

Latin American Junta '1'



30 all new images
by *Damian*

with texts by

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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.

LATIN AMERICAN
JUNTA #1

DAMIAN

Planning the Operation

"Reports have been flooding in. This is a big one!"

"Right. Calls for maximum force. We'll need a battalion strength security deployment, backed up with armored vehicles."

"And no restrictions on the use of force!"

"Alert the detention center and the interrogation squads for a sizable influx of detainees, both male and female."

Special treatment to anyone identified as a leader. This time we mean business."

"And what about the news media?"

"Those bastards are nothing but trouble. I want a total news blackout."

Arrest and detain all media people who attempt to cover what's happening. No need to play nice."

(Barbaria)



The Stark Choice

After the softening up, a few hours fitful sleep, then the bath-house bullying, my Boss hauls me, naked and shivering, up to El Comandante's office. There's a whole squad of them, Special Squad types, arrogant, nonchalant, making no secret of their erections at the sight of my glistening nakedness.

"Hands on your head!" yells my Boss, swiping my ear,
"Stand with your legs apart!"

El Comandante looks me up and down, smirking.

"Well, Ms Merida, we're pleased to have you in our company."
I shudder.

"I've got some interesting reports on you here. Reports from your school - the Head-mistress, your teachers, several young ladies in your class, even the janitor. Even more from the University. Not to mention your doctor
... would you like to hear them?"

I gasp, feeling sick. I can guess what bitches have sneaked on me, and some of the teachers and lecturers who had it in for me. No doubt others have been bribed to lie. Some broken by torture ...
I shake my head.

"No, it would be a waste of time. Suffice to say, we know a great deal about you, Eulalia, a great deal. There isn't much you can tell us that we don't already know. But, all the same, you're going to sing, and sing long and loud. Answer every question you're asked, and don't mess with the truth - if you do, you'll soon trip up, and suffer the consequences. ¿Claro?"
"Si .. si, señor ..."

"If you co-operate, it will all be over in a few days, we'll finish you off quickly and cleanly. On the other hand, if you'd prefer to enjoy our company for longer, my men will be happy to practice their enhanced interrogation techniques on that sweaty body of yours. ¿Entender?"
"Si, señor."

"¡Sargento! Take her to the Special Interrogation Centre!"

(Eulalia)



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Selection in Progress

'Right, Ms Merida - you and your gang have given us a merry game of hide and seek, but we've got you now, game's over.

Got it?'

'Y-yes ... Sir'

'Yes, you'd better remember - all the boys here are Sir to you, even the rat from the gutter that's enjoying himself with your bestie.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'So - you've got a simple choice, either you tell us who's been behind your little operation, where the weapons came from, all the contact codes and where they hide out, and then we can finish you off quickly and cleanly. Or we can do it the hard way ...'

I pause, eyes lowered ... then I look up at him,

'You want me naked, Sir?'

(Eulalia)



'Softening Them Up'

To begin we're taken down to a basement and ordered to strip off our shoes, socks and top-clothes. Then, one by one, we're introduced to our 'bosses', hardened professionals whose speciality is breaking young militants like us. Different guys have different tricks - I've certainly drawn the short straw, mine's a legs man with a foot fetish! We're all bonded with wrists cuffed behind, and some of the men like their girls gagged, others prefer to hear us screaming for mercy - mine's a ball-gag fan.

He signals me to sit on the floor, then lie back. There's a thin leather cord hanging from a ring in the beam above, he makes me lift my legs up while he ties my big toes tight together on this restraint, I hear myself groan through my gag as he tugs me up so my bum's lifted off the floor. Now I watch, quivering with terror, as he takes a long, springy rod of seasoned cane from the bench. For a few moments he stands contemplating my bare feet and legs, so conveniently presented to him as targets. He swings the cane a few times, the whistling makes my whole body shake, trying to shift away. But then he takes aim, and thwacks my soles.

My squeal is piercing, all the other girls are surely scared just hearing me. The pain tears through my legs, into my pelvis, like a bullet driving through. Again. Again. I'm twisting, writhing about on the floor, my breasts that have popped free from my camisole shake.

He smiles, pleased with the effect he's having.

Now he thrashes the backs of my thighs, this is equally, or even more, excruciating, my stretched muscles cannot relax or absorb the blows, the full force is transmitted right through my nervous frame, and leaves a sense of intense burning, as if he'd branded me with red-hot iron. Two more on my feet, two more on my legs, again, again, I'm twisting, howling, biting furiously on the ball-gag, tugging at my wrist-bonds till my palms bleed. He carries on, seemingly without any exertion, simple, mechanical, but perfectly aimed swipes at my searing girl-flesh.

At last, my mind's hardly coherent, I'm crazed with the pain, shaking all over, as he releases my poor toes, letting my legs drop. I'm conscious enough to know I've wetted my briefs. He kicks my hip, I roll over, he pulls out the gag. Now I have to crawl - I can't possibly walk - still wrist-shackled, along a dark, fetid passageway, my bare knees grazing on the rough concrete floor, to a cage, where other broken, sobbing girls are already crouching, shuddering in the the shared nightmare - that's only just beginning!

(Eulalia)



More Softening Them Up

The first stage is 'la rotura', the breaking. With youngsters like these two it's an easy matter. They've been kept naked in their cages all day, dreading what was coming. Then Olivia was taken out, Elena could hear the shouting, the whistle and thwack of the riding-crop on bare skin, her friend's shrieks, she almost felt the pain searing through her own body.

Now it's her turn. Elena's kneeling, sobbing softly. Olivia's made to stand with her arms raised, she's too small to reach the ceiling-hook, they make her stand on a pair of cans, lock her up then kick the cans away, so she's hanging by her wrists.

Now, the final preparation. Her body's stretched taut, her heart's already racing with terror, sweat streaming, as one of the 'rompedores', 'breakers', squeezes her neat little breast ... the touch of his thumbs just flicking her nipple's like a violent electric shock, so tense are her nerves, she screams as her whole body shakes.

But of course, it's all part of the process, the shock, the humiliation, the confirmation of her total helplessness ... and yet, in a nubile girl, it brings an involuntary surge of hormones, a hardening of the nipples, firming of the breasts, moistening of her female parts ...

"¡Ella está lista!", "She's ready!".

(Eulalia)



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Tasting The Goods

When we girls have been broken, the men have leave to test how successfully they've reduced us to total, trembling submission.

Olivia's a good specimen of the 'rompadores' work - half an hour hanging by her wrists, sliced at intervals with the supple, springy riding crop on her most sensitive parts, they've let her down, and she's kneeling like she's been a slavegirl since she was in her cradle.

And she's getting the idea of what a girl must do with a fine, stiff cock in her mouth, her lips kissing, tongue flicking, even teeth gently teasing it ... as she sucks ever more eagerly - yes, if they'll let her live, she'll be a popular pet in the mess!

Elena's a quick learner too, the bite of the crop across her breasts soon had her begging to tell them all they wanted to know. But that's not the business of the 'rompedores', they're just specialists in softening us up.

The interrogator's come to prepare her for next stage - with her legs locked wide apart in the spreader-bar, suspended once again by her wrists, she feels with horror what's happening to her female body - the way the brutal handling of her breast softens and moistens her girl-parts, the torture-instrument being thrust into her passage ...

Yes, passage, girl-passage - for both youngsters, this is their rite of passage, from free, fun-loving young women to captive victims, their initiation into the sisterhood of las chicas desaparecidas, the girls who've disappeared ...

(Eulalia)



Bath House Bulling

After we'd stripped and been interrogated for the first time, we were taken down to a cellar with tiled walls and floor, a drain in the middle of the floor, plenty of blood-splashes gave us a hint of what we were to expect. A guard tossed a bar of soap, just one for all of us to wash ourselves down, then a whole squad of them - just boys, no older than we are - crowded in to watch.

'Hose them down!' yelled the corporal leading them. One of them lifted what looked like a fire-hose, another opened the valve, and a massive jet of cold water threw us all against the far wall. Girls' squeals and screams filled the small cellar, mixed with the hearty laughter of the boys, as the fierce jet swung back and forth, driving us like a herd of cattle, to and fro.

I picked myself up, stood facing the grinning idiot, putting my bare body between him and my friends. The boys jeered, 'Hey, what d'you think you're doing, kid? You wanna a full-body job?'

Let him do what he wants with you, I whispered to myself, show them you're not scared - they know they're going to win, but I won't go down without a fight ... I stood firm, legs wide, looking at him defiantly, bracing my body ... Suddenly, he swung the nozzle straight at me, for a few seconds I felt the cold spray hitting my flesh like icy bullets, next moment my legs buckled, my feet slipped, I was sprawled back on the tiles. The corporal kicked me...

'This one's a trouble-maker, a ring-leader. Take her up to Sarge, he'll make sure she gets special treatment.'

Fists grabbed my arms, dragged my dripping wet body across the tiled floor, up the concrete steps ...

(Eulalia)



Some Preliminary Discussions

Okay, the worst has happened, they've got us just where they want. God knows what they'll do to us, but I'm ready for anything.

Of course, they'll torture me even worse than they torture mum and dad, they hope that will break them ... but I shan't let them, they can do their worst to me and I'll stay quiet ...

I was ready for this strappado, knew that was one of their favourite methods ... I've even practised for it ... the pain's already hideous, my shoulders are tearing ... it's hurting me to breath ... at least that's stopping me from screaming ... now these weights ... sweat's dripping off me onto this bastard, I'd spit on him too but I know he'd thrash me ... with luck I'll faint soon ...

