lips and the burning penis, splashing to left and right and staining the floor as well as Raper's thighs.

Raper moved her off his flesh by her hair.

There was another loud «plop» and more sperm flooded to the floor as the girl sighed with momentary relief.

'Look what you've done, slave...' Exclaimed Raper with fury, pointing at the floor and his thighs...

Debbie shook her head with fear, her mouth was still full of the stinking yellow liquid. Her eyes were full of tears and her lips were trembling...

Raper slapped her furiously with the back of his hand.

The girl lost her balance and fell to the floor..

'Crawl over here and clean it up, bitch... with your tongue!'

Wrapped in the net of leather straps as she was, Debbie had to wriggle like a provocative snake to reach where the man who was going to rape her was pointing.

In front of her eyes a large puddle of sperm was spreading...

With her right cheek burning from the slap, swallowing back her vomit and everything she had in her mouth, Debbie stuck her tongue out and obeyed amid violent retching...

The floor was flooded!

And there were his feet, his thighs and the gigantic testicles of the black man who was humiliating her...

It was extremely unpleasant for Debbie Sullivan... And even more humiliating.

The girl managed to control the enormous revulsion she was feeling until she had to clean the wrinkly and drooping sacs that held that human horror's black testicles.

Debbie vomited up all that she had inside her.

Raper smiled... It was his sperm that's all. The girl hadn't eaten anything for days.

Debbie had to press her face to the floor again, to lick up the same sperm all over again, this time bitter with a disgusting mixture of her own gastric juices. Then she had to lick his feet, his legs and once again that dangling scrotum.

Her little pink tongue didn't stop until everything that had been spilled ended up where it should be... In her stomach.

Resting on her knees or her hips, on her breasts or on one shoulder, Debbie scooped up every drop with the tip of her tongue and put it in her mouth.

The second part, possibly what repulsed her most... was swallowing all the accumulated stuff in her mouth.

It was thick and difficult to swallow. She felt it sliding inch by inch, slowly into her stomach, then, once there, it formed a paste that refused to be diluted. A filth that stayed there disgusting her more.

But all this ended after a while...

Now Debbie Sullivan , still trapped in the net of leather straps, was caught on the bed with her neck in a stocks that was sometimes used as a headboard.

Raper's quarters had everything necessary for entertaining slave-girls...

Raper was right behind, behind her raised buttocks and he was holding her firmly by her hips.

He was bumming her.

The scene was extremely brutal...

On a bed covered with skins and silks, that had a stocks for a headboard, a young brunette, with what were possibly the most beautiful green eyes in the Galaxy, was lying trapped by her neck. An intricate network of smooth leather straps that adorned her as well as immobilising her covered her entire body. It was an ancient tradition that had its roots in centuries of sexual slavery.

The girl was sublimely beautiful, she bent forward with her hips upraised, her breasts pressed against the furs and her knees, pressed together tightly, were digging into the bed. Her head, with its thick brown mane, was sticking out beyond the stocks and hanging towards the floor.

Behind her a naked black man, an anthropomorphic creature, a beast, an ape-man resultant from some weird mutation, a gigantic, horrible entity, an affront to nature with the strength of a bull and the evil nature of a psychopath.

The beast was grabbing the beauty by the hips and pressing her tense, smooth and rounded buttocks to his swollen and flaccid belly.

The beast was sodomising his victim and she was screaming her torment from the other side of the stocks.

Raper's lust filled eyes surveyed the tempting curve of her back sweeping down to her narrow waist, on to the splendid hips that he was grabbing with both hands, and finally the sublime arse that was offered up to him.

It was his dream. He was fucking the arse of the whore who had been exciting the whole Galaxy for more than year. The green eyed brunette who had come out on top in the end, the «Female 10»...

Raper hammered himself onto her hips furiously. The girl's position with her thighs pressed together made her even tighter, even more enjoyable.

Raper's tremendous length was penetrating her and sinking into her depths. The girl's reflex resistance stroked and deformed his erection, allowing a deeper penetration that was more painful and more humiliating.

Raper's eyes rolled as he approached orgasm. He was thrusting in and pulling out firmly, it felt like the girl was forcing his member, pinching and twisting it...

He didn't want to come too soon, but enormous desire caused by his fantastic view of the girl was urging him on.

He began to viciously slap her buttocks. They were round, tight, firm, perfect... and they were white.

Yes... Raper hated white women and his hatred excited him...

The girl's bottom would soon be an intense red colour. The girl was suffering, screaming and begging... That monstrous thing that was penetrating her was going to tear her, to wound her, to mutilate her forever... to kill her.

Raper was now hitting her with all the violence he could raise, he was fucking her with all the fury of his desire.

He was coming.

And he came. Incomprehensibly for Debbie, who only a few minutes before had cleaned up litres of semen from the floor and off that swine's legs with her tongue, she felt how a new flood of lust overcame her innards...

Humiliated, abused and sodomised... Debbie Sullivan fell prey to a bitter desperation. Her tears filled her eyes and a profound sadness took over her soul. What point was there to continued life?

A dribble of semen escaped from the hole that Raper had just profaned and slid down the girl's thighs.

It was barely midnight and dawn was a long way off. The following day he had to give that slave to the one that she belonged to.

He decided not to waste time, he spat on his hand and manipulated his penis until he was hard again, all the time looking at the slave's bottom...

Debbie closed eyes and clenched her teeth. Tears were flooding down her cheeks to the floor.

In the same instant, Deborah Keller vomited in her corner.

Yes, Deborah Keller had witnessed the entire spectacle. Deborah Keller was now in the place where she would spend the rest of her life. She was chained in a kind of stonewalled wardrobe that was attached to Raper's quarters. A gate separated from where her companion in slavery was being so obscenely raped. A gate from where, in the future, she would always be able to see the repugnant nudity of the one whom had kidnapped her...

Deborah Keller had reached the end of her road!

From the top to sexual slavery

Aguirre the Monster had everything ready to receive Debbie Sullivan. He would first present her to society at a public party, then, at night, they would celebrate her arrival in a more intimate manner, just her and him, alone...

Everyone was there... the Barbarian nobility, the wardens of the mines, the most powerful landowners and the most influential slave traders. They were sitting on the floor around the table. They were eating, drinking, belching, vomiting and raping the naked slave-girls that they had dragged like dogs to the party.

Yes Sodom was famous for its parties...

Fights, spilt drinks, broken plates, slaves lying on their backs on the floor, on the table.... Some of them, invariably the younger ones with the fleshiest lips, were kneeling between their owners' knees with their suffocated mouths over mainly old and flaccid members trying to give them the vigour that they lacked.

In Barbaria like in the entire Galaxy and all civilisations, the power was in the hands of the most decrepit men and money can buy anything.

