

THE REVOLUTION BEGINS: THE FALL OF THE PRIME MINISTER

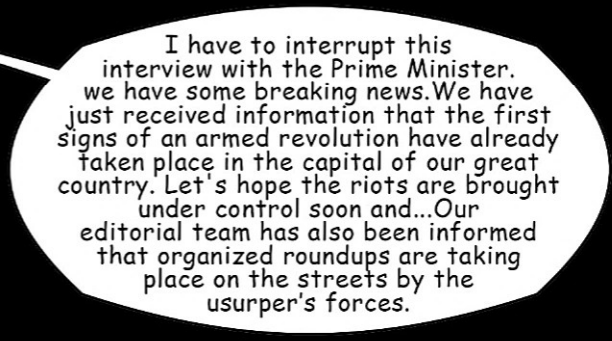


THE REVOLUTION BEGINS:

THE FALL OF THE PRIME MINISTER

ARCTOSS

SAN CRISTOBAL WAS A SMALL ISLAND IN SOUTH AMERICA. IT WAS ALSO A COUNTRY. ON THE ONE HAND, IT WAS A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION IN FULL BLOOM, ON THE OTHER, SOCIAL BACKWARDNESS AND A VERY PATRIARCHAL SOCIETY GAVE IT A DISTINCTLY MEDIEVAL FEEL. TO MAKE MATTERS EVEN WORSE, THERE WERE RUMORS OF A REVOLUTION LED BY AZARAEAL ORTEGA, A WHITE, EDUCATED AND VERY DANGEROUS MAN. NOW IT'S 4PM AND THERE'S A SHOW ON TV ABOUT POTENTIAL DANGER, TO WHICH PRIME MINISTER GABRIELA MENDOZA - ONCE - A LONG TIME AGO - A LOCAL BEAUTY, NOW ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL POLITICIANS IN THIS PART OF SOUTH AMERICA - HAS BEEN INVITED. THE SHOW IS HOSTED BY ONE OF THE MOST RECOGNIZABLE YOUNG JOURNALISTS, WIDELY RESPECTED ELEONORA VEGA. EVERYONE IS TERRIBLY TIRED, BUT THE DANGEROUS SITUATION IN THE COUNTRY FORCES BOTH JOURNALISTS AND THE GOVERNMENT TO TRY TO KEEP ON TOP OF THE SITUATION.



Get this one, here,
quickly before she
escapes!

MILITARY UNITS HAVE APPEARED ON THE STREETS,
ROUNDING UP ALL CIVILIANS, AND THOSE NOT ON
SPECIAL LISTS WERE IMMEDIATELY ARRESTED.
THE SOLDIERS FOCUSED PRIMARILY ON YOUNGER
WOMEN DURING THEIR ROUNDUPS, THERE ARE
REPORTS OF SOME MEN BEING CAPTURED TOO...
BUT WITH SIGNIFICANTLY LESS EMPHASIS.



THE CAPTURED WOMEN AND A FEW MEN WERE LOADED
INTO PRISON VEHICLES.

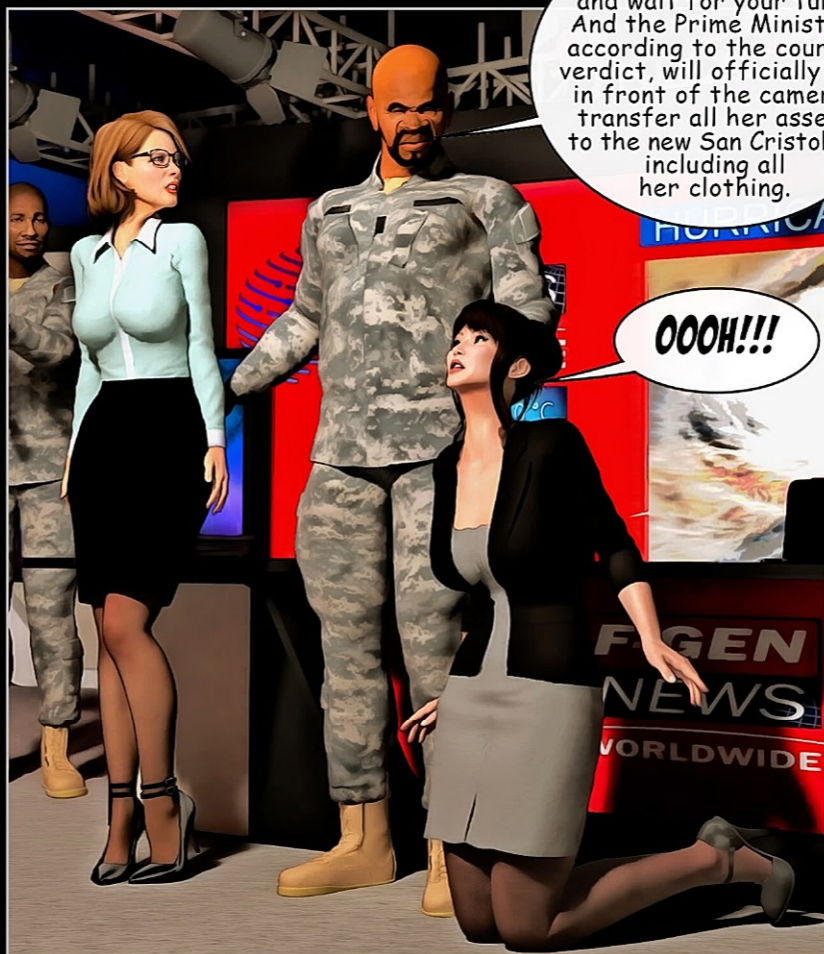
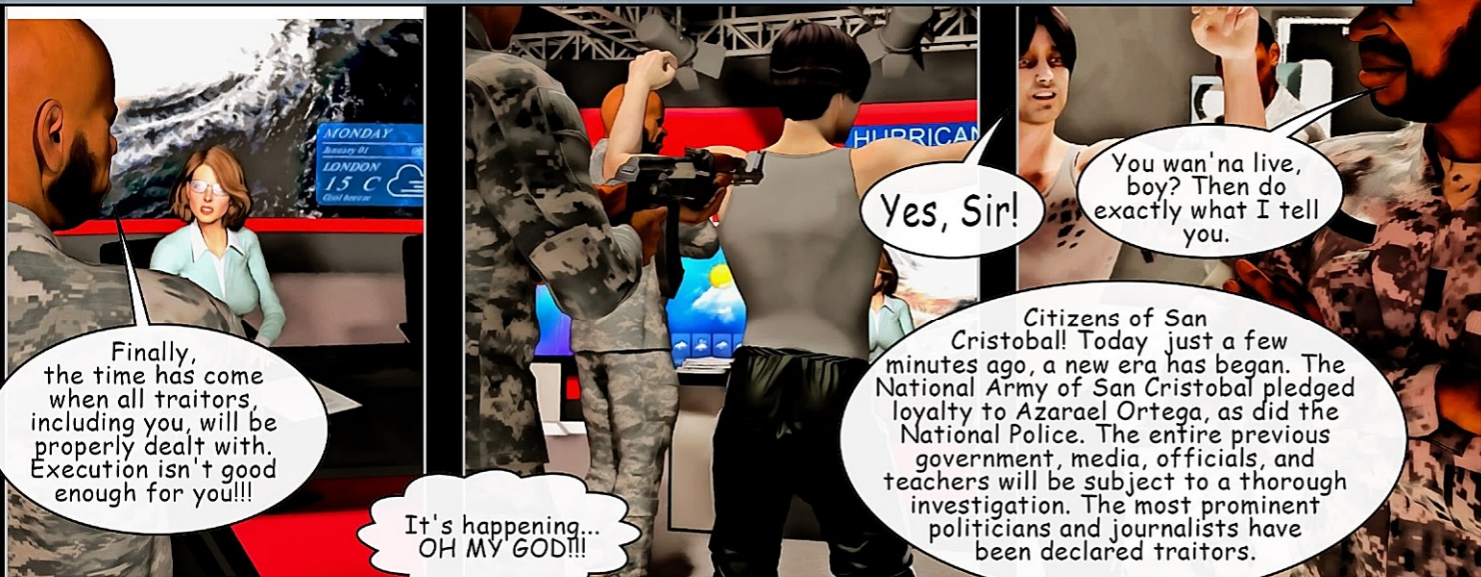
THEIR HANDS WERE BOUND BEHIND THEIR BACKS LIKE
COMMON CRIMINALS, PREVENTING NOT ONLY ESCAPE BUT
ANY FORM OF DEFENSE.

