

FAMILY NIGHTMARE

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Illustrated
by SCOTT
adults only

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PART ONE

BACKGROUND

Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony. December 1992

Warden Dalton checked the time. It was gone eleven... it was late but no one was waiting for him. His only daughter Belen, was spending a few days with her cousin Fernanda in Conchacabana and his wife Leonora hadn't been seen at home for a long time.

Nobody was waiting for Warden Dalton outside of the Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony.

Warden Dalton stood up and combed back his greasy brown hair, he fastened his fly and buckled his Sam Brown. The brunette Lidia, a newly arrived whore, would be ready and waiting by now... She had been in quarantine for twenty-four hours and the boys had visited her twice.

Warden Dalton pushed the iron top off the 'hole' with his foot. Two coal black eyes as big as plates looked at him, blinking with terror and at the sudden brightness...

Warden Dalton licked his lips. Lidia was lying chained by her neck to the floor, her dress was torn and her arms were twisted up her back with her wrists cuffed to her collar.

Warden Dalton unfastened his belt...

It was going to be a long night; no one was waiting for him at home and the whore Lidia, who had been sentenced to six years in prison, really deserved his attention...

January 1999, the most fashionable district of the state capital...

The French woman Margot Pascal was splendid.

She was all class and distinction: The way she combed her hair... the discreet charm of her make-up... her perfume's fragrance... her well cared for hands... her measured gestures... her smile... her sweet and moderate way of talking... and her polite yet distant air.

At twenty-six, the French-woman Margot Pascal was already a great lady,

married to one of the richest foreigners in the country. Her face with its clear complexion was the kind you fall on love with at first sight... Her hair was blonde, bushy and slightly wavy. Her eyes were blue and her lips were full and sensual. She had high cheekbones and a small, distinguished nose.

Margot Pascal knew herself to be beautiful and attractive.

The man who wasn't attracted by the magic of her eyes or her fantastic shape hadn't been born...

Whatever she was wearing, her narrow waist and full, generous bosom provoked admiration and envy.

Her proportions were perfect, generous even... Her breasts were high and full and topped with sharp nipples that pointed wildly in front of her. Her tummy was flat and her lower belly receded suggestively between the curves of her thighs. Her hips were smooth yet ample in their curves. She had dreamy, rounded and prominent buttocks that were accentuated by her narrow waist. Her legs were long and strong and beautifully shaped down her fragile and provocative ankles...

If any one had said that the French-woman Margot Pascal was the most beautiful woman in the world, nobody would have disagreed.

But unfortunately for those who knew her, the French-woman Margot Pascal had dedicated that marvellous body to one man, her husband Pierre and she had done it at a young age when she had been but a girl in love. The fruits of that tender young love were their twins, two daughters, two gorgeous blondes with eyes as blue as hers. Two girls who, although only ten, had already inherited their mother's beauty.

Rich, respected and admired... All was peace and tranquillity in Margot Pascal's life. All until that hot January night when some strangers knocked at the door...

'Police. Open up. Police!'

One month later, Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony...

The Frenchwoman Margot Pascal was victim of the policies of fear and blackmail that the military junta had initiated against the western democracies. Less than two days after a European judge had tried and jailed one of its bloodiest generals, all of the police stations in the country received the same message on their fax machines: arrest EU citizens under any pretext.

The Pascals were arrested for exploiting their domestic help, in fact their chauffeur Hector Banzer.

Since that time Margot Pascal hasn't seen her husband or her twin daughters. And since then Margot Pascal has spent three days and nights shut up behind bars with old parent killers and sick prostitutes.

The Whore Cage, that's what they called it, it was a filthy disgusting place. Two dozen women all serving life or waiting to be executed jammed into less than 350 square feet. They were abandoned, violent women with no scruples who had been brutalised by their lives and by the jail itself. Women who had nothing to lose and even less to gain. The conditions in the cell couldn't have been worse... The prisoners urinated and defecated on the floor. They ate their disgusting rations with their hands from a pair of plastic buckets that they fought to the death over, and they drank the water that their jailers played over them with a high pressure hose, ostensibly to clean both them and their cells.

Mrs Margot Pascal was desperate. She knew nothing of her husband or her twins and the three horrendous days that she had spent locked up in there were more than she could bear. She didn't know why she was there or how long they were going to keep her, or even what she was accused of or if she would be tried. Every time she asked the jailer her only reply was to have the full force of the hosepipe turned onto her face, her breasts or her tummy. Then she had to face her companions mocking her and other things worse than mockery... Mamy, the black leader of the whores, a lesbian who had been convicted for killing two of her lovers and three of her own children, had her eyes on her. It had all started at nightfall on the first day...

Mamy had spoken to her as a man would. Margot backed against the bars in fear. Mamy came so close that they were touching and cornered her between her arms. The French mother was horrified to see those thick, parted lips, those yellow teeth and that swollen pink tongue approaching her...

Margot turned around and pressed her slim and shapely frame against the bars of the cage...

The giggling of the other prisoners made her realise that she had wet

herself. Margot was humiliated but more than that she was frightened and trembling like a leaf, she let herself fall to the floor on her knees in defeat. Luckily the jailers appeared with the hosepipe at that moment... Hours passed by and Margot went without taking part in the fight for the revolting mixture of salt water, rotten fish guts, jailer's leftovers and bad pig feed that the corrupt warden obtained for a fraction of the budget that he had for feeding the prisoners. It was a foul smelling paste that felt disgusting in the hand and that stained the face of anyone who ate it. Margot was hungry, very hungry, but she still hadn't fallen so low as to fight over that disgusting filth.

But she had fallen far enough to squat down and, lifting the filthy patterned dress that she had been wearing when they arrested her, she emptied her bowels. She couldn't take any more.

The other prisoners, who defecated, urinated and masturbated noisily as if it was the most natural thing in the world, all left off their ceaseless chattering and fighting to watch her. It was a most degrading scene for the young European mother.

A scene that she would remember for the rest of her life.

She would also remember how the black woman, Mamy had approached and sniffed at her stool like a dog.

Margot vomited with disgust.

A wave of laughter and offensive comments made the humiliation complete.

On the third day the hosepipe cleaning was more thorough than usual. Margot was surprised to observe that those wretches that had been abandoned by society began to straighten one another's rags and to tidy up their lousy hair with the one bit of a broken comb that they kept and treasured.

A few minutes later a group of well-fed men in uniform appeared. At once the prisoners, Mamy included, threw themselves at the bars calling to the men and gesticulating with their arms.

Alone in the centre of the cell, Margot couldn't avoid blushing at the obscenities that reached even her ears.

The men came closer...

Able hands undid belts and pulled trousers down and avid mouths took in filthy male members, some of which were visibly sick.

Margot looked away from the depressing sight. She could feel the eyes of all those pariahs burning into her. The eyes of those disowned women that looked resentfully at her while other women were emptying the testicles.

It was as chaotic as it was pathetic and repulsive. It was a depressing orgy, the height of malevolence and sexual repression. It was abominable.

A commanding military voice, a kind of yell, parted the gang of repressed men and the prisoners from the bars as if by magic.

It was a grotesque sight to see all those soldiers standing to attention with their trousers around their knees and their naked members filthy with sperm and saliva...

There followed a sepulchral silence.

A little man with a moustache and a silver cap, wearing a slightly cleaner uniform than the others approached the bars. He was Warden Dalton.

With a swaggering gait he strutted around the cage.

The only sound that could be heard was Mamy's hoarse and agitated breathing.

Warden Dalton walked around the cage a few times

The guards stayed at attention, naked from the waist down.

The prisoners also stood silently to attention.

Margot was half-kneeling and half-squatting to try by any means to avoid being noticed by anyone.

The order made her jump like the crack of a whip.

'You foreign slut! Attention!'

Margot raised her head to make sure he was referring to her. Who else could it be?

'Body straight. Feet together. Chin up!'

Margot obeyed the order in spite of the resistance from her limbs...

'Cunt in. Arse out. Chest forward. Tits up!'

The young French mother went from being pale to blushing intensely. Never had she heard such Spanish, since her arrival in the country or among her select circle of ex-pats and local admirers.

When, for the first time in three days, she saw them open the door, the debilitated Margo felt her legs giving way and the blood rushing from her head.

She was going to faint...

Warden Dalton passed all the other prisoners until he was in front of the only white prisoner in the Whore Cage, the only blonde woman in the whole of Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony, in front of Mrs Margot Pascal.

Warden Dalton stood in front of her with his piggy slightly crossed eyes fixed her big blue eyes.

Without a word he walked slowly around her.

Just her...

Margot could clearly hear the officers hoarse breathing getting more and more agitated.

He walked around her four times stopping for a few seconds at each side and behind her ... running his eyes over every inch of her body, every curve. Every detail of her feminine form was clearly sculpted by the soaking wet dress with the floral print that clung to her body like a second skin.

Warden Dalton lit a cigarette and blew the smoke into her face. Margot held her breath. She couldn't stand the smell of tobacco and even less the stink of old garlic that accompanied it.

When she felt the soldiers club giving her little taps on her naked calf she couldn't believe what was happening. The swine was touching her leg with a club!

After a brief moment of uncertainty she placed her feet together until her ankles touched. But the soldiers boot made her see that that wasn't the position he required either. She had her feet splayed.

She turned them in.

The club didn't stop ...it traced its way up the outside of her left leg... slowly... to the hip. Then, without leaving her for a second, it crossed to her pubis, just above her vagina, and pressed lightly.

Margot was crying openly with humiliation, sucked her tummy in and filled her lungs. She couldn't credit the degrading treatment that the degenerate could inflict on a prisoner. But the club went on up, this time to the middle of her soaked and filthy dress.

Margot held her breath.

The club went without stopping over her soaking breasts that the clinging dress hung onto without a single crease.

Margot sighed with relief... She had been expecting a new humiliation, a

humiliation that she was not sure she could bear.

The club went on up to her chin and raised it slightly. Then it parted her filthy mane of fine blonde hair over her shoulders.

The Warden started to walk around the prisoner again. He liked what he saw. She was a young woman in the fullness of her beauty, a woman with a capital W, very different from little Cristal. Also she was educated and classy, someone who, in any other situation, would be totally inaccessible to a pariah such as him. His erect penis was aching in his trousers as he contemplated once more her firm buttocks. He liked the way the soaking wet dress disappeared into the cleft between the firm, fleshy white globes of succulent flesh. He observed the smooth way her back curved in and out at the level of her kidneys and the incredible narrowness of her waist. His eyes rested on the straightness of her back and her square shoulders that were half hidden by her blonde mane. He had read her file carefully and she was perfect... twenty-six, 5' 6", nine stone of white flesh distributed in all the right places, educated, she had a useless doctorate in Spanish. The sort of education that was no use for anything and that only Europeans of good families bothered with. She was also the mother of a pair of twins, who were also being held in the colony. This prisoner was available... A few hours after her arrest and imprisonment relations with Europe had returned to normal and a fax had been received in all police stations ordering that all EU citizens should be left alone. It was a shame that the Pascals hadn't been in a police station at that time.

They were in fact in prison when another fax arrived, ordering the destruction of any evidence or testimony of illegal detentions, to avoid any diplomatic complications. And the Pascals were most certainly evidence of illegal detention...

Yes the prisoner was perfect.

Margot felt the club touching her left fist that, like her right, was closed tightly with fury. Margot opened it and pressed her palms against her thighs. She was sweating more than she had ever sweated before in her life.

The officer was still behind her...

The club paused between her kidneys and went slowly but surely, down... it was obvious that it wasn't going to stop...

Margot squeezed her buttocks together as tightly as she could, unconsciously giving the sadistic warden a visual treat. The club made a diversion to lightly tap the woman's right buttock. Margot relaxed her posture. Terror forced her to. The club continued to work its way in between the shamed French woman's buttocks, opening them in the most humiliating and obscene manner.

Then nothing...

The Warden and his officers just left and the head jailer closed the cell. As soon as the swines had left the building the sepulchral silence was broken and the women began to chat animatedly. Margot was denigrated to her very core; overcome with terror, hunger and tiredness she retreated to a corner of the cell and cried her eyes out.

That night Margot couldn't sleep. At her side the other prisoners snored away on the floor after innumerable and endless masturbations. Margot got up quietly, she went to one of the buckets and put her finger in a corner, the stench turned her stomach but she overcame her retches and her stomach was glad of food after three days fasting. Once her hunger was assuaged Pierre and the twins came to her mind. Where were they?

It was pouring with rain outside and the water filtered through the holes in the tattered corrugated iron roof. Margot felt cold for the first time in that steamy swamp. She felt cold and a profound desperation; she was the most wretched person in the world.

At midnight a dozen of the female guards showed up armed with clubs. They dragged a girl out of the cell. What followed was horrific. The jailers attacked her sadistically... They beat her, they penetrated her savagely with their clubs, they forced her to masturbate until she came under a hail of blows, they suffocated her obscenely between their thighs until they got sick of her tongue and her lips. Not one of the prisoners paid the slightest attention to the wretch's screaming.

And while she watched that horror, Margot was still asking herself about her daughters. Where could they be? Once their sadistic appetites were satisfied the jailers took the girl away,

forcing her to crawl on all fours with a club sticking out of her anus.
Then the silence...

It was still raining on the Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony.

They came for her hours later.

She recognised three of them as among the men who had abused the girl. They were armed with regulation clubs that were still filthy from that brutal assault.

The jailers opened the door and signalled her to come out. Once she was out they cuffed her hands in front of her and pushed her out into the rain and towards the only halfway decent building in the penitentiary. Four high towers lit the barbed wire that surrounded the precinct with searchlights and savage dogs were chained all around the perimeter.

They came to a door and one of the jailers knocked on it.

Margot was surprised by the music of Gardel and the tenuous candlelight before she could make out the other details of the luxurious apartment...

In the centre there was a long table that had been set for an appetising dinner. And sitting at the far end of the table from the door was the Warden, the uniformed brute who had humiliated her in the cell.

Silently, unmoving in the doorway, Margot felt the man's gaze burning her body once again.

'How dare you bring me this rubbish? Can't you smell how she stinks?'

Margot swallowed. Her rage was eating her up. That ignorant misbegotten despot was treating her like rubbish!

The three jailers quickly took her off to the showers, they freed her hands and after giving her a bottle of shampoo they ordered her to strip and carefully wash her hair and her body.

'Especially your cunt and your arse,' offered one of them.

Red with shame, Margot bent her legs slightly and obeyed...

'Are you going to stick your fingers in? Or do you want me to do it?' asked one, her voice so hoarse with lust that it made Margot shiver with repulsion.

When the jailers thought it was time they took the prisoner to a mirror and ordered her to dry and brush her hair and to put lipstick on. Then they lent her a very worn red dress. It was very short with an extremely deep cleavage; they also gave her a pair of worn red high heels that squeezed her feet tightly.

As a finishing touch they tipped a flask of cheap perfume over her, put a cheap bead necklace around her neck and they fitted a golden anklet around her leg, with bells on it! Two earrings the size of large coins finished the adornment of Margot.

The one who seemed to be in charge of them looked her up and down; she didn't seem to be too pleased with the results. With an irritated gesture she smeared more lipstick onto Margot's lips until they were covered with a thick layer. She undid two of the buttons of the dress revealing more of Margot's cleavage and she gave her a comb and a hairgrip.

'Put your hair up.'

Margot pulled her hair up to the back of her head and fixed it in place with the grip.

'Here, put these on,' she ordered, offering her the cuffs.

A date upstairs

Warden Dalton invited her to join him at the table with a gesture.

A steaming plate of spaghetti carbonara was waiting for her and, from the moment that Margot saw it, nothing else existed in the world for her. 'You must be hungry, foreigner...' ventured the Warden speaking to her for the first time.

Margot managed to nod her head but her eyes were fixed on the plate, her mouth was watering and her stomach was gurgling with gastric juices... 'Before you start' said the Warden filling two glasses with champagne, 'allow me to propose a toast...'

With an effected and ample gesture the Warden raised his glass...

'To us... to you and me.'

The hunger and the nearness of the food made Margot forget that she was cuffed and she clumsily spilled her glass all over the tablecloth. The Warden refilled her glass.

'Cheers...! It's a pleasure for me to share my table with a lady of your quality' toasted the Warden before belching loudly after emptying his glass.

Margot looked down without knowing what to say. She was impatient and her hands were shaking...

'Please, darling... start when you're ready' offered the Warden as he picked up his knife and fork.

Margot went to do the same but there was no cutlery near her plate, nor was there a serviette.

Overcome with hunger and impatience she began to pick up the pasta with her hands and devour it.

The Warden seemed to be pleased by her initiative.

‘Mind your lipstick, darling. You’re going to smudge it...’

Margot just kept on eating, ignoring him. She was gulping the food down, chewing and swallowing it all in one go.

The Warden refilled the glasses, pleased to see the lipstick smudged on the crystal rim.

Margot fought to the final noodle... Until there was nothing left on her plate. Then she lowered her filthy hands and her gaze to her lap.

She was embarrassed by her behaviour, by letting herself be carried away by her instincts.

‘Where are my family?’

Warden Dalton raised his glass to his lips and burped again.

‘They are under arrest like you.’

‘But... where are they? Can I see them? Can I speak to them? Are they all right?’

‘Calm down... darling. All in good time. As I was saying it’s a real pleasure for me to share my table with such a distinguished lady... Here in this dump an officer can feel isolated surrounded by sluts and brutes.

Margo swallowed. She didn’t give a damn about how isolated the swine felt. All she cared about was her family.

‘Also, darling’ continued the Warden, ‘there’s a man behind this sharp officer’s mind. Believe me it’s not easy for a soldier with sexual appetites to remain indifferent to so much nudity and wantonness, to so much flesh... Do you understand what I’m trying to say?’

Margot’s only reply was to cross her legs nervously. The two little bells on her ankle tinkled, humiliating her terribly.

The Warden rang a bell and there instantly appeared an authentic black gorilla. He was a monster with his shaven head, his short malformed legs and his simian arms. This new arrival was naked except for a leather loincloth that did nothing to hide his disproportionate and menacing genitalia. They were disproportionate even for a gorilla such as him.

‘Bring the bitches’ ordered the Warden.

The creature grunted an unintelligible reply and withdrew diligently.

‘That’s corporal Gonzalez, he’s also known as Cuntsplitter. He’s my

batman, my butler so to speak. Let's say he takes care of some of my personal matters... But getting back to the matter in hand, I have to confess the admiration that I felt for you and how satisfied I am that your were sent here.'

The Warden's voice changed to a cloying and insinuating tone with that last remark, and that certainly did not escape Margot's notice. The swine then placed his hand on top of hers!

An insecure and sweaty hand made a totally repugnant contact, a hand that was invading her space.

Margot tried to keep control of herself.

'Why were we arrested?' she asked.

The Warden replied without letting go of her hand...

'For exploiting a citizen of this country that has welcomed you so generously. It seems to be about your husband's chauffeur...'

Margot started to tremble. She remembered the incident perfectly well: he had caught the swine Banzer spying on the twins in the shower and he had fired him on the spot.

Someone knocked at the door.

'Come in, Gonzalez, come in...'

Margot jumped up with shock and indignation, That brute was leading the twins on leashes!

The girls were on all fours, they were hooded and judging by their stifled whimpers, they were gagged also.

But it was them; there was no doubt.

Those were their clothes, ripped as they were, those were their bodies and it was their blonde hair poking out of the collars of the hoods.

Margot jumped up to embrace them.

'What have they done to you, my darlings? What have they done?'

At a sign from the Warden, Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter pulled savagely on the leashes and parted Margot from her daughters with a kick in her hip. Without giving her time to react, Cuntsplitter dragged the twins out of the apartment closing the door behind him as he went.

Margot was left crying, pounding on the door and, in a nervous attack, screaming and begging for her daughters to be given back to her.

Warden Dalton fastidiously took a cigarette from his silver case; he lit it and blew the smoke out in perfect smoke rings that hovered in the air.

‘Come now, darling... your whelps are fine, you saw them. No has touched them yet... Just to put the collars on them and calm them down a bit...’ Margot went on screaming and banging on the door until she collapsed with exhaustion, choking on her tears.

The Warden let a few minutes pass in silence, concentrating on his smoke rings.

‘Come and sit down, foreign woman... The reality of the situation is that you and your daughters are on remand awaiting trial. A trial that has no set date and that may never be held given the strength of the accusation against your family. You’ll know that no one gets out of here without exoneration from the court. The prisoner is guilty until he, or she, can prove otherwise, naturally!’

Margot was sitting back at the table as she listened to this, lost in a whirlwind of contradictory thoughts and emotions. She didn’t know what to think or what attitude to take... She was in an inexplicable nightmare and everything seemed to indicate that nothing and nobody could help her and her family. That only she could do something... and that something was inextricably tied up with the Warden and sex...

‘Here, tidy yourself up a little, foreign woman’ said the Warden offering her a lipstick as the solution to her «untidiness».

Margot tried to calm down, to think unemotionally. The word sex came back to her troubled mind. Yes, in a situation as desperate as hers, one possibility did exist and only one; it was sex.

Margo took the lipstick and painted her lips, looking at her face reflected in a silver platter.

The Warden went on with his plan to undermine her already weakened spirits...

‘Do you like your cell, foreigner?’ he asked breathing the smoke from a new cigarette straight into his prisoner’s face.

‘I would do anything not to be taken back there’ replied Margot with a firmness that surprised even her.

‘Very interesting...’ said the Warden getting up from his chair. ‘Why don’t you join me for coffee?’ He asked pointing at the only armchair in the little room next to the dining room.

Margot stood up and let herself be led by the arm to the corner. With every step the damned little bells tinkled in an impertinent and humiliating

way.

The Warden sat down first. Margo was left standing. She had nowhere to sit.

'Oh... Come on... You aren't thinking of standing are you? Come and sit in front of me, kneeling on the floor. Then we can go on with our little chat... you'll have to excuse the shortage of furniture, but this is a bachelor flat...'

Margot obeyed, first kneeling and then sitting back on her ankles, less than two feet from the Warden who was pouring coffee without taking his eyes off her naked thighs.

'I am a sociology student and I would love to know the opinion of a woman of your educational level about a certain matter that interests me.' The Warden paused to take a couple of drags and to stare even more openly at his prisoner's bare thighs. Then he went on. 'I am fascinated by male-female relationships in the human species. For example, darling... Do you believe in the equality of the sexes?'

Margot took two nervous sips of her coffee before replying... the situation seemed ridiculous to her, especially after seeing her daughters treated like dogs.

'I'm not a feminist, if that's you're asking' she replied trying to appear as ambiguous and indifferent as possible.

The Warden lit one cigarette from another.

'I'm glad to hear it, because it's obvious that men are superior to women. It's men who bear the brunt of evolution... let's say men are better equipped to face the day to day challenge of survival of the fittest: we are stronger, more able, more intelligent... Any way I don't want to stress the point when it's so obvious and when we are in agreement. A woman's role is to complement this perfection, something like a sperm depository that will eventually conceive. Then the mutated genes of the male will mix with the more basic female genes and create a superior embryo, the next generation...'

Margot's head was spinning from hearing so much chauvinist nonsense, but she went on listening on her knees, nodding her head slightly while the Warden went on with his mental diarrhoea, his eyes fixed on her thighs...

'...That's why coitus is necessary, for evolution, and the more times it

occurs the better the chance there is of achieving a superior evolutionary condition. So the female's function is limited by nature herself to being the one that provokes the ejaculation of the male into her vagina and so, she should behave in a provocative way and dress like a whore. Trivial isn't it?'

Margot nodded twice, clutching her cup. Her hands were trembling with rage.

The Warden had got into his stride...

'I'll tell you something else. I think that, given the overpopulation of the planet, women should limit themselves to being objects, pretty and luxurious objects of course, but objects anyway for men to use and enjoy at their whim. Especially now that science allows them to be fucked silly without any risk of getting pregnant. What do you think, foreigner?'

Margot couldn't believe her ears. That dipstick couldn't be serious... But she nodded again anyway.

'Once again I am glad you agree because we are getting to the point now. We mustn't lose track of the fact that I'm a male and you, darling you're a female... Would you like a banana?'

That unexpected question threw Margot, but she was still hungry after having eaten only one plate of spaghetti.

The Warden offered her a bowl of fruit and Margot took a banana and peeled it.

'Don't bite it, foreigner, just suck it. It's much nicer like that...'

Margot blushed as red as a tomato. She had fallen into a crude trap that had been laid to humiliate her.

'There's nothing sexier at dessert than a chick like you sucking a banana. Look at the lipstick on that banana.'

Margot hadn't noticed, but her exaggeratedly painted lips had stained the fruit.

'I like your hair, but I like your foreign face even more, that's why I had them bring you with it tied back. Brilliant isn't it?'

Margot looked down without replying. That presumptuous and stupid swine was jumping from one subject to another senselessly just to vex her.

'I'm going to speak clearly about your future, foreigner. You have two choices... You can rot in the Whore Cage with Mamy and all the other

murderous lesbians, or you can stay here at my service.'

Margot looked up at the Warden. The dirty swine was finally getting to the point. She needed to listen carefully and play her cards wisely.

'At your service?'

'Yes. You'll work as a servant here, in my apartment. You'll do my washing, sweep my floors, wash my dishes, cook for me, and make my bed... What do you think?'

Margot kept quiet, sure that the swine hadn't finished and that he was still side stepping stupidly around what he really wanted.

She wasn't wrong.

'Naturally your list of chores will include other more intimate services...'

The Warden started to blow smoke rings again. 'You'll be my hairdresser, you'll cut my nails, you'll wash my feet, you'll bathe me and you'll give me the occasional massage... and obviously, all of the other services that a whore offers gladly to her client...'

Far from lowering her eyes Margot kept returning the Warden's gaze.

'Your fit and I like you. More than that... you make me as hard as a rock. Why have you stopped sucking your banana?'

Margot raised the banana to her mouth. If any hope existed for her and her daughters it was that. To go along with that swine, to lull him into confidence and wait for the right moment. Sex had brought her to that apartment and sex would have been enough to get her out of that prison...

'Well... What do you say? Do you prefer the cage or this apartment?'

The young French mother's replied shook the Warden.

'I set the price of my services...' replied Margot biting the banana in a really provocative manner.

The Warden stammered indecisively for a few moments.

'Price...? Ah... yes of course. A whore gets paid for her services. It's logical... yes... Well, let's say I could let you see your daughters or your husband, or even speak to the judge on your behalf...'

Margot was unmoved.

'It's the whore who names the price,' she insisted.

'Yes... it's true' replied the Warden. 'But she names it after being chosen by the customer. So before talking about your wages as a whore, the first thing is to decide if the quality of the goods is up so scratch... So stand up, foreigner and take your dress off.'

Margot swallowed. This tug of war was extremely degrading... But she had to play it out. She had no other choice.

She stood up, her legs trembling.

'Right. I want to see how you're built. See what the hell you have to sell. See if you're good enough to be my whore...'

Margot raised her cuffs to show that she couldn't obey him cuffed as she was.

'There are Velcro strips in the shoulders' the Warden was already familiar with the horrible red dress.

Margot breathed in deeply seeking the courage she needed; she unfastened the shoulders and lowered the dress, revealing her full and firm breasts, a narrow waist and suggestive hips...

Margot was now totally naked in front of the Warden.

The man lit a new cigarette in an effort to keep calm. He was stunned, impressed and amazed by the woman's splendid nudity. She was totally gorgeous. She was the best looking babe he had ever seen naked.

The long silence was extremely uncomfortable and humiliating for Margot.

'Fetch me a whisky, foreigner. You'll find it on the sideboard.'

With his hand on his member Warden Dalton followed the prisoner's movements around the apartment. The foreigner was spectacular. She was a monument, an exceptionally sexy female with a body and a shape of the kind that excited him the most... She was very feminine, her curves were full and generous and really provocative. She was the kind of woman that made him want to grab handfuls of her and savagely fuck her until he died of a heart attack.

'Turn around so I can get a good look at you,' he ordered when Margot arrived with his drink.

She was really splendid. Her bottom was prominent, rounded, rotund and firm... It was irresistible! Her legs were long and strong with adorably well formed calves and thighs; there was not a trace of fat or pubic hair. Her ankles were slim, first class and they looked fragile and provocative trapped in the red high heels. Her waist was very narrow, a real supermodel's waist and her back was straight and topped by beautifully rounded but athletic shoulders.



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'Right. I want to see how you're built. See what the hell you have to sell. See if you're good enough to be my whore...'

'Sit here' ordered the warden pointing at his legs.

Margot hesitated, but it was too late to retreat now.

With obvious disgust she went to sit sideways on the Warden's thighs.

'No, not like that, darling. Sit facing me with one leg on each side.'

Margot blushed again. This swine was still deliberately humiliating her.

If he wanted to rape her why didn't he do it for once and for all?

Margot ended up sitting with her knees on either side of the Warden's hips. Her vagina was ignominiously opened and offered and her buttocks were rubbing on the rough fabric of his trousers. She didn't know where to put her cuffed hands. If she let them fall they would fall onto the brute's member and if she held her arms at her waist then her breasts would be indecently offered up to the soldier's eyes...

'Rise your hands over your head, dear... See? Now we can go on chatting about your future' said the Warden as he rubbed the captive woman's thighs with the palms of his hands. 'You have got a pair of fucking tits on you, my girl, there's no doubt about that. And an arse like a dream. Your legs are like a cover girl's, your skin is smooth and milky, just how I like it. And your foreign face and blonde hair give me a hard on... So I'll ignore the fact that you're an old whore and I'll make you my personal slut. As far as looks go...'

Margot couldn't have felt more degraded. That ignorant swine, the bloody soldier, was talking about her body in the grossest possible way and on top of that he had the gall to 'make' her his slut. My God! What was going on?

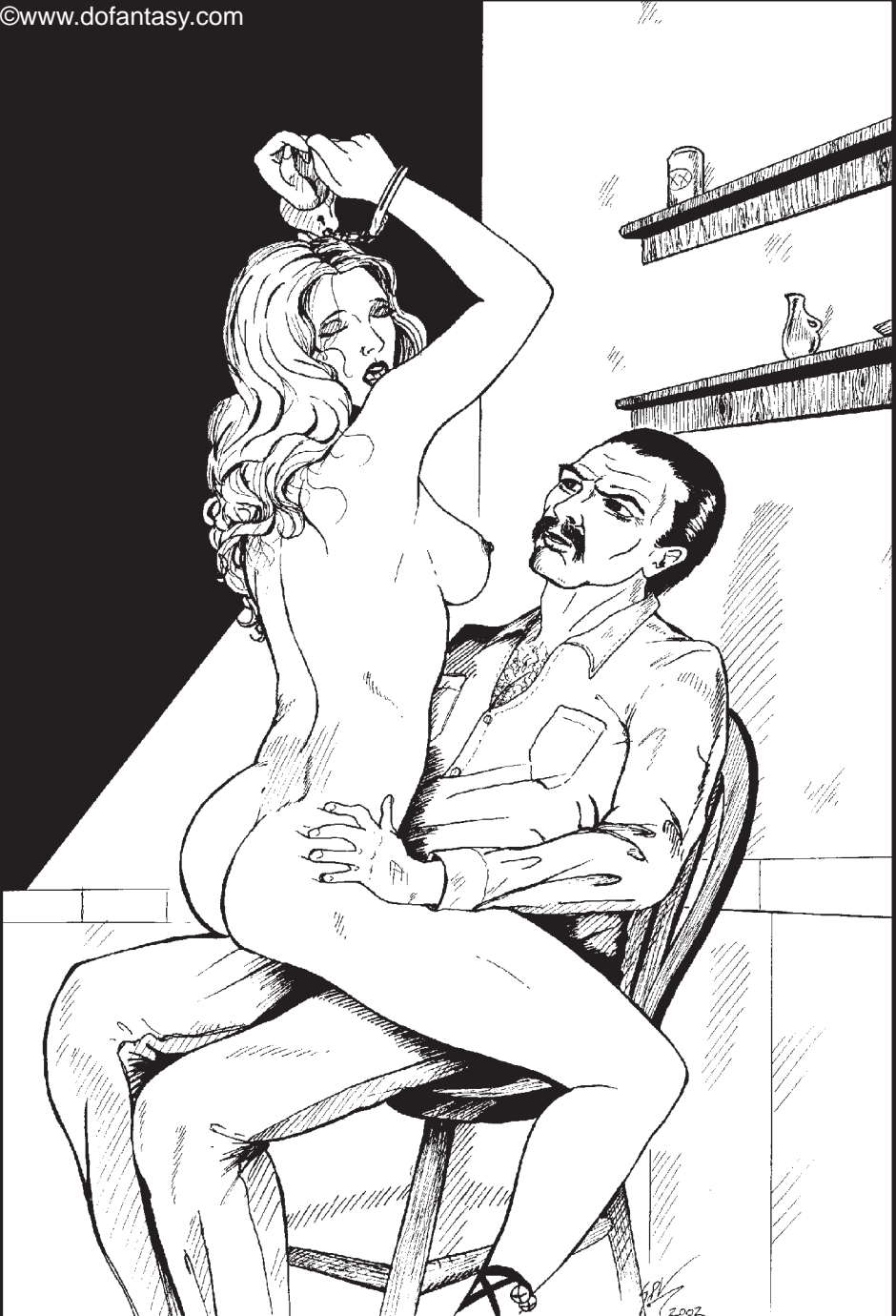
But the Warden didn't seem to be completely sure...

'Nevertheless, you can't judge books by the cover... there are other factors to be taken into consideration when you rent a cunt for fucking. So let's see, tell me foreigner... Are you hot in bed?'

Margot still couldn't credit it... She was naked and handcuffed, squatting on a sexual psychopath who was asking her if she was hot in bed!

'I'm... I'm a normal woman' she replied trying to hide her emotions.

'That's not the right answer, foreigner... I need some facts. Let's see... How many times does your husband use you in a week? Tell me the truth because I'll be asking him the same thing.'



Rise your hands over your head, dear... See?
Now we can go on chatting about your future'

The despotic and humiliating language again!

Margot bit her lips unable to find the words to reply. Her sex life with Pierre hadn't been a bed of roses lately...

'How long have you been married? Continued the Warden.

'Since the twins...' replied Margot unsure of herself.

'The twins? Ah so the twins were a slip-up! Now I see... I was wondering about the numbers. You must be a red-hot babe... I would have liked to have known you when you were just fifteen...'

'I... well... we were very young... we were in love and we didn't really know...'

Margot was about to scream. She was making excuses to that moron! She was giving in to this impertinent interrogation, squatting naked on this brute and on top of it all she was apologising for giving birth to her daughters!

Margot was about to explode, to tell him to fuck off, to hit him, to scream at him and tell him what she thought of him, of all that injustice and of the filthy fucking country that allowed such things to occur...

But Margot held back again, not for herself but for the twins and also for Pierre's sake.

'Are you saying that your husband used you more often then than now? Has he become impotent?'

The rage and hatred returned... Why didn't he just rape her?

'Yes... no... well... what happened... what happened is that we have known each other for a long time and...'

'Spit it out: How much was he fucking you at the time of the twins?'

'I don't... know... I don't remember precisely... every day, maybe more...'

'Let's say three fucks a day then?'

'Yes... yes... Something like that...'

'And now? How many times did he use you last week, for example?'

'Once...'

'Once, by god! What a waste! With a body like that!' exclaimed the Warden indignantly, as he crudely kneaded her breasts.

Margot lowered her gaze in spite of her determination not to. He was hurting her... and all this was disgusting, unimaginable, it was madness. 'But you, woman, do you want to? A voluptuous woman like you must be full of hormones. A female like you needs using daily. Several times a

day even, if not you'll go mad... I bet you have lovers... Yes... now I see... this story about the chauffeur that you fired. I'll bet he was fucking you and your husband found out.

Margot almost vomited...

'No!' shouted Margot horrified even to think about it 'Pierre and I respect one another.'

The Warden offered her a cigarette.

'Light it for me...'

Margot obeyed in spite of her repugnance for tobacco.

The Warden sucked on the lipstick-stained tip with delight. He was a fucking fetishist. He inhaled deeply with a smile and breathed out the smoke directly into the face of the naked woman who was squatting on top of him...

'This is a basic question, foreigner. One that will decide your future and that of your family too, so I want you to reply accurately...

The Warden humiliated the prisoner with two more mouthfuls of smoke in her face.

'How many times a day do you need to fuck to feel well fucked, foreigner?'

Margot burst into tears. It was all too much. That swine had hit on one of her weak spots...

'A few...' she replied sobbingly, unable to find any other less humiliating reply.

The Warden waited patiently until she had calmed down. He was subjugating her and that pleased him enormously. He was a fucking misbegotten third world nobody and he was humiliating and subjugating a genuinely cultured and distinguished European lady.

'Do you know what I reckon? As there is no way to tell if you give it up in bed or not, I'm going to try you out first of all. From now and for a month from today, you you'll be my whore on trial. If you are good enough for these thirty days, then we'll talk about prices. Meanwhile I might let you see the twins and your husband; it will depend on your behaviour and on how well you fuck.'

Margot couldn't control herself any longer... A month as that repugnant swine's concubine!

'No' she replied resolutely. 'I'll only agree if the twins are freed.'

'That's out of my hands, darling.'

'Then it's no deal. I don't accept...'

'And you'll go back to the Whore Cage? They are waiting for you to come back, especially Mamy...'

'Even so, I don't agree.'

The Warden thought for a few moments choking her with cigarette smoke all the time.

'And what do you want me to do, foreigner? To leave those two little beauties with their blue eyes and blonde hair to their own devices in the city centre? Do you know who is going to take care of them?'

'I demand that you hand them over to the French Embassy.'

'The embassy, darling, has been closed since the beginning of all this fuss. No darling, you have no choice... Your daughters will remain here until you fall in love with me.'

Margot's eyes opened as wide as saucers. What was that prat saying? Was he rambling again?

'Yes... darling. Your daughters will stay here until I'm sure of your love. A slut is a nymphomaniac by definition and a well-fucked nymphomaniac is the most enamoured of all women. Beneath your airs and graces there hides a horny bitch and I'm a real stud, so you'll see, how you'll finish up on your knees begging me to use you, to sink my cock into your spunk-thirsty cunt, thirsty for *my* spunk. Only when I am sure of your sincere love will we talk about your daughters.'

Margot clenched her fists furiously. That swine was just talking crap, humiliating crap. But what was clear was that he had the whip hand and that he was blackmailing her vilely with her family...

'What do you say, foreigner? Do you agree to be my whore on approval for a month?'

Margot kept quiet, not knowing what to say. She had a feeling that she was trapped and that whatever she replied that swine was going to do whatever he wanted anyway. At least if she accepted now she might have a chance... Even if it was month away! A month as that swine's concubine, that swine who she scorned and who repulsed her to her very core!

'All right... Thirty days. No more no less,' she spat.

'Congratulations, foreigner. You have made the best decision for your

family. And also for you and for your cunt' said the Warden with an evil smile. 'From now on' he added grabbing her by her fine waist and shaking her possessively while keeping his eyes fixed on her breasts, 'I'll either call you whore or slut, that's exactly what you are from now on.'