I wish I could die, but no, they're too clever to let me off that easily ...

(Eulalia)



Time to Get Serious

Man: Leave her alone, you perverts.

Tie: C'mon, this is nothing you haven't seen before. I bet it excites you to see your girlfriend naked and strung up like this, imagining what we are going to do to her.

Woman: Please, we don't know anything! We aren't part of the movement, we're just students!

Uniform: I'd like to believe you, I really would, but the law says I have to be sure, and the only way I can be sure is to put you under stress. Now, young people like you don't like to betray their friends, but you also don't like to see those close to you suffer. So, when we question you we will be playing with him, and when we question him we will be enjoying you.

Woman: Aaaahhh!

Uniform: Did you hear that, boy, that's just me twisting her sweet little teat here. Imagine the noises she'll make when we get started on her between the legs. I've got an electrode that will slip in there very smoothly, and deliver more juice to that cunt than you were ever able to. Eduardo, pull his jeans down, I want to see if he's excited yet.

(Phlebas)



“What Do We Have Here?”

Woman: No, please, uhh it hurts, you are too rough uuuhh

Uniform: Your boy here must be half a man if you think this is too much. Be thankful that it is my cock inside you not the electrode. What do you think, boy? Are you ready to talk or do we move from pleasuring your lady to hurting her for real?

Man: You filthy bastards, we don't know anything! Leave her alone she never hurt anyone. We are innocent . . . aaaawwwwww uh uh ahhh

Tie: Hey girl what's it like seeing your boyfriend's hard on while feeling my colleague inside you? Close your eyes and imagine your man is a real man for once. But you better start talking, because I am going to test his endurance with this little ball crusher and when I am finished he might not be able to service you ever again.

Man: Oh God stop, please oohhhhhh

Woman: Please stop, please don't hurt him anymore. It was Vincent. Vincent and Maria. They know, they know everything. Please stop hurting him.

Tie: Thank you for that information. Unfortunately, there is more information I would like to have. I haven't completely destroyed his nuts yet, and you've lubricated her pussy nicely, let's tie them facing each other, and see if he is able to get it up and inside her one last time while they have electrodes up their arses.

(Phlebas)



Parrot's Perch

When the riot police moved in, I ran - I knew I had to get away, out of the country - if I could make it to the Embassy ... but the Secret Police were waiting, they knew a lot of us students were from the States or across the pond, even in the back streets those Ford Falcons were waiting ... ready to swoop ...once they'd got me in the car, they didn't mess about, handcuffed and blindfolded, I felt my clothes being ripped away. It was a bumpy ride, maniac speed, screeching tyres, bouncing over rough roads ...by the time they dragged me out, I was already nearly naked. I felt myself hauled up some steps, rough concrete, then down into a cellar. They pulled off the blindfold, and my knickers ... I was blinking, glancing about, is this it then? I'd expected something more sophisticated, some state of the art torture laboratory. But this was just a derelict workshop. It's all they need, I would soon learn ...

As I felt the wooden pole behind my legs, the handcuffs replaced with rough rope bondage, I remembered, shuddered - el pan de arara, the parrot's perch! Yes, the simplest bondage can be enough, the crudest methods the most cruel. I'd prepared myself for this, in my fantasies, even practised hanging like this by my legs on the bars in the gym ...
but now it's for real ...

'Leave this cunt to me, you go out and catch some more.'

That was all he said, the driver and the other thug who'd tied me and hung me up went off, he picked up hefty wooden bat, grabbed my ankles and swung my helpless body back, sweating and shivering, so he could take aim at my butt, and the tenderest part of all ...

(Eulalia)



Parrot's Perch 2

I knew I couldn't take it for long - not just the pain, the savage beating, it's this sense of total helplessness, naked and trussed up like a pig to be barbecued.

God knows how long he went on, I soon lost any sense of time ... any sense at all, but for the whirr and thud of the bat against my butt, the groaning of the pole as I swung back and forth, sweat streaming down my face, into my eyes, my hair ... the screams that came from me without me thinking, echoing in the cellar, deafening ... begging him to stop, pleading to let me tell him whatever he wants to know ...

But they know already, they've infiltrated every cell of our movement, agents everywhere ...

Twenty minutes, Pablo said, if you can hold out for twenty minutes, there's a chance we'll have got away. Some hope!

Twenty minutes, and I'm a shaking, shuddering lump of living flesh, even if they question me now I won't be sane enough to say anything ...

And now he's stopped thrashing me ... what's he doing? What's he going to do ...?

O God no. He knows he's broken me. Now he's going to enjoy his triumph, deep inside my throbbing, burning, bruised and bleeding body ...

And my woman-parts are suddenly seized with warmth, my breasts feel firm and filled, as he thrusts himself into me, a cry of a wild creature's climax of pain and pleasure rings round this place of horror!

(Eulalia)



The "Doctor" Knows

'You're a doctor! Really, a doctor? How can you do this to a woman?'

'You're not a woman.'

The woman that was you no longer exists, she's been eliminated from the records.

You're just a female body, with information that may help the Military Security Police protect the safety and security of the State.

It's my job to keep that body fit until it's divulged all it knows.

Make no mistake, woman - I can keep you alive, conscious and ready for your interrogators, as long as they require ... you won't believe what they can do to you, and I'll still make sure you're ready for more ... and worse!

(Eulalia)



The Doctor Explains

Ignore her screaming, it's a good sign, we've already got her near to breaking-point. By the end of this session, she'll be a quivering, gibbering wreck.

That's right, spread her legs wide, bind her ankles with the copper wire, tight as you can, make sure it's cutting into her there. But take care she's positioned so she can leap and hurl about - when the current hits her cunt, it'll shoot down her legs and up her spine, we want to see her whole trunk thrashing wildly, her butt off the bed, her pelvis flung about in the burning pain.

We'll vary the power, the duration, the intervals, keep her taut with terror knowing what we're going to do to her, but not knowing when the next shock will come.

Don't worry if her legs and body get twisted out of shape, she'll probably get disjointed - the last girl I worked on ended up completely crippled, like she'd been hit by a truck, but what the hell? She was going to be flung out of the next helicopter crossing the bay.

(Eulalia)



“You Want to Talk?”

The power hums in the box behind her. She barely remembers the shame of being made to strip. Or the pinch the horrible clamps biting into her breast and the labia. When they put them on her she cried out. Then the first shock ripped her from tit and pussy and she know that the metal biting wasn't really pain at all.

“YAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHH!”

The pain continues. Her nineteen year old body is drenched with sweat as she howls and jerks. She twists in the bands holding her to the chair. The movements of her young body make the clamps sway and bite harder, tugging at breast nub and sex-lip, teaching her new types of suffering.

The power dials down to a bearable torture. Enough to keep her crying, but not so much she can't understand the man's words.

*“Tell me your conspirators names.
The ones helping you plot against the new regime. Who are they?”*

“Aaaaaagh! Please!”

“What are their plans? Tell me names, girl!”

“Oh GOD!”

Through her eyes soaked with tears she sees him sigh. Like a father disappointed in a naughty child. Her lips tremble as she speaks.

“I don't know anything. Please.” She can feel the metal teeth making her bleed. *“Please have mercy.”*

He says nothing, just nods. A dial twists, and her whole terrified soul is dragged into the agony tearing from the nipple to her womanhood. She goes rigid, screaming helplessly. The men watch her beautiful body convulse.

Yes, she wants to talk. But she has nothing to say that will save her. Nothing to stop the torture of her lovely flesh. Eventually she will lie and confess, betraying her friends to this horror.

But that is an hour away. And many more screams.

(Eulalia)



Wet-Wiping

Stretched so my whole body's arched, breasts forced up and wide apart, girl-parts exposed - the cruel clamps, and then, even worse, the steel rod stuck into my birth-passage, right in so I'm feeling it probing my pelvis, probing my womb ...

I'm squealing, already they're hurting me so, yet they haven't begun!

I feel my body's wet - my sweat? Am I wetting myself?

No, he's swabbing me with a soaking wet rag, spreading foul, greasy water all over my bare skin ...

I know, it will spread the pain across me like a wildfire, sweeping every nerve-end, forcing it into flame ...

He slops the smelly cloth across my face, stuffs it into my mouth,

'Hey, bite on this, babe!'

He sneers at me, chuckling, as I gasp and choke with the filthy liquid filling my throat,

'We don't want you biting your tongue, do we, eh?'

(Eulalia)

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Flick!

Suddenly a surge of fire rips through my whole body, and wraps around my bare skin. I feel myself flung, like I've been clutched by some invisible, giant talons ...

I hear sudden noises, the thin, high, shrilling that we heard and dreaded down in the waiting cells ...

It's me that's making them, but not me, my body's not my own, these men have only to click on a switch and I'm a doll, a puppet, forced to throw myself about, made to shriek, totally at their control ...

When there's a pause, I'm shaking, my body still seized with involuntary spasms, heart racing, cold sweat streaming, the pain still gnawing within me

Again and again they hurl me into this maelstrom of agony - yet the worst of the torture isn't the pain, my body's bearing that, though it's unimaginable how - it's the sense of utter helplessness, I'm desperate to talk to them, tell them whatever they want to know, confess whatever crimes they think I've committed - but they're silent, no questions, my incoherent squawking and squealing means nothing, the rats in the dungeon make more sense ...

And my body's so hot, my woman-parts so wet, I'm eager, longing, please release me, do whatever you will with me, only let me drop to the floor and give myself up to you ...

