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A FAMILY OF SADISTS

Text: Lucas Illust: De Haro

My name is Gemma. I'm the one in the picture, the one with the tanga and high-flying top. I've been doing aerobics and I've been working on my bottom and my breasts. My teacher says they're both looking good – firm, round and uplifted. He says I stick out nicely, front and back. I've noticed that he spends a lot of time working on me, so he should know how the round bits feel. I have a feeling it's a case of mutual development, because working on me develops his dick. Every time I see him he's hobbling!

Let me introduce my brother. He's a force of Nature, a brute force to be precise, one metre ninety five, a hundred and thirty kilos and, poor thing, a brain the size of a cricket's. I've looked after him since our parents died and he obeys me like a lap dog. I'm all he's got. He worships the ground I tread on. Until a short time ago Mongo (that's what they called him at school and he likes it, so it's stuck) was an obstacle to my social, sentimental and sexual life. Not any more, though. He's my right-hand man, especially when I'm using my own right hand on my privates or somebody else's.

We live just out of town. You'll forgive me if I don't say where exactly. Let's just say that we live in an old, isolated house that's too big for just the two of us.

My latest period of domestic bliss started when Leila, our cousin, turned up one day with her new boyfriend. I hadn't seen her since we were kids. She'd turned into a delightful young woman, with a coquettish look in her eye, and a body that dreams are made of (Mongo's and mine).

The boyfriend, Walter, was also good-looking: tall, strong, with dark brown eyes. I'd heard he was into bodybuilding, working out and all that stuff, which is unusual for a lawyer. The two of them together were a collector's item, really.

They sat down and Leila explained why they'd come. They wanted to talk about our inheritance, she said. She looked at Walter, who took up the story. Mongo, he said, couldn't inherit anything because he was mentally handicapped. So his share of the inheritance should go to Leila, he said.

Now I didn't believe a word of this, because when our parents died they left everything to both of us and nobody disputed it. But I let Walter talk on. The truth was, I was having difficulty concentrating on what he was saying. My eyes kept wandering to Leila's semi-transparent blouse that was holding a large and extremely suckable pair of tits. I was beginning to feel restless in my cunt, and I could see

Mongo getting a bit horny too. The next pair of trousers I get him will have three legs!

If they'd come to steal Mongo's part of the inheritance, that was really very naughty of them. Mongo and I would have to think of ways of punishing them...

For the moment, what we both wanted was to get all the clothes off them as quickly as possible. A good-looking couple like this doesn't drop in for tea every day. Talking of which, I offered them a cup and I slipped something in it. I wanted their visit to be long and memorable.

People think it's easy for a woman like me to find a sexual partner, and it is, but it's much more difficult if you're into sexual partners, in the plural. I mean, I like a man's prick up me but I also like to slip my tongue into a woman lips at the same time, and that's quite difficult to arrange in polite society. You can't just go to a dinner party, rip your blouse open, peel a banana and say "Is anyone here into group sex?" can you?

Anyway, there we were with this unexpected little present – a desirable couple, Walter and Leila: the complete Do-It-Yourself S&M Masturbating, Fucking and Licking Kit, consisting of one dick, one pussy, two tongues and two lovely big wobbly mind-exploding boobs.

Anyway, it wasn't long before the guests were sleeping like babies. A pity about the sofa. I don't mind stains on it but I prefer them to be more interesting than tea.

Fortunately there are lots of rings set in the basement wall for tying the ropes to. I told Mongo to put them all over the wall. "It's like electric sockets. You can never have too many".

Mongo carried them down to the cellar and I took their car keys and drove the car to another part of town and left it in the street.

When I got back everything was ready.

"OK, Mongo? Do you like them?" I asked. The erection sticking out of his pants made the question a bit unnecessary.

He nodded his head several times. His jaw was hanging open and his eyes were bloodshot. The guy was on heat, as usual.

"It's cousin Leila" I told him "if you're a good boy and you help me with them, you can have her too."

His hand was on his dick, squeezing it. He can't help it. Every time he sees a girl with big boobs he has to wank. You can't take him anywhere... But he surprised me with an offer.

“No. Present. Present for you!”

I kissed him and thanked him. At least it meant I could have them first. But he'd have to have his share some time. Fair's fair.

Mongo likes his women young, good-looking and with huge tits. Ideally they would be tall and thin as well, and have long, blonde hair and blue eyes.

Leila's pretty close to this. Pity she's got short hair, but it'll grow ... if she survives Mongo's dick, of course!

I glanced at my watch. I had half an hour.

Walter was lying on the only bed in the basement, with his wrists tied to the bars at the head of the bed. His ankles were tied to the bottom of the bed. Mongo helped me to get his shirt off with a cutter. At first I left his underpants on, funny little shorts with bunny rabbits all over them. He looked gorgeous. I couldn't wait to climb on top of him. Maybe he was a bit too muscular, but he'd lose that in time.

I put a couple of cushions under his buttocks. I wanted his dick up as high as possible.

Then I got to work on his mouth. If there's one thing that pisses me off it's a guy shouting. The solution is simple. I've got two harnesses that shut them up and give me an extra dick for the same price! You strap them over their heads and tighten them with buckles. They've got two rubber dicks that go over the mouth, one inside the other. The one inside is short and fat and you can use it on its own, or you can put the long one on top of it. Which is what I do ... I like to feel it right up inside me.

It wasn't easy to get the harness on him. Men aren't as easy as women. I broke one of his teeth doing it, but in the end I got it in so that his teeth fitted inside the rubber mouthpiece. It's actually harder to get out, but that's not going to be a problem for some time yet.

I stepped back to get a good look at my lawyer. He was a good catch: firm and muscular with a nice suntan and a very responsive member. And he was well displayed and totally defenceless (which is upsetting for a lawyer).

I decided to blindfold him, to frighten him a bit and get him concentrating on what I was doing to his dick.

Meanwhile, Mongo had tied Leila to a hook in the ceiling by the wrists. Her feet were on the ground, but only just.

I got her down and put a harness on her. It was an easy job. She had a gorgeous big mouth, with very sensual lips. The mouthpiece slipped in too easily, so I changed it. The new one was similar except that the inside penis can be blown up like a football through one of the two holes in the tip. A bit kitsch, but who cares? A good come is a good come, whether it's with a dick or a dildo or your own fingers.

I relaxed a bit when I saw that she was breathing well enough through the nose. I felt the false dick through the soft skin of her neck, opening the way down into her throat. I ordered my beloved brother

to take her dress off. He ripped it off and nearly ripped her wrists off as well. He doesn't know his own strength (or length!).

And there she was, tied down and wearing only a bra and panties. The bra looked deliciously full and wobbly. I don't know where she'd been planning to go that evening, but she was bursting out of her satin underwear and it made me go all moist between the legs. She was wearing tiny little panties with dainty little bows on the hips, and a bra that looked as if it was going to float upwards. I just wanted to sit on that perfect body, with its soft stomach and blonde bush showing over the panties, and stroke those lovely long legs. I was beginning to need to press myself against something...

As there was no spare bed, I decided to let her wake up on her knees. Mongo tied each ankle back to the thigh, which I like because it opens the thighs and leaves the vagina exposed with the lips partly open. He tied her wrists behind her back, which makes the breasts stick out more. The ropes came round the front and went above and below her breasts, framing them nicely.

There was just time to get the gear on. I gave Mongo a mask, a thick studded collar and matching wristbands, leather straps around his biceps and a ring on the base of his dick. Good enough, considering he already looks like something from another planet. He's got big round breasts that are almost feminine, a strong belly, a huge twisted dick that's had a knife job, short fat legs like an ape and big hands and feet. He's also very hairy, but he shaves all over, so he looks bald all over.

First I brushed my hair, which I keep long and flowing hair because it's romantic and also good for rubbing in well-oiled cunts. It holds the smell. I put on a mask, the top that rides over my tits and lets the air in, a tanga pulled tight up into my crack, and leather boots with the obligatory stiletto heel, metal-tipped.

I looked at Mongo and saw he was getting very excited. I told him to jerk off before they woke up. He's dangerous if he doesn't. Then I sent him to have a wash.

It's incredible how fast his bollocks make that stuff. He may be slow up top but he's not slow down below. I don't know if Leila and Walter will appreciate his recovery speed though!

Walter was the first to wake up. I couldn't see his face, but the rest of him looked good: the ropes pulled tight, the jaws straining at the gag, snorting through his nose to get air in, his muscles tense...

It was all too much for me. I crept up to him and squeezed the base of his dick.

The reaction was immediate. Walter stopped struggling against the ropes. He waited, tense as a violin string. I could feel his pulse beating hard.

His wrinkled little dicky felt good - small and cute and friendly. It was growing in my hand. When it was firm I stroked it. I stroked the silky skin on the bottom of his balls too.



I stepped back to get a good look at my lawyer. He was a good catch:

Then I put my fist around the base of his dick and squeezed again. Lovely! The hole on the tip gasped like a fish out of water. I sank my nail into it. I keep them long especially for this. Walter winced. I felt like God.

Walter still didn't know where he was, but he'd soon find out. There was a little rough justice coming his way.

Walter and Leila were confidence tricksters, swindlers. They had to be punished. As a lawyer, Walter would surely understand that!

This particular punishment would not be meted out by a judge. It would be meted out by me or Mongo, with a cane or a whip on a bare buttock or an unprotected breast or an open pussy. Walter and Leila would be forced to have orgasms when they didn't want them, and they would be used to give Mongo and me orgasms whenever we wanted one. Or more than one.

I played with Walter's dick, sometimes delicately, sometimes roughly. I pinched the gland or stroked the base softly or squeezed his bollocks together unexpectedly. In the end I couldn't resist and I had a good suck. It always reminds me of popsicles at school.

My brother arrived and I realised Leila had woken up. I left Walter nearly coming. Nearly, but not quite...

"Bring her over, Mongo. Put her on the bed and give her a close-up view of a lawyer's dicky."

Mongo acted swiftly, brutally, perfectly. With one hand on the hair of her head and the other around her bush he lifted Leila and threw her onto the bed next to Walter. Her eyes were open wide, struggling to focus on Walter's dick, which was just in front of her face.

She was a lovely sight, with her big floppy tits down on the mattress.

"Down, Mongo!" I had to say, "not yet!"

My charming cousin looked on as I got my fist round her fiancé's dick. I started licking and sucking.

"I quite like your boyfriend, Leila. I hope you don't mind!" I said, smiling.

LICK!!! SLURP!!!

I got the impression she did mind, but what could she do about it? My brother calmed her down by sticking her face into the pillow and putting three fingers up her ass. He's always been a subtle thinker...

The truth is, I was getting hornier and hornier. This Walter guy was good meat and I hadn't been with another man for two years (well, except for my brother and he hardly counts as a person). So with Leila looking daggers at me, I started licking and sucking with all my strength on the penis of my new "toy". He'd have come straight away if it hadn't been for my technical abilities. Each time he was getting near I took my mouth away and stuck my nails into his bollocks. Even a lawyer can learn.

When I couldn't stand it any more, I crouched down on his face with my legs wide apart. I kept on working on his genitals with my hand. I licked the rubber dick that came out of his mouth and I slid myself down onto it. I screamed with pleasure.

"AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I just stayed there for a while, with my cunt down on my little toy, choking him between my buttocks, his nose squashed against my ass. That's the way to treat a man...

Then I climbed off, grabbed him by the testicles and got my thumb and forefinger round his dick. I got ready to ride his dick this time. It was a lovely feeling. Power, pure power!

Just then he started to lose his erection. There must have been something he didn't like about the new position.

I started sucking, licking and stroking his balls again. The effect was immediate. I soon had a huge throbbing erection between my lips again. I wanted to prolong the first orgasm as much as possible, but I couldn't fight it.

"AAAAGHHH!!!"

"AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I came like I'd never done before. It ran up my cunt and into my head and shook my whole body, again and again. I think I fainted for a second or two. But I managed to open my eyes and I saw that Walter was starting to come. I managed to punch him in the balls just in time. The bastard! Who did he think he was, using my cunt to give himself an orgasm?

I felt better then and was able to devote myself to the other orgy-mates. Logically, my little brother should be next in line, to keep it in the family, so I turned my attention to him.

First, I ordered him to turn my little toy over. There was nothing Walter could do against Mongo's enormous strength. Mongo just flipped him over and lifted his buttocks. He looked quite provocative with his rippling muscular back, his tight little bumhole way up high and his strong legs tensed...

I kicked my cousin in the ribs and she fell onto the floor. I pulled her hair and made her go down on her knees. I grabbed her by the ears and impaled myself on the rubber penis that was sticking out of her lovely, sensual lips.

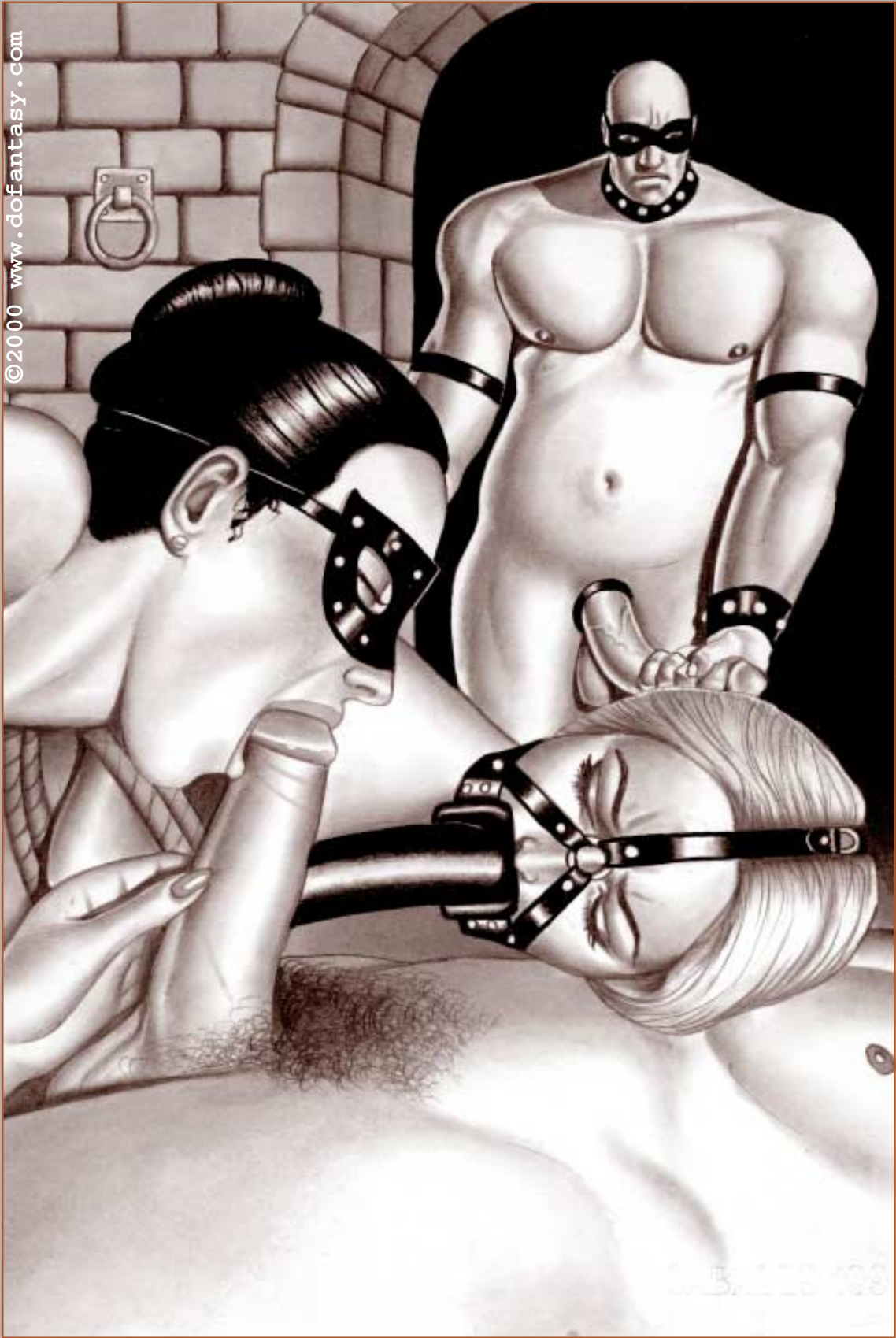
"I don't want you to fuck up my little toy", I said.

She looked at me. She didn't understand. I wasn't surprised. It was difficult to imagine what I had in mind!

She looked stunning with the harness round her head, her gazelle's eyes staring up at me through the hair of my bush, and her lips stretched around the huge consoler that was making me happy.

When I thought the consoler was damp enough, I climbed off. My brother needed no prompting. There are times when he's a real Einstein.

He picked up our cousin by the hair and cunt and dropped her face down between her boyfriend's legs.



“I quite like your boyfriend, Leila. I hope you don’t mind!”

He stepped back. It was my turn.

I caught hold of the huge rubber dick that came out of Leila's mouth and held it against Walter's anus. Mongo gave her a sharp push on the back of her head and forced it in.

The lawyer shook like an electric eel. Leila closed her eyes and wept.

"OK, Mongo, carry on. When she knows how to ass-fuck her boyfriend, she'll do it to you. You'll love it..."

The idiot followed my instructions. He closed his giant fist around Leila's blonde hair and made her fuck her boyfriend's ass. In, out. In, out...

I moved in myself and put my hand down onto his genitals. The randy sod had a hard-on! Mmmmm ... Now that was interesting. If I could persuade my little brother that a lawyer's ass was every bit as good as Leila's juicy cunt, I would enjoy life a bit more.

For the moment, however, I had other things on my mind. I put the nail of my index finger into Leila's lips ... It was little and hard and a scandalous red colour. I began to scratch it and pinch it between my fingers. It seemed very sensitive, despite the unpleasant way her face was fucking her boyfriend's asshole. Unfortunately, the slut didn't last long. No stamina at all! In five minutes I got three big orgasms out of her. But she was my type all right. The sort that comes out of one orgasm and starts building up the next straight away.