Margot felt like she had just been on trial and she was listening to her sentence. She lowered her eyes, ashamed of herself. The swine's words had woken her up to the harshness of a situation that she hadn't been able to avoid. She had agreed to be that brute's whore and that implied intimate contact with a creature that disgusted her as well as a million other things that she didn't even suspect at that moment.

The Warden knocked back his whiskey.

'What are you looking so gloomy about, foreigner? Aren't you satisfied? Maybe you think you're too good to be my whore?'

'I no... I just don't feel very well...'

'Good, just as well it's only that. And now, whore, we are going to seal our bargain... We're going to party, you and me. Right now and right here...'

'I... I'm very tired...'

'Yes you're tired and you feel ill, but you must also be horny after all this time with being fucked properly.'

Margot swallowed.

'No... In fact... I'm very tired. Really...'

'Well we're going to do it anyway. Although I don't think you're properly attired.'

Margot lowered her gaze to her own nudity. She felt more naked and available than ever. She had just made a deal that gave her body, the body that she was looking at, to this swine for a whole month. Thirty days!

'Here. put this on.'

Lipstick again!

'On your nipples too' ordered the Warden as soon as she finished. 'From now on I want you to wear lipstick on your nipples as well as your lips at all times for me.'

Trembling with rage and with her hands cuffed, Margot unwillingly obeyed under the swine's humiliating stare. Margot cursed and swore under her breath when her nipples betrayed her and became erect...

‘Now that you are looking lovely, we’re going to dance...’

Margot stood up unsteadily and the Warden put an ancient Gardel tango on, the same tango he had been listening to when the young French mother entered the apartment some hours before.

‘I’m romantic’ he said putting his arm around her naked waist.

Margot had no choice but to place her arms around his neck.

The Warden had one hand on her waist and the other on her bottom; he pulled her close to him and began to whisper in her ear...

‘We’ll have a good time, foreigner. You’ll see. I’m hot... I promise to fuck you every day, morning noon and night. Several times if necessary. What do you say?’ he asked as he squeezed her buttock urgently.

‘I... it’ll be a pleasure for me...’ muttered Margot swallowing her pride and her tears.

The couple danced closely. he was rubbing himself against her in his obscene delirium.

She was totally naked and handcuffed and he was in his uniform with the tunic buttoned up.

‘Stroke the back of my neck. I like my whores to stroke the back of my neck while I’m groping them...’

Margot closed her eyes... The music sounded putrid and tuneless to her. The heat was suffocating her where she was pressed against the rough uniform, pressed against the man who was making her dance naked, pressed against the swine that stank of sex and filth...

He was talking to her and she was on the verge of tears.

‘How are you at sucking?’ he asked only to answer himself. ‘But what a fool I am! How good are you going to be at sucking? Brilliant! Or aren’t you a French slut? All French women are fucking great cock-suckers. They say here that you are taught it at school. What do you say?’

«What do you say? What do you say?» Such a stupid question, she thought.

‘I... no... well. I mean that... with my husband we don’t usually...’

‘You surprise me, but it’s all the same. It’s never too late to learn, foreigner. I’ll teach you. I bet you’ve got talent, you only have to look at that little mouth and those lovely lips... Let’s see... stick your tongue out.’

Margot moved her face slightly away from the Warden's shoulder and without looking at him, timidly poked out her tongue.

'Yes there's no doubt, you have a spunk gobbler's tongue' said the Warden holding her chin, but not giving any reason for his deduction.

The Wardens hands rested momentarily once more on the detainee's body. Margot pressed herself against her jailer trying desperately to avoid his obscene groping.

'And your bum?' asked the Warden teasing her tight anus with his finger. 'Do like being buggered?'

'No... not that... no...'

'I'll fuck your arse and not just once, hundreds of times. Then you'll lick my cock clean, just the way you should. What do you say?'

'No... no...' replied Margot unable to hold back a sob.

The couple went around and around to the languid melodies of Gardel.

The man moved his mouth near to the woman's face and bit her ear.

'Put your leg in, slut, like that... Can't you feel what a man I am?'

Margot needed a few moments to reply...

'Yes... you are... I mean you are very masculine...'

'Oh come on! Don't be silly! You can be informal when we are alone. But in public and especially in front of people from outside the prison, you'll have to be more formal and call me Sir respectfully.'

Margot's eyes opened wide. In public? Was that brute thinking of making her speak to people?

Her heart pounded with the fresh hope... maybe then she could ask for help.

'Kiss me, slut. Kiss me on my mouth.'

Margot came back to earth with a bump. She had been waiting for that order, the thing that repulsed her most, from one moment to the next.

Margot clenched her fists and parted her face from the soldier's shoulders. His claws on her buttocks urged her to obey...

What humiliation!

Margot raised her tear-filled face. She raised with her eyes closed and her lips parted.

Nothing happened...

'What are you waiting for? It's the whore who does the work.'

Margot opened her eyes indignantly and her gaze fell upon the soldier's tight, straight lips... her indignation turned into repugnance.

With her cuffed hands she slid her fingers under the hair at the back of the Warden's neck. She pulled him to her and kissed him deeply on the mouth, all the time trying to forget who he was and what he was doing to her. It was an endless kiss, a wet battle of tongues that the Warden didn't let her pull away from.

'Look at yourself in the window' he ordered.

Margot turned her head to one side and saw a naked white woman's body pressed against a uniform on top of which there was a stupid grinning face. She saw high-heeled shoes between army boots. She saw long and shapely legs between serge trousers. She saw her tummy pressed against a bulging, promiscuous fly, a fly that barely hid a massive erection. An erection that she had provoked for all her desire not to. Margot was dancing pressed against the soldier's uniform with her back slightly arched, with the outline of her breasts barely visible.

Margot saw two arms lifted to the man's neck. She saw her clenched fist forced together by the cuffs...

'We make a nice couple. Don't you think?' she heard a whisper in her ear.

'Yes... yes...'

'The whore and the soldier. Doesn't that sound like a music hall song?'

'I... don't... know...' answered Margot with a disconsolate sob.

'Why are you crying? Are you nervous? A whore should be used to it.'

'I... it's the... first time that...'

Margot was at a loss for words and the Warden decided to help her finish...

'The first time that you have been with such a well hung man?'

'No... yes... yes... That's what I meant...'

The Warden slid in between the two of them, seeking the woman's sex...

'Lift your knee up...more... above my waist... Like this... Look at yourself... you are gorgeous,' grunted the warden lustfully, his eyes fixed on the mirror. The Warden was a fucking fetishist and to dance with that naked woman pressed to him to the sound of Gardel, was exciting and arousing him...

As was the shapely white leg raised up to waist height and uncovering it's counterpart, so straight and tensed upon which the foreign woman was balancing... Both legs finished off with the red high-heeled shoes. Yes it was like a dream dancing with that blue eyed blonde woman... a woman he could never have approached if she hadn't been detained.

'You're dry. What's wrong, foreigner?' asked the Warden as he crudely massaged the woman's pubis with his hand. 'I like my whores to get wet as soon as I lay a hand on them.'

Margot swallowed... What did he want?

'Answer me, whore! What the fuck's wrong with you?' Shouted the Warden violently.

'I don't know... I'm very nervous...'

'Lie down on the bed, you fucking slut. I'm going to calm your nerves once and for all! You're going to be as wet as a soaking sponge...'

A violent sob wracked the young French mother. What did that sadist mean to do?

Margot lifted her hands over the Warden's head and went to the bed.

A bed that until then she hadn't even noticed...

It was as wide as it was long, its sheets were red in colour and mirrors surrounded it, even on the ceiling. But the most worrying aspect of it were the handcuffs dangling from the bars on the headboard as well as the footboard.

Margot flopped down onto the bed and lay on her back with her knees pulled up. The feel of the damp and filthy sheets made her shiver... They smelt of sweat and sex.

The contrast that her white skin and blonde hair made with the red sheets aroused the Warden even more. All that voluptuousness was for him. For him alone! The foreign slut was in his bed!

All that was left was to chain her to it...

The warden seized the young woman's hands and cuffed them to the headboard.

'No... no... please... it's not necessary... not like this... I'll be obedient... please, don't chain me up... I'll co-operate in... every way...' begged Margot trembling with panic at the thought of being chained up and raped. The warden sat back and lit a cigarette.

'You don't need your hands to co-operate, slut.'

Margot swallowed...

'Now open your legs' ordered the Warden blowing the smoke into her face.

Margot obeyed. No woman had ever felt so defenceless.

The Warden fixed his gaze on the woman's pubis...

'I like my older whores to be shaven. But I'll make an exception in your case... I don't often get to use a blonde cunt.'

In fact there was light covering of blonde hair over the young French mother's vagina. A wispy down that in no way detracted from his visual enjoyment of the sex lips that opened there...

Slowly and with his eyes fixed on the detainee's worried face, the Warden stripped.

Margot turned her face and her gaze found one of the mirrors. She closed her eyes...

'Look at me, whore. A whore has to look at her customer when he is undressing. To make herself horny!'

Margot had no choice...

Before her eyes appeared a hairy torso with sloping shoulders and a total absence of waist and hips. There was a beer-swollen belly; long and skinny legs... And when that bastard pulled down his filthy yellow underpants then came the worst of all: an erect member, long and very thin... A member that matched the rest of his scrawny body. A member that had been erect for hours and that, she knew, was because of her!

Underneath it hung a pair of respectable balls the size of oranges that were swollen to bursting point.

Impatiently the Warden pressed his swollen and pre-cum soaked glans to the woman's face...

'Do you like it whore?'

'Yes... yes...' whimpered Margot instinctively pressing her legs together.

'Good job too, because no other cock is going to be fucking you for a long time to come. And now, slut, open your legs and get to work!'

Margot obeyed trembling like a leaf. She was sweating with apprehension and yet still covered with goose-bumps...

'Not like that, fuck it! Open your cunt like a fucking frog... Yes... Get your knees up higher and open your legs until your knees touch the sheets! Higher and harder!'

The position was as humiliating as possible, the tendons on the insides of her thighs were standing out on either side of her vagina, her pubis was

raised up prominently between recesses of her hips...

She was tasty titbit for any gourmet and on this sad occasion also for the Warden's unbridled sadism... He got onto the bed and knelt in front of such succulence. Succulence that he explored at length, indifferent to Margot's tears.

'Your cunt lips are very fleshy, whore' he said brushing away the sparse down that grew there. 'And your cunt is very tight' he said pushing one finger into her and making her shake violently. 'Yes, very tight, very snug' a second finger joined the first. 'Not bad for a snatch that has given birth to a pair of babies and that is in the line of work that you're in.'

The Warden pulled his fingers out...

'Yes... my cock is aching to fuck you... but first I have to calm your nerves...'

Margot hadn't been expecting that. The Warden pressed his face against the detainee's belly and, pressing his hands against the insides of her thighs; he pushed her legs down onto the bed even harder. She was crying disconsolately.

'Okay, you asked for it! There are other ways to calm your nerves...'

With a display of strength that was surprising in a wimp such as him, the Warden grabbed Margot's left ankle and taking off the shoe he chained her ankle to the bedpost. With the same fury he grabbed the right leg and, to Margot's surprise, he chained it to the headboard next to her wrists. Then passing a cord through a ring on her left ankle, he pulled and pulled until the woman's body seemed to be about to be pulled apart, her legs were tensed and stretched in a line, her thighs and tendons were pulled to breaking point.

'No... please... you're hurting me... let me go... I... I... I'll co-operate... It's just that... I was surprised... but I like it... Yes... I like it... let me go...' Begged Margot.

The Warden didn't reply; he just threw himself on top of the appetising succulence that was so cruelly opened to his lust and he started to kiss, to lick, to stretch, to bite and to profane with his fingers. All in the most brutal possible manner. He showed neither consideration nor respect for the woman he was torturing...

'See, whore? Do you see?' he said raising his hand to the woman's face.

'You're oozing, you're getting wet... Have you noticed? You like rough sex... You were lucky to fall into my hands... I know how to treat women like you...'

The Warden lowered his head and went on torturing her with his lips, his tongue, his teeth and also with his forehead, his nose, his cheeks, his chin and with all of his face, rubbing it madly over the detainee's wide open vagina. Rubbing it against the tender flesh of her inner thighs, against her bottom and all over her...

Meanwhile, Margot was crying bitterly, but not because of the pain... Her body was flexible enough and she was fit enough to withstand that sadistic posture for as long as she had to. Margot was crying to see herself profaned to her very core in such a filthy, vile manner... To be 'used' chained up by that brute who wasn't showing her the slightest consideration. A brute who she scorned but who had her at his mercy thanks to his filthy blackmailing.

'Do you want me to free your leg? Do you want me to free your whore's leg?' asked the Warden pinching her calf.

'Yes... please... yes please!'

'And if I do will you be a good girl?'

'Yes... yes... I'll behave myself...'

'Which one do you want me to free? Which one of your whore's legs do you want me to free?'

'The... right... one... please... it hurts... My ankle hurts...'

'Bad choice, slut... It's better if I free the left... You'll feel the penetration better like that, just wait and see...'

The Warden left Margot's right ankle chained to her wrists and freed her left. The woman flexed her leg with a sigh of relief.

The Warden placed himself conveniently in front of her vagina...

'Smile, whore. Whores smile when they work... And look me in the eyes while I'm fucking you.'

Margot swallowed her tears and twisted her face into a pathetic smile...

The Warden penetrated her slowly...

'Owwwwwwwwwwww...aaaaarrrrrggggggghhhh...'

She looked him in the eyes.

'Owwwwwwwwwwww...aaaaarrrrrggggggghhhh...'

He made her feel the penetration from beginning to end...

'Owwwwwwwwwwww...aaaaarrrrrggggggghhhh...'



You're oozing, you're getting wet... Have you noticed? You like rough sex... You were lucky to fall into my hands... I know how to treat women like you...

Margot didn't stop whimpering, crying and howling with emotion...
'Stroke me with your thigh and your calf... don't forget that you're making love...'

In order to obey and stroke that horrid body while it was penetrating her, Margot had to suck her tummy in and impale herself even more on the man who was raping her...

The little bells on her ankle rang to enhance the nightmare that she was suffering.

'Like that... good... Now I'm going to fuck you, you whore... I'll fuck you like you've never been fucked before...'

The Warden rested his hands on the woman's breasts, he stuck his nails into her and arched his back resting the weight of his body on his arms...
'AAARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!' shouted Margot with pure pain.

The Warden moved his hips vehemently...

'MMMMNNNNNSSS...' 'MNNNNNNNSSSSSS...!'

'NOWWWWWWWWWWW...!!!'

To Margot's surprise the swine had just came inside her filling her with his abundant filth. He hadn't lasted more than twenty seconds. He was a fucking premature ejaculator!

How wrong she was!

What had happened was that the Warden had a truly prodigious recovery time and so he wasn't bothered about holding back to prolong his pleasure. A few seconds after coming that sadist was hard again...

The quantity of his ejaculation was repugnant for the woman.

Margot couldn't suppress the retching... she felt her vagina invaded and she could feel the large quantity of sperm that was running down her thigh onto the sheets.

The repulsion she felt was primeval, natural... It was disgust at feeling herself profaned intimately, and at feeling the sacred temple of her maternity soaked and splashed with his burning essences...

Margot was also frustrated by the prolonged and savage stimulation that she had undergone...

The Warden released her right ankle... He opened her legs... He penetrated her again crushing her under his body. This time he held onto

her hair firmly while he was raping her and kissing her mouth intimately. Margot whimpered. All she felt was disgust... Everything around her smelt badly, most of all that swine's tobacco, alcohol and garlic-stinking breath.

The man raped her slowly, savouring the friction of every penetration, seeking this time to prolong, not his own satisfaction but rather her humiliation and degradation. He had raped a lot of prisoners before but none had been like her... So white... so well built, so sexy... And not one have them had felt so violated as she did when he was doing it. None of them had suffered as she did. None of them had cried in the way that excited him so much like she did.

Yes, he was going to make it last...

What skin... what eyes... what a face... what breasts... what a body... and what a cunt!

SLOOOOSSSHHHH...

SLOOOOSSSHHHHH...

SLOOOOSSSSSSHHHHHH...

Each one slower, each one more pleasurable...

'Do you like it, whore?' he asked pulling himself away from the woman's red and swollen lips for a moment.

Luckily Margot had time to think before answering and she reminded herself that she was on trial... The effort needed to lie and pretend was enormous but she kept the image of her twins on a chain in her mind...

'Oh... yes... I like it... I've never felt anything like it... ahhhhh... ahhhhh...

Come on! More! Do it more and make me feel like a woman! More! More!'

The Warden increased the pace. Margot stroked him with her thighs and calves, she pulled him close urging him to finish... the little bells tinkled furiously.

The Warden bit his lips and brutally hammered her with his hips...

'AAARRRRGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH...!!' He shouted.

'Yes... yes... yes...!!' she screamed.

Another spurt, more disgusting hot filth flooding her belly...

More retching, another degrading act consummated and also the frustration of being excited and repeatedly raped without ever climaxing.

'Turn over, whore...'

Margot began to shake when she felt him chaining her ankles to the foot of the bed. The bed was so wide that her legs were left extremely wide open, almost in the «splits» position.

Two hands opened her buttocks... a tongue ran between them tarrying where none had ever tarried before...

‘I’m going to break your arse, whore...’

A violent shiver ran through the young French mother’s body. Anal sex terrified her...

Satisfied with the obvious effect of his threat the warden began to prolong the foreplay by running his lips along the length of her marvellous legs from the folds of her buttocks to the tips of her stiletto heels...

The Warden licked, kissed, sucked, bit and whatever took his fancy. Warden Dalton loved to leave love bites on his whore’s skin.

He lit a cigarette very excitedly... He breathed out the smoke slowly. He was going to rush this... He was going to break in a whore’s arse-hole and there was no way he was going to rush the matter and spoil it.

With the cigarette in his hand he continued running his mouth over her splendid legs... over her thighs, her calves, the back of her knee, her ankles, the dimple in her buttocks and in the middle... he flicked his ash, luckily it was cool...

The Warden undid the bun in her hair and arranged her long mane down her back. Equally calmly he anointed his fingers in the woman’s vagina and lubricated her tight little anus with them...

Margot moaned and bit the sheets. Wide open as she was she couldn’t even squeeze her buttocks together...

The Warden leaned over and pushing his erection with his right hand he prised open her little hole with the thumb of his left hand...

‘Like buggering my whore so you better get used to it...’

‘AAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!’

‘AAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!’

He penetrated her without any consideration, trying to hurt her... and he bounced mercilessly on her buttocks while holding her by the hair... Until he came, until he was left dry for the third time... Until he fell asleep snoring on top of the detainee’s warm and voluptuous body.

Margot was left in pain and awfully humiliated, crushed under him and crying miserably with her face turned to one side and his manhood still inside her anus.

The Warden woke up and raped her bottom six more times that night apart from the six times that he did it in his dreams.

The young French mother who was imprisoned in Mosquito Marsh Prison Colony and who had been chosen by Warden Dalton to be his personal whore, didn't stop crying all night long...

'This week you'll just work as a whore. It'll be our honeymoon' he told her as he was leaving her after that awful night when he had raped her for the first time.

And he left her there, filthy with sperm, soaked with sweat and saliva... he left her chained by her wrists to the bars at the head of the bed. 'So you don't play with yourself' he confessed as he went out.

The week that followed was hell for Margot. A hell wet with sweat, sperm, her own love juices and filth.

She spent seven days chained to the bed with the red sheets, seven days and seven nights. Always naked, always ready, always waiting on the Warden's whim... She ate from her rapist's hand and she had to fulfil her bodily functions in a filthy chamber pot...

Margot spent her mornings waiting tensely... Every time that she managed to calm down and find solace in sleep after a night of wakefulness, the door would open and the Warden would appear with his fly undone... The soldier would throw himself onto her naked body and beat her, or bite her, or kiss her until she was suffocating. Or all of those things at the same time... Sometimes he would even penetrate her, but that needed more time and he was on duty...

Early in the morning, the Warden preferred to play with the detainee rather than possess her. He preferred to wallow in her succulent white flesh and bite her and grope her and pinch her and kiss her, and eat her cunt and her arse and massacre her tits. He preferred hitting her and slapping her cruelly to possessing her...

Everything went: she was a whore and a whore didn't deserve anything more.

He ate with her at midday. It amused him to feed her by hand... Margot had been hungry since the first day and she had no choice but to play along with his cruel games in order to get the mouthfuls... Like the time when he had crushed some chickpeas under his boot and made her lick them up one at a time with her hands cuffed behind her back. Or the time he had given her hamburger straight from his mouth after chewing it for a long time.

Margot lived through all of this like a sleepwalker. She put up with her rapist's visits and his degrading humiliations silently with the stoicism of a drug addict...

She put up with the twerp jumping on her from the doorway with his knee out in front of him. She put up with having her hair pulled. She put up with him biting her ears and neck. She put up with being licked and kissed on her face, with his saliva. She lived with his sweat... his vicious mauling of her breasts, his sinking his teeth into her nipples and kneeing her thighs and vagina...

She lived with his aggressive hands, his obscene fingers and his face pressed to her sex licking, sucking and biting her most sensitive parts.

The Warden let her use the potty once a day...

'Just two minutes' and he counted. 'One, two, three...' all the way to one hundred and twenty...

Margot couldn't go the first day or the second, but she did on the third and every day after. Then she had to clean herself with her fingers under her jailer's watchful eyes. Then she had to lick them. And then back to the bed with her wrists fixed to the bars at the head. And then in the night... Another nightmare, every night...

Another night...

Sometimes cuffed to the headboard, others with her wrists behind her back and her ankle chained to the foot of the bed. But always assaulted, raped, used and maltreated.

Every time he woke up, the Warden got on top of her and raped her one way or another, never letting her finish. His spindly member inside her vagina repulsed and disgusted her. It made her sick. His penetrations were short and fleeting, if tremendously explosive.

When he came the Warden would shout aloud, his face red, most times he would hit her and he invariably flooded her with his sticky and foul smelling sperm.

The Warden, for his part, spent his days uneasily in his office, dreaming about the temptingly naked body that was waiting chained to his bed.

The Warden took every opportunity to leave the office and rush off to dive into such succulent flesh.

He opened the door with a kick and the whore's blue eyes received him with desperation. Then came the begging, always the same...

'No... not now... please... later... I can't... I can't take any more... please...'

Sometimes he didn't even undo his fly; the last thing on his mind was an orgasm.

With his knee and his claws out in front he jumped onto his prey and grabbed her breasts, breasts that were always full, always bitten and always ready to be twisted and mauled.

The he grabbed her hair... He twisted her head back and began to enjoy her lovely foreign face with his tongue and his parted lips that were damp with his stinking saliva and with his teeth.

Sometimes the Warden sank his face between her velvet thighs. He liked her flavour, her aroma and her cries when he cruelly sank his teeth into her, her moans when he sucked her clitoris and her screams when he clamped his teeth onto it...

He went on until he came in his trousers. Until his duties to Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony called him back to his office.

Day by day, every morning, every afternoon, every night... Until the Sunday seven days later...

It was at midday, dinnertime. It was the first time that the Warden had spoken to his whore without using filthy obscenities.

'Your daughters are asking for you...'

Margot awoke suddenly from a long doze.

'The twins? How are my daughters? What... what did they say?'

'They are all right. Cuntsplitter gives them everything they need... Don't worry.'

'I want to see my daughters!!'

The Warden ignored the detainee's impertinence.

'How was our honeymoon? Did you enjoy it? Do you feel well fucked?'

‘Yes... I’ve had a great time...’

‘I’m glad to hear it’ said the Warden sinking his fingers into the detainee’s vagina. ‘But all good things must come to an end and tomorrow you have to start working as a skivvy as well as a slut. And now...’ he added freeing her hands, ‘to the bathroom, to shower and get dressed...’

Getting «dressed» was another affront to the young French mother. Her servants uniform consisted of the following: black, patent leather, open sandals with four inch heels, dark, thigh high stockings, a little black scarf that she had to tie too low on her hips to have any hope of it covering her pubis and a red diadem on her head.

‘And put some of this on first, liberally...’

«This» was perfumed body oil.

‘I like my whores to shine. A little varnish looks good on a body as white as yours.’

Margot couldn’t have felt more like an object. That swine of a blackmailer was dressing and painting according to his whims, as if she were an ornament.

The «click» of the handcuffs put the finishing touches to the uniform and another «click» around her ankle left her fixed to sixteen feet of chain, enough to move around the apartment.

Before leaving, the Warden urinated on the bed soaking the sheets and the mattress.

‘When I get back I want that cleaned and fresh.’

That was when the internal phone rang.

Warden Dalton replied, annoyed by the interruption...

It was his daughter Belen, or that’s what the woman who called said...

‘Warden Dalton? Do you recognise me, you arsehole? No? I’m Lidia, your soul cunt, the one you put in the hole... Do you remember me now you fucking bastard cunt?’

The Warden said nothing.

While she spoke, Lidia ungagged Belen, the Warden’s daughter and pulled out the filthy rag that had been filling the girl’s mouth for three days.

‘Come on sweetie, say hello to Daddy’ ordered Lidia moving the telephone closer to the girl.

Belen wanted to speak but she couldn’t. And she didn’t know what to say...

‘Your daughter’s here by my side, on her knees, with her arms tied up her back

with straps. Do you remember the position? She is also blindfolded and wearing a collar and a chain like a doggy. Do you remember that too? I do, believe me. I haven't forgotten.'

Poor Belen was still trying to speak. She had to say something for her father to know that it was true, that she really was in the hands of these vengeful sadists.

'Do you want to speak to her? I think it might a bit difficult at the moment, it seems she is dumbstruck by the emotion. But I think you'll recognise this...'

Lidia put a vibrating vibrator into the girl's mouth.

'Suck slut, suck! Suck so Daddy can hear you! It's one of our favourite games, I bet you've sucked him before and he's sure to recognise you...'

Belen obeyed. Lidia moved the phone nearer her mouth.

'Harder, we want Daddy to hear you. Suck harder! Can you hear that, you swine? It's your darling little girl sucking a nine inch rubber cock.'

Belen heard her father's voice at the other end of the line, but she couldn't understand what he was saying...

'Do you want her back? Do you want to see your little girl again so she can keep on sucking your willy? Well I'll tell you tomorrow. Tomorrow in the morning when you get to the jail, go straight to the cell were you have my sister Cristal and let her go.'

Lidia slammed the phone down. She was very excited. The sound of the voice of the sadist who tortured her mercilessly for six years had upset her more than she had thought possible.

PART TWO

The French woman Margot's life in Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony had begun a new phase...

Every morning, when the Warden left for the office after humiliating and raping her all night, Margot spent her time cleaning the sheets that were soaked with sperm, sweat and love juice. She washed them by hand as she had been ordered, and with them she washed her rapist's underpants. When the washing was finished she scrubbed the floor on her hands and knees, taking great care not ruin the stockings that were suffocating her in the stifling heat.

After that she took care of the bathroom and set the table with the food that Corporal Gonzalez AKA Cuntsplitter brought from the prison kitchen. This was a specially trying moment for her... That monster terrified her, his constantly naked state and the horrid way he had of looking at her. At midday one of two things could happen: the Warden could turn up or not. If he did then one of two other things could happen: he could rape her and then go to eat out or, he could rape her and eat in with her. If he didn't show up or if he just raped her without staying to eat, Margot went without lunch and she had to ask Cuntsplitter to take the food away. The detainee's afternoons were also taken up with domestic duties, until about five o' clock. After six the Warden could show up at any moment and Margot had to wait by the door on her knees and dressed in the uniform of her second office in the prison: that is, as a whore.

Margot practised the office of whore completely naked except for a pair of sandals. A pair of Roman-style black patent leather sandals that left her feet completely bare and that were held on by two laces; one between her big toe and its neighbour and another that wrapped twice around her ankle. They were very sexy indeed ... her toes, her bridge and her heel were all completely on view and her foot was forced delightfully to a point by the cruel six inch heels.



But Margot's whore's shoes weren't just good looking. The straps around the ankles made sure that shoes didn't fall off when she was in bed working as a whore...

As to the rest, Margot kept her blonde locks tightly swept back, the lipstick on her lips and her nipples perfect and without smudges, and her skin shining brightly covered with perfumed oil and of course she kept a bright smile on her foreign face.

As soon as the Warden arrived, Margot got up, put her cuffed arms around his neck and kissed him deeply on the mouth pressing her naked body against his military uniform.

Once the Warden was sitting, Margot took off his boots and socks and washed his feet in a basin using her hands.

After that she kissed them, sucked each of his toes and licked in between them all.

The next thing that Margot did was to clean and shine his boots with the brush and once they were clean she buffed them on her naked thighs, all under the attentive and aroused gaze of the Warden.

Next in the list of chores came the golden buttons on his tunic. Margot put each one in her mouth and sucked it until it was also sparkling.

Then it was time to undress the Warden... and always, after removing his old-fashioned, yellowing cotton underpants, Margot discovered a furious erection...

At this point one of two things could occur: the Warden could jump her and rape her (the most usual), or her could order her to bathe him and give him a massage.

In which case Margot would soap him with her hands paying special

attention to his parts and being very careful not to precipitate his orgasm, naturally.

When she had dried him with the towel, then came the massage... First his back, his buttocks and the backs of her legs... with her hands, with her breasts and sometimes with her lips and tongue.

The Warden especially liked the massage with her breasts... For this Margot had to cover them with three times the normal amount of bath oil while he watched avidly. The Warden really enjoyed watching the Frenchwoman anointing her breasts.

Then he turned over and Margot squatted on top of him... And began to massage his front, first with her hands then with her breasts and finally with her mouth.

This massage started at the Warden's face and finished at his toes.

In spite of all her practice, Margot couldn't get used to it. To attend to that swine in such an intimate way made her retch, especially when he ordered her to «finish» the work with her breasts...

Margot fought back her nausea and leaning over with her breasts in her cuffed hands she trapped the erect penis between them lovingly until she received all of his lustful spurts right in her face.

Then to dinner, with her face and hands covered in sperm because she wasn't allowed to wash. She had to eat with her hands. Then came a humiliating conversation about her sexual preferences, her erotic fantasies and her intimate life with her husband Pierre...

Also about the twins, if they masturbated or not, if they were virgins, if she desired them even though they were her daughters, and other ill-intentioned obscenities...

Then came a rape, always brutal...

Then a porno film... A really hard one, really obscene and violent... with Margot sucking the folds of his foreskin...

Then to bed, bound to the four corners, serving as a sperm receptacle and double mattress for the night; or bound by just one ankle and condemned to take a more active part in the orgy that would invariably go on for the whole night...

All night worried, scared of being raped at any time... of being impregnated by the semen of this disgusting creature... Waiting to be abused, slapped, bitten on her most feminine parts, pinched in her most

sensitive places, forced to adopt obscene postures and utter humiliating words...

Naked in the bed, filthy with sweat that that wasn't hers, covered with dried sperm, drenched in the sadists' stinking saliva that degraded her so awfully, Margot cried night after night, victim of a cruel blackmail. The vilest and cruellest form of blackmail: The blackmail of a mother.

That afternoon a very special videotape replaced the usual pornographic ones. Warden Dalton watched it naked with the remote control in his hand...

Margot was in bed with him. She was naked with her wrists under her chin and cuffed to a wide leather collar and her white skin shining with oil. Margot was lying on her side with her head resting on the Warden's ample paunch propitiating his penis with caresses from her hands, mouth and tongue.

Margot was watching the film. She had been forced to obviously... And she couldn't believe what she was seeing!

A completely naked, fat, middle aged man with a huge erection was chasing a lovely girl around a gloomy cellar with a cane. The girl couldn't have been more than sixteen or seventeen. The girl was naked also, her legs were grotesquely bent and tied and her elbows were cruelly fixed halfway up her back.

Her screams were awful.

As were those of her torturer.

'See how your daughter runs, you bastard!' shouted the hooded lout hitting the girl viciously. 'What a babe she is! I had her yesterday... And it was her first time! You missed your chance this time, you bastard. I bet you were saving it for yourself...'

Margot watched the scene with dread. The obscene caresses that he demanded of her never ceased. She didn't understand anything. It was pathetic to watch the terrified girl fleeing from her attacker's cane with her handicapped legs, screaming as if she was being flayed alive.

That film was not fiction. The girl's panic, the cracks of the cane and the marks it was leaving were unmistakably real.

The masked man had trapped his young victim in a corner, he grabbed her hair and pushed her face to the floor, and sitting on her back he put

something that Margot had never seen in her life before into her mouth. It was a ball about the size of a tennis ball with a strap going through it, a strap that that heartless swine fastened under her hair at the back of her neck.

As well as being twisted with terror, the girl's lovely face was now completely deformed.

Margot felt a familiar tug on her hair... The Warden was about to come and he was ordering her to stop.

Margot submissively withdrew her lips and tongue, she held the base of his member and shook it softly while squeezing his testicles with her other hand...

That seemed to calm the swine down. Margot hated to be forced to lick his tip with her hands cuffed under her chin. It was completely unnecessary and it made her feel even more used...

Meanwhile, events on screen had taken a turn for the worse. The wild persecution had renewed with the girl gagged and all that could be heard was the crack of the cane and the hooded man's obscene comments.

'Yes ... your daughter is really nice. I bust her cunt with this, see?' he said showing his erect penis to the camera. 'You have no idea how much it hurt her... Didn't it, baby?'

With her eyes popping out of her head, the girl went on with her crazy race on her knees trying to avoid the cane at all costs. A long chain hung from her neck and disappeared out of shot, and saliva instead of screams escaped from her mouth that was wedged open by the ball.

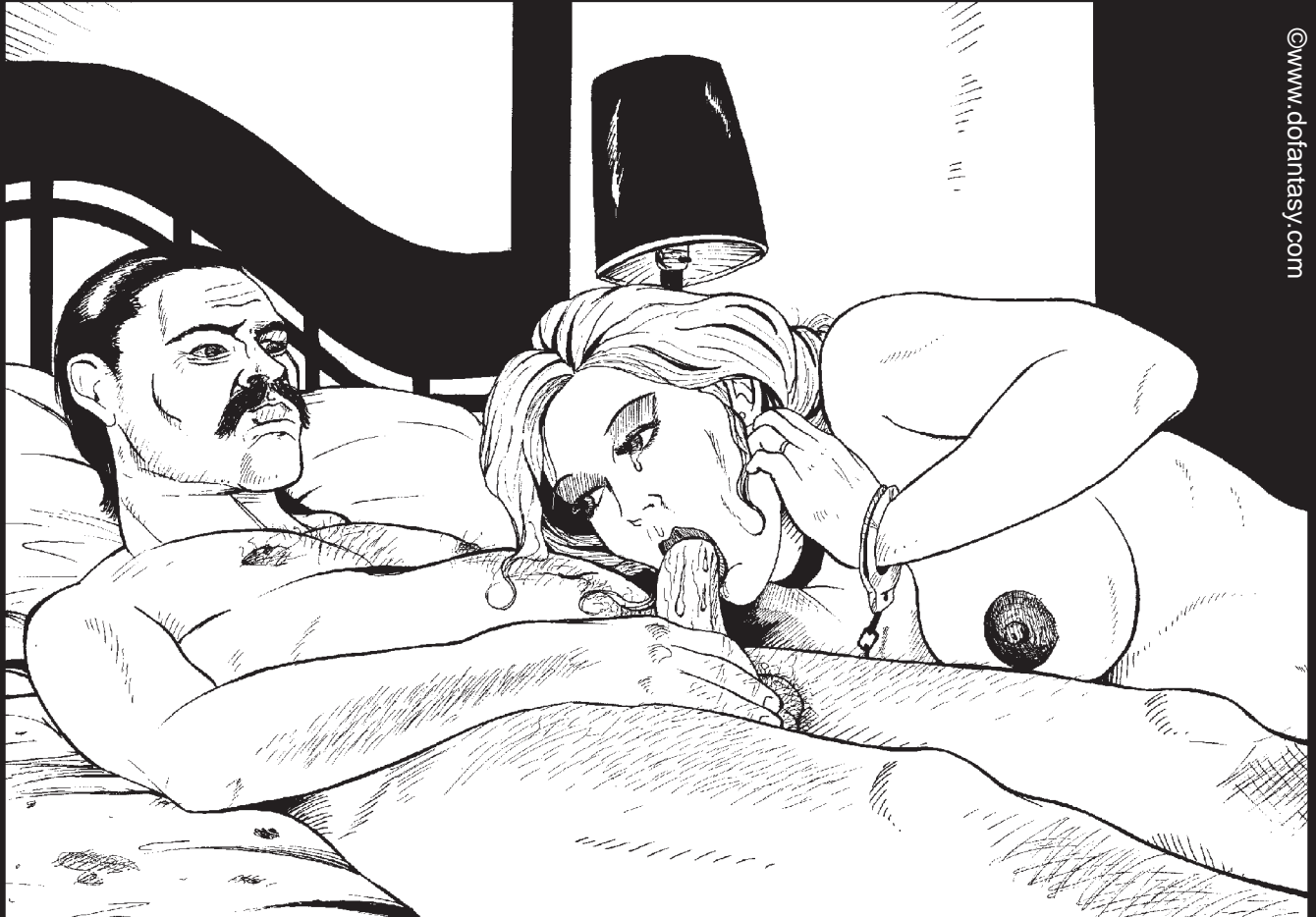
'It's a shame that in my hurry I forgot to switch the camera on... Run whore! Run so that Daddy can see you!'

Another tug on her hair indicated that Margot should renew her oral attentions.

'Start sucking again, whore'

The Warden had taught her what he liked best with meticulous attention to detail paying special attention to what he could stand without ejaculating: that is kissing and licking of the crown and foreskin. This was a caress that he felt especially and he could bear it for hours without coming...

On the screen, the scene was plumbing new depths... The hooded man



'Start sucking again, whore'

had trapped his young victim by the long chain and was holding her face to the camera by her hair in such a way that her young face was rubbing against his erect penis...

'And now, you fucking wanker, I'm going to bust your daughter's arse...' The girl emitted a series of pathetic whimpers. Her big green eyes were pleading with her torturer and with the camera...

Margot started to tremble.

The hooded man kicked his victim over and grabbing her by her hips he placed her on her knees with her face pressed to the floor.

And he penetrated her!

The girl jumped and shook as if she had been electrocuted. But tied as she was she could do nothing to escape her fate...

The obscene rape lasted what seemed an eternity to Margot. She was so focussed on the screen and the enormous wedge of flesh that was massacring the girl's anus that she didn't notice another tug on her hair... Her distraction was disastrous for her.

When she tried to react the damage was done and a burning jet of semen was already gushing into her face.

'Fucking whore!' uttered the Warden sending her to the floor with a knee in her breasts.

Margot tried to get up, but a kick in the belly prevented her. Just like in the film, the Warden began to chase and beat his whore all around the apartment.