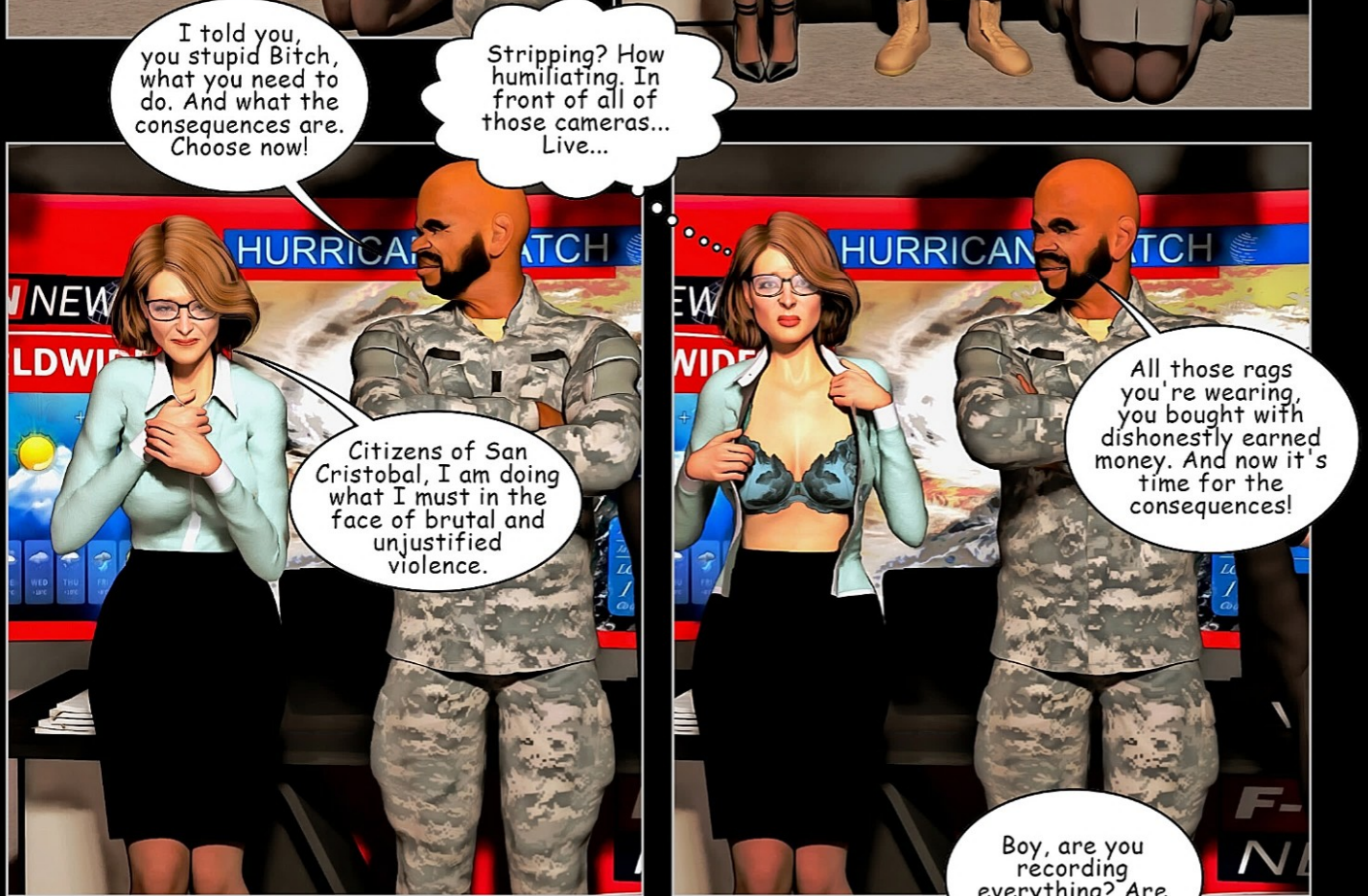
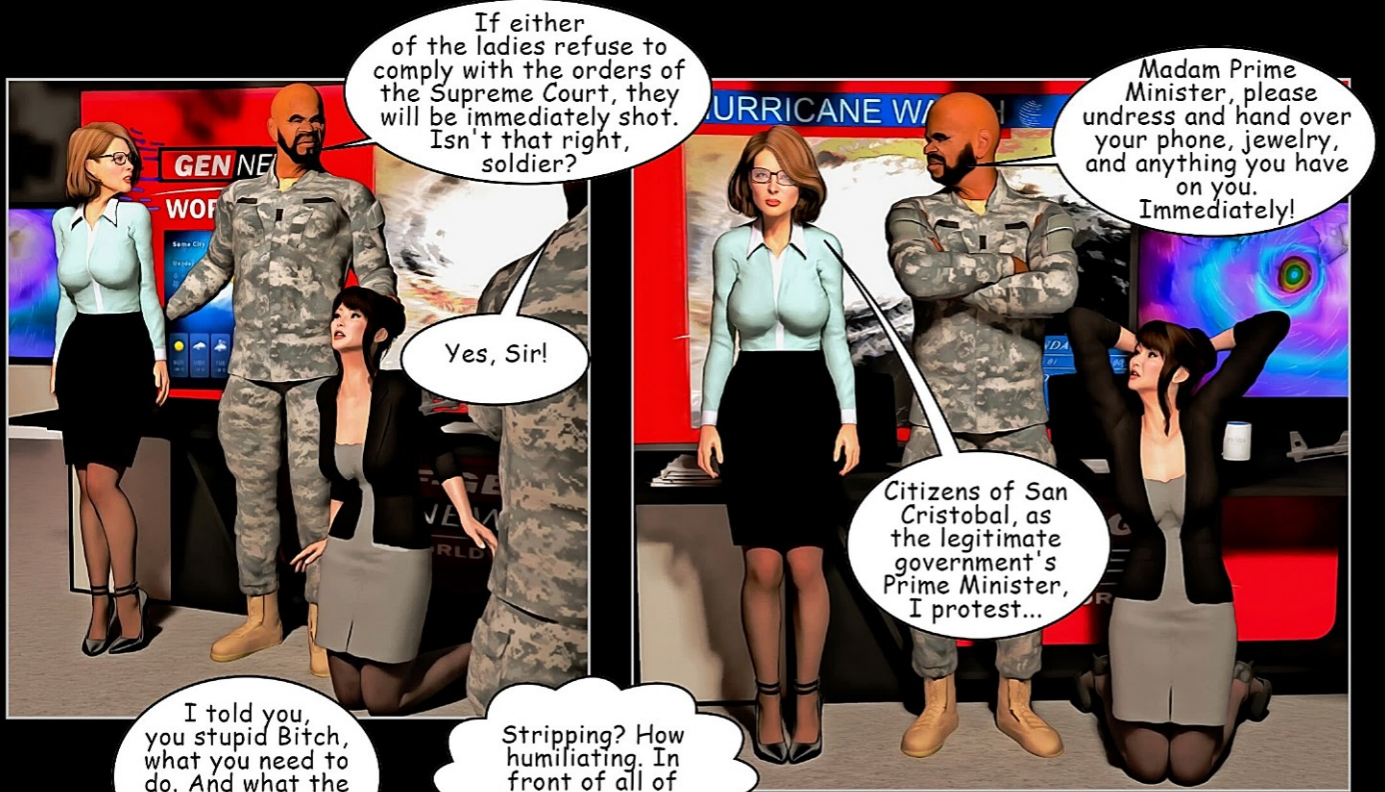


Where are you
taking us?!?



THE ATTACK BY AZARAEI'S PEOPLE CAME AS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO EVERYONE. RIOTS WERE EXPECTED, BUT WHAT UNFOLDED EXCEEDED THE EXPECTATIONS OF EVEN THE MOST PESSIMISTIC COMMENTATORS. EXACTLY 15 MINUTES AFTER THE ATTACK BEGAN, SEVERAL MILITANTS APPEARED IN THE STUDIO WHERE PRIME MINISTER GABRIELA MENDOSA WAS COMMENTING ON THE CURRENT EVENTS.







Oh my God!!!
It's so
humiliating...

What do I see here?!?
Nice curves!!! I bet you
even used taxpayers'
money to get those! And you
certainly didn't spare any
expenses on really
feminine lingerie.

Gabriela not only felt naked, but she
also felt terribly humiliated, almost
dehumanized. This public nudity was a
real blow to her dignity and strength.



You know what,
Prime Minister? I have
a surprise for you. I will
allow you to keep the rest
of your clothes. Let them
remind you of the
good old times.

Your turn,
presenter!!! Just
do it quickly. The
Prime Minister
gave us a long
enough show!

Three minutes later, Eleonora Vega also
stood naked in front of the cameras,
feeling just as humiliated as the Prime
Minister.