I was getting very juicy myself by now, with so much grunting and groaning all around me! I told Mongo to flip Walter over onto his back again, with his legs apart.

"Now watch me, Mongo", I said sitting on Walter's face with the mouth attachment up my back passage. "Try it with little Leila. You'll see how nice it is!"

A light went on in Mongo's dark brain.

Leila and Walter have been living with us for a month now. Nobody has enquired about them. It looks as if their visit was a private affair, nobody else in the family knew. A piece of luck for all of us (well, Mongo and me anyway).

Walter still hasn't had an orgasm yet, but he gives me ten or twelve every day. Half of them round the back.

He's got a fantastic prick. Untiring. It would win a prize in a fruit and vegetable show. Parsnip of the year, maybe. The teeth marks all over it, especially over the tip, set it off and show he belongs to a woman of character. Someone who knows what she wants, and how to get it.

Mongo feeds him, cleans him and changes his blindfold sometimes. He also gives it to him up the ass good and hard.

I look after Leila. I wash her, feed her, and attend to her sexual needs. As I interpret them, they include bugging my brother regularly with the harness on and then cleaning his anus with her mouth.

With this exception, Leila is mine. I even think she's beginning to enjoy my attentions. We have some great nights together. I still haven't untied her arms or legs though. What does she need them for? She only needs her lips, her tongue and her marvellous face, twisted into a delightful, permanent expression of shuddering disgust...■

BLACKMAILING A PONY

Text: D. Guard Illust: De Haro

"If you accept this offer, your husband's reputation will remain spotless and all the debts he left when he passed away will be cancelled. In addition, your stepson will be expensively educated and when he finishes his studies all the profits from your residence in our stables will be yours. You are guaranteed a million dollars as a minimum. I appreciate that my offer may seem a little unusual to you, so I'd rather you didn't give me your reply now. Think about it and we'll talk it over at breakfast tomorrow.

Remember that your husband's honour and also your son's future are at stake. If you do not accept, the boy will not be able to go to university. Thirteen is a delicate, sensitive age too... Think about it. He could go off the rails and blame you for the rest of his life. Especially as you're not his real mother!"

Caroline burst into tears. It was too much for her. First Jim had died in a car crash and now all his for-

tune had gone up in smoke.

She had been looking for the secret codes of the bank accounts that she knew existed somewhere ... but where were they? She hardly had enough money left to eat and she'd already dismissed all the domestic staff. And now the creditors were on her back, threatening to leave her bankrupt and stain Jim's name publicly.

She was against the ropes. That's why she had decided to visit Mrs Rider. It was her last chance. She knew that the price would be high. Even so, she could hardly believe her ears. Five years of her life! And doing what, exactly?

"But Mrs Rider, what you are suggesting is slavery, pure and simple. How can I accept it?" She managed to say after a few moments' silence. She was struggling not to burst into tears.

"Not at all, my dear Caroline! You won't be a slave,



Try this with little Leila, Mongo. You'll see how nice it is!

you'll be a pony, a lovely little human pony! My own pony!"

In the morning Caroline looked ill. She had only slept a couple of hours, turning the question over and over in her mind. In the end she had decided to accept the offer.

Breakfast was served in the greenhouse, in total silence. She didn't dare raise her eyes to meet Mrs Rider's cold, severe stare. Nor could she eat. When the maid took away the food, hardly nibbled at, she could not bear the silence any more.

"I accept." She said, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Excellent. My lawyers will draw up the contract. It'll be ready this afternoon."

More than long enough for Caroline to be tortured by doubts. She had heard rumours about Mrs Rider's hair-raising hobbies, but she had never taken them seriously. Idle gossip, she thought, pure envy of the woman's money.

At three o'clock, five limousines came up the drive, carrying Mrs Rider's five lawyers. The meeting was in the library. While one of the lawyers read out the contract, another car pulled up. The maid announced that Mr Rider had arrived.

"Tell Mr Rider that we are almost ready." His wife ordered.

Half an hour later, the contract was signed. It was simple. All past debts would be paid. The future education of her stepchild would be guaranteed. Caroline would become another of Mrs Rider's ponies. She was now twenty-four and the contract would run until her thirtieth birthday.

The lawyers collected their papers, shook hands with a slight, formal nod of the head and left. Just another job.

Caroline looked at Mrs Rider. She saw a perverse light in her eyes. She was clearly satisfied with her new acquisition.

"You see?" She said. "It wasn't so difficult!"

Sabine looked into Mrs Rider's eyes and saw only a predator.

Mrs Rider was wearing a red riding suit, a long-sleeved white blouse, plus fours and knee-length boots. There was a riding crop on the table.

Caroline had difficulty meeting Mrs Rider's penetrating gaze. She felt uncomfortable at the way the woman was clearly staring at her breasts.

Suddenly Mrs Rider stood up, riding crop in hand, legs apart, and lifted Caroline's chin with the riding crop. Sabine was trying not to cry, but her eyes were filling with tears.

"Come, come, my dear! Cheer up! We've just solved all your problems. I want to see you smile! You've got two lovely pairs of lips, both of them nice and wet and juicy I'm sure. I want to see a smile on all of your lips!"

She ran the riding crop down Caroline's neck and over her very prominent breasts. Then she turned the crop round and ran the handle up Caroline's thighs, under her short dress. Mrs Rider's free hand

moved slowly up one thigh, pulling the dress up with it, to reveal a small pair of black lace panties. The riding crop began to move up and down over the panties, right in the middle.

Instinctively, Caroline crossed her legs and pressed her thighs together, but instead of protecting her vagina, she found that she was squeezing it onto the riding crop.

Caroline shrank back, trying to smile. She was not sure exactly what kind of sexual abuse she had agreed to when she signed the contracts. What exactly did "unlimited sexual pleasure" mean anyway?

She stared in horror at the riding crop. It seemed to have a life of its own.

Mrs Rider knew from experience that the next two weeks would be hell for Caroline. She would need two weeks to adjust psychologically to being an animal, not a person. After that she would understand that her body was now to be used exclusively for pleasure and pain and orgasms, her own and other people's.

Mrs Rider put her hand into her pocket and drew out a lump of sugar. She placed it in Sabine's mouth.

"Let's go. A library is no place for a pony. We don't want to keep Mr Rider waiting, do we?"

The basement in the Rider's mansion was like any other basement – old furniture and old radios lay alongside bottles of wine. The difference was the space devoted to the Rider's equestrian hobby.

"Welcome to the stable." She said, pushing the heavy door open.

Sabine looked in. There were no longer any doubts in her mind. It was a real stable! A stable for human ponies!

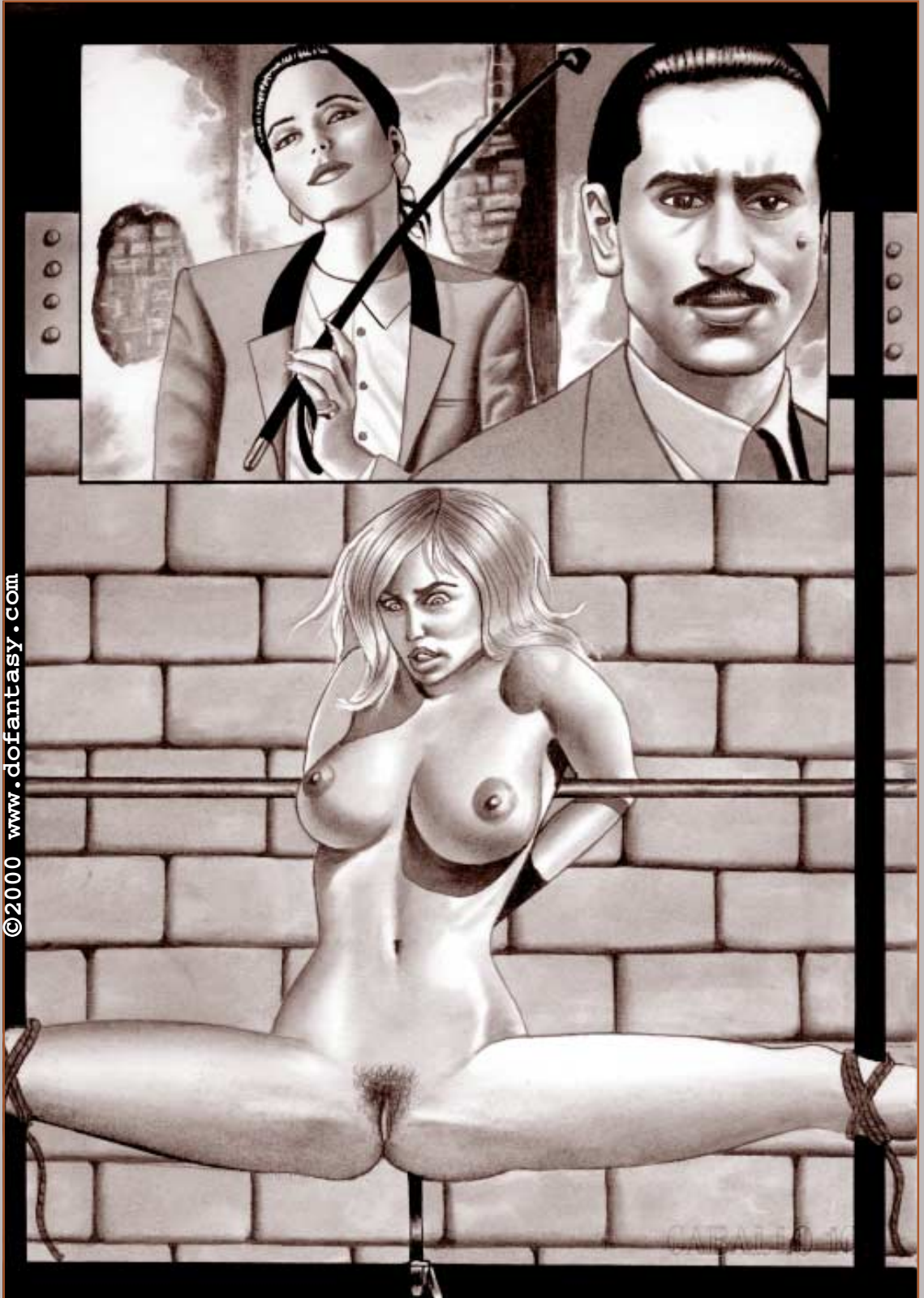
She panicked and tried to run up the steps, but Mrs Rider blocked the way. Sabine kicked and punched and pulled at her hair, but it was useless. Mrs Rider was not especially strong, but she had done this before, many times. When Mr Rider arrived, Sabine was lying face down on the floor, both arms pressed up behind her back. He took out a rope and tied the arms back at the elbows, forcing them right back.

Sabine screamed, but the noise echoed uselessly around the basement.

They dragged her, still fully clothed, kicking and thrashing, to a solid structure that held iron bars, adjustable at different heights like spits on a barbecue. They passed one of the bars behind Sabine's back and through her arms. They tied her wrists with a leather strap fixed to the base of the frame. Then they pulled her feet and ankles up and tied them to the sides of the frame so that her legs were wide open.

Caroline struggled, but it was no use. At that moment she was still wearing clothes, so she felt a little protected. But when she struggled her dress rode up.

"You have no right to do this! ... It's indecent! Let me go! I've changed my mind! HELP!!! HELP!!!" She shouted, kicking her legs in the air as well as she



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You'll have a pony's pussy from now on. They're wet and shiny, not hairy!

could.

Without saying a word, Mrs Rider pulled up her dress, lifted the riding crop and struck her a short, sharp blow in the middle of her black lace panties, a stinging blow that caught her right on the vagina. The girl screamed.

“Try to calm down, my dear. Remember, I can hit you on your open pussy, with or without your sexy little panties on, as hard and as often as I choose.” Mrs Rider warned.

Then she fetched a large pair of scissors and began cutting the dress until the two halves swung back to reveal a matching pair of bra and panties.

She snipped at the straps of the bra and then cut it in the middle. The two halves swung back to reveal Caroline’s magnificent breasts, now especially prominent because of the position of her arms, pinioned behind her back. Her breasts, so full, so firm, so desirable, seemed to be raised up now, as if begging to be kissed, or sucked, or (thought Mrs Rider) slapped hard with the open palm of the hand.

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!!

“AAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Caroline screamed. She screamed each time Mrs Rider slapped them, which was many times. She slapped and slapped until Caroline’s breasts were covered in a criss-cross pattern of red finger-marks.

“Excellent, my dear!” Mr Rider said to his wife. “The breasts are big and respond very well indeed. What I don’t like is all the noise, though. Shall we put the bridle on her?”

“Not yet, Jack. She’s still wearing her panties. A good vet always checks a pony’s genitals. I’ll cut her panties off and you check for infections, the secretion rate, the usual things...”

Caroline’s pubic hair was showing out the sides of her panties. Mrs Rider smiled when she saw this. She cut slowly up the front of the panties, closed the scissors, turned them round, and ran the handle up and down a few times just inside the lips.

Caroline gasped. She felt helpless. She knew she was showing her vagina with the lips wide open and there was nothing she could do about it!

Mr Rider inspected her carefully. Eyes, mouth, ears and exterior of the anus, but not the vagina, which is what Caroline had been expecting. She felt relieved.

Mrs Rider crouched down between Caroline’s legs with the scissors and snipped away most of the pubic hair.

“We want to see your lovely little pussy, my dear.” She said. “And of course you’ll have a pony’s pussy from now on. They’re wet and shiny, not hairy!”

Caroline was beginning to understand that her body was no longer her own. If these people wanted her to be a pony, she would be a pony...

Mr Rider put on some rubber gloves and greased the fingers. He slipped a finger in and explored the vaginal wall. It was not painful, but it was unpleasant. Caroline felt the finger move around in all directions. When it was right up she realised that he

was pressing his crooked thumb against her clitoris, rubbing it slowly up and down, up and down...

By the time the third finger was up inside her, she had the feeling she was going to be ripped apart. Fortunately he withdrew his fingers. He took his gloves off and worked on her clitoris for a long time, putting his finger up inside to bring more secretion down. Despite herself, Caroline gasped and sucked in air.

“Don’t fight it!” Said Mr Rider. “Let yourself go ... The sooner you come, the sooner I’ll stop and take you off the frame.”

“Let me see what a horse’s tongue is like first.” Said Mrs Rider.

Mrs Rider undid the flies of her plus fours and lowered them to her ankles. She stepped out of them. Caroline saw that she had no underwear on. She seized the girl by the head and pressed her head against her vagina.

“Lick me!” She ordered. “Lick me and suck me and don’t stop until I come in your pretty little face!...”

“NOOOOOOOO!!! I WONT DO IT!!!!”

Mrs Rider stepped aside and moved round the back, where she picked up a short whip. She brought it down time and time again onto the girl’s defenceless buttocks.

SWIIIISSSHHH!!! SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!!

“AAGGHHHHHHHH!!! NOOOO!!! PLEASE!!!! AAGHHH!!!”

Mrs Rider ignored her. She moved round the front. Sabine screamed in pain as the whip came stingingly down first onto her left breast and then onto her right breast, on the nipple.

“STOP!!! PLEASE!!! I’LL DO IT!!! PLEASE!!!!”

Mrs Rider was sweating now and very angry. She seized the girl by the hair.

“Stick your tongue out! Further!!! Lick me, you slut! That’s better! Now my husband will work on you until you have an orgasm too. And if you don’t, I’ll beat your cunt until you do come!”

Sabine pushed and pushed because she wanted to finish. Mrs Rider helped her by playing with her nipples, but it was still difficult. Mrs Rider came first. When Sabine finally finished, Mrs Rider rubbed her vagina all over the pony’s face in what proved a vain attempt to have more orgasms.

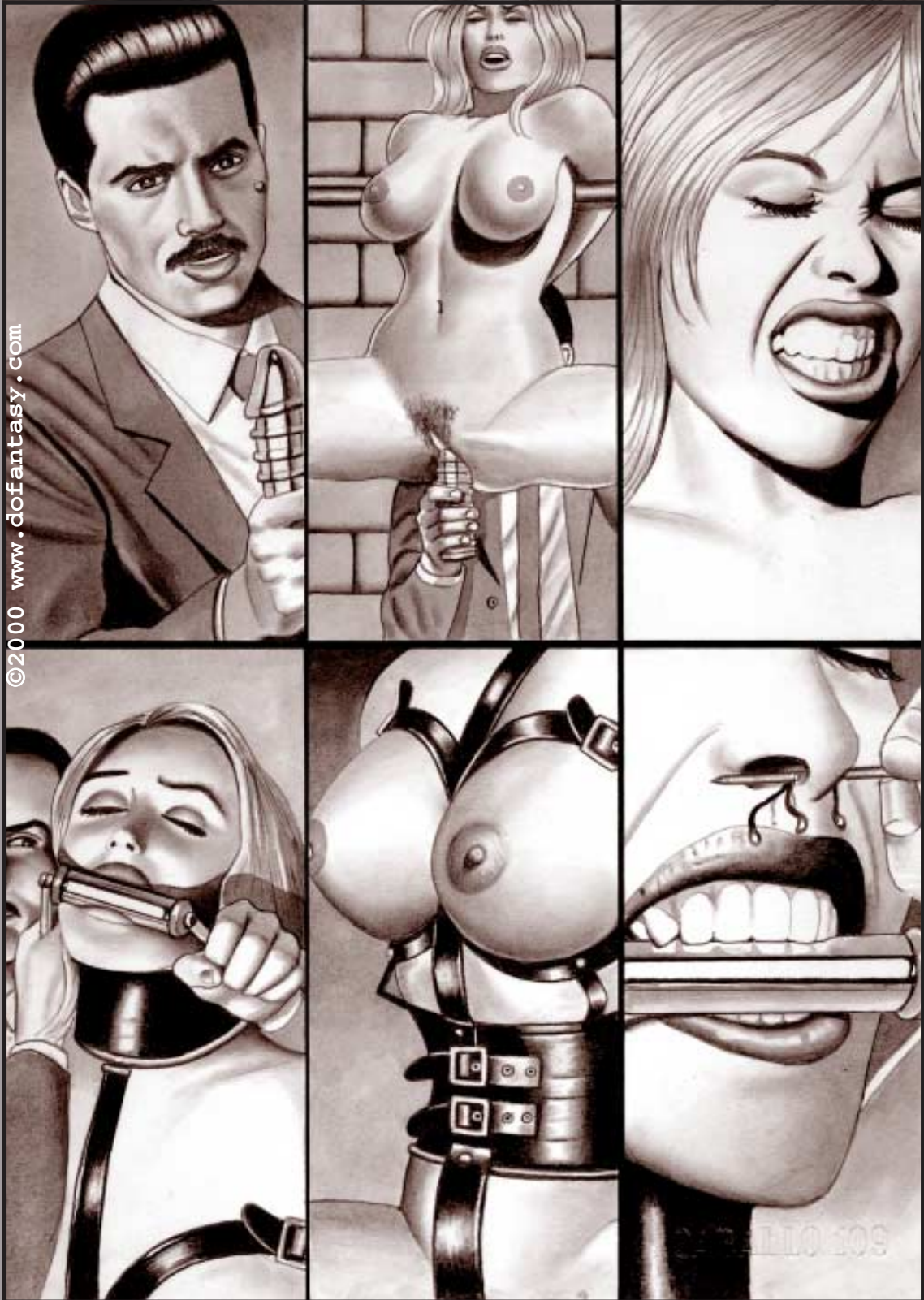
“Not brilliant,” Mrs Rider said, finally. “But she can be whipped into shape, I think.”