When he was fed up with it, Margot Pascal was left curled up in a corner with her ankles pressed against her buttocks, her knees to her breasts and her wrists cuffed to her collar.

Margot Pascal was crying disconsolately.

What had she done to deserve all that?

The next film that Margot saw clarified things a little.

She was on the bed on all fours, facing the television and with her bottom raised up on offer.

'Today I'm going to fuck you like a bitch' the Warden said to her as he knelt behind her.

After working the remote control, the Warden penetrated her and held her face up to the screen by her hair.

Margot was impaled with her head pulled back. She had no choice but to

watch the new set of atrocities that the second instalment had to offer.

This time the girl was sitting on a stool with her ankles tied to the tops of the back legs, just under the seat.

The girl was still naked. Her arms were tied behind her back and the red ball was in her mouth.

The hooded bastard was holding her hair and explaining in detail to the camera...

'See this, you fucking bastard? Can you see how your daughter is crying? Every day that goes by is worse for her...'

The hooded man lowered his hand to the girl's pubis and tugged on a strap that was splitting her vagina.

'It's going... Can you guess what? Yes... clever dick... Your daughter has got a vibrator that's powerful enough to drill a hole in a wall stuck up her cunt. In fact she has two, one in her pussy and the other in her bum.

Margot felt the penis that was penetrating her suddenly withdraw. That swine was excited by what he saw. He was sick...

'And her titties? Have you seen the tits on your daughter? I bet you used to spy on her when she was getting changed in her room...'

The girl's breasts were swollen like balloons. A pair of cords around her torso, one above and one below them made sure of it.

But what shocked the young French mother most was the infinite number of clothes-pins that were stuck to a most sensitive part of her feminine anatomy.

Margot felt the Warden penetrating her again. She found it extremely humiliating to be treated in that way, more or less like an inflatable doll or a plastic vagina. At moments like that it made no difference to that swine whether it was her or anyone, the only thing that mattered to him was the film and the brutality that the hooded man was inflicting on that wretched girl.

And Margot still didn't understand... Where did these films come from? Who was the girl? Who was her father?

The hooded brute replied for her...

'Do you want your daughter back, you fucking cunt?' he asked lifting the tortured girl's face by her hair again. 'Yes? Do you really? Well free Cristal Hernandez. If you don't you'll never see her again. But don't

worry. We won't kill her. Your precious daughter will stay with me. She'll be my little whore, my fuck-slave. Do you understand what I'm saying to you? And you can bet that I'll make her curse you every day for not exchanging her for Cristal Hernandez.'

To Margot's stupefaction the Warden burst out in a loud and unpleasant chuckle.

'Fucking moron!' he exclaimed tugging violently on the detainee's hair and thrusting his hips with greater vehemence...

Margot felt her rapist's orgasm approaching and she got ready to fake her own. She had been enacting the same comedy for days, ever since that son of a whore had reminded her that she was on trial, that he wanted to know how hot she was before he would talk about her daughters...

'Aaaaahhhhhh... aaaaaahhhhhh... Yes... More!'

'Are you coming, whore?'

'Yes...ahhhhhhhh... aaaaaahhhh... I like that... don't stop... more... more!'

But there was no more. The Warden came a long time before the young French mother felt anything other than a terrible pain in her scalp, a most intimate and profound repulsion and the bitterest humiliation. She had been that swine's servant and whore for three weeks now.

Three awful weeks...

At night, Margot couldn't get to sleep. Her wrists were free but she was chained to the foot of the bed by her ankle. The Warden had raped her three times already since they went to bed... He was like a chimpanzee: he threw himself on her and penetrated her furtively, shaking his squalid hips for a few seconds and coming like a moron spurting his semen into her vagina. He would then fall asleep instantly and half an hour later he was erect again as if nothing had happened.

She had difficulty getting to sleep, more because of the film than the rapes. She had been terribly affected by the brutality of the scenes. The girl was surely the daughter of the swine who was snoring by her side.

But who was Cristal Hernandez?

Who was the hooded sadist?

Margot remained awake turning this and other questions over and over in her mind. She couldn't stop thinking about her family. She had to see

'Are you in the mood, whore?
Tell me you want it.'



'Fucking moron!' he exclaimed tugging violently on the
detainee's hair and thrusting his hips with greater vehemence...

the twins and Pierre.

The Warden's hand on her belly brought her back to cruel reality.

'Open your legs, whore' he whispered in her ear.

Margot obeyed... and two fingers clumsily penetrated her stupidly, seeking her body's response. Seeking the moistness that her vagina only secreted to protect itself from those rough assaults.

'This time you're going to fuck me. I want to see how much style you have as a whore...'

Margot managed to control her rage and with some brutality she squatted over her rapist ready for her next degradation.

Her chained ankle made her feel even more like a trained dog performing for her master.

'Are you in the mood, whore? Tell me you want it.'

Margot started a new performance...

'Oh... yes. I'm dying for it... I want it... I want you more than anything...

I want your cock, your spunk... Come on, let your whore empty you, let me milk you... Give me your spunk... Like that... aahhh... ahhh... Now!'

And while she spoke and moaned, Margot guided the Warden's penis into her sex, she impaled herself on it and with one thrust of her hips she emptied him totally.

The perverse Warden screamed and twisted like the outcast he was, unable to stand that lovely woman on his penis for a moment longer...

Margot held back her tears and the profound repulsion she felt at being flooded with that swine's stinking sperm, and without withdrawing she leant down over her rapist and began to kiss him while she spoke to him...

'Darling... you don't know how much I like being by your side... how well you fuck me... until now I didn't know what an orgasm was... you're my male... my stud...'

The Warden grunted, exhausted and adored. He felt he was in paradise. He had this luxurious woman on his cock. He had made her into his submissive slave... All this thanks to the man he was and how much he knew about how to treat women...

'May I ask you for something?' went on Margot, her heart pounding. 'Can the whore who loves you ask you for something?'

The Warden pulled her slightly back by her hair and stared at her... She was more beautiful than ever.

'Can I see my husband?'

'Of course' replied the Warden without hesitation. 'This very week you'll see him.'

This unexpected reply left Margot completely confused.

Two days later, Margot was being forced to watch another video naked and oiled while she sucked the edge of the Warden's tip...

On the screen, another naked woman wearing a mask was speaking to the Warden.

'Do you remember this body, you fucking bastard? No? And these fingers? Do you remember these fingers, you shit cunt?' the woman held two twisted fingers up to the camera. 'You broke them for me, you said because I made you come too quickly. Do you remember now or have you broken hundreds of fingers in your fucking torturer's life?'

Margot removed her lips from his member at once. But the Warden urged her to continue by pulling her hair...

'I bet you do remember. You had me for six years, stuck in the «hole». Even a swine like you has to remember something like that!'

Margot felt the penis between her lips start to throb more quickly. She pulled away a little and blew on it until it calmed down.

The woman continued her on-screen speech...

'And the damned week when, according to you, you taught me to use my cunt? Do you remember that fucking week? Do you remember nearly killing me with the whip? Do you remember hanging me up by my big toes and flogging me?'

Margot shivered... If the videos of the masked man taking it out on the young brunette had seemed brutal, what that woman was saying seemed even worse...

'Well look here, now I'm going to teach this lovely daughter of yours all the things that you made me learn.'

Margot shivered when she saw the woman pick up Big-Mac, an enormous vibrator.

The woman rested the monstrous vibrator upright on the floor next to the post to which the young brunette was chained, and she cut the air with

the nylon crop that she had in her hand...

SWIISSHHHHHHH... SWISSHHHHHHH... SWISSHHHHHHH...

'You already tried this, didn't you sweetie?'

'Yes...yes...' stammered the girl, terrified by the crop.

'Tell me, sweetie... Does it hurt? Does the crop hurt?'

'Yes... a lot... It hurts a lot,' replied the girl instinctively lifting one leg. Her calves were burning red with dozens of welts.

'Tell your Daddy what's going to happen to you if he doesn't let my sister go.'

The brunette raised her face to the camera.

'They're going to sell me, Daddy... They'll sell me! You've got to stop them, Daddy. Please! For the love of god!'

'That's right. We'll sell you. But who to?'

'To a... brothel...'

'If you're lucky... But there's another possibility, isn't there?'

'Yes... yes...'

'Go on, tell Daddy what the other possibility is.'

'That someone will buy me...'

'Someone will buy you for what?'

'To... be... their... slave...'

'Well done, darling! But maybe Daddy doesn't know what exactly what it means to be someone's slave... so why don't you explain it to him in detail. Maybe that will help convince him to free Cristal.'

The brunette lowered her eyes to the floor and took a deep breath trying desperately to control herself.

'Don't let it happen, Daddy. Please. Save me, get me out of here... Please... I can't take any more!'

The woman cracked the crop on the young woman's breasts twice, one stroke up and one down...

'AAARRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...!'

'OOWWWWWWWWWWAAARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHHH...!'

The brunette hopped on her tiptoes screaming like a scalded cat, shaking her breasts until the terrible pain became just bearable...

In the Warden's bed, her body anointed with oil, Margot instinctively bent over, crossing her arms over her breasts, unable to believe that any woman could punish another so savagely.

The masked woman waited for the girl to calm down, until her young

breasts stopped shaking and bouncing...

'Just tell Daddy what it means for someone to buy you and make you into their slave...'

'It's... it's... well I'll belong to him...'

'How will you belong to him?'

'Like... like a... bitch...'

The brunette burst into bitter tears and spoke between loud sobs.

'He'll be able... to do.... Everything to me... everything!'

'And what is everything? Come on, tell Daddy what the fuck you mean by «everything».'

'Rape... me...'

'Where?'

The brunette sobbed harder...

'Wherever... he... wants... to...'

The woman raised the crop and the girl quickly clarified...

'In my cunt... my bottom... or in my throat...'

'Do you see, you swine? Can you see how well your daughter speaks? And what else will the sadistic man or woman that buys you do to you?'

'Make... me... do things...'

'Examples. I want examples...'

'Suck... suck his co... cock.'

'And if it's a chick?'

'Lick... lick... her... her... cunt... ' answered the girl, retching.

'More things.'

The girl swallowed.

'Eat... eat her bottom...'

'More, don't stop...'

'Fuck... her... dog... or her... horse...'

'Go on!'

Lick their feet... eat their shit.... dance for them...'

'What else?'

The brunette didn't know how to go on. So to Margot's shock, the nylon crop lacerated the underside of the girl's breasts.

'AAARRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...!'

'OOWWWWWWWWWAAARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHH...!'

'AARRRRGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...!'

Once more the screams, the hopping, the tears and the begging...

'Idiot! Is that all you think someone buys a toy like you for, to fuck you

and to make you eat their shit?’

‘And to torture... to torture...!’

‘Well done again! Give examples... How is whoever is going to buy going to torture you?’

‘They’ll beat me... they’ll punish me... with electricity... they’ll suffocate me... they’ll hang me up by my thumbs... they’ll...’

‘That’s enough! I reckon Daddy has got the idea now and I hope you’ve convinced him for your own good. But just in case, Mummy will teach you how to use your cunt and come properly. Remember it’s for your own good, so my boyfriend doesn’t tear you, and so that whoever buys you doesn’t either, if Daddy doesn’t see reason. So... Squat and get Big-Mac into you!’

The brunette shook her head violently. But she obeyed.

Margot listened to the series of atrocities with dread, all the time sucking the Warden’s member carefully. Would he sell her as a slave? Who could buy a woman like that? The Warden spoke to her, hoarse with desire... ‘See that, you whore? Life by my side is a bed of roses compared to what could happen to you if I decided to sell you...’

Margot swallowed and almost made the Warden come...

‘Keeps still, whore’ said the man tugging on her hair. ‘I know you’re dying of thirst, but not yet...’

Margot stopped, she blew on his penis...

The Warden took a deep breath...

‘No, don’t worry... You’re too nice and too much of a whore for me to sell you...’ he grunted without opening his eyes. ‘But I could sell one of your daughters... I would make a fortune...’

Margot looked him in the eyes with fury.

‘I would kill you’ she said without hesitation.

The Warden smiled...

‘No, no you wouldn’t... Not if your other daughter was still in my power... But don’t worry about that for the moment... if you’re good, your daughters will remain here... And now, whore,’ he said twisting her hair savagely, ‘get back to sucking my cock like the fucking slut you are.’

Meanwhile, on screen, the young woman’s splendid body was going down on bended knees with her hands tied behind the post.... It went down

until her vagina touched the tip of the vibrating rubber phallus that was twisting even harder after being fitted with new batteries.

‘Stop!’ ordered the woman.

The little brunette stopped in the forced position. Her legs trembled from the effort.

‘Many owners like their slaves to ride like this, with their wrists cuffed behind their backs while they relax lying back peacefully, maybe attending to their business on the phone, or reading a magazine or just picking their noses. So I’m going to explain exactly what you have to do in these circumstances...

In the Warden’s room. Margot swallowed again... And so did the brunette on screen... The future that awaited her if she wasn’t exchanged for Cristal Hernandez didn’t bear thinking about.

The masked woman went on with the lesson...

‘As soon as you touch the owner or customer’s cock you have to smile, it doesn’t matter if they’re not looking at you... Come on, slave, smile!’

It was pathetic to see the girl try to smile when in fact she was crying bitterly.

‘Perfect... now lower your waist just a little, until the tip is in you, not an inch more.’

The brunette lowered herself carefully, whimpering with emotion...

‘Very good... good girl. If you keep this up I’ll make you into a good slave-girl. When you get this far you smile again and start to fuck, just the tip, lifting your arse up and down very slowly while squeezing with all your strength... And remember, don’t forget to smile!’

Margot felt the Warden’s mitt pulling her away by her hair...

‘Get on me, slut!’ he ordered. ‘No, not like that; get on me looking at the telly and don’t miss anything... This is a good lesson for you too.’

Margot obeyed, squatting and impaling herself on the Warden with her back to him... She did it taking great care not to provoke his orgasm. Margot was very aware of the masked woman’s broken fingers.

‘Put it all in you and then keep still’ ordered the Warden.’

Margot lowered her hips until her buttocks were resting on the Warden’s belly and there she stayed, facing the screen, completely full and still with her body leaning forward slightly and her cuffed hands resting between her rapist’s legs.

Meanwhile, on the video, the young dark haired woman was still learning how to be Big-Mac's sex slave. And to her horror she was starting to feel it!

The woman noticed at once and warned the girl with a couple of taps on her thighs with the crop.

'Never, ever, even think of coming without permission from your owner... Remember that you belong to him totally. You, your body and your thoughts too...'

The girl lowered her gaze. Was what she was feeling so obvious?

The woman ordered her to carry on adoring Big-Mac's latex gland obscenely for another quarter of an hour...

'Now just keep the head inside,' she ordered in the end. 'And now raise up without letting go of it, don't let it fall...'

The brunette tried twice and failed... she got it the third time. The girl finished on her feet with her legs slightly parted and with five inches of vibrator wobbling wildly between her legs with just the tip holding it in place.

The masked woman left her like that and rooted through the bag she always took on her visits to the cellar. She took some straps out of it, she unrolled them and wrapped them around her waist. They made a kind of pair of panties made out of leather straps.

The woman moved closer to the dark haired girl and ripped Big-Mac out of her cunt.

The girl snapped her legs together in an attack of frustration; she was nearly there...

The woman hooked Big-Mac onto the harness in the place where a man's member would be. She fixed the vibrator into a slot that had been placed there for that very reason...

Margot looked at the instrument with awe. That woman was a real sadist... How could anyone have thought of such obscenity?

Disgusted, she felt the Warden's hands opening her buttocks...

'Do you know, slut, that I get hard from just looking at your arse? Yes I think I'm going to come in your arse this time...'

Margot clenched her fists... She hated him. She hated him to death...

And yet she was making love to him! A sudden disgust at feeling that penis inside her vagina overcame the woman. A disgust that was so deep that it stopped her from continuing... But then the image of her twins in Cuntsplitter's hands came back to her and made her move her hips...

On the screen, the woman was lying on her back on the floor with her legs to each side of the post that the girl was tied to.

Big-Mac was standing up obscenely from the woman's pubis, just below the young woman's vagina.

'You practise for real now... Fuck me, slave!'

What followed upset Margot, who was watching naked with her skin oiled while she squatted over her jailer Warden Dalton...

The young brunette with the suggestive green eyes lowered her hips slowly until her vaginal lips were rubbing that grotesque, rubber mockery of a male penis.

The young brunette smiled at the masked woman that she had under her and after clenching her teeth, she impaled her deep on it...

A severe slap across her left nipple reminded her to keep smiling.

The girl, who was in an extremely forced position with her wrists cuffed behind the post, began to ride on the very tip of the obscene replica...

The masked woman raised her hands to the marvellous young breasts and stroked, at first, then she began to knead them quite roughly...

The girl carried on with her duty, smiling with her eyes full of tears.

Margot, the young French mother who was a prisoner in «Mosquito Marsh» and who was also Warden Dalton's forced whore, felt the member that was penetrating her tremble. Margot held her breath and prayed to heaven... Luckily for her fingers the Warden's penis stopped shivering... 'Go down until it is all the way in you, slave.' Ordered the masked woman on the screen.

The brunette howled as if she had been wounded. She could feel that enormous monstrosity intensely and she was close to an orgasm... An orgasm that had been totally prohibited to her...

She stopped, panting excitedly, impaled all the way to her cervix, waiting...

The brunette was smiling pathetically while the woman was groping her all over body just like a man would grope his slave: brutally and lustfully.

'Mummy will let you have this orgasm that you want so much, slave... but not yet. You'll come when mummy says...'

'Please... no... I can't take any more...' begged the brunette, shamed by her own words and terribly humiliated by what her body was feeling.

'Yes you can, slave. And so that you see that you can, you'll go up and down six times very slowly and squeezing with all your power. And you're going to count each time you do... Now!'

It was pathetic...

Not forgetting to smile, the young hips went up...

'O...one...'

Then they went down... her legs adorably tensed with the effort...

'T...two... ahhhhh...'

Then up...

'Thr...three...'

They went down very slowly... trying not to provoke the banned orgasm...

'F... four... aaaahhhhhh...'

They went back up just as slowly...

'F... five... aaaahhhhhh...'

They went down until that piercing machine was occupying her entire vagina...

'Si... six...'

The woman allowed a few moments to go by... She could feel the girl's sex convulsively squeezing the erect phallus that was erect at her pubis...

'Do you want to come, slave? Do you want to come for Daddy to see?'

'Yes... yes... please... I can't take any more...'

The woman stopped caressing her with her hands and grabbed the nylon crop with her right hand. She raised the girl's chin with the tip.

'Listen carefully, slave. You are going to move this bum ten times at my order and under my strict control. And you'll move at full speed... I'll count down, like mission control... When you hear zero, you come. Not one second before... If you do mummy will flog your tits as many times as the last number that I said, is that clear?'

The brunette nodded, her breathing agitated by passion. Big-Mac carried on buzzing flat out in her vagina.

'And remember to move your bum fast... If you don't you'll have to do that one again, understood?'

'Yes... yes... I understand... yes...' nodded the girl impatient to get started.

'Ten!'

Four blows on her breasts! She didn't think she could stand it...

The masked woman brandished the nylon crop furiously...

SWOOSHHHHH! SWOOSHHHHH! SWISSHHHHHHH!

The brunette couldn't take the terror and began to run around the post as she was, on her knees...

The woman went to her bag and selected four straps...

The first went under the girl's armpits and, tied behind the post, lifted her nipples and all of her bosom up. Two fine welts were visible....

The second strap tied her narrow waist to the wooden post.

The third tied her knees together.

The fourth was the cruellest...

The woman put a pair of blue shoes from the girl's own airhostess uniform on her and she raised her ankles until the heels were pressing against her buttocks. Then she threaded the strap around the tops of her thighs, her ankles and the post. She then tightened the buckles with both hands...

The brunette was bound to the post with her legs sadistically bent double and her knees biting into the hard concrete floor.

And the brunette was left with her breasts squashed and swollen to breaking point with the nipples pointing at the ceiling and the undersides, the sensitive undersides, exposed to the crop...

But the woman hadn't finished yet.

From the bag, she took out a new instrument of torture, one that would keep the unlucky girl company during many endless days...

'Your Daddy put this between my teeth... And he left it there for a whole year! the same length of time that he tortured me by tying my elbows behind my back with wire. Open your mouth, slave!'

Before the girl had time to understand, the woman had placed a plastic tube with tooth grips on either side in her mouth. It was made from a slightly elastic material and the woman was able to compress it in order to introduce into the girl's mouth. When she let it go, the plastic expanded, forcing the girl's jaws apart to the point of dislocation.

The woman tied the first strap of the harness that completed this diabolic invention under the girl's hair, and she tied the second under her chin.

'It's called a training gag' she explained pedantically. 'It's for slave training, of course. As you see, it gives slightly if you squeeze with all your strength. But as soon as you get tired and stop pressing on it, it comes back like a

spring and forces your mouth open again... It's ingenious isn't it? Ingenious and practical: Firstly you bite to ease the pain, which builds up the muscles in your adorable mouth. Those muscles are important in a bedroom slave. And secondly, whoever buys you can fuck your face and screw your throat without any risks. And all this without stifling your screams, which I'm sure they'll love... or your pleading, although it'll be difficult to understand you. You'll even be able to eat... by putting the food in your mouth and pushing it in with your fingers or a pole. But most importantly, the training gag is a very persuasive item... Once it's in you'll be ready for anything... It's so handy that some slaves wear it all their lives, at the express wish of their owners. I already told you that I wore one for a whole year at a whim of your father's...'

Margot, after being violated again, was cleaning Warden Dalton's sperm-covered penis with her lips and her tongue. She couldn't help looking him in the eye... How could he? How could he have tortured that woman with that obscenity for a whole year?

The Warden returned her gaze severely...

'Keep cleaning, slut, and don't miss a thing on the screen... The best is yet to come...'

The best turned out to be the four blows with the crop and the four dozen demented yelps that came from the brunette, one for each blow...

And the girl had to count each blow she received...

'Oneogghhhh...'

'YOOWWWAARRRGHHHHHHH...'

'Twooarrghhhhh...'

'YOOWWWAARRRGHHHHHHH...'

'Threeeeeeyaaaooowwwwww....'

'YOOWWW...AARRRGHHHHHHH...'

'Fourrrrraarrgghhhhhhh...'

'YOOWWWAARRRGHHHHHHH...'

'YOOWWW...YEAAARRRGHHHHHHH...'

'YOOWWWAARRRGHHHHHHH... OOOWWWWWWAARRRG!

And at the end the camera zoomed in on the girl's breasts that were striped with half a dozen welts, two of them subtler than the other livid ones.

'Would you like me to have the training gag put on you? It also works with lazy sluts,' the Warden asked Margot

The young French mother started to shake. And to clean that penis with

renewed vigour!

'No... no... It's not necessary. I'm... I'm obedient ... and ... and I like my work!' replied Margot, sinking lower than she had ever believed she would. Warden Dalton burst into deafening and hurtful laughter...

That morning Margot couldn't get the horrible scenes she had seen out of her head...

The Warden left early for the office and she went thoughtfully about her servant's chores.

Chained by her ankle, handcuffed, and not daring to remove the infernally high-heeled sandals that tortured her feet, Margot started as usual by washing by hand the sheets that were filthy with sperm, love juice, tears and her repugnant rapist's saliva.

At ten to twelve, the lunch was ready on the table. She had ten minutes to get ready...

Margot ran to the bathroom to paint her lips and nipples with lipstick, to soak her body with oil and to cover herself with the perfume which she hated and which he loved. With hurried fingers, Margot redid the bun that kept her blonde mane at the back of her head. He liked that too...

At twelve exactly, Margot Pascal the happily married Frenchwoman who was the mother of two beautiful twins, was waiting for her rapist on her knees in front of the door... like every morning.

The Warden came in suddenly and without a word he jumped on her and raped her right there on the floor.

It was like always: terribly degrading, instantaneous and brutal.

And, also like always, Margot reacted to that undesirable contact, to that act that repulsed her so much, by moaning and twisting with feigned pleasure...

'Get up, whore and put this on. Or do you want your husband to see you dressed like this?'

Her heart pounding, Margot put on what the Warden was offering her. It was a dog collar and chain!

'It's a maximum security prison' said the Warden apologetically. 'But I prefer not to take risks... You are too valuable' he added, obscenely kneading her buttocks.

Not satisfied with that «precaution», the Warden took the detainee's handcuffs off and then put them back on with her hands behind her back. With a gratuitous wrench on the chain he made her follow him. For the first time in almost a month, Margot left the horrid apartment, that awful place that stank of sweat and sex, the place where she had suffered at least a hundred repugnant rapes and innumerable cruel torments.

Outside the sun was glaring down unbearably after a rainy morning. Margot didn't know where to look... it was extremely degrading to have to walk naked in the mud in front of the guards wearing high-heeled sandals.

The Warden led her to one of the male barracks. That's where Pierre must be, thought Margot impatiently, she was being careful to keep up with the Warden in spite of her inadequate shoes...

'Go in there, I want to introduce you to someone' said the Warden.

They went into a storeroom full of broken down machinery and useless junk. Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter, was in there lying on some sacks and indolently masturbating.

The Warden pulled the detainee's leash to a lid that covered a hole in the floor.

Cuntsplitter opened it...

Margot was dumbstruck. Inside in a niche that was barely a yard deep and not much wider, there was a completely naked young girl tied by her neck to a chain that was so thick that it stopped her from lifting her head from the floor.

'This is Cristal Hernandez' said the Warden. 'I had forgotten about her until I saw the video the other day. She's a young drug addict, just like her older sister, who I had to re-educate personally... It took six years! But I managed it... Now it's the younger one's turn. It must run in the family.'

Margot looked around uneasily to see if there was another lid. Were her daughters entombed here?

But there were no more holes in the desolate store.

Calmer but indignant, she turned on the Warden...

'Why are you treating her like this? She's just a girl!'

'You mind your own business, whore... I know what I'm doing' replied the Warden making an obscene gesture to Cuntsplitter.

To the shocked French woman's surprise, the gigantic corporal known as Cuntsplitter, jumped into the hole. He grabbed the chain in both hands and, not without some effort, he lifted her until her head was resting on the floor at Margot's feet. Now she could see her face, she was the same girl that the female jailers had raped and tortured when she had been in the whore cage...

'Wake her up' ordered the Warden.

Cuntsplitter obeyed by peeing on the girl's face.

When she reacted by coughing and shaking her arms and legs, Cuntsplitter jumped back into the hole and to Margot's horror he lifted the girl's hips and buggered her.

Margot began to scream hysterically, to beg the Warden to stop that monster. That he would kill her, she was little more than a girl... Nobody deserved to be treated in such an undignified way.

But the horrific rape went on. The disproportionate member that was ten inches long and as thick as a fist, went in and out of the split-open bottom at a dizzying speed.

Margot watched with horror, unable to take her eyes of that lump of black flesh, inhumanly large... It made her hair stand on end just to see it.

The girl screamed and moaned like a madwoman, she covered her trapped head with her hands and her legs scrambled uselessly trying to get her away from her rapist. The girl was suffering with her cheek pressed against to the floor by the tremendous weight of the chain that was fixed to her neck.

'That's enough' ordered the Warden. 'Leave her, I've got something better for you...'

Cuntsplitter pulled slowly out of the girl's intestines. The stupid giant's penis had grown inside the girl so that to Margot's horrified stare more than twelve inches of it came out, covered in blood and excrement.

Without cleaning it, Corporal Gonzalez, known as Cuntsplitter, shut the girl back into the hole.

'Here, you have her' ordered the Warden to Margot's horror. She had been fearing the worse.

Cuntsplitter grabbed the chain as the Warden had before, he pulled on it strongly, forcing the young French mother to stumble forwards...

She didn't go far.

As soon as they left the junk store they went into a shed and inside there, to Margot's horror, there was a cage just like the whore's cage.

Pierre Pascal was inside a place known as the queer's cage. It was exactly the same as the Whore's Cage that the woman was already familiar with... but instead of desperate lesbians its occupants were homosexual criminals all of whom were sick with AIDS.

'They're all poofers. Total filth,' said the Warden with a grimace of disgust. Margot screamed suddenly.

'Pierre!'

She recognised him by his skin colour... he was on his knees, naked like all of them, his hands clenched on the bars and with a distant look on his face...

A black man as big as Cuntsplitter was holding him by his testicles and savagely buggering him.

Another three were waiting in line.

Margot took a step forwards but Cuntsplitter held the chain tightly, like he was holding a dog.

'Let her go...' ordered the Warden.

Margot rushed to the bars, where her husband...

'Pierre! Pierre, for the love of god, Pierre!'

The black man that was buggering him ignored her and carried on sodomising his victim as if the woman didn't exist.

'Pierre, it's me... Margot! Look at me, for the love of god. Speak to me!'

Pierre Pascal, the rich importer and business man, recognised her voice and raised his eyes to his wife.

'NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!' He screamed as soon as he saw her naked, cuffed and on a leash.

The Warden made another of his obscene gestures.

Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter, moved to the cage and took the handcuffs off Margot just to put them back on with her hands cuffed to the same bars that Pierre Pascal was desperately hanging on to.

Mr and Mrs Pascal were left face to face on their knees on either side of the cage.

Only one detail differed between them, and that was easy to fix.

Cuntsplitter kneeled behind the horrified woman and penetrated her with his twelve inches of flesh that was still filthy with little Cristal Hernandez's shit and blood.

For one moment, Margot thought they had driven a stake into her belly... But when Cuntsplitter started to rape her, she realised the truth. A truth that was distant and unknown to her.

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

It was incredible...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

It was terrible...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

It was bestial and primitive...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

It had the force of an explosion that gradually took control of her body...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

It made her forget where she was...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

It made her forget the face that she had in front of her, the face of her husband Pierre...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

It made her want to scream with crazy passion...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

'Pierre, forgive me... I'm sorry, Pierre!'

Margot Pascal exploded with a gigantic orgasm right in front of her husband's face, in front of the black man who was still bugging him, in front of Cuntsplitter and in front of the swine of a Warden...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

And then only one thing existed for Margot: Cuntsplitter's cock that carried on pounding her pitilessly...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

Bringing her to a second orgasm...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

To a third...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

To a fourth orgasm...

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

Each one of gigantic proportions... All of them explosive... All of them incomparable with anything she had experienced until then...



'Pierre, forgive me... I'm sorry, Pierre!'

THUD... THUD... THUD...THUD... THUD...

Until delirium stole her senses away. Until she was left hanging inertly by her wrists from the bars of the cage...

In front of her husband Pierre who was shouting and shouting at them to leave her alone...

In front of Corporal Gonzalez, who went on raping her brutally...

In front of Warden Dalton who was watching her circumspectly and visibly furious...

Margot awoke in the Warden's apartment. She was naked and she was alone, chained by her ankle to a chain that was long enough for her to carry out her duties as a servant.

Margot needed a few moments to remember it all...

Then came the shame and the self hate as she remembered, point by point all that had happened.

Margot got up from the bed and ran to the bathroom to vomit. She fell dizzily to her knees on the floor of the shower and stayed there for hours, as if she was trying to let soap and water wash all traces of that nightmare from her skin.

What had happened to her?

How could she have allowed herself to let go like that?

In front of Pierre... In front of that swine of a Warden!

As she came out of the bathroom she noticed a note on top of the dressing table...

«I've gone to the capital.»

She sighed with relief for a moment. The journey to the capital would keep that scum away for at least a couple of days... A couple of days to think and maybe to make a plan.

She had to do something!

Her common sense told her that she had lost Pierre but that the twins must still be all right... The twins were basis of that swine's blackmailing of her.

A sudden slam of the door made her scream.

It was Corporal Gonzalez, bloody Cuntsplitter!

Margot covered her breasts with her arms and retreated to a corner. With her back to the wall she let herself fall slowly to the floor until she was crouching, half kneeling half sitting.

Corporal Gonzalez alias Cuntsplitter was naked and his cock was stained with young Cristal's blood.

Cuntsplitter moved to the woman and stood her up by her wrists.

Margot tried escape from his clutches but the giant was tremendously strong.

Before she had time to react, Margot was hanging from a beam by her wrists with her toes barely touching the floor.

Corporal Gonzalez alias Cuntsplitter moved the Warden's armchair closer and sat down in front of the terrified woman. He spat on his hand and began to masturbate.

Margot was trembling and overcome with panic, terrified at the prospect of an imminent sexual attack.

Cuntsplitter masturbated for more than hour without touching her with anything but his feet. To make her revolve slowly, hanging from the beam. Margot's wrists were in agony and she could feel the Corporal's lust burning her skin.

Corporal Gonzalez finally stood up... Margot squeezed her thighs together...

But instead of raping her, Cuntsplitter came on her skin...

His powerful jets of sperm reached as far as Margot's breasts, soaking her thighs and belly as well.

Cuntsplitter left in silence...

Margot vomited at once...

And she needed another whole hour before she could find the strength to unhook herself from the beam and hurry back to the shower...

Two days later Margot Pascal had not received another visit from Corporal Gonzalez alias Cuntsplitter, and she had recovered both in her spirits and her body. She had eaten regularly, she had taken care of her hygiene, she had been able to think calmly and she had even formulated a plan to save herself.

On the evening of the eighth day the Warden arrived with a suitcase that the young French mother recognised at once.

It was hers.

The Warden was colder and more taciturn than usual. He gave her the case and ordered her to dress for dinner, and then he left.

Margot checked the time... She had more than enough time.

She opened the case and found some of her dresses, most of her underwear and make up and so on.

The swine had been in her house searching through the cupboards!

With butterflies in her stomach, Margot got to work. Her plan to free the twins started at that moment...

She chose an off-the-shoulder top that was black and slightly see-through to go with her blonde hair, and she didn't put on a bra. It was tight and low cut... it was so brief that in order to cover the undersides of her breasts she had to pull it down until her nipples were almost visible...

To go with it she chose a tiny mini skirt with provocative slits up each side. After a moment's hesitation, she chose a pair of wispy white lace panties and the open black patent leather sandals from her Whore's «uniform».

Margot looked at herself in the mirror and she blushed with embarrassment. They were all clothes that Pierre had bought for her in airports after he had been away. Margot remembered those times and the passionate reunions with her husband sadly...

How long had all that been left in the wardrobe?

She combed her hair in front of the mirror, she pulled it back as the Warden liked, and she made herself up discreetly, not forgetting to paint her lips garishly. She put on pearl earrings, a pearl choker too and as a finishing touch, she painted her nipples with lipstick.

After a careful manicure, Margot put a drop of perfume on her ears and, not without blushing, a little more between her breasts, and in the panties.

Then to the Frenchwoman's surprise, Cuntsplitter appeared in the door with his penis stained with shit and blood as usual.

Margot retreated to the wall...

But this time Cuntsplitter wasn't coming for her. Corporal Gonzalez was pushing a serving table with the dinner on it.

As soon as the Neanderthal had left, Margot hurriedly arranged the table with the silver cutlery, the best china, the Bavarian crystal and the place mats and serviettes. It was all seconds.

Margot also lit the candelabra and put the Gardel music on, like the first day...

Warden Dalton arrived late and taciturn at his apartment in Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony.

Margot rushed to greet him, she put her arms around him, and she sought his lips and stroked between his legs with her naked thigh...

'I missed you, darling' she lied with a voice that was sensual as it was fake.

The Warden, who was wearing his ordinary uniform, put another case that he had brought onto the floor and pulled her to him by her waist...

'Did you?' he asked.

'Yes... you make me so horny... don't leave me alone again... I need you,' said Margot between passionate kisses. 'And now... I beg you darling... make love to me as only you know how...'

The Warden squeezed her tightly and kissed her back deeply with his lips and his tongue. He did it so hard and so passionately that Margot struggled to breathe.

Then he bit her lips viciously.

Margot struggled, she even tried to get away with a sneaky knee in his parts...

But the kiss ended when the Warden decided...

Margot pulled away from the embrace and was left trembling in the open, strappy sandals. Margot raised her cuffed hands to her wounded lips... She was bleeding.

'Do you want another one of those?' the Warden asked her.

Margot shook her head uncertainly. She was scared, she had lost control of the situation from the start...

'First lesson: a whore serves, she doesn't ask for things, and she doesn't make demands.'

Margot lowered her gaze not knowing what to say or do.

'Your hands' the Warden gestured.

Margot offered them to him. They had been cuffed for more than a week!

'Turn around.'

To Margot's consternation, the Warden cuffed her hands tightly behind her back, then he hung the collar around his neck and ripped her pearl necklace off. The black pearls rolled on the floor.

'Whores don't adorn themselves like ladies.'

He led her to the table by her arm.

Margot was shaking.

The first course was bean soup...

There was nothing more to be said. Margot lowered her face and sucked the soup directly from the bowl. She trapped the beans with her lips and under a direct order she licked the plate clean.

'Second lesson: A slut doesn't make cutlery dirty with her filthy hands.'

Margot lowered her gaze again. Since she had become a slut that swine had never allowed her to eat with anything with cutlery, only with her fingers...

The Warden took the top off the next course: grilled steak.

'I... I'm not hungry' babbled Margot.

'Shut up and eat' ordered the Warden.

It was even more degrading. Margot tried her best to preserve a little of her dignity. It was hopeless. She ended up biting, gnawing and gulping the food down like a bitch would have.

And for dessert, custard...

Margot ended her second lesson licking her plate of custard clean until it was shiny and clean, unlike her face which Warden Dalton had to wipe with a serviette.

Margot could take no more...

'Why are you treating me like this? She asked with her eyes full of desperation.

The Warden lit a fag and poured himself a glass of cognac.

'Do you think I'm stupid, slut? Did you think you could go on fooling me?'

'I don't... understand' babbled Margot disconcertedly.

'You will' replied the Warden. 'And now stand up...'

Margot obeyed, even more confused than before, and was led to the corner where she knelt on her ankles in front of the Warden's armchair.

'I went to your house' he said, running his eyes over his slut's splendid

body. 'It stank to high heaven. It was the dog that had died... It had been shot between the eyes, I suppose some neighbour had got fed up with it barking...'

Margot clenched her fists impotently. It must have been Bermudez, for sure, that twerp next door and his frumpy wife. She couldn't stand them. He was a pervert that spent his weekends spying on her with binoculars and his wife was a crude and common tart with the manners of a cow. And then there were their children, two nasty little worms of eleven and twelve who never stopped masturbating in the garden and molesting the twins...

The Warden went on with his tale after a measured pause...

'I took advantage of being in the capital to go and get some clothes for you and your twins.'

'Tha... thanks. Thank you very much' whispered Margot still affected by the news of Sultan's death. The loving puppy had only been six months old.

'I also managed to search the house and I brought you this' added the Warden with a disgusting smile on his lips.

Margot paled suddenly. She had forgotten about the vibrator! A close friend had lent it to her years previously and she had used it for a while behind Pierre's back. But soon she had begun to feel guilty and she had forgotten all about it.

But now there it was, in front of her eyes...

'It was a gift... a joke from some friends...'

