

*White Slave girls
Taken in a Cruel and Barbarous*

DOFANTASY

ORIENTAL WORLD

By *Damian* with texts by **Naj**



26 all new images

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ORIENTAL WORLD

DAMIAN

Taken in the prime of their youth

The year is 1910. The British Empire is living at the height of its power under the rule of King Edward VII, son of Queen Victoria. The United States has been emboldened by the Gilded Age and its great advancements in science and technology and seeks to impress those ideas upon a new Progressive Era with Prohibition and Women's Suffrage. The car, the aeroplane, the telegraph, the telephone, and the light bulb have all burst upon an astonished and amazed world. The sun rises. A new, liberal age of social advancement and great equality stretches across the western world, and the limitless hope of the people living in this age seems to go up and up without end.

But an end is coming. World War I lurks just around the corner and all the shock and horror that it will bring. Even worse, there are dark and dangerous parts of the world, untouched by the advances and enlightenment of the West.

A small steamship, a passenger liner, heads to the exotic lands of the east, to the farthest reaches of the British Empire: distant India. It carries onboard cabins full of delicate and proper English ladies, young students seeking to expand their horizons and young Victorian ladies, going to meet their prospective marriage partners, with maids in tow. Unbeknownst to the passengers and crew, the telegraph operator is in cahoots with the Turk slavers of the Ottoman Empire. The ship is reported "lost" as it passes through Egypt and the Suez Canal and disappears into the Red Sea.





Emma

Emma was a fine lady of distinguished character and virtue. She was the belle of the ball and well beloved throughout her entire English village for her good manners and best breeding. None of this mattered when the steam liner she sailed in was captured by Turkish slavers! The cruel Ottomans only cared about having the finest, white flesh and the choicest, most succulent of female meat! Emma's face flushed bright red when she was forced to lift her priceless petticoats and spread her legs. She all but screamed when the stinking, Turkish slaver slipped a dirty, greasy finger into her virtuous womanhood!

"She's tight... she'll make a fine slave!"

Emma was raised to think she was special and important. She was raised to keep her virtue in pursuit of a fine husband. She screamed bloody murder when the whip was applied to her perfect, round rear! "You can't do this! I'm a lady! You can't do this! You must let me go!"

The Turkish slaver merely laughed. "I can, and I will! You'll make fine meat to wrap around a princeling's cock! Mark my words... you're not a British 'lady' anymore! You're a fine, white whore fuck now!"

Julia

"She is good, Effendi! She is still nice and young and tight! I give you good price! I give you very good price!" The flesh seller was sweating under the sweltering heat of the desert day, but that was not the only reason he was so nervous. The bearded man frowned as the pretty, white girl sucked his cock. Even though the seller tried his hardest to promote his latest ware, it was obvious that she had seen better days: where once she had pure lily white, perfect skin, now her skin had the weathered, leathery look of a used slave. Whip marks criss crossed her back. There was even a dull look to her eyes. With this white girl in such poor shape, surely her holes would be loose and lack traction...

"I don't know..." the rich, Turkish merchant said. "She doesn't seem like she's got her heart in it..." he said while the girl halfheartedly sucked his cock. "I'm not sure I'm interested..."

"Effendi, please!" the flesh seller said. "I get you even better price! Half off! Today only! She is a good slave... well trained... very good indeed!" The flesh seller was growing increasingly nervous. He had heard word of a Turkish slave galley that had abducted a whole harem of pretty, British female students... he had to unload his current wares... and fast!

"You just need to give her the proper motivation!" The flesh seller took his whip and smacked the girl across the ass. The girl let out a gurgled scream as she shoved the bearded merchant's cock deeper down her throat. Properly motivated, she began sucking at the man's cock with gusto.

"Ahh... there we go... that's much better..." the rich merchant said, leaning back as he picked up his hookah pipe. "Hmm... half off you say... I think I can find a use for a cheap fuckslave... as a footstool!" he said, laughing.

The flesh merchant laughed too. It didn't matter how his buyers used the girls once they were sold... as long as they were sold, that's all that mattered...





Prince Mehmet

Spoiled prince Mehmet was always a mama's boy. Not a great fighter like his eldest brother or a great scholar like his father, Prince Mehmet was a confused and cowardly child who often hid behind his mother's skirts, much to the mockery of his brother and much to the disgrace of his father. His mother tried her very best to make prince Mehmet into a sterling, upstanding member of the Ottoman elite, but poor Mehmet was always the clumsy, awkward one. Many a Turkish girl would politely humor his advances only to be firmly rejected by their protective fathers: no man wanted such a weakling to marry their daughter.

When Mehmet failed to get a girl on his own, his mother spoiled him by providing him with a nice, white harem of frightened, nubile, white slave girls!

Maybe it was best that Mehmet could never get a girl or convince their parents to part with their beloved daughter. When he had access to all the tightest, whitest pussy he could get, the darker side came out of him. A cruel and sadistic master, Mehmet finally proved himself an adept learner... in the art of punishing pussy with pain! Those that pleased him would earn merely a stripe or welt on their lovely, young bodies. Those who did not... would be forced to ride the anal pyramid! The weight of their own bodies would slowly penetrate these helpless girls deeper and deeper in their tight, brown rear... all while their screams, sobs, and pleas for mercy would make Mehmet harder and harder!

Prince Mehmet eventually found a position of fear and respect... as the Sultan's torture master!



The Harem Master

“Keep those legs up!” the harem master barked as he striped the delicate, British lady with his whip. The poor girl screamed before cartwheeling her legs, kicking uselessly into the air as she tried to keep her knees bent and her feet pointed in the prettiest way possible. “I thought you were a dancer... that’s what your cabin itinerary says!” the harem master sneered. “You can’t even keep your legs up after staying tied for a whole day and night! Such a soft, western girl!”

“How did she do, red?” the slave master said, suddenly turning his attention to the girl kneeling on the ground. “Speak up!” he barked before smacking the redhead’s ass. The girl yelped before turning dejectedly back to the brazier underneath the hanging girl and moving the brand she knew he would be using to mark them soon, keeping her head low to avoid getting kicked by the other girl’s frantically cartwheeling legs. “I didn’t see anything, master,” the redhead muttered sadly. “It doesn’t look like she pissed herself last night...”

“Well keep looking! It would not do to have such a fine specimen of fuckmeat piss herself in the Sultan’s bed while he fucked her raw and bloody! She must learn to control her bladder... or else!” The harem master turned back to the hanging girl and noticed her starting to lag. He smacked her pretty, plump ass once more with the whip, and the hanging girl screamed. “Keep those legs up and moving and keep those toes pointed, you worthless cunt!” he roared. “Or else I’ll throw you to the lepers as their newest fuckslave!”

The Slave "School"

Many of the girls off the steam liner were taken in batches by private, wealthy Turkish merchants or high ranking officials of the Ottoman empire. Others were taken for their looks and their great beauty, enchanting their masters with their white, pure, western faces. The unfortunate ones were dragged out and split up, judged on the docks in

their nakedness for "quality" and "tightness" in the most humiliating way possible, in full view of leering fishermen and dock workers. The newest arrival was pushed in, fresh off the boat, to the sound of screaming and pleading. Her pretty eyes went wide with horror as she watched helpless females writhing, suspended between poles or tied mercilessly to an Andrews cross, the rough and cruel rope biting into their soft and delicate flesh. "Harder! Harder!" one of the Turkish slave masters said. "I really want to hear her scream! None of this fake stuff! I want

to see her eyes bulge as you whip her raw!" The seller, smelling money, greedily obliged, whipping furiously at the white girl's backside. The girl's eyes bulged indeed, and she let out a raw, bloodcurdling scream of absolute pain and agony. The Turkish man smiled a sadistic smile. "Yes... yes! She screams so prettily... she'll make an excellent pain slut!" he crowed triumphantly. He handed off his bag of gold to the merchant, whose own eyes bulged at its weight, while the helpless girl thrashed and screamed, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

"Do you see that, my dear?" one of the slave traders said, running the length of his whip across the white girl's helpless, unmarked flesh as she stood there, quivering in horror. "That will be your fate! You might be lucky and be bought as a bed slave to be poked by some fat merchant... but most of the people I see really like to see a white girl scream!"

She could only look at the horror of sexual, female slavery around her, dumbstruck in total terror.



The Harem Rapist

Abdul was a brute of a man and had been involved in "training" slave girls for many years. The women of the Pasha's harem were of different status: there were the wives and concubines, who were untouchable to Abdul and anyone else besides the Pasha, and then there were the fuck slaves that needed to be broken and trained to please the Pasha's every sexual whim. Abdul was especially sadistic to the captured English girls.

He would often savagely rape a girl when the mood took him and was an insatiable stallion that could fuck long and hard in any conceivable position!

For Sabina, having long lost her virginity as she was a country girl and had done it before, this was a fucking she had never experienced!! She suffered a lot but was powerless to resist. Besides there was always worse, as she knew. Just near her was Linda, one of the young maids from the ship, hanging from the tree. Sabina could hear the poor girl's whimpering and crying from the attentions of one of the Pasha's men.

Meanwhile, Abdul would thrust away at Sabina's pussy, change to her ass, and back again. He almost always eventually ended by coming deep down her throat, and God help her if she didn't suck and gag the way he liked!

Despite the pain and humiliation, Sabina would come several times very strongly - despite or because of the pain - and this made Abdul even hornier.



Nora

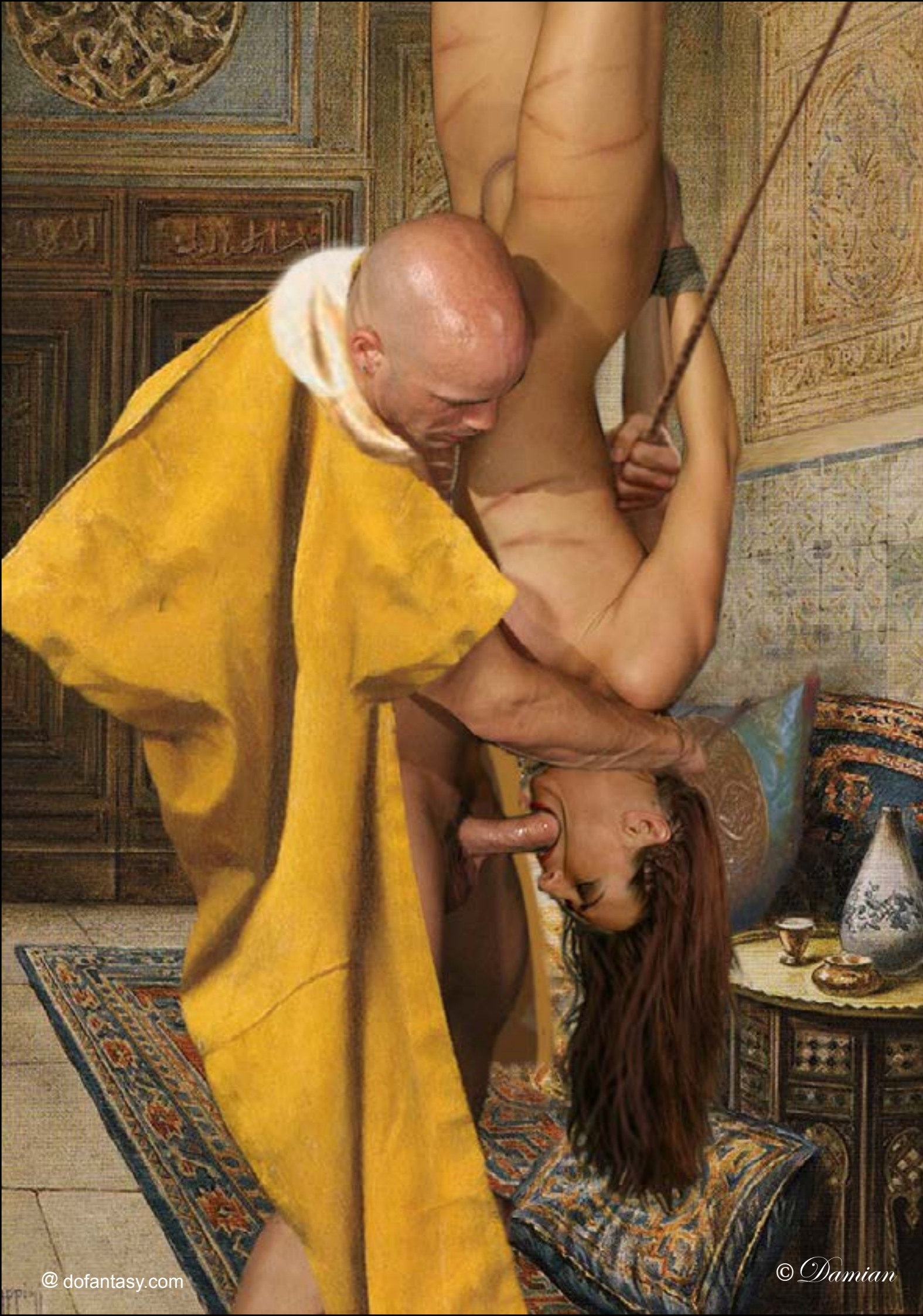
"Clench down harder!" the Ottoman prince shouted as he smacked poor Nora on her plump, helpless tit. Nora screamed and thrashed wildly against the pillory which bound her to the bed, but it was useless; there was no way a small, dainty, "proper" lady like her would ever be able to free herself from the prince's cruel stocks.