People of San
Cristobal!!! Many
individuals are suspected
of betraying the state's
interests. These two
women have been declared
guilty of treason in absentia.
Expedited trials for
other suspects will take
place soon.

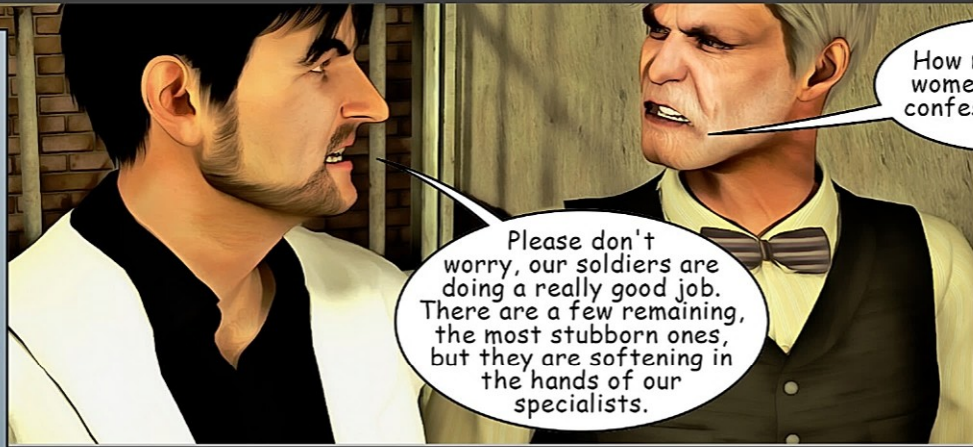


Of course, the
new government is acting
in accordance with the law.
Soon you will be able to
witness the trial of these
two treacherous women or
their public confession
of guilt.

AAAH!!!



The following days were extraordinary. All the imprisoned individuals were subjected to torture in order to force them to confess to the crimes of treason against the state of San Cristobal and espionage for the USA. In most cases, the captured women confessed relatively quickly, knowing that the alternative was the death penalty.



How many more women have not confessed yet?!?

Please don't worry, our soldiers are doing a really good job. There are a few remaining, the most stubborn ones, but they are softening in the hands of our specialists.



Let me remind you of your situation. You have a choice: either you confess or the court will sentence you to death.

But before you confess, because that will happen, let's have a little fun.



You won't be needing those panties anymore, that's for sure.



What is the purpose of these cells? Who do you keep here?

Only the women who have already confessed. Unfortunately, we are running out of space, and soon we will have to lock multiple women in a single room. Has President Azarael made any decisions regarding the prisons?

So you're an actress who came to visit San Cristobal?!?

Yes, that's true... Please, Let me go... I shouldn't be here!



There is a plan that is already being implemented and will soon be made public. However, for now, we have what we have. If necessary, you can lock up to 10 women in a single cell.

In a different cell...



I can't. And I don't want to. But I can convince you that you came here to spy, and I promise you, I will.



A temporary court has been established to issue verdicts regarding the cases of treason. Verdicts were collectively given for individuals who have already confessed to their guilt.



This court is a farce. Just like your new president. And what about human rights?!?

International courts and governments will be able to stand up for us, and then...

You will pay for this!!! Everyone involved will pay!!!



San Cristobal, On the streets of Estrellamar, 9 October,
early morning

The streets of San Cristobal changed day by day. Periodically, the street filled with naked women and men who had confessed to betraying their country. Humiliated and frightened, they were publicly exposed and shamed. They were then driven to the prisons assigned to them.



**FASTER,
BITCHES!
FASTER!!!**

**NOOO!!!
IT'S MY HUSBAND!!!**



WOW! The
traitors are nearly
all women! Hot
women too! How do
you explain that?

I don't!
I'm too busy
looking at those
bouncing tits,
man!



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San Cristobal, Town Hall in Estrellamar, 9 October





Here they are, the two worst traitors! Do you have anything to say?

Yes, I do.

Yes, I do.

Are they really naked? This event has turned into quite a spectacle.

Bring those ladies here, we will soon find out if they have anything else to hide.

Bounce your tits for us, Prime Minister!!!



Under the threat of death, I confess to betraying San Cristobal. As a journalist, I deserve a severe punishment

However, I plead with the people of San Cristobal to give me a chance at redemption through serving the nation by engaging in public service.

Under the threat of death, I confess to betraying San Cristobal. As the former prime minister of this nation, I deserve severe punishment.



On behalf of both of us, I humbly request a lenient sentence and an opportunity for redemption for our sins.



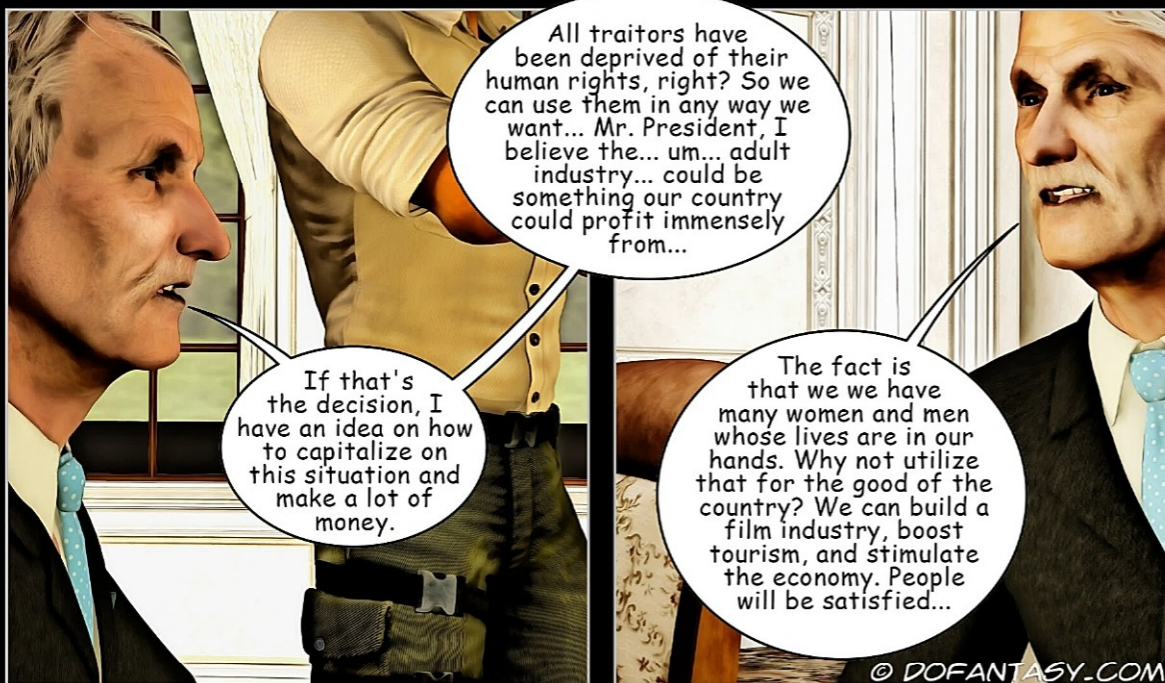
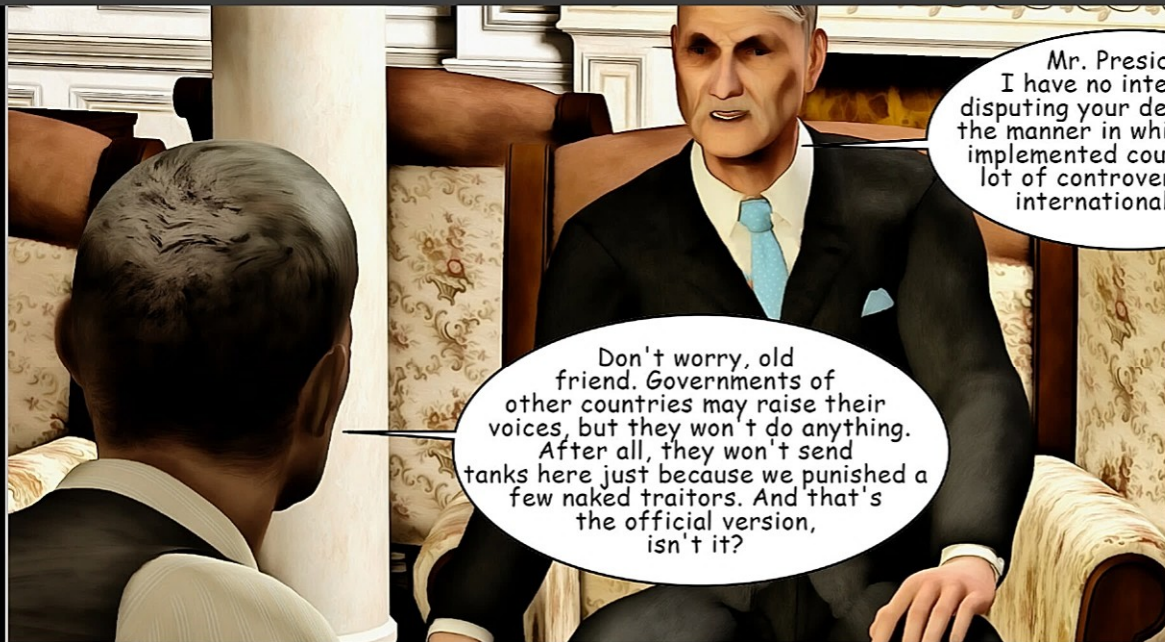
but I plead with the people of San Cristobal to give me a chance at redemption through serving the nation by engaging in public service.