The slave Bitch that Aguirre's father had given him twenty years before, was sitting near him, she was naked and playing the harp, her nipples were pierced and stuck together, exactly how her owner liked them to be, always ready for him to fuck her tits...

A little further on was Captain Douglas Hate, and kneeling at his side was Bitchling, the adolescent daughter of Bitch. She was also naked and barefoot, with her eyes lowered to the floor and with her small, white and perfectly manicured hand she was stroking the captain of ANDROS V's penis.

Who was missing was Dana Hilbert, the official chief of ANDROS V. Cuntly, as Hate himself had named her, was far away, on the frontier, in the hands of a tribe of savages called the Bongos...

Deborah Keller was there, Raper had taken her out of the «wardrobe» in his quarters to hang her from the ceiling by one ankle and naked, there in sight of everyone in the middle of the hall. The blonde girl's arms were twisted up her back with cords, her head was pulled cruelly back by her hair, her anus and her vagina were impaled by rough wooden stakes with pheasant feathers on them and her mouth was stuck with Raper's own faeces. A strap that was cruelly tied around her head made sure that she couldn't get rid of that gift.

The trumpets announced the desert caravan's arrival.

The tumult ceased.

Bitchling's hand stopped...

Hate slapped her. The little bells that adorned her pierced nipples, the septum of her nose and her ears, rang out in the sepulchral silence that reigned in the dining hall.

A wrong note broke the delicious melody that Bitch's smooth and delicate hands were playing, much to the annoyance of Aguirre.

Debbie Sullivan came in behind Raper.

A murmur that grew to a crescendo filled the hall.

Nobody had been expecting that.

Raper entered dressed as a soldier, behind him came the sex goddess that had won the theatrical show that had turned the whole Galaxy on.

A sex goddess that in no way resembled the one that they had all seen and could remember.

Debbie Sullivan was the most beautiful a famous woman in the whole Galaxy, but she was nothing more than a sex-slave now. A dirty, used and punished slave. A hungry, tired and deliberately humiliated slave.

Debbie Sullivan was behind Raper, her captor and her violator. She was tethered by a rough cord that went around her neck, and her wrists were still chained in front of her and to her ankles. Her breasts were tortured by cruel metal moulds held on with nails that went through her flesh, something that was normally only done to the crudest and cheapest slaves, slaves that were unable to respond to their owner's desires...

Debbie Sullivan came in naked, dirty and unkempt, led by her collar like a dog into that theatre of horrors that was full of psychopathic black men. Men who were loud and slimy, most of them with their penises worn out from use, their age and abuse. Men who were openly abusing young maids who were one-third their age.

Raper pulled the prey to the presidential table...

Aguirre made a sign with his head, there was total silence.

Raper grabbed the chain and pulled it, dragging her around the long table.

Debbie Sullivan followed him at six paces, naked, trapped and dirty... The goddess of the Galaxy captured by one of the worst outlaws of the outer planets was being shown off like that to a horde of old undesirables.

That incredibly beautiful girl could feel the burning gazes of those filthy swine's eating up every inch of her flesh.

It was quite different to the parades of the Trophy!

There she had been the favourite, there she had been respected, envied... Even the saintly organisers had bent to her childish whims, like a spoilt child. That had been her puerile revenge for a life condemned to being the best.

And now...

Now she was scum, a pleasure object at the disposition of these barbarians, these heartless psychopaths who repelled her...

Debbie walked around the room with her face down, and naked. Her nudity and her misery were exciting the perverted minds of those assassins.

How could a society vilify itself to such an extreme?

Aguirre stood up and Raper made the girl kneel where he could see her.

Aguirre spoke. He used the solemn tone of absolute and jaded power.

'Today we are celebrating a triumph...' he said. 'The triumph of our race. Where there are real men ships are worthless. There you have them... Our enemy's most talked about female, prostrated on her knees in front of your Guide and Master. And the second one' he pointed at Deborah Keller, 'gagged and impaled like a filthy animal, hanging like a rat in front of your eyes.'

The victors didn't let him finish his sophisticated discourse... They were very excited. They had defeated the all-powerful Federation by raping and humiliating two of its women... Its best women.

'It's a great day' he went on shouting down the cries. 'You can be proud of being black and of being my subjects... and now... let the

party begin!’

The noise was deafening...

The men threw themselves on the white slaves... An atavistic, genetic and interracial hatred suddenly appeared. The cruellest scenes were happening everywhere.

Blows, brutal penetrations, some of them using a diversity of objects, humiliations...

Satisfied with loyalty he had awoken and the excitement caused, Aguirre looked at his new slave again. His new bitch was kneeling at his feet.

‘You’re dead, slave’ he said looking into her eyes. ‘The life you knew has ended.’

Debbie trembled. She knew that that sadist’s hate filled words described perfectly her situation...

*

Debbie had been waiting for hours. Anxiety was eating at her entrails.

She was in quarters that were even more luxurious than Raper’s quarters in the Ranch.

They had bathed her, combed her, perfumed her and they had prepared her with «Enervina», the musk extract from the south with curious properties: When applied to a woman’s vagina it provoked long and powerful contraction while encouraging the flow of her intimate essences to continue for hours.

They had put exaggerated slippers on her that confined her feet and raised her exquisite legs.

They had adorned her with earrings and pagan bracelets, also a pair of minuscule fur panties that barely covered her provocative bum crack. They made her lips up bright red. They took care of her nails.

They confined her hands behind her back with golden handcuffs. They fastened



You're dead, slave. The life you knew has ended. a silver chain around her neck.

They laid her on the silk covered bed, naked but for the panties and the shoes...

They fixed her left ankle to the rail at the foot of the bed. They left her right free...

They fixed the chain around her neck to the bars at the head of the bed...

They left her alone.

Debbie Sullivan was real provocation.

She was ready for the owner of Barbaria's pleasure. Her sex, convulsed by the effects of the «Enervina», was continually wetting the silks and clouding her mind...

In front of her eyes, and sharing the bed with her there was a mountain of horrendous implements... Punishment dildoes, clamps and gags, crops, devilish masks and branding irons...

Debbie Sullivan had that to think about during her long wait. It was no coincidence that those instruments of torture were there in front of her desperate eyes.

Debbie Sullivan, was trembling with fear and lost in the effects of the «Enervina», and she was waiting for another terrible chapter of her life to begin.

*

Aguirre retired to his quarters in the early hours, when everyone was leaving or left lying on the floor dead or dead drunk.

Aguirre was drunk and his hands were stained with the blood of the slave-girl he had just raped and strangled.

His Bitch followed behind him, strumming her harp as she walked...

Behind her in the dining hall, there were the remains of another violent orgy of sex and savagery.

Deborah Keller was still hanging by her ankle, with her mouth packed with faeces, impaled and turning slowly round and round at the end of a rope in the middle of the hall.

Bitchling was lying drunk on the floor. As well as raping her, Hate had decided to force her to get drunk.

