

FANSADOX

N-1

THE PIRATE'S SLAVES

lucas – paul

Harem slaves under training

victor bruno – paul



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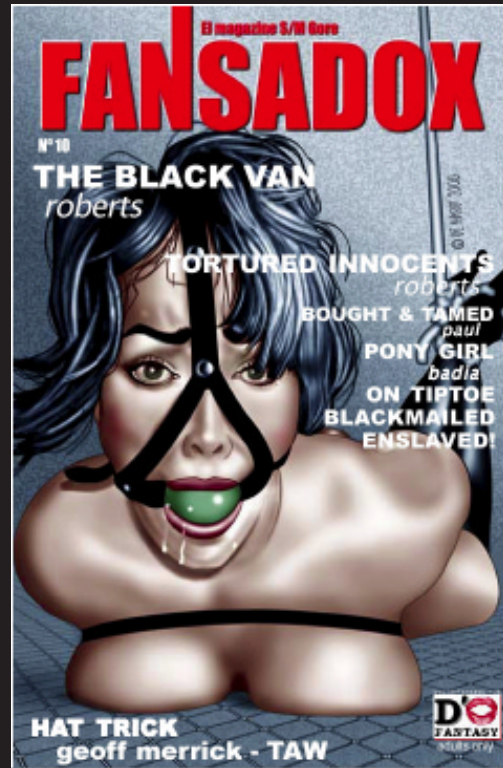
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The Pirate's Slaves

LUCAS

2 July, 1790. Boarding

It took Bocanegra two days to run down the Morning Glory, in the lee of some cliffs. His schooner, lighter, faster and better armed, was a permanent threat in those dangerous seas. It's flag, a naked woman chained to the usual crossbones, was the terror of the seas.

The English crew of the Morning Glory manoeuvred badly and ran into some reefs. This made things easy for Bocanegra. He gave orders to launch six boarding boats and soon had armed men on board the Morning Glory.

They slit the throats of all the crew and carried off the precious cargo. They stored the booty below deck and hoisted all the sails. The bloodiest pirate in the Caribbean set course for his hideaway on Mosquito Island.

The heat was intense and the small breeze brought little relief. It would take three days to reach the island. "Perfect", thought the pirate as he left the deck and started down the ladder to the hold, "I'll be able to take an inventory".

The hold was hot, damp and very smelly. Old ropes and broken sails lay all around, together with boxes of salted fish and old wine barrels. In the middle of the hold stood part of the booty: large chests embarked in England, with the government stamps on them, loaded with weapons and ammunition for His Majesty's army, together with food supplies.

At the forward end, in a small room just below the prow, the rest of the cargo was waiting. The room had a heavy door with a small peephole for ventilation.

Bocanegra had expected to find guns on the Morning Glory. He did not expect two beautiful girls as well. As soon as he saw them and heard their French accents, he knew who they were. Their story was common sailors' talk in the inns and taverns of Saint George's and other islands.

The girls were sisters, Beatrice and Claire

Blanchart, aged nineteen and eighteen respectively. They were famous in European high society. Tragedy had struck when both of their parents died and they were left penniless and heavily in debt. The English Governor of St George's Island, fascinated by their elegance and beauty, had made an unusual offer: he would pay their debts on condition they came to live on the island and Beatrice would be his wife.

The girls had finally agreed, out of desperation. Their financial situation was precarious. They were also afraid of falling into the hands of their lascivious uncle, Lucien Blanchart. Their uncle was scheming to be legally appointed as the girls' guardian. They suspected, correctly, that he wanted to use his legal authority over them to abuse them sexually.

Finally they had accepted the Governor's offer and were on their way to St George's Island when they were seized by the pirates.

Bocanegra saw all kinds of interesting possibilities in this situation. He had scores to settle with the Governor, an old enemy. But if the Governor wanted the girls, he could have them, at a price, in a public auction. And meanwhile, the girls were in his hands...

He climbed down the ladder with a lamp between his teeth. He looked briefly through the peephole, sniffed the stale air, and slid the bolt across.

He held the lamp up. To his right, in a small cage, was Claire, the younger sister. She was a beautiful brunette with long wavy hair, green eyes and sun-tanned skin. She was crouching on the ground with her arms around her knees and her dark brown hair hanging loosely on her shoulders. Her dress, now torn and dirty, was still wet and clung to her body suggestively. Bocanegra stood in front of the cage. He was

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annoyed that the girl hardly looked at him. He picked up a piece of iron and hit the bars. The girl turned her head slowly. Her eyes were red-rimmed. He saw pure hatred in them.

He threw back his head and laughed a great belly-laugh and turned to the elder sister, Beatrice.

Beatrice looked much less comfortable. Her wrists were tied above her head to the corresponding ankles and she was hanging from a beam by two ropes. The ropes had been nailed to the back of the beam to keep her legs wide apart. Her bottom was only just resting on the box that had been placed under her. She was sitting on the remains of her dress, which Bocanegra's men had already ripped off.

Everything ached. Her wrists were sore and her arms, shoulders, ankles, calves and thighs all hurt. Worst of all, was her feeling of humiliation, of being forced to show her body in this obscene position. She was glad now that she was wearing the chastity belt. At least men could not see her most private parts.

"Good day, my Lady", said Bocanegra, "and how is the future Governor's wife today? It's time I introduced myself." He took out a knife and picked at his teeth with it. "My name is Bocanegra. Your future husband knows me well enough, I can assure you!"

Beatrice tried to reply, but she had been gagged with a piece of rope and a strip of cloth torn from her dress. She could only reply with her eyes. They were large, wide-open eyes that showed both fear and anger.

The pirate looked approvingly at her. He liked her tousled blonde hair and her superb breasts. She looked adorable. He could not recall seeing a more beautiful face, unless it was her sister's...

"A fine catch", he said, thinking aloud, "there are not many white women in these seas and none so beautiful..."

The young girl shuddered. Something in the man's eyes made her fear the worst. He stared at her breasts and then at her thighs and finally at her crotch. He licked his lips.

The Governor had given instructions for her to wear a chastity belt on the voyage. He had even supplied the belt himself. It was a unique piece, with the lock actually inside the vagina. When the key was turned, an ingenious mechanism opened and allowed the part that covered the vagina to be removed. No one but the Governor knew that if the key was turned in the opposite direction, it wound up a clockwork mechanism that vibrated inside the vagina and directly stimulated the clitoris itself.

"They'll pay good money for you. We don't take prisoners like you every day," said the pirate. He looked her in the eye. He saw a beautiful young woman. But he also saw a young woman who had not yet discovered her own sexuality, who had chosen to ignore the burning fire of her own physical desire.

He thought how lucky he had been. The Governor's future wife! Anger rose in him as he thought of the Governor, the man who had once captured and tortured him, who had hanged a dozen of his men, and had taken his sister prisoner. A cold look came into his eye.

Beatrice began to tremble. A strange mixture of hatred and terror ran through her veins. Her adrenaline was flowing fast. If she had been free, she would have attacked him, fists flying, nails scratching at his face. But Bocanegra was losing control too at the sight of the girl's magnificent breasts. He ran the point of his dagger around the nipples until they wrinkled and stood out.

The ropes were biting into her wrists and ankles, but she thrashed around like a fish in a net. She knew that she could expect little mercy from this loathsome monster.

The pirate took a step back and looked at her. She was naked except for a pair of fashionable Parisian boots that reached almost to her knees. She looked gorgeous. In the light from the swinging lantern, her breasts seemed to have a life of their own. They seemed to be moving in search of a man's open mouth. Her whole body seemed to be alive, to be saying to him "Here I am! Do with me as you will! Take me!!!"

Bocanegra lost control. Grunting and panting like a wild beast, he could not get his own clothes off quickly enough. Beatrice's eyes opened wide when she saw what she had never seen before – an erect penis, and a big one.

The pirate took a large key from one the pocket of his breeches and held it up for her to see. "It was hanging round the Captain's neck", he said, "I ripped it off when I slit his throat. Now we'll see if it fits."

Beatrice took her eyes off the pirate's erect member and looked at the key. She did not know it, but the penis and the key symbolised her future as a sexual slave.

Bocanegra went red with frustration as he fumbled with the key. The lock was stiff and turning the key hard to the left he discovered the clockwork mechanism and wound it up. He laughed long and loud when he saw Beatrice jerk in her ropes and gasp as the clockwork vibrated inside her vagina and directly on her clito-



It was hanging round the Captain's neck.
I ripped it off when I slit his throat. Now we'll see if it fits...

ris. A little joke on the Governor's part, he supposed. Offering to marry Beatrice was probably another little joke. Bigamy was a crime, even in these seas! Bocanegra was sure that Beatrice would have been just another slave in the Governor's much-envied collection.

But other thoughts soon occupied his mind. What he wanted most urgently was to take the belt off and expose the girl's open cunt. He fumbled nervously with the lock. Finally, the belt sprang open, revealing her vagina, its lips open invitingly wide, and her puckered little anus.

Bocanegra roared in triumph. Muttering to himself, he spat on his hand and wet the purple tip of his penis. It was huge, palpating, the size of a child's fist...

Beatrice was deeply embarrassed. The absurd position, with her legs wide apart, obliged her to present her most intimate parts, with the lips open. She could not look at him. She shuddered as his nails went into her buttocks and lifted them, just a little, to get a better entry angle. She closed her eyes.

Bocanegra gritted his teeth and looked into his captive's beautiful eyes. He thrust forward with his hips and crashed his balls into the victim's soft skin.

Beatrice's eyes opened wide.

"MMMMMMMMFFFFMMMMMM..."