(Eulalia)

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Ready to begin

I feel them stretch me, stretching my youthfulness into an eternity of pain. Although it's unbearable, agonisingly shameful, lying here naked, being looked at by these harsh men, feeling their fingers fiddling my most intimate parts, it's horribly arousing, my body's quivering, sweat oozing, breath panting, heart racing ...

They flick my tits and my clit till they're forcing me to moan and grow moist and throbbing.

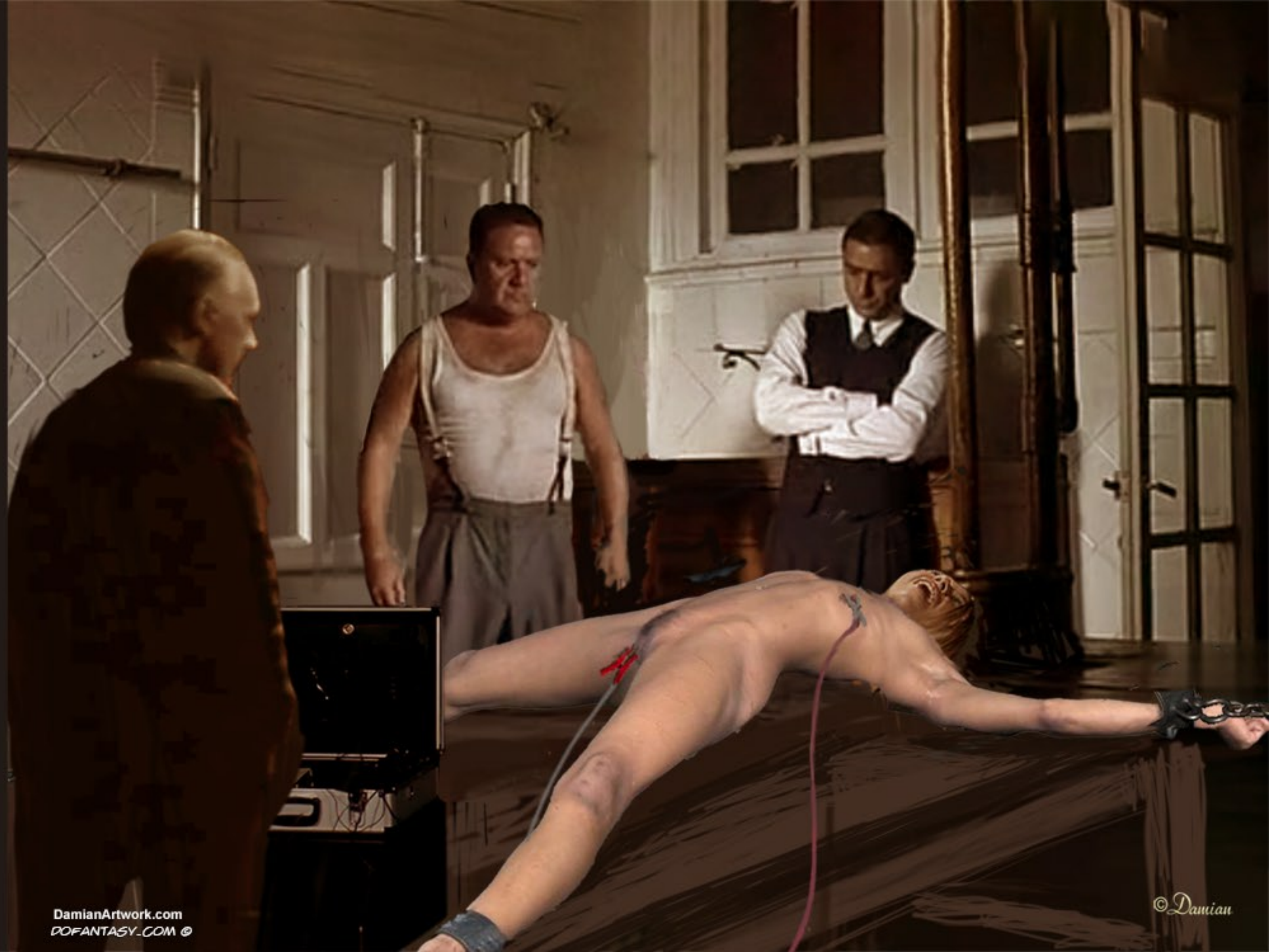
Suddenly the clips bite, I squeal like a stuck sow, there's a smile of satisfaction on my about-to-be-torturer's face.

I try to ready myself, relax - but that advice we're given becomes a poor joke, when it all becomes real - 'just let the pain flow through you' - yeah, well ...

Why don't they start? What are they waiting for?

Just standing, watching, enjoying my total helpless, slowly savouring the scent of my fear ...

(Eulalia)



Forget Brave Resolutions

As I felt the metal plate against my bare back, the cuffs with their steel bands biting my wrists and my ankles, my legs forced wide ...

I knew what was coming, seized with panic, shrieked!

"Scream! Scream all you want, girl. No-one will hear you. Nobody knows you're here – except us!"

I shuddered in shock - they're not Spanish, they're Yanquis, U. S. 'advisers', experts in interrogation, especially of the 'enhanced' kind!

I lay back, sighed, prepared myself. Forget brave resolutions, loyalty, even love. No point in lying, there won't be much they don't already know, they'll catch me out, and punish me – yep, punish, like only they know how! And then they'll begin again at question one.

So, when they ask questions I can't answer, or my replies don't satisfy them – and sure, they won't! – I must stay quiet, knowing what's coming next ...

(Eulalia)



Success!

"It's a sure sign of our success, when I only needed to touch her cunt lightly with my fingers and she starts screaming like I'm powering high voltage through her - see!"

Stretched out, naked, locked wrists and ankles. On this hard bed, under this lamp. Shines not on the men, it shines on me...

God knows how long I've been here, after a time I didn't know where I am, why I'm here, hardly even who I am ...

Yes, he's right. The pain's terrible. Only a few minutes, maybe just seconds, but it stays in me, it's still torturing me. Every muscle, every nerve. Heart racing, gasping for breath, legs, hips, spine, arms - whole body taut, like a bow-string ...

So the least touch, and aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! I hear my shriek, echoing through this place.

"Yes, it's amusing, the female body. When we've got it subjected, totally under our control, we can still arouse sexuality - look at her nipples! And she's moist, warm and moist, down here!"

(Eulalia)



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At Their Mercy

'I feel so exposed like this, so helpless, these men look so cruel. With my arms wide like this my breasts are completely exposed, I am sure they will whip me there, when they have finished having a good look. Maybe that one will grope me first, his hands wandering over the soft flesh, weighing them like fruit in the market, twisting my nipples in that way that, uh, that I can't help responding to . . . I tingle to think of his hands on me like that.

And then the crop. Baldy will whip me with it across those same breasts. I have never been whipped before, I wonder what it will feel like? Will I cry out and beg for mercy? Will I moan with a mixture of pain and pleasure? I feel so confused right now, my body aches in anticipation for the ordeal that is coming.

Already I feel it, a wetness between my legs. Soon they will touch me there, I am sure, they will open my legs and do things to me there. Maybe they will just take me as all men do, their fat cocks filling me, thrusting rough and hard, pushing me up against the iron bars. Surely they will take the crop to me, first tickling my clit with the tip, opening my lips to expose the womanhood inside . . . it will be so terrible when they blows land there, I will shudder, cry out, and the sensation will build inside me until I have no control . . .

Oh God, start, start now and get it over with before I cum right here just thinking about it!

(Ph;ebas)

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Hotel Presidente

I knew where they were taking me. It was no secret, indeed since the coup, the Junta had enjoyed the publicity the place was getting, it was an excellent way to spread terror, especially among young women students like us.

Hotel Presidente, the most pretentious, luxurious, ultra-high-priced in the capital, where the ministers, generals, intelligence chiefs, and their foreign backers and financiers wined and dined and plotted ...

While we, chained up naked in the basement, we chosen victims - picked for our looks, but especially if we had the ill-fortune to be the daughters of key players in the defeated libertarian regime - could hear the music, laughter, clatter of cutlery, clinking of glasses, while we waited, swaying gently in our chains, cold yet sweating ...

And, as the evening wore on, gentlemen were invited down to La Sala de Fumadores, the 'Smoking Room', where the fumes were not only of expensive cigars, but of smouldering flesh, our flesh ...

While, in the Palm Court above us, our screams began to blend with the music of the band, inviting more and more of the men who wield the power to come and enjoy our helplessness, our agony, our pathetic shrieks for mercy.

Ladies were not admitted, though they could sit if they so wished behind the curtain, and be served with coffee, liqueurs and chocolates by the girls whose turns to enter the Smoking Room were soon to come ...

(Eulalia)

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"Students"

"Yes, suck it girl. Suck you little communist whore."

My friend Luisa cries as she works on the man's cock in her mouth. I cannot help her. The ropes holding me against the student desk into my skin as the other security man rams deeply into me. My own cry of pain mixes with Louisa's. And he laughs.

"Does it hurt, bitch? I thought you student whores fucked all the time. HAHAHA."

I cannot look at him. Cannot bear to see his smile as he rapes me. Only an hour ago I was marching with the other university students protesting the military coup. Even when the security force vehicles appeared we thought our numbers would protect us.

How stupid we were.

"Glllk.AAAAGGHHH!"