The bruised bodies of exhausted slave-girls lay all around, resting after the atrocious services they had suffered,

But Aguirre hadn't had enough, nowhere near.

He opened the door and even his refined nose could make out the aroma of a female on heat. «Enervina» never failed, as his slave Bitch knew only too well.

There he had her, ready for what he liked.

Aguirre ordered his slave Bitch to undress him.

The woman obeyed on her knees, as was proper, making the most of smallest opportunity to caress the genitals of the being she hated most in her life.

With a kick he sent her scurrying to the corner to strum her harp.

Aguirre went to his new slave and he showed her a branding iron. It had an «A» on its tip. An «A» that was four inches high.

Debbie closed her eyes...

Aguirre left the iron on the coals and he showed her his penis.

'Open your eyes wide, slave and look at what's waiting for you...'

He got on the bed.

Debbie clenched her teeth. He smelled of dirt, sex and alcohol.

She was marvellous with the slippers and the earrings and the red lips and her leg lifted and her throat trapped...

Aguirre crouched between her silky thighs in front of the precious fruit that belonged to him and that soon he would make his own.

He sniffed it...

'Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...' he exclaimed with delight.

The girl's aroma unleashed desire in his libidinous brain provoking a new and violent attack of lust.

He kissed her.

The girl tried to close her legs but a steely hand stopped her.

Another kiss, this one more obscene, deeper and more persistent... with the tongue.

'Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...' he exclaimed again.

He licked the silk that was soaked from hours of the effects of «Enervina».

He liked the flavour and it raised his delirium to new heights.

His erection hurt even though he was naked.

Bitch went on playing the harp, thinking about her and her daughter's wretchedness as well as that of that poor wretch...

Aguirre got up slowly with his face impregnated with essence of slave.

He dragged his tongue up the girl's abdomen to her breasts.

He grabbed them with both hands and united them...

The delicate nipples were left touching each other...

Aguirre put them in his mouth, he kissed them, he sucked them, he licked them and he bit them...

He bit them until they swelled up to three times their normal size.

Debbie was crying, but she didn't scream. She felt the pain, and the nausea of that obscene violation, but her body was also feeling the powerful effects of the «Enervina».

And Aguirre knew it.

Tired of torturing the fantastic breasts, he moved up to the most beautiful face in the Galaxy and driven by a weird inner fury, he bit the girl's lips until they bled.

Then he penetrated her.

His cry could be heard all over the castle.

Debbie screamed too, but no one heard her scream...

Aguirre began to rape her savagely, hurriedly and violently. «Enervina's» contracting power made the girl's kiss tremendously powerful. She was no virgin,



Open your eyes wide, slave and look at what's waiting for you... but her inside was tighter than a little girl's. And also more pleasurable. Hours of intense secretions had given her velvety membranes an exquisite, delicious and unique texture.

Aguirre's climax was approaching with giant's steps.

The man's grunts sounded like a hungry jackal's.

The solid bed trembled.

Debbie's bound ankle started to bleed.

The chain around her neck started to choke her.

Aguirre gasped and fucked her like a maniac.

That was when Debbie, who had had her eyes closed since the start of that barbarity, observed with alarm as her body betrayed her.

Her orgasm was brutal, surprising and unique in all of her life.

Debbie came like a wolf on heat. This was unheard of in her mind that hated and rejected all that.

Aguirre came with her, in his delirium he was aware of what was happening to the girl...

Bitch was still playing the harp but she couldn't hold back her tears of rage and desperation. Right there, with that same swine on top of her, twenty years ago the same thing had happened to her, when she was a scared girl that nature had made into a woman that same week.

When he had finished. When Aguirre collapsed with exhaustion on top of his slave. When Debbie felt the temple of her womanhood flooded with that black man's semen. And when she felt his penis still inside her vagina, Debbie began to cry bitter tears.

She felt dirty for what had happened.

How had she been able to give herself to that sadist?

She hated herself.

She had humiliated herself more than she had ever imagined possible in front of a swine who wasn't worthy to kiss the sole of her shoe.

Aguirre pulled away without a word. In fact he hadn't spoken to his slave since he came into the room.

He selected one of the punishment dildoes. It was thick, four inches thick and a good twelve inches long.

He showed the girl how it worked... By turning a wheel at its base, inner springs shot out hooks on its sides that bit into and pinched the skin horribly.

He turned the base back and the hooks went back inside.

Then he spoke to her for the second time...

'You are too horny, slave... I am not going to allow it. A slave never comes without permission. «Enervina» is just for the master's pleasure. You deserve to be punished and I'm going to punish you...'

Having said that, Aguirre sank the monstrous device into the girl and once it was in, he twisted the base and freed the springs.

'AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

'AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

'YOWWAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

Debbie drew her legs up and tensing her body she almost strangled herself.

The pain was atrocious and inhuman, enough to take the sanity of anyone in a matter of seconds.

While the girl was twisting in her chains, Aguirre stood up and went to the brazier.

Armed with the branding iron he went back to the bed...

He didn't hesitate.

He pressed the incandescent seal onto the girl's pubis firmly, just above her sex.

He left it there for a few seconds, until the iron had burned the skin and marked her flesh indelibly.

Debbie was still, near to collapse. She couldn't even defend herself with her free leg because if she closed her legs it would get burned too...

Satisfied, Aguirre threw the iron to the floor and getting onto the bed he turned his slave over.

The advantage of having a slave presented in that way was that you didn't have to untie her to use her arsehole.

Impaled by the horrid dildo that was sticking to her membranes, with her pubis burned, with her mind clouded by the torture and by the «Enervina», Debbie Sullivan the slave, carried on serving her master until midday of the next day.

Bitch who never stopped playing the harp for a moment, remembered what had happened to her twenty years previously when she had been but a girl.

She remembered the first time they gave her «Enervina» and the unsuspected sensations it had got from her body.

She remembered her first encounter with that same punishment dildo.

She remembered the first she had been sodomised by that gigantic black man...

She remembered when the «A» had been marked on her pubis by the red-hot iron...

She remembered the day when Aguirre, who had been an adolescent like her, had ripped her clitoris off with pincers. That had been when the «Enervina» had provoked a second unwanted orgasm...

She was warned. Just as the super model Debbie Sullivan was now too...

*

Debbie Sullivan spent days locked in the dark in a tiny room in a corner of Aguirre the Monster's quarters. Bitch, the mother of Bitchling and the first slave that Aguirre had had when he was a child, took care of her, bringing her food and looking after her hygiene.

That was what Aguirre himself had decided.

Debbie spent her days and her nights seated on a high stool in a corner with her arms tied behind her back, with cords twisted

around her body and with her legs chained by the ankles into a completely vertical position.

A bag full of the planets own irritant oil was hanging by her ankles.

There was a nozzle in her anus that took care of cleaning her and keeping her ready for her owner's visits.