She screamed into the gag and twisted and turned. She couldn't believe it. She could never have imagined anything like it. She had been expecting him to put it into her wide-open vagina, but instead he had put it in her bottom! The rogue had penetrated her anus and now he was lifting her bottom up off the box to get his hard member in and out better.

6 July, 1790. In the dungeons...

A sudden storm took the boat to the hideout on Mosquito Island faster than expected. The Captain left the prisoners alone for the rest of the voyage while he took over the helm. When they touched land, half a dozen crew-members fetched the girls and took them to "Infierno". "Infierno" was the name of the natural port and the village overlooking it on the south of the island.

The two sisters, their clothes dirty and torn, were escorted to an old stone fort. They walked with their heads down, in deep embarrassment. A crowd had formed by the time they reached the fort and they were soon surrounded by drool-

"You're too valuable for me to go up your cunt," he said, "and anyway I'd rather have a good tight asshole." His voice was dark, hoarse, loaded with lust and hatred...

"As soon as you arrive, you'll write the Governor a letter and tell him what a good time you've had with me. He'll enjoy reading all about this!"

Claire looked on incredulously, gripping the bars of her cage, as the pirate raped her sister in such a strange way, with slow, long, thrusts of the penis, as if he wanted to hurt her...

When he finally pulled out, Beatrice felt she wanted to die. It was almost more painful than when he went in. She felt her insides moving back to fill the space left by the enormous member. She felt her the involuntary caress of her back passage on the pirate's prick.

Adrenaline flowed through her again. She raised her eyes and looked into the malignant face of her rapist, but she closed them immediately as he thrust brutally into her once again.

"You're a proud little piece," he said, keeping it pressed deep inside her. "Whoever buys you will enjoy taming you. He's not going to buy you for cotton picking, that's for sure! It's your honey-pot he'll be after!"

Beatrice understood for the first time how precarious her situation was. At the tender age of nineteen, she was already discovering the foul depths of the human soul. It was unreal, as if someone had lifted the curtain in a Parisian theatre and the stage had suddenly filled with the most sordid and obscene acts.

She had little doubt what kind of life was waiting for her... ■

ing men and curious women.

They had now been shut in the old dungeon for almost a day. The dungeon, with its stone walls, was horribly damp. A small window with bars let in the tropical sun, but did little to heat the cold room. The girls were chained to the wall by the wrists. Beatrice's hands had been cruelly tied behind her back, on special instructions from Bocanegra.

They were not alone. Isabel, a Spanish girl who looked even younger than them, was with them. Like them, she was in chains and scantily clad.

A few hours previously the jailer, a huge mus-



I know the merchandise.
I've been anxious to lay my hands on it for some time...

cular man without a hair on his body, not even on the genitals, had brought them food. Two bowls with pieces of raw, smelly fish. They had not touched it.

The jailer's body shone with sweat. He had a ring below his enormous testicles which lifted them threateningly. Isabel had burst into tears when he came into the room.

"Well, well ... two new birds in the cage. Let's have a good look!" A thick hand, with two leather bracelets around the wrists, opened the dirty rags that half-covered and half-revealed Beatrice's magnificent body. The girl shrank back against the cold stone wall and tried to bite him. There was little else she could do, with her hands tied behind her back. "Leave me alone, you filthy pig!" she shrieked.

The giant laughed. His penis was erect. "It's a pity you're not trained. I'm fed up to the bollocks with Spanish cunt!" he said, pointing to the tearful Isabel. The two sisters looked on in horror as he took the girl by the hair and thrust his member into her throat.

"Suck, you dirty slut! Empty me!"

It was an impossible order. The massive organ went down the girl's throat and expanded her neck. The unhappy girl was having difficulty breathing. She writhed and twisted and hit his enormous thighs with her small, chained hands. It was useless. He had her by the hair and was enjoying the retching noises she made as she tried to get him out of her throat...

Beatrice and Claire were struck silent with disgust and panic. They looked on as the giant suddenly took his penis out and with quick jerks of his hand shot his semen into the girl's face. The thick, sticky liquid ran slowly down her face and round the corners of her mouth and onto her chin. From there it fell, mixed with tears, onto her breasts which were rising and falling from panic and shortage of breath.

She had been almost a month in the pirates' hands now and the giant jailer had raped her many times every day, over and over again...

Isabel was unable to control her sobbing. The sisters tried to comfort her, but the girl did not respond. She gave a long, bitter, desperate wail. It was a wolf's howl, bloodchilling in its desolation.

At that moment, footsteps sounded on the cobblestones, and the bolt on the door was slid across. Bocanegra's unmistakable silhouette appeared in the doorway.

"How are my little kittens this morning?" he asked, smiling sarcastically.

"You filthy bastard!" spat Beatrice. The pi-

rate ignored her.

"Tomorrow you'll be auctioned in the main square. All three of you. People are coming from all over the Caribbean, even from the continent. People with money." He bent over in front of Beatrice and lifted her head by the hair. He looked her straight in the eye. "We don't get tits and cunts like these every day".

Beatrice spat into his face. He replied by twisting her hair more cruelly. "I've told you before. I'd like to be the man to tame you, but I've promised my men a share of the money." He kicked her in the stomach.

"I've got a customer coming now. A private showing, you understand. Some people like to feel for themselves before the auction. Now stick your tits right out and don't give me trouble, or you'll feel my cane on your tits! Ah! Come in, M. Blanchart! This way, please."

Beatrice looked up as if she had heard the name of the Devil himself. Claire could not believe her ears. M. Blanchart also stared in blank astonishment. He seemed momentarily disconcerted. But then, very slowly, a malevolent smile appeared on his lips.

"Mr Blanchart," said the pirate, "this is the consignment. A seductive Spanish girl, eighteen years old, and two French fillies, eighteen and nineteen. High class tits, I can assure you. Pedigree cunt! Ha! ha! ha!"

The customer stared long and hard at the two girls, still smiling.

"This one is the fiancée of a friend of yours, the Governor. He must be wondering where she is! She's a real fighter, I can tell you! A dish to set before a King!"

"Virgin?"

"Guaranteed cunt virgin, yes. Like her lovely little sister." Claire did not dare to look up. "I'm afraid the man who sold her to me rogered her. Pity, but nothing I could do about it.

Blanchart lifted Beatrice's chin with a finger. "Price?"

"Starting price is a thousand gold doubloons for the Spaniard and five each for the French girls."

Blanchart pulled Claire's lips to see her teeth. Yes, they were perfect.

"If you want to look in all the holes, go ahead..."

"That won't be necessary. Your word is good enough. In any case, I know the merchandise. I've been anxious to lay my hands on it for some time."

Bocanegra did not understand, but his business was selling, not asking questions.



Nineteen years old. A splendid specimen of the European aristocracy!
All her young life ahead of her. Just throw her a bit of food and don't spare
the whip! She'll keep you warm in bed for a good fifteen years or more!

The girls understood perfectly. They hardly spoke all night.

Blanchart blessed his good fortune. The sea had brought him his own nieces: Beatrice, with her angel face and disturbing woman's body, and Claire, his favourite, with her slimmer build but equally provocative, innocent defiance. He liked her spirit. He had always dreamed of possessing her and here she was, nicely chained and with a price tag that did not worry him. He would buy them both.

7 July, 1790. The auction

A small platform had been set up in the port. The crowd was too big for the main square.

Isabel had just been auctioned. The sisters, hidden behind an improvised curtain, had not been able to see anything, but had heard the bidding and the roar of the crowd.

Isabel had been sold to Miss Ironhand, a landowner of Scandinavian origin who possessed one of the largest plantations of sugar cane on the continental coast.

She had fetched five thousand gold doubloons. A man with a strong Spanish accent had bid against Miss Ironhand, pushing the price up. The sisters thought, mistakenly, that Isabel had been lucky. They thought a woman would treat her better...

Beatrice was next. She waited nervously, with her sister. She was still wearing the torn pieces of her dress. She had made two parts, a top part to cover her breasts and a bottom part to cover her pubic hair.

Suddenly, the auctioneer pulled back the curtain and caught hold of the leash that was hanging from Beatrice's neck. He pulled her onto the podium.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, another fine specimen of a white woman" said the auctioneer, pulling the top part of her dress off her lovely pear-shaped breasts. The crowd gasped. Then he pulled the bottom part to one side, showing her buttocks and her blonde pubic hair. There was a long, appreciative "OOOOOH!!!" from the crowd.

Two pirates stood by, holding whips in case they were needed to control the crowd.

"Nineteen years old. A splendid specimen of the European aristocracy! Promised in marriage to the English Governor! And ... wait for it! ... she's a virgin!!!"

Blanchart went back to the inn where he was lodging. Waiting for him, kneeling and chained by the neck to the foot of the bed, was Carmen, the half-caste he had just bought in Curaçao.

He did not speak. He just picked a cat-o-nine-tails off the wall and brought it down on her. She hardly had time to scream before he was lying on her, raping her savagely on the floor. "Claire," he said through gritted teeth as he raped Carmen, "Claire, I'll teach you...! Your body is mine now! All of it! All of it!" ■

"Cut your cackle, and show us the goods!"

"We want to see her ass! And her cunt!"

"Strip 'er right off! Rip the clothes off 'er!!! Stark naked!"

"Let's see her cunt winking! Show us yer cunt luv!"

A strange, rhythmic chant rose from hundreds of throats, accompanied by the clapping of hands:

"CUNT! CUNT! CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"

"Be patient, ladies and gentlemen, be patient!" said the auctioneer.

Beatrice raised her eyes and saw a thousand faces turned towards her. She felt their eyes burning into her flesh. She imagined their paws on her breasts, forcing the lips of her vagina apart and biting her clitoris.