Luisa's choking sob pulls my eyes to her. The big man is thrusting his organ deep down her throat. His face, like my own rapist's, is a mask of hideous pleasure. Her boyfriend Miguel was among those beaten down and dragged off. Dimly I remember her telling me of their first time together just a week ago. I did not see what happened to my own boyfriend

Antonio. I pray he was not arrested.

Move, slut. AAAAHHH. So tight. UNNNHH!"

The pain of his cock tearing me drags me back to the awful present. He is fully inside me now, pushing in and out. The ceiling above is cracked pain and shattered dreams. Hands on my breasts squeeze and twist. I cry out, begging him to stop.

"AAAA-HAHAHA."

The man using Luisa's mouth keeps laughing while his cum floods down her throat. She chokes and runs over her chin. Horrible. The cock in me keeps thrusting, keeps hurting.

Will he never finish?

"Hurry up. The captain wants us back soon. Bring them with you."

The voice cuts through my horror. Antonio stands in the door, watching it all.

"ANTONIO!"

Our eyes meet. Mine tear-filled and pleading. His so cold. I jerk in the ropes as the man quickens. I understand now how the security forces responded so quickly. The man I thought loved me stands and watches the uniformed pig cry out and violently pump his seed into my sex.

My shame is complete. The nightmare is just beginning.

(Darthsaad)



Play-dollies

We younger students have just been rounded up to provide some fun for the goons. They don't pretend anything else, they know we don't have anything to tell the Interrogators that they don't already know, the brutes that threw us into the vans were laughing, and congratulating one another on 'la presa que habían atrapado', the prey they'd caught!

Still, if we can wheedle our way, use our female charms, we might get off a bit more lightly - even if that just means a quicker death ...

So, they've brought us down here to 'la sala de juegos', the playroom! This indoor footie goal's a neat place to tie us up, they've got a nasty box of toys to play with on our bodies ...

so, we'd better play along ,we have no choice - show them how we can wiggle our hips, shake our asses, bounce our boobs, twist and turn and writhe about like we're high on E. And scream! Scream all we can, that's what they love to hear ...

We're their play-dollies now, let's make them glad they caught us!

(Eulalia)



Electrified Steel Wool

Electro-torture is their favourite way for breaking us if they think we've really got something to tell them, some secrets to betray our friends, our comrades, our movement ... so, night after night, in this room, stretched on the steel frame, soaked with a filthy wet rag, clips fitted on the most painful parts ... It's hideous, the shock of burning pain, tearing through my muscles, seizing every nerve with searing, exquisite agony ...

And a feeling of total helplessness, knowing that any moment, a simple flick of a switch and they can make my body leap and dance, hurled about like a rag doll in an angry kid's clutches ...

Yet I've held out ... so far ... I've kept silent, not told them what they want to know ...

But now, what's this? Some new refinement?

Even our trainer didn't warn of us this ...

It looks so familiar, so ordinary, a pad of steel wool, a pan-scourer from the supermarket, soaking wet ... what are they going to do with them?

Where are they going to put them?

Oh God, no! They can't!

He fingers my clit, his buddy flicks my nipples, I loathe it, but I know they'll make me soft and moist, I feel my nipples growing hard, my clit's tormenting me ...

And now - owww! He thrusts it into me, right in, I feel its roughness swelling my vagina, chafing my cervix ... and the other one in my back passage ...

The cables are connected, that evil machine is set and ready to begin ...

I know tonight, I'm going to break ...

(Eulalia)



”Talk bitch. Where is your husband.”

Emilia sobbed pitifully. The wires around her wrists were so tight she could barely feel her hands, but they weren't enough to keep her own weight from crushing her naked pussy onto the sharp wood they had put between her legs.

“AHHHHH. OH GOD, PLEASE...!”

The bald man glowered at her. “You and your man publish that subversive newspaper, yes? Promote insurrection? Where is he?”

The blonde woman sobbed. She could feel her sex being slowly destroyed. But she shook her head in refusal.

”Bitch is stubborn,” the other interrogator said. His eyes went over the journalists naked body, lingering on her breasts. “Pity. Nice tits on her.”

”Bitch is stupid you mean,” the first said. “But we will educate her.”

He held up the copper tube for Emilia to see. She mooned as the metal got closer to her trembling body. Whimpered as he moved it up and down while she squirmed in pain.

“You think you hurt now? Wait until my little toy here has you dancing. Your pussy while be ground to raw meat while you scream for me.”

Emilia moaned in horror, but didn't speak.

”Okay then. I hope that coward husband of your got a last fuck out of you.”

The metal wand came closer. Emilia began to cry louder, eyes wide, jerking already despite the pain to her sex. Then the wand jabbed against the side of one curving tit and her body went rigid.

ZZZZZZZZZZ

”EEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAGH!!!”

(Darthsaad)



Exposed naked 'expuesta desnuda'

Perhaps the cruellest torture is the simplest of all
- 'expuesta desnuda', 'exposed naked'.

That's the dread phrase. We're taken out early, before dawn, bonded up on the frames at the entrance to the Camp, where the men coming on or off duty can pause and watch us suffering, getting a boost of pleasure at the sight of us stupid, starry-eyed student girls being slowly reduced to fly-blown corpses.

It's a vile place, this girls' Golgotha, stinking of foul drains, rotting flesh, the putrid early morning air bringing damp to our sweaty skins, luring the incessant insects to torment us ... buzzing, buzzing ... crows cawing, our torture-frames creak as we writhe and tug in vain at our wrist-biting bondage, groans and soft gasps ...

we dare not try to speak, no point anyway ... once chatterers, now silent, each with her own private agony ...

The day's growing hot, harsh, humid heat, lungs burn with every breath. I toss my hair, to try to whisk away the flies from my poor breasts, their angry humming only brings a fresh assault.

Maybe they'll take me down. Though that will be no mercy, just drag me back into that sadists' hell. Or bring me water - some foul liquid, anyway ... but that would only be a cruelty, to prolong my living death. No, let me hang here, slowly sinking into delirium, driven to madness by the merciless biting insects, blazing sun, men mocking me and groping me all over ...

(Eulalia)



Disappeared

After the torture, they put me in the Pit. The Tiger Pit, they call it, 'El pozo del tigre', where they lock us when they've driven us mad, barking mad, with endless torture, rape, and degradation.

No room in the Pit to stand, lie, stretch - just crouch, kneel, fold up in the corner. There's a hole for a toilet, a bowl and a mug. I learn to be alert for their footsteps, if the guard find me dozing he jabs me with his picana, the electric goad. Then I must hold up my bowl and mug, it's feeding time.

But my mind's going, I'm losing my grip on reality. No idea how long I've been here now. Or anywhere, my life's a confused jumble - memories, dreams, nightmares ...

I hear myself screaming, then oblivion. Even the picana doesn't stir me. I feel it, but the pain just flows through, my body no longer responds.

And now I hear the grid unlock above me.
Men grip my wrists and haul me up, out into the hot sun. what next?

There's a loud noise, a motor whirring, a helicopter waiting - yes! I remember. How their captives disappear. So this is it ... my turn, to join 'las desaparecidas'.

(Eulalia)



Helicopter

I knew when I got drawn into the Movement I'd end up this way, sooner or later. I only wish it had been a bit later, we were getting support from the underground networks, the workers' groups that weren't corrupt or full of spies. And there was money coming, I never knew where from (though that bastard interrogator kept asking me that), maybe there'll soon be a revolution?

But I'm not going to know ...

I only wish I hadn't got young Lira involved, she was so naive, full of romantic dreams, never dreamt of hurting anyone - and even less of how they'd hurt her!

She's terrified now, I wish I could comfort her...

Strangely, I'm not. I've never been too bothered at the thought of death - I don't want to die, not so soon, but I'm not scared, it will be over soon and I probably just won't exist any more ...

Seems they're ready now, the birdy's hovering - yes, they're sliding open the hatch ...

Whooah! The whisk of the wind across my bare, bruised body, it's as sharp as those whiplashes ...

There's the sea - rocks, waves, like a big whirlpool under the rotors ... probably sharks ... enjoy me, boys!

They're still holding on to me, gripping me - what do they want? Famous last words? Pleas for mercy? Forget it - just let me leap ...

Aaaaaaaah!