“Her lubrication is very good.” Said her husband, holding her lips apart and looking in. “But she’s a bit narrow. We’ll need a Number 4.”

He then turned his attention to her anus. Without warning, he stuck a finger up it. “Hmmm. A Number 1 will do round the back, for a start. We can strap her up now.”

Caroline watched terrified as Mrs Rider selected a thick belt, fifteen centimetres wide, with five little buckles on it. Other straps hung down from it.

Then she saw Number 4: a huge, shiny metal consolator with horizontal ribs all down its huge length.



It's a bit cold, but that's good sometimes. Cold is stimulating for horses...

The base was wider to prevent it from going in completely, but that was not likely: it was so long that the base would necessarily stick out.

The metal was cold and it made Sabine flinch as it was pushed up inside her. When it was completely inside, the overstretched lips closed tightly onto the cold metal. Mr Rider removed his hand and was disappointed to see how the metal penis slipped out and fell with a clash to the ground.

He picked it up and worked it in again until finally the base was level with Caroline's pubis. Number 4 was in. He then tightened a strap over it, passing it down between her legs, round up in her crack at the back and fixing it to the back of the body belt. This forced it to sink even deeper inside.

"It's a bit cold," he said. "But that's good sometimes. Cold is stimulating for horses."

He went over to a freezer and took from it two bags of frozen peas. He walked over smiling, and pressed the bags against her breasts. Caroline gasped.

"The only way to fight the cold is by moving!" He said, glancing at his wife. "Give her another tickle down below!"

Sabine closed her eyes. She looked especially beautiful, Mr Rider thought, at that moment, with her blonde hair falling over her face, her lips pulled right back like a horse's, showing her perfect teeth. It was a grimace of pain, but maybe there was some pleasure in it, he thought as he rubbed the cold bags over her breasts and watched as her vagina responded to his wife's fingers with a series of small but very fast jerks.

He strapped the breast harness on. The straps ran round the breasts and set them off splendidly. They looked even more generous now and were strangely disturbing: objects of desire almost separate from the body.

Next the Rider's clipped her toe-nails and removed the nail varnish. They put strange boots on each foot, open at the back where they were secured by laces. Sabine realised horror-struck that her feet looked like horse's hooves.

Then they untied her legs and let her try her new footwear, which proved less painful than she had supposed.

To prevent her from kicking out, they tied her feet by a leather strap to a ring set in the ground.

Mr Rider ordered her to open her mouth. He fitted a kind of bulldog clamp into her mouth, over her teeth. He adjusted a small screw and opened the angle until her jaws were forced wide apart. Then he screwed a metal bar in the middle, so that her head was tilted slightly forwards.

She saw her own breasts, shaped and displayed by the leather straps around them.

"Now for the nose," said Mr Rider, picking up a sharp nail and wiping it in cotton wool soaked in alcohol. He pushed it through her nose and left it in.

Caroline thought the pain would kill her. Tears streamed down her cheeks and a stifled scream came

through the bit in her mouth.

He then moved on to her breasts. In just a few seconds her nipples were pierced and decorated with two little gold rings from which hung two tinkling bells.

Mrs Rider then worked on her hair. She wet it with a spray and plaited a dozen small pig-tails which she fastened along the back of the head and the nape of the neck with clips. Then she shaved the rest of her head, leaving her with a pony's mane decorated with red bows. She left some hair sticking up on the top of her head. The result was a blonde pony, an animal designed for sex.

Mr Rider then appeared with a V-shaped object. It was "Number 1", a special plug for the anus. It worked in the same way as certain rubber bottle tops, the sort where you move a lever at the top and it expands inside the bottle.

Because of the thickness of the plug, it had a screw instead of a lever. It was a conical plug with a base a good five centimetres across and a neck more than four centimetres long. Rider put an Allen key in and turned it, showing Caroline how it worked...

A circular hole in the strap which ran along her crack gave access to the anus. Rider inserted the plug through this hole and began to turn the screw. Caroline, completely defenceless, felt the diabolical invention expanding inside her. When the screw was sticking right out, Caroline's forehead was covered in sweat and the pain in her rectum was unbearable.

Rider then fixed a pony tail made of Caroline's own hair into the plug. He stepped back to admire his work. She was beginning to look like a pony now, especially with the tail!

But he had not finished. With his wife's help, he untied her wrists and took the bar away. They put long gloves on her and fixed them to rings in the body harness. The gloves had no fingers, so her hands were closed in a fist. A long lace like a boot-lace kept them tight against the arms like a second skin. Then they bent her elbows and tied her forearms to her upper arms.

They pulled her elbows in with two little straps that hung from her wide belt. She could only move her wrists now.

Next they put a thick collar on her, holding her head stiff and facing forward. Then came a harness over the head, with long blinkers down over her eyes and cheeks so that she wouldn't be distracted. A long leash tied to the bit in her mouth would serve to check her if she was pulling a cart. They changed the old bit for a new one with a kind of spoon in the middle to press her tongue up and prevent her from speaking.

Mrs Rider helped Caroline take her first faltering steps to the carousel. She fastened a strap on the carousel to her mane, so that if she fell over, she would hurt herself...

Mr Rider switched the carousel on and Caroline had no choice but to follow it.



Ponygirl Caroline

Gradually she got better at keeping her balance. When she saw this, Mrs Rider picked up a whip some three metres long and began cracking it onto the girl's naked buttocks.

"Lift those knees! Higher!"

SWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACKKKK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!"

Caroline's bottom was bright red by the time she mastered the steps.

She did not know what was worse – the whipped bottom, the metal penis inside her, or the vile ass plug.

She trained for several hours a day. Then one day

Mrs Rider untied her from the carousel and led her over to a hose and hosed her down with cold water, which she played especially over her breasts and the lips of her vagina.

Then she took her into a small cubicle with straw on the floor, a bucket of water, another bucket marked Horse Feed but containing her lunch, and an inscription over the door: "Golden Tail".

On one wall of the cubicle was a mirror. Caroline saw herself for the first time. She did not recognise herself.

Those were the first two weeks of five interminable years. ■

SLAVE OF ISLAM

Text: G. Gianni Illust: De Haro

The Arab forces finally took the Christian town of San Esteban, but only after months of siege with almost five thousand men. The battle marked the end of a precarious co-existence that had held for several decades all along the border.

The bodies and severed heads of the defeated leaders were displayed on the city walls. Birds of prey soared above the city...

In the nearby Fortress of Gormaz, the victor, Al-Rashid, sat waiting for his prize: Isabel, the eldest daughter of the enemy leader. In an obscure way, Isabel was responsible for the war. If she had agreed to become his bride, the marriage would have sealed a lasting peace between the kingdoms.

Barefoot and completely naked, but with her head held high, Isabel was pushed into the presence of the victorious infidel, the man who had offered her a place as one of his wives.

He looked her up and down and was well pleased with her nakedness. He himself was wearing only a light robe. He liked Christian women. They had deliciously pale skin, light-coloured hair and were haughty and rebellious, difficult to tame.

But he knew how to treat them and this beautiful girl had already had two days' experience of this. Two days shut up in the dungeons of the Fortress, being tortured and abused by Sabo, the chief eunuch in the harem.

"Come here." He said.

Isabel moved forward slowly. She had a rope around her neck and her hands tied behind her back. She was aware that he was staring at her large, unprotected breasts. All her life men had done this, and she had learnt to put up with it. Her look was proud and distant. She stopped in front of Al-Rashid. Her uplifted breasts, her swelling thighs, were all that he had expected, and more... He had always dreamed of a woman such as this.

She was a slim girl but her breasts were so large and so round that they seemed to belong to another person. They filled Al-Rashid's eyes and mind so that he hardly saw the delicate curve of the waist, the light pubic hair, the soft swell of the mons veneris, the nicely rounded calves and finely turned ankle, the lustrous flowing chestnut-coloured hair, the steely blue eyes...

"Turn round."

She hesitated. She bit her lip nervously. Her eyes went to a half-dead girl hanging from one ankle in a corner of the room...

She turned round and Al-Rashid's mind clouded again as her breasts disappeared from sight but were replaced by her proud, majestic buttocks. He ran his eyes down the long legs and up again to the tempting, fragile back.

Perfect. He would have to congratulate Sabo. There was not a whip-mark to be seen...

He rang a bell and two guards came in.

"The elbows." He said.

Isabel grimaced. He liked that. There are prisoners who react to pain by squealing like pigs with a slit stomach, but this Christian only grimaced. She suffered in silence, erotically it seemed to him, as her arms were tied at the elbows, pushing her breasts forwards...

"Face me."

Isabel's breasts wobbled slightly as she turned round.

It was the moment to humiliate her. She deserved it as an enemy, an infidel and above all as a woman.

"Walk to the door and come back..."

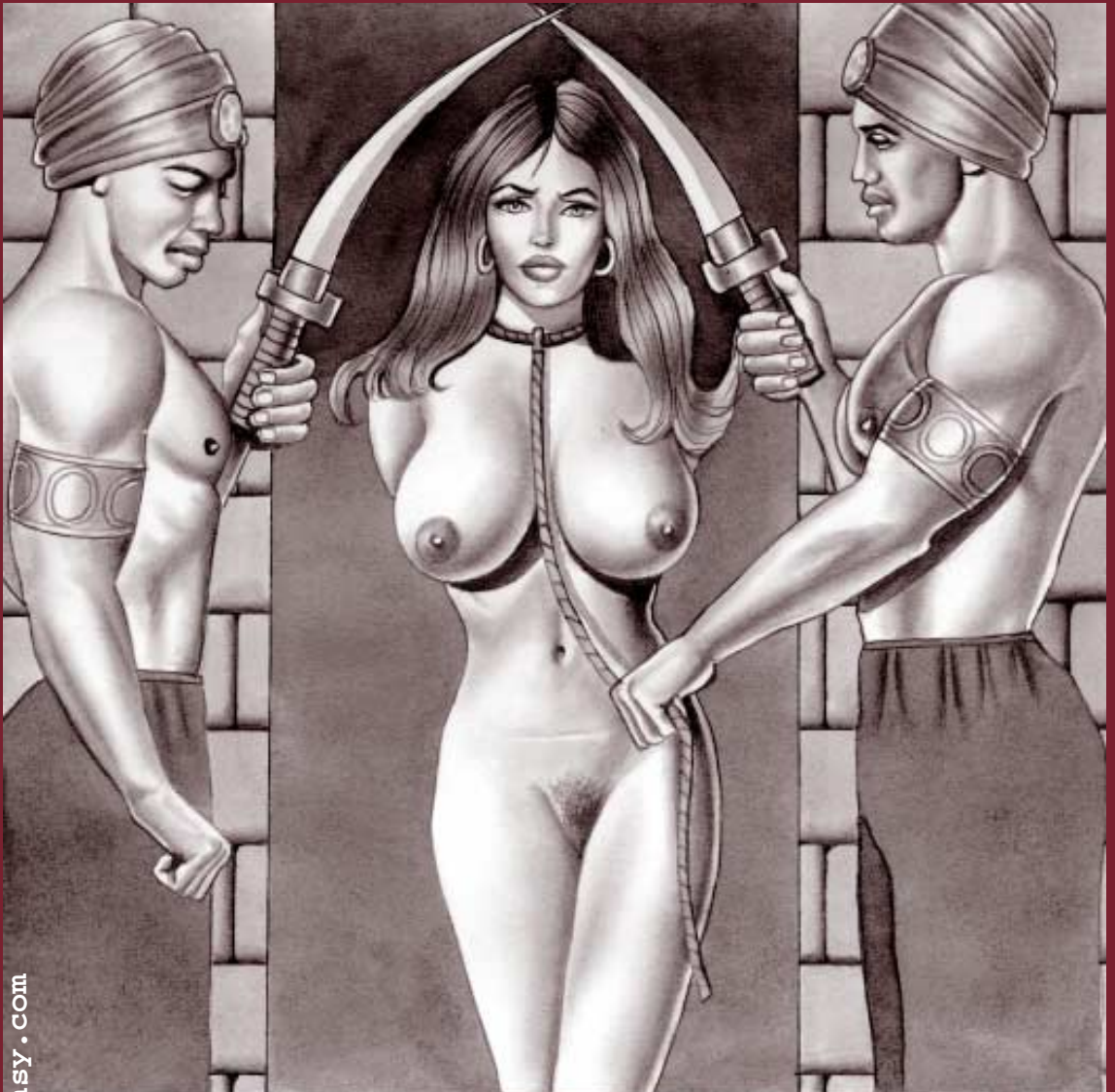
She walked quickly.

"Slowly!"

Isabel obeyed, at least for the moment...

"On tiptoe!"

Delicious!



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“Come here, slave.” He said.

"One foot right in front of the other!"

His erection was unbearable. He glanced at her waist, her thighs, her tense legs, and finally could not take his eyes off her breasts, which shook slightly with each step she took. His hand moved unconsciously to his member.

"Look me in the eye!" He said

He saw desperation and bitterness.

"What does a Christian feel when she wears no clothes and shows all her nakedness to an infidel?" Silence.

He made her walk to the door and back six times.

"On your knees," he ordered finally, pointing to the floor between his open legs.

He ran the tip of his long wooden stick down her face and lifted the flowing hair back over her shoulders. He lifted her chin.

"Put your tongue out!"

The sensual lips parted slightly to reveal two white teeth and a delicate tongue, pink like her nipples...

"Lick." He said, holding the large seal on his ring near her mouth. "It is the sign of the Prophet."

Isabel hesitated, but remembered the girl in the corner and the corpses hanging from the walls of San Esteban and she obeyed.

Al-Rashid put two fingers into her mouth.

"Suck." He ordered. Isabel looked puzzled.

"Harder..."

Perfect. A shudder of pleasure ran down the Arab's body as he imagined the long nights of physical excess that her mouth would give him. He liked to wake up in the morning and be sucked by a Christian slave.

"Why did you refuse to be my wife?" He asked, lifting her chin again.

Isabel dropped her gaze but did not reply.

"Answer when I speak to you!" Shouted Al-Rashid, knocking her to ground with a sudden, unexpected blow.

"A Christian woman does not share her husband." She replied, sucking at her bleeding lip.

"And what about a Christian slave? Does a slave share her Master? Answer!"

"I... I suppose so..."

"You did not wish to be my wife and now you are my slave! Do you understand?"

Isabel's eyes filled with tears.

"You have heard, I think, of the ways in which our Christian slaves serve us?"

Isabel nodded slowly...

"You have heard?"

"Yes..." The prisoner replied, scarcely audibly.

"And what are these ways? Answer!"

Isabel took a deep breath. What was the point in lying now?

She looked beautiful to Al-Rashid, with a pink flush on her cheeks, her hair out of place and her eyes filled with tears.

"They serve their masters."

"Yes. I am your Master. Address me as Master in future. And in what ways must you serve me?"

Isabel sobbed.

"Master, I beg you. Do not force me to say it!"

"Answer! How does a slave serve her Master?"

"With everything she has, Master!"

"Excellent reply! She gives him everything she possesses."

Al-Rashid lifted his hand to the girl's lips. They were thick, sensual, swollen... It is a pleasure, he reflected, to strike a woman...

"One of the things a slave possesses is her lips, is that not correct?"

"Yes, Master."

The fingers pressed into the mouth and found her tongue.

"And does a slave serve with her tongue?"

"Yes, Master." Isabel replied. She was beginning to tremble.

"And how can a slave serve with her mouth?"

He was enjoying the slow, humiliating conversation. There was no hurry...

"Kissing..." She managed to mumble.

"And?"

"And... licking... And sucking..."

"Very good! You have a lot of imagination for a chaste Christian girl. Now tell me: What part of your Master are you going to serve now with your slave's mouth?"

Sobbing, infinite shame...

Al-Rashid stopped stroking her lips and lowered his hand. For the first time he touched her breasts...

"Answer, slave!" He shouted, pinching her left nipple brutally.

Isabel cried out in pain. She shuddered at this first intimate contact. What part of the pig's anatomy could she kiss without feeling nauseous? She had to reply, quickly!

"The hand!" She shouted as he squeezed her right nipple.

"What else?"

Her head was spinning. The mouth? No. The nipples? The ears? The feet?

"The feet, Master!"