"Noooo!!! Please nooooo!!!" poor Nora pleaded. "Please let me go! This is a mistake! It has to be a mistake! Please! I don't want to be a slave! Please let me go!!!"

"Be quiet!" the princeling roared as he whipped Nora into silence. "I don't want to hear the flapping of your tongue! Your mouth should be used for sucking cock,

not talking back!" He then jammed a thick, meaty finger deep in Nora's pussy. "I demand a tight pussy for fucking! You lazy, white women think you can just lay there and take it, but you must work to please my royal cock!" he sneered before stripping poor Nora once again, eliciting a helpless cry of pain from the pilloried pussy. Nora tightened every muscle as the pain surged through her body, and her pussy twitched tightly around the prince's finger.

"Yes... yes just like that... I want a nice, tight pussy for fucking! You'll make a good bed slave... with some proper training! Now let's see just how good of a fuck you are..." the prince said as he rudely spread Nora's legs and rammed his thick, glistening cock deep inside Nora's helpless fuckhole!



Clara

The Ottoman Empire had once enslaved thousands upon thousands of non-Muslim, young boys to serve in their Janissary corps. Though the Janissary corps had been officially abolished during the Auspicious Incident, it still survived, underground and in secret. These boys were taken from their homes and forced to serve as soldiers for the Ottoman Empire and were put through a hellish regimen to make them the most elite and decorated soldiers of the empire itself. But these boys, often taken from the provincial, Christian tributes and conquered peoples of the empire, had their own desires... and those desires, shaped in the fires of war and brutal training, were harsh and cruel indeed...and Clara was sold to an especially cruel one!

“Keep sucking my cock, you filthy, Christian slut! You dirty, Christian whore!” the captain of the Janissary guard shouted. The poor girl, still fresh off the steamship liner, choked and gagged around the soldier’s thick, meaty cock.

“You must be a better cocksucker than that if you wish to remain as my personal slave!” The captain viciously whipped Clara all over her soft thighs, her full, plump breasts, and then most cruelly between her widely spread legs! The girl tried to scream her pain and outrage around the Janissary’s thick, meaty cock, but all that came out was a gurgling GGLGLKRKRRRRKK!!!!

“I bet you think that just because you’re a pampered and proper, English lady, that I’ll treat you kindly. You stupid slut!” the soldier shouted, slashing the slut’s slit savagely! Clara screamed again, another gurgling cry of anguish as she gagged and choked around the man’s thick, venous cock. “Dumb girls like you are spoiled rotten and think the world will be handed to you on a silver platter! You’ll learn better, mark my words, or we’ll throw your young body to the lower ranks”

Emily Screamed!

"Keep that head up, you worthless white cow! You must be able to suck off a man while you're fucked in your ass or cunt! Arch that back!" the Muslim trainer shouted, sneering at the white woman's weakness. "A properly trained fuckslave should be able to service her masters with all her holes! Your weak back

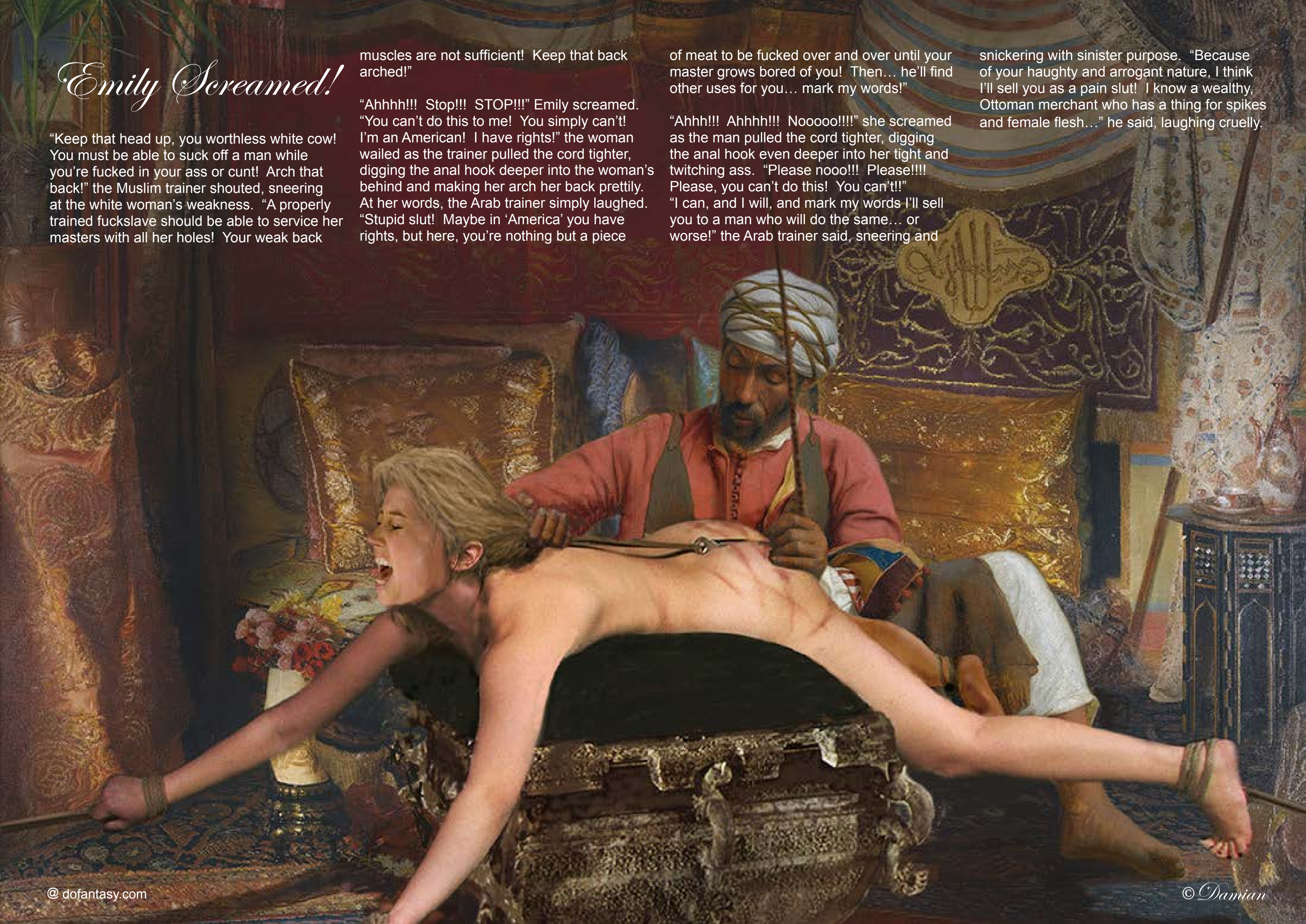
muscles are not sufficient! Keep that back arched!"

"Ahhhh!!! Stop!!! STOP!!!" Emily screamed. "You can't do this to me! You simply can't! I'm an American! I have rights!" the woman wailed as the trainer pulled the cord tighter, digging the anal hook deeper into the woman's behind and making her arch her back prettily. At her words, the Arab trainer simply laughed. "Stupid slut! Maybe in 'America' you have rights, but here, you're nothing but a piece

of meat to be fucked over and over until your master grows bored of you! Then... he'll find other uses for you... mark my words!"

"Ahhh!!! Ahhhh!!! Noooooo!!!" she screamed as the man pulled the cord tighter, digging the anal hook even deeper into her tight and twitching ass. "Please nooo!!! Please!!!! Please, you can't do this! You can't!!!" "I can, and I will, and mark my words I'll sell you to a man who will do the same... or worse!" the Arab trainer said, sneering and

snickering with sinister purpose. "Because of your haughty and arrogant nature, I think I'll sell you as a pain slut! I know a wealthy, Ottoman merchant who has a thing for spikes and female flesh..." he said, laughing cruelly.



When Pasha Murad, a lord of the Ottoman Empire, had heard of the captured harem of white females, fresh off the boat from their pleasure cruise in the Red Sea, he was among the first to the auction, wishing to purchase a pure, white, female virgin who had been untouched before by cock or whip. When his wife, the lady Serin, heard wind that her husband was off purchasing yet another female slave, her temper grew to frightening proportions. She threw the largest tantrum the household had yet seen as she stormed through the palace grounds, clawing at the silken curtains and sheets with her fine nails and tossing fine porcelain dishes and vases to shatter on the ground. "How DARE my husband go off to buy another slave! He belongs to me! He is mine! How dare he shame me like that?!" The servants scurried away from the lady Serin, eager to avoid her wrath. They all shook their heads and chattered among themselves as the lady's screeching echoed through the halls. "Our poor Pasha Murad! He will surely get it when he returns home!"

When the Pasha returned home to see his palace in disarray, he grew angry, deeply angry. Hearing that her husband had returned, the lady Serin stormed to the front gate while the Pasha surveyed the wreckage in silent rage. "Oh, and now my lord and husband returns home! Let me give you a piece of my mind! You belong to me! I don't want you sticking your little dick in anyone else! You're going to go back to that auction and return that slave immediately!" she said, pointing to the white woman clothed in traditional, Ottoman garb to protect her virgin modesty.

If only the lady Serin had taken note of her husband's silent rage, she might have held her tongue! The Pasha Murad pointed a finger from his guard to his wife, and the enormous black giant nodded his head. Quickly, the guard grabbed the lady Serin, who let out a startled screech. "What do you think you're doing, you big dumb monkey?! Let me down! Let me down now!" The black giant casually ignored the lady Serin's screams and ripped her fine dress and robes off her body, revealing her naked flesh. "What are you doing?! Stop!! Husband, make him stop!! Kill him! Chop off his head for this!!!!" she wailed.