Debbie Sullivan, the most beautiful woman in the Galaxy was being used as a recipient for Aguirre's copious semen.

That was the tyrant of Barbaria's habit, to empty his slaves like that before bumming them, his penis no longer felt the irritant effects that so tortured his victims...

Several times a day, whenever he felt like it, Aguirre would walk into the room with an erection and slam the door.

'Does it hurt, slave? Do you want to go?' He asked her.

He didn't even have to crouch... Just as he came, he pulled the nozzle out, waited while the slave emptied out, sunk himself in her rectum, raped her until he came and then he left slamming the door again, after putting the nozzle back in again.

Once a day, usually at night, he would tarry longer. Then he took the punishment dildo out of her vagina, he smeared her sex with «Enervina» and put the dildo back, making sure that the internal hooks went into a new place. That was more painful and more educational.

After the second day, his sadistic mind thought up a new torment. It was to teach her not to come without permission... Not without some difficulty he managed to fix a hook in centre of the girl's clitoris and then he fixed a fine cord that had a painful clamp tied to

its end to the septum of her nose, exactly long enough to keep her leaning forward.

Debbie didn't want to mutilate herself, so she had spend the hours with her neck and body curved forward, fighting with the tightness of the cord... The terrible pain in her nose making her cry.

'Let's see if you remember next time' he said.

Debbie only alleviation was the visits of the slave Bitch.

The woman comforted her; she fed her and following Aguirre's strict instructions she refilled the bag of irritant laxatives.

Aguirre liked clean bottoms according to his own words.

It was in those moments that Debbie Sullivan learned the story of WARRIOR II and her awful fate. Of how Bitch who had been just a girl then, was given to Aguirre who had also been a boy. Of the girl's first awful months. Of when he had sent her to the Ranch to have her daughter Bitchling after nine months stuck pregnant in a cage that was too small to move in. Of all those years suffering the worst possible humiliations and tortures. How she had watched from the front row when her own daughter had been broken, and after that, an endlessly long list of sadistic violations.

She also learned from Bitch that her daughter Bitchling would go to the Ranch



Does it hurt, slave? Do you want to go? soon to produce another new slave for Aguirre.

And she learned many other things... The existence of the Captain Douglas Hate the renegade and his gang of deserters, the fate of Dana Hilbert, the plans that Aguirre and Raper had to turn Barbaria into a kind of sexual resort for the hypocritical ruling classes of the Federation and everything else...

Every visit opened a new abyss of terror for Debbie.

Once she asked the woman if she had any idea what Aguirre had planned for her.

With tears in her eyes while she was refilling the bag of oil, Bitch explained that Aguirre would send her to the Ranch to have her trained as a whore and then he would put her in the catalogue that he was thinking of offering to his clients. She and all her companions that had been caught by Raper would be the main attraction in the «Barbarian Whorehouse»...

*

Sick of always doing his slave in the same way, Aguirre ordered her to be placed hanging by her ankles, her torso and her waist, so that she would be left with her legs slightly drawn up and her buttocks well offered.

He also had her gagged with a putrefying rat so he wouldn't have to hear her idiotic begging.

The treatment was always the same: the punishment dildo repositioned daily, continuous enemas of irritant laxative and total darkness.

He made practically the same use of her from then on too. He bummed her several times a day but now he had the added amusement of flogging her well-positioned legs with the cat o' nine tails.

While he was doing it he remembered all the times that Bitch had had to empty his balls with her mouth while he watched those legs competing on the Galactic television.

Debbie Sullivan, the winner of «Female Trophy 10», passed another awful week like this.

It was on the eighth day that Bitch came and let her down...

'Today I'm going to test you...' she said with a worried tone.

Debbie fell inert to the floor. She didn't understand what the woman was worried about...

That was when the slave Bitch told of how she had had her clitoris ripped out of her body with pliers.

While she listened, Debbie shook her head with horror. She swore she would resist this time.

The slave Bitch disillusioned her.

'I'm sorry, but I have to do it...' she said.

'What?' asked the girl.

'A double dose of «Enervina». If I disobey he'll rip my nipples off... That's



He also had her gagged with a putrefying rat

so he wouldn't have to hear her idiotic begging what I'm going to get if I make one more mistake.'

Debbie paled...

*

This time Debbie Sullivan waited for her master on her knees, with her arms tied behind her back as usual and her neck trapped in a chain that was anchored to the bars at the head of the bed.

She was freshly bathed, perfumed, combed, made up and emptied. She was also under the effects of a double dose of «Enervina»...

Aguirre arrived drunk, as always... Bitch undressed him, as always, but this time she did it without recourse to her hands, she just used her lips and her teeth.

Debbie shuddered. That was a bad omen.

Aguirre, now naked, offered his penis to the lips of his slave Bitch.

To the girl's disgust the woman took it fervently, sliding her hands over his obese buttocks and impossibly swallowing the fifteen inches of monstrous member.

Debbie watched the spectacle with horror, her eyes fixed on the jaws that were voluntarily dislocating themselves, and the throat that was distended by the incredible thickness that was filling it. And

she was horrified by the strange way the woman managed to breathe with all that inside her.

With no less disgust, she noticed that the woman's hands were in between the flabby thighs, one of them was stroking and exciting the immense sperm filled gonads and the other was buried up to half-way in an anus that was weakened by use.

How could she? She asked herself.

Then she remembered that the woman had been in the clutches of that sadist for twenty years. She also remembered about the Ranch... And that prisoners were trained as sex-slaves there.

It appeared that she was condemned to go there...

She imagined herself in front of Aguirre the Monster giving him the same caresses.

She gulped but she managed to hide it.

Aguirre separated himself from his slave by kicking her so hard in the belly that she was thrown against the wall.

He went to the girl...

With his erection between her eyes, he stroked her lips with his thumb.

Was he going to penetrate her mouth?

She wouldn't resist.

'Don't worry, slave' he said. You'll go to school soon and learn...'

Debbie couldn't stand the proximity or the stench and she turned her face away.

'Two days with the dildo in your bottom, that's for turning away. What do you think?' asked Aguirre.

In her bottom! Debbie shouted to herself, turning her face back. She imagined for one moment those hooks stuck into the flesh that was already tortured by the damned irritant laxative...

She couldn't take it. Nobody could.

'Kiss it, just the tip.'

She obeyed despite the repulsion, she was scared by what he was going to demand of her.

But Aguirre had other plans...

He lay on the bed on his back. With the huge erection pointing at the ceiling.

He was grotesque but threatening too.

'Come here, slave, and fuck your master...' groaned Aguirre hoarse with desire.

It was the last thing the girl had imagined.

It would be like raping herself...

For one moment she sought the gaze of Bitch. The woman was still twisted up in a corner... This time the nightmare would have no music.