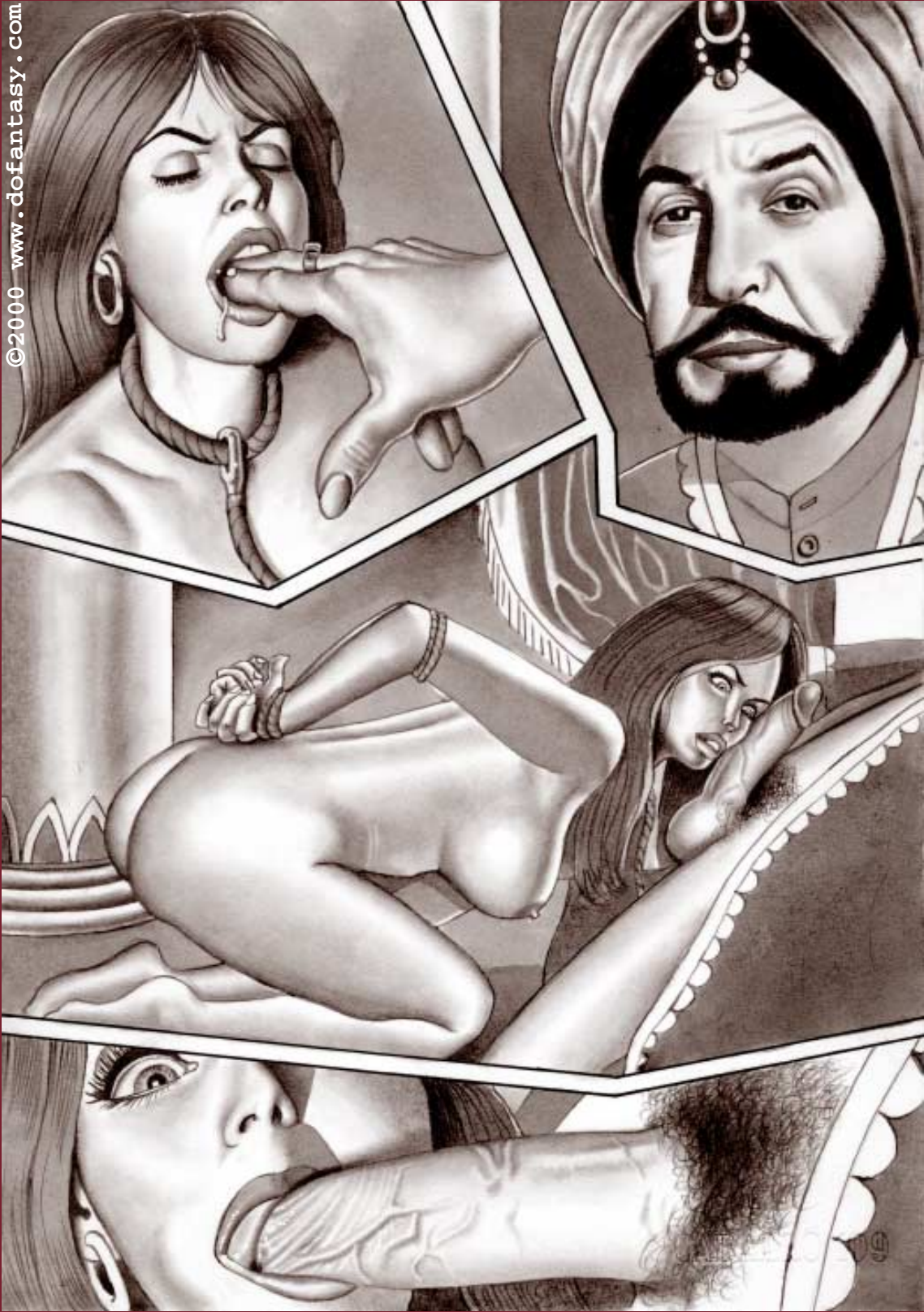
"That is acceptable. You may begin now."

Al-Rashid watched as she crouched down. It was not easy for her with her arms tied back. He stared at her raised bottom, with the deep line down the middle. It was irresistible.

He lay back, stretched out his legs and enjoyed his first timid contact with her lips and tongue.

"Wet your lips and lick me good! Do it as if your life depended on it, because it does. Lick everywhere - between the toes, on the sole, on the ankles. Lick like the Christian dog you are..."

It was a degrading experience for Isabel. She was naked, tied up and on her knees in front of the en-



You did not wish to be my wife and now you are my slave!

emy of her people, licking his disgusting feet. God! Why have you abandoned me?

“Stop.”

Isabel raised her eyes and waited for the next order.

“Take your Master’s robe between your teeth and raise it until you reveal your Master’s balls.”

It was a simple instruction, but proved difficult to carry out.

The last two days with Sabo flashed through her mind. Threats, panic, screams from the next cell, the smell of burnt flesh, the terrible crack of a whip, the splinters under her nails, the iron gag...

She closed her eyes and pulled the robe up. She drew back instinctively when she felt her one of her breasts brush against his thighs. He ordered her to open her eyes and she saw the first erect penis she had seen in her life: long, yellow...

Al-Rashid pulled the robe open.

“Kiss your Master’s balls, slave!”

Isabel looked. They were big and dark, much darker than the penis. They were moving around.

Two slaps on the face brought her back to the task in hand. Al-Rashid pulled at the rope around her neck.

“Obey, you slut! Kiss your Master’s balls.”

He lay back again and gave himself up to the delicious wave of satisfaction as the prisoner’s lips moved slowly over his genitals. The lovely Isabel, Isabel of the huge proud breasts, was his, to do as he wished with...

Still holding the rope, he lifted a leg into the air and brought his anus into sight. Isabel’s stomach turned over as a sharp hot stink of semen and old sex hit her nostrils. And there, before her eyes, before her lips, before her tongue, was the Arab’s ass...

“Your lips and your tongue are for this too...”

She sank her face into the stinking cheeks and, kissed and licked for what seemed an eternity.

Her saliva mixed with the filth she found there, the hairs stuck together, the foetid sweat coming out of every pore...

He ordered her to clean him right up inside his anus with her tongue. The threats were terrible. He would tear her tongue out with pliers, or cut her breasts off and give them to the dogs.

By the time Al-Rashid considered she had done enough, Isabel was broken in spirit. She was a plaything in his hands. There was no trace of the defiant, haughty spirit she had shown an hour earlier when she had been led into the room barefoot and naked.

She was sick at heart and in the stomach when she heard the next order, but she did not protest.

For the next few hours she kissed, sucked and licked her Master’s penis, grasping it firmly each time he approached orgasm and jerking him into bliss. Or-

gasm followed orgasm, but he seemed to find no true relief as his eyes turned again and again to her swelling breasts...

Between orgasms she had to show him the roundness and the fullness of her breasts in all the positions and postures he desired. Waves of pleasure filled Al-Rashid’s mind and body as she followed his instructions, standing, sitting, turning slightly left and right in quick succession, walking towards him, bending at the waist and showing her anus, vagina and breasts all at the same time, putting each nipple in turn into his mouth for hit to suck...

Isabel’s breasts, with their huge, shaking, wobbling perfection, troubled him and gave him erection after erection. He had never seen anything like them before, but he had often imagined such breasts. All his life’s fantasies were in them and he lost himself as his lips closed around her nipples.

Finally, Al-Rashid lay panting from his last orgasm of the morning. He rang a small hand-bell and troops came in.

“Put the belt on her cunt. Then tie the rope to the floor! Call the generals!”

Five generals came into the room. They were drunk. They saw Isabel with her head tied on a very short rope to a chain set in the floor. The effect of this was to lift her buttocks and show her in all her roundness: the cheeks, the anus, the breasts hanging and swinging as she turned her head, the mouth open in panic...

Al-Rashid lay back and smiled.

The men took their clothes off. One penetrated her from the back, while another lay on the ground, took her face in his hands and guided her open mouth down onto his penis. Two more worked on her breasts. They took one each and chew and bit them hard. The fifth man stood next to her and closed her hand around his penis.

In a few minutes Isabel was dripping with semen. One man had come in her mouth but had also withdrawn in time to shoot all over her face. Another had come onto her back. The men who had been biting her breasts finally stopped and masturbated onto them. She felt the warm semen hit each breast in turn and run slowly down. Finally, the man in her anus gave a low groan and slumped forwards onto her.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHH!!!”

Isabel felt wet, inside and out. She had a confused mental picture of herself as a cow being milked when she felt the semen running down her each breast...

“Untie her. Take her and wash her with perfumes. I shall rest now. Give her food and drink. Then remove the belt and tie her to my bed. Place sweet pastry inside her lips. Her virginity shall be my desert...” ■



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Put the belt on her cunt. Then tie the rope to the floor! Call the generals!

HELL

Text: T. Takamura Illust: De Haro

Some well-off people spend their free time designing splendid gardens or digging them, while others collect Picassos or towels and soap from expensive hotels. We're a fortunate race, really. Lady Luck has smiled on us and we have everything, especially time. But that's the snag. Boredom! Time can go very slowly if you don't have to get up and go to work. We have to invent new ways of putting meaning into the slow ticking of the clock.

Well, my dear husband and I don't dig and we don't collect soap. We don't even travel except when we come to the Pacific. We spend all the time we can here on our little island. It's real name is Fuckoa but our guests usually think of it as HELL, and we use the name ourselves now.

It's not hell for us, of course. It's paradise.

We have six guests at the moment. It was seven, but Susie died.

Maybe I wasn't telling the truth when I said we don't collect works of art. Our guests are works of art. They're all magnificently sculpted and they're all very intelligent. They're the cream of the cream.

Needless to say, they are not voluntary guests.

My husband and I naturally attend many social events back in London: charity nights, birthdays, coming-out parties ... you can imagine the kind of thing, and the kind of people: the decadent remains of the old (but still very rich) European aristocracy. Our kind of people. And their daughters, cousins and friends...

If we take a fancy to one of them, it's easy. Just a question of finding the right hook and the right bait and she's all ours.

Why pay a high price for girls from Central Europe, or Asia when you have *la crème de la crème* on your own doorstep?

We like our girls to have class and initiative. So they all have one thing in common: they were successful professionally and socially out there in the "real" world. They were designers, lawyers, architects ... all of them had a liberal profession and all of them were well-known in society. They have tasted success and they know that it is sweet. They are sensitive people and their sufferings are subtle, exquisite, in mind and in body.

My husband and I work as a team. When someone dies and we have a vacancy, we plan it very carefully. We make a short-list of candidates (there are plenty of them) and we choose the one we both like. Then we choose the one that's easiest to catch and

we catch her. It's a question of social mobility. We invite them to tea and they come to stay!

And that is where their new life begins.

HELL is hot and our guests do not need clothes. When they arrive they go through a short initiation ceremony and from that moment they are barefoot and completely naked. A beautiful woman is best seen naked, displaying her breasts, cunt and the rest.

Strictly speaking, they do wear something: a studded collar around their neck and steel rings on their ankles and wrists, with automatic fastening mechanisms. Their arms are twisted behind their backs and tied to the collar. Their forearms near the wrists are tied quite close together. It looks impossible at first, but a young woman's body is very adaptable...

This posture obliges our girls to offer their breasts to us, day and night, seven days a week. It is unusual for one of them to use her arms. What for?

But I was telling you about what they wear - not exactly clothes, more a way of decorating naked bodies. First, a gag in the mouth forces the jaws apart. They always have their mouths open and their throats are accessible. They have some difficulty speaking and swallowing. It's a beautiful sight: an educated woman reduced to making guttural noises and walking around with saliva dribbling down her chin and onto her breasts!

We also decorate them with a thick, leather belt. It squeezes their waist and sets off their breasts and hips beautifully. Another belt goes down between their legs, from front to back, right around the crack. It can be tightened to force it into the crack and pressed right between the lips of the vagina.

You should see them squirm around when the belt is tightened! They squirm because the belt presses on the two big vibrators we have just put in, both of them switched on.

The front one is 25 centimeters long and 6 wide. It has a two-day battery. The back one has no battery, but releases a liquid that gives them diarrhoea. It lasts a week.

The final touch to the uniform is the ankle-rings, which we join by a twenty centimeters chain.

Can you imagine the culture shock for a beautiful rich girl brought up in a life of luxury, walking around like this?

Three guards look after the girls. They like the job.

The girls get up at five in the morning and go to the running track. They run for two hours with the complete uniform on except for the ankle chains. If one

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It's a beautiful sight...

of them has misbehaved, lead weights are put around her ankles. The weight depends on her offence and on her physical attributes, although they are more or less similar in this respect: one metre seventy tall, 90, 45 (less with the belt), 90.

Just right.

Then they have breakfast, which is what local peasants give their pigs. Nutritious if slightly unattractive. They lick it from the trough with through the gag-ring.

Then they are hosed down to take off the sweat and the remains of the food.

The rest of the morning, some of them just decorate the house by being there, always in fixed, uncomfortable positions and with the guards watching them.

Brigitte is a French lawyer and feminist. She filed a lawsuit against my husband. I'm using her at this moment as a foot-cushion. She's on her knees with her thighs pressed against her breasts, held tight by a thick belt. Her long red hair is pulled back, leaving her neck straight and prominent. She makes a useful footrest and it's easy for me to stick my sharpened heels into her ribs.

Brigitte looks so sexy today I may take her belt off and lick her pussy from underneath, lying on my back. If I do, I'll get one of the other girls to lick me. Sometimes we have a whole line of girls all licking away on each other! The last one usually has one of the guards up her anus. You should hear the sucking and slurping we all make!

What do you think of Sharon, the American fashion photographer? That's her carrying my husband's coffee on a tray. The tray is held on hooks that go through her nipples. Gorgeous boobs, don't you think?

She'll go down on her knees between my husband's legs and he'll have his coffee. After that he'll probably unzip his pants and get her mouth down on his dick.

The girls spend the morning scrubbing the floor and the toilets. They use a brush with the handle stuck down into their throats. Sometimes they spend the morning on the sand dunes or in the water tank, with weights hanging from the belt. My husband and I like sun-tanned bodies and good muscle tone.

At lunchtime they eat with us, on their knees of course. Pig feed. My husband likes feeding Brigitte mouth-to-mouth. First he chews his food (not pig feed, as you may suppose), then he pulls her hair back, he kisses her deep through the ring and then he slips the food in. It's difficult to eat with the gag in, but hunger -and whips- moves mountains! Sometimes I feed her bananas and cucumbers right up her fanny!

The best time of day is the siesta. This relaxing activity sometimes goes on all afternoon. The girls wait in our rooms until they're needed. They wait on tip-toe, with their collars chained to a horizontal bar. My husband is an incurable romantic and he only uses

our guests for orthodox sexual activities. I am the creative one.

With the help of the three guards, we spend our afternoons dozing off, drinking French champagne and having violent orgasms.

Yesterday, for example, Brigitte gave my husband his usual massage. She begins with her lips, tongue, and breasts. Later she uses the inside of her muscular thighs and finally the lips of her vagina. The belt is tightened for this phase so that it goes down in between the lips and holds them apart. She's very good with her pussy, very soft and delicate. I don't know if it's because she's French or what, but her thatch is always damp!

I usually get my head down with Barbie, the blonde girlfriend of a Formula One racing driver. She's just run her second race of the day on the running belt next to my bed. She did three and a half hours with the vibrators in while I had a nap. One of the guards kept her rhythm going with a bamboo rod on the back of her thighs. She's gorgeous, a real Californian beach girl! She looked even better with her mouth open gasping for air, her breasts bouncing and crashing around, her still adolescent body shining with sweat and red marks over the back of her thighs (and one or two on the breasts for good measure!)

Then we usually let one of the guards have her. They don't seem to mind if it's the front door or the back. I usually get up to see this.

She was so proud, so full of herself before she came here! She knew she was the most desirable woman at any party or on any beach and probably in the Universe. It's all rather humiliating for her. That's the fun!

In the end my husband and I end up making love as always. The girls get us going but we end up together. We are a very traditional household and we believe in the family. The family that fucks together sticks together, especially if they fuck other people.

Supper is not very different from lunch. Sometimes I make them compete for the food. It's amazing how strong they are when they're hungry. A fine sight - six beautiful women with a vibrator up them fighting over scraps of food.

At night the guards lock them in separate cages. The cages are like aviaries with ornate bars that form a dome-shaped roof. If they are lucky we let them sleep on the ground and if not they sleep in awkward postures, usually displaying their pussies or breasts or buttocks in case we feel like a lick in the middle of the night.

Yesterday Sharon was hanging up with only her knees touching the ground. It seems that one of the guards thought she was looking at him in a superior, contemptuous way. He swung a rope over one of the bars in the roof and tied her long blonde hair to it. Then he tied the other end to the ankle chain and pulled her up off the ground. Then he pissed in her face!

At night they change the batteries in the vibrators



or fill up the back one with more liquid. It's a specially humiliating moment for the girls. They have to piss and crap in front of everybody.

The guards have orders not to use the girls sexually without permission, but it's a difficult rule to enforce. They spend all day with naked women and it affects their hormone production...

At this very moment, our latest acquisition, Jasmine, is waiting for me to welcome her to our little community. She works in public relations, for an Italian hotel chain. She's still wearing her clothes. She's maybe twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, with that special torrid sensuality that only young sexy latinas transmit. She's a brunette with long hair, green eyes and a big sexy pouty mouth.

She looks very strong, with a firm ass and very, very

big breasts. Her thighs may be a bit flabby, I'm not sure. We'll firm them up if necessary. My husband likes something solid around his waist when fucking.

She's standing on tiptoe facing the wall, with a hook and chain pulling her collar up. She doesn't know what to expect, but she's taking it very well. Class will out!

You'll excuse me, I'm sure. I have work to do. I want to see what Jasmine's breasts are like. My husband and I take it in turns to strip the new girls. It's my turn and I'm beginning to feel a bit damp between the legs...

Some other time I'll tell you more about life in Hell. Maybe I'll tell you about Jasmine's early experiences with us too... ■

SLAVE FARM

Text: T. Takamura Illust: De Haro

You'll find this hard to believe, but it's a fact. I'm a farm manager and I run the only slave farm in the world.

It's all profit! The first couple of years were hard, it's true, but it's plain sailing now. Production is up to five hundred head per year and is still growing. We can't keep up with demand...