"I think it's time you were taught a lesson, dearest wife..." the Pasha Murad said as he watched the big, black giant string up his naked wife, chaining her to a heavy wooden block and hoisting the block to the ceiling and making her stand on her pretty toes. "You should learn respect and obedience for your lord and husband! You have cost me much with your temper tantrums and your rages..." the Pasha said, coolly and calmly as his black bodyguard handed him a whipping cane...

For the first time, the lady Serin felt fear. "Y-you wouldn't dare! I'm your wife! You wouldn't dare strike me!" she said, her bravado showing. The Pasha pointed his cane toward the white girl, trembling in terror at the foot of the great doorway. "Pay attention, slave! If I would do this to my own wife, think what I would do to you if you disobey me!" he said, his voice dark and dangerous. The lady Serin screamed in outrage and pain as the Pasha laid the first blow across her sweat stained, olive flesh. It would not be the last that day...

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The Shaming and Torment of the Lady Serin



Angelica and Abigail

When the Turkish slaver galley first appeared on the horizon, the captain urged all the passengers and crew to remain calm. A pair of ladies, fine English girls, did not. Angelica and Abigail quickly saw the danger that was coming toward them and sneakily headed to the nearest lifeboat, taking all their finery and possessions with them. They launched before anyone else was aware, and watched as the galley came alongside the steam liner and boarded, Ottoman slavers flooding on board like a tidal wave. Even from far away, the pair could hear the girls' screams of terror, humiliation, and violation as they were taken, one by one, like cattle.

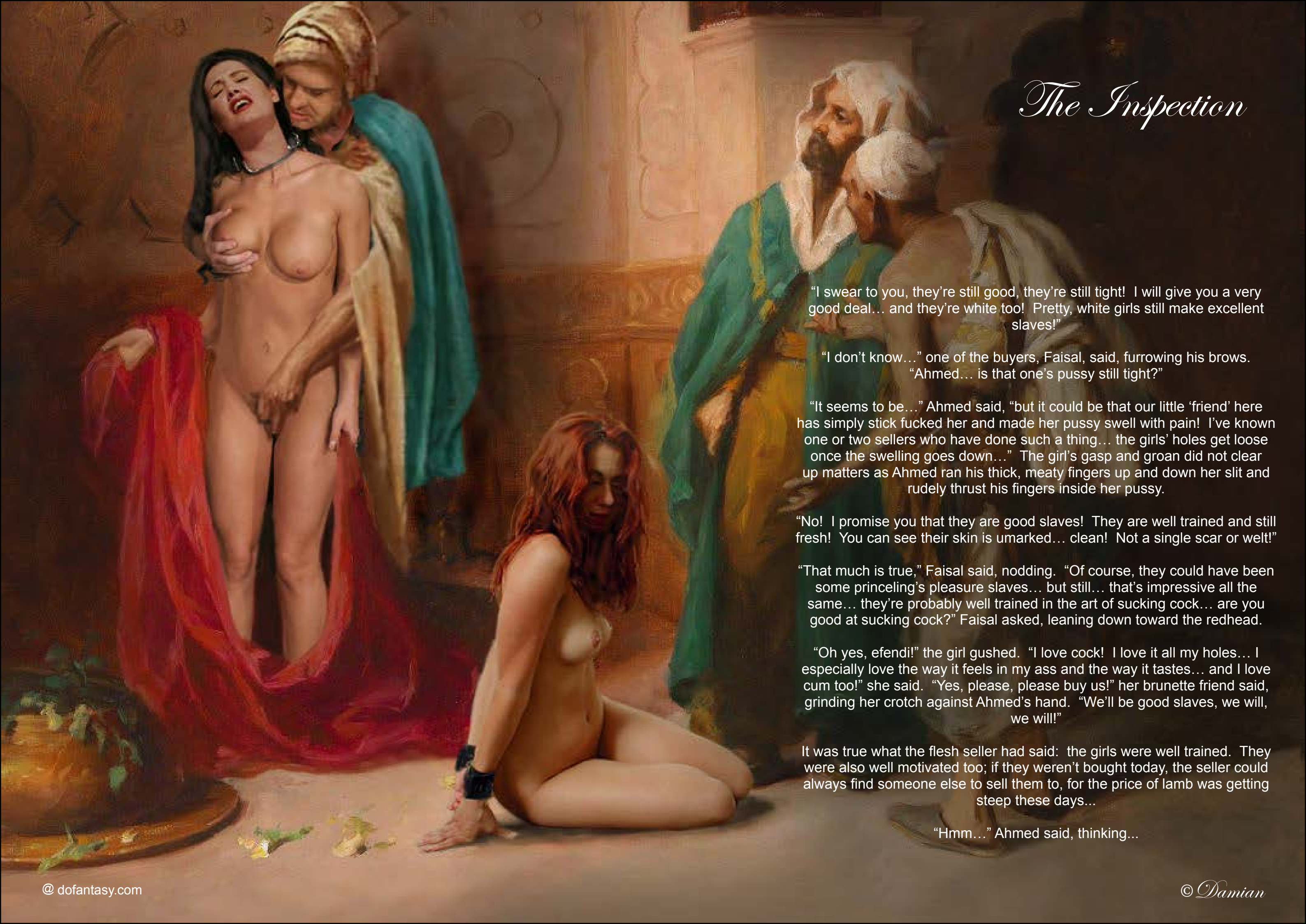
"Thank goodness that we escaped!" they said to themselves. Silly girls. They had brought their fine silks, purses, and trinkets... but they'd forgotten something far more important: water and food!

The pair bobbed along in the Red Sea like a pair of rubber duckies caught in a giant bathtub as their thirst and hunger grew, day after day. Their fine, perfumed countenances soon began to erode as they sweated and stained their fine dresses. They regretted their decision to escape, but it would only get worse...

They were soon spotted by an enterprising Egyptian fisherman. Manned by hard working, Nubian sailors, the girls had no chance as they attempted to flee in their pretty petticoats back into the water. They were dragged out, soaking and drenched, by the fishermen's nets, and those pretty petticoats were cut off by sharp fishing knives, exposing the women and their nakedness...

The Nubian fishermen grinned wickedly to themselves. They'd make a lot of money selling their "catch" to a wealthy, Egyptian merchant. They had visions of themselves haggling in a dark, back alley while they presented these helpless, white women and their tight, young holes. They would make a lot of money with their catch of the day...

...after they'd used the girls first!



The Inspection

"I swear to you, they're still good, they're still tight! I will give you a very good deal... and they're white too! Pretty, white girls still make excellent slaves!"

"I don't know..." one of the buyers, Faisal, said, furrowing his brows. "Ahmed... is that one's pussy still tight?"

"It seems to be..." Ahmed said, "but it could be that our little 'friend' here has simply stick fucked her and made her pussy swell with pain! I've known one or two sellers who have done such a thing... the girls' holes get loose once the swelling goes down..." The girl's gasp and groan did not clear up matters as Ahmed ran his thick, meaty fingers up and down her slit and rudely thrust his fingers inside her pussy.

"No! I promise you that they are good slaves! They are well trained and still fresh! You can see their skin is unmarked... clean! Not a single scar or welt!"

"That much is true," Faisal said, nodding. "Of course, they could have been some princeling's pleasure slaves... but still... that's impressive all the same... they're probably well trained in the art of sucking cock... are you good at sucking cock?" Faisal asked, leaning down toward the redhead.

"Oh yes, efendi!" the girl gushed. "I love cock! I love it all my holes... I especially love the way it feels in my ass and the way it tastes... and I love cum too!" she said. "Yes, please, please buy us!" her brunette friend said, grinding her crotch against Ahmed's hand. "We'll be good slaves, we will, we will!"

It was true what the flesh seller had said: the girls were well trained. They were also well motivated too; if they weren't bought today, the seller could always find someone else to sell them to, for the price of lamb was getting steep these days...

"Hmm..." Ahmed said, thinking...

Roberta and Jenny

Meanwhile, back in the Sultan's harem, two of the freshest and prettiest of the British ladies, Roberta and Jenny, were being trained in the delicate art of obedience, submission, and ass fucking! The screaming echoed through the green walls of the palace harem as their spirits were broken by caning and cocking! "Please! Please stop!! Please!!! You must stop!!!" Roberta screeched, her throat raw from screaming, as the harem masters continued to stripe and mark their white, tender, female flesh! "AAHHHH!! AHHH!!! STOP!!! PLEASE STOP!!! I'M DYING!! YOU'RE KILLING MEEEE!!" Jenny wailed as yet one more venous, throbbing cock was stuck deep in her twitching, tight asshole!

"Be quiet! Good slaves accept their punishment with humility and submission!" the harem master shouted as he thrashed the poor, English lady across her tight tits. Roberta screamed bloody murder and struggled animalistically against the bonds holding her spread wide and helpless. The master knelt down and ran his hands across the girl's inner thigh, pressing cruelly against the fresh welts buried in her thigh flesh. "Heh heh heh... perhaps now you'll know what happens when you spit out a camel's cum! If you did the same to our Sultan's precious seed, you would be beheaded for sure!"

Roberta sobbed helplessly and writhed against her bondage in a vain effort to escape, but it was useless. Even if she did escape, even if she did manage to free herself from the chains, from the harem guards, and from this Ottoman wasteland, she was thousands of miles away from the green hills of England, and even though she didn't know it, she was given up for dead, one of the hundreds of young, female passengers lost in that dreadful, Red Sea "storm" that had taken the steam liner...

...no one was looking for her, and no one would save her from being a white, female slave in a hot, Turkish hell!



Penelope

Not all of the fresh, proper, English ladies stolen off the steam liner were sold to the decadent Ottoman lords and sultans. Some were shipped off instead to more distant lands, anywhere where white girls were rare and there was enough money to ensure their “safe” passage. One of those places was the Khedivate of Egypt, an autonomous province of the Ottoman Empire. A dark and sadistic, Nubian prince had heard of the beauty of blonde, English ladies. He wanted to see one in the flesh. He wanted to hear one scream.

“Please stop! Please stop! PLEASE STOP!!!!” the bound, blonde, Penelope screamed as the prince laid welt after welt on her white, tender, supple flesh. Her screams of pain and agony only served to make the prince’s cock harder and harder, making it sprout like a weed from the decency of his undergarments. He grinned a wide, toothy grin as he watched Penelope squirm and sweat, watched her nice tits shudder and heave invitingly, and watched the fear grow and grow in her eyes.

“I like you...” he said in his deep, dark voice as he grabbed a handful of her hair and wrenched back the girl’s head, eliciting another scream. “You scream very pretty... now let’s see how well your cunt milks my cock!”





Maria the Maid

Not all the passengers aboard that ill fated steam liner were soft, pampered, and proper English ladies. Some were their handmaids or poorer women just trying to start a new life elsewhere. One of those was Maria, a girl from Spain, trained to accompany her lady and mistress from the British isles. When their ship was hijacked, Maria was separated from her mistress in the chaos and sold at a cheaper price at auction, owing to her darker skin.

Unfortunately for Maria, her buyer was not interested in using her as a pleasure slave. Oh no, he wanted to use poor Maria as a pain slut!

The girl screamed loudly and prettily as she was hung by her nice, fat udders. She kept screaming even as her new and cruel master whipped her body from head to toe. She kept screaming even as she watched her once proud and perfect breasts grow dark red then a frightening black as the blood pooled within them. She kept screaming when her master bared his thick, venous cock and shoved it viciously and savagely up her ass! She only stopped screaming when as she was brutally and violently ass fucked, bounced up and down, tugging and ripping at her helplessly bound breasts as lightning bolts of pain shot through her entire body.

When her master was done with poor Maria, he grinned as he came hard up her ass and filled her behind with his thick, greasy seed. "You held out much better than my last slave... you'll make an excellent pain slut indeed!"