Suddenly a chill ran down her spine. He was there, in the front row! Her uncle, Lucien Blanchart! She recognised the broad rim of his expensive hat. He smiled ironically at her.

"All her young life ahead of her, ladies and gentlemen! Just throw her a bit of food and don't spare the whip! She'll keep you warm in bed for a good fifteen years or more!"

"Open her cunt! Pull her lips open!" shouted a voice from the crowd.

"Do I hear five thousand doubloons?" the auctioneer asked, pinching her bottom.

The price seemed reasonable to quite a lot of people. But in five minutes it had risen to ten thousand and most bidders dropped out. A greasy old estate-owner with a lascivious look offered twelve thousand.

Beatrice shuddered. She felt sick. She looked away and saw her uncle. He had also bid for her. His expression was strange and cruel. This was not the simple lust of a male on heat. It was the look of a man who wanted to hurt her, to



Your life now will turn around my genitals and the best way to empty them. Day and night. Understand, cunt?

break her spirit, to tame her.

She smiled at the old estate-owner, with tears in her eyes, hoping that he would bid higher and rescue her from her malicious uncle.

She realised that the auctioneer had put a hand on her vagina. With his thumb and forefinger pulling in different directions, he separated the lips and showed her to the crowd, turning her round so that all could see her. Some of the men and a surprising number of women began licking the air obscenely with their tongues.

“What do I hear for this beautiful pair of tits?”

Beatrice instinctively covered her breasts with her hands, which she had been told not to do.

WHIIIIIIIISSSH!!! THWAACK!!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

A cruel whip came down on her bottom. She dropped her hands and put them on her stinging bottom.

“Leave your tits uncovered! You’ll have to get used to showing them!” the auctioneer shouted.

The bidding reached twenty thousand and stopped.

Suddenly a voice rang out: “Thirty thousand!”

Silence fell on the groaning crowd.

Beatrice dropped her head.

She had just been sold to the well-known, indeed infamous, slave trader Monsieur Blanchart.

Her own uncle... ■

10 July, 1790. In cages

Claire’s auction was even more rowdy. Now everybody wanted a white slave. All her clothes were brutally torn off, leaving her stark naked. She was made to walk up and down the platform several times, turning round and lifting her bottom to the expectant crowd, keeping her legs straight and her feet well apart, so that they could see her anus.

She also had to face the crowd with her legs apart, leaning back from the waist and pulling the lips of her own vagina open, to show it to the hundreds of men.

They fell strangely silent as they gazed at the open lips. Each was apparently lost in his own world, with his own thoughts...

“Look at this cunt, look at these tits! Take them home with you and you can suck and bite as long as you like. Look at this lovely little ass! Shaft it to your hearts’ content, gentlemen! And her mouth, can you imagine these big wet lips around your cock?”

It was clear that many could.

But only one was to see his dream come true. Claire was sold to her uncle, for the same price as her sister.

The girls were then taken to the cart that would carry them to their uncle’s schooner, riding at anchor in the harbour mouth. They were chained together by the neck. Their wrists were tied behind their backs with wire and they were wearing only the scanty remains of their dresses.

Carmen, Isabel and Miss Ironhand were travelling in the same cart. The Norwegian estate-owner was a neighbour of Blanchart’s.

The sisters gasped in horror when they

climbed onto the wagon. The young Spanish girl was lying on her side, stark naked, with each wrist tied back to the corresponding ankle and each elbow tied back to the knee. Her thighs were pressed against her breasts. She could not close her legs at all.

Two thick pieces of wood penetrated her, one in her vagina and the other in her anus. A hemp rope, tied to their waists, passed down their cracks and held the wood in place.

Without saying a word, Miss Ironhand took off her own panties and stuffed them into the girl’s mouth to gag her. She tied them in with a thin strip of leather that went tight between her teeth and was knotted behind the neck, under the hair.

“Get used to your Mistress’s taste, slave!” she hissed while sitting down on a bench next to Lucien.

The sisters looked at each other in silence. Isabel had not been so lucky after all.

Three days later, the two Blanchart sisters sat shaking with fright in the presence of their uncle. They had been shut in two tiny cages, hardly a metre square, in a dark cellar full of bloodchilling instruments of torture. They tried to cover their private parts as best they could. Claire brought a leg across in front of her vagina. Lucien admired the thigh. He would admire the vagina later. All in good time!

“A brace of nieces, by God!” he said. “More meat on them than pheasants, and more expensive too! Sixty thousand doubloons! D’you know how much I paid for the Spanish cunt? Have a



This afternoon you and I will have a little session alone

guess, you slut!!” he shouted, hitting the cage with a whip. Claire was panic-stricken and could not reply. “Answer your master!” he shouted, hitting the cage again.

“I... I... don’t know ... uncle!”

CRAAAACK on the cage, panic in the eyes. Claire was thinking how terrible that whip would be on her own skin.

“Two hundred doubloons! A bargain. And I assure you she fucks as well as any whore and she sucks like an apothecary’s leech!”

“And do you know why I’ve bought you?”

The girls lowered their eyes. Blanchart smiled.

“You, Beatrice, will be a gift. I’m going to give you to the English Governor”. The girl looked at him in astonishment. What kind of gift could she possibly be, to a man who was destined to be her husband?

“I’m a slave trader. I sell human flesh to the English, French and Spanish. I’ve had some problems recently with the English. I have to look after them. They’re my best customers. The thirty thousand doubloons are a good investment. The Governor will be grateful all his life.”

He saw a look of relief on her beautiful face.

“The Governor only buys the best. He has a fine collection of girls, most of them white. But he hasn’t got a blonde with blue eyes...”

“You’re a liar!” shouted Beatrice, “a filthy liar. The Governor is an English gentleman!”

11 July, morning. Flogged

There was a thick pole standing in the middle of the dungeon cell. The two sisters, stripped completely naked, had their wrists tied up at head height. Red welts from whiplashes were all over their bodies. They stood facing each other, in tears, their breasts joined by a ring through each nipple.

It had all begun an hour earlier. Lucien worked slowly on Claire’s ragged clothes, cutting small pieces off with a machete and admiring the naked skin. “You’re more beautiful than I supposed, Claire. You and I are going to have a good time together, you’ll see.”

He stood behind her and ran the tips of his fingers slowly, sensually, up and down her back. He was enjoying the tense young skin. His hand slid slowly down over the narrow waist to the tight, pert buttocks. He squeezed them. They felt round and taut. Claire squirmed, but the point of a dagger under her chin made her stop.

Lucien smiled, picked up a branding iron and ran it noisily down the side of the cage. She shrank into a corner, terrified.

As for you, my dear Claire,” he said, opening his breeches and letting his genitals hang out, “this is my gift for you. I have wanted you all my life, since your breasts were little buds below your dress and your bottom was a child’s. Now I own you, and you will pay with your body for every single doubloon you cost me.”

Claire noticed the rancid smell of stale semen coming from the man’s genitals.

“Your life now will turn around my genitals and the best way to empty them. Day and night.” He smiled a strange, forced smile.

“But now you must rest. You have a busy day coming up tomorrow. I want to have a farewell party for Beatrice. It’ll be a small affair, just the three of us. The last of the Blancharts!”

“Your beloved Governor will be here in a few days. I have a few half-breeds that might interest him, and it will be an excellent opportunity to give him a surprise present.”

He laughed, a hollow laugh that rang around the stone walls, and he left, sliding the bolts noisily behind him.

He left the most valuable merchandise he had ever had sobbing in two small cages, in total darkness... ■

“Keep still. Stop wriggling,” Blanchart whispered into her ears.

His hand slid down again, into the crack at the back, and two fingers gently stroked the tight, wrinkly hole.

“You have a naughty, provocative little bumhole,” he said, smiling.

His fingers left her anus and stroked the velvety skin of her buttocks.

“You’re worth every doubloon I paid for you.”

His hand slid round the back of her thigh and squeezed it.

Claire was splendidly fit, with a flat strong stomach, well-rounded hips and shapely legs. What really fascinated Blanchart, however, were the size and roundness of her splendid breasts. They stood out in stark contrast to the small waist. They were awe-inspiring, mind-bending, obsessive objects with a fullness and perfection and, almost, a life of their own. Her nipples



I'm going to brand you tonight. Later, when you're carrying my mark, I'll take your virginity and you'll be mine, at last! What do you think about that?

were firm and very responsive.

Blanchart's hand changed direction. It ran up the thigh, moved out to her side and found her right breast. She shuddered, but the point of the dagger kept her still. "Yes, you're worth every doubloon!" he whispered, taking her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Claire held her breath, lifting her chin away from the dagger. He was still standing behind her and she felt his erection pressing into her crack.

Then he put the rope rings on them. They were ingenious little devices used by sailors to join two ropes together. Once they were on, the more the wind pulled the ropes, the tighter they got.

He stuck them into their nipples, and the room rang with the girls' screams.

He tied them with a short piece of string, so that their breasts were almost touching.

11 July, afternoon. Alone with her Master

Blanchart explained her obligations to his niece in great physical detail. She listened carefully. She had no choice...

She was resting on a box, but the only point of contact was her stomach and vagina. The rest of her body was bent back like a contortionist's into a kind of circle with her elbows tied back behind her, her ankles crossed and tied to her arms, her knees tied together and a rope tied from the ceiling to her big toes. Another rope went around her waist and yet another rope, tied to the vertical one, pulled her head back and presented her naked, defenceless breasts to her uncle.

He was sitting comfortably in front of her. He contemplated her with satisfaction. His socks, stuffed into her mouth, were a good gag, with a piece of her own dress tied over them. Her fantastic breasts, with their shifting, sensitive nipples, convinced him he had made a good buy.