We'll soon be able to use genetic engineering to determine the sex of the young and then we'll only produce females. There are two different markets here, you see. The young males – who were very useful in the early days because they brought money into the company quickly – are put on the adoption market. You'd be amazed how much some people will pay for Caucasian males a few days old. People like white skin, fair hair and blue eyes, and babies like that are not so easy to find.

The other part of the business is women. The costs are terribly high because we sell women, not girls. The age depends a lot on the country and on the purchaser. Arabs like them young, too young in our opinion. The Chinese are the opposite. They like them mature, educated and cultured. Others prefer them rebellious and wild (the phrase "recently captured in the wild" turns these customers on). We get them from the street or if necessary we sell some of the breeding females.

We can't take any more orders for the next five years. We're fully booked. Always supposing we can get five or six breeding females per week. That's the most difficult part of the business. How to get and keep breeding females.

At this moment we have seven hundred and twenty in the factory. 95% of them are pregnant. The others go to the insemination room every day. It's a simple

process. We use largely natural methods.

First the delivery van arrives, usually with one or two women. We unload it, disinfect the women and give them a medical. Then I choose the male inseminator.

Until recently most of the girls were Caucasian and preferably tall, blonde (or redheads) with blue or green eyes. Tastes have changed a bit, however, and there is now some demand for more exotic girls, mostly dark haired latinas.

Most of our studs use the pregnancy bench. The female is placed naked on the bench, which is a horizontal piece of wood that lifts the pelvis high. There are various methods, but the woman's hands are usually tied to the ankles and the knees kept apart by a stick some 60 centimetres long. This position guarantees maximum penetration and optimum verticality.

Personally - I'm the boss here - I seldom use the bench. I use whatever position I feel like at the time. Quite often I fuck them in bed, which may sound boring but I find it comfortable as well as practical.

They normally get pregnant after two or three sessions. Then they spend the gestation period in a narrow cage. It sounds inhuman but it is necessary for business reasons. They spend the time on their knees, with their legs wide apart. The cage is a kind of barrel that incorporates iron bars. Only their head and buttocks stick out of it. Their wrists are tied together under their chin and then chained to the collar around their necks. In this way, their reproductive organs and anus are easily reached by the maintenance staff and they cannot harm themselves in any way.

Each morning the staff feed them directly into the



Personally I seldom use the bench

stomachs using tubes. They use hoses and long brushes to keep the anuses and vaginal passages clean and ship-shape.

After nine months they take away the baby as well as the usual body waste. The mother is made pregnant in the same barrel for reasons of time and efficiency. Many stay there until they are no longer of use to the company.

If the child is a boy it will be shipped to the adopting family. These families are, of course, rich. The child is, we may say, born in humble circumstances but with a golden spoon in his mouth. The girls are not so lucky. They are taken to the breeding department where they will be kept on a strict diet until puberty. They will then be in magnificent physical shape, which is what our customers expect and are entitled to for the price they pay.

The young girls begin an educational training that prepares them for their future profession. At present we have over two thousand girls on the education floor. They live in cages set into the walls and they have the company symbol and an identification number engraved on their wrists.

I won't bore you with the details of our sexual training, but I will say that I am in charge of this area myself, and intend to carry on in the post as long as I can.

This morning number 185 was in here with me (none of the girls have a name). She's delicious. Sixteen, blonde, blue eyes, with taut satiny skin it's a pleasure to run your fingers over. Lovely firm uplifted breasts. A delight for the Central African army officer who's bought her.

It must have been a vintage year. She's a stunner, just right for her age. She may look like any girl you see in MacDonald's, but she's not. She's got imagination and knows more sexual techniques than

most girls will ever learn in a lifetime. Products like this bring you a lot of prestige.

She was so lovely and provocative with her hair hanging in front of her face, short enough to show her breasts, her big bright eyes and her excited panting that I would have kept her for myself. But all professions have their moral standards and it would have been wrong.

The thing is, these tests I do on the older girls nearly break my heart. Nearly all the girls are sprung from my own loins and their mothers were among the first to arrive. Her mother is still there after fifteen consecutive births. This girl is the product of early, heroic times when we were out for fun as much as business. Youthful idealism!

I remember how we made No. 185. Her mother was hanging by the thumbs and she clung on to me with her long legs around me like some giant octopus. She ended up breaking her thumbs and I had to amputate them with a hammer, but I see 185 has lovely thumbs, like her little sisters. I hope she'll keep her thumbs for many years, but that will depend on the purchaser.

It makes me sentimental to remember my early days as a stud.

But there's work to do. I have to see the new Ukrainian. Green eyes and blonde hair. A big girl, statuesque, with huge breasts, man-trapping thighs, buttocks you can rest your beer glass on, a waspy waist and strong round calves.

I'm going to enjoy her for a few days before I put her in the incubator.

You can't imagine the fun I have showing the new arrivals around the factory where they'll spend the next twenty years breeding on their knees. If they last the course, that is! Ha! ha! ha!

Would you like me to show you around? ■

THE RAMP

Text: D. Guard Illust: De Haro

There was a good show on in Cell Five, as the guide had promised.

Cell Five was a long, narrow cell without much light. It had a thick wooden beam or plank set at an angle like a steep ramp. The top was about a metre and a half off the ground. It was smooth and seemed to have been greased.

Down near the bottom was a young girl. She was very pretty and very, very naked! It's something I always appreciate in a woman.

There were ropes everywhere. Her legs were tied back and her feet were crossed over. Her wrists were

tied to her ankles and her elbows were forced together behind her back. A metal bar forced her thighs apart, and as far as I could see the weight of her body was pressing her cunt pretty hard onto the beam!

There was a rope tied to the back of the gag and this pulled her head up. She had big dreamy-creamy boobs that were sticking out each side of the beam. I nearly shot my load when I saw them! And the thought of her pussy pressing onto the greasy wood! I asked if I could rub some of the grease into her holes but the guide said no. I should have shown him a



She's a delight for the Central African army officer who's bought her...

few bank notes. He would have said yes.

I saw she had a tight belt around her waist. I figured there would be another belt going down between her legs and up her crack. I was right. The guide said she had rubber penises in her cunt and in her ass and No, I was not allowed to check for myself.

He launched into his routine explanation. I hate the way these guys go into their spiel when you're busting your pants to touch some cunt.

"The clock which you can see to your left on the wall is an alarm clock. It is set for 11 o'clock, which is in fifty minutes, approximately, and the slave has been here for just over two hours now. As you can see, the plank is greased and so is her body, especially the breasts. I do the greasing myself and I needed a lot of grease for this one! As you can see, she is trying to work her way up the plank by wriggling her body. It's not easy. Normally they go up a few centimetres and then slide back.

On this occasion, the slave has two dildos fitted. When she wriggles up, they move around inside and stimulate her. From time to time she cannot avoid having an orgasm and after each orgasm she gets a bit weaker".

"Has she had an orgasm recently?" I asked, wondering when I could get one myself. It was getting urgent.

"Yes, sir, she had her last one about a quarter of an hour ago. Now at the top of the plank you will see a switch. If the girl can get her breasts up there and press the switch with them she will disconnect the alarm. If she doesn't make it and the alarm rings, a client waiting in the next room will come in. He'll be carrying a bull-hide whip and a riding crop. He can use the girl any way he wants, but there's one condition. He must whip or beat her when he's finished!

The number of lashes or blows will depend on how far up the plank her breasts have got. If the alarm went off at this very moment, she would receive some eighty lashes. If she manages to switch the alarm off, she will avoid being whipped and raped, and she'll have a few days off from her work as a slave. Ingenious, don't you think, sir?"

I did. The girl was squirming around on the plank, but her only real leverage came from her greasy pussy. She couldn't even wrap her thighs around the plank, which would have helped. It would certainly have helped me if she'd wrapped them round me!

Her breasts were huge, but how could they help her up? They could only pull her down, I supposed. Getting them up to the switch looked an impossible task, especially if she was coming all the time!

Then I noticed a small humming noise. Yes, the guide said, the dildos were vibrators. The girl was

starting to grunt and gasp. She was pressing her cunt against the greasy wood. She was fighting off the next orgasm!

"The top of the plank is greasier than the rest, especially the last bit. Once we had a big Swedish girl who wriggled up for three hours, and when she was nearly there, with just a minute to go, she started coming and she slipped all the way down. She came all the way down the plank! Then the alarm went off and, I don't know why, the big slut came again! When the client came in he didn't need any lubricating cream! The bitch was already jerking when he put it in!"

I was nearly creaming my own belly button by now! I could just feel the big Swedish thighs round me, vibrating!

The guide went over to a cupboard and took out a blindfold. He covered the girl's eyes.

"Now she won't know the time. She'll be waiting for the alarm and in the dark she'll think it's later than it is. I bet you any money you like she'll come again twice before the alarm goes off. On top of that, she'll get raped and maybe a hundred lashes all over her body. And this particular client is not very popular with the ladies. He goes for the tits with the whip and in her case he's got an easy target!"

I wanted to stay and watch. The girl was going red in the face and groaning.

"AAAAGHHHH!!! UGH!!! AAAAHHHHHHHH!!!"

She was pushing her cunt against the plank the way a horny pig will fuck a rock. It couldn't be long before she had another orgasm, and it looked like it was going to be a King Size Come!!!

But I didn't stay to see it. The guide reminded me there was a girl waiting for me in Cell Six, tied up the way I had asked - tied with leather straps to a gynaecologist's chair and wearing a black rubber bikini with holes to show her nipples. Her rubber panties would be slit open to show her shining, wet, secret, pink, inviting CUNT!!!

"We've been working on her clitoris with the vibrators. She's still wriggling".

"Are they still there?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And the nipple clamps?"

"Yes, Sir."

I liked the way Number Five was fucking the plank, faster and faster. It couldn't be long now! But I was nearly coming myself at the thought of Number Six's erect nipples and pink lips showing through her black latex ready for me.

"Lets go." I said with a sudden sadistic rage. ■



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Has she had an orgasm recently?

SHOCK THERAPY

Text: D. Guard Illust: De Haro

She was on the tips of her toes, trying to keep her balance. She was naked. She was trying not to move, but how could she avoid it?

Her legs were held apart by a metal bar between the ankles, her arms were tied behind her back and her breasts were pushed upwards, invitingly...

She had long blonde hair that fell straight back over her shoulders. She was gagged with a wide strap that had a short, fat dildo attached to it. It filled her mouth.

She was naked as usual. When she wore clothes, they were usually just leather straps, rubber or silk underwear, belts, etc. that were designed to present her breasts or cunt to best advantage. They were chosen for her by her kidnapper. She belonged to him, so he chose. Simple and sexy, don't you think?

And he had worked out a few refinements in the way he dressed her. They weren't high tech or comfortable, but he enjoyed them...

Each of her nipples was held in a cruel bulldog clamp, with sharp teeth and a strong spring. The two clamps were attached to a rope that went over a pulley and came down in front of the girl. On the end of the rope was a weight, hanging heavily above two metal contacts like a nervous pendulum.

The only way the girl could stop the weight from making an electrical contact was by pulling her breasts back. The problem was, this pulled at her nipples and hurt. So why did she prefer sore nipples to the electric contact?

She had her reasons...

The pendulum closed the electric circuit to a metal rod that went up between her legs. The rod was like a big metal penis that went up inside her cunt. It was an obscene object that stretched the lips of her vagina wide open. The metal was bright and shiny, polished by the girl's secretions. It was an infernal machine that she had learnt not to trust.

There were times when she couldn't keep her back straight any more, and she had to move forwards. Then the pendulum went down. Sometimes, surprisingly, nothing happened. Then she sighed with relief and rested.

At other times, she received a sharp electrical discharge deep in her vagina.

And there were other times when the rod became a piston that moved up and down but also vibrated horizontally at different speeds.

So this slave had two options: she could pull on

her own nipples and avoid the piston or she could lean forwards and risk an electric discharge or a piston rape.

She learnt to move slowly forwards, her eyes fixed on the pendulum, trying to change posture, calculating the minimum distance without making contact.

When she got an electric shock, it felt like a whiplash deep inside her. She pulled back as soon as she could and broke the contact. Her owner liked to watch this carefully. He liked the way her breasts wobbled when she pulled back, the way she cried out in pain, the way she shook her blonde hair and twisted around and sweated. He liked the way she bit hard on the penis that filled her mouth. He wanted to fuck and fuck her like the rod.

Suddenly, the door opened and he came in. Her master! The slave flushed red with anger and shame. She lost concentration and the pendulum touched. She went into a series of almost epileptic jerks, writhing in pain and groaning through the gag. Her master was young and strong. His sex hormones flowed freely as he watched her thresh around.

The girl regained her balance and glared at the young man. He was glad to see the rebellion in her eyes. It made her even more beautiful. He smiled. His eye ran down her legs, following a dribble of her own juice that was running down her thigh. He looked at her feet and had an idea...

He opened an old trunk and pulled out a mass of cables and switches. He chose various lengths of cable and two buttons similar to those under the pendulum. He connected this to the electrical system.

"On tiptoe!" he ordered.

The girl mumbled a protest, but obeyed. She arched her back even more than normal to avoid making contact. The man put two little boxes, each with its own button, under her raised heels. If she brought a heel down, she would press a button...

"I've changed the system", he said. "Every time you make contact with your heels you'll get an extra two amps up your gorgeous juicy little cunt". He put his fingers into her vagina and spread her juice over her pubic hair. He liked it to look damp.

The girl groaned in despair. Arching her back, pulling at her nipples, and standing on tiptoe was itself torture.

"It's ten o'clock. What do you think, another couple of hours, until midnight?"



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It's called torture. Pure, brutal, sexual torture.

The girl's eyes opened wide. She shook her head hysterically. She begged him through the gag to let her down. All the anger had gone now...

A few minutes later, the pendulum made its inexorable contact. She received the shock, arched back and brought her heels down, adding two amps. She winced and grimaced. By making a tremendous effort, she managed to get her balance again. She had very little margin of error now. Her breasts or her heels would make the contact, perhaps both...

The man stared long and hard at the girl's breasts and vagina. He flicked a switch and waited. The next contact would not be random. It would be a piston rape, with the metal rod set for the fastest vertical movements and the fastest vibration.

"You're lucky! Your cunt's asking for a good pumping! Enjoy it! That's what I'm gonna do".

The girl resisted as long as she could, but finally the pendulum came down and the rod jerked up and down inside her vagina, vibrating fast.

She felt the piston deep inside her. There was nothing she could do to resist it. To her own horror, it was pumping her towards orgasm. In a few minutes, she knew, she would explode. She threw her head back, clenched her fists and cried out in anger and pain as her thighs began their own rhythmic vibrations and wave after wave of orgasms

shook her body. They were so strong and so continuous that soon she did not know where one ended and the next began. It was the most violent series of orgasms she had ever had.

The young man stared long and hard. The girl was groaning and shouting, her eyes closed and her head jerking wildly left and right, her blonde hair flying in the wind, the piston shining and making slurping noises as it pushed or sucked at her vaginal lips...

She was lovely. She was erotic. She was his. Her cunt was his.

He took out his member and closed his fist around the base of it. In a few short pulls he shot off all over her breasts.

When the last orgasm subsided, the girl did not know where she was. She did not know if she had fainted or not. Slowly her eyes focused on the man. He looked into her eyes and saw pleading, pain, humiliation and passion.

He ran his dripping penis up her thigh and wiped it on the lips of her vagina. Then he walked slowly out of the room.

I'll leave her until one o'clock, he thought. I'll leave the piston on and it'll fuck her and fuck her and when I come back in she'll be ready for the next little game...

It's called torture. Pure, brutal, sexual torture. ■

SLAVERY IN THE THIRD WORLD

Text: Lucas Illust: De Haro

Centuries of tribal wars and colonialism seemed to be over. There was a kind of peace. Oil had been discovered, and it seemed to promise a better economic future, for some.

But nobody was too optimistic. Times were hard. The streets were dangerous. Everything was business, and the mafias were getting stronger. No one felt really safe, especially women.

Young women were snatched off the streets and sold to members of the new ruling class: army officers and unscrupulous foreign potentates.

Tania was one of the unlucky ones. She was having a drink in a village disco when the police burst in. Dozens of masked agents armed with batons and pistols took up positions around the room. She ran to an emergency exit but they were waiting for her outside.

A dirty, foul-smelling cloth was held over her mouth and she lost consciousness in seconds.

They pulled her round a corner, put her in a lorry and raped her while she was still unconscious.

When she came to, she was wearing a blindfold. Her arms were tied back and so were her ankles, although she was able to take small steps. Some large

object had been inserted in her vagina.

When they took the blindfold off, she looked around. She saw a lot of people. They all had the same cold, cynical look. They were all in the business of buying human flesh, fresh female flesh. Somebody said he wanted to examine her mouth, so they removed the spongy ball that served as a gag. She breathed in deeply. She needed the air.

"Don't say anything!" they ordered, before she could even close her aching jaw.

She was terrified, but confronted them as arrogantly as she could. A man old enough to be her father inspected her lips and teeth. He nodded at the guards, who put another gag in, this time in the shape of a penis. It went down her throat.

She was carried to a limousine with darkened windows and taken to the military airport. She tried to attract people's attention on the way. Either they didn't see her or they didn't want to know.

Coronel Obianga looked on in amusement. He had examined her teeth and would soon be examining other parts. For the moment, he contented himself with removing a large rubber penis from her vagina and sucking it.



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A week later, Wolfgang Jaeger, a German executive, head of a delegation in charge of depriving the country of its natural resources, sat naked in a luxury suite in the Paradise Mombasa. He was thumbing through an album of photos.

“Room service? Bring me up Number Eleven. That’s right. White panties and a white bra. Make it a silk bra and lace panties. Tie her hands behind her back and gag her. That’s right, Room 326. Thank you. Ten minutes? Fine. Stilettos? OK.”

He hung up and poured himself a whisky. He thought briefly of his wife and six daughters. He worked hard to keep them in comfort. He was entitled to the odd bit of fun.