Frightened Fanny

When frightened Fannie was brought off the steam ship, she was stripped naked and tied cruelly with rough hemp rope before being dumped on a rowboat, heading for the harbor. This was the poor girl's first time away from dear old England, and here she was, captured by the awful Turks and sold as a sex slave! A young and tight, nubile girl with an unfucked, virgin pussy, she sold high at auction. The buyer was the steward of the palace of Prince Selim. Frightened Fannie was tied in a cruel balltie and thrown on the floor of the carriage. She was unable to smell anything but the trampled mat beneath her as the carriage rolled her away to her new home away from home: the darkest dungeons of a Turkish prison!

Frightened Fannie was brought before Prince Selim. Her pretty eyes went wide as she watched the Prince facially fuck a stunning, white redhead. The girl shamelessly gobbled the prince's prick as Fannie was chained up to a high set ring anchored in the ceiling. The prince languidly turned toward his newest fuckpet and grinned a decadent grin. "So... you're my newest pet..." he said, turning back down to smile at his randy, redhead fuckslut. "I hope you're learning what your new duties are, my dear... for you see... your holes are mine to use as I please, for I own you!" It was then that Prince Selim raised his whip and pointed it at Fannie. Fannie gasped and tried to back away, but the chain collar prevented her from fleeing far. "If you don't present your holes, I can always find a way to 'persuade' you..." he said, savagely whipping the redhead on the floor. The poor girl screamed with each vicious blow laid upon her already striped and welted flesh, but she kept dutifully sucking on her master's cock. She looked up at Prince Selim with terrified, green eyes, hoping she was doing a good job.

"My last slave... she couldn't remain 'enthusiastic' about her 'position.' Little Camel Cunt here got to watch what happened to my last slave. Let's hope you don't make the same mistake..."

Mouthy Mary

Mouthy Mary was a fair, bonnie lass from Ireland who stowed away aboard a steam liner full of proper, British ladies. She planned to pretend to be a cabin maid when secretly she would steal all of the ladies precious belongings. Once she got to her destination, she would escape and sell off her ill gotten gains before sneaking aboard a ship bound for home, with plans to do the same!

Unfortunately for mouthy Mary, the ship she stowed away in was destined to meet with a Turkish, slaver's galley! Mouthy Mary might have pleaded properly enough for her European "crewmates," but there was no way she'd weasel her way out from beneath a sharp, Ottoman scimitar! Like the other girls, mouthy Mary was taken off the ship and stripped naked and sold for auction! Her spirited nature might have given her the upper hand in civilized and proper places, but not here... here it would only bring pain!

It didn't take long for mouthy Mary to mouth off one too many times to her Turkish masters. Her new masters did not take kindly to her sharp tongue. They decided it was time to give her a lesson in manners... by hurting and abusing her most delicate, sensitive, and feminine parts!





Laura, Ruth, and Harriet

Laura, Ruth, and Harriet were excited by their first trip abroad to distant, exotic India. Their own King Edward VII was a worldly man who loved to travel himself. Laura, Ruth, and Harriet wished to follow in their monarch's footsteps and to see the world, to become worldly, and to seem wise and well traveled. The three girls were so excited when they boarded an enormous and modern steam liner, equipped with the latest gadgets and inventions. They waved excitedly to the crowd on the pier as the ship disembarked and sailed for the distant, Indian colony.

They never knew what hit them. Before these tight, buxom beauties knew it, a Turkish galley had pulled alongside the steamer, and a horde of robed invaders swarmed across the deck. The girls tried to hide in their cabin, a foolish decision. Like the others, they were soon stripped naked, pawed at in all their holes for tightness and virginity, and shipped off for sale in the Ottoman Empire!

The trio of tramps caught the eye of Prince Osman, who quickly snatched the sluts on sale and brought them to his harem. A hands on prince and wickedly insatiable, Prince Osman was quick to violate the bound beauties in every one of their holes, sampling their exotic, western flesh with his thick cock. The girls cried and begged and pleaded as prettily as they knew how, but all it did was make Prince Osman harder and harder! It would be a long day and night of dicking and fucking for the girls as they were trained in their new role as harem fuckslaves!

Philippa

With the new shipment of sex slaves fresh off the steam liner, Achmed the Sadist was well pleased, well pleased indeed. Most people liked to buy girls for their freshness, their virgin tightness, and their untrained, young, and perfect bodies. Achmed was too poor to buy a fresh, virgin girl, but he knew that he could get a great deal on a used slave. Used up slaves still screamed just as nicely, and he could get them on the cheap! The best thing was that no one cared what happened to a used sex slave... that meant Achmed could go to his little oasis, far in the desert, and do whatever he pleased to his helpless, female flesh.

When Achmed heard news of a fresh "cargo" of white, female, sex slaves, he felt his cock grow painfully, achingly hard. That meant that the Sultans, Princes, and Pashas would reassess their own pleasure slaves and the fitness of their harems. It meant Achmed had a good chance of finding a pampered, spoiled fuckslut who'd never known the taste of the whip or the sting of red hot needles shoved in her tits or the feel of the raw, rough horse biting deep into the folds of her womanhood! He could find a good bargain on a mouthy muff that displeased her master. He could "teach" her what happened to naughty girls who did not show enough enthusiasm for fucking and sucking...

...after all, no one cared what happened to a used and spoiled fuckslut, and there was plenty of desert around the slave "school"!



Betty and Theodora

"You must do well before we present you to the Emir!" said the household steward. "If you do not... then bad things will happen to your body! Very bad!" The English girls, frightened when they were sold like cattle at the auction block, grew even more scared as they were carted off and brought into a distant, sand white palace. These strange Turks and their strange odors were too much for these prim and proper English ladies, especially when those ladies were naked and helplessly bound! The steward sneered at the girls. "I bet you English ladies are used to being pampered and spoiled. Not here! If you wish to keep your skin clean and unmarked by whip or crop, you must obey and be submissive to the Emir! He will expect you to perform all manner of bed duties with all your holes... and unless you like the taste of the crop, you will obey!"

Betty and Theodora a pair of prime pussies were ushered in to the grand audience chamber of the esteemed Emir, naked and bound, their skin unmarked and untouched and their twats tight and ready to be violently violated! The girls' faces turned red with shame as the steward and his companion displayed the girls in the most lewd and disgusting way possible, ordering the girls to spread their legs, to reach down with their bound hands and part the lips of their perfect pussies and spread the cheeks of their asses to reveal tight, puckered asses... these prim and proper, English ladies had never been forced to do something so vile and shameful as this. Both girls flushed red from their pretty, heart shaped faces to their perfect little toes from humiliation.

The emir simply sat there, his face deep in contemplation as he thought whether these girls were worthy to ride his cock...



The Efendi and his Wife

"You wished to see me, efendi?" the old merchant asked. The dignified, bearded man, a captain of the Ottoman army, nodded his head. "My wife, the lady Sarila, is... in an idle mood. She wants to be entertained, and I think you have what my wife desires..." The merchant looked to one side, then the other. "Your wife wishes to hear some pretty birds sing?" The captain grinned and nodded his head. "Yes, my wife wishes to hear your pretty birds sing. It gets her quite in the mood. Our last songbird... did not last very long under my wife's tender

care. Perhaps you can find a bird more... suited to our local climate..."

The merchant grinned in return and tapped the side of his nose. "I think I have just the kind of bird you seek, efendi. She is a blonde beauty from the west, slight of frame but surprisingly sturdy. I've had her sing for a few of my friends... they did not like her appearance, but this bird has taken quite a bit of punishment and still remains standing... perhaps your wife would like to hear my bird sing?"

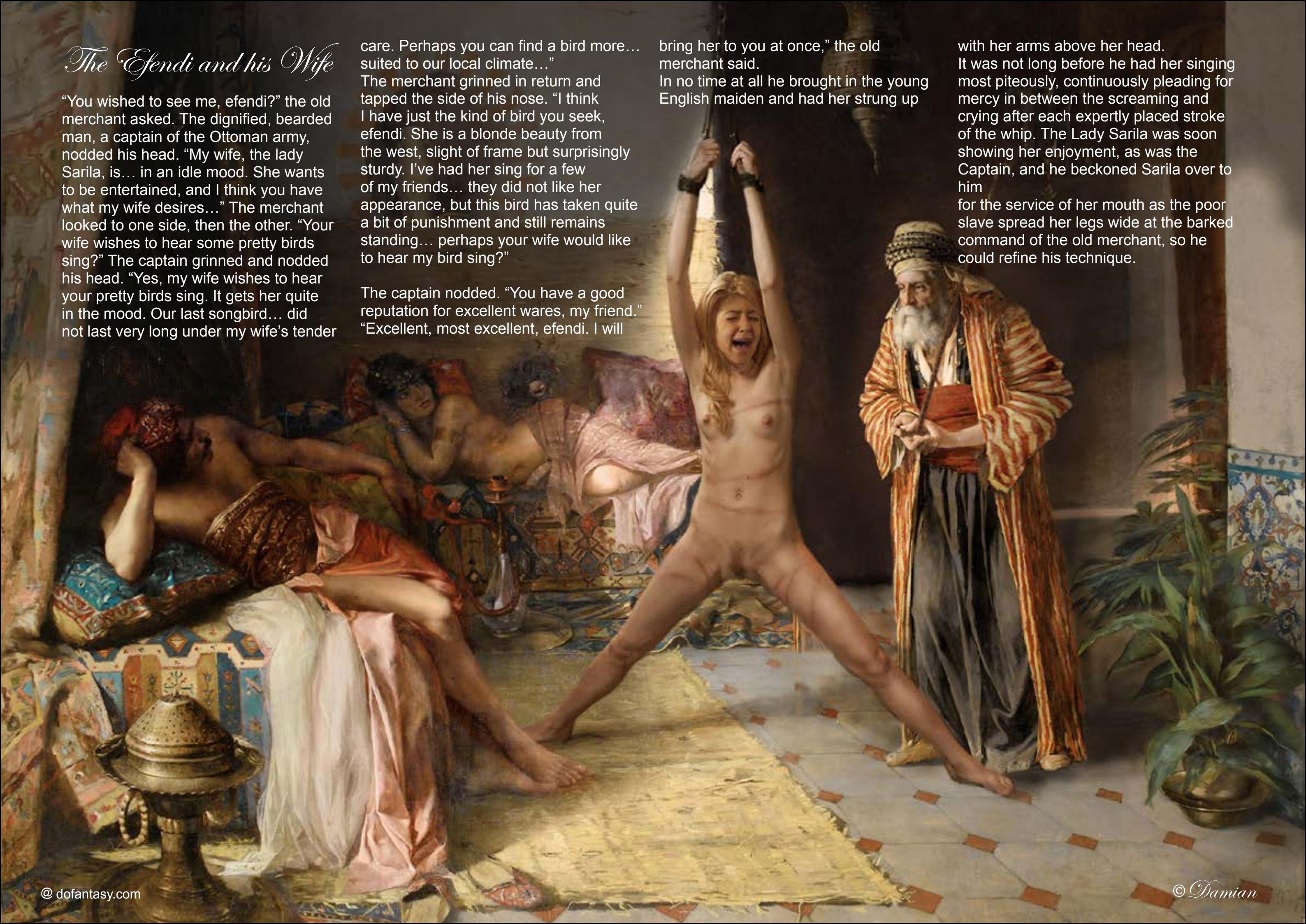
The captain nodded. "You have a good reputation for excellent wares, my friend." "Excellent, most excellent, efendi. I will

bring her to you at once," the old merchant said.

In no time at all he brought in the young English maiden and had her strung up

with her arms above her head.