(Eulalia)



IMPORTANT NOTICE - DISCLAIMER

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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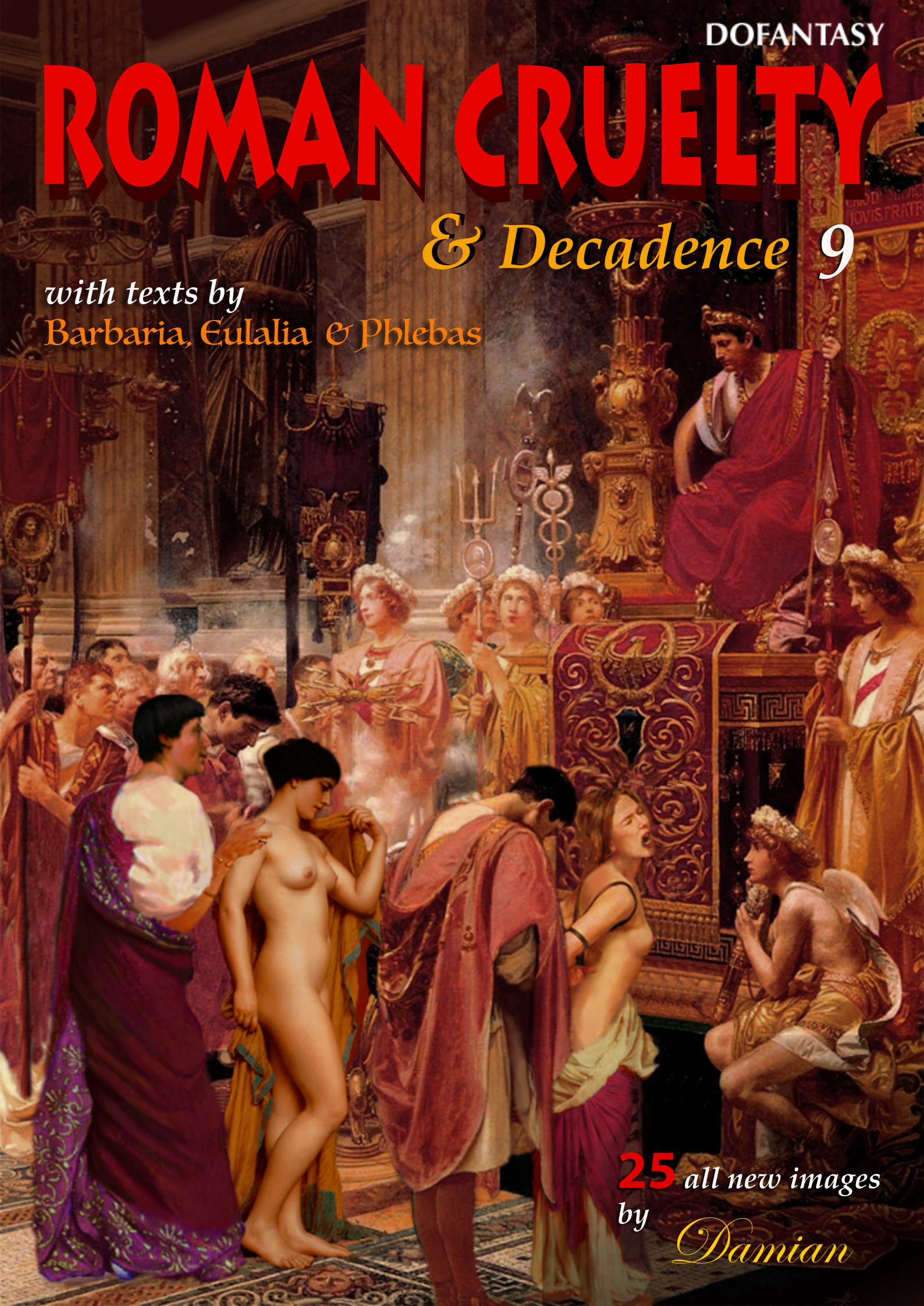
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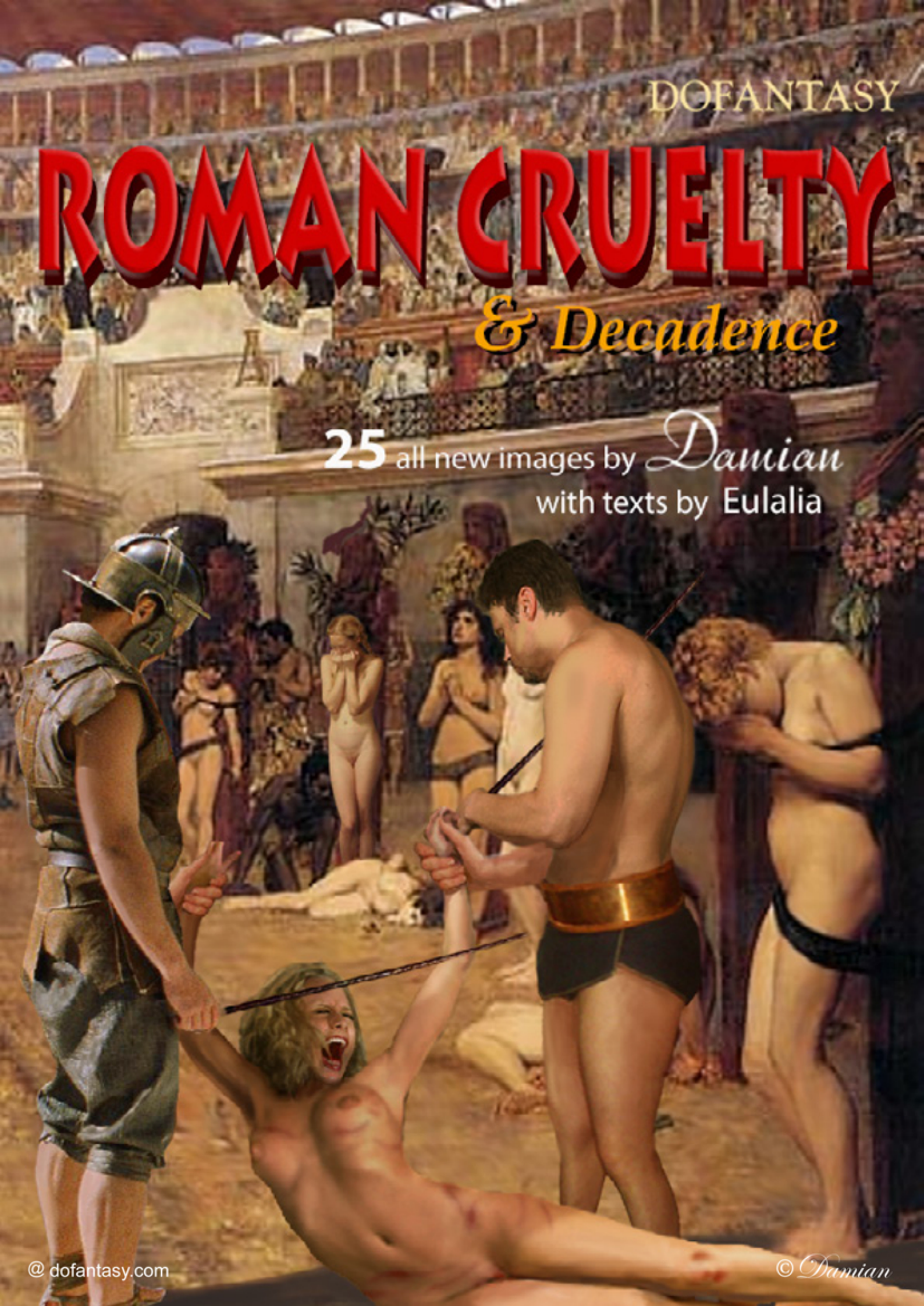
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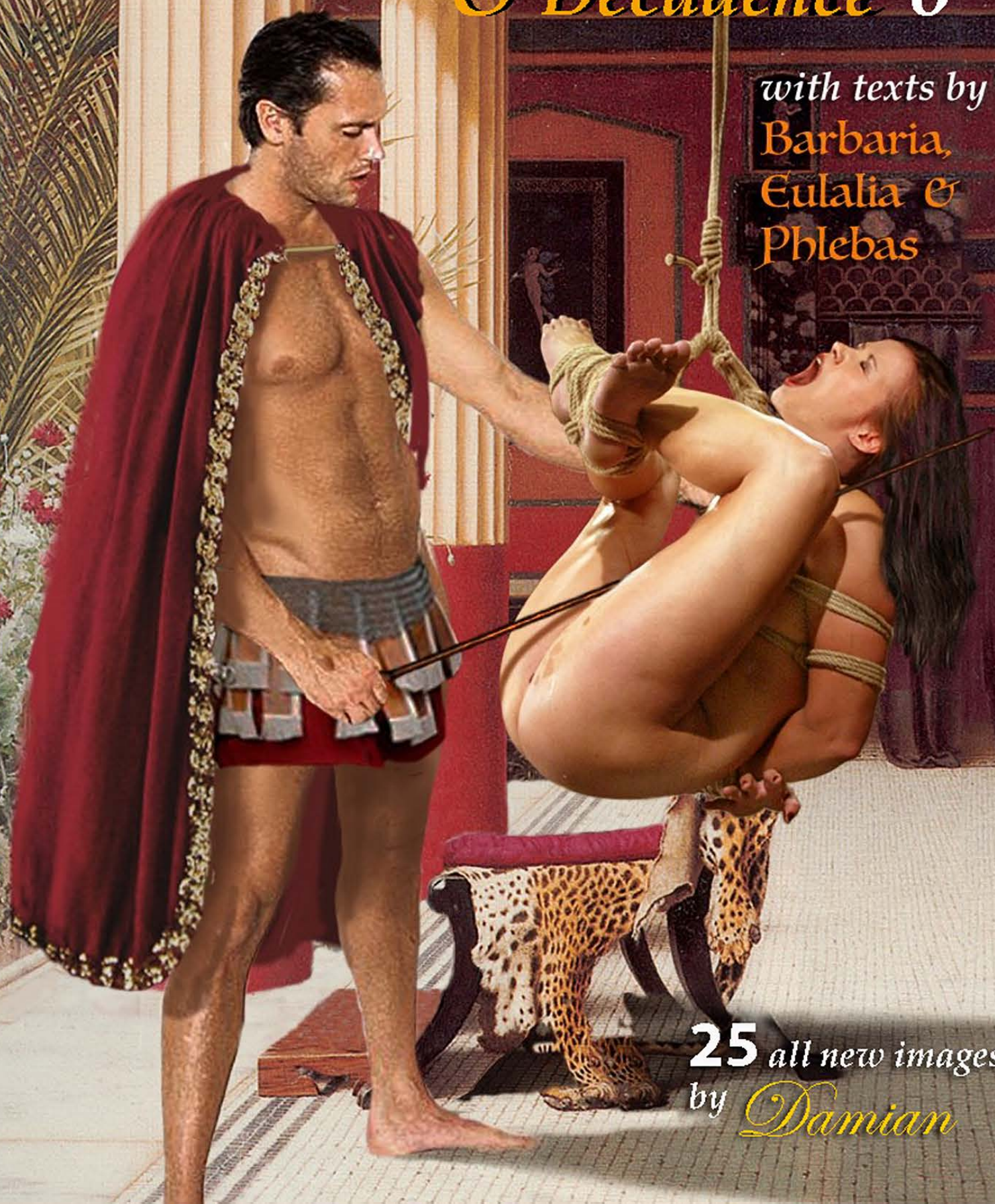
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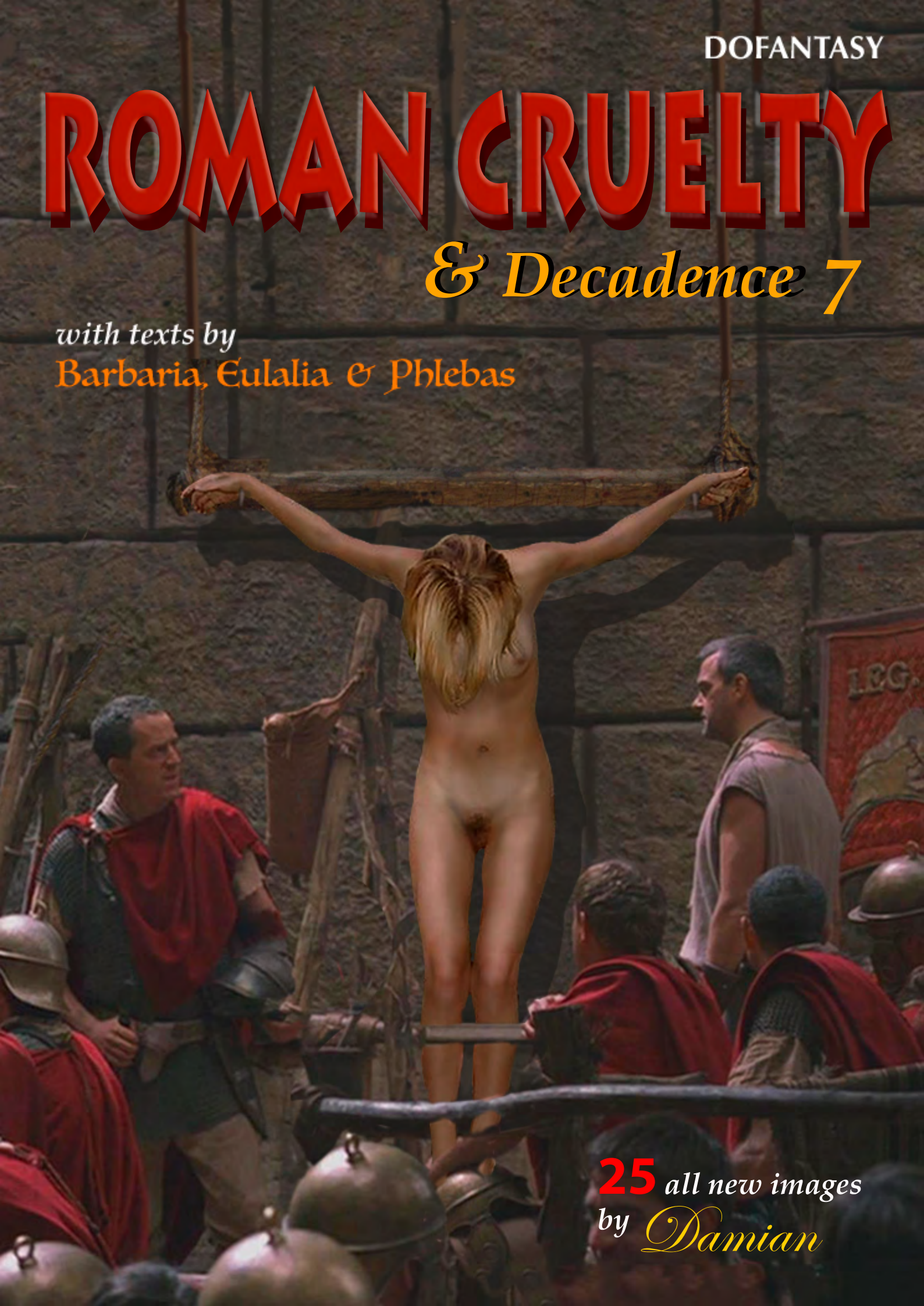
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*Female Martyrs
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In an Oriental World