There was a knock on the door.

The boy who brought Tania up was no older than sixteen or seventeen. He glanced at him and then looked at Tania. She was about one metre seventy tall and also seemed to be about seventeen years old. She was very pretty, with a round body and delicious curves.

Something in her face troubled him. She looked a little like his eldest daughter.

Tania was tied and gagged as he had requested. He had not expected the ropes above and below her breasts, and he was pleased with the effect. He supposed the top one pulled the nipples up provocatively.

He tipped the boy generously.

“Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?”

“No, thank you. I can handle this on my own”.

Jaeger stared at Tania’s full, uplifted breasts.

He walked around the girl, stood behind her and slowly took off her silk bra. Then he looked down over her shoulder and took her beautiful breasts in his hands, lifting them up and down and playing with the nipples until they became erect.

Tania bit on the gag and wondered what he would do next.

Her eyes begged him not to continue.

Jaeger ran his hands down over her breasts and over her silky, firm skin. He pulled experimentally at the ropes from behind and then dropped his hands to the tense, rounded flesh at the top of her thighs.

Tania tried to move away.

Jaeger looked surprised. He stepped back angrily and slapped her face, a hard dry blow that left her sitting on the floor. Then he pulled her angrily up onto her stilettos and ran his hands over the tops of her thighs and her vagina again and again.

He also slapped her again, this time on each breast, first with an open palm and then the return blow with the back of his hand. He threw her onto the bed and pulled her white lace panties down and off.

Next he opened a drawer in the bedside table and took out some ropes. Tania crossed her thighs at the top and tried to hold them together, but it was useless. Jaeger was much stronger. He tied first one ankle to the foot of the bed and then the other, leaving her legs wide open. Tania began to breathe harder. She

was aware that her vagina was totally exposed and defenceless.

Then he knelt down between her legs and sipped his whisky, staring at the half-open lips of her newly-shaved cunt. Her saw that the lips had remained stuck together at the top. He ran the bottom of the whisky glass between them to separate them. He liked the pale pink inside the intricate lips.

Tania tried to sit up, but it was difficult with her arms tied. Jaeger watched, fascinated, as her breasts wobbled and bounced against each other.

His right hand went on stroking her thighs, softly. The delicate skin around the lips seemed to move in response to his touch. He dropped a few drops of whisky onto it and watched as it ran down her white thigh. He licked it off before it reached her bottom.

Tania found herself groaning through the gag as his tongue moved into the middle and explored her outer lips until it slid inside and found her clitoris. She gasped as Jaeger rolled her clitoris around with his strong tongue and then sucked it in and out of the small gap between his upper and lower teeth. He was drinking her vaginal secretion the way he drank his whisky: slowly, seriously, like a man enjoying a good vintage...

Then he finished off the whisky and lay on top of the wide-eyed girl. His erection pressed hard on her mons veneris.

He caught her by the hair, turned her head and whispered in her ear. He nibbled the lobe stuck his tongue right in (which sent an unexpected shock wave through her body) and explained in precise detail what he was going to do to her.

Tania listened in horror.

She closed her eyes as he penetrated her.

She was no longer so worried about the penis that was beginning to make its first tentative movements up into her vagina. She was more afraid of the man now.

Was there really a cane in the drawer? Would he really cane her on the tits and cunt as well as on the bottom, as he had said? And would he put her bra and panties back on, or would he cane her on the naked flesh?

Was he really going to run the whole length of the cane up and down between the lips of her cunt until the cane was shiny with her juice? Would he really run the ribs of the cane backwards and forwards over her clitoris again and again, forcing her to have an orgasm?

Would he really untie her arms and make her stand against the wall with her legs apart, working on her own breasts with one hand and masturbating in front of him with the other hand until she came again and again and again?

Would he fuck her up the ass and make her lick clean his girthy dick after?

This was Tania’s first service in the Paradise Hotel chain and she was soon to learn the answers to her questions. ■

THE PIRATE'S SLAVE

Text: Lucas Illust: Badia

PART TWO

It had been the worst week of Beatrice Blanchart's life. On the way to St George's, where she was to marry the English Governor, her ship had been seized by pirates and she had been submitted to the most horrible forms of rape and sexual torture by the pirate Boccanegra.

Later, she was sold in public auction. Her own uncle, the hated slave trader Lucien Blanchart, bought her as a present for the British Governor, who was one of his best customers. But first he kept her for his own use. He shut her in a cage like a beast and submitted her to sexual abuse of all kinds.

He also separated her from her sister Claire, the real object of his sexual desire.

One day, Blanchart announced that the time had come to hand Beatrice over to the Governor.

Her heart lightened when she heard the news. A ship flying the British flag took her to St George's Island. A polite and elegant young naval officer escorted her on the voyage.

The cargo also included three attractive young women, with long, dark hair. They were all naked and in heavy chains, with a collar round their necks by which they were chained to the mast. The sun was high and hot. From time to time a sailor threw a bucket of cold seawater over them, laughing heartily.

Beatrice, sitting astern in the shade, did not know where to look. The young officer talked only of trivialities, as if ignoring the obvious.

"Why are they being punished like that?" she asked, finally.

The young man glanced at her. "Are you referring to the prisoners, Madam?"

"Yes. What have they done?"

"They're Spanish, Madam. They are the enemy, you understand..."

"But why are they naked and in chains?"

"How shall I put it, Madam ... you see, in the Caribbean things are different. These unfortunate women are not exactly prisoners. They're more like booty. Slaves, you understand. There are not many women in these seas and that makes life very hard for Her Majesty's representatives..."

"Slaves? Whose slaves?" asked Beatrice, indignantly.

"How can three European women be slaves on an

English boat?"

"Governor Wilson has bought them", replied the officer, after a moment's hesitation.

A look of perplexity crossed the French girl's face. Bought them? What kind of man was her future husband?

She could not have imagined the truth. Not even in her worst nightmares.

15 July, 1790. The Governor's Slave

George Wilson, British Governor in St George's, adjusted the leather straps around his genitals. He did it slowly and meticulously. It was a special occasion and he wanted to look his best: he was wearing his new harness and his best black leather boots.

A ring around the base of his testicles lifted them and also lifted his penis, which had in any case been erect for some time.

"Are you ready, my dear?" his wife asked.

"Not quite, Louise. There is State business to attend to. I'll join you in the Dungeon in half an hour".

His slave, Flor, lowered her head. She knew what was coming.

"Don't be long, George, I'm getting impatient".

"My wife is a real charmer, don't you think?" the Governor asked his slave, who was kneeling before him.

"Yes, sir", she answered, with a warm Spanish accent.

He looked at her affectionately. The five thousand doubloons he had paid the dealer Lucien Blanchart were a bargain. The climate was warm and the girl never wore any clothes. She spent all day in his room, chained to the foot of his bed, waiting for orders.

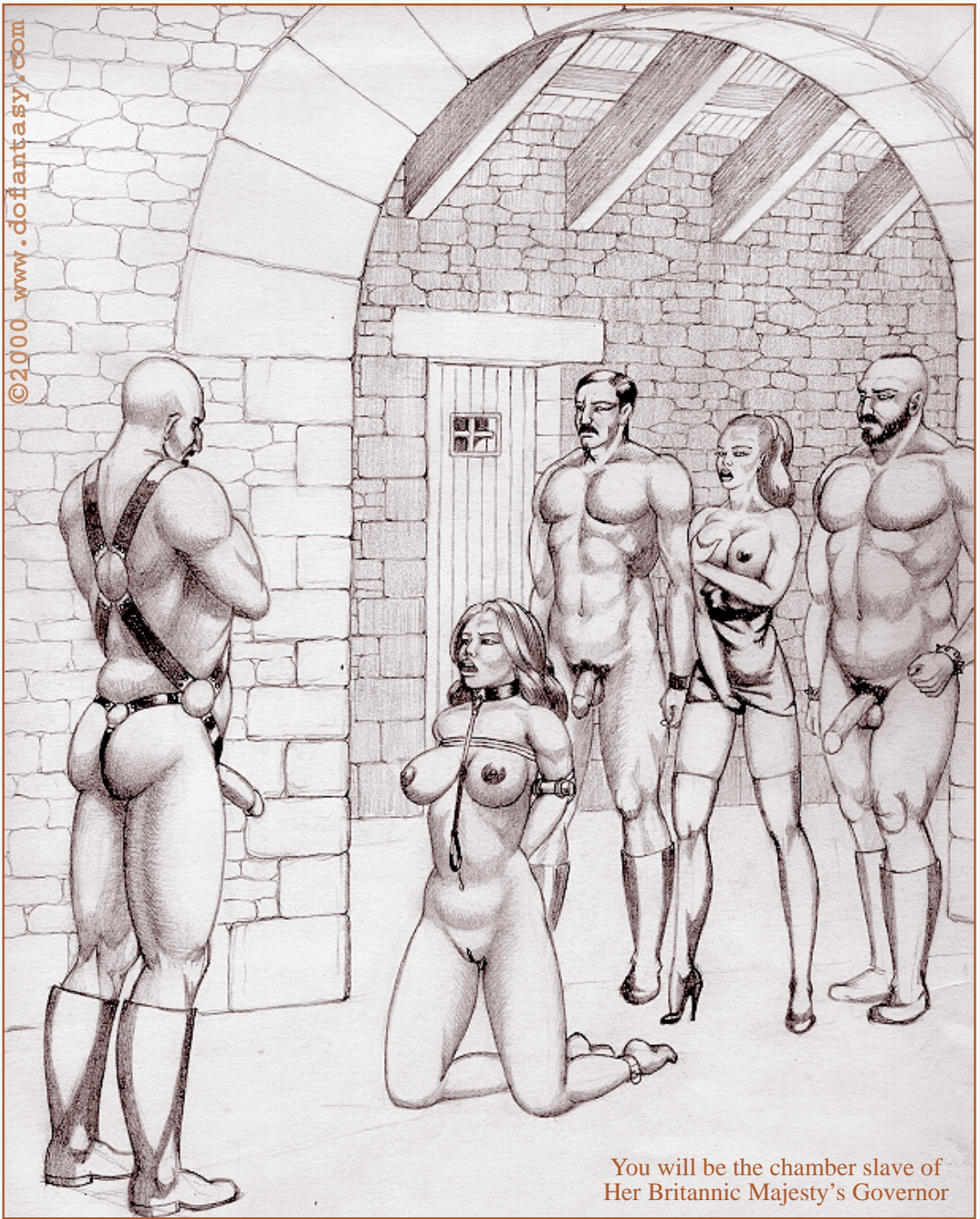
She was his favourite. He never tired of the warm, soft touch of her skin, of her fragrance, especially that of her vagina. It set his pulse racing. But what really drove him crazy was her wild look. She was an untamed beast, a naked beast with naked, swinging breasts.

He liked to see her on all fours, swinging her breasts from side to side, like a cow's udder.

"My wife is very fond of you!"

"If you say so, my lord".

"She thinks that if it weren't for you and your big



You will be the chamber slave of Her Britannic Majesty's Governor

tits, she would have to fulfil her wifely obligations. She's very grateful to you".

The girl sighed deeply and straightened her back, causing her breasts to rise and fall. The Governor was probably telling the truth. Most women would avoid sexual torture if they could.

George sat in a comfortable armchair. Normally he had a nap in that chair and Flor attended him. She knelt or went down on all fours between his open legs.

"Come and get your mouth down on this," he said.

Flor moved forwards on her knees, waddling like a duck to keep her knees slightly apart as she had been taught. This made her breasts quiver and also showed him her cunt. She brought her mouth down onto his genitals.

He ran his fingers thoughtfully through her hair. For the next thirty minutes, his slave worked on him with her mouth and tongue. She licked and sucked his balls and penis until she felt his semen in her mouth. Then she carried on sucking until there were no more

drops. The Governor did not like to drip on the floor when he had come.

He felt better after this and got ready to take his wife's arm and meet Beatrice Blanchart. The girl's father had owed him money and when her father died he had quickly agreed to take her in payment. He did not need money. He had made a good marriage. What he needed were tits and cunts and anuses.

He joined his wife in the old wine cellar below the

tantalise, to give a glimpse of a secret, wet pleasure.

Her elbows were tied behind her back to a stick, her wrists were tied together and a tight rope went above her magnificent breasts and lifted them. The Governor loved the size of them, and the big aureole around the nipples.

Beatrice was wearing a tight collar round her neck and rings on her ankles. A humiliating dog's lead hung down between her breasts.

Th Governor looked at her face. Yes, she really was beautiful! Blue eyes, high cheekbones, and a suggestively open mouth! He ran his eye appreciatively down over her firm breasts, her shaven cunt and her long, strong thighs...

Behind the girl stood his young wife. Unable to control her excitement as usual, she had already put her right hand up her skirt (she never wore panties) while her other hand was moving nervously from one breast to the other.

Beatrice broke the long silence.

"I think there's been ... some misunderstanding!"

The Governor folded his arms and waited.

"I mean ... I mean..."

"Yes?" said the wife "what do you mean exactly, dear?"

"I mean, my sister and I came from France when our father died. My understanding is that you invited us", she said, looking the Governor in the eye.

"And?" he asked. He was fascinated by her nervous breathing, which caused her to take deep breaths, lifting her breasts and then dropping them like two huge wobbling jellies.

"I ... we ... understood that I was to ... to..."

"Come on, dear", said Louise, herself breathing faster now, "What did you think was going to happen between my husband and you?"

Beatrice's head dropped. "I understood I was to marry the Governor".

A stony silence fell in the dungeon.

"You are quite right. There has been a misunderstanding", said the wife, taking some papers from an old chest. This is the agreement signed by your father. To pay his debts he left us a few miserable pieces of property, together with your services. The agreement states that you will serve us for a period of ten years".

Beatrice's mouth went dry.

"We will use you in accordance with your natural physical qualities, which I am pleased to see are quite considerable".

"But..."

"Silence!" shouted Ralph.

Beatrice fell silent. It was Ralph who had stripped her and tied her up in that obscene, cruel way. He had done it slowly, letting his naked genitals touch



mansion. He was still wearing the harness and boots. His wife wore the usual tight boots up to the middle of her thighs. She was running a finger in small circles around each nipple in turn. Her nipples stood out like two tubes. She felt better, she said, with erect nipples, especially in the presence of other women.

Together they walked into the cell.

Ralph, the chief guard, was with her and so was one of the slave trainers. They were both wearing boots.

The Governor stared long and hard at the French girl. He was not disappointed. She looked beautiful, sensual, sophisticated...

The Governor's penis gave a slight twitch and began to pump itself up again.

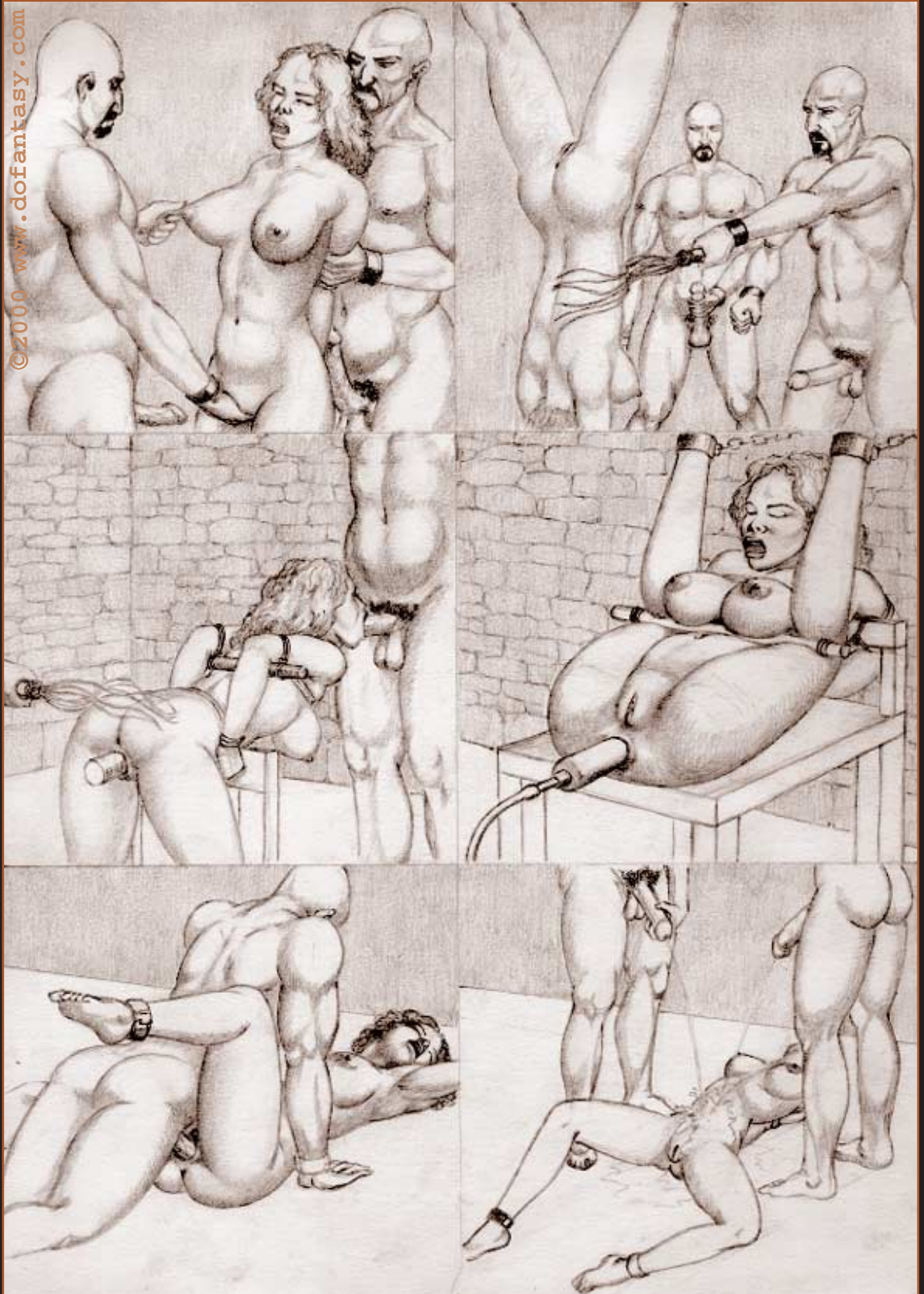
The French girl was on her knees. She'd already been taught to keep her thighs slightly apart. It opened her cunt a little, but not too much, just enough to

her, groping her, feeling her most private parts, threatening her...