It was not long before he had her singing most piteously, continuously pleading for mercy in between the screaming and crying after each expertly placed stroke of the whip. The Lady Sarila was soon showing her enjoyment, as was the Captain, and he beckoned Sarila over to him for the service of her mouth as the poor slave spread her legs wide at the barked command of the old merchant, so he could refine his technique.





Busty Betty

“How do you like it? Tell me how much you like my thick, Turkish cock? Tell it to me, or I’ll whip your tits right off you!” Prince Ediz shouted while he rammed his thick, brown dick deep in blonde Betty’s cock box! Busty Betty gasped and grunted prettily while her bouncing breasts bobbed delightfully with each hard, deep thrust inside her snatch. “Ahhh... ahhh!! P-please... ahhh... ahhh... y-you’re hurting me! Stop!”

Prince Ediz simply laughed as he pounded busty Betty harder and harder! “Your mouth says no, ‘princess,’ but your fuckhole says yes! Nrgh! NRGH NRGH NRGH!!!!” Prince Ediz grunted as he laid his heavy, sweaty body across the bound beauty, thrusting faster and deeper inside the poor, helpless piece of slave meat! “Fuck... oh fuck me, you’ve got such a tight twat! I’m going to cum... I’m going to cum and fill your belly with my cum!”

“Noooo!!! Please nooo!!! Please no please no plleeeaaasseeeee!!!!” bound Betty begged, gasping and writhing helplessly under the heavy Prince Ediz. In spite of herself, in spite of the horror of being taken by a vile, Turkish prince, the beautiful Betty could feel herself growing wetter and wetter as the fire grew and grew inside her. Her own body was betraying her as she writhed and ground her hips against Prince Ediz’s cock. “N-no... please no please no plleeeaaasseeeee!!!!” Betty wailed.

“NNNNNNEEEEARRRGHHH!!!!” Prince Ediz crowed as he rammed his cock deep inside Betty and filled her with his cum. Betty groaned and writhed, a disgusting white slut in heat as she felt the burst of warmth deep in her womb as Prince Ediz filled her with his cum. Betty’s pretty face flushed with shame just as her pussy and snatch hungrily and greedily came around Prince Ediz’s cock, twitching and sucking his cock and milking it for all it’s worth.

Prince Ediz laughed as he felt Betty’s pussy flutter helplessly around his thick dick. “You’ll make a good bedslave, my pretty little one... once you’ve been trained in the art of whoring!”



Jenny and The General

“Ahhh... ahhh... AHHH PLEASE NOOO!!!!” screamed genteel Jenny as her ass twitched violently and helplessly against the thick, throbbing cock as it slowly slid deeper and deeper inside her. The girl’s legs and thigh muscles shook invitingly as she struggled to resist the downward pull of her bound wrists, pulling his cock deeper and deeper inside her tight, virgin ass. General Medarik merely laughed. “Keep struggling, my pretty little one... it’s only making me harder... oooh...” he cooed as he yanked down on Jenny’s wrists, making the girl gasp as she sunk a little lower into General Mendarik’s lap. Her sphincter muscles spasmed as she struggled to accept his thick invader deep in her ass. “P-please... please stop! Please, you’re hurting meeee!” she wailed helplessly.

General Mendarik only laughed the harder. “Hurting you is the entire point! You’re not in England anymore! You’re my personal ass fuck, now, and damn, you’re a tight one! Oooh yeahh...” he said before violently pulling on Jenny’s wrists once more, pulling the girl down past the last inch as she sunk fully to the hilt with his cock buried deep in her ass.

“Aahhhh!!!” Jenny wailed, her long, luscious legs pumping as she struggled to pull herself off the Turk’s lap. Her efforts only ground her nice, pretty derriere in General Mendarik’s lap, making the general’s cock leap and thrust with pleasure at the feel. General Mendarik started pumping and thrusting inside Jenny, eliciting helpless gasps of pain and humiliation from the beautiful, white slave girl. “Yeah... yeah... ride me like a running camel, cunt! Oh yeah... yeah... I’m going to cum in your ass! Fuck yeah!”

“Noo!! Nooooo!! NOOOO!!!” Jenny wailed, struggling as much as she could. It was useless. She was going to be brutally and violently ass fucked, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

Fearless Phyllis

Most white slaves were properly scared when the Turkish slaver galley pulled alongside the steam liner and boarded the ship. Most of the girls panicked and tried to beg with their captors or tried to hide. Pushy Phyllis was not one of them. A pampered girl used to getting her way, she foolishly tried to order her captors away. "Go away! Can't you see, I'm far too busy to be enslaved?!" Her first outrage was when the Turkish slavers ignored her commands and hoisted her up, like a sack of meat, over their shoulders. She kicked and screamed, beating her tiny, pampered fists uselessly against their backs while those brutes had the nerve to slap her ass through her perfumed petticoats!

Still, even when she was stripped and set naked to the auctions, bratty Phyllis still mouthed off to her captors. "Have you no decency! Leaving a lady unclothed! I'll make sure you hang for this! You'll hang!" She continued to scream obscenities on the auction block. It was her selling feature: an uppity bitch to break! It was what made cruel Cadman, harem master to a powerful Pasha, interested in poor Phyllis. She would be another fun fuckslut to break...

Phyllis was half right; someone would hang. She bucked and screamed a different tune as she swayed from the rafters, her body swinging with each cruel blow from the whip. Cadman enjoyed the sound of her screams, the sound as her throat grew rawer and rawer as he beat the bravado out of poor Phyllis. Cadman slashed her youthful, perky tits, and Phyllis screamed. He slashed her tight, dimpled ass, and Phyllis screamed louder. He finally asked the other harem girls, properly trained and obedient, to spread Phyllis' long legs. When Cadman slashed between Phyllis' legs, to her helpless and rudely displayed pussy, Phyllis howled, jerking and thrashing against her bonds.

It didn't take long for cruel Cadman to turn pushy Phyllis into a properly behaved piece of prime pussy, ready to please the Pasha... a whip can do marvelous things to a haughty slave!





Poor Patty

When lady Sarika broke an ancient, decorative plate, one that had been passed from father to son for generations, she was distraught. Her husband, the esteemed Emir, would be furious when he found out. It was a treasured heirloom from the early days of the empire. However, it didn't take long for sneaky Sarika to realize she had the perfect scapegoat to pin the blame on: the Emir's newest, white slave! The clumsy, barbarian oaf from England would be the perfect patsy to point fingers at, and Sarika would emerge unscathed from her husband's violent temper and terrible wrath.

Of course, poor Patty would be the one to suffer, but that wasn't Sarika's problem, was it?

When the Emir returned, he was quite angry, quite angry indeed. He slapped poor Patty across the face with a blow so hard, the girl tumbled to her feet. The Emir threatened pain, torment, and agony on innocent Patty and all her feminine, private parts. Proud of his dutiful and respectful wife, the Emir granted his wife, the lady Sarika, the honor of distributing "just" punishment. After all, there was no one better than a female to know how to hurt a female...

Sneaky Sarika smiled as she accepted her honor with due humility. She would make sure this white slut, competing for her husband's affections, would pay dearly... first with her pussy, then with her tits, then her plump rear, then her asshole... she would have the harem master prepare this naughty pussy for an exciting evening of pain and humiliation! Sarika grew wet at the thought. It was going to be a fun night, tonight...

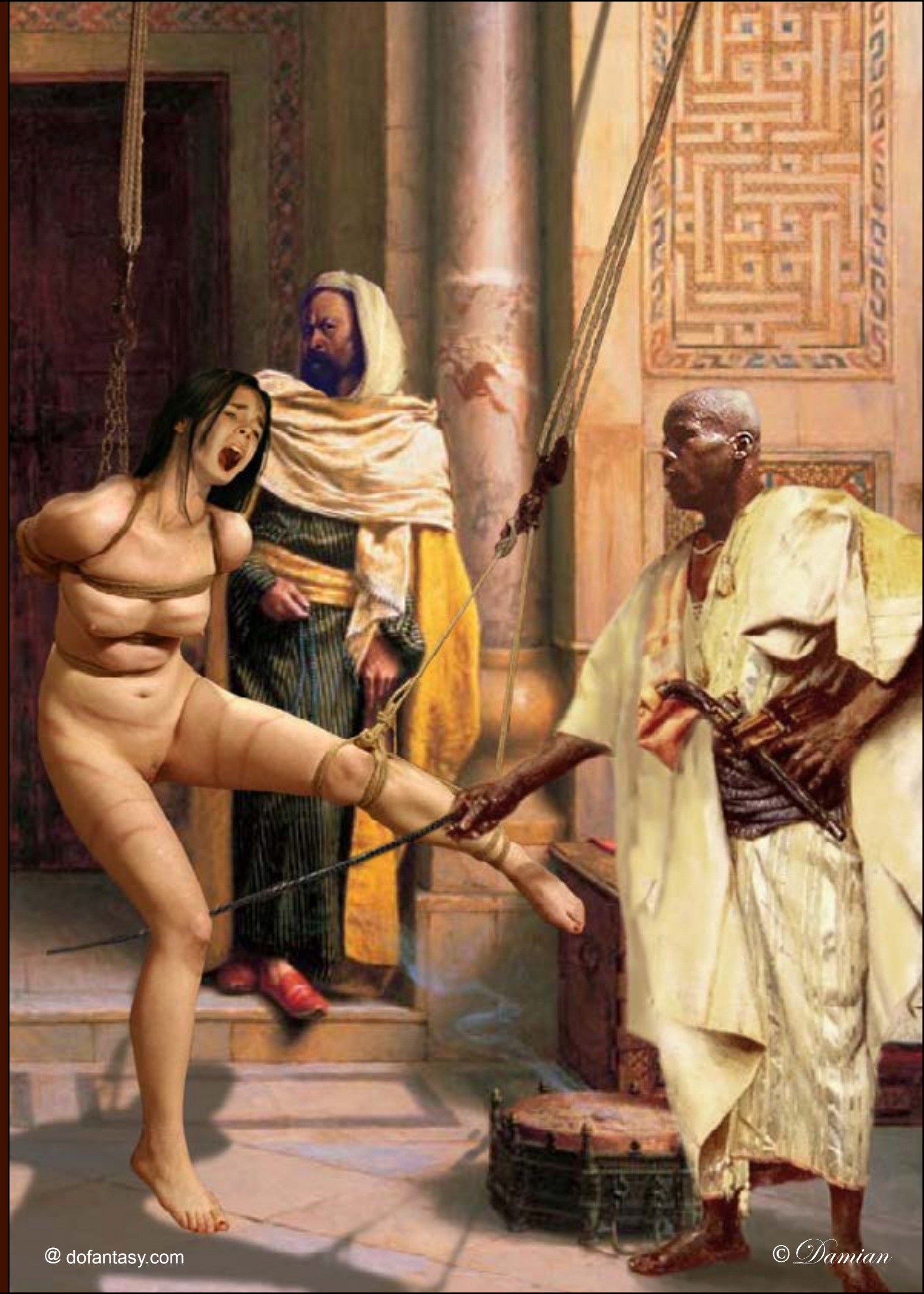
Martina the Maid

Though it was the white, female, English ladies that sold the highest from the steam liner, there was a strong, second hand market for their handmaidens of lesser stature. Although they were not as pale, perfumed, or as pampered as their mistresses, these handmaidens were still comely women as due their station, and they still sold quite nicely on the slave markets of the Ottoman Empire! Helpless Martina followed her mistress on the journey to India, hoping to have her own taste of the exotic nature of the east. Martina got more than she bargained for as she was given, not the holiday of a lifetime in the distant safety of British India but instead given a lifetime's holiday as a sex slave in the brothels and harems of the Ottomans!