The Warden slapped her. Not very hard, but extremely humiliatingly. No one had ever slapped her in her life before, not even when she was a girl.

'Lesson number three: a slut never lies to a customer. I hope you learn this lesson quickly, for your own good...'

Margot bit her lips without replying or defending herself.

'Are you wearing panties?'

'Yes...' she replied indecisively.

'Take them off.'

Not without difficulty, Margot lowered her panties, impeded as she was by her hands cuffed behind her back.

'Come here, to my lap, like the first day...'

Margot obeyed, opening her long legs and squatting on that swine. The Warden held her by her waist. He sank three fingers into her vagina and started to stimulate her in the crudest way he knew.

'Get wet, slut!' he ordered.

'No... please no... not like this, no... Let me... I'll do it...' promised Margot wriggling and gripped by her vagina.

'Silence, whore! From now on we'll do things my way...'

In spite of the torments and in spite of the crude way in which she was being profaned, Margot's vagina began to respond independently of her will and lubricated...

But the fingers didn't stop, they went on and on until the front of the Warden's trousers was soaked with her smelly, hot love juice.

Then he began to grope her, to kiss her, to bite her... On her shoulders, on her throat, on her breasts that were barely protected by the black top.

Margot bore the attack with her jaws clenched and her eyes closed, with her head twisted back, with her fists clenched behind her back and with her breath very agitated.

The Warden ripped his fly open and penetrated her by surprise, coming instantaneously.

The act was so brief that when Margot had begun to fake her pleasure the man had finished.

'I like that... I... like it... don't stop... I want it... I can feel you... like that...'

The punch on her chin knocked her to the floor and silenced her.

Margot supported herself as best she could on her elbows. Her lip was bleeding again.

'Come here you faker!'

Margot moved tremblingly closer on her knees.

The Warden tore the key from his neck and cuffed her hands in front of her.

He treated her with awful brutality.

'Open the case.'

Margot obeyed. It was the second case she had seen that night; it was full of gift-wrapped boxes.

'They are all gifts for you... Open this one first.'

With clumsy, uncertain fingers, Margot unwrapped the first packet. It contained Chinese love balls, but instead of the usual amount there were a dozen of them, threaded on cords in threes.

‘Have you ever used them? Don’t lie.’

‘No... no... not me... never...’

‘Stick three of them up your bum.’

‘Please no... I promise to...’

‘Silence and obey me! I told you we’re going to do things my way from now on.’

Margot took three balls, each one was the size of a ping pong ball but much heavier.

‘I don’t... know... how... to do it...’

‘You’re pretty ignorant for a whore... Do you want me to call Cuntsplitter and ask him to stick them in you?’

That was enough. Margot, as red as a beetroot, crouched down to sink the first ball into herself. It was cold...

When she put the second one in, her face wet with tears...

And when she put the third in, her whole body was shaking with a strange feeling...

This was filthy, it was disgusting to feel inside oneself... The balls moved in her intestine and she had to make a real effort to keep them in...

The Warden knew it...

‘Make sure they don’t drop out if you don’t want anything to happen to the twins...’

Margot opened her eyes wide. It was the first time that the swine had threatened her with the twins. Something was wrong, very wrong...

‘Open this one’ said the Warden indicating a second box. ‘I don’t think you’re going to like this present as much as the balls...’

It was a spherical gag like the one Margot had seen the hooded mad use on the young victim. It was hollow and full of holes. Luckily it wasn’t made of iron but a material that was hard and slightly ductile.

‘Put it on, I want to see how it looks.’

Margot tried but she couldn’t open her mouth wide enough.

‘The Warden had to help her...’

With one hand at the back of her head and the other on the ball he managed

to make the material distort enough to pass the barrier of her teeth. Once inside it returned to its former shape and size...

Margot couldn't hold back her instinct to vomit. She tried everything, absolutely everything to expel that foreign body, but her tongue didn't have the strength. She was afraid it might dislocate her jaw it was so barbaric...

The Warden took advantage of the young French mother's confusion to fasten the buckle under her bun and to pull savagely on the strap until the corners of her mouth began to bleed.

As if from a newly opened tap, saliva began to pour from the holes in the gag, much to the distress and humiliation of the miserable woman who could do nothing to prevent it.

Margot shook her head desperately... No, she couldn't stand that sharp pain in her jaws without losing consciousness or going mad...

The Warden observed his French slut's foreign face with delight. If she normally turned him on and drove him crazy, with her mouth forced open and her chin stained with blood and saliva she seemed to be the sexiest girl in the world.

'Lesson number four: A slut doesn't fake her orgasms. A slut comes when it suits the tastes of her customer.

Margot raised her big blue eyes in alarm.

How had he caught her out?

'Do you think I'm a moron to be taken in by your stupid performances? Do you think I haven't noticed? You really came with Cuntsplitter! And not just once or twice... You came eleven times in a row!'

Margot whimpered, she was pleading with her eyes, imploring with submissive gestures of her head... He had to take this atrocity off her. She couldn't stand the pain... Also she had to speak up for herself. He had to let her speak; he had to listen...

But the Warden had handed out a sentence with no right of appeal...

'You'll wear the gag for seven days and seven nights as a lesson. That way you'll learn not to lie.

The young French mother was so stunned by the Warden's rage and by the terrible pain that the disfiguring and choking gag was causing her that she didn't feel the Chinese balls falling out.

The slap hurt a thousand times more with the gag on. Crying bitterly, with saliva, tears and blood on her chin and her black top, Margot put the three balls back into her anus. It was time to open the third packet, and the Warden himself did the honours.

Margot needed time to understand. She didn't even work it out when the Warden put the belt on her.

It was a leather belt that fastened with a buckle an inch or so above the height of her hips, enough to ensure that it didn't slide down and that it stayed hidden by the tiny double-slit mini-skirt.

But what worried Margot most was the much finer strap that was left hanging down behind her...

There was only one box left in the case.

'Don't look like that' joked the Warden. 'I've brought you a lot more gifts, but you'll get them as you earn them... You'll enjoy it more like that.'

The last box was long and heavy. Margot opened it with a feeling of genuine apprehension. She was soaking the wrapper with tears, blood and saliva.

When she took the wrapping paper off and looked inside, her heart missed a beat. It was a vibrator, a monstrous vibrator that was twelve inches long according to its box. A phosphorescent red vibrator that was as thick as a baseball bat.

'Come on, don't be shy, grab it.'

Margot took it out carefully. It was made of a material that was heavy and unpleasantly sticky. It was like sand squeezed into a latex sheath, then lined with sticky moulding rubber. The fingers stuck to it at the lightest touch...

'Hold the base and press the switch.'

It was useless to try and stop it. The vibrator fell heavily to the floor as soon as it started and there it lay jumping and bouncing from side to side. Its powerful motor made it vibrate at high speed and an internal mechanism made it oscillate slowly but inexorably to the left and right from its middle to its tip, deforming anything it found in its path.

'It's for you... I bought it for you so you don't miss Cuntsplitter. Go on, try it, you know how to use it already, after all you had one at home...'

This time Cuntsplitter's help was needed...

Between the two of them the sadists bent the detainee over the back of the armchair and tied her ankles to the back legs and her cuffs to the front.

Margot was totally defenceless with her opened buttocks up high under the insignificant skirt that «covered» her hips.

The Warden moved the skirt out of the way...

There before his eyes trembled his slut's majestic white and silky smooth bottom. And with it her lovely little vagina and her anus. All tempting, all clean and ready, all barely covered by her wispy blonde pubic hair...

The warden lit a another cigarette and with studied calm he sank the remaining nine Chinese balls into her anus one by one.

This important task took him until the cigarette was finished.

He lit another...

He took a pair of deep drags trying to calm himself down and he grabbed the massive red vibrator...

Little by little, using no lubrication, he sank that sticky monster into the young French mother's vagina.

'Lesson number five: you'll keep it in six hours a day and you'll sleep with it in you all night... Until you learn to come when you're told.»

Having said this, the Warden threaded the strap that hung down from the back of the belt through a stopper that covered the girl's anus and held the balls trapped in there. Then he passed the strap through a loop in the base of the vibrator and fastened it at the front, between her waist and the back of the chair, under her black mini-skirt.

Once the barbaric harness was in place he cut the ropes that tied her hands and feet to the armchair and helped her to stand up.

The young French mother was wobbling and unable to press her legs together.

The Warden put the finishing touches to her...

He cleaned the blood and saliva from her distended chin...

He dried her disconsolate tears...

He tightened the strap that went between her trembling thighs with a savage tug forcing the plug and the vibrator deeper into her.

And then he smoothed the black mini-skirt hiding the pitiless harness.

'Come on, darling. Instead of working as a whore, tonight you're going to be a waitress.'

Stuffed into the little black top and the black mini-skirt and wearing the strappy sandals, Margot was listening with distress to the murmur of conversation and false laughter that came from the other side of the partition.

Margot Pascal was in the kitchen annexe of the prison where they were holding the annual general meeting of the SRCP, «Society for Reforming Convicted Prostitutes».

Margot Pascal was still handcuffed and still tormented by the swollen gag that soaked her chin with saliva. Also the red vibrator that stole her senses was still tormenting her as were the dozen Chinese balls that made her feel sick.

But Margot Pascal's attention was elsewhere: it was on Rosalia, an old black woman with pop eyes, nervous movements and awkward speech... 'They're important people... yes' said the black woman. 'Very important, they're from the capital... Do you know what I mean? The gentlemen are film stars. And the ladies are all princesses who go to the hairdressers. Not like us... Do you know what I mean?'

Margot knew exactly what type of scum that wretch was talking about. She had been to hundreds of meetings like that because of her husband's social position. She hated them.

The noise was getting louder and the giggles more frantic. For one moment it seemed impossible to the young French mother that this world could really exist outside the prison's four walls. That people went to parties and that they could laugh even if it was false laughter...

What was she doing there?

Why had the Warden brought her there?

She didn't have long to wait for her answer: Rosalia handed her a tray with a napkin, glasses and some bottles.

It was very heavy.

Margot looked up at the black woman...She couldn't want...?'

'You'll serve the drinks to the ladies and the gentlemen... do you know what I mean? You just have to go up to them and offer them the tray with a smile... Do you know what I mean?'

The news left Margot breathless. Go among the guests half-naked with a tray in her hand! My god!

Rosalia pushed the tray down...

'No, no... don't lift the tray so high... do you know what I mean? The

ladies and gentlemen will want to see and pinch your boobies while you're serving... do you know what I mean?'

Margot blushed to the roots of her hair cursing her choice of the tiny mini-skirt and see-through top that she had made to please the Warden.

The black woman, Rosalia, added a pair of packets of American cigarettes and a silver lighter that was on a chain with a little clamp at the end. After a moment's hesitation, Rosalia clamped the chain to Margot's neckline. 'Mr Warden is sick of his lighters disappearing... do you know what I mean?'

Black Rosalia led Margot by her arm to the door. The murmur coming from the hall was deafening. It must be full!

Before opening the door, the black woman remembered something that the Warden had told her...

'I'm a stupid nigger! I nearly forgot... do you know what I mean? You have company, don't you?'

Margot didn't know what she was talking about until she felt the black woman's hand under the skirt that adorned her hips.

She nearly dropped the tray... Rosalia had just turned it on! She had turned on the red vibrator that was stuffed into her vagina.

'And remember... You keep smiling... do you know what I mean?'

Rosalia, the black woman, gently pushed the young French mother out of the kitchen...

To the hall...

From where the deafening murmur of voices came...

Where everybody was...

Margot Pascal, the young wife of the richest foreign impresario in the land, could never have imagined even in her worst nightmare that it was possible to feel such a profound and intimate outrage.

The reception in honour of the Society took place every year in the hall of Mosquito Marsh prison. And she, Mrs Margot Pascal, handcuffed, gagged with saliva running down her chin and scandalously adorned like a cheap whore, found herself with a tray in her hand and alone in front of everyone...

As soon as she walked through the door a sepulchral silence fell upon the

room...

Every one shut up and looked at her.

They were quiet for a very long time...

Margot was paralysed...

Where could she go in the middle of so much expectation?

Then the nudging started, the muttering, the humiliating giggles, the comments, the bad jokes...

Margot tried to compose herself.

She breathed in deeply and blinked several times in an attempt to hide her tears and the way the implacable vibrator was making her tremble.

She started to walk... and every step caused a real turbulence inside her. She could feel that monstrosity that was stuck to her inner mucous vibrating and shaking frantically; it was moving imperiously from left to right, backwards and forwards; she could also feel it hitting the Chinese balls through some part of her body...

Margot was wobbling on her strappy sandals with her stretched open mouth full of saliva that she couldn't swallow, that dripped out of the ball and ran down her breasts and onto the tray...

Margot Pascal advanced indecisively with her eyes up, staring into the distance beyond the walls of the hall. Margot avoided meeting anyone's look at all costs.

A man's voice made her stop...

'Waitress, come here!'

It was a soldier of about thirty, a tall and dark haired white man who was wearing dark glasses. The moron snapped his fingers!

This «hardcase» Don Juan served himself a Martini with ice. He took a cigarette from the box and lit it with the lighter that was hanging from the lovely waitress's V-neck.

Margot blushed even more... the chain was very short and the silly prat had to pull and crouch, allowing himself to see her white rounded breasts crowned with a pair of exquisitely pointed nipples that she was so proud of.

Without letting go of the lighter, the young soldier exhaled a deep drag into the inside of her top over her naked breasts, and with an expansive gesture he dismissed the sexy waitress with the big blue eyes...

He hadn't said a word to her!

Profoundly humiliated by that moron's behaviour, she went to the next call: it was woman. She was about fifty and common, covered with jewels and make-up. She was having a passionate discussion with a group of guests.

While the bejewelled fifty-year-old served her associates, Margot held the heavy tray, supporting herself first on one leg then on the other, trying to accommodate what she had inside her. She was burning red with embarrassment, with the heat in the hall and with the action of that thing inside her... If any of those idiots knew!

'The SRCP needs financing, darling' an old high ranking soldier was saying hotly. 'So what's wrong with the state being paid instead of the pimps?' 'It's a strategic trick' another of those present stated hotly. 'Look at it this way, madam... In place of enriching criminals, what one pays for a whore will go to a good cause.'

'And don't forget, ladies and gentlemen, the problem of hygiene. These sluts have ruined the health of thousands of respectable families with their lack of cleanliness...'

'Also, there are situations that need fixing. Look at this prostitute' said the old soldier pointing at Margot. 'Because she's white and foreign, she thinks she can charge an arm and a leg for her services.' Margot's eyes opened as wide as saucers. He was speaking about her! 'Amounts' continued the soldier 'that the customer pays, firstly because he's a man and secondly because he's a patriot... he doesn't want a foreign whore to think that a citizen of this country doesn't have enough dollars to pay for her. And, what's more, the whore doesn't even declare her earnings to the state and so she undermines our national economy. Yes sir: we have to put an end to all these abuses for once and for all... Just think that a whore like this can attend to twenty or thirty customers a day...'

'I understand your reasons, General, but even so' said the fifty-year-old unconvinced, 'I don't think it's a good idea to turn our prisons into brothels.'

'Oh my dear lady... Can't you see that we would all gain from it? The state would gain money, society would avoid sanitary risks and we would put an end to organised crime's money laundering. A real medical and financial miracle!

'And don't forget the whore herself' added another who had not yet contributed. 'The whore in question will benefit too, from working here safe from the pimp's beatings and under strict health controls...'

'And not just that. Whore's like this one are born, not made.' argued the soldier, vividly pointing at Margot. 'These sluts have sin in their blood, they're ill and they need to copulate in order to stay alive. They need the boon of masculine penetration more than the air they breathe. Look at the lunatic asylums: they're full of prostitutes who have gone mad in jail.'

The old soldier stopped, very agitated. He looked like he was about to have a heart attack. Everyone was hanging on his words, even Margot who, on hearing him had been reminded of little Cristal Hernandez who was buried in the hole, and of her crazy older sister who had survived being locked away for six years...

When he had got his breath back, the old soldier went on with his speech, his accusing finger pointing at Margot the whole time. He spoke with a commanding tone, as if he was encouraging the troops before a battle... 'The great advantage of this plan for these wretches, ladies and gentlemen ... is that they carry on fucking behind bars!'

Those present agreed enthusiastically. Proud to be able to collaborate in such social work in the name of the country.

Margot, who was chilled by everything she had heard, didn't notice Warden Dalton arrive until he was at her side.

The guests greeted him with great respect, almost adoringly. They all wanted to hear his opinion, to hear him say something...

The Warden served himself a whiskey.

A curious group formed around them.

'You hit the nail on head, General.' Said the Warden, masculine and militarily. 'You can't imagine, your Excellency, how hard it is to maintain Christian decency and good behaviour among these sinners! Look at this foreign whore for example...'

The Warden paused to take the tray from Margot's hands and place it on the table.

The lovely French woman became the focus of everyone's gaze at once...

Without the tray, the lighter fell pulling her neckline down with it and revealing firm and pointy nipples!

'Raise your skirt so that the distinguished ladies and gentlemen can examine you' ordered the Warden.

Margot didn't dare disobey amongst so many people so she did it with trembling hands and lost in the bitterest humiliation. Could a woman ever feel more humiliated?

Once the ridiculous skirt was raised, the harness with its belt and the fine strap were visible to all, as were her blonde pubic hair, the base of the red vibrator and her vaginal lips dilated to breaking point around it.

‘Six hours a day switched on!’ sighed the Warden resignedly. ‘Imagine how much that costs the state in batteries to keep this whore satisfied?’

There followed all types of comments... but they all agreed on one point: that the plan to turn the jails into state whorehouses was a very modern idea and it that it would be good for the prostitutes, the customers and the public purse.

‘Come on darling’ whispered the Warden into his French slut’s ear. ‘Pick up the tray. Somebody is impatient to be served...’

The tormented Margot followed the Warden with the tray in her hands to the other end of the hall.

As soon as she saw them Margot took a step back: It was the Bermudezes! Her neighbours the Bermudezes! Matilde the gossip and her slimy, peeping tom of a husband Marcelino!

‘Smile... Come on... Smile’ ordered the Warden pinching the humiliated Margot on her buttocks.

The young French mother tried, but with her mouth forced open it was difficult...

‘Have you seen her?’ she heard the gossip Matilde say.

By her side slimy Marcelino was looking at her with his face distorted by lust.

‘Would you like a drink?’ offered Warden Dalton solicitously.

‘A gin and tonic for me. My husband doesn’t drink’ replied the gossip Matilde speaking for both of them.

While the Warden made the drink, Matilde the gossip used the time to look her aristocratic French neighbour Margot Pascal up and down.

‘This is an unexpected meeting’ she said. ‘We thought that with all these problems in the embassies our distinguished neighbour would be at home in France, safe and sound.’

‘Well now you see, madam, sometimes in this life we bump into the people and things that we least expect,’ philosophised the greasy Warden.

‘And can you tell us... Mr Warden, why is Madame Pascal detained?’

‘Prostitution’ replied the Warden plainly as he examined his fingernails.

'I told you she was a slut. I always knew it' said slimy Marcelino nudging his wife.

'Yes... of course you knew' his wife added ironically. 'How could you fail to notice, watching her through the binoculars all day long?'

Slimy Marcelino shut up. As well as slimy he was henpecked.

'And her husband, Mr Pascal? And her impertinent cheeky twins?' asked Matilde the gossip.

'Pierre Pascal is in this very prison for attacking his chauffeur. The twins are a problem... they are here with us for the moment, but they can't stay here indefinitely. This is not the right place for them and now there is the plan to turn this into a state brothel. Imagine the example for the girls... Seeing their own mother working as a whore!'

Slimy Marcelino swallowed. He was so hot that his legs were shaking. Ever since Margot arrived with the tray he hadn't been able to take his eyes off her naked nipples...

'What's wrong with you, you fucking bastard?' spat Matilde the gossip at her husband. 'Haven't you ever seen tits before? Your own wife who is here by your side, in case you've forgotten, has two of them.'

Seeing how things were going between man and wife, Warden Dalton decided to retreat and leave Margot alone with her neighbours.

'Can... can I...? Babbled slimy Marcelino throatily.

'Can you, can you what, moron?'

'Have a cigarette...'

'but tobacco makes you cough!' shouted Matilde the gossip.

Margot looked from side to side nervously; every body was murmuring and watching the steamy scene. Everyone knew the Bermudezes and avoided them.

Margot made the most of the row to slip quietly away and continue with her humiliating parade in another part of the hall...

'Not so fast, neighbour dear... Didn't you hear Mr Bermudez?'

Margot began to shake... nearly as much as slimy Marcelino was shaking as he clumsily took a cigarette and then the lighter.

So clumsy were his fingers that he pulled too hard and pulled the clip off Margot's top.

'Look what you did, you wretch! The Warden will think that you're trying to steal his lighter.'

'I... I...' muttered slimy Marcelino choking on the smoke.

Matilde turned to Margot and gave her a wicked smile...

'Can't you see you're getting our illustrious neighbour into trouble? If the warden sees the lighter is missing, he'll shout at her... maybe he'll even lock her in solitary. Isn't that right, sweetie?'

Margot lowered her gaze to the tray...

'Give me the lighter, moron' Matilde the gossip ordered her husband.

The woman left the lighter on the tray and took an ice cube from the bucket.

Before her husband's lust-filled eyes and Margot's own perplexed look, Matilde the gossip rubbed her French neighbour's nipple with the ice until it was totally erect.

With a smile that froze Margot's blood with its sadism and cruelty, Matilde clipped the chain to the very tip of the same nipple...

Margot shouted so loud that a flood of saliva escaped under pressure from the holes in her gag. By a miracle she didn't drop the tray to the floor.

'What's wrong, neighbour dear? Isn't that where it was clipped?' asked Matilde the gossip still smiling.

With her eyes wet with tears and her nipple on fire, Margot pleaded by whimpering pitifully.

The tray was shaking dangerously.

'No? Oh... darling, I'm so sorry!' apologised Matilde the gossip pulling hard on the lighter and ripping the clip off the tortured nipple.

Margot's stifled scream was heard all over Mosquito Marsh Prison, as was the noise of the glasses and bottles breaking into a thousand pieces.

At dawn in Mosquito Marsh Prison Margot was still chained to the four corners of the bed, her body serrated with bite marks and her skin soaked with the sperm and saliva of her rapist.

It had been the longest night of the young French mother's life... The Warden hadn't stopped brutally forcing her with his member or any other object that came to hand.

Now, as would a satisfied lover after a long night of love, Warden Dalton gave her a new gift...

It was the woman's very own riding crop. The one that Madame Margot

Pascal used in the select and exclusive riding club of which she was honorary secretary.

'Lesson number six' said the Warden showing her the frightening gift. 'All breakage must be paid for. You broke the glasses and the bottles and you showed me up in front of everyone. Now you're going to pay for it...'

Margot was still gagged with the ball; she began to writhe hysterically on the bed to which she was chained.

The Warden calmed her down by punching her between her legs.

'Listen carefully, slut: I'm going to untie you and you, of your own free will, will get on all fours and ask me nicely to correct you with the crop.'

Margot shook her head. She couldn't take any more. She was exhausted. Her nerves were shot and she was tired from her humiliation at the party. She was exhausted after a night being submitted to that swine's lust. She was tired and exhausted after all those weeks of pressure, of filthy rapes and sexual torture... And now that pariah wanted to hurt her and hurt her a lot!

Margot was an inveterate Amazon and she knew how much the horse felt the crop. Especially that crop. She knew by the whinnying, and by how tight she had to hold the reins after using it...

No, she wouldn't give in to being tortured with pain. She had submitted to all types of torment, but not that.

The swine had slapped her, hit her even, but she wouldn't let him flog her...

She had made her mind up.

The Warden's words rapidly changed her mind...

'It's seven o' clock and everything is ready for you to see the twins at twelve. I wouldn't like to postpone such an emotional meeting for silliness like this...'

Fucking bastard! Damned blackmailing son of a whore! screamed Margot inwardly.

The warden unlocked the cuffs that bound her limbs to the four corners of the bed. Margot pulled her legs together and drew them up ... her vagina was in agony.

'There, on all fours' ordered the Warden pointing at the floor.

Margot fell to her knees and bent over to rest her hands on the floor. She was shaking all over with apprehension. She wouldn't be able to stand the pain... She was terribly sensitive to pain.

'Your cheek and tits pressed to the floor' was the next order.

The young French mother's sob was pathetic. This swine wasn't going to be satisfied just tormenting her with the crop... he was going to humiliate her and torture her mentally.

'Your arms too' Margot extended her arms out above her head. Like that ... stretch them out and cross your wrists. And press your palms to the floor.'

Margot obeyed totally...

'Suck your tummy in' ordered the Warden, stroking the base of her spine with the crop. 'And lift your bottom up more.'

Those sumptuous white buttocks lifted up an inch or two higher.

'Separate your knees, so that I can see your arsehole and your cunt properly...'

'And now, slut, don't move a muscle.'

Margot started to cry when she felt the Chinese balls going in. All twelve, one by one...

The Warden stood up and slowly walked around the prostrated detainee a few times...

'You should see yourself, slut...'

Margot clenched her fists, she could have killed him.

The Warden trod on her clenched fists with the very boots that Margot had to clean with her naked thighs.

'Palms open and pressed to the floor, slut...'

Margot screamed, convinced that he had broken her fingers.

'Now I'm going to punish your whore's flesh with the same crop you used to mistreat your defenceless mounts. You'll get twenty-two strokes, one a glass and four a bottle. And I warn you... If you move, or if you let even one ball escape from your bottom, that blow won't count. Do you understand?'

Margot let a frantic whimper escape, and the Warden indulgently took it as a yes.

Straight legged and with his eyes fixed on those opulent and silky smooth buttocks, the Warden raised his arm...

Margot tensed her body... She clenched her jaws until the gag was almost breaking and tensed her bottom until she could feel the balls in her deepest

centre...

The brutal, savage, inhuman punishment went on for two whole hours. Margot received a total of forty-two blows of the crop on her buttocks, fifteen on her thighs and three on her arms.

Prostrated as she was, the Warden raped her three times in her sex and another three in her anus after brutally taking out the Chinese balls for a while.

'You're gonna learn, whore' he repeated again and again.

Everything went... everything that the diabolical and perverted criminal psychopath's mind was capable of thinking of. From pretend blows that never landed, to terrifying blows landing next to her head, to cutting her buttocks sadistically.

The third blow made Margot wish she had never been born, It landed exactly where he thighs ended and her buttocks began.

And Margot wanted to die for the first time with the fifth, when the first Chinese ball escaped... Cancelling out the terrible blow that had caused it to fall out.

And Margot went on wanting to die with every blow that made her fall to the floor on her face. Each time the crop struck an existing welt.

When the brutal sentence had been carried out, the Warden dragged by her hair to the bathroom and chucked her under the shower.

The destroyed French woman was nothing more than a rag doll in his hands.

The Warden cuffed her hands behind her back, he enclosed her neck with a collar and leash and led her naked and barefoot, with her buttocks and thighs covered with awful welts, to the place where the twins were waiting...

The tremendous, lacerating pain that Margot felt running through her buttocks and over her thighs stopped as soon as she saw the twins for the first time in so many weeks.

They were in cages!

Each one in a cage!

In two narrow cages that they only fitted into crouched and crushed.

They were in the Warden's office, they had been there since they arrived, like two exotic birds caged for their owner's amusement. Their owner



'You're gonna learn, whore' he repeated again and again.

that spoke obscenity to them and that fed them through the bars. The twins were naked and they were gagged with training gags just like the one Margot had seen used on the brunette in the video. Identical except for one detail: the gags that opened their mouths weren't fastened with buckle but with little padlocks. And the twins weren't cuffed... Margot wanted to scream, to throw herself on her daughters, but the gag and the leash that the Warden had tight hold of prevented her.

'On your knees, slut' ordered the Warden giving her a severe kick in her ankles that sent her crashing to the floor.

Margot noticed with horror that there were other people in the office... The Bermudezes and their two repellent children!

'As I said last night, Warden; said Matilde the gossip, 'the boys did very badly in French... So my husband and I thought that the twins could help them to revise...'

One of the boys, the eldest, interrupted...

'Mum, mum... That's the whore from next door!!' exclaimed Gustavo, enthusiastically pointing at Madame Pascal.

'And she's in the nude, mum!' shouted no less enthusiastically, the youngest, Julito.

'Look at the size of her tits!' shouted Gustavo excitedly.

'Boys... boys... that's enough' soothed Matilde the gossip. 'You're interrupting your mum when she's trying to speak to this gentleman...'

'But it makes me hard to look at her, mum' whined snotty nosed Gustavo. Matilde the gossip ignored him...

'You have to excuse them, Mr Warden, you can't imagine how they get. I blame the telly... So much sex and violence! I don't know where it's going to end...!'

Slimy Marcelino fixed his eyes on Margot's nudity. 'At home there are only the boys and I get bored. With the whore's daughters I could...'

'Shut up, moron. The twins are for the boys, not you' his wife hurriedly remarked.

'Yippee, mum!' shouted snotty nosed Gustavo with his face pressed against one of the cages. 'I want this one, the one with a mole on her cunt.'

Miriam, the twin he was referring to, pulled away as much as she could in the narrow cage, trying to hide her most intimate parts from the adolescent monster's stare.

The warden had to hold Margot by her hair...

'Who knows' said slimy Marcelino. 'In a couple of years maybe we could marry them, blonde in-laws are very fashionable in the capital.'

'You idiot!' exclaimed Matilde the gossip with an expressive shake of her head. 'Can't you see that they're whore's daughters? That they are born sinners, like their slut of a mother? You just have to look how well developed they are for their age...'

'Oh... yes... When will they have big tits, mum?' asked Julito who had inherited his intelligence from his father, slimy Marcelino.

'Shut up boy, I'll explain you a few things about girls and boys when we get home. But please be quiet now...' said Matilde the gossip stroking her youngest son's hair.

The Warden intervened for the first time...

'I already said, Mr and Mrs Bermudez, that this is a special arrangement. And it has to be conducted discreetly...'

Matilde the gossip interrupted before her husband could...

'Don't worry, Warden. We just bought this prostitute's house when they auctioned off their property' she said pointing at Margot. 'If there's any problems my husband has fixed up the water filtering room under the swimming pool. Once that door is closed nothing can be heard...'

The Warden smiled with satisfaction. That woman understood.

Snotty nosed Gustavo's shouts claimed everyone's attention...

'Mum... mum...! She hurt me... she hurt my hand!'

'Easy, calm down my love... What happened?'

'She... she pinched me' said the little turd pointing at Miriam, the twin with the mole.'

'Where?'

'Here on my hand...'

Matilde the gossip gave the caged twin a furious look, the twin with a mole on her vagina...

'I'll fix you myself at home, you freckly bitch.'

The warden intervened again...

'Well then, Mr and Mrs Bermudez, you want to adopt the twins...'

Matilde the gossip replied in her husband's name again. She had a little speech written on a piece of paper, which she took from her cleavage...

'My humble self and my husband accept Gabrielle and Miriam Pascal into our custody. We can't stand by idly in the face of this tragedy. Poor

girls... it's not their fault that their mother is a whore. The girls deserve to be educated and to have the care that they would never have got with her. A strict education will make them forget the family promiscuity that they have known since they were small and get them ready for a future that we have planned for them with so much love...'

Such good sense and judgement amazed the Warden...

'Then all that is left is to sign the adoption papers' he said.

'Mr and Mrs Bermudez signed without reading the documents.

'Now it's your turn, foreigner...' said the Warden shaking Margot rudely by her hair.

The young French mother shook her head hysterically as much as the Warden's hand allowed...

'Mr Bermudez, could you give me a hand?'

Slimy Marcelino nodded after asking his wife...

Before Margot could react, she found herself face down on the floor with the Warden sitting on her buttocks and twisting her arms up her back.

'Would you pass me the ink?'

Moments later an inky smudge of Madame Margot Pascal's thumbprint sealed the bottom of the document and she had given her daughters Gabrielle and Miriam to Mr and Mrs Bermudez...

Before leaving and while Mrs Bermudez finalised the details of the covert transshipment of the girls to her house in the capital, her husband Mr Bermudez sneaked up to the Warden and Margot.

'When can I rent her?' he asked in a quiet voice.

The Warden didn't catch on...

'What did you say, Mr Bermudez?'

'When can I use the whore?' he said pointing at the naked and bound form of Margot.

'Ah... excuse my clumsiness, Mr Bermudez' replied the Warden confidentially. 'You can use the whore whenever you like, all you have to do is phone to make a reservation...'

'And how... how much?'

'For the night?'

'Yes, for a whole night...'

'Five hundred dollars. But you can have her for three hundred the first time.'

And looking at Margot whose hair he was still twisting, the Warden

added...'

'It'll be a chance for you to show Mr Bermudez your gratitude for taking care of your daughters...'

Held by a leash, gagged, handcuffed, shamefully barefoot and naked with her buttocks and things red raw, Margot looked at her daughters for the last time, then she looked at the floor.

And she wanted to die more than ever...

Now there was nothing left to stop her...

At least that's what the young French mother thought at that moment...

PART THREE

SIX YEARS LATER... Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony

That hot January afternoon, Warden Dalton decided to give Mrs Margot Pascal, his favourite prisoner and personal-use slut, a surprise. They were both in his office and the lovely woman was kneeling naked and licking his genitals with extreme devotion and respect. Not without reason had the Warden punished her for a whole hour with the electro-shock, «for lack of zeal in carrying out your functions».

Mrs Margot Pascal's functions in Mosquito Marsh Prison Colony, could be summed as being the Warden's sex-slave and a luxury prostitute for certain visitors, this latter bringing the Warden considerable financial benefit.

'Today your old neighbour, Mr Bermudez, is coming to see you, he's your daughters' tutor now...'

Mrs Pascal interrupted her oral attentions for just a moment... but just for one moment. The thirty-one year old French woman could still feel the bite of the toothed clamps and the electric current torturing her nipples... Less than twelve hours had passed since the punishment.

'I want you to be nice to him. He's been saving up for six years behind his wife's back, imagine how keen he must be... I get the idea that he's a fucking pervert, I wonder what he gets up to with your daughters... HA... HA... HA...'

Once again... and for just a fraction of a second, Margot Pascal, a blue eyed blonde woman in the fullness of her beauty, went quiet at the mention of her twin daughters...

What could have happened to them? She hadn't seen them for six years! She had to know at all costs...

The swine whose genitals she was licking told her that part of what she earned was going towards their upkeep and education...

'You can put it in your mouth and start to suck... You know... slowly, sucking hard and with lots of saliva.'

Mrs Pascal, Margot, knew very well how to do it. That swine forced her to do it every day, several times, day and night. She had been his sex-slave for six years...

Margot gave the penis that she hated so much a long last lick from the testicles to the tip. When she got to the tip, and always looking her jailer in his eyes, she put it in her mouth... and little by little she went down sliding her lips down the shaft... Down and down little by little... until the tip touched her throat... and she went on...

She had struggled to learn this technique, but the electroshock and the constant threats to her daughters and to her husband Pierre had given her the impetus she needed to learn...

Those six years had seemed like an eternity to her, a long and dark eternity.

The Warden watched her silently as she worked on his penis, running her tongue up and down, and sucking on it... How sexy she was with her hair tied back and his cock in her mouth, her cheeks sunken and her green eyes as wide as saucers staring at him.

At that moment someone knocked at the door.

'Come in' said the Warden.

This was one thing that Mrs Pascal hated with all her soul: that any of the miserable and ignorant goons that guarded the prisoners should see her kneeling naked and serving that swine sexually.

'They have sent two pretty nice scrubbers from the capital, Warden... Do you want to have a look at them?' Asked Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter, one of the vilest and cruellest goons in the jail.

'Why not? It's my job to welcome the new intake. Send them in corporal...

Mrs Pascal blushed to the roots of her hair... but the fear of the electroshock and the uncertainty about her husband and her daughters helped her to bear this new humiliation...

Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter and another goon pushed the prisoners into the office. They were two students of about the same age as Mrs Pascal's daughters, two teenagers dressed in jeans and strappy tops. They were cuffed and crying their eyes out. It was obvious that the guards had terrorised and abused them.

As soon as they saw the Warden and Mrs Pascal, their expressions changed from dread to shock and then to repugnance...

The scene that they found as soon as they passed through the door was shocking and repugnant... A totally naked woman, who was wearing nothing more than an old pair of red high-heeled sandals, was kneeling between the legs of a soldier who was lolling on a sofa. The man wasn't wearing trousers and was looking at the woman with a very lustful expression. The woman was sucking his genitals exaggeratedly, slowly...

'Prisoners identify yourselves!'

The guards shook the stunned girls to get their attention.

'Rosario Mendez' muttered the brunette.

'Laura Sanchez' said the brown haired girl even more quietly.

'You are fucking subversives!' Shouted the Warden furiously. 'And subversives don't have names here. They are just cunts. And cunts just have numbers! Identify yourselves!'

'221' stuttered one of them.

'222' replied the other.

'Cunt 221 and Cunt 222, fuck it!'

A silence...

'Cu.. cunt 221...'

'Cu... cunt 222...'

'Sir!'

'Si... Sir...'

'Si... Sir...'

The warden stroked Mrs Pascal's head with an obscene gesture. Mrs Pascal was still sucking his member slowly and deeply, sucking hard and with a

lot of saliva in her mouth... she was doing it for her husband and her daughters. And she was also doing it to avoid the terrible electric torture... She knew that swine; he got excited torturing her and one day he would go too far and kill her...

'Take your shoes off you two. You'll understand that trainers aren't allowed here' Warden Dalton informed them pointing at Mrs Pascal's red high-heeled sandals.

The girls kicked their trainers off. Neither of them was wearing socks. Their feet were small and well formed. Rosario had her toenails painted pale pink.

'Now take off the trousers. They are banned here also...'

The girls lowered their eyes and with trembling hands they undid their flies and pulled down their jeans. They were skin-tight and as the girls were cuffed their struggles made an exciting spectacle for the men who were watching with the Warden. Especially because they both followed the fashion of not wearing panties with jeans...

Mrs Pascal missed the show. Mrs Pascal was still on her knees between the Warden's legs sucking his member slowly, with more than abundant saliva and sucking with all her heart...

Mrs Pascal was attentive only to what she was doing, she knew that the swine could come in her mouth from one moment to the next and she was ready. She knew him perfectly...

'Take off the T-shirts... they aren't part of the prison uniform...'

The girls covered their torsos with their arms. They both shook their heads...

'I'll tell you a thing or two, you pair of cunts... In this house you'll do well to obey every order quickly and thoroughly... The rules here include a lot of ways for eradicating rebelliousness in the institution. Ways that I'm sure you won't like.'

Rosario the brunette, a girl with blue eyes and pale skin, was the first to obey. With a hurried gesture she pulled the T-shirt over her head, leaving it hanging from her wrists. She didn't try to cover herself. She knew it would be useless to try, but she did unconsciously press her arms together squeezing her young breasts together. They were lovely, magnificently formed and shaped. Her nipples were small and pointy with a light pink

colour.