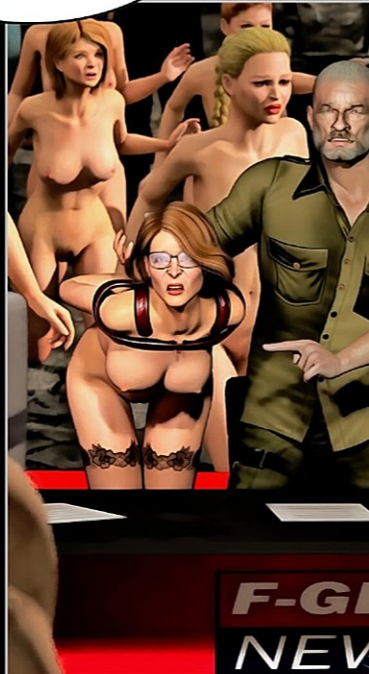
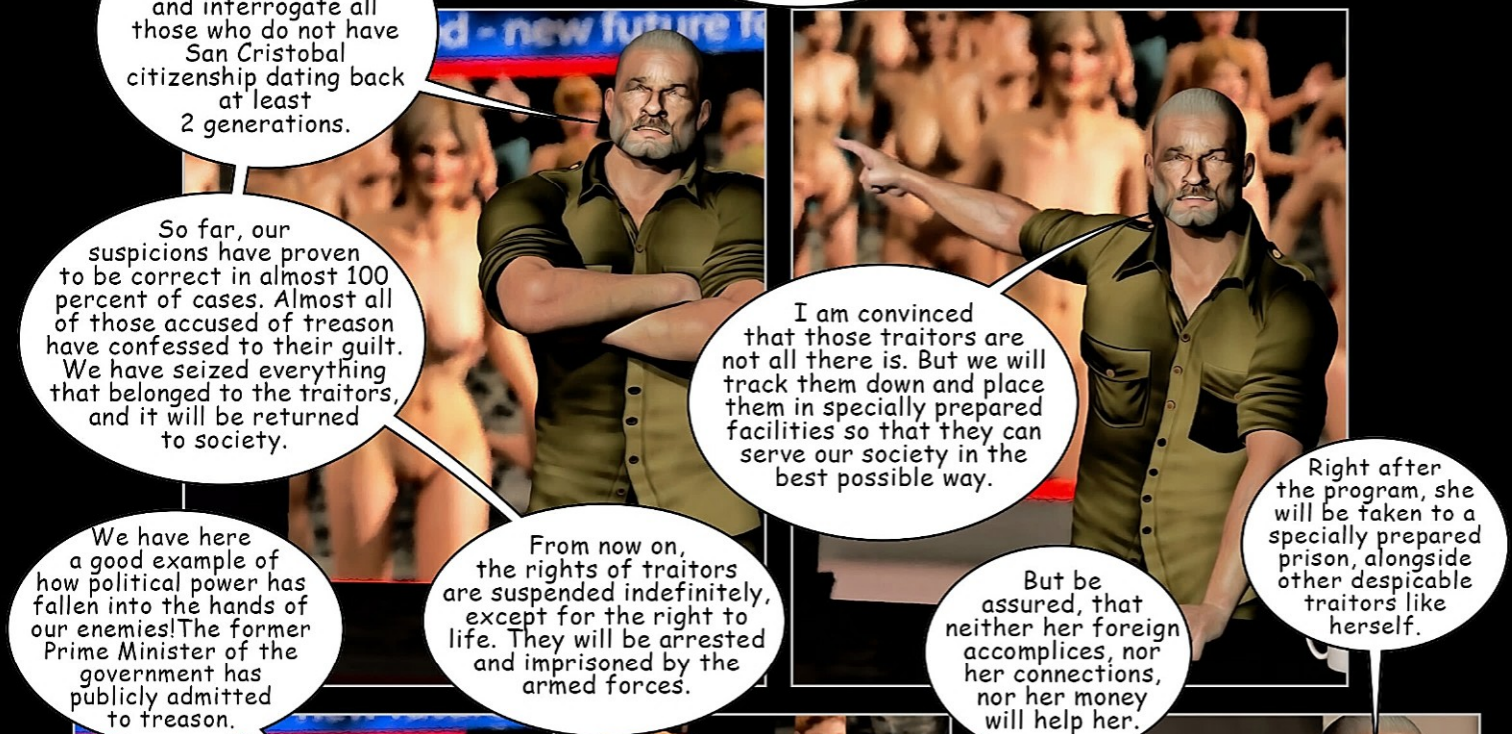
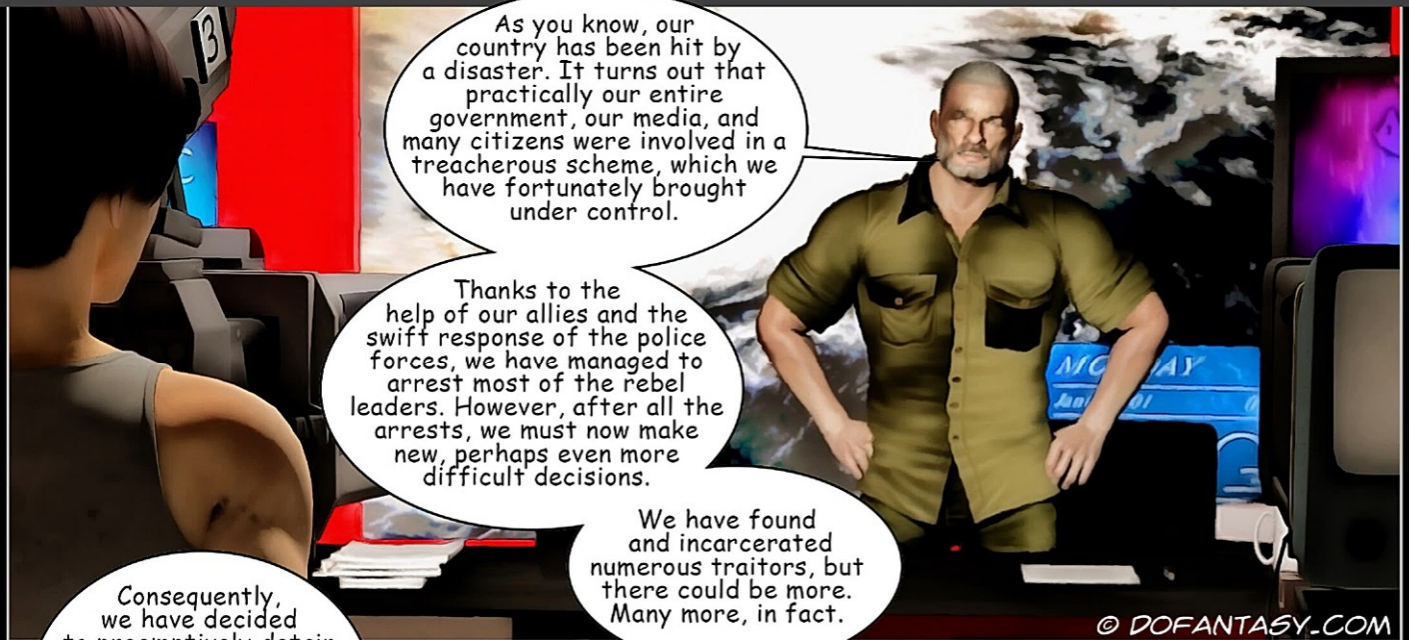


By order of the president, both of you are deprived of human rights! For the next 10 years, you have no right to anything of your own, not even clothing. If you cleanse your sins through your work, your rights will be restored.

Does that mean they will be naked all the time? Will they work in that state?