The posture was real torture for Claire. Her toes were dislocated, her shoulders out of joint, her back was painful and she had cramp in her legs and arms.

Tears and sweat ran down her face and into her gag. Her stomach was heaving from the

Lucien watched fascinated as the girls tried to control their involuntary spasms brought on by the pain. It lasted for two minutes, in which the most beautiful breasts he had seen in his life pulled and tortured each other.

Then came the flogging. For half an hour he whipped them both. He began high on their backs, moved down to their waists and buttocks and ended up on their thighs. He gave his beloved Claire an extra two on the back of the calves, for good measure, to see her dance.

The two sisters looked at him, their faces wet with tears and their tender nipples stinging. The cruel rings had done their job.

Lucien stared hard at Claire. He was still holding the whip.

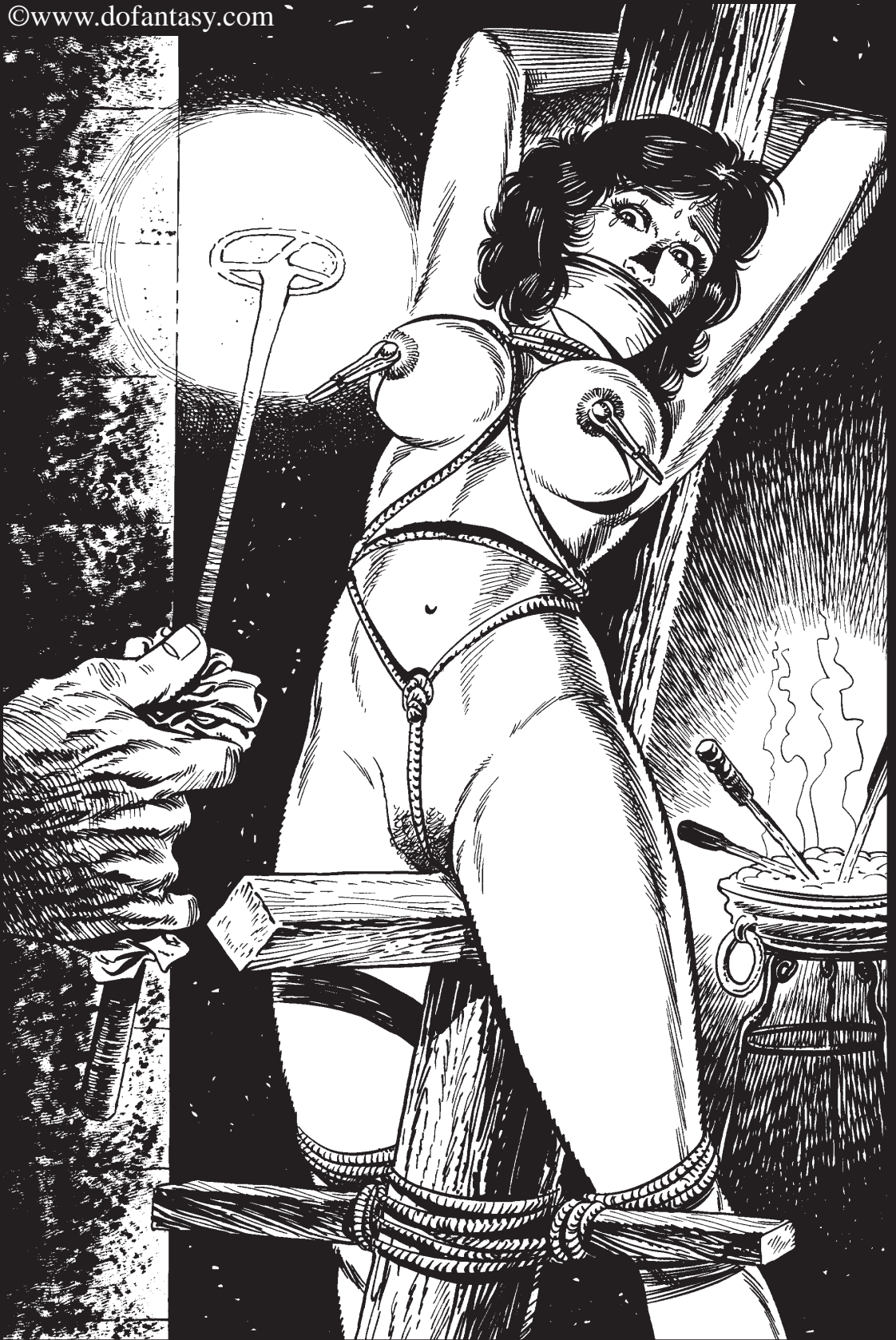
"This afternoon you and I will have a little session alone..." ■

smell of the filthy socks.

"In future you will address me as My Master. You will remain kneeling, seated on your feet in my presence. You will place your hands behind the back of your neck and you will keep the lips of your cunt half-open." He emphasised his words torturing her naked breasts. He pressed, squeezed, pulled, twisted and scratched them in a brutal way. On one occasion he sank his teeth into the tender pink nipples.

"I'm going to brand you tonight. Later, when you're carrying my mark, I'll take your virginity and you'll be mine, at last! What do you think about that?" He pulled her nipple as hard as he could. She could not reply, only blink and cry...

"Your real education will begin tomorrow. I expect the highest quality service from you. It's not enough to have a sublime body. You must know how to use it. Above all, your mouth ... your lips, tongue and throat. You will attend to my personal hygiene as well as to my sexual diversions. I will train you myself, but my honourable neighbour Miss Ironhand will help me. You will learn to kiss me, to lick me, to suck me and to clean all parts of my body." ■



Now I'm going to brand you.
You will never be able to deny that you belong to my stable.

Midnight, 11 July, 1790. Branded

The crackling of the embers and Claire's fast breathing were the only sounds in the filthy cell. She was tied to the post, with her arms roped above her head to the back of the post. Her thighs were tied just above the knee to a wooden cross-piece and her vagina, pushed forward by her arched back, rested on the sharp edge of a square piece of wood that stuck out of the main pole between her legs. A taut rope came down from her neck, passed between her breasts and finally disappeared in her pubic hair. Lucien had decided not to shave her pubis. He liked to see her bush wet with vaginal secretions.

The same rope passed tight between the lips of her vagina and came up her crack, where it passed over a heavy rubber penis. The rubber was raping her back passage. He had rubbed it with stinging nettles before putting it in. As a final touch, he put two painful clamps on her nipples.

Claire brought out the worst in him. Her green eyes, her deep gaze, her high cheek bones, her silky black hair, her shining skin, her large, high breasts, all drove him crazy with desire. He needed to possess her totally. It was not enough to abuse her body. He needed to possess her mind, to humiliate her and break her will.

"Now I'm going to brand you. You will never be able to deny that you belong to my stable." He rolled her painful breasts around as he spoke. He licked her face, her whole face...

"But first I want to see you suffer. Do you know why?" he asked, licking her face with his foul-smelling saliva. "Because I have desired you since you were a child. And because you are the daughter of my late, unlamented brother and his late, unlamented, wife. And because you are the most desirable woman in the world and because you are eighteen years old, and because I enjoy torturing beautiful young women ... Do you need more reasons than these?"

Claire listened in horror. Her whole body was trembling. She was defenceless and in the hands of a dangerous psychopath. She had lost everything now - her parents, her youth, her beauty, her freedom, her happiness. Blanchart lived in a darker world of hate, of grievances, of pain and torture. A world in which a beautiful girl was just an object to be possessed, enjoyed, and humiliated.

He picked up a small rod about fifty centimetres long and cut through the air with it near her

breasts. Then he stroked her gently down her side, above the waist. It was so soft and gentle it made her blood chill. Then he began hitting her everywhere, first with light taps and gradually with harder and harder strokes that stung into her white flesh and raised red welts. He began with the hips and thighs.

SWISHH!!! SLAP!!! AAGHHH!!!

Then the stomach and around the waist.

SWISSHH!!! SLAP!!! AAGHHH!!!

Then he moved on to her lovely big breasts. At first he tapped all over the breast but then he moved in on the pink circle and finally he hit on the tender nipples themselves.

SWISSHH!!! THWACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!"

SWISSHH!!! THWACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHH!!!"

He enjoyed watching her squirm and gasp, hearing her moan and whimper. So like a woman near to coming...

He could keep this up for as long as he chose. His victim would neither die nor faint, only squirm and shake her lovely breasts around in front of him.

From time to time he licked her, sucked at her and hurt her.

"I've been wanting your breasts for a long time. Move them!!!"

SWISHH!!! SLAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAGHHH!!! NO!!! PLEASE!!!"

Then he put down the stick and pulled at the rope just above her vagina. He pulled it up hard repeatedly so that it went even further in between her lips and savagely masturbated her. After a time she began moaning as the rope found her clitoris. She began making small, involuntary jerks of the pelvis.

Then, unexpectedly, he stopped and began hitting her thighs. The stick bounced in a different way off the thighs. They were solid, firm, and powerful.

He stopped only when all the front of her body was stinging and red. Even the touch of his hand was agony to her.

Then he went over to the brazier.

"Where do you want it? On your tits? On your stomach? On the inside of your thigh?"

Claire shook her head to every question. Her eyes begged him to stop. She closed them as he came nearer, holding up the iron branding rod.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The iron went down on the soft flesh between



Thirty thousand ... ugh! ... doubloons ... ugh! ... and worth every one!

the pelvis and the vagina.

Claire smelt her own flesh burning and a sharp unbearable pain and then she lost consciousness.