Laura, her partner in misfortune imitated her more quickly. She wasn't wearing a bra either and her breasts were a little smaller but her nipples were bigger and darker and more tubular.

Both of them looked at the floor with embarrassment...

Warden Dalton came noisily into Mrs Pascal's throat.

Nobody missed that event, not the young prisoners or the guards. Neither did anyone miss the young French mother's desperate attempts to swallow the Warden's copious semen.

Satisfied and empty the Warden gave her kick in the belly that left her bent over at the waist with the pain.

'Put them in the punishment hole. Nobody touches them until I say.'

'Naked, Warden?' asked Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter.

'Of fucking course. Naked and chained... They are dangerous subversives!'

In a suburban house in Corrientes Street

After dinner, Mrs Bermudez got up and kissed her husband just as she had all week.

'Whe... when can I?' muttered Mr Bermudez.

'Not yet, darling. Don't be impatient. And you boys, watch the film and then go to bed.'

'Where are the sluts?' asked Gustavo, the elder of the two monsters, a fat spoilt brat who weighed over two hundred pounds and was eighteen years old.

'They're away, my son' replied his mother, Mrs Bermudez.

'When are they coming back?' asked Julito, the smaller but no less fat one.

'Miriam owes me some money. I caught her robbing fifty cents from my wallet last week.'

'Soon... they'll be back soon, son. They are away for a few days.'

The beginning of the film distracted the boys.

'Don't wait up for me, darling' said Mrs Bermudez to her husband who was emptying two cans of dog food into a plastic bucket.

'I... well... today I have to go out. I have a game and I'm sleeping at the Lopez's place... You know, I don't like to drive when I've been drinking...'

Mrs Bermudez looked her husband in the eyes.

'A game today, on a Wednesday?'

But she didn't insist, she didn't give a shit about where her wimp of a husband went or what he did.

With the bucket in her hand Mrs Bermudez left the house, she crossed the garden and headed for the house that had belonged to their ex-neighbours, the Pascals, a French couple who it seems were subversives. The house now belonged to her. Mrs Pascal had sold it at a knockdown price soon after she had been imprisoned, in payment for her taking care of her twin daughters...

Mrs. Bermudez opened the three security locks that kept the door closed and then she turned on the light.

She went to the kitchen and opened the door to the cellar, another security door, and after putting the light on she went down the wooden staircase, as she had done every day that week...

Later, in an office of Mosquito Marsh Prison

'You seem to be nervous Bermudez...'

'I... well... yes...'

'Have you got the money?'

'Yes... yes of course... I have it here'

Warden Dalton paid the three hundred dollars as ostentatiously as he could. Bermudez' hands were shaking.

'Where is she?' he asked impatiently.

'Who?'

'The whore.'

'Easy, friend, I'll have her brought in a minute. Do you want a cigarette?'

'Yes... yes please...'

'Did you bring the photos?'

'What photos?'

'Of the twins...'

'Ah... yes. I have them' replied Bermudez looking in his wallet.

The Warden looked at them for a few moments. They were great... they were at the swimming pool in their bathing suits with some friends. They had taken them themselves and Mr Bermudez had stolen them.

'Are they recent?'

'Last month... You know, later...'

'Yes, yes. I know what happened later. The damned escape. You and your wife almost screwed everything up...'

There came a knock at the door.

'Come in' said the Warden.

Mr Bermudez sprang up, knocking his chair over. There she was, his neighbour, Mrs Pascal... And how! She was imposing! Much better than he remembered. Much better than the photos he had made in secret from his own house when she had been sunbathing in her garden.

Mrs Pascal was made-up; he had never seen her with make-up before, and she had her hair up. He had never seen her with her hair up either. She wore a black off-the-shoulder Lycra dress that clung to her curves like a second skin. The garment left no detail of her impressive body to the imagination. It was a simple tube more than a dress, starting at the aureole of her nipples and finishing higher than mid-thigh.

Those inevitable red high-heeled sandals completed the outfit.

But what most impressed Mr Bermudez was the fine lap-dog's collar that was around her neck and the leash that hung between her breasts with a little key hanging at its end.

Life in jail seemed to suit her, thought Mr Bermudez... The body that could be made out under the scandalous dress was the best he had ever seen in his life.

'Turn around, slut' ordered the Warden. 'Show the customer the goods.'

Mr Bermudez almost stained his trousers right there and then, but not because of the splendid shoulders, not because of the smooth curve of her back, not because of the firm and full buttocks or the shapely legs... Mr Bermudez nearly came because they were giving him his ex-neighbour in handcuffs!

'She isn't wearing panties' explained the Warden.

'I... well... Where?'

'Easy, Bermudez, you have plenty of time. The whore is yours until dawn.' With his hands out in front of him Mr Bermudez stumbled towards Mrs Pascal...'

'Calm down, calm down... not here. I have a cell ready for you with everything you need to make your visit as pleasant as possible and to ensure you get the best out of your whore...'

Corrientes Street, the cellar of the old Pascal house

Mr Bermudez had worked hard on the cellar since the very first day, mainly

on the old filter room for now disused swimming pool. Mrs Pascal wouldn't have recognised it if she had been there that night.

To start with, the half-sunken door that opened into the garden from the room was reinforced and padded. Three security padlocks made sure that nothing inside could get out. And nothing that happened in the garden or the street could be heard from inside where there was total silence, or at least almost...

There were no odds and ends nor pumps and filters in the room. Now, in the very centre and screwed to the floor, there was an iron bed with bars at its head. There were no sheets on it, just an old foam rubber mattress on the old spring interior. At least two dozen pairs of opened handcuffs were ready for use, they were of type that the police use and they were hanging from the bars, the feet and the frame.

To one side of the bed, and also nailed to the floor, there were two wooden trestles. A bit past them there was some scaffold tubing made into an «H» shape but with three cross bars instead of one. It rose out of the concrete and was fixed to the ceiling as well. The ceiling as well as the floor and the walls were all covered with hooks, chains, pulleys and cords.

Mr Bermudez had masturbated dozens of times in that cellar when making its sinister décor.

Most of all when he had made two cages using an old garden fence. They were rectangular and less than a yard deep, half a yard wide and six feet high, separated from each other by about five feet.

If anyone had been in the cages they wouldn't have been able sit down on the floor but they could have stood up.

Between the cages on the floor there was a piss pot and two dog bowls, one empty and the other full of water.

On the wall there was a tap to which was attached a hose with a pressure pump.

A mysterious cupboard that reached to the ceiling covered the wall behind the bed...

No, Mrs Pascal would never have recognised the cellar of her house. It was now a room from another world... A place where only someone who knew of its existence and who had the keys could visit.

Mosquito Marsh Prison, Punishment Hole number 3

The Warden grabbed his cattle prod and the torch and headed for the punishment holes. He was dangerously excited and he couldn't screw his French whore that night because she was rented out. Business is business, he thought resignedly....

Making as much noise as he could with his boots, Warden Dalton walked over the lids that covered the holes, little niches where the most rebellious or intransigent prisoners wasted their lives away. Vicky, Lucia, Greta the German, Florena the Brazilian and the black American Nancy... All of them breathed a sigh of relief when the steps went past the lids of their holes... And didn't stop until hole number three.

The Warden pulled the rope that opened the lid, hung the torch and lowered the ladder...

There in the mud, deep in the hole that was less than three feet wide, was the little brunette with blue eyes and pale skin, the one with the big bosom and small pointy nipples, the one with the little feet and the pink painted toenails... She was sitting on the floor chained by her neck to the wall with her wrists chained to the back of her collar.

The Warden went down the ladder, stood in front of the girl with his legs apart, and he undid his trousers and lowered his zipper. He wasn't wearing underpants and he was erect.

'Kneel down, cunt and open your eyes... and your mouth! You're going to suck your warden's cock... HA... HA... HA...'

Instead of obeying the girl pressed her back to the wall, turned her head to one side and closed her eyes in fear...

The Warden grabbed her hair and shook her brutally. His voice echoed in the little hole...

'You're going to suck my cock exactly like you saw the French whore do!'

The cellar in Corrientes street

Mrs Bermudez emptied the contents of the bucket into the bowl and emptied the excrement from the pot. In total silence, just as she had every night for a week...

Upset by the noise, the hungry twins came looking for the bowl. Miriam reached it before Gabrielle...

Where were they? Who had locked them up? Who was it the filled the bowl with that filth every day?

They couldn't know. Neither of them could remove the leather hoods that blinded them, or the rings that were jammed behind their teeth forcing open and torturing their jaws. Little padlocks at the backs of their necks made sure of that.

Miriam stuck her fingers in the bowl and lifted the food to her mouth to shove it past the ring. It was hard for her to eat, she choked and made a lot of noise when she swallowed. Gabrielle, who was tied the bars of the cage, listened to her sister eating and whined pathetically... begging her to leave her some food.

Like trained dogs, thought Mrs Bermudez. They can't see, they can't talk, and they understand of nothing of what is happening to them... but in one week they eat, drink, pee and shit when their owner tells them.

Miriam finally gave the bowl to her sister Gabrielle and Mrs Bermudez waited patiently until it was clean before turning on the tap and the pressure pump.

The powerful jet forced them against the bars. It was their seventh day chained by their ankles in the cage... Seven days and nights suffocated by the hoods and the rings, seven days tortured by panic and terror...

A receiving cage in Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony

Amongst the cages of women prisoners who were going to be prostitutes for the Warden, one or two were kept empty for the girls to receive their customers.

Mrs Pascal and Mr Bermudez were in one of them. Everyone could see them...

Mr Bermudez didn't seem to be worried...

'I always knew you were a slut' he grunted in Mrs Pascal's ear.

He was raping her on the bed, on top of her, crushing her madly. He was holding her by her hair and kissing her and biting her neck as he whispered obscenities in her ears...

'You're a tasty cunt, neighbour... AHHH... AHHH... come on, squeeze my cock with your sow's cunt, you slut... AHHH... AAHHH... yes... while you were watering your flowers in your bikini... While you were taking the sun... I always knew you were doing it to provoke me. Weren't

you, you whore? AHHHH... AAAHHHH... AAHHHH... You wanted your neighbour to sink his cock into your cunt... AAAHHH... AAAHHH... didn't you?

Margot bit her lips trying to hold her tears back. She was flattened under that sack of grease, that shit, henpecked husband, that moron who had disgusted her for so long... The swine that she could feel so intimately inside her... the sadistic rapist who was penetrating her... that was using her body so unfeelingly... that was humiliating her there, in front of all of the prisoners...

'I'm coming, whore... AAHHH... AHHHH... I'm coming inside you... AHHH... AHHHH... in your fucking slutty cunt... AAAHHHH... AAAHHH... Like your wanker of a husband did...

The cellar in Corrientes Street

With her teeth clenched, Mrs Bermudez aimed the high pressure jet at Miriam's body... Like her sister Gabrielle, the girl was naked and barefoot from the waist down, «for hygiene», Mrs Bermudez had decided as soon as she had locked them up.

Crouched into a corner of the cage, the twins were trying desperately to escape from the tremendous pressure of the water.

This had been the nightly ritual for a week now... The footsteps on the stairs, the stinking food and the freezing jet of water... Then more footsteps on the stairs, going away now, and the slamming of the door... They were a woman's footsteps. They were sure of that, a clumsy heavy woman in slippers.

And then silence, the most absolute silence...

Just the odd sob, some attempt to communicate in spite of the ring gag, and the sound of the chain that held their ankles being dragged across the floor, maybe in an attempt to reach the pot...

Mosquito Marsh Prison, the Prostitutes' Barracks

Mrs Pascal was standing in the centre of the receiving cell... Mr Bermudez, her old neighbour, a peeping tom of the worst kind who lived under his wife's petticoats, was walking slowly around her; he was completely naked and brandishing a fibre glass car radio aerial.

Mrs Pascal was still handcuffed and still dressed, if that Lycra tube that

stuck to her body like a second skin could be considered clothes. Now the Lycra was totally soaked with sweat, both hers and her rapist's.

'Stand to attention, whore!' yelled Bermudez. tapping the woman's abdomen a few times with the aerial.

Mrs Pascal sucked her tummy in, threw her shoulders back and inflated her chest. Half measures would be no good, she knew that. The night was young and that loony was going to make her pay him back the three hundred dollars, in kind...

'Open your legs...'

Mrs Pascal obeyed with her eyes fixed on a distant place, past the bars of the cage. Beyond the cage where a young brunette was watching her with a worried look on her face.

Disgusted, Mrs Pascal felt the swine's semen oozing from her vagina and dripping out onto her thighs when she parted her legs...

'I'm going to undress you, whore' announced Bermudez rubbing her nipples with the aerial. 'I've been dreaming about your tits for years. Now I'm going to see them... and touch them... and suck them... and bite them, fuck it!'

Mrs Pascal was shocked, this idiot was screaming like a maniac... He was beside himself...

She felt his hands on her breasts... softly at first... then harsh like hooks. Bermudez looked into her eyes with the aerial between his teeth...

'Let's see what you've got hidden away here... Let's see what you've got here that costs so much to see!'

And still clawing her flesh he dragged the tube of Lycra down over her hips roughly. He nearly ripped her breasts off.

Bermudez was open-mouthed. In fact it had been open the whole time. There before his eyes were his neighbour's magnificent breasts... How many times had he focussed his binoculars on them?

Now they were in reach, and naked too... Her flesh trembled so provocatively, the naked flesh of his longed-for victim...

He trapped them with his mitts again, sinking his fingers into them, sticking the nails in... He kneaded them, he squeezed them and he felt them filling his hands...

'Do you like that, whore?' Do you like me touching your tits?'

'It hurts...' pleaded Margot, Mrs Pascal.

Bermudez gave her a slap. Margot stood still to attention.

'I'm hurting you, whore? It hurts you?' he asked, still twisting her firm flesh. 'Do you know? You deserve to be hurt and you deserve everything that has happened to you... and to your family. And do you know why? Because you have fucked me up for all those years waving your arse in front of my window... Isn't this what you wanted?'

Margot swallowed... Did he really want her to answer that?

Bermudez finally let her go. Margot's breasts were red with that swine's finger marks in her flesh.

Bermudez started to walk around her again, around the whore that he had hired, his ex-neighbour. He rubbed against her as he walked and stroked her with the aerial, eating her up with his stare...

'Take the dress off...'

It wasn't easy with her hands cuffed behind her back... Margot pulled one of her long legs up and finally she was naked in front of her customer and ex-neighbour; all that was left were the red high-heeled sandals the fine lap dog's collar and the leash with the key that hung from its tip and that made her look even more bizarre and exciting...

'Pay attention again and separate your legs, whore...'

Margot bushed to the roots of her hair. She was used to posing nude in front of strangers, but it was different with this swine. She knew him and he knew Pierre and the girls... My God, she had to find a way to ask him about the girls!

'Open your legs more, whore' he ordered tapping the inside of her thighs with the aerial.

Margot bit her lips, her legs were already a good yard apart and the sandals made her ankles tremble where they were twisted by her posture. The semen was still running down her thigh...

Bermudez pressed himself against his whore. Until he could feel the woman's nipples against his chest. He slid the aerial between her thighs... and then he slid it in and out several times, opening her sex lips...

Margot whimpered. She had no choice.

'You're a sensitive whore. You've got fucking slut's blood, I always knew that... In summer I could hear you howling while your bastard of a husband fucked you... Today you're going to howl for me, aren't you?'

Margot swallowed. This was going to be much more difficult than she had imagined.

The hand followed the aerial into the young woman's sex. Bermudez was literally burrowing in her sex... crudely... with no delicacy...

'You've got a juicy cunt... It's smooth... yes... and sticky... All you sluts get damp just like that, just like peeing...'

Margot had no control over it. Not with anyone... Not even with that swine that disgusted her so much, the Warden. If they groped her she got moist. In spite of herself.

'Smile, whore...'

Yes... this was getting worse by the moment. Why didn't he rape her again and fall asleep?

'On your knees...'

Margot knelt...

'Open your legs and sit back on your heels.'

Margot obeyed. His erection was an inch from her lips.

Bermudez grabbed his member, pulled the foreskin back and began to rub the tip over the fine lines of the woman's face... It stank of semen and his testicles were rancid.

'Kiss it...'

Margot wet her lips. It was obvious what she wanted... But Bermudez pulled away...

'Do you want to eat it, whore?'

Margot nodded. She thought it would be better.

'Yes... you always wanted to... Why didn't you ask me?' Answer me, whore!'

'I didn't dare...' lied Margot, going along with her ex-neighbour and customer.

Bermudez grabbed the key from her leash and freed her hands.

'Lick my hands... no not like that... with more saliva... and look into my eyes, fuck it!' he shouted lifting her chin with the aerial.

Margot licked the palms of his hands until Bermudez had had enough...

'Give me a wank, whore... with both hands at the same time...'

Filled with disgust and humiliation, Margot started to manipulate the swine's genitals as best as she could.

The young brunette in the cage opposite Margot started to cry quietly.

Bermudez whimpered with pleasure and pushed the aerial into Margot's mouth...

'Suck it' he ordered between his teeth, obviously aroused. 'I want to see your slutty cheeks completely sunk in.'

Bermudez was very horny... He was going to explode there and then... He was ready...

'NOW! NOW WHORE! Aim it in your face. Right in your face and on your tits!' he screamed, beside himself.

Margot hurriedly obeyed, masturbating her ex-neighbour with frantic speed... aiming his copious jets of semen onto her face and breasts...

Exhausted, Bermudez fell onto the bed breathing rapidly... He looked like he was about to have an attack.

Margot was still kneeling, with her face, her breasts and her hands soaked with semen...

Several endless minutes passed.

Filthy and humiliated Margot didn't dare to raise her eyes from the floor. She could feel the stares of the girls in the nearby cages...

In the end Mr Bermudez got his breath back...

'Now it's your turn, slut, he grunted. I want to hear how you howl for me.'

In the dark, alone in the cellar in Corrientes street

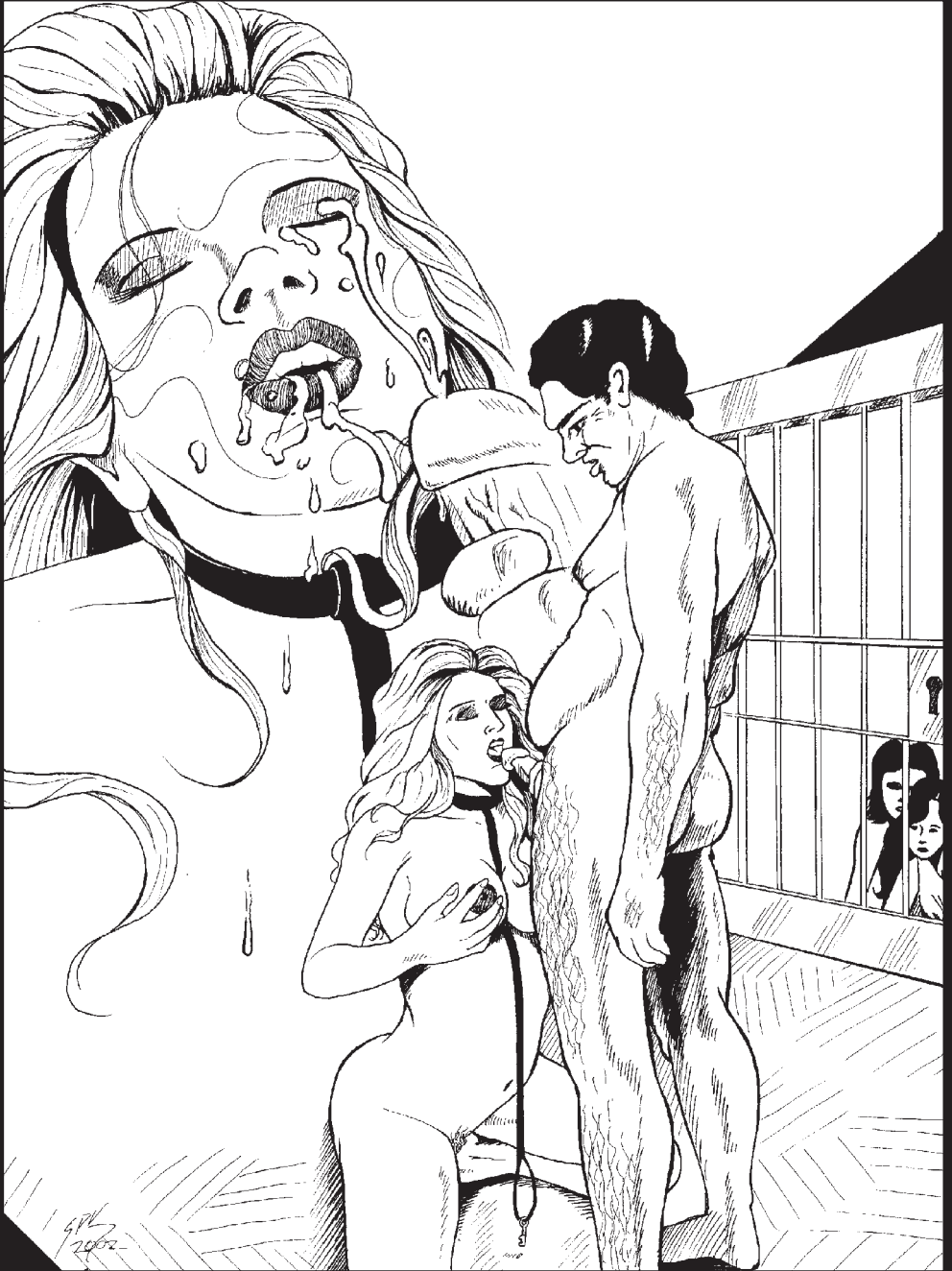
The dog food was making Miriam feel unwell... She was feeling for the potty with her hands... yes... there it was, in its place between the cages. No it wasn't empty, her sister Gabrielle had already used it.

She slipped it through the hatch and got it into the cage.

It was extremely humiliating... in the dark, with the claustrophobic hood on without knowing if she was being observed... with Gabrielle less than five feet from her and smelling everything she did.

And when she was finished she couldn't clean herself...

While she was doing her business, Miriam began to cry... And her tears stayed where they always stayed, trapped inside the hood. She couldn't take any more... She felt filthy, she thought she would die of the



'NOW! NOW WHORE! Aim it in your face.
Right in your face and on your tits!'

claustrophobia. But the worst thing was the ring in her mouth... She would never get used to that... it was pure agony. It was a diabolical object... something designed by a sick mind, by a professional torturer, by a sadist of the worst kind. She had woken up in the cage with that thing stuck behind her teeth... More than a week ago now!

In the beginning she had thought that the pain would drive her mad... The ring was slightly elastic, but not enough to allow her to close her mouth not even halfway... Also, as it was bigger than she really could open her mouth it forced her bottom jaw down in an extremely painful manner.

And if that wasn't enough, the damned ring stopped her from talking and swallowing, causing her to make more saliva than usual. Saliva that ran humiliatingly and constantly down her chin and onto her breasts... It was sadistic torture with no respite and no remorse. A spring had been forcing her to open her mouth more and more for over a week. It made her ears ring and gave her a terrible constant headache.

Seven days eating through the ring, drinking without using her lips, suffering every second...

Who were they? Who was the woman who hosed them down? Why were they treating them like this?

Just then when Gabrielle had had it all planned... Now they should be in Buenos Aires with Jorge and Ronaldo... Far from their adoptive parents and the pair of cretins that were their step-brothers and their friends, far from the nightmare that they had been living for all those years.

And then they could look for mum and dad. They would move heaven and earth until they found them and reunited the family. It would all be like before...

Miriam started to cry again.

With trembling hands she pushed the potty out of the cage. In case her sister needed it...

Mosquito Marsh Penal Colony, Punishment Hole number 3

The sadistic monster and murderer inside the Warden had escaped. Cunt 221 was hanging by her wrists from a pole that was resting across the opening of the hole, barely able to touch the ground with the tips of her

toes. Ropes around her knees and ankles prevented her from kicking...

After making her empty him with her mouth, the Warden had raped her first and then bugged her. Now he was amusing himself with her and the cattle prod. The unhappy girl's screams echoed around the holes scaring all of the other occupants.

'NO... NOOOOO... Please.... NOOOOOO... NO MORE...!'

The Warden just smiled in reply.

'What about here? Do you want a spark here, 221?' he asked through clenched teeth, resting the prod on the girl's armpit.

'NOOOO.... NOOOOOOOOO...!'

The Warden didn't press the trigger this time... he liked to play cat and mouse with this girl.

'All right... all right' he said, lifting her ankles by the rope that bound them.

'Please... no... what are doing to me? No... no...'

Impassively, the Warden hung her ankles from the pole as well. There before his cruel eyes and sadistic stare appeared the little pussy and anus, both recently raped and almost virgin.

'Did you like taking it up the arse, 221?'

'NOOOOO... NOOOOOOOOOO... STOP!'

'Don't you want me to bum you again?'

'NNOOOOOOOO... NOOOOOOOO, STOP! FOR GOD'S SAKE!'

'Okay then, if that's what you want...'

'AAARRRRGHHHHHHHH OWARRGGHHHHHHH!'

'Instead of into her vagina this time, the Warden had just stuck the cattle prod into her anus. Only the trigger at the base was left sticking out of the little sphincter.

'You're going to like this whore, you'll see, you're going to scream like a loony...'

And he raped her again with all the brutality he was capable of, his testicles bashing the trigger of the prod. The trigger that unleashed the high tension sparks...

'AARRGGHHHHH AARRGGHHHHHHHHH!'

'I said you'd like it.' He grunted to the whore. 'Now you'll see...'

He grabbed her hips and swinging her like a pendulum hanging from her

wrists and ankles, he started to work in her with violent thrusts of his hips... Electrocuting her intestines with every thrust... taking her... torturing her... enjoying her sadistically... brutally...

It went on until in the rest of the punishment holes all that could be heard was the continuous crackling of the cattle prod's sparks and Warden Dalton's grunts, nothing more.

Until Warden Dalton came for the third time...

Cunt 221 had stopped screaming some time before...

Corrientes Street, the Bermudez's bedroom

Mrs Bermudez couldn't get to sleep. She was very excited, strangely excited...

She was tired of turning over and over alone in the bed and she was suffocating in the heat so she decided to take a stroll in the garden.

With provincial modesty she put a dressing gown on over her nightdress, in spite of the boys having been in bed for some time.

When she got to the door she changed her mind and went to feel around in the third drawer of the chest for the old vibrator that she used day and night behind her husband's back. Her henpecked husband had indeed taken her away from her rural home, but that was all he had done for her. He hadn't even given her the two sacks of lard that he thought were their sons...

Mrs Bermudez locked herself in the bathroom and, sitting on the toilet with her legs well spread, she put the vibrator into herself... and she began to have erotic fantasies... Until she stopped suddenly. Her fantasies had changed. They were no longer the same ones as they had always been, no more muscular guys disguised as Spider Man with masks, now there were women. Young girls! She was having fantasies about the damned twins!

Mosquito Marsh Prison, one of the receiving cages

The brunette in cage 23 had lain down on the board. She had covered her eyes with her hands and she was crying.

In front of her, in another receiving cage, Mr Bermudez was sitting on the bed and leaning back on the headboard. Mrs Margot Pascal was also on the bed, but she was on her knees, with her legs to either side of her customer, with her open vagina barely a fraction of an inch from his

erection and with her face and breasts completely covered in his semen. In her hand Margot held a fat fleshcoloured vibrator. It was very worn-looking and it was humming and wobbling evilly...

'Get started, whore. I want to hear you howl...' ordered Marcelino Bermudez, giving her a loud slap.

Margot wet it as best she could with her saliva and started to put it inside her...

'No... not on your knees. Squat, I want a show.'

Margot blushed to her scalp. Bermudez, her ex-neighbour and her daughter's guardian, was a right swine.

A sleepless night in Corrientes Street

With the vibrator in her hand, Mrs Bermudez went quietly down to the living room, out of the house, across the garden, went into the old swimming pool pump room in the old Pascal house and closed the security door behind her.

The only light she had switched on was the one in the cellar. From the street nobody could suspect that there was someone in the strange old empty house with the barred windows.

There before her eyes were the twins Miriam on the right and Gabrielle in the cage on the left. Locked up like two little birds, chained up like two dogs, naked from the waist down like two slags... both of them were shivering like leaves in the wind...

Mrs Bermudez sat on the bed leaning back against the cold bars, rather as her husband was in Mosquito Marsh Prison at that exact moment...

The springs squeaked loudly under her weight.

Mrs Bermudez had the vibrator between her legs... How many moments of bitter happiness had she received from that lump of rubber!

Mrs Bermudez closed her eyes and pushed it all the way in. She couldn't suppress a pitiful moan, an unmistakable moan of pleasure... The girls protected themselves by crouching back against the bars of their cages... Mrs Bermudez opened her reddened eyes; she sighed...

She stared at Miriam's legs, at Gabrielle's buttocks, at the breasts that were perfectly outlined under their sweat and saliva soaked T-shirts, at their split wide open mouths distorted by the pitiless gags...

She had never had a lesbian relationship, not even in her fantasies, until that night. Yes, she had imagined the twins locked in those two cages and that had excited her... but what she felt now was another thing. It was sexual desire, naked passion.

She was almost coming... The bed frame was squeaking outrageously with her shaking... The twins knew that someone was masturbating in front of their cages...

Suddenly Mrs Bermudez stopped. She had had second thoughts... From their cages the twins clearly heard the loud «plop» as she pulled the vibrator out, and they also heard her steps going to the cupboard that stood behind the head of the bed, and the metallic sound of the handcuffs...

Mrs Bermudez stood in front of the cages... Miriam or Gabrielle? What difference did it make? They're like two peas in a pod, she thought.

She decided on Miriam. She was the one who had stolen from her son, it was fair that she pay for it, even if his mother collected the debt...

Mrs Bermudez pulled the chain that held the girl's ankle until her knee was out of the cage. She hung the chain up high on one of the many hooks that were screwed to the bars.

Unable to see, Miriam fell on her face.

Mrs Bermudez used that moment to grab her other ankle, pull it out of the cage, cuff it and hang it on another hook at the top of the bars. The next thing she did was to go into the cage and using two pairs of handcuffs, tie the girl to the bars with her arms outstretched. Miriam was left as if she had been crucified, supporting her weight only on her knees that were outside the cage and with her body leaning forward slightly.

Her knees hurt terribly right from the start.

Mrs Bermudez grabbed the girl's hair where it stuck out from the hood and pressed her own sex lips onto her face.

Miriam struggled... she tried to bite... but her teeth bounced off the elastic ring, increasing her agony...

She was choking...

That stinking thing that was asphyxiating her was a woman's dirty vagina, she had no doubt of that.

She became nauseous...

Mrs Bermudez rubbed herself frantically against the hood in an attack of unbridled lust... her clitoris was burning, she was dripping wet... She was about to explode from one moment to the next... She had an overriding need to feel that tongue...

'Stick your tongue out , you damned bitch. Stick it out and lick my cunt, or I'll suffocate you...'

The twins recognised the voice immediately. Miriam and Gabrielle, both at the same time, wanted to die...

Mosquito Marsh Prison, one of the receiving cages

Margot was still naked, she still had her breasts and face soaked with sperm, and she was still squatting on top of Mr Bermudez with the red, strappy, high-heeled sandals digging into the mattress. She had delighted him with three orgasms in a row and she was still masturbating with the damned vibrator.

She had howled like a mad woman.

She had melted for him.

She had given him the filthiest spectacle she could...

And she had done it out of fear of the electro-shock, and fear for her husband Pierre, who was sick with AIDS and had spent six years locked in the homosexual's cage. And most of all she had done it for the twins...

This swine who was lying erect under her naked body was their guardian, the legal guardian of her beloved daughters.

She began to tremble just thinking about it...

'Leave the dildo and fuck me, you damned pig...' grunted Bermudez, victim of yet another sharp attack of lust.

Margot fell to her knees. Her legs couldn't hold her up after so long in the squatting position...

'No... not like that, squatting. I want to see your slutty cunt running up and down my cock and squeezing it...'

In spite of having promised herself that she wouldn't do it that night, Margot burst into tears. The brunette in the cage opposite hadn't stopped crying since that filthy scene started...

'Crying with horniness aren't you? You like it then? Look at the state of you!' grunted Bermudez as he grabbed her magnificent breasts once more.

'You're hurting me... Argghhhhh»' protested Margot.

'So what? Aren't you a fucking whore? Isn't it your job? I've paid for this pair of tits' he said, crushing the woman's breasts with greater fury. 'And I'll do exactly what I want with them...'

Margot bit her lips trying not to scream with pain and redoubled her efforts to quench the libido of that son of a whore. She had the secret hope that he would finally be exhausted and leave her alone...

And she managed it, at least the first part...

Mr Bermudez, he who had been her peeping tom neighbour, came noisily, kicking, shouting and shaking convulsively under the young French mother's splendid naked body... He came until his genitals were completely drained. Until he was exhausted...

Margot sighed with relief and finally rested her knees on the mattress... It was now or never...

'Mr Bermudez' she muttered uncertainly and with humiliation, 'may... may I ask you... how are my daughters?'

Corrientes Street, the cellar of the old Pascal house

Mrs Bermudez was having her twelfth orgasm. Miriam, with her nose closed off by the extreme hood, was choking, her mouth full of her adoptive mother's juices. Was she ever going to get tired of this? When would she have enough?

But Mrs Bermudez was enjoying the sex more than she ever had in her life. She was a lesbian and she had just found out. A lesbian that wanted the twins, and that also hated them with all her soul... They were the blonde, pretty, nice, clever daughters of her neighbours. They were young people who were admired and wanted by everyone. On the other hand, Gustavo and Julito were pig ugly, they were sneaky, creepy, slimy and as fat as barrels. Nobody wanted them; they had no friends and even fewer girlfriends... They were the butts of every joke. They were the laughing stock of the school, the gym and the whole neighbourhood. They were going to end up as failures like the idiot who thought he was their father.

But Mrs Bermudez was prepared to change things... The boys would stop being a couple of wretches and they would begin a new life at the twins' expense. She had decided it when she adopted them... One would be for the eldest, so that he could learn how to treat a woman before he went to



'You are a pair of tarts, you always have been. You touch yourselves in secret. You masturbate... and this is very bad. It's a mortal sin, you'll go straight to hell. It's different for men, but for a young lady it's very, very bad... You've inherited your mother's dirty nature... But while you're under my guardianship, I'm going to straighten you out...'

the draft.

Mrs Bermudez finally freed Miriam's head, but she didn't untie her from the bars.

The girl took a few minutes to recover her breath... She had almost suffocated.

Mrs Bermudez spoke to them directly... it was stupid to go on hiding her identity. In fact it always had been...

'You are a pair of tarts, you always have been. You touch yourselves in secret. You masturbate... and this is very bad. It's a mortal sin, you'll go straight to hell. It's different for men, but for a young lady it's very, very bad... You've inherited your mother's dirty nature... But while you're under my guardianship, I'm going to straighten you out...'

Mosquito Marsh Prison, Prostitute's Section

There were a few hours left till dawn and Mrs Pascal was crawling around and around the cage on her hands and her feet. This was an abjectly humiliating posture, especially as she was naked, with a leash tied to her neck like a dog and with the aerial from Marcelino Bermudez' car stuck up her anus. The red sandals with high heels forced her to lean forward more as she crawled, to lift her buttocks even higher...

'Stretch your legs, don't bend your knees, bitches don't do that...'

The only way was opening her legs, she opened them miserably...

'Bark!'

'Woof... woof...'

'Louder for fuck's sake...'

'Woof... woof...'

Bermudez was sitting on a stool in the middle of the cage and holding her by the leash...

'What would your arsehole of a husband say if he could see you now? Tell me... What would he think of you? And what if your daughters could see you? What would Miriam and Gabrielle think of their mother if they saw her like this? My god! They're lucky we took pity on them and cared for them in our home...'

Margot tried to take advantage of the fact that he had mentioned them...

'How are they...?'

'Silence! Bitches don't talk. Bitches bark. Come on... Bark, bitch!'

'Woof... woof...'

'All right pooch... as a reward I'll tell you about your puppies... But first I'll bum you, what do you say to that?'

'Woof... woof...'

Bermudez stood and placed himself between Mrs Pascal's open and outstretched legs. He ripped the aerial out of his ex-neighbour's bottom and forced her buttocks further apart with both hands.

'Ask for it, bitch...'

'Woof... woof...'

And he savagely penetrated her...

'AAHHHHHHHHH!!!'

'Hmmm... You're bum is nicer than your cunt... there... take that, pooch... hmmm...' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'Yes.... And when I'm finished with your bum' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'you'll clean my cock with your tongue... hmmm...' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'Just like a good little bitch would... take that... hummmm...' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP...

Margot bore that final humiliation with her teeth and fists clenched. She was going to burst from one moment to the next, she could take no more... As well as a swine, that henpecked husband was a sadist of the worst kind, an ignoramus who was downtrodden by everyone even by his wife, and he made himself feel like a man by abusing her in this way...

HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'They're' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'real, experienced women now' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'They're really nice' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'Just like you... Ha... Ha... Ha...' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'They resemble you in many ways' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'And I don't just mean the shape of the nose... Ha... Ha... Ha...' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'My wife who, as you know is the boss in my house.' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'has decided to give one of them to the eldest boy, Gustavo' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'So he can play with her' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'So he can have fun with her instead of wanking himself silly...' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'She says the boy has to learn how to fuck' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'Before he goes to the draft' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'And what better way to learn than with a French slut?' HUMMMMPPP... HUMMMMP... 'Ha... Ha...'

Margot had had enough... That was too much...
'THAT'S ENOUGHHHHHH!' she screamed.

Luckily for Mr Bermudez, the jailers came at once in answer to his cries for help...

Corrientes Street

The cautious Mrs Bermudez had arranged everything to make sure that the twins couldn't masturbate alone in the dark cellar...

She had taken a pair of thin leather collars out of the cupboard, with rings at their backs for tying the wrists to. Once someone was cuffed to them, their arms would get no rest without them strangling themselves...

And to stop them rubbing their thighs together, she fixed their ankles to the ends of a three feet long pole. There remained only one detail... How would they get to the pot with their hands tied?

'From now on you'll do that once a day, When I come to feed and rinse you' explained Mrs Bermudez. And then she sealed their anuses with long, thick rubber plugs that had lugs on their bases for fixing cords to. Three cords, one that went tightly around the waist and the other two, both very fine, like shoelaces, went between the buttocks and over the vaginal lips, avoiding the clitoris of course.

She tightened them all up, very tightly...

'For prevention and also as penitence for the thousands of wanks that you have had,' she said as she tightened the damned cords.

'Here no one comes without my permission' she concluded as she grabbed the hose and turned on the tap and the pressure pump. Miriam's mouth needed a good clean...

Mrs Bermudez was so busy ensuring the twins' chastity that she completely forgot to take the hoods off them, hoods that were totally unnecessary since she had revealed her identity to them...