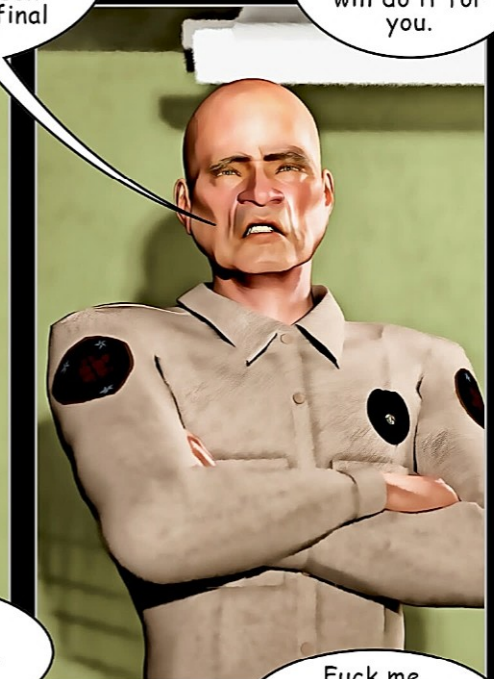
I hope so, they're both hot bitches!





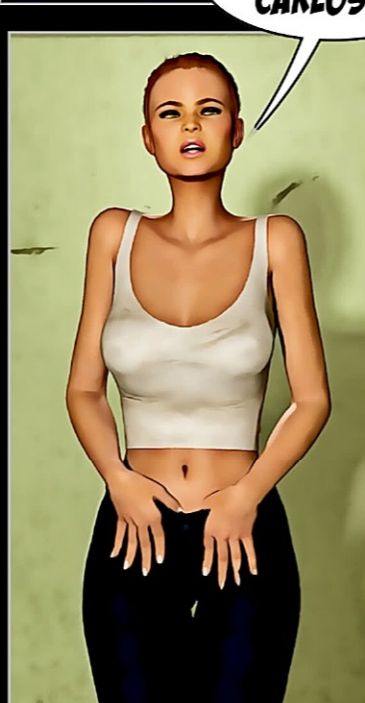


Yes, we know you. But the court's verdict is clear. So now we will get to know each other even better.



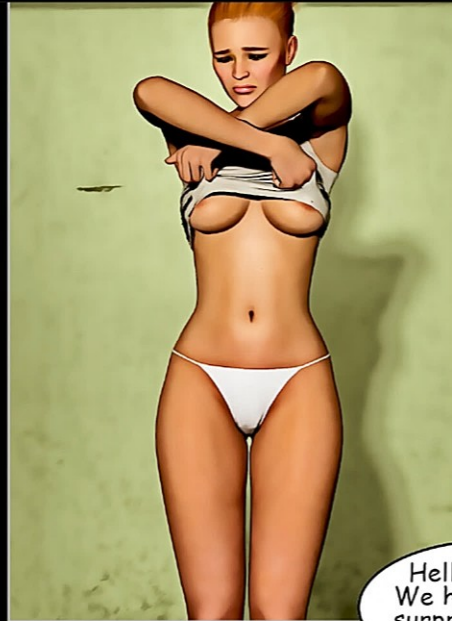
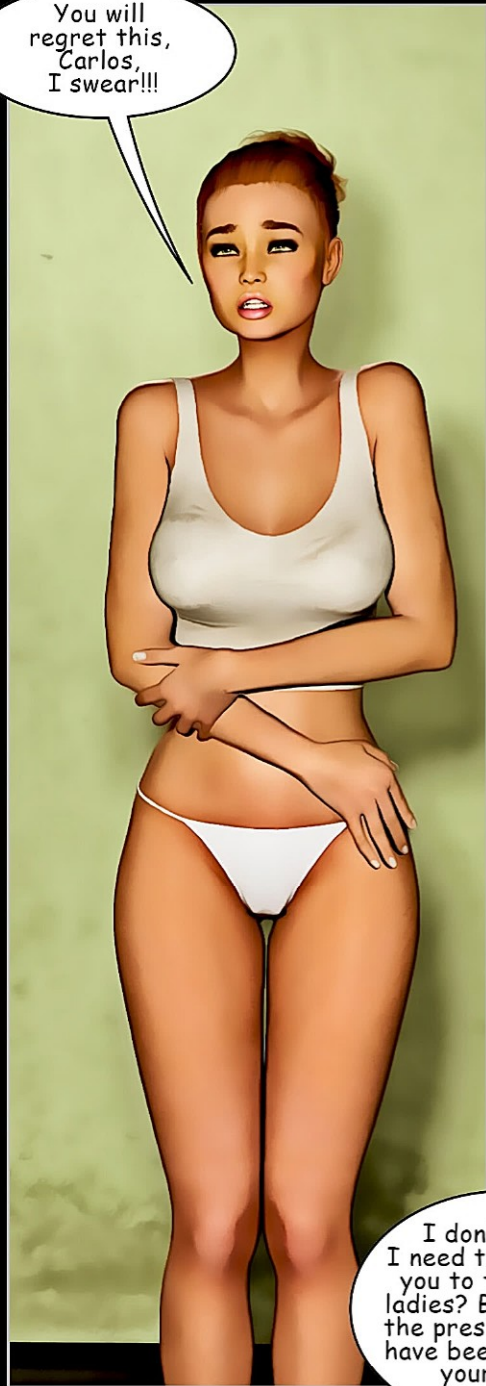
So now be a good girl and get undressed, dammit. Or we will do it for you.

FUCK YOU, CARLOS!!!



A police inspector until recently, seconded to inspect the state of prisons, now a prisoner herself, Alissa felt humiliated and angry at the same time. But what could she do in this situation?

You will regret this, Carlos, I swear!!!



Hello officer! We have quite a surprise for you here!



What the heck? Oh... Prime Minister. What an honor...

I don't think I need to introduce you to these two ladies? By order of the president, they have been placed in your care.

The president wants you to treat them both with special attention. After all, they are very famous women, aren't they?



Tell the president that I will look after them personally. They will definitely not get bored in this... in my prison.



Ladies, you are all imprisoned here because you are guilty of sedition. It is the gravest offense, usually punished by death. But thanks to the mercy of the new president, you are alive. You live to redeem your sins.

Prime Minister, two steps ahead of the pack - step forward.

No, I don't know sir.



You will all be treated as you deserve....

And do you know what kind of treatment traitors deserve?



Traitors deserve to be treated worse than caged rabid dogs!!!

I have been assigned as a supervisor for your group. And believe me, it won't be easy for you.



Time for morning exercise. Forward, Madam Prime Minister, to the corral. NOW!!!



Faster bitch! Move that ass of yours, and those shapely legs faster. We don't have all day!!!

OOOH!!!

AUCH!!!

I never thought i'd flog the ass of the Prime Minister herself. Jump, jump higher, you traitorous bitch!!!

OOOOH!!!

I said jump!!! Higher and faster!!!

The sight of a naked and bound Prime Minister being flogged on the ass by a guard was not only frightening but depressing for the other women. That moment made them lose all hope of changing this terrible situation.

OH God, is this really happening?!

Come on, bitches!!! What are you waiting for??? Into the corral, it's morning exercise for everyone, not just her!



Faster, get those asses moving!!!
I want to see your muscles tremble from the effort!!!
Faster!!!

With whip in hand, the guards forced the women to run around the corral for almost three hours. Their hands, tied high on their backs, did not allow them to shield themselves from the blows, nor did they allow them to cover their nakedness.



MOVE YOUR ASS BITCH!!!

Please, I can't run anymore, we've been running for so long....

When I say run, you should run until you fall from exhaustion or I say stop!



STOP COMPLAINING, JUST RUN!!!

After three hours, all the women were staggering with fatigue. None were allowed to rest, none were given anything to drink. None dared to rebel either. Slowly the realization came over them that from now on they were no longer human beings in this country.





After a few minutes, all the enslaved women were standing in front of the entrances to their cells. All except the former prime minister and the former TV presenter.





They moved to another part of the prison. It was in a way more civilised here, cleaner, but it was also more austere and sterile. The Prime Minister thought it was more like a hospital than a prison.

OUCH!!!!

Faster bitch!
Move your sweet
ass, we are almost
there.

AAUCH!!!

**GET IN,
BITCH!**

You have
a scheduled visit.
Your husband will
be here in one
hour.

Now you must
behave yourself.
Someone will come who,
under the president's
orders, is tasked with
changing your image.

I'm cuffing
you to the wall.
We need to limit
any risk on your
part.

My husband?!?!
Wha... What are
you doing?!?