She shuddered.

"I take it you understand what kind of services will be required of you? In any case I will make them

clear. We have no domestic staff, only slaves. You will be one of them, a very special one it is true, but a slave. You will be the chamber slave of Her Britannic Majesty's Governor and when you are not needed you will attend his wife. My wife has a



Tell the trainers to get to work on the rebellious Spanish girl.

nervous cunt. It requires considerable attention. Is that clear?"

Beatrice was silent. The wife gave a short groan of pleasure. Her hand was still up her skirt, and she was beginning to push her bottom backwards and forwards.

"You will live down here until you learn your trade. You should know that I am impatient and demanding. I advise you to learn quickly". He walked up to the girl until the tip of his penis was nearly touching her face.

She turned her head away.

"Ralph!" shouted the Governor, "lock her up and tell the trainers to get to work on the rebellious Spanish girl. I want her punished tonight and this French slut can have a front-row seat".

Ralph pulled Beatrice up by the hair and grabbed the lead. He pulled sharply on it and led her to a small cage set into the wall. He took the ropes off her, but left the collar and rings on her wrists and ankles.

"Pay attention to what you see. It will be your turn later", Ralph grunted as he put his hands through the bars and twisted the girl's breasts around, squeezing the nipples against the bars.

Two huge men, their heads shaved like the Governor's, dragged the Spanish girl down into the dungeon. She was tall, with long wavy hair. She was protesting noisily, in Spanish. They had stripped her naked and tied her elbows behind her back. She was crying. The tears fell on her breasts.

They stopped in front of the cage and began to play with the girl. One pulled her by the nipples while the other held her arms. She screamed. They laughed.

Their hands grew bolder and crueller, running up and down over her body, their fingers pinching, their nails scratching, drawing blood...

They hung her up by the ankles with her legs wide apart and her head and arms hanging down. Then they whipped her with a cat-o'-nine-tails all over her body, including her vagina, which was stretched wide open and defenceless.

"Take this on the cunt, you Spanish harlot!!!"

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSHHH!!! SLAAAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAGHHH!!!"

The Governor's wife carried on masturbating, but stepped nearer. The Governor sat in an armchair and watched.

Beatrice could not take her eyes off the scene. She looked in horror as red welts appeared all over the girl's body.

Then the men tied the girl's elbows back with a stick, made her bend forward over a wooden frame which kept her ass high and they stuck a big piece of polished wood into her vagina. They made her suck the penis of one of the guards while the other punished her bottom with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

No one spoke. The only sounds were squeals of pain echoing around the stone walls, the occasional slurping noise as she sucked on guards' penises, and pig-like grunts from the Governor and his wife, who

were now both masturbating.

Then the guards tied her to a table, trussed up like a turkey in the most humiliating position. Her feet were pulled right back over her head and chained to the wall, and a stick was tied under her knees and under her breasts. This obliged her to show her ass and her cunt at the same time. The men put a tube in her anus and squirted two litres of hot milk up her.

Beatrice held on to the bars of her cage, her knuckles showing white from the pressure. She could not believe what she was seeing.

The milk poured out of the girl's bowels, cleaning her out and dirtying the floor. Then the men lay the girl on the ground and fucked her ass. They fucked her until they couldn't fuck her any more.

Finally, they tied her arms behind her back and lay her on her back with her legs wide open like a frog swimming. They pissed into her cunt, and then onto her stomach and breasts. The piss went into the red welts and open wounds. She fainted.

They dragged her away by the hair.

The Governor and his wife left, exhausted by several orgasms.

Darkness and silence fell on the dungeon.

16 July, 1970. A slave and her master's member

Beatrice was on her knees with her arms tied back. She was still naked.

SLAAAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHH!!!"

It was the seventh slap in the face. The Governor was having a good day. The French bitch was all his! She was beautiful, she was young, she was defenceless, and she had big wobbly tits ... He found he couldn't keep his hands to himself.

"Who do you think you are, you fucking slut? I'll tell you! You're a slave. That means your mouth goes where I say! Now kiss me!"

The guard standing behind her stopped masturbating and held her head firmly in both hands while the Governor stepped nearer.

"NOOOOOOOO!!!" she shouted, "I CAN'T DO IT!!!"

He gave her another hard slap. Her cheeks were red, her lips swollen. She looked irresistible to him with her expression of disgust, of fear, with her hair flying, her big tits pointing invitingly up at him, her nipples erect, her knees slightly apart, her thighs tense, expectant...

"I have decided to beat you if you do not take me in your mouth" he said, seizing her by the hair. A grunt of pure pleasure escaped as he felt her warm, sensual lips closing slowly on the tip of his dick. He knew she was just trying to avoid the whip.

"Good, but a little late! I'm going to teach you to obey first time in future! On a ship I'd have you flayed alive and keelhauled. Then you'd be tied over a barrel and fucked by the crew! We do it two at a time, one prick in your mouth, and another in your cunt. You have to learn discipline. There is no government

Who do you think you are,
you fucking slut? I'll tell you!
You're a slave



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without discipline. And on St George's Island discipline means the Governor's whip and the Governor's prick!"

He gave precise instructions as to how she should be tied up and then he dismissed the guards. Beatrice was now standing in the middle of the room, on tiptoe, with her arms and legs in the form a big "X". At his request, his wife had also left, a little disappointed, and he was alone with the girl. He wanted to savour the moment.

He ran his finger softly down her back. "I'm going to whip your back, slave", he said.

"NOOOOOO!!! PLEASE!!! I'll do whatever you

want!"

"You will indeed", he replied, rolling her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, "but first I'm going to lay a few lashes on you until you bleed. It will be very, very painful", he said slowly and deliberately. "A slave is not a slave until she has learnt the meaning of pain at her master's hands".

"But, ... why? Why?" she shouted. "What have I don't to deserve such treatment?"

"Your crime is simple. You have the most desirable, fuckable, lovely, suckable, whippable pair of breasts I have seen in my life! And if they are beautiful when they are still, they are a thousand times more



AAAGGGHHHHH!!! NOOOO!!! STOP!!! PLEASE!!!

beautiful in motion! And I will punish your breasts and all your body because it pleases me to do so!”

SWIIIIIISSSSSSSH!!! SLAAAAAAAAP!!!
“AAAGGGHHHHHHH!!!”

The cruel leather straps curled round her waist and caught her in the middle of the stomach, mercifully just below the breasts. SLAAAP!!! Again, painfully, in the same place.

He circled round her, bringing the cat round with a straight, strong arm and biting into her body. He showed her the leather straps and flicked them lightly, playfully, over her nipples. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, there came a softer, duller sound:

SWISSHHHHH!!! THWAAAACKKKK!!!
“OOH!!! AAGHHH!!! AAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!”

The leather bit into her breasts.

SWIIIIIISSSSSSHHHHH!! THWAAAACK!!!
“AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!”

He put his fingers into her vagina. She was damp. Excellent! She was a sensual woman, a high-class slave, she would be wet when she suffered! He would have taken her on the spot. He would have kissed her, bitten her, penetrated her, tortured her in a thousand ways ... but the moment had not yet come.

SWIIIIIISSSSSSSHHH! SLAAAAAAAAP!!!
“AAAGGGHHHHH!!! NOOOO!!! STOP!!!

PLEASE!!!”

Beatrice’s cries might have stopped another man, but they were celestial music to this brutal sadist. The flagellation lasted all night, on and off. The Governor knew where to put the whip to cause maximum pain. He masturbated six times, ejaculating directly into the open cuts. At times he rested, with his penis vertically up between the girl’s cheeks, fondling her red breasts and her sore vagina, whispering the details of his next piece of torture into her ear.

“Tomorrow you will learn how to suck your master’s dick properly”.

17 July 1790. A slave completes her training

Lying face down on a small table, Beatrice gasped for

air. Her elbows were tied behind her back to a stick, and her legs were wide apart because her ankles were tied to two table legs. The rest of her body, from the waist up, was supported only by the Governor’s fist, which was pulling her hair and holding her head up. Just below Beatrice’s head was a butt of wine, now containing wine mixed with her own vomit.

Beatrice was learning fast.

The Governor taught her patiently while a guard whipped her bottom and upper legs with a simple single-flailed whip.

She was drowning...

He pulled her head out, waited a few seconds and then plunged it back into the butt. When he took it out he explained in detail the kind of sexual caresses he expected from her.

She spluttered and gasped. The wine stung her eyes, filled her mouth, nose, lungs... She opened her mouth wide to spit it out and breathe.

The Governor took advantage of this to put his penis in and sink it right down into her throat. He enjoyed every minute. How many more were there like her, he wondered, back in Europe? So innocent they would cross half the planet risking rape by mutinous sailors or drunken sea captains or even – as in her case – by pirates?

“If you are tempted to bite me, think twice. I shall remove all your teeth with a pair of pliers and you shall have no rum to ease the pain”.

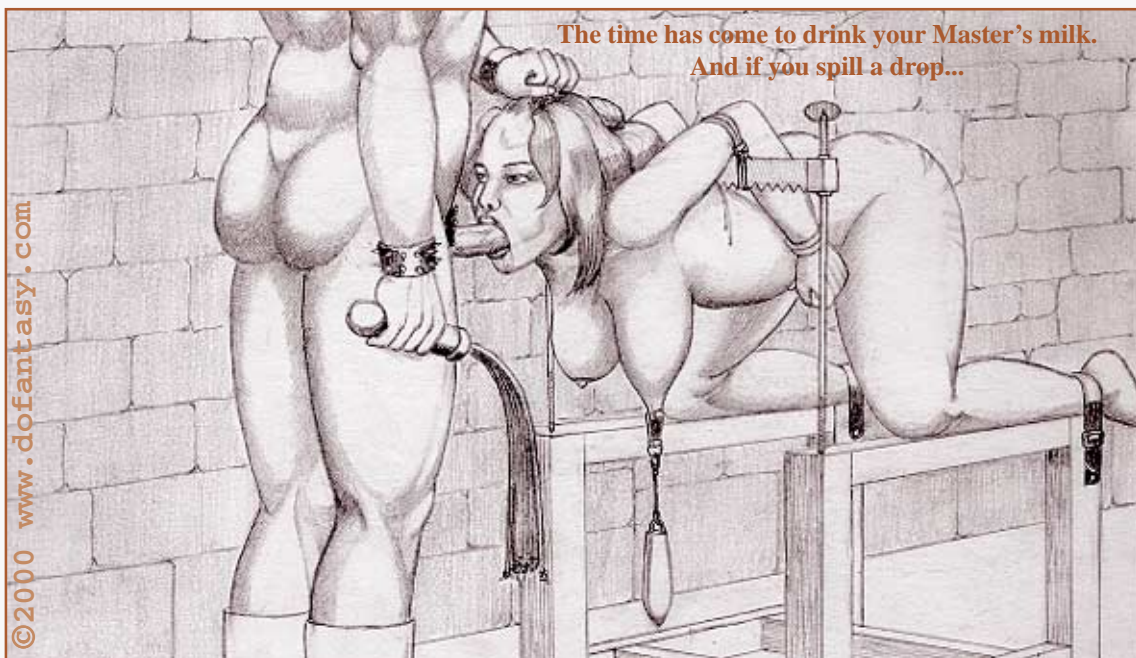
Beatrice flinched as the whip came down again on her buttocks. Her once-white bottom was now criss-crossed with long red welts. They had put a cushion under her vagina to lift her buttocks and present a better target.

From time to time she heard the guard give a long, low moan. Sometimes she felt his semen hit her on the back or buttocks. On one occasion he took some in his fingers and rubbed it over the lips of her vagina.

Sometimes, she did not know why, the Governor moved the wine butt nearer to the table and plunged her breasts into the cold wine. In, out, in, out, drip,



If you are tempted to bite me, think twice



drip, drip... He stared in fascination as the large breasts dripped and swung.

When his penis was in her mouth, he sometimes took her by the shoulders and swung her body left and right to make her breasts wobble and bounce against each other.

When Beatrice felt her breasts swing left and right, left and right, the image of a clock with its swinging pendulum came to her mind. She had not seen a clock for some time. How long had she been here? How often had she been raped? How much more could her anus or her breasts or her throat or her vagina take?

The Governor took his member out of her mouth and masturbated onto her breasts.

He rubbed his penis over each breast in turn.

“Open your mouth. Lick me. Drink up every drop”.

18 July, 1790. The mouth and cunt of a harlot

Her knees rested on two thin pieces of wood. The stick behind her back had been replaced by another with cruel teeth cut into it. The teeth went into the open cuts caused by the recent whipping. Beatrice was nearly ready to serve the Governor.

First he put an iron bulldog clamp on her left nipple, and hung a lead weight from it such as sailors used for sounding the depths. Her beautiful breast stretched. She gasped.

“If you are a good little girl, I shall remove it”.

Beatrice learnt all that her master taught her. She learnt how to lick, how to suck, and how to make slurping noises. She learnt how to keep saliva in her mouth, how to scratch subtly with her teeth, to stroke with the inside of the cheeks, the palate, the tongue. She learnt how to keep her eyes open, to breathe through her nose if possible, how to ignore the pain of her buttocks and her flayed breasts...

He showed her the parts of his penis that she should work on. She should close her lips on the base of the tip, he explained, or she should stimulate it with just the tip of her tongue. She should put the tip of her tongue in the hole. She should lick the little bit of skin that was revealed when she pulled his foreskin back.

“The time has come to drink your Master's milk. And if you spill a drop, you will be taken to a public place in the town of St George. There you will be charged with cuckoldry and black arts. You will be naked except for a witch's hat, which will be placed upon your head. You will be exhibited to the common populace.

You will be placed between two whipping posts. Your arms and your legs will be tied to them in the form of a cross and your breasts and your cunt and your arse will be presented to all who wish to gaze upon them. You will be placed under armed guard but if any citizens of St George's wish to feel your breasts or look into your anus or cunt they be allowed to do so.

You will be left there exposed to the curiosity of the common people all day, from sunrise until one hour before sunset. At that time, punishment will be administered with canes and whips. You will be flogged all over your body, but especially on your most feminine and intimate parts.

Every fifty strokes, an expert torturer will work on your clitoris with different instruments, including his fingers and his tongue. He will oblige you to have an orgasm, a humiliating public orgasm.

Then you will be carried to the garrison and laid on the ground and Her Majesty's soldiers will lie upon you if they wish to. When they have finished with you, your body, inside and out, will be dripping with semen. The seed of the common soldiery will ooze from your nostrils and from your ears and your mouth

and your cunt and your anus.

There are a hundred and fifty men in the garrison. You may not survive”.

“L... I will do whatever my master wishes,” said Beatrice, terrified.

The Governor forced her head back by the hair and thrust deep into her throat...

Not a drop was wasted...

Still rampant, the Governor went between her legs, separated the lips of her vagina and put an explorative finger deep inside her. Then slowly, very slowly, he pushed his penis in. He pushed it gently, for over an hour, against the thin membrane that blocked its penetration.

The girl was in pure pain... To him it was heaven, pure sadism...

Then suddenly he pushed hard and took her virginity.

The following day Beatrice lay in despair. She did not hear the door open.

She had lost all sense of time. She hardly knew if she was alive or dead.

She was lying on the floor, sobbing, when the door opened.

It was Her...

“Stand up, you filthy cow and SHOW ME YOUR UDDERS!!!”

Beatrice stood up. She moved her breasts left and right to present them from different angles.

She did not know why, but she was more disturbed by the mistress than the master.

“My husband tells me you have a harlot’s mouth”.

Beatrice was not sure how to reply.

“I am obliged to use my mouth like a harlot, madam”.

“Obliged! What do you mean, obliged? A slave opens her mouth because she is a slave, not because she is obliged to!”

“Madam, I know not what to say...”

“Spare your breath. If you say you were obliged, you show little respect for my husband and his training. And if you suck him because you are a common slut, you offend me as his wife”.

“Please, ... don’t punish me, madam!”, Beatrice said quickly. “I will do whatever my mistress wishes, but I beg you not to punish me again!”

“Jailer! Remove the chains and tie her arms well back. I want her to offer me her tits”, she said, taking off her long boots and short skirt. Her hand went immediately to her cunt. Her lips seemed damper than usual.

The guard tied Beatrice’s arms, pushing her magnificent breasts upwards.

The wife stepped nearer. Beatrice stepped back, but found the guard’s erect member in her hands and the wife’s fingers on both her nipples.

“Perhaps I shall forgive you”, the wife said, in a voice that was heavy and cracked with desire. She motioned the guard to leave them alone.

Then she kissed Beatrice on the mouth, a long,

passionate kiss.

“Well, well, well! Am I interrupting something? Some private woman’s business, perhaps?” the Governor asked sarcastically as he stomped into the room.

The wife stammered “No, no, not at all! I was ... I was just explaining things to the new slave!”

Beatrice was surprised to see her so unsure of herself.

“Quite right, my dear! That is quite in order! The whore belongs to the house, and is as much yours as mine. No doubt you will also have the opportunity to see how much the little slut has learnt!” he said, lifting the leather strap in his hand.

SLAAAAAAP!!!!

“AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Beatrice’s right breast stung with the blow. She sat on the floor, wishing she could put her hand to it to rub it. He held up his erection to her and, obediently, she opened her mouth and took it in.

The bastard! she thought. Doing this in front of his own wife!

The Governor grinned at his wife. “This will help your juices flow, my dear. I know you like to see me well attended by the domestic staff”

“Yes”, replied the wife, distantly. She was unable to take her eyes off Beatrice.