Mrs Pascal in the punishment cage, Mosquito Marsh Prison

Warden Dalton was pleased by the incident. He hated that wimp Bermudez and the French slut's almost killing him had given him an excuse to torture her severely. Just like he wanted to...

'You nearly killed him, whore... didn't I tell you he had paid a fortune to

fuck you?’

‘I... I’m sorry, Sir... I beg you... I... I...’

She burst into tears. Margot Pascal, the woman who had been the most attractive and carefree of all of the European community in the capital before the military take-over, was sobbing and snivelling like a little girl. She knew what was coming, the electro-shock...

The Warden had the hand-generator brought. He liked to spin the handle while his victim was getting fried with the sparks...

Margot watched the preparations with dread, with her shoulders almost dislocated, with her legs racked by cramp and with her vagina and her crotch crying out in terrible pain. A cold, green copper electrode that was wider than her vagina filled her and deformed her...

But no, it wasn’t enough for the Warden to have her squatting over the trestle with her legs stretched to breaking point and her toes tied to the floor... Nor was it enough to torture her with her torso forced over forwards and hanging by her wrists that were bound by her back. Nor to have pulled her elbows cruelly together with another cord...

The Warden showed her the second electrode... It was made of copper too...

‘It’s for your bumhole... I never juiced your bum before did I, whore?’

Margot shook her head convulsively. She was terrified. She knew she was going to die and in the worst possible way...

‘I’ll teach you to be a better whore...’

Without lubrication, he stuck the green corroded metal electrode into her anus. Due the woman’s position, with her sex forced onto the trestle, it was difficult to get it in...

‘Argghhh... arrghhhh... enough... Sir... I promise... never again... please... don’t go on... I... I’ll die...’

‘Silence, whore... you’re no good for fucking now... What the fuck do you want me to do with you?’

And he showed her the crocodile clips that she already knew so well. Until then he had «only» electrocuted her in her armpits and on her nipples, nowhere else... clearly this was going to be an especially severe session...

The Warden sucked on her nipples for a good while, «before frying them,»

he said. He stopped when they were hard and tight, full of blood and especially sensitive... As he always did before putting the crocodile clips on them... And as usual he placed the first one onto her calf, so she would know exactly what was coming.

‘AAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGHHH... OOWWARRGGHHHHH...’

‘OOOWAARRGGGGHHHHHH... YEEEARRGGGGHHHHHH!!!’

‘One...’

‘AAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGHHH... OOWWARRGGHHHHH...’

‘OOOWAARRGGGGHHHHHH... YEEEARRGGGGHHHHHH!!!’

‘Two... There you are... See how easy it is?’ he asked showing her another pair of clips.

Margot shook her head hysterically...

‘No more... please... Sir... No more...’

‘Can you guess where these two go?’

‘For the love of God, sir have mercy...’

The Warden smiled with satisfaction. He was satisfied and erect. This stroked his ego and aroused his lust, to have this foreign bitch, this educated and refined tart, begging him in such a humiliating manner.

He clipped them onto the insides of her thighs...

Margot screamed desperately. The pain was unbearable.

Finally the Warden showed her the needles. They were long and very thin, each one about eight inches long...

‘And these?’ he asked eating her breasts with his gaze.

‘NOOOOOOOOO...!!!’

He stuck one in her left breast going from above to below, and the other, the more painful, from below to above in the right...

‘And be grateful I’m not putting a clip on your nose or tongue as well...’

Eight electric cables now ran from the young French mother’s splendid body. Eight cables that were attached to a junction box that could take a lot more. And from the junction box came two fat cables that connected to the generator.

‘Where shall we begin? Cunt and arse? Tit and cunt? Right nipple and left tit? Or maybe on the thighs to warm up?’

It was on the thighs.

An hour later the Warden opened his sixth beer. It was unbearably hot

and he was sweating like a pig. He was still spinning the handle, the sparks and the woman's tremendous shaking were making the atmosphere hotter than could be humanly withstood.

At his side one of the goons was continuously playing the hose over Mrs Pascal's body. She was more dead than alive now...

The Warden placed the can next to the handle and re-started the session...

The sparks jumped all over the place... The water from the hose just made the ordeal worse... Mrs Pascal's screams could be heard all over Mosquito Marsh Prison.

He was going to kill her, she was sure of it. What's more: she wanted it...

Corrientes Street, family reunion

Mrs Bermudez had taken the hoods off the twins but she hadn't removed the rings from their mouths. She had even washed their hair with the hosepipe and she had combed them... The girls were as good as new.

She made them use the pot one at a time after taking out the rubber plugs. She made them clean the plugs in their mouths. Miriam cleaning Gabrielle's and Gabrielle cleaning Miriam's...

Mrs Bermudez undressed. It was the first time that the twins had seen their stepmother naked and they nearly vomited with disgust. Her entire body was covered with folds of fat, especially her cellulite-covered buttocks. And she stank, even worse than the pot.

Mrs Bermudez was horny... Just going down to the cellar and smelling the twins had made her crazy. She opened the cupboard and took out the double dildo... Where had her husband found all that filth?

She decided on Miriam again. She dragged her into the centre of the cellar, fixed the spreader bar to one of the hooks in the ceiling and sent her face down onto the floor with the help of a knee in her vagina.

'You're going to give me some orgasms, daughter.'

Miriam turned her face away but it did her no good... Mrs Bermudez had already sunk half of the dildo through the ring gag and the other half was sticking obscenely out of her face.

And then she sat on top of her, sinking the rubber into her vagina...

'Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... What joy...!'

She looked down, towards her cunt... under her she had that spoilt argumentative face; that damned wretched face. She had the lovely face

of the Pascal girls.

Mrs Bermudez decided to turn around and change her view... now she was resting her hands on her stepdaughter's breasts and pressing her bottom onto her face. She rode her like that during a dozen long orgasms... And endless session that went on for a couple of hours... a real party during which she never stopped seeking the girl's nose with her anus and forcing it open on it every time she did...

She was literally suffocating her between her buttocks...

She was having a great time... How was it possible she hadn't she thought of this before?

Under her, Miriam was trying to survive by breathing every time the smelly buttocks allowed her to. Her face, breasts and hair were soaked with litres of hot fluids... This was a thousand times worse than the suffocating hood...

In her cage, Gabrielle sobbed quietly, not daring to look... From there it was a really depressing spectacle... That ball of fat squashing her sister's face, bouncing up and down like a deflated balloon...

Mrs Bermudez finished up exhausted, so much so that she couldn't control her sphincter and she let go all over her stepdaughter's face.

That was making the most of a dildo! O yes it was!

Mrs Bermudez stood up not really sure if the girl was still alive...

'More tomorrow, darling' she said grabbing the hosepipe.

Mosquito Marsh Prison, after the torture

Mrs Pascal spent the night squatting over the trestle with her vagina and anus impaled by the electrodes and with all the clips and cables still in place. Every minute, every second that passed, the young French mother thought it would be her last... It was almost worse than the electro-shock.

In the morning Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter, rinsed her with the hosepipe and unhooked her from the ceiling. Then he grabbed her by her ankles and dragged her along the floor to the Warden's room.

Dalton was waiting for her in bed, naked and erect.

'Here's your breakfast, slut' he said showing her his erection.

Margot dragged herself across the floor by her elbows to the bed.

The Warden waited until she had painfully pulled herself onto the bed...

then he grabbed her by her hair and pulled her head back to slap her hard three times...

SLAAAAPPPP... SLAAAPPPPP... SLAAAPPPPP...

Where are your shoes, you wretch? You don't think you're going to suck me off barefoot do you?'

With her cheeks stinging, Margot looked him in the eyes incredulously...

How could he be such a bastard?

'What am I going to do with you?' SLAAAAPPPP... SLAAPPPPP... 'Six years using you as a whore' SLAAAPPPP... SLAAAAPPPP... 'And you still don't know how to dress for work.' SLAAAPPPPP... SLAAAAPPPP... 'As a punishment' SLAAAAPPPP... SLAAAAPPPP... 'Today your husband gets no food.' SLAAAPPPP... SLAAAAPPPP... 'And tonight I'll loan him to Gracian, so he can bugger him...

In the end he let her go. Margot's head and face were hurting. He had slapped her brutally...

If she could have, Margot would have strangled him there and then with her bare hands, with no remorse...

That bastard hadn't let her see her husband for months, and even though she loved him dearly, it made her happy instead of sad...

With a tremendous effort, Margot tried to get up... but she fell to the floor on her face. The warden watched her efforts with amusement, with the eternal sadistic smile on those lips that repulsed Margot so much...

'Hurry up, whore, my balls are aching to be emptied...'

Margot tried again... She understood the swine's veiled threat perfectly...

Margot dragged herself along the floor to the place where she had been tortured brutally... There on the floor she saw the damned red sandals, Warden Dalton's damned fetish.

How many poor wretches in the same situation as her had already worn them? What had become of them?

A traffic jam in the centre of Buenos Aires

Mrs Bermudez had gone to the gym to pick up her eldest son Gustavo. She needed to speak to him alone. The boy had her worried.

The traffic jam was enormous and the heat inside the car dreadful.

'Do you have a girlfriend?' the woman asked straight out.

Gustavo's eyes opened as wide as saucers. What did she mean by asking that? His own mother!

'No mum I don't. Why do you ask?' replied the boy defensively.
'Well it's not strange for a boy of your age... I bet some of your friends have...'

The heat inside the car was getting worse by the second.

'They all do, mum... Migue, Pablito, Scribbler, Lefty... They have a great time fucking their chicks!'

Mrs Bermudez swallowed. This was turning out to be cruder than she had anticipated.

'And you, Gustavito?'

'Don't call me Gustavito, mum!'

'I'm sorry, Gustavo... Why haven't you got a girlfriend?'

'I don't know.'

'But, would you like to have one?'

'Of course mum, I'm sick of wanking.'

The long queue of cars moved forward a few yards. A little breeze came in the window...

'Couldn't your friends introduce you to one their girlfriend's friends...'

'They can't be bothered, mum. I'm too fat and they're embarrassed...'

Mrs Bermudez preferred not to pry further...

'And what about you, is there any girl you like especially?'

'Yes...' replied the boy dryly.

'Is she a classmate?'

'No.'

'From the gym?'

'No'

'Are you embarrassed to tell your mum?'

'I like the twins, mum,' gushed Gustavo suddenly as if the words were escaping from his mouth on their own.

'But... I thought you couldn't get along with them?'

'I can't bear them, I hate them... Of all the girls they are always the first to laugh at me. The whole school is laughing at me because of them. I really hate them... Everyone follows them around and because I'm their brother they ignore me.'

'I don't understand, son... Do you like them or do you hate them?'

'You sound silly, mum. Miriam and Gabrielle are really hot. They're the coolest babes in the school... I would give anything to screw them!'

This time Mrs Bermudez swallowed. She hadn't expected him to speak in such a crude manner...

It was all falling into place.

The heat increased inside the car. Mrs Bermudez cleared her throat a couple of times.

'And out of the two of them, which one do you prefer?'

'It makes no difference, but to tell the truth...'

'What, son?'

'They both laugh at me... But Miriam always starts it. Then Gabrielle follows her...'

'So you prefer Gabrielle...'

'No mum, I would rather screw Miriam... I hate her more.'

Mrs Bermudez breathed in deeply. There was no doubt that her son was a monster.

And the little monster went on...

'I would have asked you for it, mum...'

'For what, son?'

'To fix it for me...'

'To fix what for you, son?'

'For me to fuck Miriam.'

He was a monster all right.

'But... have you ever asked her? Maybe she...'

'Of course I did... And she beat me up with Gabrielle and some of their friends. And then they told the whole school that I wanted to screw her and that they had beaten me up...'

'But... why didn't you tell your mum? Tell me darling...why didn't you tell me about this?'

'I was embarrassed, mum...'

The jam moved forward a few yards. The afternoon sun flooded into the car. The heat was suffocating, mother and son sweated as if they were in a sauna...

'They kicked me in the balls and they all grabbed me and they undid my trousers...'

'And what else, son?' Mrs Bermudez was indignant and furious.

'They laughed at my cock... And Miriam wanked me off with a Kleenex.'

Mrs Bermudez was filled with a poisonous rage. She knew that the relationship between her sons and that pair of French sluts was pretty

difficult, but she had never suspected that it had reached such depths. 'Don't shout at them, mum. They'll get their own back and I couldn't stand it all over again...' said Gustavo visibly stressed. He was crying with rage.

'I'm the school idiot' he whimpered. 'They call me tubby and also TBB.' 'TBB?'

'Yes the Twin's Butt Boy...'

Mrs Bermudez was about to embrace her son, but the queue had moved forward a little and the sound of impatient horn blowing stopped her.

'Don't worry, son... I'm not going to punish them. At least not for that... You're going to do it.'

'Me punish the twins? How, mum?'

'I'll hold them while you do what you must and what you want to do. That's fair.'

'But later... in school...'

'The twins won't be going back to school. Neither will you or your brother, I'm going to change you.'

'Can I really hit Miriam, mum?'

'As much as you like.'

'I... well... erm...'

'What's up, son?'

'It's that she's really fit... I already said.'

'Do you want to make love to her?'

'Don't be a prude, mum. I want to fuck her, and if she won't let me, I want to rape her.'

The traffic jam disappeared as suddenly as it had formed and mother and son reached their home in a few minutes.

Mosquito Marsh Prison, the Warden's room

With the red high-heeled sandals on and on her knees, of course, Mrs Pascal was giving the Warden of the place where she was imprisoned the oral attention he demanded of her.

After so many multiple daily practise sessions, Mrs Pascal was a real expert and she understood the jailer's signals to perfection. One touch on her head meant «faster». Two meant, «slower». The rest didn't need a code... the Warden would hold her by her hair and crush her face against his belly spearing her throat with his member, or guide her lips and tongue to where he felt the most need to feel them...

This time, Mrs Pascal was swallowing the Warden's penis with long and slow gobbles, sucking with all the strength of her cheeks and lungs. As if she was trying to extract the semen from his testicles by force of vacuum without him having to ejaculate...

And it's redundant to say that Warden was in paradise and that he would have prolonged that immeasurable pleasure all morning. But the things that were going through his mind were too risky to tell her with his cock stuck in the French whore's mouth.

Two taps on the head...

Margot increased her rhythm...

Two more...

Faster...

Another two...

Margot's lips were sliding up and down her jailer's penis at a dizzying speed. The Warden's testicles were pulsating...

The warden clenched his fists in the bed sheets...

'AAAGGHHHHHHH' He muttered as he came like a pig...

It was his first orgasm of the day and so it was more copious than usual.

Mrs Pascal, one of the most respected and envied foreign ladies in the capital, tried to swallow the spunk that the seedy pariah was spitting directly into her throat... And to carefully lick his member, his testicles, his crotch and even the crack of his buttocks, clean of every last drop of spilled semen. She was his whore and the price he paid for her service was the lives of her daughters and her husband...

Revenge in Corrientes Street

Mrs Bermudez didn't wait until night. Neither did she take the usual bucket of dog food; instead she took a jar of hot milk mixed with Tabasco. Mrs Bermudez crossed the garden, passed through the security door, switched on the light and going down the stairs opened Miriam's cage. The girl looked at her with dread. She knew her stepmother very well and she knew how dangerous she was when she had that expression on her face...

Mrs Bermudez pulled her to her feet by her hair and dragged her out of the cage.

Miriam shouted and fell to the floor, tripped over by the leg spreader.

Mrs Bermudez took it off her, stood her up again and threw her over the trestle, tying her ankle to the legs and her neck to a hook in the floor.

The girl was now bent over the trestle with her legs stretched wide apart and her bottom up high...

Mrs Bermudez pulled the plug out of her bottom and plugged in a hot milk and Tabasco enema.

'AAAAARRRRGGGGHHHHHH!!!'

And another... and more, until there were five...

'AARRRGHHHHHHHH OOWWAARRRRGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!'

'Shit yourself, you damned slut. I'll teach you to abuse your brother!'

Miriam couldn't hold it back in spite of her humiliation at doing like that... The force of it surprised Mrs Bermudez.

She used the high-pressure hose to clean it all up, including Miriam herself, inside and out... she stuck the nozzle of the hose directly into her bottom in the place of the enema...

Until the water came out as clean as it went in...

Mrs Bermudez released the girl from the trestle and threw her onto the bed. Weakened and with her wrists fixed at the back of her neck, Miriam couldn't defend herself. She was barely able to give Mrs Bermudez a couple of weak kicks and she soon fixed that by tying her ankles apart with a rope that she passed under the bed frame. The girl was left with her legs spread wide open and only the thighs resting on the mattress... She couldn't move, she was completely exposed and defenceless, painfully split open. She was wiggling her bound elbows in desperation like a wounded butterfly, but even this was refused her; with a pair of cords Mrs Bermudez tied her stepdaughter's elbows to the corners of the bed.

With a sharp knife she cut open the strappy T-shirt from top to bottom... 'You have a guest, you little viper' she said, sinking a fat, buzzing vibrator into her wide-open vagina. A vibrator that took with it her virginity... Before going up for her son, Mrs Bermudez put a couple of drops of perfume behind her adopted daughter's ears, and some in her armpits and her crotch... When she was closing the bottle she had second thoughts and opening it again she soaked the girl's sex lips with the stinging perfume.

Mosquito Marsh Prison

Warden Dalton was still lying obscenely naked on the bed. Mrs Pascal was licking his feet and she was naked too, apart from the red high-heeled sandals of course. She was licking between the toes where the majority of filth and stench had accumulated... The Warden never took a shower... why should he, when he had his French whore to take care of his hygiene with her tongue?

‘How long since you saw your husband, whore?’

The hairs on the back of her neck stood on end... She had been afraid of hearing that question from one moment to the next.

‘Do you want to see him? A whore always keeps a special place in her heart for her first pimp...’

Mrs Pascal then got a kick in her face...

‘Answer, fuck it! Do you want to see him or not?’

‘No... no Sir I don’t want to...’

‘It makes no difference what you want. I bet he wants to see you, I’m sure of it... Although not for what you think, he doesn’t like chicks anymore. Gracian has seduced him. He spends all day wishing for Gracian to go down and bugger him.’

‘That’s a lie!’ Protested Margot.

‘How dare you? Are you insinuating that the Warden of this hallowed institution is a liar?’

‘No... no...’ replied Margot hastily.

‘Keep cleaning my feet, slut... Suck my nails, I think I trod on some shit this morning, barefoot... Ha... Ha... Ha...’

Mrs Pascal obeyed at once. Anything was better and less risky than that conversation. But the Warden didn’t seem to be about to let such a great chance to humiliate his whore slip through his fingers...

‘So I’m right? You think your husband is a fucking poofter?’

Margot didn’t reply. She just kept on sucking his toes with dedication...

‘Say it, slut. Say that your husband is a fucking queer...’

Margot raised her eyes from the feet she was licking. Her eyes were full of tears.

‘Pierre... my husband... is homosexual...’

‘Queer’

‘He’s... queer...’

‘Well done! And as well as a woofder, your husband is a moron... he

must be a wanker to let a female like you get the better of him...

Corrientes Street, brotherly love

'Remember you promised to keep the secret. You won't tell anyone, even your brother.'

'Don't worry, mum!'

Gustavo couldn't believe his eyes. This was a thousand times better than a porno film!

'And most importantly... You mustn't open Gabrielle's cage or untie her.'

'Don't worry, mum.'

And mummy left, but not before taking the wildly buzzing vibrator out of Miriam's vagina.

And Miriam, terrified, saw how that monster, that ball of grease that they called her brother, slowly undressed without taking his eyes off her blood-stained sex lips for a moment.

The cellar was filled with a terrible stink of feet...

Mosquito Marsh Prison

And, like every time when they forced her see her husband, Mrs Pascal had to shower, wash her hair and comb it up into a bun so her husband would be able to see every detail of her face. She also had to make herself up and put on one of the dresses that the Warden had brought personally from her house after she was arrested. On her feet, she wore the red high-heeled sandals, needless to say.

This time the Warden had decided on the red dress that Pierre had bought his wife before they were married. It was very special... It was a bedroom dress. Margot held the secret belief that the night she first wore it was the night when the twins were conceived... It was short and off the shoulder with a low back and a plunging neckline. It was almost non-existent.

A lacy arabesque pattern was all that covered the front; it was extremely sexy and provocative. It had been a whim of Pierre's and the Pascals had only used it on very special occasions.

Now the red dress was in the power of Warden Dalton. «Confiscated», according to him. And he was the one who would decide when Mrs Pascal should wear it.

Corrientes Street. Gustavito loses it...

'You're a lovely fuck, sis'

Miriam was pressing her cheek to the bed with her eyelids closed, biting the ring that had been distorting and torturing her jaws for more than a week with all her strength.

The thing that she felt inside her was her stepbrother's penis!

It was stupid Tubby's penis.

He was crushing her... And the stench of garlic on his breath was making her retch uncontrollably, and the smell of his feet did not help much either!

And he was hurting her a lot. Tubby was biting her nipples viciously, he was sinking his nails into her hips until he was scratching her and he was flattening her belly and her sex with pounding thrusts of his pelvis.

Most of all, Tubby repulsed her.

It was him that disgusted her most, more than her stepparents.

It repulsed her to feel so intimately invaded by that damned ball of fat, that malformed excuse for a human being. His sickening grunts repulsed her, his bodily stench, his garlic breath... Everything about him made her sick. His face, slack-jawed while he was raping her, his mouth spitting at her with every gasp... God, make him come now!

Mosquito Marsh Prison

'Let me have a look, turn around...'

It was the humiliating moment of the inspection.

Mrs Pascal had arrived in the Warden's office properly adorned for her visit to her husband.

The Warden, sitting in the armchair with his army boots on the desk, watched her with attention.

'Come here...'

Mrs Pascal walked around the table.

'Is your cunt painted? You know your hubby likes it...'

'Yes... Sir...'

'Let me see it then...'

Mrs Pascal raised the red dress a little, it didn't need much, and she pushed her hips forward while bending her legs slightly.

The Warden licked his lips. That marvellous woman's cunt drove him crazy. The cunt had been painstakingly depilated with tweezers, no machines or razors. It was a small cunt but it had thick, prominent lips,



'You're a lovely fuck, sis'

and the pubis bulged slightly. The lips had been carefully painted with lipstick.

The Warden could have eaten it there and then, but he held back. He also inspected her nipples through the lace of the dress, they had been painted red too. They were as hard as rocks, just as they should be.

‘Kneel...’

The inspection went onto her face... The lips were okay, and the eyes, the hair perfectly tied up... Yes the French whore was pretty. Really pretty. She was a tremendously attractive woman.

The Warden looked in the drawer and found a pair of golden bells. Margot put them on as earrings.

‘That’s okay’ he said finally. ‘I think he’ll like you... But before you go down to see him, moisten a bit between the legs and sharpen up your nipples too.’

The brutal rape in Corrientes Street continues...

In the Pascal cellar the degrading torment of the daughters continued, as did the brutal rape of one of them.

Gustavo had already come. As he had three times in a row. The chick was fantastic and it was even more exciting to fuck her when she was tied to the bed with that thing stuck in her mouth. It drove him wild to see her throat and tongue while he was raping her...

Yes Sir, mum is very ingenious, he thought.

Gustavo, Tubby to the twins and their friends, was still on top of his sister, crushing her under his vast weight... He was speaking to her, he was speaking and grabbing handfuls of her breasts.

‘You like a nice fuck, sister?’

Miriam turned her face away from his breath and his stare... Now that she didn’t have that horrid thing stuck in her vagina, Miriam eyes were as wide as saucers as she cried bitterly, her stare lost in space, in some place far from the cellar. A place that didn’t exist.

‘Of course you like it. Did you count them? There were three... One, two and three’ he said proudly. He pinched her nipple three times.

Miriam’s face clenched three times... and she went on crying without listening to him, with her mind blank, trying to forget what was happening and to forget that she was there. Trying at all costs to ignore the insidious

kneading that her breasts were suffering and the awful stench that the swine gave off...

'Mum says you're as much of a whore as your mother. That you're a slut... She says they locked her up for being a whore, because she was a danger to public order... I bet she fucks like a train.'

Sick of talking to himself, Gustavo grabbed his sister's head by her hair and bent it back until their eyes met...

'I told you that other day... I was dying to fuck you, little sister... And now things are going to be different between us, you'll see... the bad times are over... Mum told me that I can keep you... After I've done my homework I can come down and see you, well fuck you...'

Horrified, Miriam felt Tubby's erection growing between her thighs again... He was talking with his eyes rolled back, with his mouth twisted into a rictus, spitting on her with every syllable that he pronounced...

'And Saturday afternoons as well, and Sundays after Mass and before lunch, and all afternoon until dinnertime. Can you imagine it? Me and you alone every Sunday afternoon... naked... together like this... Can you feel it? It's getting going again...'

Gustavo agitated his hips trying to ease his erection back into his sister...

Miriam reacted with an attack of hysteria, twisting against the cords that bound her and shaking her head in a desperate attempt to free it from the claws of that swine and get him off her...

Gustavo kned her in the crutch...

'Easy sister... What the fuck is wrong with you now? Can't you laugh at me with that thing in your mouth? Can't you call your fucking bitch friends to get them to help you to wank me off?'

Miriam became still under her brother's enormous weight. She couldn't have felt more exposed with her mouth wide open, with her wrists at the back of her neck, with her elbows stuck to the mattress with cords, with her ankles tied under the bed and spread wide apart like a frog... That fucking brat was dangerous, even more so now with the resentment that he felt for her... She and her sister had gone too far with him, her especially... And being in his hands now horrified her... Apart from Gabrielle in her cage there was no one else in the cellar. No one to stop him...

Gustavo slid down the bed... Miriam felt his breath between her legs. 'They say that chicks have a little tiny cock hidden down here... Yes... look at that... Here it is!' Exclaimed Gustavo prising her clitoris out of its hood of flesh.

Miriam closed her eyes and started to tremble... that stinking fat swine was sucking it!

'Mum also promised me another thing... SLURP... SLURP... That tomorrow, that's Saturday morning... SLURP... SLURP... she's going to help me... SLURP... SLURP... give you both a good hiding... SLURP... SLURP... A punishment for what you did to me... SLURP... SLURP... SLURP... SLURP...'

Mosquito Marsh Prison, Male Wing gym

Pierre Pascal was sitting on an iron chair that was screwed to the floor of what should have been the prison gym.

Mr Pascal was waiting for his wife's visit, naked as the day he was born. Gracian, the homosexual jailer who was in charge of him, had cuffed his wrists to the back legs and his ankles to the front legs. This was enough to ensure that he couldn't move an inch from the seat where his anus was impaled on a rod that was screwed to it. Mr Pascal couldn't complain about his situation because Gracian had stuffed his dirty underpants into his mouth and sealed it with sticky tape.

Mr Pascal had one electrode attached to his left testicle by a formidable battery clip. The other contact point was the seat itself.

In front of the chair, exactly one yard away there was a little mattress on the floor and next to it there was a push button that turned the current on. Before leaving him alone to wait for his wife, Gracian knelt between his legs and sucked his penis until it was as hard as a rock.

A few minutes later Warden Dalton arrived with Mrs Pascal on his arm, she had her hair piled up in a bun and she was perfectly made-up; she was wearing a pair of red high-heeled sandals and a provocative red dress made of lace in an Arab motif.

Corrientes Street

One hour later, when Mrs Bermudez went down to the cellar, she found her son Gustavo kneeling on her stepdaughter's arms with his large obese

buttocks resting on the girl's young breasts. Gustavo had hold of her by her hair and he was pulling her head forward until her forehead touched him, he was fucking her face through the ring gag that was forcing her jaws apart.

Mrs Bermudez looked at her son with pride. It was the first time she had seen his penis since the time she used to change his nappies... «In my house I don't allow any family promiscuity,» she boasted to her friends at church.

He was a bit fat, yes. Maybe too fat and he wasn't all that handsome either, but he had a fine cock. Yes Sir, much better than the cock that belonged to man who thought he was his father...

'Come on, Superman, get off her now' she said. 'Your dinner's on the table. You need to keep your strength up for tomorrow...'

But Gustavo was in a world of his own... a world of fucking hated sister's faces... He was getting his own back in the only way he now had of getting his own back...

Mummy had to grab him by his shoulders.

'Come on, champ, get off her now. Your father and your brother will have started by now. You don't want them asking lots of questions...'

Reluctantly, Gustavo finally freed his sister's head and it fell heavily back onto the mattress.

Miriam turned her head, trying to force out everything that had built up in her mouth. A river of spit, sperm, sweat and urine flooded past the ring gag onto the mattress.

'Aren't you coming, mum?' Asked Gustavo once he was dressed.

'No, son. I have already eaten. Mummy has things to do down here... Off you go now, upstairs.'

Meeting in Mosquito Marsh Prison gym

Warden Dalton held Mrs Pascal by her narrow and elegant waist. Mr Pascal was naked and erect. He was also tied to an iron chair, gagged and he had an electrode clipped to his left testicle.

'Come on darling... walk around a bit, let Mr Pascal see how fit you are...'

Margot paraded up and down and around the mattress in her bedroom dress made of provocative red lace...

It was humiliating, humiliating and cruel. As much for her, as for Mr Pascal, who couldn't take his eyes off his wife's splendid body... The Warden pulled the woman to him by her hips and held her possessively.

Margot knew perfectly well what the following act of this disgusting show was going to be...

Mrs Pascal had to take a furtive look at the electric button to gather her strength...

She placed her arms around the Warden's neck; she stood on tiptoe and kissed him deeply on the mouth while rubbing his genitals with her bare thigh.

It was a long, deep and noisy kiss... It was very exaggerated with a great exchange of saliva.

When the Warden moved her away, Mrs Pascal rubbed her lips with the back of her arm. She was trembling and crying her eyes out...

Mr Pascal had closed his eyes minutes before...

The spark in his testicles made him open them wide. All the Warden had to do was tread on the button to make him jump inches above the seat. The pole stayed stuck into his anus though.

'Open your eyes wide, you fucking queer, and watch while a real man gets fucked by your wife. Ha... Ha... Ha...'

Mrs Pascal was already on her knees on the mattress and she was lowering his zipper.

'Look, look, don't miss any of this. She's dying to eat my cock, your little tart of a wife...'

Mrs Pascal ate that degenerate's cock with the same exaggerated passion and noise as she had kissed him. And she did it so that her face was in profile to her husband. So that her tied-back hair didn't hide any details from him. And with the little bells on her earrings tinkling gaily...

The Warden came all over her face to enhance the couple's humiliation and pain...

But that wasn't the end of the show.

Margot did a strip tease of the most provocative kind, as the Warden had taught her to do, like a slut in a night-club.

Once the exciting show was over, Dalton lay on the mattress... Completely naked except for the red high-heeled sandals, Mrs Dalton knelt between his legs and sucked his member back to life...

‘Do you need more proof? Can you see, you fucking queer? She never gets enough. Not since I started to fuck her... Come on, whore...’ finished the Warden giving her a sound slap on the face.

Red with rage and shame, Mrs Pascal squatted over Warden Dalton, her jailer and regular rapist. And she mounted him less than a yard away from her husband until he came again, this time into the depths of her vagina.

The Warden slapped her again.

‘Did you come, slut?’

‘No... Sir... There wasn’t time....’ It was useless to lie.

‘Lie down on the mattress on your back.’

Mrs Pascal obeyed. The woman offered a really suggestive sight lying back naked but for the sandals, with one leg outstretched and the other slightly bent and with her firm breasts flattened against her chest by gravity...

A provocation that Pierre wasn’t immune to, my god how he wanted her!

The Warden got on top of her; he penetrated her and began to fuck her with loud sighs... She desperately stroked him with her legs, with her thighs and with her calves... She put her arms around his neck; she kissed him on the mouth... she writhed under him trying to excite him, to make him enjoy... To give him the best time she could...’

The Warden turned her face towards her husband... He bit her ear, he licked her neck and he sucked her nipples...

‘Look at your husband, slut... He’s hard. Hard from seeing my bum... Tell him... tell him that he’s a fucking queer.’

Margot started to cry...

‘You’re... you’re a queer...’ said the woman obediently.

The Warden smiled with satisfaction. This splendid and untouchable woman was his toy now...

‘And now, slut, you’re going to come without taking your eyes off him... I want him to see your face when a man like me makes you come...’

Margot really tried, but only the Warden came. For the third time...

Margot quite simply couldn't. She wasn't able to.

A second spark charred Mr Pascal's genitals.

'Now you're for it...' grunted Warden Dalton as he sent for Gracian, Pierre's homosexual jailer.

Corrientes Street, mother and daughter in law

As soon as Gustavo left the cellar, fastening his trousers as he went, his mother lifted her skirt and squatted on Miriam. She wasn't wearing any panties and her cunt was filthy with menstruation and thick flux.

'It's your mother in law's go now, whore' she said sticking the double dildo into the girl's mouth.

'Arrgghhh... arrghhhh... arrghhh...'

'It's funny isn't it? Don't you think, whore? In less than two hours I've gone from being your mother to being your mother in law... It's only normal, you must admit, that a mother in law is jealous of her daughter in law... After all she is stealing her son away! Well unlike others I'm not going to hide my jealousy.'

And having said that, Mrs Bermudez sank the dildo into her vagina until her clitoris was pressed against the girl's nose. The she began to ride her face with brutal thrusts of her pelvis.

'Open your eyes wide, whore... AAAHHHHH... AAAHHHH... and pay attention to your mother in law's cunt... AHHHH... AHHHH... Soon you'll be tonguing it... AHHHH... AHHHH... Your beloved mother in law is going to domesticate you a bit!'

But Miriam didn't open her eyes and Mrs Bermudez didn't seem to mind either because she turned around as she was with the dildo in her cunt and she sat down on the girl's face... until she had her twelfth orgasm, the same number as the previous day. Also she couldn't control her sphincter again this time. Only this time, unlike the previous day, she didn't use the hosepipe before leaving. She was tired.

In the gym, Mosquito Marsh Prison

Naked with her legs stretched out and her feet about one foot apart, bent over with her hands resting on the iron chair in which her husband was sitting with his anus impaled, Mrs Pascal was being brutally raped by

Gracian, her husband's homosexual turnkey.

Gracian was a professional torturer and it made no difference to him if he was raping a man or a woman, especially when, as was the case this time, he could look at the torso and naked shoulders of his favourite prisoner, Pierre Pascal...

And like a good professional, the homosexual could go on torturing Mr Pascal's wife sexually for as many hours as it took without coming, staying erect.

'He's not stopping until you come, whore,' grunted the Warden pulling the woman's head back by the hair.

Mrs Pascal was suffering this torment with her eyes closed, biting her lips... She had closed her eyes so she wouldn't see her husband's face, which was right in front of hers. And she was biting her lips with rage, rage against herself for not being able to achieve a quick orgasm under those circumstances...

'Pay close attention to what's happening, you bastard. With anyone... even with a queer like Gracian' grunted the Warden to Pierre Pascal while shaking his wife's head. 'Before long she's dripping on the floor... I'm telling you and I know her well... she's a randy pig... a horny bitch... Since I made her my whore she hasn't done anything but come and come over and over again... At any time and anywhere... look at her... look at her...'

Margot's breathing was very agitated... She could see Pierre staring at her breasts as they hung under her bent-over torso. She knew how much she excited him in that position. Pierre was erect.

Margot burst into tears again. How was such evil possible?

Like a good professional, Gracian felt his victim's orgasm growing with the rhythm of his rape...

Margot screamed more with rage than pleasure. Margot came; and collapsed like a wet rag in front of her husband, raped by a homosexual jailer...

But Gracian didn't stop; he went on raping her for a few minutes longer... until he had wrenched out every orgasm that the wretched woman had to offer, to the amusement of the jailers.

'Did you have a nice come, whore?'

'Yes... yes... Sir.' She answered between sighs; she was terribly humiliated. 'Now it's Gracian's turn. He's done a good job on you and it's only fair that you show your gratitude... fuck her your way, lad... The way you like it...'

And Gracian buggered Mrs Pascal brutally...

'AARRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH'

'NNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!'

Like any good homosexual Gracian liked arses and the age and sex or species of them made no difference to him...

Luckily for Mrs Pascal, Gracian's orgasm didn't take long to arrive. As soon as he let go of her hips, Mrs Pascal fell to the floor with her anus ripped open; she lay between her husband's legs and cried bitterly.

'There, just Mr Pascal left now...' said the Warden.

Defeated, Margot raised her eyes to the Warden and then to her husband's erection...

'Not you, you slut. Let Gracian do it... Your hubby likes it better like that...'

Held by her hair with her face a few inches from her husband's genitals, Mrs Pascal had a front row seat for that denigrating fellatio.

At the last moment, Gracian pulled away and aimed the jets of semen into Margot's face. It was the same precious sperm that had given her daughters...

'I told you, slut... you're husband is a fucking queer,' grunted the Warden, pushing her to the mattress.

She blew a fuse and thrashed around, scratching and screaming and wiping the dripping semen out of her eyes. This time Gracian had to hold her down...

Punishment in the cellar in Corrientes Street

That Saturday morning, Julio and his dad went to the funfair. Gustavo stayed at home. He had to study...

A few minutes later his mother came up to get him. The woman had been down in the old Pascal house cellar for a while getting everything ready...

'Get the ping-pong bat. You're going to play with the girls.'

Gustavo looked at his mother with disappointment...

‘Play ping-pong mum?’

‘Do as you’re told, son.’

And Gustavo obeyed. And when he came down the stairs with the ping-pong bat in his hand and saw what was waiting for him, he wasn’t sorry... Miriam and Gabrielle were waiting out of their cages, both of them naked and both of them perfectly prepared, next to one another...

From the side, the twins formed a suggestive «S» shape where they were severely fixed to two bars that were placed horizontal to the floor. It was a simple piece of scaffold in an «H» shape with three crossbars instead of one. It was firmly anchored to the floor and the ceiling.

The girls were resting their pelvises on the lower bars and their shoulder blades on the middle one. Their arms were over the middle bar on which their armpits were rested. Mrs Bermudez had tied their wrists in front of their bodies, forcing their shoulders back and the breasts out, and their torsos into a pronounced «S» shape, the curves of which were formed by the breasts and buttocks.

A second cord hung from the highest bar and was knotted tightly in their hair; this stopped the girls from leaning forward.

Apart from that, the girl’s legs were free but bent. The height of the device prevented them from kneeling or stretching their legs...

From behind, their tight round bottoms stuck out provocatively, perfectly placed for what was to follow.

In front, their young breasts were sticking out no less noticeably and clearly attracting the attention of Gustavo, their stepbrother...