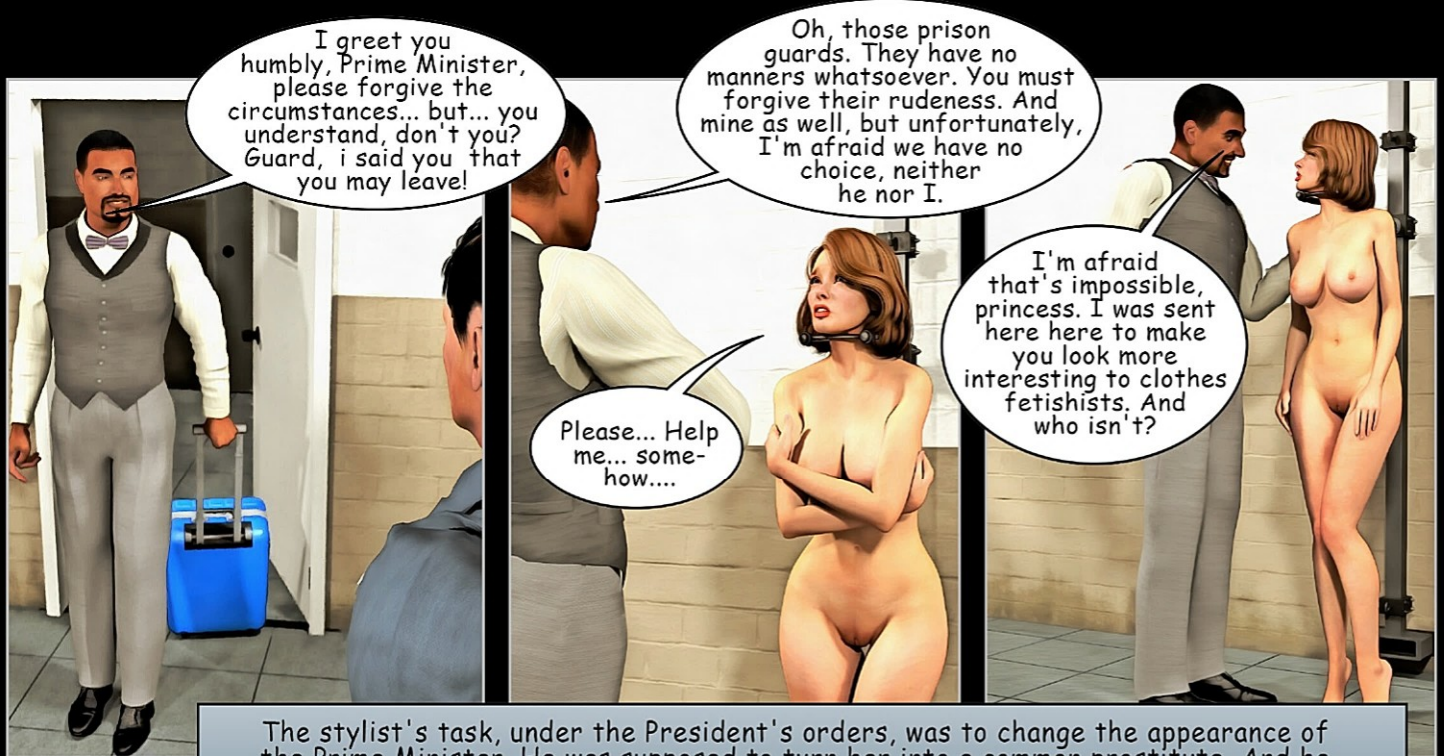
I must admit,
you're quite a hottie,
Prime Minister. Ah... if I
had some time right now,
we would have some fun
in a quite different
way...

But don't
worry. The time
will come for some
fun with me.
And you will
remember that
fun for a long
time...

Well then,
I'll leave you
alone... see you
later, bitch.

You'll regret
it all. And that is
what you will
remember!

What a
charming exchange
of thoughts. Did I miss
anything else? Hello, I'm
Joe, and I will take care
of changing your
appearance, Madam
Prime Minister. Guard,
that's all.



The stylist's task, under the President's orders, was to change the appearance of the Prime Minister. He was supposed to turn her into a common prostitute. And he succeeded in doing so. Adding a few personal touches along the way...



The stylist removed her restraints, which, even though her hands were still tied, gave her a small amount of freedom. The Prime Minister tried to take advantage of this by trying to loosen the bonds, but it soon became apparent that this was impossible.

It's absolutely impossible.... I will not be able to get rid of these ties.

I can only guess why they turned me from a naked slave to a naked, bound whore.

Hello pretty. I'm your husband, today....

You are not my husband. You are the security guard... Where is...

For the next two hours, I am your husband. Do you understand that, Bitch?

OOOOOH!!

OOOOOH!!

Yes run, run away. It's very sexy. You wiggle that ass like a professional whore!

Now jump, bitch, jump and run.... I want to see your tits jump up when you run around like this.



YOU ARE NOT MY HUSBAND!!!

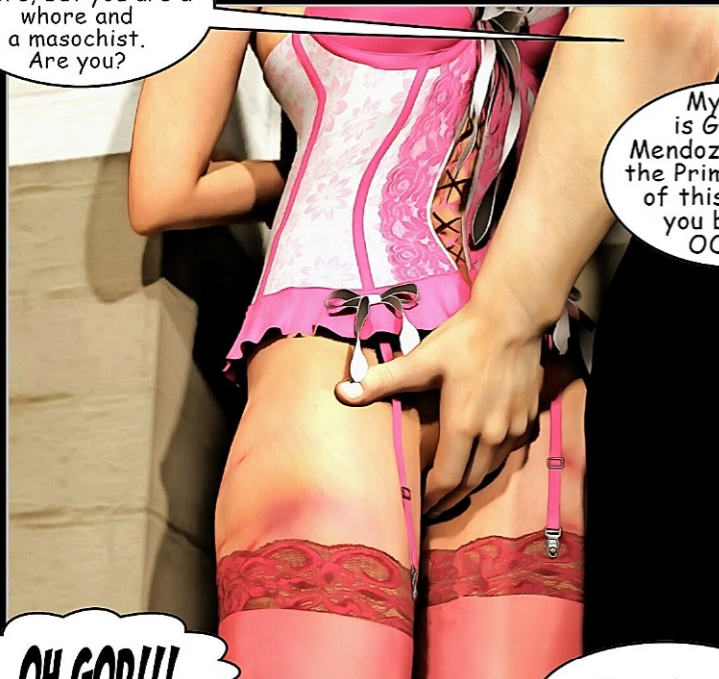
That's how you greet your husband, bitch??? Running away from him!!! A whore like you should politely kiss your husband and wait for further instructions.

Maybe not only are you a whore, but you are a whore and a masochist. Are you?



Wha... What are You doing?!?! Leave me alone!

If I am not your husband, why do you have such a wet pussy? Maybe you like someone enslaving you and flogging your ass!



My name is Gabriela Mendoza and I am the Prime Minister of this country, you bastard! OOOH...



You're delusional, you whore. You are now my whore and my wife. And you're going to do what I tell you, or I'm going to whip you like you deserve!

And now, you whore, kiss me, like good wife should do.

OH GOD!!!



Yes, whore, just like that.



MMMMGH... mmmmlm

I said kiss. Passionately. Not like a cheap whore, but like a good and obedient wife.



I don't want to feel your teeth, slut, just your tongue, deep, deeper!!!

No, please, I can do better... please....

You kiss, bitch, like a robot. You still have a lot to learn. Fortunately, you have me to help you learn.



And the best teacher is someone who knows how to instill proper discipline.

A little discipline, a little pleasure. It always works in training cheap sluts like you!

NOOOO!!!



SMACK!!!

Please don't hit me anymore.... I will try to be better... A better whore... a better wife for you.... Please...