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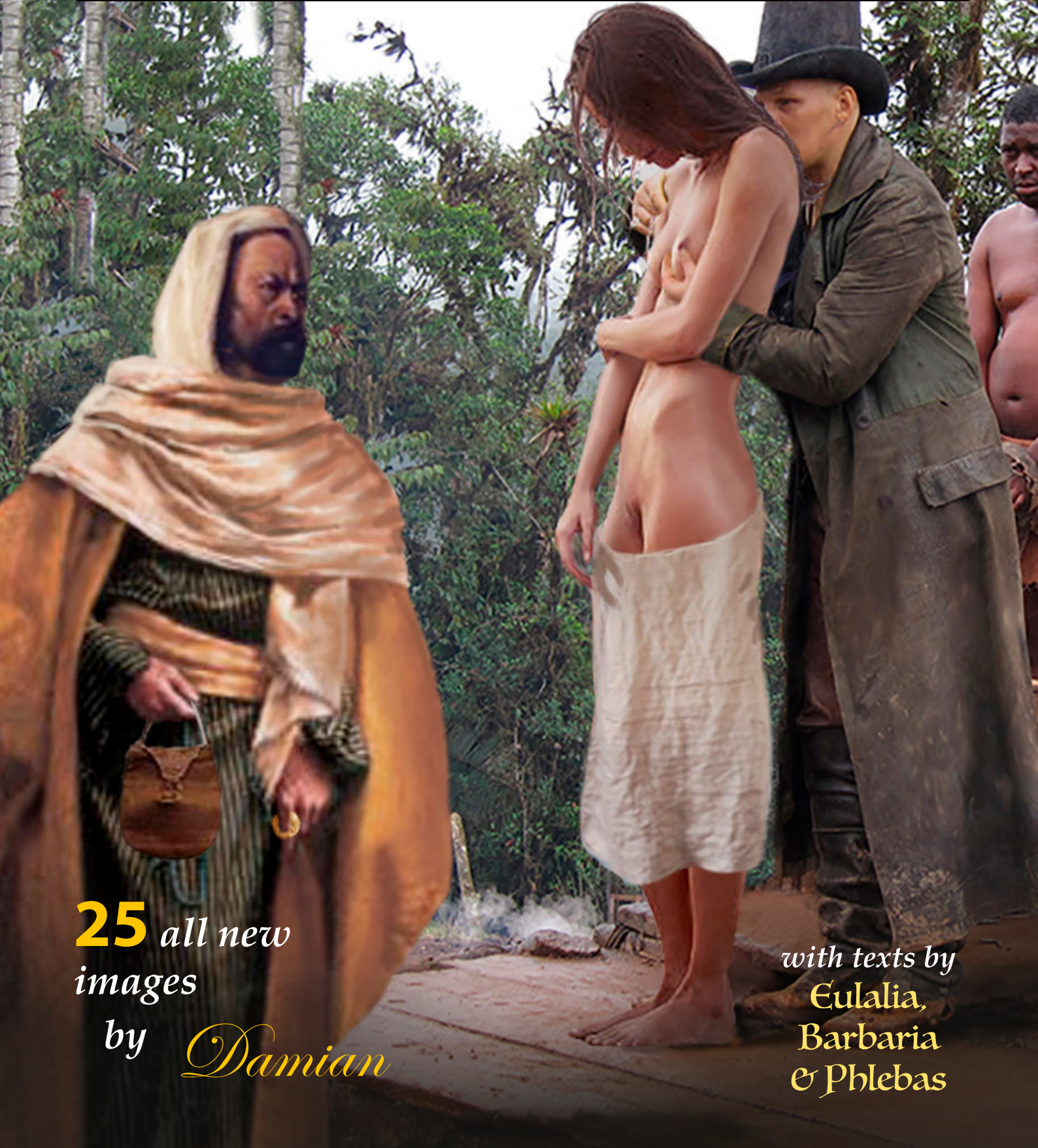
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In an Oriental World - 2