Before the tyrant of Barbaria could repeat the order, Debbie got onto the bed and the chain at her neck tinkled.

Before her was the impossible. That penis that had already penetrated her, reached almost to her breasts.

Aguirre raised his hands and signalled her to move closer. The girl understood.

She moved forward on her knees until she was crouched over his erection. She was almost standing on the bed.

Aguirre manoeuvred his penis right to the entrance of her sex, it was deliciously puckered thanks to the effects of the «Enervina».

Debbie leaned her torso forward. With her hands behind her back, it was difficult to keep her balance.

She let herself fall onto the black hands that were waiting for her.

Aguirre grabbed her breasts firmly, sticking his nails into the sensitive flesh.

'Fuck me, slave' he ordered.

With a pathetic mewl, Debbie forced her hips down, onto the black stake that was parting her lips. The tip penetrated her tight succulence with such force that even Aguirre gave a little whimper of pain.

'Carry on...'

Going down that monstrosity seemed eternal to the girl. For every inch that her hips went down, her pain and the feeling of being impaled the death increased by a thousand.

Aguirre made no effort. He just watched her, smiling as he abused her breasts...

Little by little, Debbie's insides started to react and what had seemed quite impossible, became an awful torture that was possible.

Every time she stopped, every time she bit her lips until the blood flowed, every time she wished she had never been born... Aguirre

ordered her to go on.

Then, when she looked at her owner's sex after what had seemed to be an eternity, she saw that there was still more than half of it to go!

She looked him in the eyes pleadingly, but she could expect little from those subhuman features that were studying her with lust.

She made a decision: to kill herself...

Clenching her teeth, closing her eyes and with a dement cry, Debbie Sullivan drove her hips down in one go, trying to kill herself.

But unfortunately for her nothing happened, apart from the unbearable pain that is.

She stayed there, still, arched over her violator, trapped by her breasts, unable to breathe...

'Now fuck me, slave... Until I come.'

The order brought her around.

An abyss of misery opened before her.

How could she?

She could feel it inside her, very deep. That huge fleshy black eel, pulsating with the rhythm of that man's crazy lust.

She clenched her fists and raised her hips a few inches to bring them back down again.

To her surprise the pain wasn't so sharp...

She tried again.

Once...

And twice...

And again...

Little by little the movement of her hips was getting more.

Aguirre watched her from below in a state of shock. That beauty with the girl's face on top of him, those green eyes and the black hair, this excited him more than anything did...

Also her cunt was the tightest and softest he had ever come across and her breasts were the firmest and best he had ever abused...

He wasn't going to last long, and that frustrated his plans...

But no.

Just then, when in a desperate attempt to end her agony, Debbie bounced up and down furiously on the sex that was impaling her, the «Enervina» took over her will for the second time.

Frightened, Debbie stopped, panting. Her heart was pounding in her chest.

'Squeeze' ordered Aguirre. He was an expert at forcing women against their wills.

Debbie looked at him disconcertedly.

'Squeeze your cunt. I want to feel you squeeze me without moving...'

The order, although unheard of for the girl was simple to obey. Or at least to try...

Debbie opened her eyes wide. She was stuck...

'Again.'

No. No it couldn't be. She had to resist... She didn't want to lose her clitoris.

'Go up slowly, squeezing hard...'

Aguirre's instructions were singular, designed to give him pleasure and to ruin her.

Debbie obeyed holding her breath.

'Squeeze, slave... Just the tip...'

That was worse...

'Now go down slowly... and keep squeezing.'

It seemed impossible that it had been so difficult moments before to make the same journey...

'Now go up and down three times, finishing at the top... And do it very quickly and squeezing with all your strength...'

It was useless...

Debbie couldn't hold back. Something primitive that came from her subconscious prevented her.

Debbie went up and down, and again and again. She did it furiously, lightning fast. Her young hips were like a drilling machine...

The screams, the whimpers, the howls were as violent or even more violent than the first time.

Debbie Sullivan had just experienced an orgasm that was so strong that it had almost left her unconscious.

Debbie Sullivan was left still, bent over her owner's chest and impaled to her throat on his member.

Debbie Sullivan was crying bitterly, humiliated for a second time by her surrender, thinking about the consequences of her defeat...

Under her, Aguirre was in paradise. That slave was worth her weight in gold. When she was trained and put to work, clients would swarm to her like honey to a bee...

Yes Aguirre was very satisfied...

Most of all he had to punish her for her daring. She had disobeyed him for the second time!

The finish, for now...

In a remote corner of the huge wasteland that separates the desert from the jungles of the south, the drums call the tribe together every night.

The fires project the shadows of the witch doctors onto the red fabrics of the tents.

The songs to the Earth and to Gaia, the universal fertility goddess, can be heard as far away as the horizon.

This is the Bongo's territory and it's party time.

The fertile males, their faces and bodies painted, are jumping and dancing naked over the fires.

The women are masturbating frantically to the percussive rhythm of the dance.

Hanging from two trunks in the centre of the village are the hopes of a whole race: They are two slaves, two white women. The first is a young girl bought from the poachers of Sodom. People who hunt female slaves for fun, without a license and who, once they have enjoyed their booty, get rid of it by any means they can. The cruellest way is without a doubt, selling them to the Bongos. The most humane is to bury them alive.

The girl has been there two years being raped every night by the entire population. She is a couple of months pregnant but no one cares. She will stay there hanging until her belly pushes out the third consecutive baby for those barbarians. The baby they are all waiting for...

The second slave is an earthling, a woman who was once an officer in the powerful Federation. A white woman, beautiful and educated whose bad luck has brought there. It's Cunt, who used to be the prestigious Commander Dana Hilbert, of the space ship ANDROS V.

The two slaves are hanging ready for those who have bought them. To be made pregnant and to give the fruit of their bodies at the right time.

Their bellies are hanging at the precise height of a male Bongo's penis.

They are hanging by their arms that are fixed behind their backs. They also hang by their knees. They are bent over at their waists with their legs wide open. They are filthy and covered with stinking Bongo sperm, their skin and flesh rubbed raw.

They hang and hang...

Because no one will let them down...



They are a multitude.

The tribes-women feed them with mule's excrement. They do their own «business» right there and it falls straight down to pile up on the floor...

They will «live» like that for the rest of their days, they will give birth, they will cry, they will suffer and there they will die...

And until that day they will be raped there and impregnated very night... Until their bodies burst from so much abuse.

Like tonight.

The males surround Cunty. It's her third ceremony and she knows what to expect.

The witch doctor throws a bucket of filthy water over her, to wake her up...

Then he opens her mouth and forces her to swallow the magic potion that will keep her awake and facilitate her impregnation.

The males run round and round her threateningly, staring at her with their shifty coward's eyes and with their members in their hands.

Finally one decides... he grabs her buttocks and thrust himself into her with one shove. The witch doctor's potion has made her very sensitive and she screams with pain...