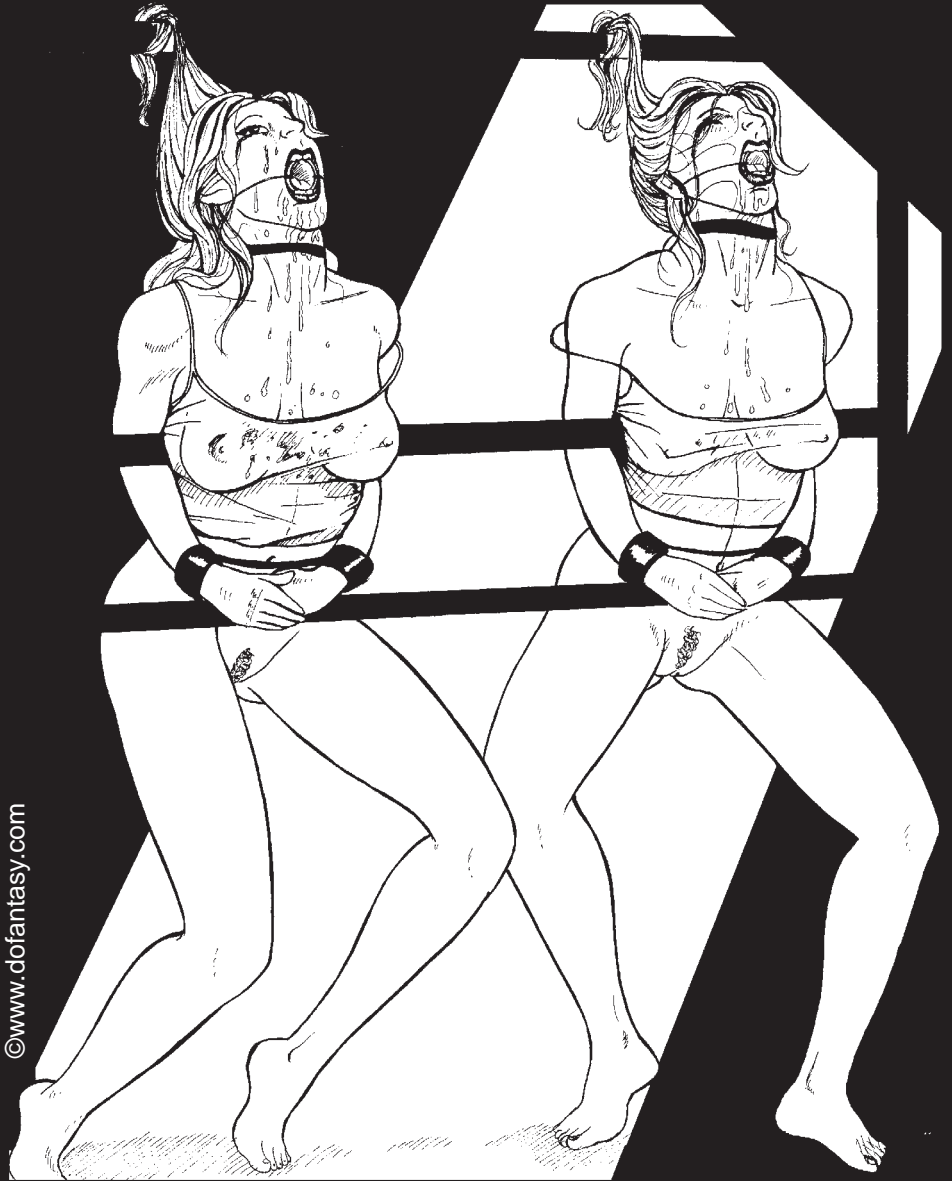
‘Help yourself, son’ said Mrs Bermudez. ‘I think you have a couple of scores to settle with your sisters. And from the stairs she added... ‘Hit them wherever you like with the bat, but not in their faces.’

Mosquito Marsh

The Pascal’s humiliating sexual torture session had affected Margot’s attitude.

Warden Dalton noticed it at once...

It was Saturday morning and, as every morning. Mrs Pascal was kneeling naked and sucking the Warden’s cock in his room.



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'Help yourself, son' said Mrs Bermudez. 'I think you have a couple of scores to settle with your sisters. And from the stairs she added... 'Hit them wherever you like with the bat, but not in their faces.'

But she wasn't doing it with the usual devotion. Neither did she show willing when the man ordered her to ride him «until you've emptied my balls with your slutty cunt».

While he was coming like a pig under his prisoner's spectacular body, the Warden guessed that the woman needed a stimulus.

When the humiliating session was over Dalton picked up the phone... Margot was licking his genitals, cleaning up all that the sex act had stained... SLURP... SLURP...

'Hello Mrs Bermudez, it's Warden Dalton here, how are you? SLURP... SLURP... How are your family? SLURP... SLURP... yes... of course... SLURP... SLURP... You don't say, that's fantastic! So your oldest has made friends with one of the twins... SLURP... SLURP... You must be happy, Mrs Bermudez... a daughter in law like that is hard to find... SLURP... SLURP... yes... of course I understand... Well I'm calling because I need you to lend me one of the twins for a while. So we'll arrange that in due course, okay? SLURP... SLURP... No... don't worry... she won't need a suitcase... she'll find everything she needs here... SLURP... SLURP... And she'll be with her mother... SLURP... SLURP... Yes tomorrow morning, I'll send a van to collect her. You're very kind, Mrs Bermudez. Give my regards to Mr Bermudez... SLURP... SLURP...

The Warden hung up the phone, grabbed Mrs Pascal by her hair and crushed her face to his genitals...

'Eat my cock, you whore... And do a good job this time if you want to go on being my whore...' Mrs Pascal wriggled free of the claw that held her and looked the Warden in the eyes furiously.

'Kill me, you son of a whore. Kill me for once and for all and leave me alone.'

The Warden smiled, he stood up slowly and looked for something in the drawer of his bedside table.

Margot closed her eyes, certain that he was going to take out a pistol and shoot her on the spot.

'Look at this, you slut...'

But no, it wasn't a pistol. That bastard was showing her the photos that Mr Bermudez had stolen from her daughters...

'What do you think of your babies? I think they're especially attractive... even more so knowing what a dirty pig their mother is in bed. Chips off

the old block, as we say.'

Tears flooded Mrs Pascal's eyes. She didn't recognise them. The twins were young women of outstanding beauty.

'Tomorrow I'm having this one brought here' said the Warden showing her the photo of Gabrielle. In it the girl had just got out of a swimming pool, her skin was wet and she was adjusting the crotch of her swimming costume. Miriam had taken the picture.

Margot bit her lips with fury.

'I've got to think about a replacement for you. A man like me needs certain feminine attentions... I hardly need to tell you, you being my whore and all! And obviously... as you're no good anymore, I have to find another and Gabrielle is just right for the job... After a breaking-in period of course.'

Margot started to sob. More damned blackmail. She had decided to give up on her husband and leave her daughters to their fates. She had heard nothing about them for six years... But now it was different. She would see Gabrielle, they would be in the same jail, the same hell.

The Warden ran the photo between his buttocks... It came out disgustingly filthy. With a sadistic smile he turned around and knelt on the bed; he parted his buttocks and said...

'Clean my arse, you slut and give me a wank while you're at it...'

Margot almost fainted at the stench that came from him...

Margot swallowed, closed her eyes, took the obscenely dangling genitals in her hands and stuck her face between her jailer's buttocks.

'If it's not as clean as a whistle, your daughter will have to go on cleaning it tomorrow morning...'

Revenge in the Corrientes Street cellar

Gustavo, Tubby to everyone but his parents, was walking around the twins with a hungry look on his face. He was swaggering more than walking, grotesquely wobbling and smacking the palm of his hand with the table tennis bat.

Miriam and Gabrielle, completely naked and with the flexible rings in their mouths, watched their stepbrother cautiously...

They were terrified. They knew how much he hated them and how violently unpredictable he could be...

‘So, now you’re sorry...’

The twins nodded desperately... wriggling their legs in an effort to ease the discomfort and trying to make the posture Mrs Bermudez had tied them up in a little more dignified.

Gustavo undressed in front of Miriam. She was his girlfriend after all...

The girl turned her face away... once more that horrid body, that awful stench...

Resting the bat on her cheek, Gustavo forced her to look at his erection...

‘Did you enjoy it last night, sweetie? I was great wasn’t I? It’s a shame you can’t tell your girlfriends about it... They would be queuing up outside my door... HA... HA... Ha... Answer me, you fucking cunt!!! Did you enjoy it or not’

Miriam looked at him furiously and energetically shook her head.

‘You’re a fucking liar’ said the boy starting to swagger around the girls again...

SMAAAAAASSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

It was a clean blow, brutally delivered with all the strength in his arm. It hit Miriam’s left buttock.

‘AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!’

The skin reddened at once, the girl kicked her feet hysterically, scratching the floor with her toes. She shook so hard that she almost ripped her hair out by the roots...

SMAAAAAASSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

‘AAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!’

The second landed in exactly the same place and the pain was a thousand times worse. Her flesh had been extremely sensitised...

SMAAAAAASSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

‘AAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!’

SMAAAAAASSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

‘AAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!’

This time it was two in a row, back-handers on her left buttock. Gustavo was really making her pay... He was torturing her...

Miriam struggled hysterically, her saliva was gushing through the ring gag, and her tears were soaking her face and breasts and dripping onto

the floor... She was sweating... She was screaming...

She was kicking out to left and right.

Then that swine was back in front of her and lifting her chin with the damned bat...

'I'll ask you just once more... Did you or did you not enjoy the shag?'

Miriam nodded with her face down and her eyes full of tears.

SMAAAAAASSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

'AAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!'

This time it was back hander, on the upswing, on her right breast. It was savagery.

'Did you like it, you slut? Did you like the shag I gave you?'

This time Miriam nodded energetically spraying drops of saliva and tears to left and right. She had her eyes closed and she was biting the ring gag with all her strength, furiously. Her body and mind were unable to absorb the pain of that brutal blow...

Another one like that would kill her...

Gustavo peed in her face... aiming at her eyes and into the ring gag.

Miriam started to cry with renewed bitterness. The hatred had gone completely from her face, her blue eyes now begged for mercy. They pleaded with him not hit her any more, begged him to do anything he wanted to her except beat her with table tennis bat. That she couldn't take any more. Those five blows had been enough to subjugate her... to make her give up completely, to make her humiliate herself in front of her hated brother whenever he asked her to.

The sixth hit her left breast, on the upswing again and it was disastrous...

Miriam passed out immediately, and Gustavo, the apprentice sadist, had no choice but to stop torturing her...

For a few moments he thought he had killed her and that gave him a lot of pleasure. A genetic fault that he had inherited from his mother, Mrs Bermudez had made young Gustavo into a potential murderer.

But all was not lost, Gustavo still had one sister left...

Gustavo stood, naked and erect, in front of Gabrielle...

The girl urinated herself with terror.

Mosquito Marsh Prison

The whores lived on the first floor of the barracks where the punishment holes were. That's where the youngest and most appetising convicts were kept, the ones that the Warden used in his lucrative brothel business. Counting Mrs Pascal there were twenty-four women there all together. Always twenty-four, there was a rumour that the Warden only had twenty-four pairs of high heels...

When they weren't stuck in the punishment holes, the girls spent their days locked in solid barred cages that were laid out on either side of an endless passageway. It was like a zoo; the prisoners slept naked, with no intimacy, ready for any client to come along and choose the one he fancied most. There was nothing in the cages except the filthy cardboard on the floor where they slept. The girls had to go to the toilet in a channel that ran through all the cages from one end of the gallery to the other. It was hosed clean once a day in the morning...

The same hosepipe was used to shower them.

Here and there, scattered at random among the cages, were the «receiving cages». They were slightly larger than the other cages and they had beds and each had two hangers, one for sexy clothes and «toys» and the other for the visiting «gentleman's» clothes.

At the end of the gallery in another empty cage there were three old dressing tables.

'Get in there, you whore' grunted the Warden. 'From now on you'll wait in there until I send for you, no more privileges for you...'

Mrs Pascal went into cage number fourteen. It seemed more like a prize than a punishment to her... She hated spending her days in the Warden's room, sleeping with him... sometimes at the foot of the bed, chained like a dog.

Cage fourteen was near to the centre of the passageway, next to one of the «receiving» cages. One that was occupied at that moment. Two old soldiers, naked from the waist down, were raping a wretch who was young enough to be their granddaughter.

Mrs Pascal turned her face away anxiously and crouched in a corner. The Warden smiled from the other side of the bars...

'Do you see cage twelve on the other side of the «receiving cage? The empty one?'

Mrs Pascal nodded. She hadn't noticed it but she didn't want to look that way.

'It's for your daughter Gabrielle... She'll enjoy the show next door... HA... HA... HA...'

Corrientes Street

When Mrs Bermudez went down to the cellar for her son Gustavo, she found him holding onto his sister Gabrielle by her hair and sinking his cock into her wretched mouth through the ring gag...

By their side Miriam was still unconscious with her breasts and buttocks glowing bright red.

The boy was happy...

'Look mum' said the little monster boldly. 'Look what I'm doing...'

He's a card,» thought Mrs Bermudez. She nearly cried with pride.

'Ever since Miriam gave me the wank, this whore has been dying to have a go... so as her hands are busy I decided to do one in her mouth...'

Mrs Bermudez moved closer. The girl's face and hair were visibly soaked in sperm. She looked like a beaten dog.

'But how many times have you done it, son?'

'I've got no fucking idea, mum...but I'm still horny... It drives me crazy fucking her little mouth.'

'Come on... let her go now, champ. Dad and Julio will be home soon and lunch is ready. Come on, go and have a shower while I take care of this pair of sluts.'

Mrs Bermudez cleaned the girls with the high-pressure hose, paying special attention to Gabrielle's stretched open mouth.

Then she locked Gabrielle in her cage leaving Miriam tied up where she was.

To the girl's surprise, Mrs Bermudez gave her one of her dresses through the bars. A very short printed dress with yellow straps. It went well with her tanned skin.

'Put it on' she ordered authoritatively.

The girl obeyed, happy to be able to cover her nakedness. The dress stuck to her wet skin. Once dressed, the girl felt like a person again, or at least more than she did before. She felt more protected and less vulnerable...

'They're coming to pick you up in one hour' added Mrs Bermudez.

Gabrielle's eyes opened wide... Finally! Finally they were coming to rescue her from that hell! But... Miriam? Was Miriam staying?

Mrs Bermudez shook the handcuffs.

'Turn around, darling and put your hands together behind your back. Mummy's going to cuff you.'

Gabrielle nearly refused. What was going on? If she was being rescued, what were the handcuffs for? Why didn't she take the ring gag out of her mouth?

Gabrielle turned around obediently... What else could she do, locked in a cage and chained by her ankle?

Mrs Bermudez closed the cuffs tightly on her around her wrists, tightly enough to hurt.

'You're better off staying here, slut' she said pointing at poor beaten Miriam who was still unconscious in spite of the hosing down.

'I don't think you'll be so lucky where you're going...'

Mrs Bermudez walked around her and left.

On the stairs she shouted...

'Don't sit down... you'll get your dress dirty! The Warden won't like that... HA... HA... HA...'

Gabrielle travelled hooded. She could hear the noises of the street perfectly; the cars, the paperboys shouting. The entire city was living its insubstantial life, unaware of the naked and cuffed young woman who was travelling inside the black car.

By her side two men were talking about women in an obscene way...

'Last night I stuck a bottle up her cunt...' said the one on the right, talking about his «American whore».

'All the way?' asked the one on the left.

'All the way and with the top on.'

Gabrielle was shocked... They were Serious.

'Then I fucked her and after that I stuck it back in without the top, then I drank the beer as it was running out of her arse... HA... HA... HA...'

Gabrielle swallowed...

The two men were looking at her... The one on the left stroked her thighs.

'This is a nice bit of stuff...'

'It's the French cunt's daughter. You better not touch her...'

'Yep... in the end, sooner or later, the Warden will get fed up with her and he'll rent her out like her mother... That's for sure...'

'You're telling me, she sucks like a limpet... and what an arse she's got...'

'I'm sorry gorgeous' said the one on the left resignedly pinching the disconcerted Gabrielle on her thigh, you'll have to wait for me...'

The journey lasted four hours, on the motorway at first. Then they slowed down, on a dirt road. The men were still talking filth... about their experiences with the «French cunt»...

Gabrielle quietly cried under the hood. The heat in the car was suffocating and her hair and her dress were soaked with sweat. Her companion's strong body odour made her dizzy...

Where were they taking her? Who was the American whore? And who was the French cunt?

When they took the hood off Gabrielle awoke in a nightmare from her past.

It was that same office! There in the corner... the cages were still there, the little monkey cages... and that comic opera soldier was the same sadist who had fed them peanuts through the bars of the cages while masturbating.

There was no doubt, it was the same bastard. He was balder and a lot fatter...

'So, you're the little Gabrielle? If I remember correctly you were in the right-hand cage' said the Warden pointing at the corner where the cages were. I remember you used to cry the most. Your sister was more rebellious and she had a mole between her cunt and her arse. I can still remember... Sometimes I got you out of the cage to clean you and I had to look for the mole to work out which of you was which...'

Gabrielle trembled. A tumult of memories that had been long buried in her subconscious came flooding back to haunt her... Six years had gone by, an eternity...

The Warden, sitting with his feet on the desk, was eating her up with his stare and smoking a fat cigar.

Gabrielle was standing in front of that pervert's desk and wearing the provocative beach dress with the yellow straps; she was cuffed and the

ring gag was obscenely torturing her mouth.
Behind her stood Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter.
'Come here, Gabrielle... come closer and let me have a look at you' said Dalton.
Cuntsplitter pushed the girl next to the desk. Gabrielle tripped and fell to her knees. She got up quickly.

The Warden took his boots off the table and turned his chair until he was facing the girl. Then he pulled her by the hem of her dress until she was between his legs.
'You've changed a lot, you wouldn't fit in your cage now' he said stroking the tops of her thighs under the skirt.
The girl bent over at the waist and crouched slightly trying to escape from the sweaty hands that were already on her buttocks. The Warden was squeezing her flesh as if she was a beast at market...

Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter, kicked her buttocks...
The girl straightened and the Warden went on stroking her thighs and thighs at his pleasure. He had the cigar in his mouth and it stank...
'Kneel...'
The pressure of Cuntsplitter's hands on her shoulders made her obey...
'Very interesting' said the Warden wiping the saliva that had accumulated on the girl's chin with his fingertip. I bet that with this thing in your mouth you can eat and drink all right, even make yourself understood...
Let's see... say «Yes, sir».

The terrified girl obeyed as best as she could...
'Glehh... gluuurr...'
'See? Brilliant. And you can't bite... can you?'
Gabrielle shook her head.
'Very ingenious... it's much better than ripping your teeth out with pliers, don't you think?'
The girl nodded violently. The man was mad!
'With this in your mouth, anyone can wank into your mouth without any danger of you biting them... isn't that right?'

Gabriel started to tremble thinking of Tubby. She still had some of her stepbrother's semen in her mouth. And that old man was going to do the same to her, she was sure of it...
'Did you get fucked in the Bermudez house?'

Gabrielle shook her head without taking her eyes off the floor. She couldn't bear the feel of those sweaty hands stroking her cheek and she felt she couldn't take this filthy interrogation...

'Did their sons use your mouth?'

Gabrielle nodded. Tears were streaming down her cheeks...

'Well well, that Mrs Bermudez... she has her husband on rations... HA... HA... HA...'

Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter, giggled too.

The Warden pinched the girl's nipples lightly.

'You have very tight nipples...' he said without letting go of them.

Gabrielle pleaded with her eyes...

'Hummmmmmm...'

'What? Do you like being touched?'

Gabrielle shook her head. He was hurting her...

'Let's see...' said Warden Dalton slipping the straps of her dress off to reveal her young breasts. They were lovely... Big for her age and very firm, beautifully pert and resilient, with small but swollen nipples that were very pointy...

Dalton kneaded them to his heart's content, crudely and with no delicacy. Gabrielle struggled with her eyes closed, crying her eyes out. Corporal Gonzalez held her firmly by her shoulders.

'You have very nice tits... You're a very pretty girl...'

Gabrielle nodded miserably. She and her sister had always had the best breasts in school by a long way... Everyone said so...

The Warden finally let her go...

'Stand up and turn around...'

Yes the girl had calves like her mother's...

The Warden lifted her skirt up...

And she had the same thighs... and the same bum. It was a little smaller but just as round and tight... pertly suggestive at the top of her thighs.

'I bet you're just as good as your mother' he said sliding a hand between the girl's clamped thighs.

'Mum?' asked Gabrielle in shock.

'Yes... your mother, Mrs Pascal... She's still here... she's my whore, did you know?' he said stroking her legs. 'We fuck every day, several times a day... she sucks me off... she licks my arse. She wanks me with her hands

and with her tits...

Gabrielle jumped... The swine was sticking his fingers into her vagina!

Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter, held her by her shoulders...

'Did they break you in the Bermudez house? Your cunt, I mean... Did one of the boys take your cherry? Did they fuck you like God intended?' asked the Warden without taking his fingers out of her.

Gabrielle shook her head, sobbing...

The Warden turned her around by her hips and grabbed her buttocks, this time through the dress. He was treating her like a puppet...

'Good... that way you're sure to be clean...'

The Warden groped her all over for a few minutes that seemed endless to the girl. All that could be heard was the man's rapid breathing and the pitiful sobbing of the girl...

He ran his hands over her waist, her buttocks, her thighs, her calves, her ankles, her knees, her calves again her thighs her waist and her breasts...

'The feel of you is familiar to me' he joked, referring to her mother. Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter laughed again.

'Take off your shoes.'

Gabrielle took them off.

'You can go barefoot until I find something suitable for you... What size do you wear?'

'Sgghhg... ggarrgg...'

'With your fingers...'

'Thirty six' said Gonzalez from behind.

'Small feet for such a big girl... Measure her height, Gonzalez...'

The Corporal Gonzalez pushed her against the wall. He made a mark with a knife and then measured it.

'Five feet seven, Warden' he said.

'Didn't I say, she's all woman... Keep measuring, Gonzalez...'

'Thirty four inch tits, Sir.'

'Mmmmm... there's room for growth there... let's see... here's your mother's file... Thirty eight... See? We'll have to put some chicken breasts in your dog food, What do you think, Corporal Gonzalez? HA... HA... HA...'

Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter, met this with another stupid chuckle...

'I hope that as well as the tits you've inherited your whore mother's temperament in bed...'

Gabrielle looked down. Mum?' she thought. How was her mum? She could barely remember her.

'Gonzalez' said Dalton giving the girl one last grope, 'take her and stick her hole number three so she can get used to things in this hotel...'

'Naked?' asked Cuntsplitter licking his lips. The corporal wanted to rip this little whore's dress off more than anything.

'No... leave her as she is, dressed and cuffed. It's her first night here... we don't want to traumatise her.'

Corrientes Street, Church of the Merciful Christ, midday Mass

The Bermudez family were in their place in the second row of the Merciful Christ church. Mrs Bermudez was looking enviously out of the corner of her eye at the Velascos and the Rebollezes who were in the front row.

'After all' whispered the woman, 'we are second class citizens. The Velascos have a Philippine maid and the Rebollezes have a country girl, and I don't even have a dishwasher...'

Mrs Bermudez gave her husband Marcelino a murderous look. He was useless. She would make him pay... yes she wasn't going to let him touch Miriam. She would make him give his word on it... Fuck him! The girl was for his kin, for poor little Gustavo who had enough problems being so fat at his age. And for Julio as well, if he got good marks at the end of term.

And for her too, of course. She loved fucking her face, and soon she was going to teach her more tricks...

Gustavo didn't take his eyes off the altar. He didn't dare. The Rebollezes were in the front row... Tita and Cuca Rebollez, the fucking Spaniards. He had tried to chat the eldest one up once and all he had got was them laughing in his face...

Julio didn't take his eyes off Tita's legs, the younger. Even though the big one was prettier, Tita was dirtier. Julio put his hand in his pocket.

'Keep still' whispered his mother in his ear.

Mr Bermudez kept on looking at his watch and sighing impatiently. He couldn't stand Mass, or any of that mumbo jumbo. Nor any of the church rubbish that his wife was always getting involved in... Also he had an erection. The Rebollez girl's legs were driving him mad and he needed to

have a wank. Far from calming his needs, the night with the Pascal slut had left him more horny than ever... he had spent days imagining lots of juicy ideas for what he would do to that woman next time. Also, she had little Gabrielle with her now...

On leaving the church, Mrs Bermudez literally dragged her family to say hello to the Velascos and the Rebollezes. Everyone asked about the twins... everyone wanted to marry one of their scions to one of the twins. A blonde haired and blue eyed daughter in law was a status symbol in those parts... 'They've gone to stay with their grandparents in France' explained Mrs Bermudez.

Meanwhile, Cuca Rebollez had cornered Gustavo.

'I'm going with Nando' she told him evilly. She wanted to make him jealous and angry. And when she saw that he didn't care, she decided to go for the heart.

'He's got a good cock, not like the little willy you've got.'

'What do you know, prat?'

'Your sisters told me the other day. They said they were giving you a wank and they had to use tweezers. The whole school knows that...'

Gustavo bit his lips.

'Well for your information' he said 'fighting back like a cornered rat, 'since then I've been fucking one of my sisters. They are fit, they've got good tits, not miserable little bumps like you...'

Now it was Cuca Rebollez who was biting her lips. She was furious.

'I don't believe you. You're definitely not fucking Miriam. You make her sick... Everyone knows that.'

'What the fuck do you know about what Miriam thinks?'

'She told me herself. She says your feet smell, that you don't know how to clean your arse and your breath stinks of garlic. Like it does now.'

Gustavo looked at his feet... Luckily he was wearing socks! And yes it was true, his breath did stink of garlic... bollocks!

Cuca Rebollez had him on the ropes. The little viper called her sister over to help; Tita came with Cristina, the eldest of the Velasco girls.

'Hey girls! Listen to what this dreamer says... He says he's screwing the twins! What about that?'

The three of them started to laugh.

'You? With what?' laughed Cristina.

'You're screwing Miriam? Come on, man, she 'd fuck a pig first' said Tita with real malice.

'Wasn't Miriam that said that even you can't stand your own farts?'

'HA... HA... HA...'

'Yes... and when you take your shoes off everyone in your house has to put on an oxygen mask...'

'HA... HA... HA...'

'And that you have garlic juice for breakfast...'

'HA... HA... HA...'

Gustavo turned on his heels and left. For one moment he imagined the three of them chained up in the cellar and that made him smile cruelly. It was Sunday and his mum had promised him the afternoon with Miriam... Shit, it was only half past twelve!

Mosquito Marsh Prison chapel, Sunday morning

The prisoners were attending mass, by force, with scarves on their heads and wearing the prison uniform. A grey smock with a plunging neckline. It was short, reaching halfway down their thighs. All except Gabrielle, who was still wearing the strappy yellow dress. There were so many prisoners in those early years of the dictatorship that many of them couldn't get into the chapel and had to stay outside in the passageway.

One of those was Margot, who arrived late because the Warden had kept her in the bathroom. Dalton had forced her to take a shower with him and to masturbate him with her soapy tits...

Nervously standing on tiptoe, Margot looked for her daughter. She knew she was there, the Warden had told her while she was masturbating him in the shower.

Finally she thought she could make out a flash of blonde under one of the scarves. It had to be her, there were no other blondes in the prison. For God's sake! She had to see her face, she had to know if it was her, she had to embrace her...

She tried to force her way through the crowd into the chapel, but the other prisoners were in the way. They hated the foreigners... What the fuck did the Warden's slut want now? If she wanted to take communion she could fuck off!

When the sermon was over she finally saw her face...

'My God!' she shouted. It's her and she has a punishment gag in her mouth! Who did that? The bastard of a warden? She managed to shove her way closer to the girl. Gabrielle was with the Warden and Father Calvario, the chaplain of the prison.

'Gabrielle, ma fille!' exclaimed Margot in French.

The girl turned around suddenly. That was her mother's voice!

Mother and daughter embraced...

Two guards roughly separated them at once.

'Dear father forgive them for they know not what they do' exclaimed Father Calvario raising his hands to the sky theatrically. 'What are you doing, sinners? The sin of carnality between women is the most abominable of all and it's sacrilege in God's house!'

'It's not what you think, Father. At least I think not...' said the Warden with amusement. 'The French slut is the girl's mother.'

The priest stammered. The church was infallible...

'It makes no difference' he replied, 'in God's house you pray and you honour him. There's no place for such low human things. Two women embracing one another with their breasts touching... My God, a terrible thing! Don't you know that those organs are for you to feed your children with, like God planned, to feed future priests who will preach to sinners like you? You must confess and beg for forgiveness.'

Indifferent to the nonsense the chaplain was talking, Margot went on embracing her daughter and looking at her with bliss... How she had grown! She was a real woman now... She remembered her own sister Fabianne when she was that age. So blonde, so pretty... But the crude reality soon came back to rub out her natural joy... Her daughter was there, in the damned Mosquito Marsh Prison. Gabrielle was, as she was herself, at the mercy of that gang of swines...

Why had they brought her?

Why had they put the punishment gag on her?

The Warden had punished her with that monstrous device once and she knew very well that it was pure agony...

Gabrielle was also looking at her mother, with admiration. She was an extraordinarily beautiful woman. She could see that she hadn't changed at all. She wanted to embrace her and tell her things, to explain what had happened with Bermudezes, to be consoled by her... to feel her heart

beating and the warmth of her embrace.

It was Father Calvario who ruined the joy of the moment...

‘All right sinner’ he said to Gabrielle. ‘They are waiting in the sacristy to take the gag out of your filthy mouth. I want to hear your confession. All prisoners confess when they arrive, it’s... like a medical, let’s say. It’s an obligatory process.’

That fucking priest is a swine thought the Warden to himself.

‘Fucking bastard cunt’ murmured Margot through clenched teeth.

The chaplain went on with his catechisms...

‘At your age it’s normal that certain «things» about your older companions affect you in ways that you don’t understand... new feelings... doubts can arise... situations can be disconcerting... Come and see me and together we’ll find the answers to the things that are worrying you...’

It made Margot feel sick to hear that crock of filth. To hear it and to see the chaplain’s erection tent-poling in his robe. The same erection that she would soon have in her hands, she knew it...

‘And as far as the payment for Mass goes, Warden Dalton... This chaplain doesn’t live on charity...’

‘Of course, father. Don’t worry about the presence of the girl, you’ll have your usual arrangements, just as we agreed.’

Father Calvario smiled and took Margot by her arm.

‘To the sacristy with you, slut’ he grunted so crudely that it made Gabrielle jump...

They hadn’t gone more than two steps when the girl heard the sinister chaplain ask her mother...

‘I suppose you took the laxative before mass...’

And her mother replied...

‘Yes... Father...’

Corrientes Street, a date with a madman

Miriam was waiting for her date with Gustavo inside her cage.

She was terrified.

Her buttocks and her breasts were still very sore, above all her breasts. All of her suspicions as to how dangerous her stepbrother was, had been confirmed. She couldn’t get his demented expression out of her head, nor

could she forget the rage with which he had hit her. He wanted to really hurt her... kill her maybe. She had no doubt. What would have happened if she hadn't fainted from the pain?

She couldn't tell in the dark what the time was, nor could she know how long it would be before the swine came to visit her. But she knew he was coming. Her stepmother had said so... 'You're having a knees-up this afternoon... and every Sunday. Only now you're having it at home. HA... HA... HA...'

But the worst thing about Sunday was the way her stepmother had prepared her for it. That was really wild... Miriam was crying with the pain. There was a cord that tightly bound her right foot to the back of her right thigh.. The pain in her knee was agonising, as it was in her ankle where the cord was biting cruelly into her flesh. But her arms were worse... Mrs Bermudez had cuffed her wrists high up her back. And tied them to a thin collar! If the girl allowed her arms to fall even for a moment, the collar sank into her throat... Miriam was ready for her brother's visit, she just had to wait. Would Gustavo come down alone?

Mosquito Marsh Prison, Warden Dalton's room

Naked but for the red high-heeled sandals, Mrs Pascal was standing to attention, with her tummy pulled in, her breasts pushed out and on offer, and the palms of her hands pressed against the sides of her thighs. The Warden was walking around her with a crop in his hand. It was her own riding crop. 'You must realise the delicate situation your daughter is in...'
'Yes, Sir'
'Anything could happen to her, or nothing... Do you understand?'
'Yes, Sir.'

The Warden walked around her a couple of times in silence, smacking the palm of his hand with the crop... This fucking French woman really turned him on!
'By the way... How did it go with the chaplain, was the Church satisfied?'
'Yes.... Yes Sir...'
'Did he bum you?'
Margot confirmed this with a sob.

'And what else?'

'I had... I had to... suck his penis... at the end...'

'Covered in shit?'

'Yes... well no... I was... I was clean...'

'Did he make you do squat thrusts and recite the Rosario?'

'Yes... Sir...'

'And masturbate?'

Margot nodded. Just remembering the humiliating session in the sacristy made her cry...

'Did the squat thrusts make your legs hurt...'

'Yes... Sir... a lot...'

'You heard that the chaplain wants to confess your daughter...'

'Please... Sir... don't let him...'

The Warden kept silent for another couple of seconds. He needed a fuck,

'What a mother wouldn't do for her daughter! That's right isn't it, slut?'

Margot clenched her fists, the filthy blackmail was back...

'Your daughter is a virgin... I could ask you to break her in... Would you do it?'

Margot bit her lips.

'It would be better if it was you, not Cuntsplitter. Or any of the boys... Or maybe you would prefer the Chaplain to open your daughter's cunt in the sacristy?'

'Please... Sir... don't do this to me...'

'Ah... now I have it...' exclaimed the Warden stopping in front of the woman. 'Do you know who would love to pluck your daughter's cherry?' Margot shook her head, her eyes fixed on the floor. Her daughter couldn't take a rape.

The Warden raised her chin with the crop...

'Mr Bermudez, your old neighbour, he called me today saying that he had saved up some money and that he wanted to spend it on the girl...'

That possibility decided Margot...

'I'll do whatever you want, Sir' she said sobbing. 'But I beg you, don't give Gabrielle to either of those swines.'

'Swines? A slut calling a priest a swine? Calling a respected police officer like Corporal Gonzalez a swine? Calling a respected family man like Mr Bermudez a swine? How dare you, you fucking slut?'

SWWOOSSSHHHHHHHH

'AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

Margot screamed and lifted her leg. The crop had hit her on her right buttock. The woman furtively rubbed it with her hand a couple of times to alleviate the terrible stinging. But she was at attention and she wasn't allowed to move at all...

'I'll tell you what I have planned for the little one... I'm going to have her trained just like I did with you, to make her into the filthiest whore in this prison. She's your daughter and your nature will show through... and her natural qualities are evident...' he said poking the bottom of the woman's breast with the tip of the crop.

Margot swallowed...

After a measured silence, the Warden removed the crop and went on...

'Another quality that is more or less essential in a good whore, is a nice pair of tits, I'll give her them of course... A whore's daughter is born a whore, it's something to do with temperament or hormones.'

'I beg you... Sir, Gabrielle is too young' begged Margot.

'I've made my mind up' replied the Warden turning a deaf ear to her pleas. 'The girl has to be ready to take your place when you're no good any more. Your place in my bed... Do you understand me? That's why I had her brought here...'

'No... please... I beg you, Sir... don't do this.'

'Silence, whore! I have spoken and it's settled. And you'll be the one that takes care of her training... Who's better than her mother to teach a girl to fuck? Especially if she's a whore.'

Margot started to tremble. She couldn't conceive of such monstrosity...

'From today, the girl will attend all your dates as a spectator. Including ours... And I warn you, the very moment you rebel or disobey any order, no matter how filthy it is, or even if you fail to show willing, your daughter will pay for it. Do you understand?'

'Yes... Yes, Sir.'

The Warden picked up the phone.

'Gonzalez, send the French slut's girl to my apartment.'

A Sunday knees-up in Corrientes Street

Gustavo went down alone, with the CD player, an icebox full of gin and

Coca-Cola and his father's car aerial that he had found on the dining room table.

'Stand up, ratgirl. That's what I'm going to call you from now on: R-A-T-T-Y-. It's very affectionate, don't you think?'

Miriam got up, using the bars to help her... She could barely feel her bent leg and the damned collar was choking her.

'A shot of gin?'

Miriam shook her head...

'It's true... I had forgotten. My sisters don't drink. Well, today you're going to start, like it or not. A drunken chick is much dirtier in bed.'

Gustavo poured two drinks. The situation in the cellar was really disgusting. An eighteen-year-old brat with a drink in his hand was chatting with a lovely you blonde who had been sadistically tied and gagged and locked naked in a tiny cage...

'I spent all night looking at a pile of magazines full of chicks in bondage that dad had hidden in a drawer. Bondage is brilliant, I got a lot of ideas. You'll see...'

The young sadist lit a cigarette. He felt like a man.

'Music always breaks the ice at an intimate party, don't you think... Do you like Julio Catedrales?'

Miriam hated him.

Gustavo put a Catedrales CD on, adjusted the volume and opened the door of the cage... the cage in which his naked and bound «date» for the afternoon was waiting for him.

'Miss, would you like to...' he mocked her with the servile gesture of a hotel buttons.

Miriam hopped out of the cage, but unfortunately she tripped over the chain around her ankle and fell flat on her face on the bed...'

'No, no... not yet, ratgirl' said Gustavo condescendingly. 'I know you're dying for it, but we're going to dance first.'

Miriam tried to get up a few times, but tied as she was, her efforts were more pathetic than effective...

Gustavo began to get impatient...

'Didn't you hear me?' he shouted. 'Don't be a whore and get up off the bed right now! You make me sick!'

And he hit the girl across her calf with the aerial as hard as he could.

‘AAARRGHHHHHHHHHHHHH... YOOWWAAARGHHHH!’

It stung brutally, it was incredibly painful, it was thousand times worse than the damned ping-pong bat. Miriam turned around and literally sprang out of the bed...

Gustavo grabbed her by the waist in mid-flight and held her in his arms... Finally he noticed the efforts the girl had to make to avoid being choked by the collar...

‘Are your arms hurting, ratgirl?’

Miriam nodded, she was crying and whimpering pathetically. Her shoulders, arms, wrists and everything hurt her terribly.

‘Turn around, ratgirl I’ll fix it...’

Miriam obeyed by hopping on her left leg, the one with welt on the calf. Gustavo undid the clip that held the cuffs to the collar.

Miriam sighed with relief...

‘Is that better, ratgirl?’ asked Gustavo squeezing her buttocks.

The girl tried to push him away with her hands, but Gustavo grabbed her hips more firmly and carried on rubbing himself against her naked buttocks.

‘You’re a rebellious little ratgirl’ he whispered in her ear. ‘I’ll just have to put you in your place...’

Miriam defended herself by pinching her stepbrother’s swollen belly.

‘Okay, ratgirl. You’ve asked for it’ he grunted as he took his belt off. ‘I saw this in one of dad’s magazines. Wait till you see how cool your tits look...’

Gustavo put the belt around his sister’s arms just above the elbows and cruelly tightened it...’

‘NOOOOOOOOOGHHHHH... AAARRRRRRGGGHHHH!’ shouted Miriam through the ring gag.

First her arms cracked and then her shoulders... The pain was so sharp that she thought the brute had broken them.