Her uncle put the iron down and fetched a

Dawn, 12 July, 1790

Blanchart was enjoying his new possession. He kissed her over all her body. Her face, shoulders, arms, breasts, stomach, hips, thighs, calves, feet, and up again to the lips of her vagina. He enjoyed her taste and her texture, and the saliva of his own kisses.

She was tied down as he had always imagined her, in his room, on his bed, with her knees tied up next to her breasts. It was a position that displayed the vagina beautifully and left it open to all kinds of punishment.

He knelt down and kissed her vagina deeply, passionately. The feminine fragrance rose from between his niece's damp lips and drove him crazy. He probed with his tongue around the top of the vagina and winkled the little clitoris out. He licked and licked. When he felt her splendid body beginning to move slightly, at the beginning of a slow, involuntary but inevitable road to orgasm, he bit it hard, angrily, as if he hated it.

He pulled the lips of the vagina wide open and looked in, pleased at the beginnings of a white froth composed of his own saliva and her juices.

It seemed to him as he gazed into her cunt that her splendid body was asking to be taken, to be raped, beginning him to finish what he had started.

Claire felt shocked, terrified, humiliated as a woman, degraded as a person, dishonoured. She wished she were dead. She wished he were dead too. She would gladly have choked him with her own hands, and burnt off his testicles with a branding iron.

Slowly, Lucien Blanchart, slave trader, brought his penis into line with his niece's vagina, rest-

pot of salt.

He looked at her in satisfaction. She was his. "This is only the beginning, my dear!" he said to the unconscious girl. ■

ing one hand on one of her thighs and the other on a breast.

"Now I'm going to fuck you!" he said, in a dark, lust-clouded voice.

Claire had never dreamed she would lose her virginity in such a way, and to a relative... She felt his large tip pause at the entrance ... she closed her eyes, tensed her fists and waited.

Blanchart positioned his penis and sank slowly in, enjoying the tightness of his new slave. Pure silk... Damp, narrow, warm, perfect...

He felt an obstruction. He pushed and noticed how the firm thighs went rigid below his hand.

"No, please, no...!!!" he heard her beg.

He pressed on. A groan. He pressed repeatedly until his penis broke through and he went deep into the young body. She cried out in pain and wept.

Her uncle was soon grunting like a pig and muttering with each thrust.

"Thirty thousand ... ugh! ... doubloons ... ugh! ... and worth every one!"

Finally he lost control and shot his load into her.

"AAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!!!"

He raped her six times during the night. Before the last one he forced her to have a humiliating orgasm, using the handle of a whip. It was the first orgasm produced by any hand but her own. She wanted to die.

Lucien Blanchart, slave trader and sadist, had seen the full possibilities of the young female he had just bought. If she was trained correctly, she would be all he had dreamed, and more. And it would be a considerable time before she was fully trained... ■

TO BE CONTINUED in Fansadox #2...

Arrival at Saint George's Island. Beatrice meets the Governor and his wife... Beatrice is trained as a sexual slave by the Governor and his men. Young Claire in her uncle's hands...



Harem slavegirls under training

VICTOR BRUNO

A prologue

The setting for this unique series of picture stories is the Harem of Qas-Quatar. This is a secret and closely-guarded centre for sexual pleasure situated in the remoteness of the Arab lands. It has been created and designed for the use of oil-rich sheiks and other wealthy businessmen and it specialises in providing lovely young white women for their enjoyment.

These girls are abducted by an international Slave Syndicate and come from all over the world. Scores of such women find their way up to Qas-Quatar annually ... and they are highly prized. It is an expensive business, but the clients can well afford to pay for their pleasures!

It is understandable that the girls are terrified on their arrival. Partly by their strange new surroundings but mainly when they are informed of the life that now awaits them.

That is explained to them by the Chief Overseer of the Harem ... Frau Keller ... a powerfully-built German woman in her early forties.

"From now on," she customarily tells a new arrival, "the sole purpose of your existence is to please and satisfy whatever man, or men, you are given to ... in whatever way is demanded of you. In effect, you have become a 'thing of holes' which will be put to use according to the whims or desires of those to whom you have

been provided for their enjoyment."

A truly terrifying statement for any young woman to listen to and, of course, a statement that naturally provokes outrage, resistance and rebellion.

However, Qas-Quatar is well equipped to deal with such reactions ... and it has both men and women who are experts in the art of 'persuasion'.

First the girl will undergo her 'Initiation', the severity of which varies according to the violence of the girl's reactions to her new-found situation.

After the girl has recovered from this 'Initiation', her 'Training' begins. This takes a variety of forms but includes Physical Exercises, Drilling and, of course, Sexual Training.

It is understandable that, at the outset of such a programme (one alien to her natural modesty and all her womanly instincts), a girl will continue to resist and rebel. Every time she does, she will be punished. If she continues in her waywardness, her punishments will steadily become more severe. Until she is finally 'broken'. Until she is submissive and obedient to whatever is demanded of her.

Then, and only then, will she be ready to take her place in the Harem of Qas-Quatar.

NOW READ ON...



Keep flogging her, Roth! One every twenty seconds!
And if she stops, do a few on her breasts!

A plaything for siesta time

"Hit her hard, Mary Lou...!"

"I'm hitting her as hard as I can, Bill..."

The girl is bending at the waist and presenting her buttocks. Her hands are hanging down near her feet and her legs are straight. There is a SWIIISH! and a cane comes down ruthlessly on the taut, tensed skin of the buttocks. The girl shouts and her whole body trembles and writhes. Her large breasts knock against each other and swing heavily. But she manages to stay on her feet.

"You're not hitting her hard enough..."

"I'm sorry, Bill... I do my best!"

The woman brings the cane down again, harder, gritting her teeth.

This time the girl cannot help falling forwards onto her knees. She would like to put a hand to her buttock to rub it and ease the pain, but she cannot.

"Much better, Mary Lou!"

"Thanks, Bill..."

The girl is crying now. She stands up and leans forward again, presenting her buttocks once more...

"I want that ass up higher! Higher!" The girl pushes her bottom up, showing her anus and her vagina at the same time. The cane comes down on both.

SWIIIIIIIIISH TH ... WAAAAAACK!!!!

AAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The girl screams and rolls around on the floor, her buttocks marked by red welts. She rubs them against the stone floor to try to ease the pain.

She makes a last effort and pulls herself to her feet and presents her buttocks to the cane once again. She is a slave and she knows that disobedience means other punishments, far worse than this... She takes another blow on the buttocks. Her knees bend and she sits down on her bottom, leaning right back to press it against the cold floor. In this position her large, firm breasts are pushed upwards and forwards...

SWIIIIIIIIISH TH ... WAAAAAACK!!!!

AAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The cane comes whistling down and bites into the tender flesh around the nipples of both breasts, making them shudder and wobble. The girl throws herself to the floor and rolls around on her front, rubbing her breasts with her handcuffed hands and pressing them against the cold stone floor for relief.

"Show me your cunt!" says the man.

She rolls over onto her back, writhing and

twisting, and opens her legs wide in front of him. He reaches out a hand and separates the lips.

This is a fine spectacle for Mr and Mrs Manders of Maryland, who are guests in the Qas-Quatar Harem. They have been told they can do whatever they like with the slave.

They asked for a slave to be sent to their room immediately after lunch. They wanted to play around with her as soon as possible. To flagellate her and humiliate her, to use her sexually. After all, that's what they're there for: to entertain and give pleasure. They're just playthings.

"D'you wanna fuck her, Bill?"

"No."

"Ya sure now?"

"Yep. Just keep whippin' her. I like to see that cunt move!"

They're having a good time. Champagne, a pair of swinging tits for the husband and firm pert cheeks for the wife. The cunt could come later...

It's less fun for eighteen-year old Nina. Her buttocks are marked by a dozen stinging red welts and they might take another dozen in the course of the afternoon. Or they might change her position and beat her directly on the breasts or even on the vagina.

But no. The husband wants to see her breasts swing again so he holds her by the hair and makes her present her impeccable bottom to his wife once again.

SWIIIIIIIIISH .. THWAAAAAACK!

AAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Nina falls to her knees between his legs. He is still holding her hair.

"Suckin' time is here!"

"Not yet. Stand her up again. I'm just getting into it!"

"OK, but hurry up!"

"If you can stay on your feet, slave, you'll only get a dozen more!"

"Thank ... thank you ... Mistress!" Nina manages to say, between sobs.

She receives her twelve blows, ten on the bottom and two on the breasts. Then she has to bend forwards again to present her bottom and vagina. This time there is no blow. The wife rubs the cane up and down very slowly between the lips of Nina's vagina. Nina is relieved. When they take more interest in her vagina, they often leave her buttocks alone. Despite herself, Nina gives a low moan as the ribs of the bamboo



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Just keep whippin' her. I like to see that cunt move!

jolt over her clitoris...

"My turn now," says Mr Manders, opening his pants and taking out his erect penis. The girl goes down onto it, obediently, and starts licking and sucking, very gently, all the way up.

Mrs Manders now takes off the black leather dress and long black gloves that she is wearing and sits in an armchair, naked, watching... She sips champagne and passes the cane, still damp with the girl's juices, between the lips of her own

vagina. She is soon beginning to move around in her chair, pushing and wriggling against the cane. She knows her husband will finish soon....

She also knows that Nina will spend the rest of the afternoon, maybe the evening too, working on her cunt with her tongue, licking and sucking, rubbing her magnificent breasts all over her body...

A perfect afternoon! ■

A slavegirl for the Dubois

"Further in, slave! I want that tongue right in there!"