"Tell me, efendi, will this one do? The bids for the white women went higher than the budget you gave me... but still, I think she is a nice one... still a soft, pampered bitch from Europe... and she still screams quite prettily... watch!" The black giant swiftly sunk his whip between the girl's rudely spread legs, and helpless Martina screamed bloody murder as she thrashed wildly in the spiderweb of ropes surrounding her soft and plump flesh.

Her new master, Walid, nodded his head in agreement as he felt his cock grow hard beneath his robes. "Yes, yes, I think she will do nicely... once we've got her trained in the art of whoring! I trust you know how best to handle this..." Walid said, turning back to the giant mandingo.

The black man grinned a toothy grin. "Yes, efendi... I will train her to love taking cock... one way or another, she will beg for the privilege of riding your cock, mark my words... she will beg before the end... mark my words..."



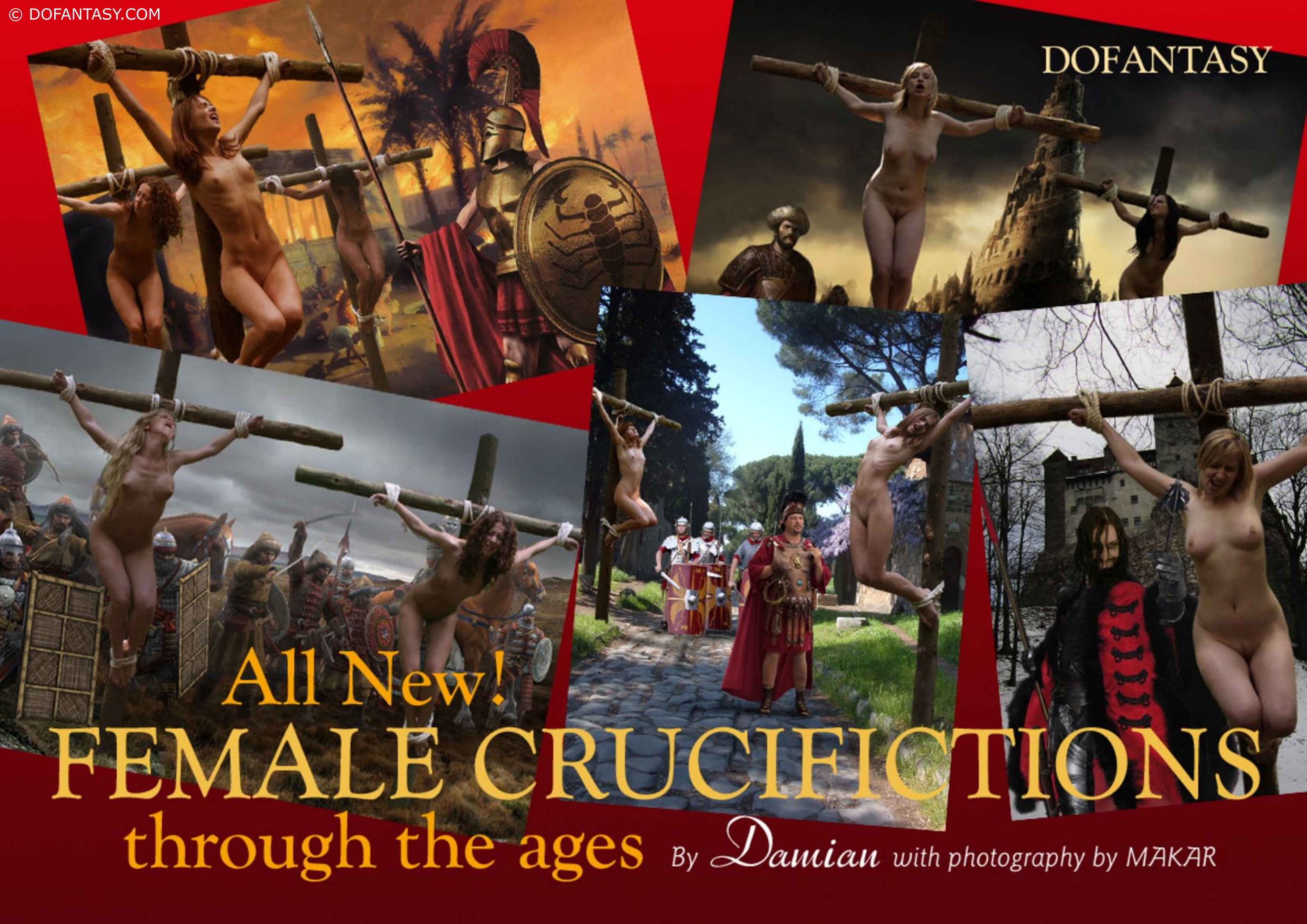
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All characters are 18 years old or older.

This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.

No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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All New!
FEMALE CRUCIFIXIONS
through the ages

By *Damian* with photography by MAKAR

Damians

THE CASTLE

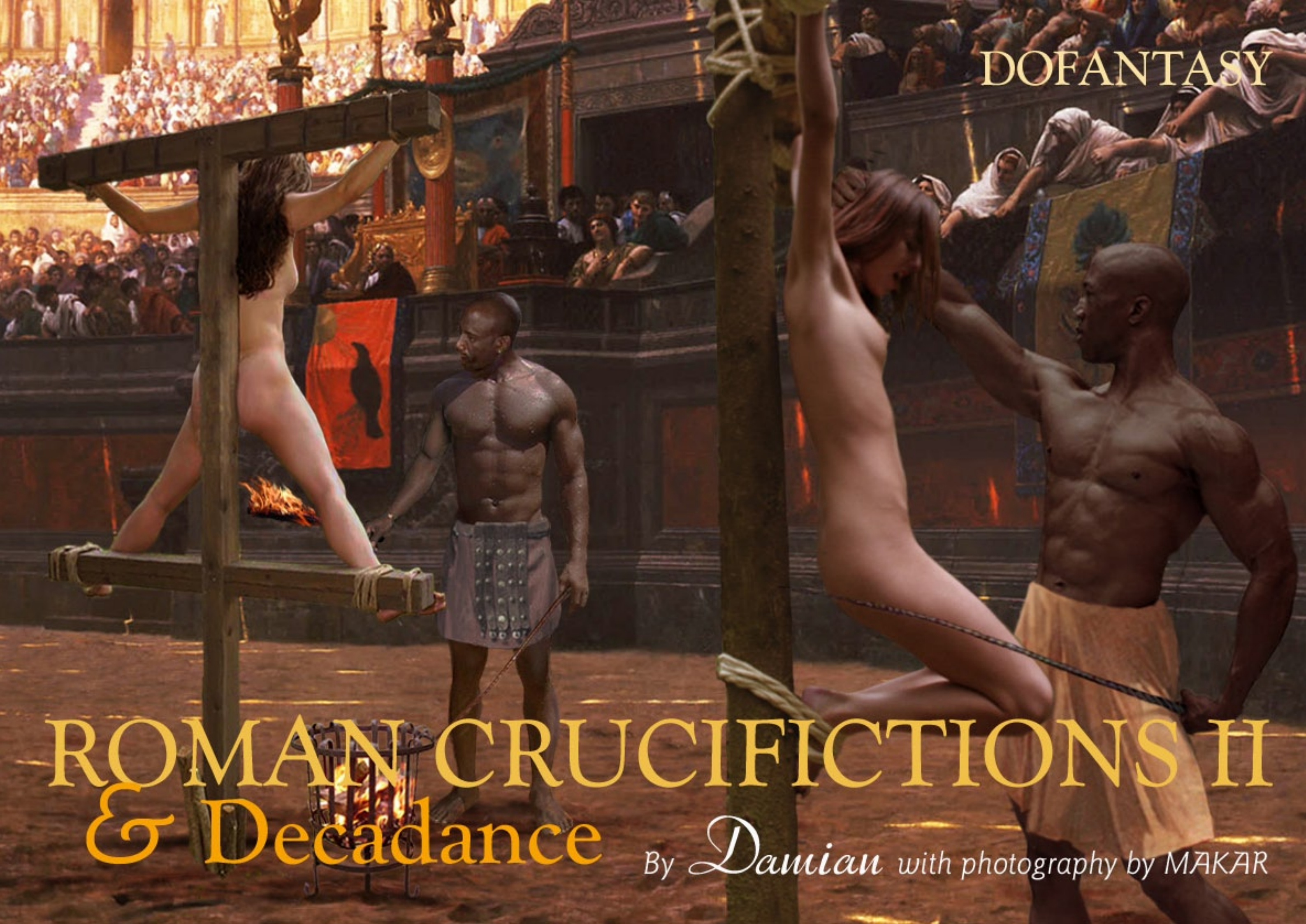
46 pages of
high-resolution
images with
shocking texts by **NAJ**.

ROMAN CRUCIFIXIONS

By *Damian* with photography by MAKAR
and texts by JEDAKK



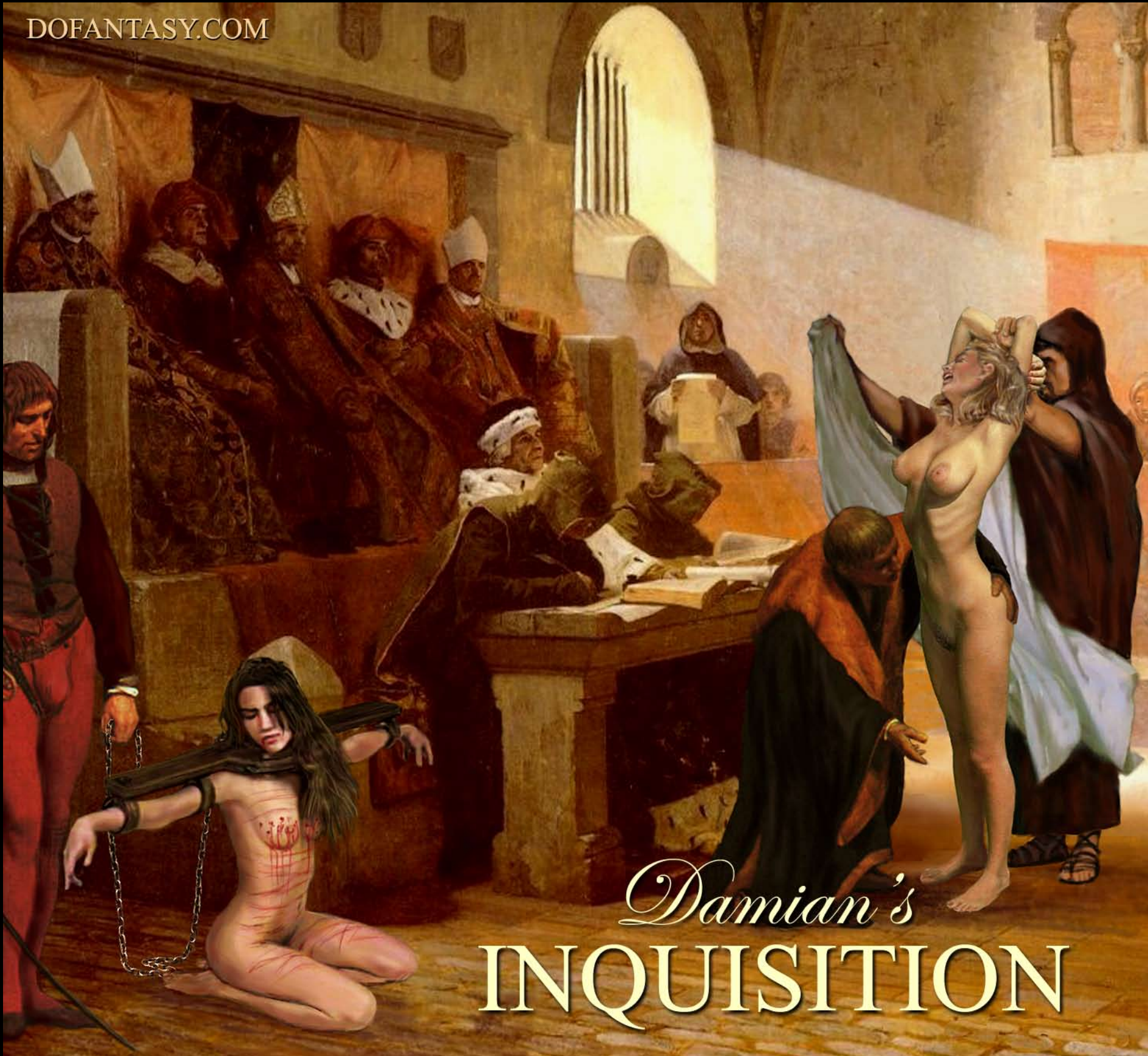
DOFANTASY

A dramatic scene set in a Roman arena. Two women are crucified on wooden crosses. The woman on the left is nude, with her arms and legs spread wide. The woman on the right is also nude, with her arms and legs spread wide. A man in a Roman-style tunic stands between them, looking at the woman on the left. In the background, a large crowd of people is seated in the arena, watching the scene. The lighting is warm and dramatic, with a large fire burning in the background.