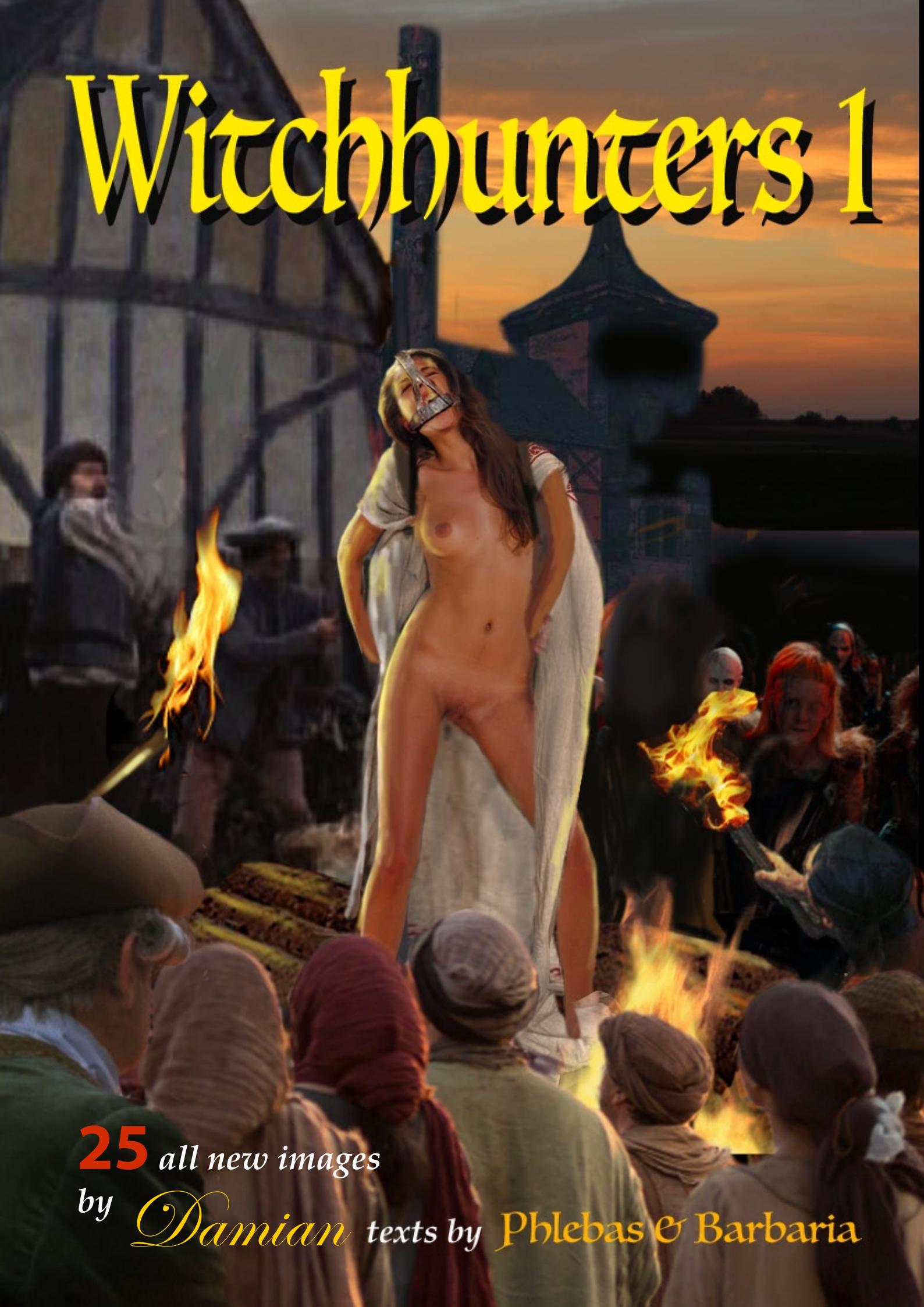


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Witchhunters 1

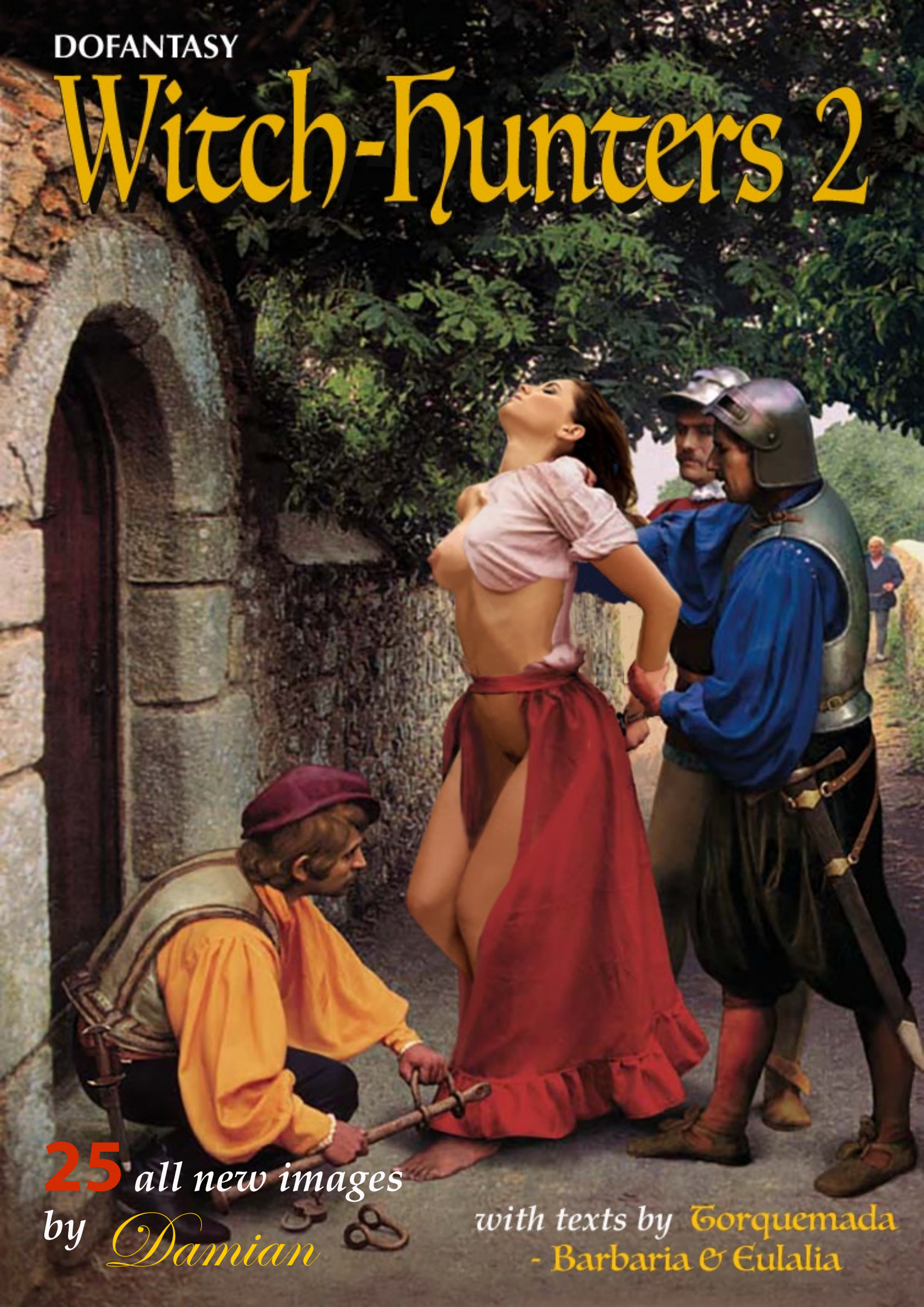
A woman with long dark hair and a metal muzzle stands before a bonfire at a witch trial. She is nude, with a white cloth draped over her shoulders. The scene is set in a village square with a wooden gallows in the background. A crowd of people, some holding torches, surrounds the bonfire. The sky is a mix of orange and blue, suggesting dusk or dawn.