The lady shouting is Mme Dubois, the one lying on the bed with her legs wide open. Her voice is dark with sexual desire. Janice, her 20-year old American slave, is licking her vagina with apparent enthusiasm and has already given her two orgasms. Now she is bringing her near a third. Mme Dubois has threatened to flog her all over her body, even on the most intimate parts, if she does not satisfy her.

Janice's tongue is working hard and fast. Mme Dubois has no reason to complain. But she can invent one any time she wishes...

Janice's buttocks are lifted high. Mme Dubois' husband explored her vagina for a time and finally decided to penetrate her anus. He is enjoying the tightness of the small, almost virgin hole. He grunts like a pig every time his flabby stomach hits her buttocks.

"Wh ... what do you think, Henri?" Mme Dubois asks, panting.

"Mmmm ... juicy ... tight ... silky" he replies, croaking as he pushes his penis right in. He buggers the girl with a slow, regular rhythm. Each time he gets it right in, he rests for a moment, enjoying the feeling.

"I'm surprised ... it's tight ... after all the use ... agh! ... it must have had ... aagh!"

"I'm not in the cunt, dear ... I'm in the ass."

"Ah! Give it to her ... good and hard! ... Hurt her!" Mme Dubois lifts the girl's head by the hair. She looks into the desperate young eyes. They are brimming with tears. She looks at the half-open lips. She sees the eyes close with each thrust into the ass.

"Do you like it round the back, dear?" she asks.

A brief silence. Janice shudders, then speaks, in a New York accent. "Sure. It's an honor to

serve this gentleman!"

Mme Dubois smiles. As a woman, she understands the horror of all this. She admires the girl's reply.

"Would you prefer it in your cunt?"

"No ... no ... I'm here to serve you ... whatever you like!"

Mme Dubois smiles. "How's she doing, Henri? Is the slut doing OK?"

"Fine, my dear. She's got a sensational ass." He grips the girl tighter on the waist and pushes harder and faster.

His wife takes the girl's head in both hands and brings it down between her legs.

"Get that tongue working on my clit, fast! ... Faster! ... Ugh! ... Now suck! Aaaaaaagh!! SUCK ME!!!"

The girl sucks hard on the clitoris, pulling it in and out of the tiny gap she leaves between her upper and lower teeth. Mme Dubois gives a long, low groan, her head jerks sideways, and her mouth opens. Janice has stopped sucking and is now licking with long, broad strokes, her head going up and down frantically.

Henri pushes harder too. He knows his wife is heading fast for her next orgasm and he wants to finish at the same time.

He is panting hard now. He closes his eyes, grunts louder and louder, gasping for air. He can feel it coming. He puts his hand down into the girl's vagina and finds her clitoris. He would like them all to finish together, but it's too late...

"AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!"

"AAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Husband and wife take off together. They're out of control, their bodies are jerking into spasm after spasm, their minds are nowhere, it's bliss, it's ecstasy...

Suddenly, Henri groans and half-collapses on top of the girl, spurting semen into her bowels.



I'm not in the cunt, dear ... I'm in the ass

She carries on with her tongue...

LICK!!! AGH!!! SUCK!!! UGH!!! SLURP!!!

“AAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The wife takes off into dizzying multiple orgasm, the sort that women seem to have more often when they're in their thirties...

Janice takes her there again and again with her expert tongue.

On display

You can see here some of the slaves of the Qas-Quatar Harem on display. They are chained to wooden columns ready to be inspected by any guest who wishes to do so, in any way he wishes. If a guest finds one (or more) of them attractive he can take them away to do whatever he likes with them.

Day and night, there are always half a dozen or more girls in this room, waiting. As girls are taken away, others replace them. There is always a good selection of exciting round, female forms at the guests' disposal.

As you see, the girls are completely naked. The only decoration that is allowed is small pieces of jewellery, rings for the nipples or nose, etc. They have instructions to make themselves as sensual as possible when a guest comes into the room and to seduce him with provocative postures and languid looks. They must be prepared for intimate and sometimes cruel physical examination and they must pretend to enjoy the treatment, however humiliating or painful it may be.

They must pretend to be honoured by a guest's attentions and to feel a slave's pride when they are selected. The only reason for the existence of a Harem girl is to give her body to the man (or woman) who chooses it.

A guard with a whip makes sure that all these rules are scrupulously obeyed.

These are three young European women aged about twenty: Marina, Karen and Judith ... three unusually fine examples of the "merchandise" of the Harem.

The severe-looking lady is Frau von Clausen, a lesbian with a much-feared flogging hand. She has come to look for a girl with big breasts and thick pubic hair, preferably damp. She is accompanied by her nephews Karl and Johann, both of whom are sadistic psychopaths.

Frau von Clausen is immediately attracted to the blonde Judith, who is fondling a nipple to make it swell. The German woman stands near

her, enjoying the smell of naked women that hangs dizzily in the warm air. Karl also likes the blonde.

She knows it is her job, that she must serve them to the limits of her ability, to her last breath... Mme Dubois collapses, semi-conscious, and lies still for a minute or two, recovering. She sits up, pulling the girl's wet face up to look in her eyes.

"You're going to stay with us all week!"

The girl nods. "Thank you, ma'am." ■

her, enjoying the smell of naked women that hangs dizzily in the warm air. Karl also likes the blonde.

"Your name?"

"Judith ... my Master".

"Show me your cunt, Judith."

Judith opens her thighs and pushes her vagina invitingly forwards. Karl runs his fingers through the hair, stroking the pubic lips and separating them. Judith pushes her vagina onto his fingers.

"Do you like her, Karl?" asks the aunt.

"Yes. She's damp already. What do you think?"

"Nice lips and hair. We can share her..."

"Why not?"

Meanwhile Karen, who is standing next to Judith, pulls her shoulders back and offers her fabulous breasts to the visitors. She places one hand behind her head and the other provocatively on her left buttock.

Karl's brother, Johann, soon finds himself staring at Karen's breasts. They're perfect: big, round, firm, uplifted... Karen smiles, but she does not like the cold look in his eye...

"Have you ever had whipmarks all over those lovely tits?"

"No ... no, Master."

"Good. It'll be an interesting new experience for you! I'm going to put red weals all over your tits! And all over your bottom, and all around your cunt too! Any objections?"

Karen stammers nervously. "No ... it will be an honour, Master," she says, breathing faster.

But Johann is not satisfied with just Karen. He goes over to the third girl, Marina and slaps her hard on the bare buttocks.

"Show me your ass, you bitch!"

Marina drops to the ground like a dog, presses her nose and breasts against the floor and lifts her buttocks high, presenting her vagina and anus together. Johann runs his fingers over the



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Nice lips and hair. We can share this one...

exciting curves and explores deep in the crack between them.

“Mmmm! I’d like to see this ass red and quivering too! On your feet, you slut! If you’re lucky, I’ll let you whip each other!”

Marina stands up. Her magnificent breasts bounce and wobble as she straightens her back. She knows she has a night of torture and humiliation ahead of her, but she tries to smile...

“I am honoured by your choice, Master.”

Johann points at the two girls and the guard releases them, but attaches leashes to the collars round their necks. He hands Johann the two leashes and Johann takes the girls to his room. As he walks down the corridor he thinks what he is going to do with them. It’s going to be a good night...

He turns round and looks back at his aunt and Karl. His aunt is also leading Judith by a leash. It’s not going to be a good night for that girl, he thinks...

Johann smiles. He pulls sharply at the leashes and the two girls stop in the middle of the corridor. He slaps Karen lightly on one breast to see how it wobbles. Then he slaps her harder on the buttocks to watch them quiver, first one then the other.

“Stand facing each other. Put a finger into each other’s cunts! Right up! Now slap each other on the tits with your other hand!”

Johann turns round, smiling. He wants his aunt to see, but she is busy pumping Judith’s vagina with two fingers. He hears Judith gasp as Karl, standing behind her, puts a cruel finger into her anus and begins slapping her rhythmically on the breasts, left, right, left, right... The girl is standing with both hands behind her head. She dare not bring them down to protect her breasts or vagina or anus...

SLAAAAP!!! THWAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAGGHHH!!!”

The night is only just beginning... ■

Monique undergoes sexual training

The first thing a Harem slavegirl has to learn is obedience. This, of course, does not come naturally to her but she learns it all the same. Some learn it quicker than others. The slower learners are the more stubborn and rebellious. They suffer more, but the result is the same in the end.

It has to be said, too, that there are degrees of obedience. What would be tolerated in a newcomer, for example ... certainly would not be in a slavegirl who had been under training for some weeks. In this connection, overseers are firm but understanding.

Monique, seen here, is a plump, 18-year-old Belgian girl. She is a relative newcomer, having been in the Harem only a matter of weeks. Showing none of the rebelliousness of some, she quickly learnt the elements of obedience ... and begins to be instructed in the sexual arts and skills required of her.

In charge of her is Miss Nahga, a beautiful but relentless disciplinarian. First Monique is taught the various poses she must adopt when showing her body to anyone who is considering making use of it. These poses she finds exceedingly shaming and is most unwilling to adopt them. The whip of Miss Nahga ... who quickly realised she had a girl of innate modesty and reserve on her hands ... persuades Monique to forget her shame. Or, at least, endure it!

Next Monique moves on to the act of fellation. This, it seems, is something she had never even heard of, let alone performed. It is inconceivable that anyone could do such an unnatural, not to say revolting, thing!