DOFANTASY

ROMAN CRUCIFIXIONS II & Decadance

By *Damian* with photography by MAKAR



Damian's
INQUISITION

DAMIAN'S DUNGEONS

adults

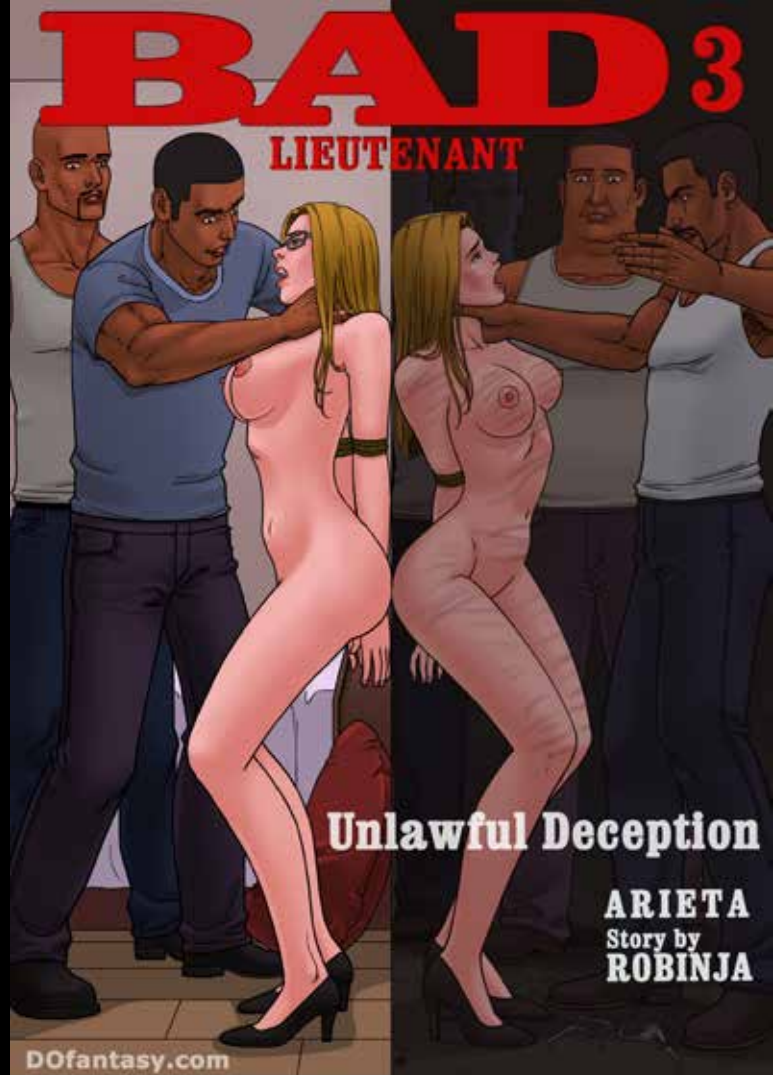
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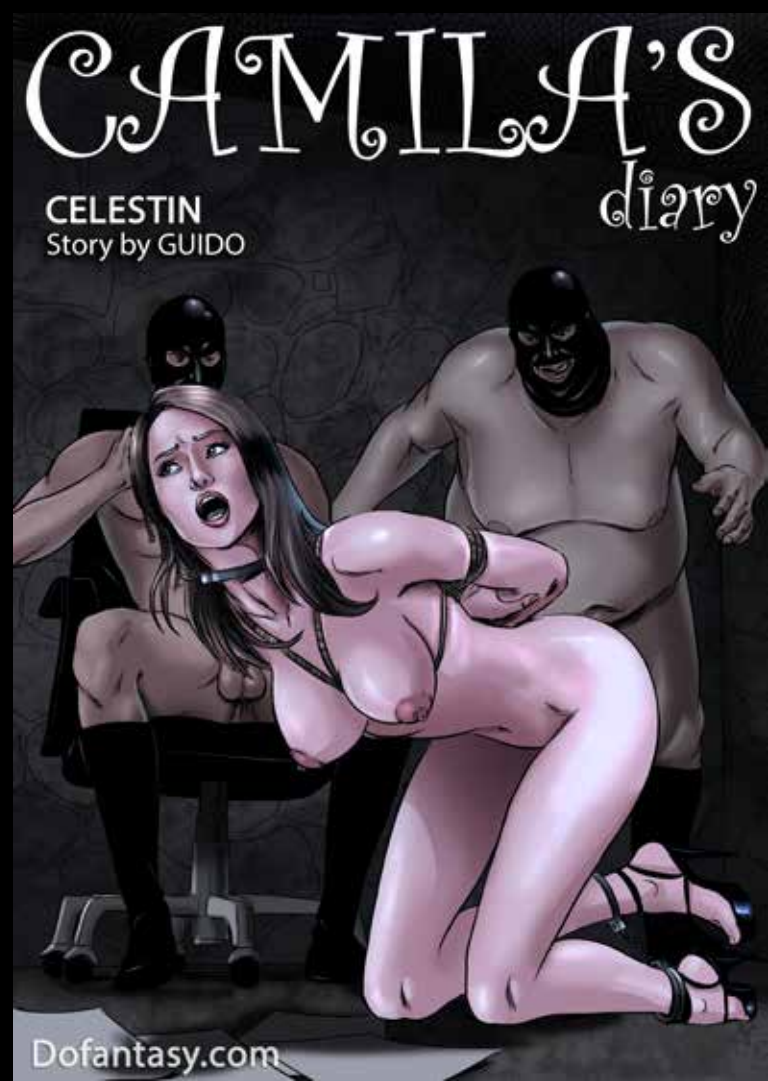


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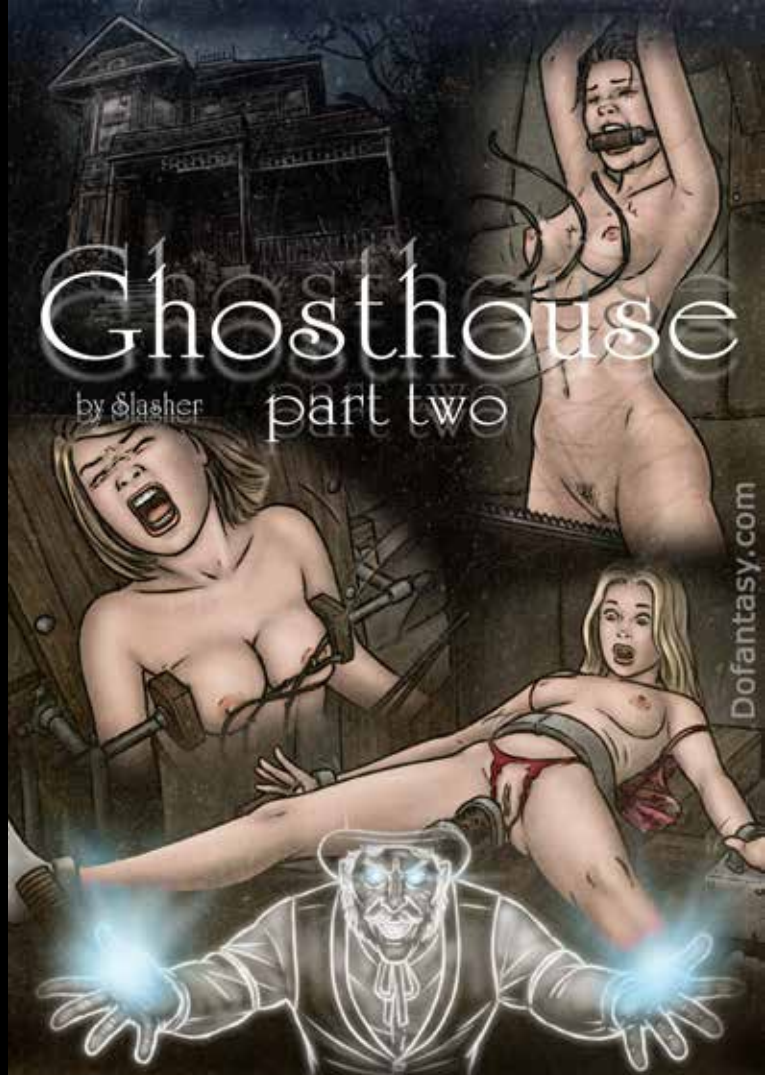