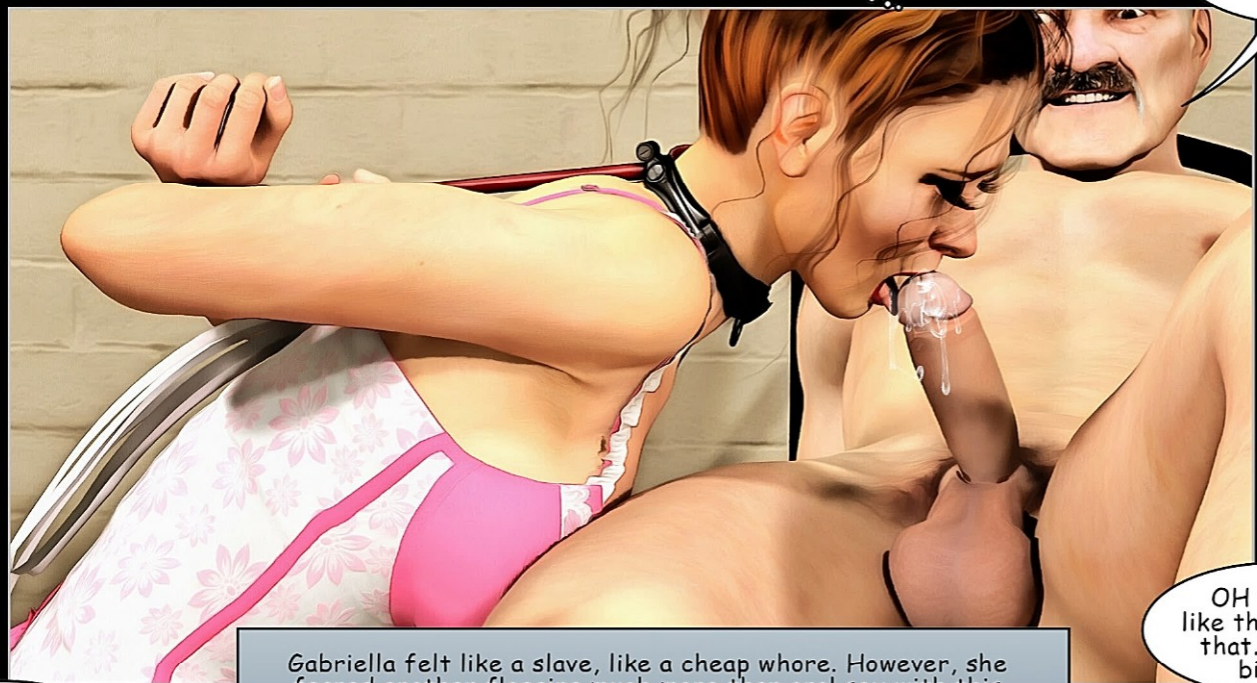
AAAAH!

SMACK!!!



Ok, bitch, I'll give you one last chance, bitch. Let's see how my efforts to teach you something have worked.

SMACK!!!

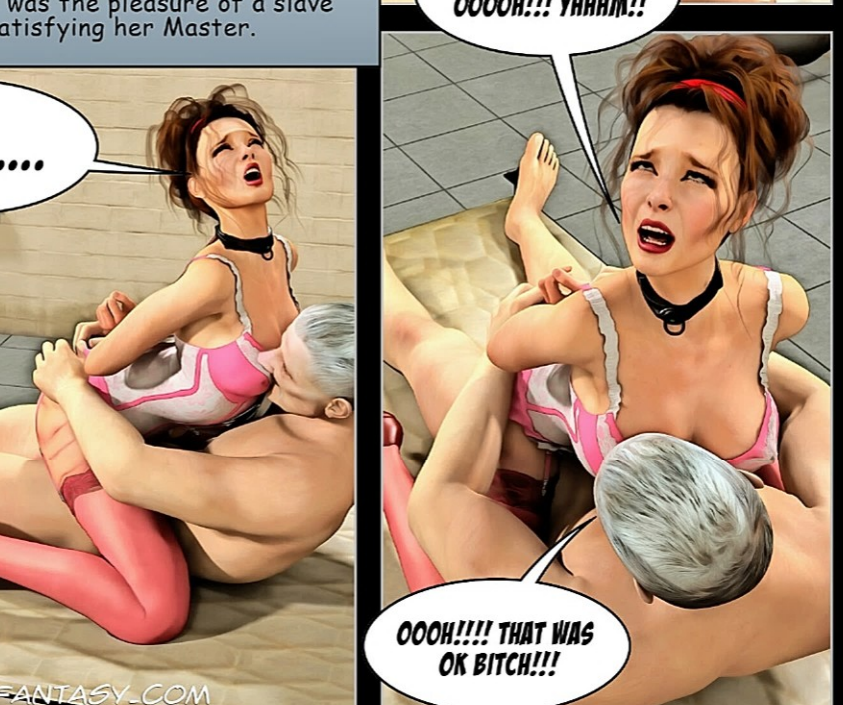


Gabriella felt like a slave, like a cheap whore. However, she feared another flogging much more than oral sex with this bastard. Moreover... Something was slowly awakening in her... something strange... Somewhere inside herself, she felt that the whole situation was exciting her more and more.

Hey, wife, don't you think it's time to start? It's starting to get boring...



Increasing sexual excitement, made her feel more and more pleasure, despite her inner rebellion, despite her moral resistance.



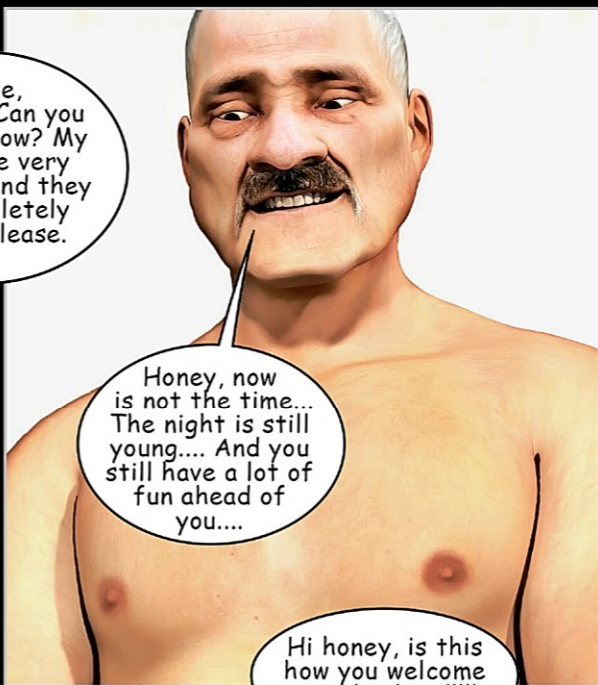
Gabriela rebelled against herself, but slowly the whole world became more and more foggy. The only thing that existed was the pleasure of a slave satisfying her Master.





Not too bad, bitch, for the first time.... Next time will probably be even better.

Please, Master... Can you untie me now? My hands are very painful... And they are completely numb... Please.



Honey, now is not the time... The night is still young.... And you still have a lot of fun ahead of you....

Hi honey, is this how you welcome your husband!!!!



But. But... The other guard... He said that today he is my husband....

Oh, he... Well, he won the first round with you at poker. He was your first husband today. Now get to work, or I'll grab the whip.

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Gabriela understood that this is how her life would be from now on. A sex slave giving pleasure to guards, guests, anyone who would pay... She also understood that it was better not to resist.... Better for her. Because could she change anything here? Her pride, and her independence were left behind the walls of this prison. And to survive she had to submit to this state of things.



AAAAH!!!



A small guest room in prison, many hours and many more husbands later...



Gabriela lost track of time. She lost count of the guards who followed, whipping her, raping her, forcing her to do things that would have offended the worst whore in the poorest part of town.

You stink of sex, bitch!

I'm going to lick your pussy clean. And you'll thank me for it, won't you, bitch?

NOOO... PLEASE...

OOOH... GOOOD...
OH... AAAAH...

The next guard ripped off her corset and forced her to give him a blowjob. She did not resist... she was used to all this humiliation. Besides, did she have a choice?

I'm the last one for today, so make the effort, bitch!

SLICK!

After a night of rape and torture, Gabriela was escorted back to her cell just before dawn. The guard was not happy, he had missed his turn, and soon he was ordered to get back to training the other female prisoners.



Ramirez missed his turn with the Prime Minister. But he still had about half an hour before his shift started. And he decided to make the most of that time.



I don't... I don't understand.

You don't have to understand anything, you are here to do what I tell you to do.

And as for you, dear teacher, turn around and bend over. And Put your hands around your ankles.

And you'd better do it quickly if you don't want to be executed for treason.

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Very well, teacher... really impressive view...

You'll start masturbating when I start flogging your teacher's ass. Get ready, but don't start until I'll begin.

The teacher will be flogged, until you cum. And don't try to cheat on me.

Ready, steady, go!!!



Oh god, this is so cruel.... And so humiliating.

0000H!!!!



ДДДДН!!!

Hurry up, little one, I'm sure the lady teacher will be extremely thankful for it.



OH... OHH... OH...
GOD... I'M...



ДДДДННН!!!!



000H!!!!
0000H!!!!



Enough bitch!
Now it's your
turn to be
flogged. You know
what to do.



My butt... It
hurts so much...
But I have to
do it....

Pray that the
teacher is faster
than you, little
one.

AAAAAH!!!



AAAAUCH!!!

Good job,
bitches! The
teacher wins!
HA HA HA!!!

Oh my god.
It was so
humiliating...



**OOOHH!!!!
I'M CUMMING!**

Gabriela herself didn't know whether it was the sounds of other women being tortured, or perhaps the memories that triggered unknown feelings in her. But she felt a growing, increasing excitement.