On the first occasion, confronted by a large Arab penis in erection and told to suck it, she simply runs screaming in horror. Monique does not run far. Two guards bring her back and put her over a punishment block. When she has been secured, Miss Nahga thrusts a dildo into the girl’s mouth and then proceeds to lay a rod across her buttocks. Every time the dildo is ejected on account of her screams, a guard thrusts it back. After twenty strokes, Monique is released and taken back to the rampant penis she has refused. Weeping, begging, she is forced to kneel before it. Again the order comes. And again Monique cannot bring herself to perform the simple act that so disgusts her. Without a moment’s delay, the girl is put back over the punishment block, this time to receive thirty strokes.

After that, Monique is in no fit state to perform any act of any kind!

During twelve of the next twenty-four hours, Monique is forced to keep a dildo in her mouth, simultaneously undergoing healing treatment. After that she is brought back to the training



Monique is half retching ... yet only the phallic head is in

room. Miss Nahga shows her a vicious whip and lashes it several times across the girl's buttocks.

"How would you like twenty from that?" she enquires.

"No ... oohh ... no ... no ... mercy ... mercy!"

Monique grovels at Miss Nahga's feet beseechingly, knowing the awful moment is upon her.

"Then suck your master's cock, slave," orders Miss Nahga.

Monique, sobbing and still pleading, kneels erect. How can she ... how can she?

The Arab guard smiles salaciously. There is nothing he likes better than having a reluctant girl suck him. He gets hold of Monique's hair and pulls her head nearer to him. "There, my pretty one," he says, "isn't that a beauty? And soon you'll love it in your mouth!"

"No ... ahhh ... no ... ooo!" Monique tries to

turn her face away, and the whip lashes across her hindquarters. She shrieks in agony.

"Open your mouth," commands Miss Nahga. Again the whip slashes. Another shriek ... and Monique opens her mouth. At the same moment, the Arab pulls her head forward and his knob slips into the wet opening.

Monique tries to recoil ... but the hand holds her head.

"Suck!" bellows Miss Nahga.

The mouth makes the first tentative movements. Monique is half retching ... yet only the phallic head is in. The Arab thrusts slightly ... an inch or two more of his length enters. Monique can bear it no more. She twists away, wailing half hysterically. Anything ... anything ... is better than that, her mind screams.

She thinks differently, however, when Miss Nahga is whipping her!

And it will take several more such sessions! ■

The entertainers

From time to time in the Harem, soirees are held during which guests amuse themselves with slavegirls in front of a large audience.

These soirees are held in a kind of small theatre ... the stage being a large dais around three quarters of which comfortable chairs and sofas are arranged, interspersed with tables for refreshments. Usually twenty or thirty guests will attend a soiree, both men and women. Food and drinks are served by attendant slavegirls whilst the entertainment goes on.

Something like half a dozen slavegirls are brought into the theatre at the outset. They are to provide the entertainment ... and are suspended on hooks from that wall of the theatre so that they can be examined by those present.

At the beginning of the evening, a lottery takes place. Each guest who draws a number will have won a slavegirl. He or she will then be responsible for entertaining the other guests with that girl. Within reason, 'anything goes'. The winner can dream up all sorts of ways of humiliating the 'prize' won ... of making her suffer in all sorts of ways ... of making her perform all kinds of sexual acts.

In a way, the winner is rather like a conductor with an orchestra. Except that the material is human flesh and not strings, wood or brass!

Naturally, some guests are better at providing entertainment than others. Some are too brutal

too soon. Others lack imagination. By and large, it boils down to experience. The more often a guest has won at a soiree, the more likely he or she is to provide good entertainment.

Mrs Grace Harvey, an American guest, has just won Rachel, a pretty 21-year old Israeli girl.

"Have you ever been used for entertainment before, slave?" enquires Mrs Harvey, looking up at her suspended victim. Rachel is quite helpless in her harness, with arms secured and legs held wide by a 'spreader'.

"No, Ma'am..." comes the weak, whispered answer.

Mrs Harvey smiles. "Good," she says, "I'm a newcomer here, too. How do you think we should begin the entertainment?"

Rachel's head droops. She makes no answer ... only moans. Anger flashes over Mrs Harvey's hard features. Angrily she slaps the girl's breasts several times.

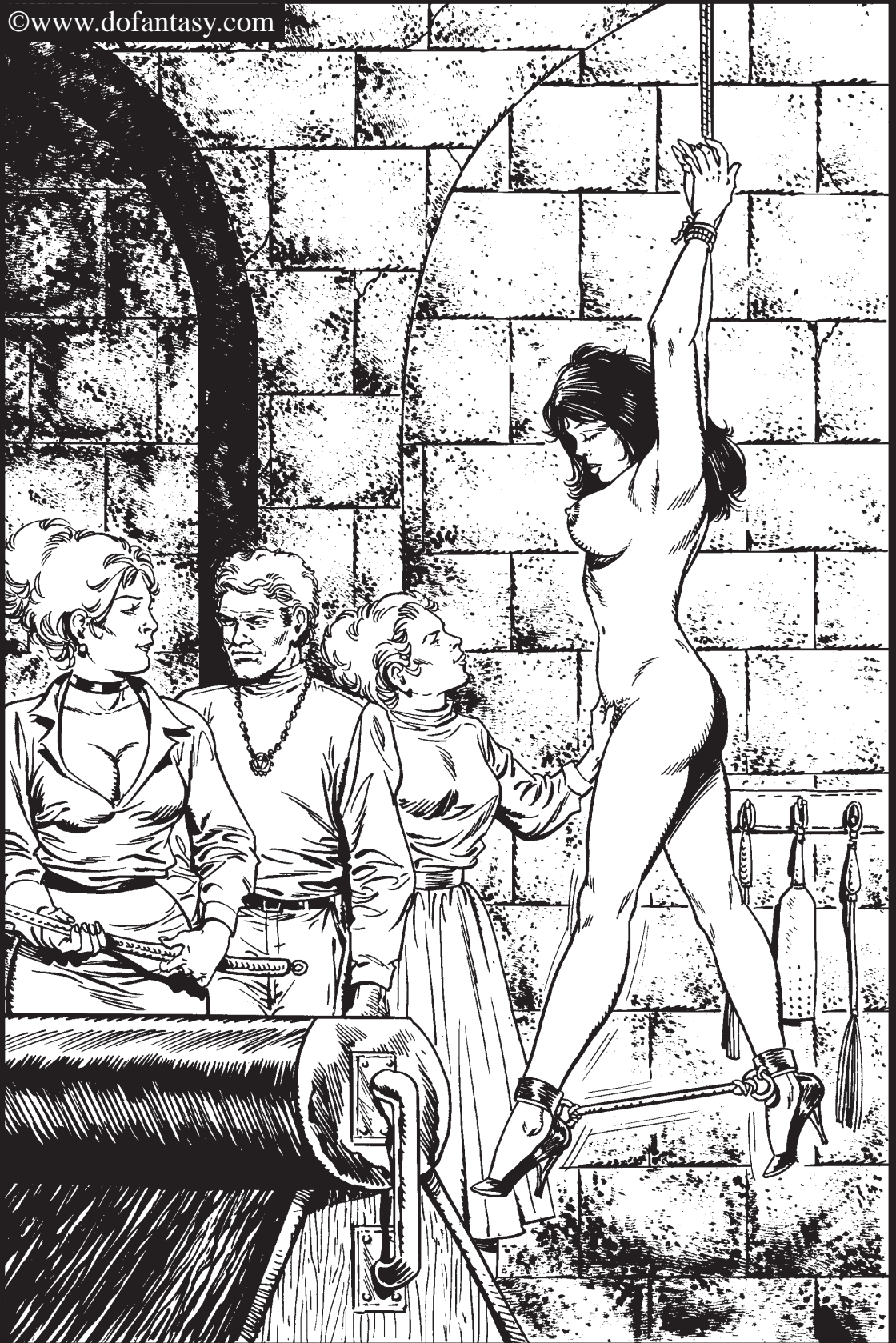
"Answer me ... you insolent Jewish bitch!"

"Ooooooh ... ooh ... I ... d-don't ... know ... Ma'am..."

Mrs Harvey turns to a male guest alongside her.

"She doesn't know," she sneers. "Perhaps you have a suggestion, Frank?"

The man gazes lecherously at Rachel, swinging her round several times on her hook, rather as if she were a carcass of meat. "Not bad ... not



I'd use a dildo in her ... till she comes
Or better still, make her use it on herself.

bad..." he murmurs. Then he pats Rachel's bottom. "I should warm this up a little first," he says.

"Not very original," says Mrs Harvey, "but it will do for openers."

"Then I'd use a dildo in her ... till she comes," says the woman alongside Frank.

"Better," nods Mrs Harvey.

"Or better still," suggests someone else, "make her use it on herself."

"Why not...?"

Above them, Rachel swings helpless, under their mocking gaze, eyes filled with abject dread. An evening full of abysmal horror lies before

her. And there is no possible means of escaping. The greater her degradation ... and her sufferings ... the more they will enjoy themselves.

At that moment, a dozen of the Harem guards file in. Nude giants ... white, brown and black ... take up their place on the back of the dais. Silently they stand, with arms folded, faces impassive, legs a little astride. Hanging, mute and menacing, are twelve organs of lust. Ready for use. At the discretion of the winning guests.

Mrs Harvey takes a seat, licking her lips.

She is considering how she will make use of some of those organs.

With Rachel's 'co-operation'! ■

On the wheel

To be put on The Wheel is one of the most dreaded punishments in Qas-Quatar ... and it is certainly a most painful and terrifying ordeal for a slavegirl to undergo. In view of its arduous nature, it is only awarded for the most serious offences. Persistent defiance or disobedience, for example. Or striking out at a guard or overseer.