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6

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FEMALE GENERAL

PART 1

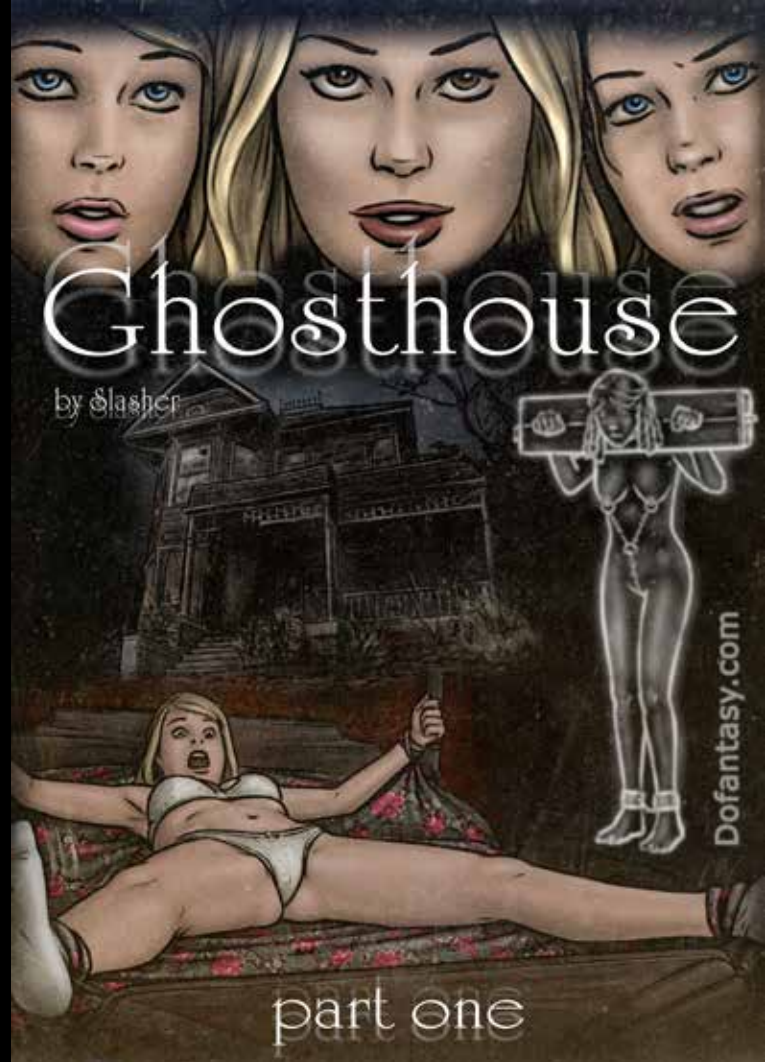
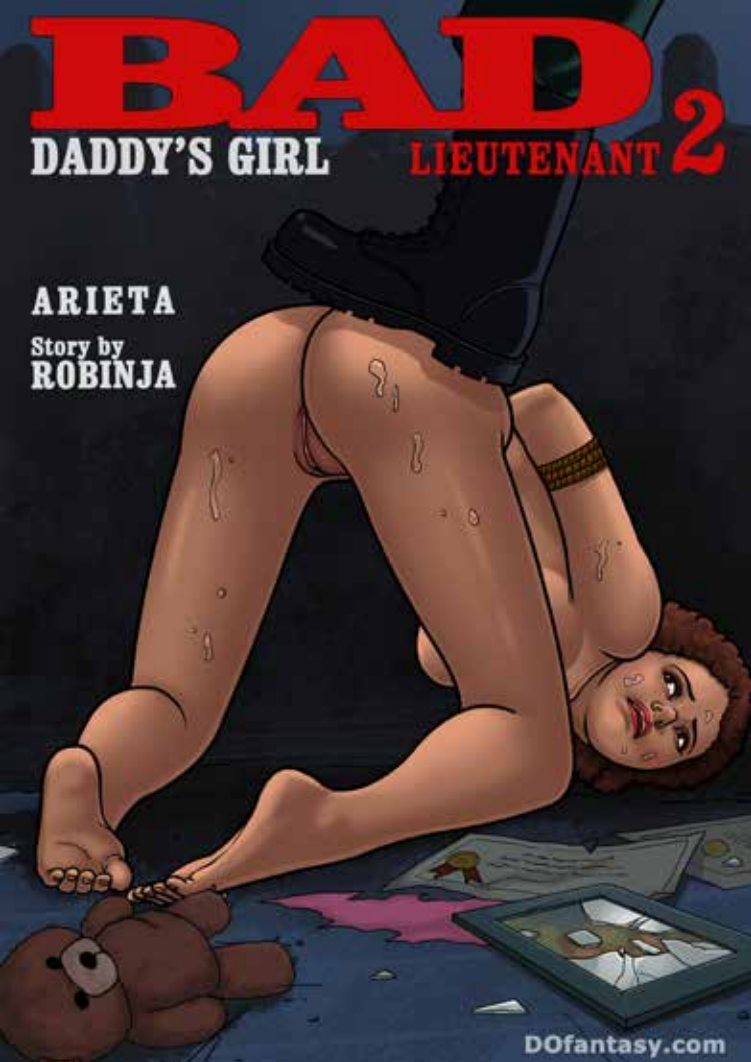


DARK FURY

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CAGRI



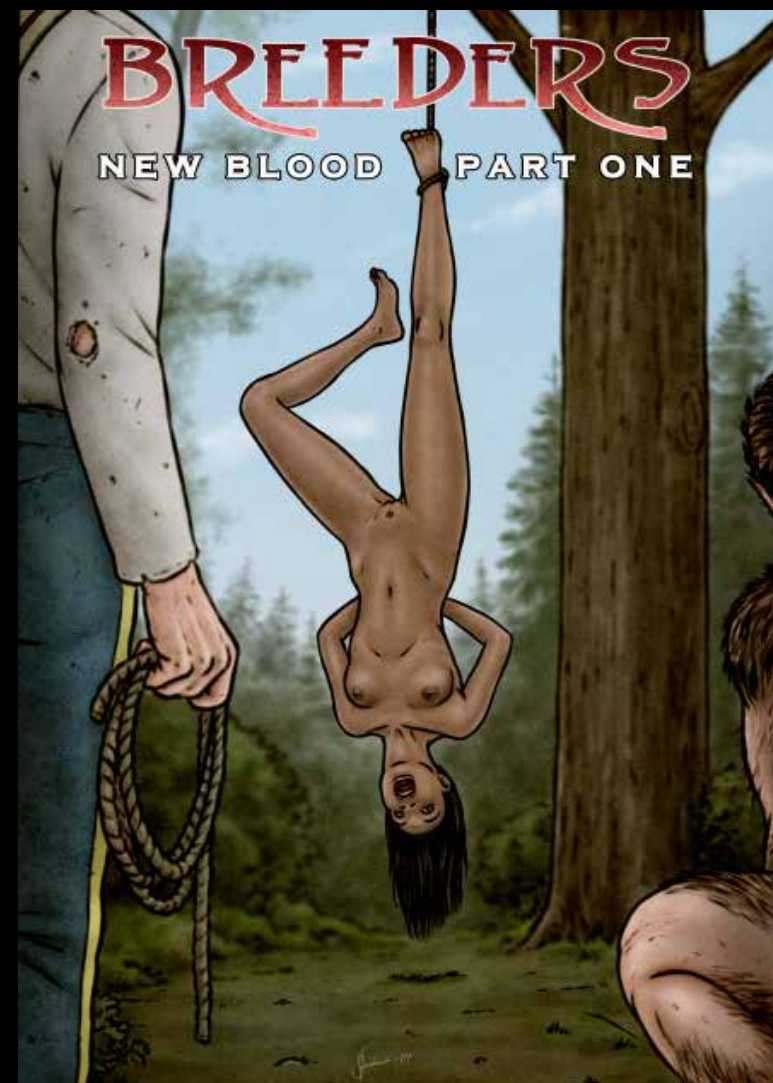
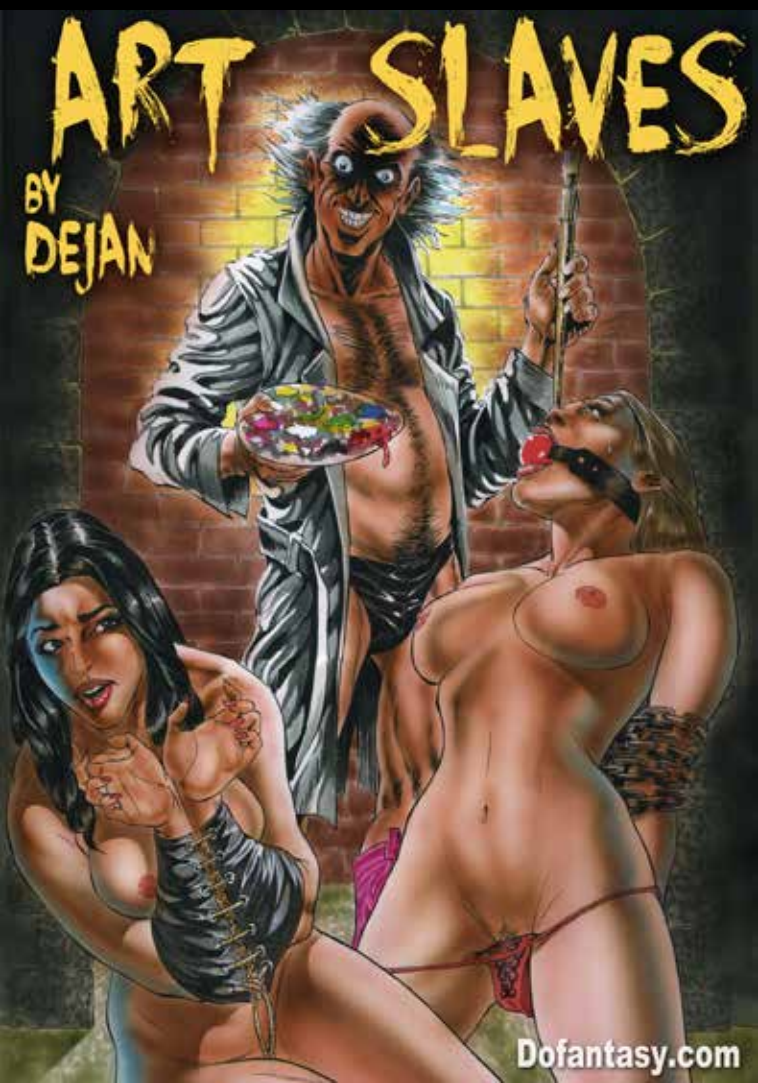


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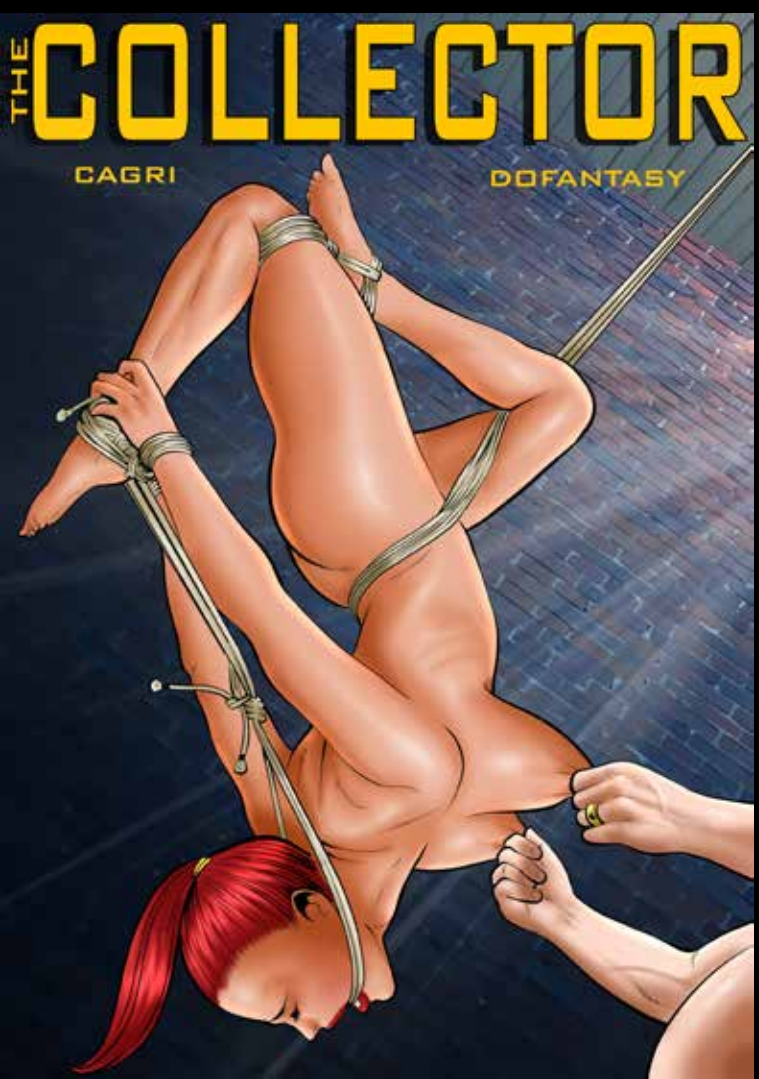


THE SLAVE FACTORY

FEATHER PART 2



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KINGSLEY'S REVENGE

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