“Good! Lick and suck! Suck your cheeks in! Good! Now slurp!”

LICK! SUCK! SUCK! SLURP!!! SLUUURP!!!

The wife had her finger well up inside her own vagina now and was working on her clitoris with her thumb. She groaned, leaned forward and started to shake. Her breasts rose up like a ship before a storm and she sailed, out of control, into a huge, orgasmic whirlpool.

At that moment, Beatrice pulled away from the penis that was not letting her breathe. She needed air. The semen was spilling out into her mouth.

SLAAAAAAAAP!!!!

She received a blow in the face that left her nose bleeding.

“I told you not to spill a drop! I told you what would happen to you!” He punched her in the stomach and she fell to the ground.

“NO!!! STOP!!! Leave her to me, darling!” said his wife, still panting. “I’ll punish her as only a woman can!”

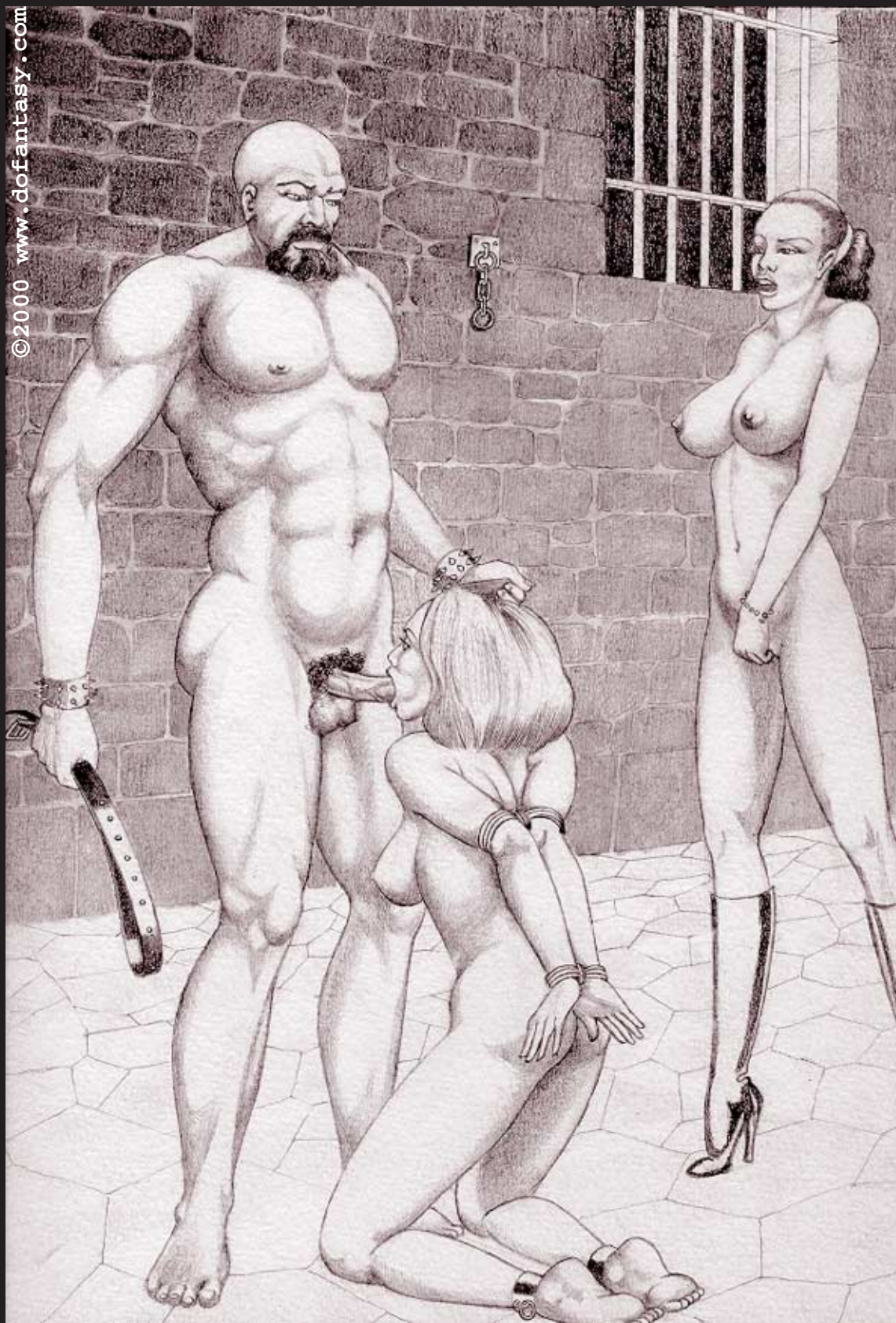
The Governor turned to his wife. He looked undecided, but finally he said “She’s all yours” and left the room.

“Hang her up by the ankles,” she said to the guard.

The wife smiled and went to fetch a ladies’ riding crop made of finely plaited leather straps. It had a studded silver handle. She had ripped the asshole of more than one slavegirl with it ...

1 August, 1790. Two weeks later...

Beatrice filled his dreams all through his siesta. He woke up with a firm erection and saw Flor naked, on her knees and chained to his bed. He could not con-



Good! Lick and suck! Suck your cheeks in! Good! Now slurp!

trol his throbbing lust. He pulled her up onto the bed by the hair and thrust the wooden handle down her throat while he penetrated her like a wild beast.

"Suck, you bitch, as if it was my prick," he croaked, "you and the French piece will make a good pair. A blonde one and a dark one. Yes, I can just picture you two playing on the floor, stark naked, at my feet..."

Meanwhile, in the impenetrable gloom of the cell, Beatrice was trembling as the rats screeched and scuttered around. She was waiting for the visit, as every night. She had no means of knowing the time, or even the day, but some time had passed since the hatch in the door had opened and her bowl full of revolting food had appeared.

It could not be long now...

Wilson went down as always after supper, wearing his favourite boots and with his penis erect. It was his most important meeting of the day. He had not missed a single visit since he shut the French slave

in the darkest dungeon in the fortress.

He put the key in the heavy lock and pushed. The hinges creaked ... Yes, there she was, chained by the wrists to the wall with heavy fetters just as he had left her the day before. As beautiful and as desirable as the first day.

"Good evening, slave. Your master is coming to wish you good night and tuck you in. What I mean is, when I've finished I'll tuck your lovely little clitoris back in between your lips! Ha! ha! ha!"

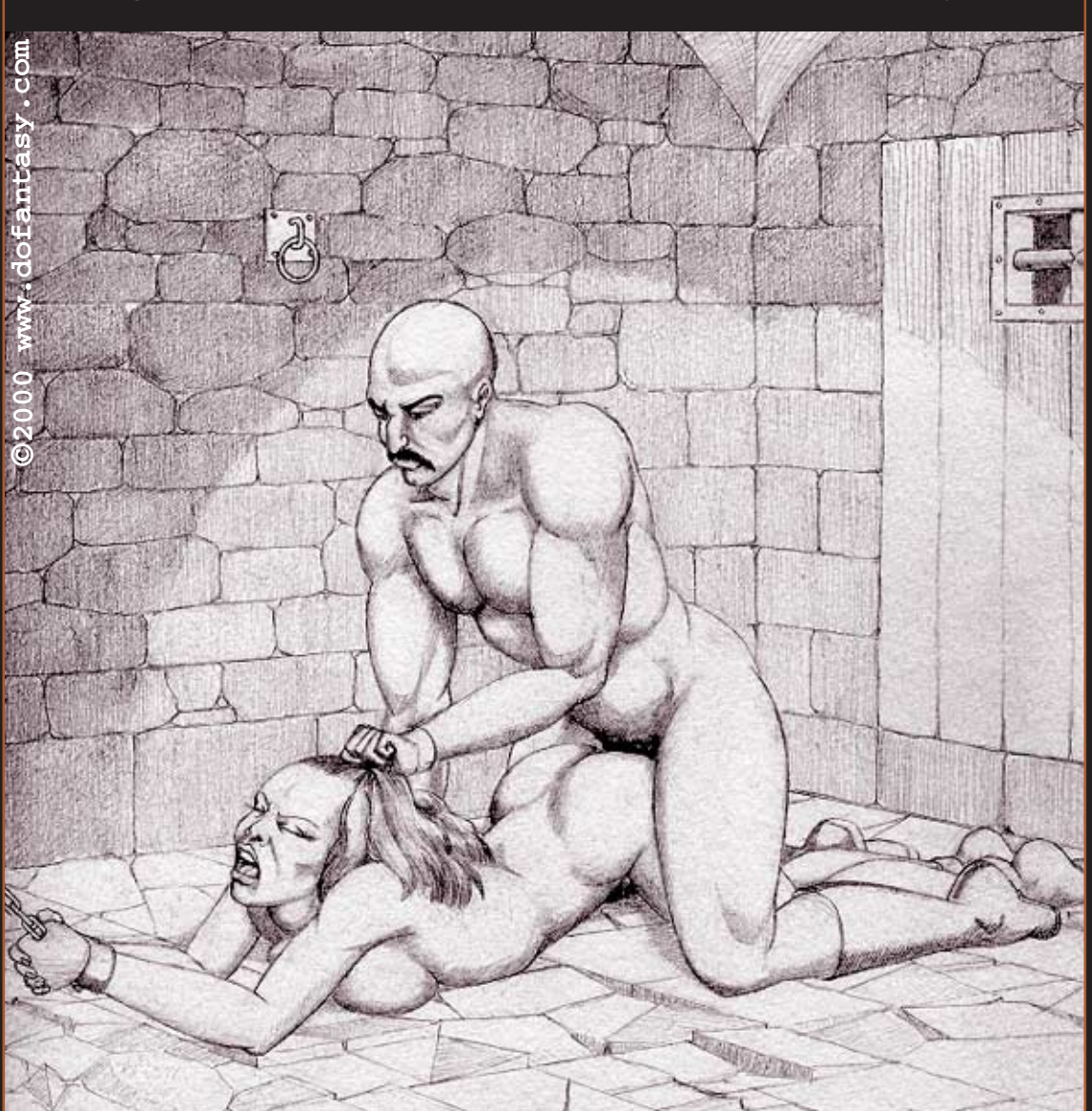
Beatrice stood up and shrank back onto the cold stone wall. The rats scuttered out of the open door.

"Look at me..."

She raised her eyes, dazzled by the light of the candle. The Governor looked into her deep blue eyes and relished the fear he saw in them!

He grabbed her by the ankles and dragged her over the floor. He tied her arms above her head. Then he walked round and round her, like every night...

"!NOOO!!! Please, master ... Not today, please." she



**!NOOO!!! Please, master ... Not today, please.
Lift that ass, you fucking slave!**

Wilson bent over her, grabbed her by the blonde hair that was driving him crazy and twisted her head brutally backwards.

“Lift that ass, you fucking slave!” he shouted angrily.

Beatrice went down onto her knees on the cobblestone floor and raised her buttocks. What else could she do?

Wilson went into her anus as he did every night, roaring like a primitive beast. The sound echoed round all the cells in the fortress.

He pushed his penis into her ass again and again, for what seemed an eternity to the suffering girl. Then he made her clean him with her saliva, using her lips and her tongue, her slave’s tongue, as he reminded her. Then he left as quickly as he had come, leaving her alone again in the damp and the dark. She lay on the floor and sobbed.

The rats returned to the cell...

The Governor stopped in a nearby cell. A cell as dark, damp, smelly and rat-infested as Beatrice’s

It held another female prisoner – the sister of his mortal enemy, Bocanegra.

Her arms were tied to one of the rungs of a solid ladder. Her legs were pulled up high into the air by a stick that was tied to the same rung.

The Governor observed with satisfaction that his orders had been carried out. The soles of her feet were burnt, one nipple was imprisoned in an adjustable clamp and the other was pierced by a nail. Her mouth and anus were both forced open and lead weights hung from the lips of her cunt.

“You have been a naughty little girl, haven’t you? You’ve made the guards angry haven’t you? You must be punished for that!”

He forced the cork further into her and took a heavy bullwhip off the wall. He lifted it with a straight arm and brought it down onto the soft skin at the back of her uplifted thighs, and beat her until her thighs were covered in red welts and blood.

He hung the bloodstained whip up and wiped the sweat off his brow. At that moment, he saw a rat moving. He grabbed the whip and stunned the rat with a well-aimed whiplash. Then he crushed its head with his boots and put the bleeding animal headfirst into the girl’s cunt.

“You’ll have to make do with a rat up you tonight. The guards are too busy to come and mount you!”

Beatrice’s sister

Claire, a beautiful, dark-haired French girl, prayed that her uncle Lucien Blanchart would come down and rape her.

In the first few days of her slavery, she had prayed that he would *not* do this. But she could not stand the torture any more.

Her arms were aching unbearably.



Her legs were racked by cramp.
Her anus was...

No, she thought, no, I can’t take any more.

She hung from the ceiling by her wrists, with her legs open and tied to a horizontal bar. She had a monstrous wooden phallus up her ass.

She had been struggling for twenty-four hours to prevent the phallus from going further up and bursting through her intestines.

The door opened and her uncle stood in front of her. Satan in person, she thought.

“Would you like your uncle to take you down now?”

She nodded. The cylindrical gag prevented her from speaking.

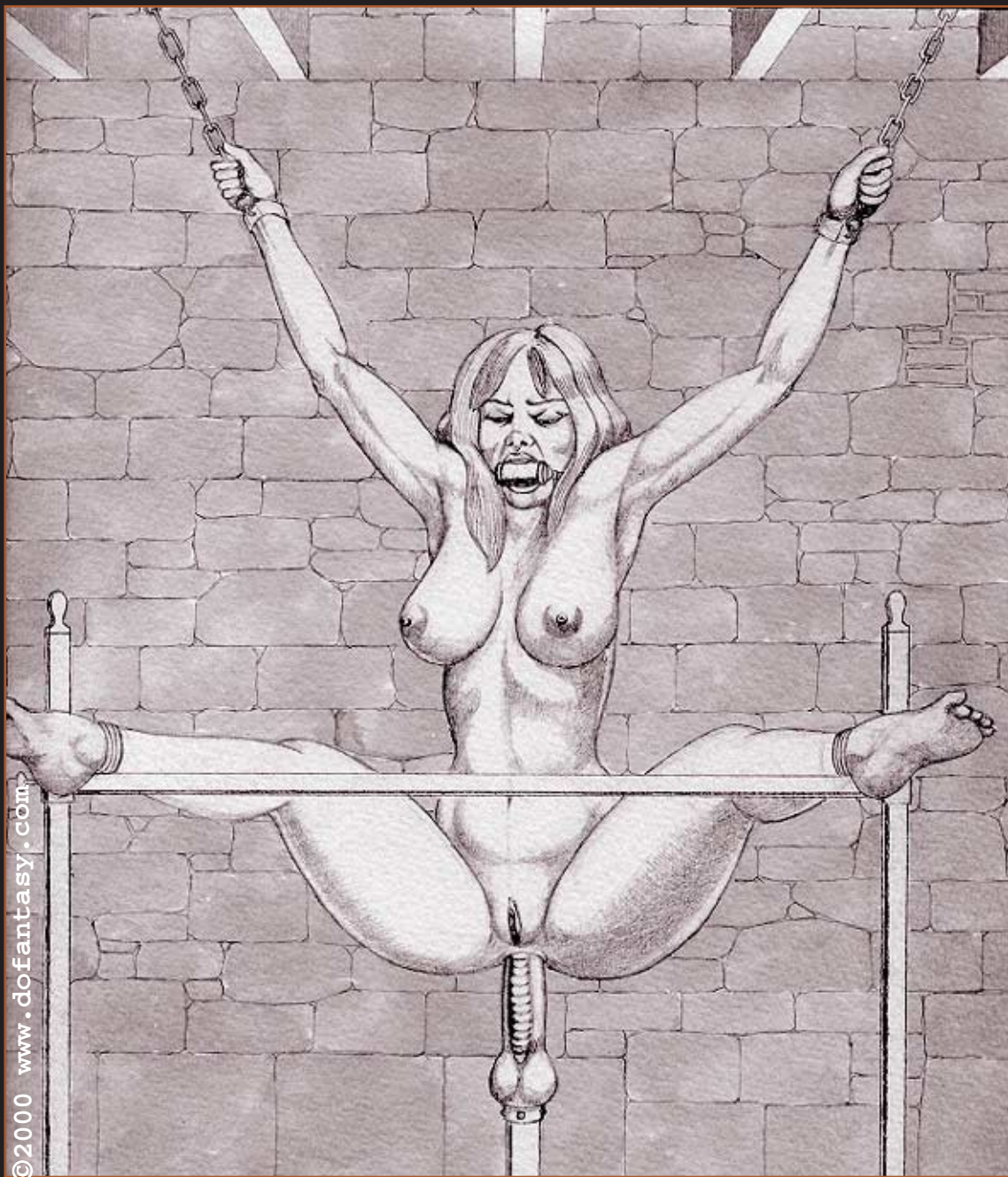
“Would you like your uncle to fuck you before he takes you down?”

She nodded again. She had learnt it was best to agree.

He lowered his trousers. It was a pleasure to show his penis to his niece, the girl he had desired most in all his life.

Luxuriously, he slipped his fingers along the stretched lips. So smooth, so velvety!

He left her hanging as she was, and penetrated her



vagina. As he pushed his member in, he felt the wood that was raping her intestines.

He loved everything about this girl, especially the way her gorgeous breasts were now covered in saliva dripping from the gag and down her chin.

“Do you remember our neighbour, Miss Ironhand?” he asked, as if making polite conversation. “She’s coming to see you tomorrow. She often asks about you. I hope you will treat her well...”

Claire remembered her. She remembered especially the rumours about how the sadistic lesbian treated her slaves...

Her uncle fucked on, staring at her breasts, licking them, sucking them.

Finally he jerked his head back like some repulsive giant lizard and poured his semen into her. The hot, sticky liquid that had so often filled her mouth and covered her breasts surged into her once again...

Claire closed her eyes and wished she had never been born... ■

To be continued...

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