The Bongo works for just a few seconds and then he empties himself into the hanging slave. His thick and abundant sperm is irritating and it makes her mucous skin burn.

A second raper attacks her from behind. He is so excited that he can't wait for the vagina to be free.

The penetration is even more painful...

Another Bongo takes his place when he retires.

Cunty looks up and through her tears she observes their violet faces, inexpressive and cruel...

They are a multitude.

By her side, the illegally hunted girl is being raped with the same viciousness. She looks pitiful and her young belly is already showing signs of pregnancy. She seems absent, crazy... She hasn't been able to get a word out of her and she has little hope of doing so.

The drums beat their death march obsessively for the death of a scion that should never have existed.

The women scream with pleasure. The men with rage.

Cunty can't feel her body after three interminable days and nights hanging in this obscene and brutal way. But she can feel the subhuman semen flooding her in front and behind. Like every night.

The party will go on to dawn. Every second, every minute, every hour of every night until her body explodes...

How many monsters will they have grown in her body by then?

*

That night Raper arrived drunk at the Ranch. He had been drinking in the tavern until the early hours and the spectacle of the slave-girls dancing naked had excited him greatly.

He fell over as soon as he entered his quarters.

Cursing he managed to get up. His head was spinning and he wanted to vomit.

One of the house slaves came to attend him.

Raper kneed her in her naked sex and pushed her away...

The young slave, one of many blondes caught in the south, was left on the floor doubled over and scared. She had been his favourite once and she knew how dangerous he was in that condition.

Raper ripped his clothes off and with clumsy fingers, he pulled back the bolt that closed the gate at the back of his rooms.

There was Deborah Keller, ready and waiting on the floor for his arrival. She had her arms twisted up her back, her legs bent and tied with each thigh to each calf and she had her breasts imprisoned in an artistic net of cords.

'Are you ready, whore?' he asked wobbling nakedly in the doorway.

Deborah opened her legs and turned her face to one side, staring at a point on the wall.

Raper jumped on her...

Three hundred pounds of black drunken mass landed on the slim, naked tied up girl.

With blows bites and twists, Raper raised a precarious erection.

With his hands under her thighs he squeezed the slave's legs to her breasts and penetrated her savagely.

Deborah Keller just moaned. She had been his favourite for two weeks, locked in the cage in his quarters, and she knew how to take it.

When she showed her pain less, the less cruel he was with her. She even believed that if she could pretend to like it, he would get

bored with her.

But that was a crazy idea, no woman could pretend to want to be raped by that swine.

'Move your arse, you fucking whore.' He ordered with a tremendous slap.

Deborah did what she could, as usual. But he was very drunk...

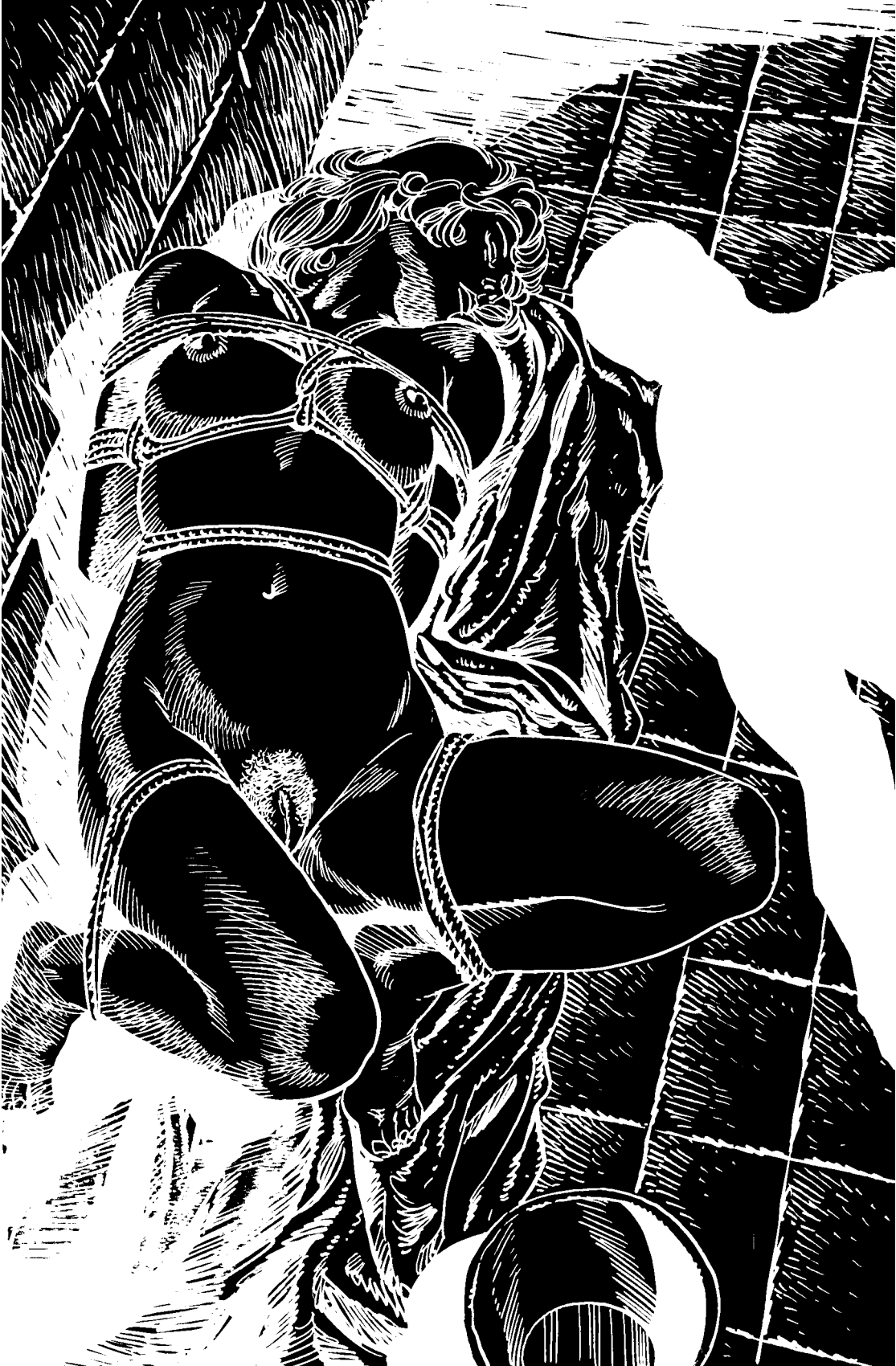
There, near dawn on the first floor of a miserable Ranch on Sodom dedicated to breeding slaves. A slave hunter, a gigantic black man with a brutal and sadistic appearance, is raping a cruelly tied up white girl.