The girl seen here on The Wheel has been guilty of the latter offence. She is 22-year-old Mitzi, a lovely Austrian girl of good breeding who has been in the Harem for less than three weeks. Showing an exceptionally rebellious nature from the outset, she quickly received several good whippings. However, even these did not eradicate the stubborn streak of defiance in her. In any other situation or establishment, Mitzi's courage would have won admiration. In Qas-Quatar it merely caused a certain amount of amusement and pleasure among those assigned to break her in. An overseer or a guard usually likes to handle a girl with some spirit.

It was during the early part of her Sexual Training that Mitzi committed her offence. A rampant guard had her by the hair and was forcing her to her knees, ordering Mitzi to suck him off, when the girl's arm swung and she struck the man in the belly. Though it was a blow which only made him grin, the woman overseer standing by immediately ordered that Mitzi be put on The Wheel and endure twenty-five turns. Ten or fifteen turns are more usual for a first time on The Wheel, so it can be seen with what gravity Mitzi's action was viewed.

Here is an explanation of the workings of The Wheel.

The girl is secured to The Wheel, either facing it or facing away from it.

The Wheel takes a full minute to turn. For forty seconds of that slow turn, the girl is out of the water; for twenty seconds, she is under it ... The Wheel is submerged one third in a kind of plunge-pool, suspended on a wooden axis. Just before the girl enters the icy water, head-down, she receives a full-blooded cut from a rod or a whip. Screaming and gasping, the girl's head goes in (breaking a thin film of ice the first time) and then, for twenty seconds, she sucks in water until it seems her lungs and head must burst. At last she emerges, streaming water, spewing fountains of it. The guard has moved to await her return and gives her another merciless stroke or lash. The fountain spews higher ... and becomes a shriek as water clears the lungs. Slowly, remorselessly, The Wheel turns ... until the girl is about to plunge into the icy depths again. It should be added that the water is salted, so that the steady multiple weals across buttocks and thigh tops, or on her breasts, sting and sear all the more agonisingly.

Mitzi has completed ten turns of The Wheel.

She babbles for mercy as soon as her lungs have cleared out of the water and she can get some breath. She howls and begs ... she shrieks beseechingly ... promising anything ... anything ... if only they will stop The Wheel.

Those who watch are quite unmoved. It is a most serious offence to strike a guard and Mitzi is paying the penalty. It is considered unlikely she will repeat the offence. And that, of course, is the object of her punishment.

"NO! ... OOOOH!!! ... AAAAGHH!!! ... NO!



At last she emerges, streaming water, spewing fountains of it.
The guard has moved to await her return
and gives her another merciless stroke or lash.

... OOOOOH!"

The shimmering icy water is now only a few feet away.

The rod whiplashes across Mitzi...

SSSWIIIIIIIIHHHHH!!! THWAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

This awful shriek ends in a gurgling, gulping sound. Little rings spread out as Mitzi's torso follows her head. Bubbles rise. Her weal-striped breasts and thighs slowly enter. Then she is gone.

It is not difficult to imagine her terror as she struggles helplessly under water. Half-drowning. Feeling she is drowning. Lights flashing in her pounding head. Lungs at bursting point.

Then she sees the dark water getting lighter. Her head is breaking the surface again. She is jetting out water in order to suck in air. Knowing the agonising whiplash is coming as soon as her vagina is clear of the pool.

It comes...

SSSWIIIIIISSHHHHHHH!!! THWAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Shrieking in agony ... babbling again ... Mitzi continues round on the slow-turning Wheel.

The slow turn that all too soon brings her back to her point of entry.

#new:

In the middle of the punishment, the whip is exchanged for a bamboo cane and her position is changed so that she faces The Wheel, presenting her firm, white buttocks to the rod.

SSSWIIIIIIIIISHHHH!!! THWAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

A red weal appears across the firm, white flesh of her bottom.

Twenty-five times...

Fifty strokes...

Little wonder that The Wheel is one of the most dreaded punishments in Qas-Quatar! ■

What shall we do about Maria?

One of the most difficult times for a slavegirl is when she begins her sexual training. This is very understandable ... especially when the girl is particularly modest, has been brought up in a reserved fashion, or is very proud.

The initiation into the Harem ... learning to obey ... is bad enough but the realisation that one now has to give oneself to all and sundry, to please them in every possible way, is truly appalling.

It is a difficult stage in a slavegirl's training but overseers are prepared for it.

20-year old Maria is a case in point. She is an Italian and was brought up on strictly religious lines before becoming a novice in a nunnery. Naturally her experience of the ways of the opposite sex has been negligible. All that, however, has to change now that she is in the Harem.

Though she is mercilessly whipped for refusing to perform a variety of sexual acts (of a quite simple kind) Maria's stubbornness persists. She is a natural martyr. She would rather die than do such indecent things! However, death is not an escape permitted, Maria.

The chief overseer of the Harem, Frau Keller, has the modestly shy girl brought to her. "By all accounts, girl," she says, "you seem to imagine you are something special, that the destiny of that virgin cunt of yours is for you to decide. It is not. It is now available for all who want to make

use of it..."

Maria weeps uncontrollably. Pleads, begs, implores. Cites her religious upbringing.

"Yes," sneers Frau Keller, "you still do think you are something different. I am going to show you it is not so."

She orders that Maria be taken to one of the training rooms and fastened into a pillory. A dozen of the huskiest Harem guards are assembled. "Help yourself," she says. "She's a virgin!"

There is an instant hubbub among the naked brutes who are gazing lustfully at the milk-white hindquarters, which are quivering with dread agitation. This is an unbelievable nightmare in which no girl of such a gentle and loving disposition as Maria deserves to find herself. But there she is, locked securely into the pillory, naked and utterly helpless.

"Oh Mother of God ... help me ... help me ...!" wails Maria pitifully as the guards draw lots to decide who shall possess her first.

Frau Keller watches impassively as the lucky man steps forward, his organ beginning to thicken and then stiffen into readiness. A virgin is something rather special in the Harem. Not necessarily something that is the most enjoyable in the way of female fruit, but certainly different. The guard slaps the milk-white bottom.

"Never been fucked before, eh?" he says leerily. "Well, you innocent, this is a man's cock."



Never been fucked before, eh? Well, you innocent, this is a man's cock. So ... feel it!

So ... feel it!"

Maria's awful, squealing screech rises up...

Poor girl. This, for her, is far worse than any whipping. Or any other kind of torment. This is rape not only of her body ... but of her whole being. Yet there is no escaping it as the guard thumps away in a bull-like fashion. His face is set with piggyish lust as he clasps the belly and flanks before him ... revelling in the knowledge

that squirming girl beneath him has never experienced the like of it before. That knowledge brings him quickly to the peaks. Soon he is panting and moaning as he spurts away his bestial desires. Behind him, eleven more naked apes await their turn. One is already rampantly ready.

Frau Keller's features remain impassive. But inside, she bubbles. She knows that, after this, Maria will not feel quite so special! ■

Physical training disciplines

Physical exercising plays an important part in the training of any slavegirl ... but it is most important of all if a girl is overweight or lacking in physical condition. Also, it can be very beneficial for a slavegirl who shows any tendency towards laziness.

However, perhaps the main purpose of physical exercising is to break the spirit of a slavegirl. Also, if she is driven again and again to the verges of exhaustion ... and often beyond ... she comes to realise that her body can be made to do things which, previously, she would never have considered remotely possible. She discovers within herself hidden powers of will and endurance which will stand her in good stead when she has to undertake uncomfortable and arduous duties of a prolonged nature within the Harem.

Slavegirls are often used as items of furniture (footstools, table-supports, ashtray holders, frameworks for drinks trolley etc) or pieces of decor (living pictures, containers and flower-holders etc). So, unless one has been trained, and unless one is fully fit, it would not be humanly possible to perform some of the duties imposed. For example, it is not easy to remain on all fours for hours on end supporting a piece of heavy plate glass loaded with bottles and glasses. Though she is motionless, the slavegirl is under great strain. She would be under a different strain, but one equally unpleasant – if she had to act as a flower container. Here, most presumably, she would be trussed up and suspended from the ceiling, or a side-wall, her hind-quarters curving uppermost ... then a tube-like container would be thrust into her anus, to hold a bouquet of flowers. Frequently, when a grand dinner is given in the Harem, a dozen or more such flower-containers would hang from the walls throughout the evening. To be admired or ignored, as the case may be.

From this it will be understood why so much

importance is attached to a slavegirl's fitness. Not to mention her being fully accustomed to iron-rigid discipline.

Here we see three slavegirls undergoing physical training ... of three different kinds. There are more, but this gives an idea of what they have to endure.

Sessions usually last for an hour, by which time most slavegirls are incapable of further effort. Some do not even last that long. However, the overseers are adept at picking out those who simply do not want to make the effort as against those who literally cannot. The former swiftly feel the bite of the slim, whippy whalebone rods the overseers carry ... and are forced to continue, however agonising it is.

Exercising is made more uncomfortable and difficult by the use of dildos which are held in by tight leather triangles.

Maria supports a forty-pound weight ... and will go on doing so until the end of the session. Or until she drops. In the latter case, she will be put over punishment block to receive twenty or more strokes from one of the whalebone rods ... according to the length of time she holds the weigh aloft.

Monique has a more physically arduous task ... repeatedly running the length of the training room carrying a sixty-pound pack. She is sweating profusely and, if he detects the slightest flagging, a guard stands ready to lash his rod across her buttocks or thighs.

Debie as usual is running on the exercise belt as ordered by her dreaded Mistress. She has a dildo in her, which must not fall out. The duration of this particular exercise must, perforce, be relatively short. The girl's juddering-bouncing buttocks are already criss-crossed with red weals.

It need hardly be said that physical exercise is one of the disciplines most dreaded by all slavegirls! ■

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