Gustavo turned her around by her shoulders.

‘See? Look at your tits now’ he said pinching her nipples brutally.

‘ARRGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!’

‘And now’ he added, pulling her to him by her waist, ‘we’re going to dance for a while, until we feel like fucking... What do you think?’

‘NOOOOOGGHHHHH!!!!’

'It's a shame you can't kiss me on the mouth... I've been eating garlic and I know how much you like that.'

He didn't need to tell her. The cellar had stunk since he came there...

'Anyway, where there's a will there's a way...' he added grabbing the girl by her hair.

Miriam struggled and tried to pull her face away from him...

'Here... swallow this, ratgirl!'

A big fat spit went into the ring and landed on Miriam's tongue.

And then the young couple started to dance finally, to the eternal music of Julio Catedrales. He had dressed for his Sunday party in his designer shirt and jeans. She was naked and her mouth was forced open, she had to dance by balancing on one foot offering her breasts to him, and she had a mouthful of his phlegm that she didn't dare to swallow.

He had one hand on her buttocks and the other in her hair twisting her head back...

She was breathing agitatedly through her nose trying her best not to swallow...

Mosquito Marsh Prison, a young prostitute's first lesson

Mother and daughter were standing to attention and listening carefully to Warden Dalton's speech.

The mother was naked, wearing only the red high-heeled sandals, and her hands were cuffed behind her back. Her daughter was barefoot and wearing a very short yellow strappy dress, she had a ring gag in her mouth and her hands were cuffed in front of her.

The Warden was in battledress, looking at them with excitement. Mother and daughter, they were both really extraordinary specimens of femininity. Two gorgeous blondes with blue eyes, almost exactly the same height.

The mother was a mature woman of thirty-something with a statuesque body, feminine and stylish in one. The other, the daughter had smaller but beautiful breasts and curves...

Mother and daughter were both intelligent and educated. Well liked and socially successful women... in their former lives, obviously. Before the national uprising...

The Warden was a jumped-up little upstart. He spoke to them with the

tone he usually used when speaking to prisoners. And his voice acquired a piercing nasal quality that was fashionable among the fascist military. 'You're together in this' he said. 'Any lack of discipline or application in carrying out orders on either of your parts and the other one will pay with a severe punishment. A punishment that will be administered in front of the other one. Is that clear?'

'Yes, Sir' said Margot.

'Gerssss... gssirrr...' replied Gabrielle, miserably impeded by the ring gag.

'I'm going to give you an example' went on the Warden, standing in front of the younger woman. 'If I ordered your whore of a mother to eat my shit with her fingers and she didn't do it with a smile on her face and saying how much she enjoyed that little titbit... You, her daughter, would pay for it... Do you understand?'

'Gyesss... gsiirrr...'

'And you? Do you understand?' he asked Margot in turn.

'Yes... Sir...'

'Of course the punishment would fit the crime... For example, in that case, you, the daughter would spent the night in the prison sewer with shit up to your neck.'

Margot swallowed. Gabrielle gulped.

The Warden waited a few moments for his words to sink in...

'And vice versa...' he continued in the same pedantic tone and speaking to Gabrielle again. 'If I ordered you to contemplate carefully your mother's arsehole while I was bumming her and you closed your eyes... Your whore mother would pay for that. I could rip her eyes out, for example. Or pump a litre of acid into her intestines... You understand don't you?'

'Gyesss... Gsiirrr...'

Margot took a deep breath, trying to calm down... She had to or her daughter would be in big trouble.

'The purpose of this exercise' went on the Warden stroking Gabrielle's tense and pointy nipples with the crop, 'is for you to teach her to be a substitute prostitute. Yes, you heard right... p-r-o-s-t-i-t-u-t-e... and for the time being, substitute. From now on you'll attend all the services that your whore of a mother provides.

The Warden raised the girl's chin, forcing her to look him in the eyes...

'You're a very lucky prisoner. Your mother will be a good teacher. She's

an expert whore. An old whore, the dirtiest whore that has ever licked my asshole...'

The tip of the crop left Gabrielle's chin very slowly and just as slowly it ran over one of her tense nipples and dug into the underside of her breast, lifting it slightly.

'So...' he went on, staring the girl in her eyes. 'You won't have any excuse for not carrying out the obligations of your «position» to my total satisfaction... do you understand?'

'Gchessss... Gsiirrr...'

'All right, enough speeches, lets get on with the practical bit,' he said putting a pair of collars that were joined by two links of chain on them. The women were left with their cheeks almost touching.

'You're going to provide the mouth, the cunt and the arse' he said to Margot. 'While you'll be the hands, little one... and the eyes!'

Then, giving them each a pair of harsh slaps on their buttocks, he added... 'To bed, sluts!'

Corrientes Street, a very private party

They danced through the whole CD...

He was in his Sunday best, clumsy and half drunk, continuously tripping over the chain that held the girl's ankle prisoner.

She was naked as the day she was born and hopping on one leg, she let herself be led, unable to escape from the arms that surrounded her...

He was as happy as he was excited. He grabbed her buttocks and bit her ear.

She was arching her back as much as she could to avoid his lips, his teeth and his breath...

He sighed excitedly, sweating like a pig. He stank...

She was close to fainting and unsteady on her one foot... Her head was spinning, she was very weak and if that wasn't enough, her partner had poured a pair of drinks through her ring gag. She was feeling nauseous...

The CD had just finished.

'I'm going to play it again' said Gustavo, letting her go.

Miriam was left upright trying to balance on her left foot.

Julio Catedrales started to sing his mushy romanticism again...

'Come here, ratgirl... come to my arms...'

Miriam hopped over to him. Her breasts bouncing with every hop. With her elbows painfully tied behind her back the spectacle she made was tremendously provocative...

Gustavo put an arm around her waist and started to grope her breasts... 'You and your sister had the coolest tits in school' he grunted in her ear.' Miriam closed her eyes and bit the ring gag. Her breasts were extremely sensitive and he was hurting her a lot. 'Now they're mine...' he added while kneading them brutally. 'Mine to use and enjoy. Later you can give me a wank with those tits... Can't you, ratgirl?'

Miriam opened her eyes wide. A wank? He was mad, how? 'Yes... yes you will... like a good girl, docile and obedient... I won't be able to refuse you' he whispered with a sinister tone.

Miriam began to shake from her head to her toes. Excitedly, Gustavo trapped her left nipple between two fingers... and he rolled it... softly at first... 'Aren't you tired of dancing, ratgirl? Aren't you horny? Doesn't it make you randy dancing with me?' Miriam looked at the floor. Yes she was sick of dancing naked on one leg in the arms of a repugnant fat stinking pig, but no, she wasn't horny. She was disgusted, she felt like being sick...

Gustavo let her go and got another drink. He sat down on the bed. 'After Mass I was chatting with Cuca Rebollez... and do you know what?' Miriam shook her head She was concentrating on keeping her balance and not falling onto the bed next to that swine. It seemed impossible to her that the world outside the cellar was still there, that Cuca Rebollez and the rest of her friends were still going to Mass and all that... 'I told her that we were fucking and she said I was mad' went on Gustavo. 'She said that you would rather do it with a pig than with me.'

Miriam was feeling worse by the second... Why was he going on like this? What was all this about Cuca Rebollez for? He was going to rape her, she was sure of that. So why didn't he do it for once and for all! But Gustavo went on with his theme... 'She said that you go around saying my feet smell, that I have garlic juice for breakfast and that I wank myself silly. And I that I can't hold my farts

in... Is this true? Is this what you are saying about your own brother?’

Miriam vehemently shook her head...

‘Come here... I’m going to take that off your arms...’

Miriam hopped over to him.

‘Kneel down... you don’t want me to have to stand...’

Miriam turned around and tried to rest her bound knee on the bed.

‘On the floor, ratgirl. You’re going to kneel on the floor between my legs...’

Miriam tried, but it was impossible with her right calf tied to her thigh and she fell on her face on the floor.

Gustavo waited patiently for her to get to her knees. It excited him to see her naked and bound and struggling like that...

Finally he undid the belt that was tormenting the girls’ arms.

Miriam sighed with relief.

‘Now I’m going to take the cuffs off... if you try anything I’ll kill you, I swear,’ he threatened, showing her a knife...

Miriam watched in terror.

Gustavo freed her wrists but then cuffed them in front of her, clipped to the collar. Miriam was left with her hands at the height of her lips, the height of the collar...

‘Now you’re going to undress me... You don’t want Ratboy to fuck you with his clothes on do you?’

Then lifting his foot until it was touching the girl’s vagina he added...

‘Start with my shoes...’

Mosquito Marsh Prison, the whore’s first lesson

‘Open your eyes wide and look how your mother sucks cock... First step... suck with all your strength while moving your lips up slowly... like this... very slowly... look at her cheeks... totally sunken... maximum suction....I’m telling you... I’m the one who knows... yes... aaahhh... your mum... sucks my cock like a... like a vacuum cleaner... look... don’t miss a detail... hmmm... with lots of saliva... yes lots of it... my cock really wet... yes... like that... Now that it’s at the top, and even though you can’t see it... She’s sticking her tongue in the hole... yes... there... there... the hole I piss from...

The Warden rolled his eyes back for a few seconds. He was in no hurry...

‘And now...’ he went on in a voice hoarse with lust, ‘now step two... wow... look, whore, your whore mother is lowering her lips down the length of my cock...squashing it with her tongue... yes... I can feel my tip against her palate... scraping her palate... Ahhhhh... and pay attention now... See her throat... See it? It’s opening... and... and... she’s swallowing me... yes... she’s swallowing it all... like that... whore... like that... and now look... look she is putting her tongue out under it. Can you see it? And she’s licking my balls... yes... like that... with all of my cock stuck in her throat...’

Gabrielle was followed the disgusting lesson cheek to cheek with her mother... They were kneeling on the bed one on each side of the Warden, next to his legs... The two short chains that joined their collars left them no other choice.

Mrs Pascal, the mother, was naked and sucking the Warden’s penis to the very best of her ability. She was doing it uncomfortably bent over at the waist with her hands cuffed behind her back.

The daughter, Gabrielle, in a yellow dress and with her hands cuffed in front of her, was holding the Warden’s penis by its base with obvious disgust. The girl was crying bitterly.

They had spent the last hour like that...

‘This is the service that I expect from my whores at nap time’ said the Warden. ‘It’s smooth... pleasurable... it lasts all afternoon. The longer it goes on the more spunk my balls make and the bigger the prize is. Isn’t that right, whore? HA... HA... HA...’

Mrs Pascal nodded without stopping the obscene caresses that the Warden demanded of her.

Gabrielle didn’t dare to take her eyes off that disgusting penis or her mother’s lips... She was convinced that she would never be able to do the same. She would vomit first, she would choke, and she would die of disgust, anything...

Gabrielle looked at her cuffed hands, they were wet with her mother’s saliva as well as tears. Margot was crying.

‘Stroke my balls with one hand. You don’t need two to hold my cock’ grunted the Warden.

It took Gabrielle a couple of moments to realise that he was talking to

her...

She obeyed with apprehension. That thing was boiling, it moved...

Meanwhile, her mother went on sucking slowly and hard and with a lot of saliva...

'Don't squeeze,' complained the Warden. 'Just stroke them with your fingertips.'

The Warden yawned... he was always tired before he came. He wanted to... In fact he felt an imperious need to. He had had the French whore's mouth stuck to his cock for an hour. A whole hour contemplating the most beautiful and sensual pair of faces he had ever seen, going up and down rhythmically over his belly.

They were mother and daughter, one more beautiful, but the other more provocative... One looking him in the eyes with his cock stuck into her throat, the other looking at his cock as she had been ordered. Both of them with their blue eyes full of tears. They were both of them tied by their necks. He was enjoying the hands of one and the lips, tongue and throat of the other...

Warden Dalton was nearly there. No man worthy of the name could have born that delicious torture any longer...

The Warden fixed his eyes on young Gabrielle's wide-open mouth. On her saliva covered chin, on her cheeks wet with tears...

'Watch carefully now.' He grunted.

Gabrielle felt his testicles and the base of his penis trembling... She saw her mother moving her throat quickly with all that inside it. Her chin was pressed to her hand...

Something was happening...

'Now... now... swallow, whore!' groaned the Warden.

And she saw, heard and felt her mother desperately swallowing with her mouth opened wide by that repugnant member. It was as if she was drinking from a bottle, a bottle that was jammed into her throat.

It was the same noise that Gabrielle made when she had to drink with the ring gag in between her teeth.

How could her mother?

And Mum couldn't... So much spunk had built up in those balls that not even a slut of Mrs Pascal's experience was able to swallow it all down.

A lot of the sticky stinking semen escaped out of the corners of her mouth and ran down her chin.

The Warden smiled malevolently...

The young French mother finished swallowing what she thought to be the last drops and got ready to lick up what had spilled...

She was wrong.

From Warden Dalton's testicles their erupted a new spurt of semen that landed on Gabrielle's disgusted face...

The woman gave her jailer a cowed look. That had earned her a punishment. She knew perfectly well.

She quickly crushed her lips to the testicles and, pushing her daughter's hand away, she began to lick up all the spilled semen.

The Warden pulled her away by her hair.

'No... whore... no... let your daughter do that...'

Corrientes street, rough sex

On her knees at his feet, Miriam had taken off Gustavo's shoes and socks and she had done it with her hands, hands that were held at the height of her face, cuffed to her neck as were those of her sister Gabrielle in Mosquito Marsh Prison...

Miriam was now humbly licking her stepbrother's feet through the ring gag... Two whacks with his father's car aerial had been enough to convince her to do it.

Reclining on the comfortable cushions on the bed, Gustavo watched her, aerial in hand. He felt like Caligula...

'I can't believe we didn't think of this before...'

Gustavo was referring to the stench of his feet, a stench that had Miriam on the verge of vomiting...

She had licked his soles, his ankles and also she had used her tongue to remove the filth from between his toes. It was black filth that stank to high heaven...

Every now and then, Miriam stopped and holding her breath with her eyes closed she tried to control her nausea.

Gustavo would rub her breasts or her shoulder with the aerial... and Miriam would get back to work...

SLURP... SLURP... SLURP...

'In one of dad's magazines I read that beating a chick's tits is very enjoyable... What do you think?'

Miriam looked him in the eyes and shook her head... He was crazy. Yes, crazy as a loon and he had her in his power...

'I reckon I should try it... you're a chick and you've got nice tits. I bet it'll work... you know? Whacking you with the ping-pong bat turned me on big time. Most of all at the end, when you fainted...'

Miriam closed her eyes... She could never have imagined this. She was this retard's obedient bitch, she belonged to this stupid, obese, stinking pig that she had looked down on all her life...

'Do they still smell?' asked Gustavo.

Miriam shook her head... She had been licking his feet for more than an hour and they stank just as badly as they had at the start, but she decided to lie...

'All right, leave it now...'

Miriam knelt up with relief. She swallowed.

'Pick my socks up off the floor...'

Miriam lowered her head again and obeyed, using her fingertips. When she straightened up she was left kneeling back on her ankles, her wrists were hanging from her collar and she was looking at her stepbrother indecisively. She really did look like his doggy, all she needed was to bark...

'Put them in your mouth through the ring.'

This time Miriam shook her head decisively. She couldn't... She wouldn't go through that...

Gustavo leaned forward and gave her the third whack of the night on her hip with aerial. With all of his strength... The aerial bit into the flesh leaving a livid red weal...

Miriam bent over with pain. This was definitely worse than the bat!

'Stick the socks in your mouth if you don't want me to go on!'

Fighting her nausea, her pride and everything else, Miriam obeyed... they were fine, black cotton socks... and they were soaked in stinking sweat.

'What would Cuca Rebollez say if she saw you know, ratgirl? Come on... chew them like gum... with saliva... you know... As well as cleaning my feet with your tongue, from now on you can wash my socks too...'

Mosquito Marsh, second lesson...

That Sunday afternoon Gabrielle tasted human semen, if Warden Dalton could be considered to be a human being.

Her mother, Mrs Pascal, was tied cheek to cheek with her by her neck and witnessed the affair sobbing bitterly.

The girl carefully cleaned the Warden's sperm soaked-testicles and penis with her tongue. She also cleaned his crotch, his bum crack and his inner thighs...

It was extremely repugnant as well as pitiful. Pitifully humiliating. The semen tasted of beer...

He has us totally in his hands; there's no way out, thought Margot as she sobbed. If she had been alone she would have taken her own life, but with her daughter there... My God, she thought desperately, what's going to become of us...

The Warden put an end to her reflections with a violent kick on her head. 'You, whore' he grunted. 'Empty me again... But don't swallow it. Spit it in there' he added pointing at the sixth beer can he had just emptied...

Corrientes Street, the knees-up continues

Miriam had left the socks to dry on the bed-head; they were wet with saliva now, not stinking sweat.

Following Gustavo's instructions, the girl had undone his trousers. And she had done it with her face pressed against his crotch... trying at all times to avoid the slightest contact. With difficulty she had lowered his trousers. And now she was working on his underpants, uncovering his white, flabby and obese legs that were covered with pinkish stains and varicose veins.

He was repulsive.

'Get my underpants off, ratgirl... You must be impatient!'

Miriam looked at them for the first time. She hadn't dared until then... They were a pair of old worn cotton underpants, white in colour... They were filthy, yellowing and tent-poling with his erection. Gustavo only changed them once a week, on Monday in fact, for school. This was Sunday...

How can a boy of his age be so filthy? Miriam asked herself, almost vomiting.

This time she did have to touch his erection to get the underpants down. A terrible stench emanated from between his buttocks...

‘Pour me a drink, ratgirl. This is the life... A naked chick stuck to my balls, a drink in one hand and a ciggie in the other. Miriam hopped to obey, her hands pressed to her face... she could have died of the humiliation.

‘To start with, you’re going to wank me off with your hands, just like that day with your little friends... Do you remember?’
Miriam swallowed and gulped. Sometimes, rarely, she forgot about the damned incident.
She knelt back down between her stepbrother’s thighs and began to masturbate him with her eyes closed.
The feel of that thing made her ill...

Gustavo moved her hair out of her face with the aerial...
‘Oh, come on, ratgirl... don’t be so thick... Let me show you how...’

Mosquito Marsh Prison

In Warden Dalton’s big bed, a young French mother was giving lessons to her teenage daughter...
The woman had just spat what she had extracted from her jailer’s penis with her mouth into an empty beer can.
And she did it without her hands, because they were tied behind her back. She didn’t really need them. Her own daughter, Gabrielle, had put the penis into her mouth and held it there during the entire obscene performance...

‘Now would be a good moment for you to practise what you have learned’ said the Warden cynically, shaking the girl by her hair. ‘But first I’d have to take that ingenious ring out of your mouth...’
‘She... Gabrielle has seen how... she knows how now...’ muttered Margot.
‘No... Don’t worry, slut. I’m not going to put my cock in there and your daughter can keep the ring gag in her mouth. It excites me to watch her salivating...
For the first time in two weeks, Gabrielle was grateful for having that horrid thing in her mouth.
‘But she has to practise anyway... No one passes the whoring exam without

practising...'

The Warden took an old, worn, flesh coloured dildo out of the bedside table drawer. It was about eight inches long and meticulously sculpted with veins, folds, a hole and even hair around its base. It was very filthy, stained with body fluids... It was disgusting to look at.

'This is a dildo' he said showing it to Gabrielle. 'come on little one, stick it through the ring...'

Gabrielle couldn't help a gesture of profound repugnance. Unsure, she looked from her mother to the Warden. She was going to flatly refuse, but she saw a pistol in the drawer out of the corner of her eye...

Crying, Gabrielle obeyed. Her hands were shaking...

The obscenity was so thick that she had to force it past the ring...

'Use it like a toothbrush... in and out... like this... and meanwhile, you suck it with feeling... and lick it too... don't try and fool me, little one, I want to hear your little sucking noises...'

'SLURP... SLURP... SLURP... SLURP...'

'It makes me horny to see your daughter with that thing stuck in her face...

Can you hear it, whore?' grunted the Warden excitedly.

Margot looked down... My God... what now?

'Wank me off, come on. One of those yummy ones that you do with both hands...'

Margot looked at him in consternation...

'Ha... HA... Ha... What a fool... You can't!'

Margot feared the worst... and she was right...

'What about that? It's important to have a standby for you... Tell the girl how to do it and that'll be that... The little one will wank me off.'

Margot looked him furiously in the eyes... This was too much...

Corrientes Street, another sex lesson

'Grab the base with your left hand... like that... very good... Now shake it... let me feel the air... hmmmmm... that's nice... look how hard you're making it...'

With her hands tied to her collar and with the horrendous ring-gag out for the first time, Miriam was staring at her stepbrother's penis barely an inch from her face. And she was amazed that those were her own hands.

No, no they couldn't be, she would never do a thing like that...
'Spit on the other hand... very good, ratgirl... you're a good little slug, has anyone ever told you that?'

Miriam was feeling sick... the stench that was coming from between his buttocks was nauseating... and those balls and that cock didn't smell any better...

'And now lets get down to it... rest the palm of your lovely hand on the tip and rub it up and down... Very good, clever girl! Fantastic... like that... more... don't stop... it's even better than when I do it... ahhh...'
Miriam asked herself with disgust how her hands could commit this obscenity. The penis was as hard as a rock and it was burning hot. And it kept on shaking.

'Run your hand down the whole length... slowly, with your hand open... like that... hmmm... delicious... You're... you're a first class wanker... yes... yes... all the way down... very good... now leave your hand there... and move the other one up... slowly... very slowly... stroking me with the palm... move your fingers... hmmm... yes... Trap the skin, pull the foreskin back... hmmm... Now open this lovely mouth of yours and breath over it... This is a real wank, not like that shit you did to me with your friends that day...'

Miriam cursed that damned day for the umpteenth time. Maybe if she had been so mean to him none of this would have happened...
What was true was that she was now stroking that repugnant fat swine's genitals with both hands, and doing her best to please him... to make him happy... And she was doing it naked, chained and handcuffed... with her face a fraction of an inch from his penis. Why all of this so suddenly? Had the family of perverts discovered their escape plans?

'Come on, ratgirl... carry on like that... if you do a good job for me maybe I'll give you a shag when you've finished... What about that?'
Miriam swallowed.

Mosquito Marsh Prison

In Warden Dalton's bed, the lesson was exactly the same but the teaching methods were totally different. It was a quiet voice, broken up by sobbing and with a sad stifled sound to it...



'Run your hand down the whole length... slowly, with your hand open... like that... hmmm... delicious... You're... you're a first class wanker... yes... yes... all the way down... very good... now leave your hand there... and move the other one up... slowly... very slowly... stroking me with the palm... move your fingers... hmmm... yes... Trap the skin, pull the foreskin back... hmmm... Now open this lovely mouth of yours and breath over it... This is a real wank, not like that shit you did to me with your friends that day'

And the learner was a lovely young woman, virtually physically identical to the blue-eyed blonde in Corrientes Street. They were twins and as twins they were undergoing the same miserable fate...

‘Stroke the tip, daughter... he’s very sensitive there... No not like that... with your fingertips.’

And the blood-swollen member bounced contentedly under the young fingers...

‘He’s nearly there... look at the base of it... can you feel those tremors? They mean he’s going to ejaculate very soon... Now you have to help him...’

Mrs Pascal was saying all this and trying to ignore the fact that she was speaking to her own daughter...

‘Squeeze the tip, right at the end... like this... with your palm and your fingers... Stop, it’s getting away! He’s coming and he hasn’t given you permission...’

A pause followed... Gabrielle kept still, she had her hand on the tip of his penis and she was holding her breath. Her mother, Mrs Pascal was blowing gently in an attempt to calm the Warden’s excitement...

‘Finish it at once you damned slut’ grunted the man unable to resist the girl’s inept hands for another moment.

Margot breathed a sigh of relief. They had been in that nightmare for over an hour and she was scared her daughter was going to lose it...

‘Run your hand up and down the length very quickly’ she said. ‘Hurry, daughter... faster... squeeze more... up and down... pull it hard... quicker... now... now... No don’t stop... Go on... Go on...’

The hole started to gape frantically. And suddenly, a thick spurt of sperm burst out and landed on Gabrielle’s hands.

And then another...

And another...

‘Wet your hands with the semen and keep going, no... you can let go of the base... rub with both hands... pulling at the flesh... spreading the spunk all over... Squeeze... squeeze harder... squeeze out the last drop from his fucking balls...’

The spasms died down slowly and the girl, dying of disgust with her hands soaked, felt that thing lose its rigidity until it was finally soft...

‘Keep masturbating like before... but more carefully now... until Mr Warden orders you to stop...’

But the swine of a warden said nothing. Mr Warden kept the French whore’s daughter stroking his genitals for another couple of hours. Two hours in which he came three more times all over her soft young hands. It went on until sleep overpowered him and he sent for Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter.

‘Do me a favour corporal’ he said offering him the beer can. ‘Have them watch while you fill this with sperm. They’re probably bored and a wank will amuse them... And you two sluts, stay there, kneeling by the bed. I want you ready for what’s going to happen when I wake up...’

Mother and daughter obeyed without hesitation. They were exhausted and they felt terribly tormented and humiliated.

Gabrielle was crying pitifully. Her hands, cuffed to her collar, were pressed against her face and dripping sperm onto her breasts. She held them wide open with her fingers spread... She didn’t dare bring her fingers together; they stank...

Corrientes Street

In Corrientes Street, in the cellar of what had once been her own house, Miriam was also crying bitterly with her hands and her lips drenched in semen... her stepbrother’s semen.

Her interminable session had been in many ways similar to the one her sister had suffered in Mosquito Marsh Prison.

Similar in humiliation and repulsion...

Miriam had her wrists cuffed behind her back again and her arms squeezed together by his damned belt, which was tied around them above the elbows.

And she was dancing again, dancing with her obese, flabby and stinking stepbrother... intimately held in his arms and dancing to the unbearable songs of Julio Catedrales. The difference this time was that they were both naked. Miriam, naturally, was still balancing on one foot.

Gustavo was holding her by her bottom with one hand and he was sticking two fingers between her buttocks and his member was rubbing between her vaginal lips without penetrating her. The girl was arching her body

back with her head to one side, avoiding his mad stare and stinking breath.

Gustavo sank a finger into her anus...

Miriam stood on tiptoe to avoid the intrusion.

'Move closer, ratgirl... were supposed to be fiancées and all that... Nobody can see us, so make the most of it and grope me a bit...'

Miriam pressed her breasts against the flabby body of that fat pig... She just didn't care anymore.

'Yes... I like to feel your nipples... and your tits... your boobies, I should say. Come on rub yourself up against me... make your ratboy happy...'

Miriam obeyed... How far was he going to make her degrade herself? How far would she allow herself to be degraded?

Still dancing, treading on and tripping over the chain that held his sister's ankle prisoner, Gustavo cornered her against the bars of her cage.

He was squashing her...

'You make me horny, ratgirl. I can't help it. I'm going to fuck you again... Can you hear me?' he grunted as he grabbed her hair and her left breast.

Miriam tried to move her hips away, but it was hopeless. Gustavo had already penetrated her...

'Hmmm... that's nice! I love your cunt, it's always wet like a whore's cunt... I've always wanted to dance with you like this... fucking you... so nobody would know... Like now... take it... take my cock... Do you feel it? Do you like Ratboy's knob?'

Miriam burst into tears. He was hurting her hair, her breasts not to mention her vagina... The rope was biting her bent leg and she hadn't been able to feel her arms for ages. Crushed against the bars of the cage, she suffered stoically the weight of the pig that was raping her...

How could he ask if she liked it?

Between her tears, Miriam shook her head.

Gustavo went on raping her... but it was uncomfortable standing and difficult... The penetration wasn't as complete as he wanted. In fact he even slipped out a couple of times...

'Let's go to bed, ratgirl... we'll be more comfy there.'

Miriam resisted, but Gustavo dragged her by her hair and threw her onto the mattress on her back.

'What are you playing at, ratgirl? Don't pretend... no one can see you. I know you want it...'

And he threw himself on her, crushing her under his more than two hundred pounds of fat... And he grabbed her left leg and raised it until he could hook her ankle to a hook on the head of the bed.

Miriam couldn't have felt more outraged, more offered up... nor could she have felt her rapist penetrate her more deeply and more intimately... Gustavo fucked her like this until he came...

The final thrusts of his pelvis were brutally violent, causing the writhing girl terrible and unnecessary pain.

Sick with disgust and shame, Miriam felt the copious spurts of his semen deep inside her vagina...

She was disgusted and terrified. Disgusted to feel herself so intimately impregnated. Terrified by the possibility that this monster could have left her pregnant...

Mosquito Marsh Prison

Warden Dalton had just woken up and was looking at his bedroom whores with a smile and an erection. They were mother and daughter, mother naked and daughter in a yellow dress.

The mother had old red high-heeled sandals on her feet. The daughter was still barefoot. Both of them were on their knees. Both of them crying, with their cheeks pressed together, chained at their necks...

Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter knocked on the door.

'Here you are, Sir' he said offering the beer can to his boss.

The Warden held the can up... it was full to the brim. Full of prison guard's sperm.

'These boys are all studs,' he said with pride.

As hard as a rock, as he always was after a nap, the Warden got up off the bed.

He picked up the cattle prod from the chair...

'You whore... Tell the little slut what this is.'

Mrs Pascal started to tremble.

'It's an electrode, Gabrielle... it gives an electric shock. It hurts... hurts a lot. They use it on cattle...'

'And on disobedient or uncaring prisoners... HA... HA... HA...' he added

chuckling. 'Your explanation is very precise, slut... very exact, I'd say... It doesn't matter what you're teaching your daughter, it could be how to give a wank with both hands or what the fuck this thing is for... But a picture paints a thousand words... HAVE A SPARK, WHORE

'YOOOOWWWAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGHHH!'

Margot jumped so hard she threw her daughter to the floor. The bastard had shocked her in the back by surprise, at the base of her spine...

Gabrielle was shaking from head to foot. The Warden grabbed her by her hair and forced her back to her knees, dragging her mother with her...

'You're having jailer's milk for dinner tonight... Aren't you, little one?'

The girl nodded hysterically... She was terrified.

'And you're going to lick it off your mother's tits, like when you were a baby,' added the Warden dripping the contents of the can onto Margot's nipple, drop by slow, sticky, drop...

Corrientes Street, after the knees-up

Mrs Bermudez went to get her son at dinnertime. As soon as she opened the door, the stink of her son's feet assaulted her nerves.

Mrs Bermudez went down the stairs silently...

Just as she hoped. She surprised the happy couple in bed. Both naked and in each other's arms...

Gustavo was sitting, leaning back on the bed head... Miriam, with one leg tied and the other chained by the ankle was squatting over him.

The girl's elbows were cruelly tied behind her back...

He's a monster, thought Mrs Bermudez.

'Good evening, couple...don't worry about me. Finish what you're doing.'

Mrs Bermudez sat at the foot of the bed. Miriam had her back to her.

My poor son, she thought sadly, So ugly, so fat, with that white skin and those stinking size twelve feet... How could she have given birth to such a horrible thing?

The contrast between the two bodies was stark... On top, the girl, exquisite, provocative, a cover-girl's body... Below, Gustavo's body... splayed on the bed with the fat spreading all over the mattress, flaccid, white, covered in sores and spots... he was deplorably repulsive. He even made his own mother sick.

Mrs Bermudez put her hand under her skirt; she wasn't wearing panties...



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Good evening, couple...don't worry about me.
Finish what you're doing.'

Miriam made her wild... Those straight shoulders, the super narrow waist... and then the rounded, perfectly rounded buttocks bouncing on the flaccid thighs. Those fantastic, irresistible, lingerie model's buttocks impaled on her son's erection.

And this was like a real hard-core porn film... Gustavo had the girl by her thighs and he was marking the pace he wanted her to fuck him at.

Miriam, submissive but intimately revolted, was riding him at his whim. Mrs Bermudez couldn't believe it... her wretched son with that naked beauty on top of him, with the fantastic blonde hair swinging from left to right, with her firm and appetising flesh trembling adorably with every thrust. Yes it was incredible. That gorgeous cover girl was riding her Gustavo... She was pleasing him... she was fucking him, shagging him, making love to him naked, even though tied up...

'I'm so happy that you're getting along,' she said.

But the kids just got on with it. Gustavo striving to achieve an orgasm that was eluding him and Miriam, trying desperately to provoke it and put an end to that sexual torture.

Mrs Bermudez moved closer to the couple, to her children...

Miriam looked at her stepmother, her mother in law now, with tears in her eyes. Mrs Bermudez smiled at her... Then bit her hard on her left nipple and then on her right shoulder, and also gave her lots of love bites on her neck and around her ear.

Mrs Bermudez licked up the tears from her face.

'My son makes you cry of pleasure, doesn't it, darling? Yes... I see you really are getting along well.

The happiness of a couple always starts here' she said pointing at the bed.

Gustavo came at that precise moment.

'Now... mum... now... watch me come, mum...'

Mrs Bermudez grabbed Miriam's chin and forced her to meet her stare, studying her reaction. She smiled at her...

'Can you feel my son? He's a man now... Don't you think?'

Mosquito Marsh Prison. Sunday afternoon draws to a close

The end of that awful Sunday afternoon in Mosquito Marsh Prison had finally arrived. Corporal Gonzalez, alias Cuntsplitter had locked Mrs Pascal and her daughter in their cages in the Whore's Gallery.

The other inmates were eager to see the new girl to hear about the city, about life outside that hellhole...

But Gabrielle couldn't really satisfy their curiosity with the ring gag stuck in her mouth.

Mother and daughter sat down on the floor, on the soaking wet cardboard that would be their bed. They sat in the same way, crouched into balls, hugging their legs against their breasts. They were filthy and tired.

They both smelled of the Warden's semen.

They both tasted semen... the mother tasted the Warden's semen, and her daughter tasted the semen of the entire watch.

Mother and daughter looked at one another sadly. Between them stood the «receiving cage», that was at that moment occupied by a high ranking soldier, a member of the junta, who was crushing under his body one Rosario Mendoza, one of the youngest whores in the prison. All that could be seen of the girl under the pile of old fat that she had on top of her were her feet and her calves. The rest of the girl was hidden.

The soldier was barely moving... just the trembling in his flatulent buttocks gave away the fact that he was raping the girl. He had the girl by her hair and he was kissing her on the mouth...

Gabrielle could take no more... she really felt sick. She tried to calm down, to breathe deeply. It was useless... Gabrielle vomited all the semen she had swallowed through the ring... With terrible grief, her mother, Mrs Pascal watched from a distant cage and cried silently.

Monday, Corrientes Street

Mr Bermudez returned quietly home at midmorning... His wife, Mrs Bermudez, had left early for Cordoba, on a visit to her mother's house. Gustavo and Julio were starting in the new school that day.

Mr Bermudez was furiously erect.

There under the swimming pool, Miriam is waiting for me, naked, he thought as he parked the car...

Mr Bermudez opened the boot and took out his shopping... The strappy high-heeled sandals were exactly the same as the one that her mother was wearing in the prison, except they were new. The sheer, shiny stockings

with the lace tops, the red lace suspender belt, the little red playboy bunny hat, the strawberry flavoured lipstick and the tiny rubber panties with sequins and two fat dildoes. Dildoes that were made of a sticky and irritant material, the latest thing from Japan he had been told...

Mr Bermudez looked for the car aerial but he couldn't find it. Bad luck, he would have to flog her with his belt.

It was ten in the morning and Gustavo wouldn't be home until seven in the evening...

He had all day. They had all day...

Mosquito Marsh Prison, Monday

The prisoners were lined up in the yard in front of the gallows. The pretties and youngest were in the front row, the ones Warden Dalton used as whores in his «prison brothel» business. The girls he had decided to «redeem» by prostituting them.

They were the only naked ones. Naked but wearing extravagant high heeled shoes.

All except Gabrielle who was still wearing her yellow dress and who was still barefoot.

Ten guards armed with whips were keeping order in spite of the prisoners all having their hands cuffed behind their backs.

A military march was booming out of the loudspeakers.

The young and appetising prisoners were shivering with terror. The others watched events with idle curiosity. Some were even happy...

One of the naked girls, a very young one, fainted and fell to the floor. No one took any notice...

The Warden went straight to Gabrielle...

'Come here, you...' he said crudely shoving her out of line with his elbow. Gabrielle tripped and the Warden shook her...

'What's wrong with you, whore? Don't you like to go shopping?' he asked.

Gabrielle didn't understand the question. And with the punishment ring stuck between her teeth she couldn't reply. She couldn't say that she was terrified, that she was too young to hang... That she would do anything... That she would learn... That she would drain him with her mouth, that

she would let him rape her, that she would make love to him when and how he wanted...

But instead of taking her to the scaffold, the Warden made her walk along the line of prisoners.

'I'm going to choose you a pair of shoes. I'm sick of seeing you walking around barefoot. You look like a beggar's whore, not the Warden's slut...'

They stopped in front of Mrs Pascal.

'Do you like your mum's shoes?'

Gabrielle shook her head. She didn't understand the rules of the game but something told her to say no...

'And these?'

They were black, as old as Mrs Pascal's. They were suede and had a very thick high-heel. A black girl was wearing them, a pretty American girl who had been caught at the airport with two grams of hash in her case. The girl begged Gabrielle pathetically with her look, shaking her head... not daring to speak.

Gabrielle shook her head.

Warden and prisoner continued along the line of prisoners... Gabrielle asked herself how a twerp like the Warden had managed to fill the prison with all these beauties... Some of them were even exotic beauties...

'These go with your hair...' said the Warden pointing at Florane's feet. She was a half-Lebanese girl.

They were sandals with straps on the heels, golden and open like her mother's, they also had very high heels.

Gabrielle shook her head. They were over six inches high and they seemed too much for her. She could never walk with anything like that on her feet...

'That's settled then, I'll teach you how to use them... not to walk, obviously. Florane here is a true expert, aren't you, whore? But that's all over now...'

The half-Lebanese girl frantically shook her head.

The Warden made a sign to his officers.

Gabrielle still didn't understand... until she saw those brutes dragging the young girl to the gallows.

Florane screamed, cursing the Warden in Arabic, cursing the jail the guards and most of all, cursing poor little Gabrielle...

Moments later, he naked body was writhing with terrible convulsions at the end of a rope.
She survived for more than a quarter of an hour... The knot wasn't properly tied, on purpose...

When the macabre show was over, the Warden pushed Gabrielle to the scaffold. The girl urinated herself. She was shaking with terror... she was desperate, she couldn't stand. She had never seen death so close. It was her turn now...

The Warden took off her cuffs and pushed her against Florane's body. She was soaked with sweat, cold sweat...

Gabrielle couldn't believe she was dead... Only minutes ago she had been pleading with her eyes, she had screamed. Now she was hanging dead, forever.

Gabrielle fell to her knees on the floor. Her legs wouldn't support her... Florane's feet were rubbing the floor...

'Take her shoes off and put them on. Now you're really a Mosquito Marsh Prison whore,' said the Warden from behind her back.

THE END

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