The girl is crying and bemoaning her fate and the man is cursing his impotence. He's drunk and he can't find a way to slake his desire.

In the morning, when he wakes up lying on her outraged body, he will have his young slave punished.

A bedroom slave can't cheat her master with impunity.

He'll have her hung up by her feet and her sex filled with rags impregnated with irritant oil, and then he'll have her flogged until the skin of her back is raised.



Are you ready to fuck, whore?

Then he'll drag her with a chain that's fixed to hooks in her nipples, he'll take her to the street and she'll be put to work. Right there in front of everyone and chained to the floor by her nipples, she'll be raped and then left at the disposition of anyone who come along that want to use her.

Just thinking about the punishment gets the reaction from Raper's body that the girl failed to.

Raper turns her over and making the most of his fleeting erection, he grabs her hips and penetrates her anus, then he comes into her intestines.

Then he squashes her body and falls peacefully asleep.

When he wakes up, he'll have her punished as she deserves.

*

In Sodom, in the castle on the hill to be exact, Debbie Sullivan is suffering the punishment she deserves for coming twice without the permission of her owner.

They are alone, the victim and the executioner, the slave and the tyrant of Barbaria.

Suffering and delight face to face.

Debbie is precariously balanced on the tips of her toes. She is naked. She is scared. She is humiliated by showing her nudity, her pain and her profound terror to the man that owns her.

She is hanging by her torso and a series of cords that are tied to a hook in the ceiling. Her feet are struggling, tied to the ends of a

pole, looking for support that they can't find...

Debbie can't keep still...

Her master, the owner of her body and her soul is stopping her from getting the support.

Aguirre the Monster, an evil creature of uncommon proportions, is beating her buttocks cruelly and her thighs and her calves and her ankles and also on the soles of her feet.

He has been torturing her for an hour now and the sadistic torturer isn't tired.

A brutal blow and a horrific scream... A fantastic woman's body hanging from the cords, trembling and shaking in the most terrible agony.

SWISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

CRACCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!

'ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!'

Debbie Sullivan, the woman, the most talked about girl in the Galaxy is lost. Everyone is looking for her but no one can find her.

She won't go back to Earth where fame and glory await her. Luck and a destiny that no one deserves have brought her to where she is; underground on a remote planet, punished and tortured by sadist who is twice her age, who disgusts her and who she hates with all her soul.

A black swine who she serves as if her life depended on it...



Debbie is precariously balanced on the tips of her toes

With her tongue, with her mouth and with her lips...

With her sex, with her anus and with whatever he says...

A sexual psychopath that she must treat with respect and reverence, while he humiliates her without quarter.

A lowlife who sank two stakes into her, one in her sex and one in her anus. Two stakes impregnated with irritant oils that drive in deeper with every stroke of the cane.

A despot that branded her with a hot iron like a steer, like an object.

A degenerate who promised to rip off her clitoris if she came for a second time without his permission...

'My God, have pity on me!'

SWISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

CRACCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!

'ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!'

-END-

Epilogue

Hate, accompanied by his officers, returns to ANDROS V and takes command of the ship giving the white women to Aguirre. All except Lieutenant Wallace who he keeps for himself...

Two days later they go to get the rest of the finalists of «Female Trophy 10» who are still hibernating in orbit around the planet...

A few weeks later and after some hard training for the girls, the «Galactic Brothel» is opened and Debbie Sullivan is its star attraction.

The powerful come from all over the Galaxy to enjoy its attractions, no more or less than sixteen of the most beautiful girls in the Universe. All except one of them, Deborah Keller who is still living in hell at the Ranch in the power of Raper.

And Dana Hilbert? Is she still hanging at the disposition of the Bongo? Did Hate visit her like he promised?

Hate is very busy for the moment. Partly due to the education of Lieutenant Wallace and also due to Bitch and Bitchling. Aguirre gave him his slave Bitch in payment for the information as to the whereabouts of a certain caged brunette , the one he had discovered in the Sodom trader's house.

Who is the enigmatic and beautiful woman? Why does Aguirre want her?

What will Hate do with the mother and daughter Bitch and Bitchling?

Don't miss the next episode...

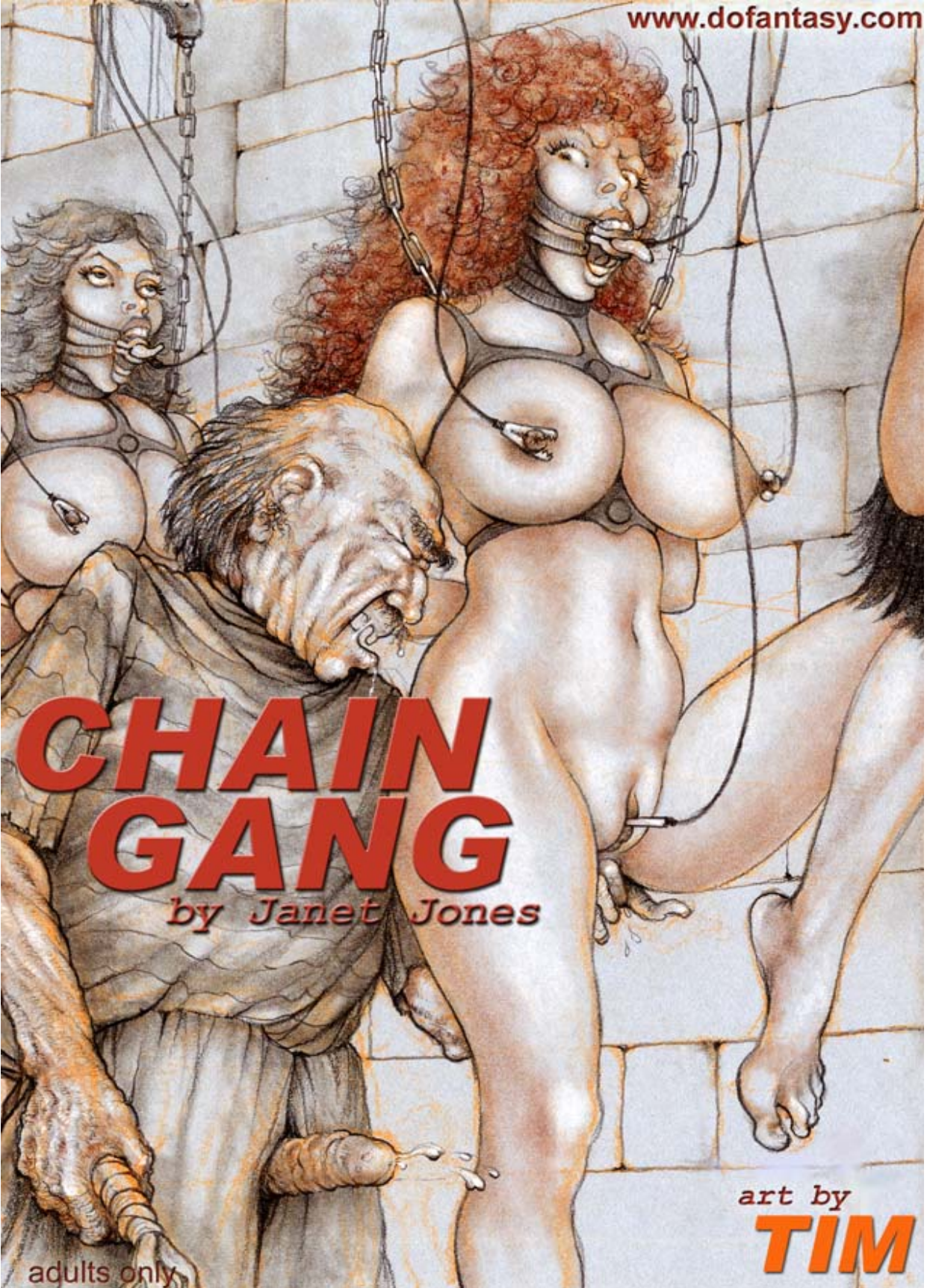
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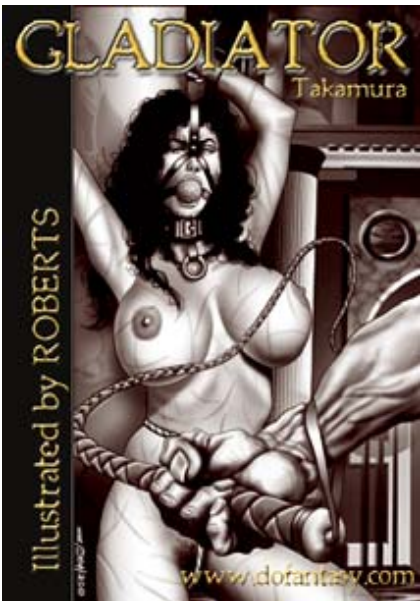
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SLAVE IN THE CASTLE