MMMMMMMM...



Oh God! What is happening to me?

OOOH!



OOOOH!
OOOOH!!



Damn, he saw me do it....
What a humiliation....



MMMMMMMM....



This bitch is masturbating....
The Prime Minister must really like this kind of fun....
We'll see soon...



OOOH!!!

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Nice show, bitch! But I advise you to have a good rest. You have two hours left.

Two and a half hours later, Gabriela, bound and dressed in stockings, a bra and nothing else, was taken to the TV building.

OOOHGH!!

I SAID FASTER!!!

Faster bitch, you're already late!

OOOH!

Well Madam Prime Minister, I never thought you had such a shapely butt....

The guard led Gabriela into an elegant room. Naked, bound and gagged, she could not put up any resistance; she could only wait for what was prepared for her....

The woman expected the worst, but even so, what she saw was... highly unexpected.

Hello, I hope we are on time.



Forced to move on her knees, she awkwardly approached the huge cock. What else could she do? She knew that the torturers were only waiting for an excuse to torture her, or even worse, to kill her.



Deeper, bitch,
take it down your
throat!



I always
knew that our
Prime Minister was
a common whore.
And here's the
proof...



Yeah...

OOOOH...



Faster
bitch!!!

Just look at
her, Josef, she
sucks like a
German vacuum
cleaner.



The Prime
Minister just gave
me a blowjob....
Not a bad
feeling....

Swallow it bitch!
The whole load.

Azarael.
I knew he was
behind it.... What
a bastard!!!

Hello,
Gabriela. I see
that you have quite
a few skills that I
didn't suspect you
of before....

OOHGG...
OO FOOCK U
AhTARD!

I would
love to use your
skills....Maybe I will
but not now...
Because...

...the citizens
of San Cristobal,
want to see what
kind of bitch the
former Prime
Minister is...

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And for
this reason, we
have prepared a
small competition
for them with your
participation.

Both the
competition and
your sexual exploits
will be made public later
in the night program....
After all, we don't
want to demoralize
the youth,
right?

An hour later, Gabriela was entering the boxing arena. She held a whip in one hand and the other was tied. Naked and vulnerable, she had to walk through a crowd of men chanting her name.

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Ladies and gentlemen! Let's welcome our star to the arena.... Ladies and gentlemen, Ms. Gabriela Mendoza.

The former prime minister, now a traitor under a public service program, will face former teacher, Helena Cortez. Applause please for our competitors!!!!

Ladies and gentlemen. We are taking bets. Think carefully, the bet must indicate the winner and the number of points.

Each hit is one point, a hit to the boobs or pussy, 5 points.

START THE FIGHT!!!

Ladies and gentlemen, a word from Gabriela!!!

I worked for the country. And this is how you repay me? By humiliating me? By humiliating other innocent women?

How can you, for all that I have done for you? Where is your conscience?

These were the words of the prime minister, and now... Let's get started!

Get in the arena, bitch!

What an ass!!!

WHIP HER!!!!

BRAVOOO!!!

Ladies, the one who wins will deserve two days of rest, the loser will end up on the street in public service...

...is that clear?!

I want to say something.





LOOK AT HER
ASS!!!

START FIGHTING,
BITCHES!!!

What a great
show!!!!

Forgive me,
but I can't lose!!!



You didn't
have to do that...



May the better
one win. Get
started!

My God... This
is not really
happening...

TAKE THAT!!!



OOOONCH!!!



AAAAH!

AAAAH!!

Ladies and Gentlemen... It's tit-flogging time!!!



OOOOH!!!



Ladies and Gentlemen... The Prime Minister is gaining the advantage... Is this the end of the battle?

AAAAAGH!!!

YOU BITCH!!!



AAAAH!!

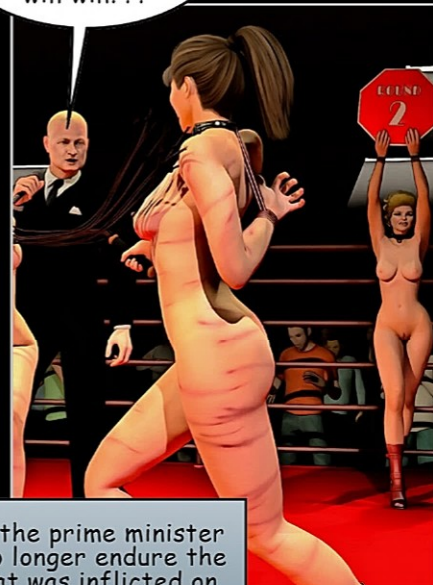
HIT THE BOOBS,
HIT THE BOOBS!!!



YOU FUCKING
BITCH!!!! TAKE IT!!!

Just listen
to the sound of
leather on naked
tits, folks!

The round
ended, the next
round began, and
our players didn't
even pause.... Who
will win???



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After seven rounds, the prime minister gave up. She could no longer endure the flogging and pain that was inflicted on her by her opponent.

Gabriela did not know that the fight was a set up. Nor did she expect what was involved in losing. After 10 pm, she and Eleonora Vega, naked and trapped in public cubicles, awaited their fate.

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24 HOURS LATER

Hey, man, what's that?



They must be traitors, prepared for public service. Very interesting...

I think... I think it's our prime minister and that journalist.... What was her name? Eleonora?

No bullshit... Are we that lucky? Let's check it out, my friend!



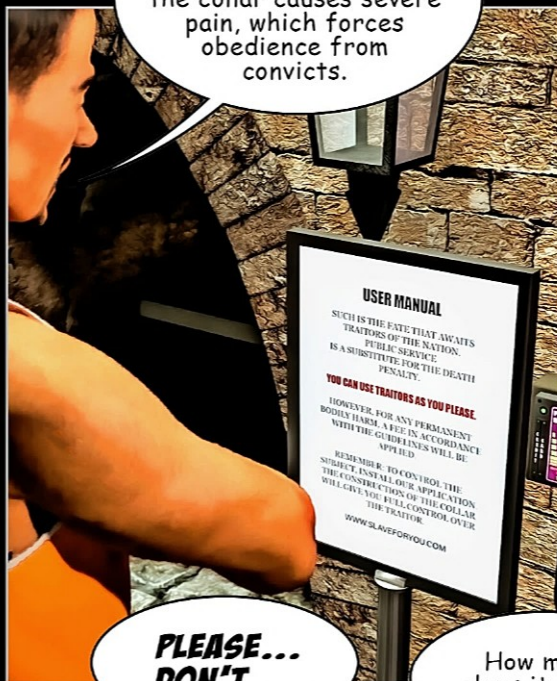
Here it says to download an app to control the collar. And that the collar causes severe pain, which forces obedience from convicts.

Man, it's really them!!!

Let's see what we can do with them.... It will be a happy evening, my friend....

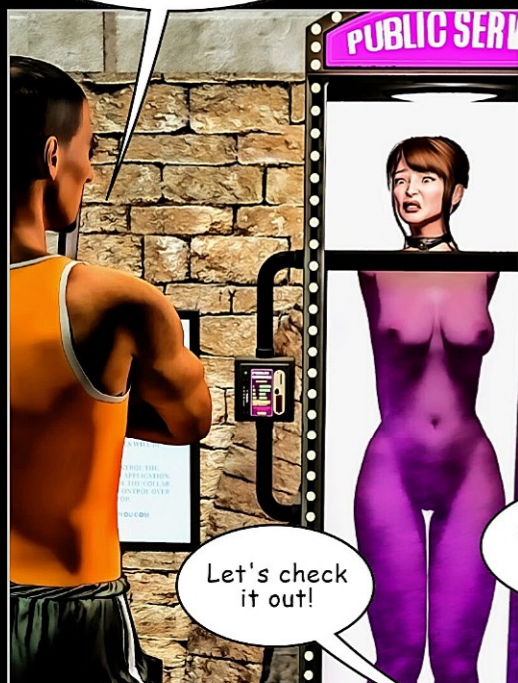


The manual also says that the collar registers everything in order to later charge the appropriate fee from clients for the use of convicts.



PLEASE... DON'T

How much does it cost?



Let's check it out!



Okay, I installed the app.





Let's race them! Three laps of the square!

Good idea!!!

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AAAAGHH!!!

Faster!!!
I want to win the race!!!!

FASTER BITCH!!!

OOOOH!!!

**YOU LAZY BITCH!!!
GO FASTER!!!**

So. What do you think of these new rules, you know, traitors, traitors as slaves, public service, women's fights?

Hey, man, do you see what I see?

Yeah... And it looks like it's our former Prime Minister with this tv star....

...and they are fucking hot!!!

Well... Finally our government is fulfilling its promises. Let's hope it continues...

...to be continued in part II