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Witch-Hunters 2

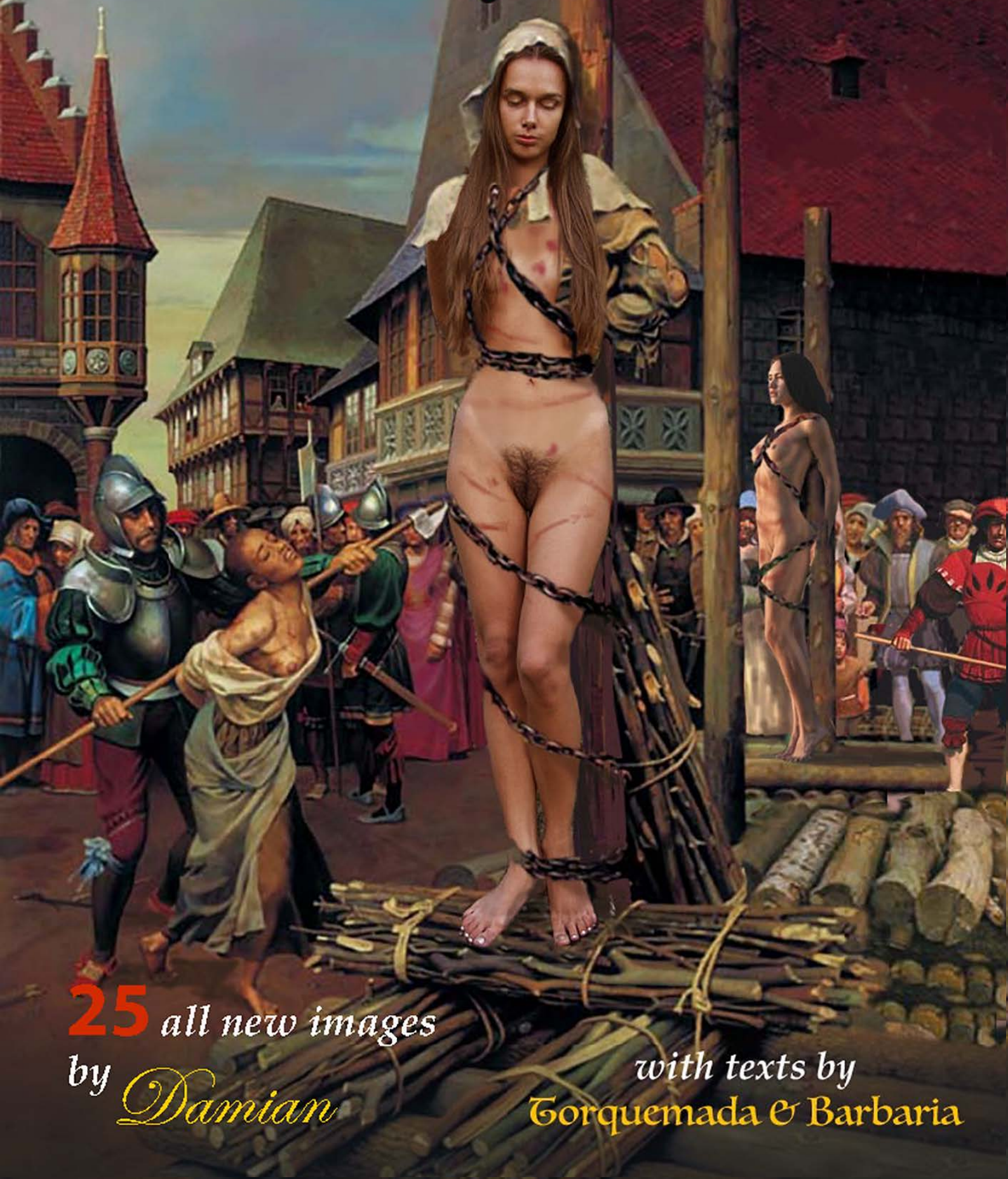


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Witch-Hunters 7

*Torments
On
The Rack*

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Witch-Hunters 8



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*White Slave girls
Taken in a Cruel and Barbarous*

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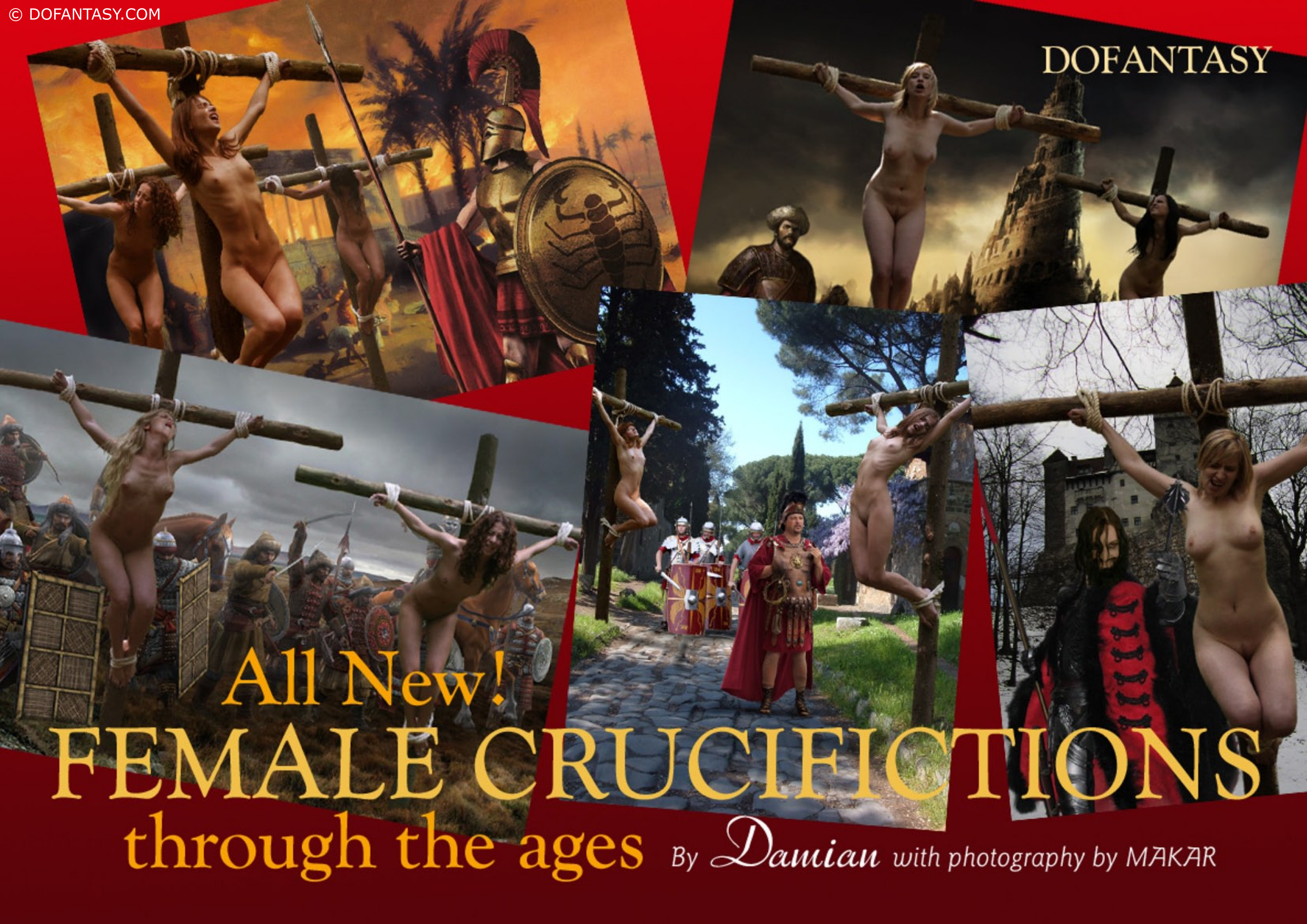
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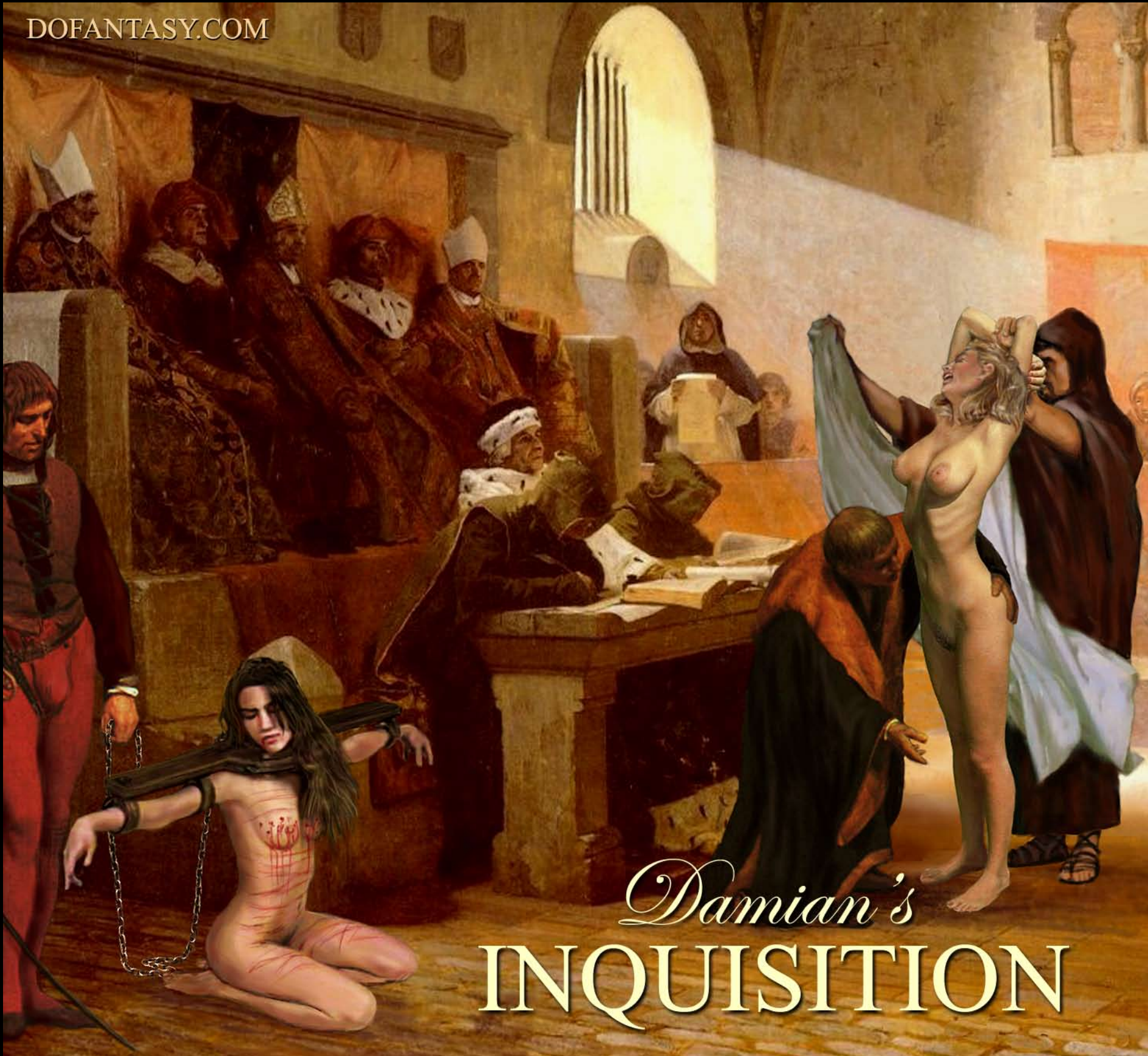


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