Badia

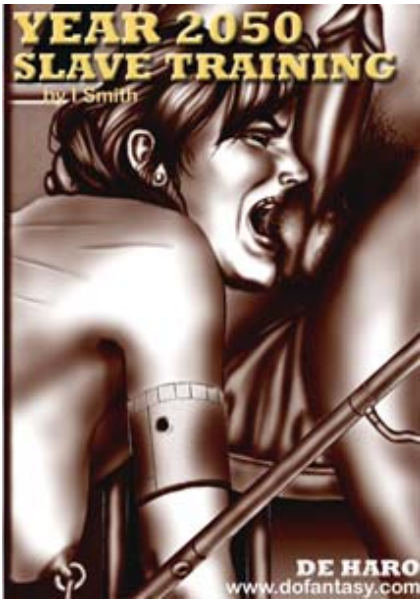
Gabriella Cianni

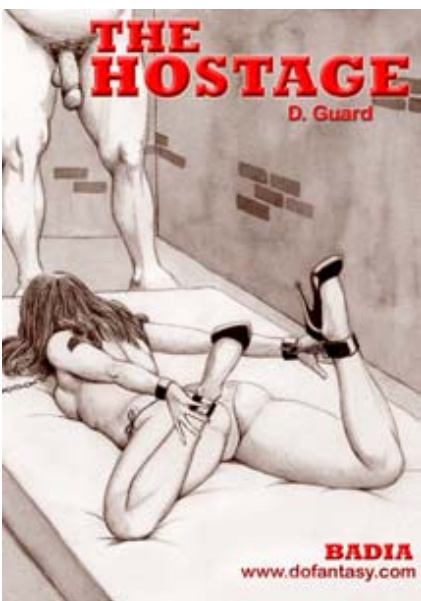
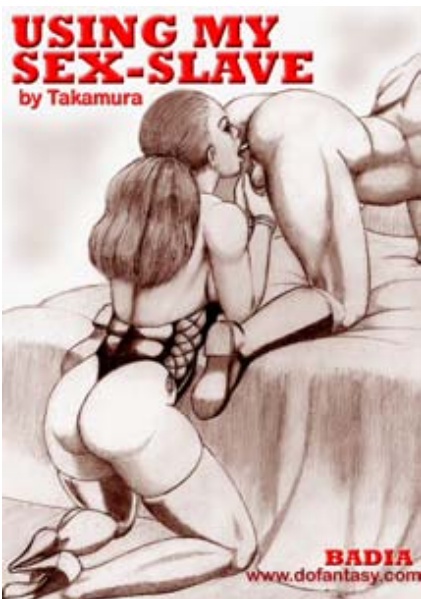


TRAINING MY SLAVE-GIRL

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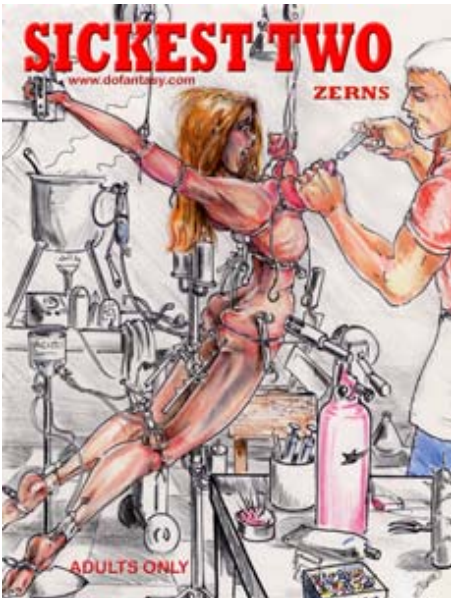


UAAAGGHHH!!!
UAAAGGHHH!!!

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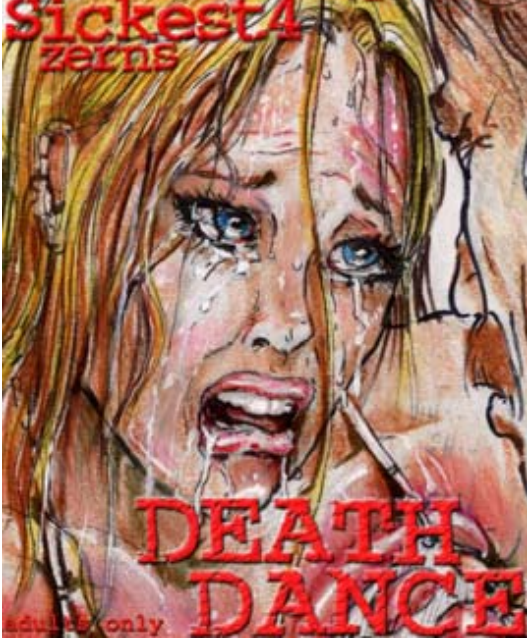


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